

#1

Senior  
Annual

Griffin-Fleischmann High School

Griffin Corners, N. Y.

*Betty Humphrey*

June, 1911

To my friend  
Betty Humphrey

Hope you enjoy it —  
Hills Fidd gave the names  
he could recall — I've put them  
in for a future record —

Best Wishes to you

Audrey Johnson

Halcutt, Hectorian

12-25-1974

## Introductory

In issuing the initial number of the Senior Annual, we trust that it will so meet with public approval and patronage that future graduating classes of Griffn-Fleischmanns High School may be encouraged to follow our example. We hope that we may not be too rigidly criticised, for on account of our inexperience in the publication of such a book, no doubt we have made many mistakes.

The editor sincerely hopes that the attempts at wit will not be taken seriously, but will be received in the spirit in which they were written.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all who have assisted in the preparation of this periodical. We would remember the business men who have advertised in our Annual, and bespeak for them a liberal patronage.

## Dedication

It has long been the wish of the Senior Class to dedicate their humble volume to one in whom they have the utmost confidence and who has endeared himself to the entire student body.

The purity of his character, the gentleness and kindness of his life, and the fairness and courtesy with which he treats all alike have won for him the highest and most loving respect of his students.

To Orlu D. Avery

The Annual of nineteen hundred and eleven is respectfully submitted.

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### Board of Editors

HILLIS A. JUDD, Editor-in-Chief

T. LEROY MUIR,  
MAREA TODD,  
LAURA FOWLER. } Assistants





ORIN D. AVERY

# **Announcement**

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## **Location**

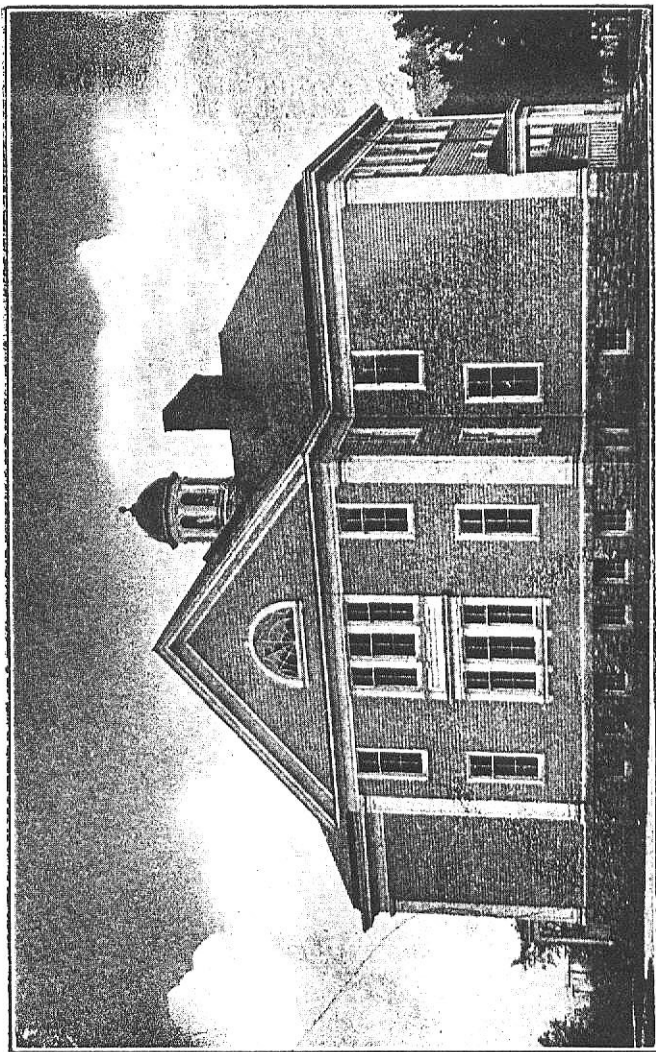
Griffin-Fleischmann High School is located in the twin villages of Fleischmanns and Griffin Corners, N. Y., on the Ulster and Delaware R. R. among the foothills of the Catskill Mountains. The surrounding scenery is picturesque and the section is noted for its pure water and invigorating atmosphere. This school is accessible from Halecott Pine Hill, Big Indian and other points on the Ulster & Delaware R. R.

## **Grounds**

The building is located on a large level lot. There is ample space for all kinds of athletics. The Board of Education have recently constructed a fine cement walk leading from the street to the building and the grading of the front lawn will be completed this summer. When this is completed, it will be a beauty spot and the pride of the village.

## **Building**

The building is large, new and strictly modern. On every floor there are automatic sanitary drinking fountains provided for the children. This avoids the dangerous practice of allowing children to drink out of a common cup and thus contracting tuberculosis and other dreaded diseases. The building is heated by the American Force Fan system, which furnishes the rooms with abundance of fresh, warm air. The fact that the school has been practically free from epidemics while the school has been in session in the new building, is ample proof of the value of a complete ventilating system in our public schools.



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Laura Fowler



Hilligood

Maria Todd  
THE SENIOR CLASS

Theray Muir

## Senior Class

Motto—Lux et Veritas

Colors—Gold and White

Flower—Daisy.

Yell

Rix Rax, Coax--Coax,

*Rix, Rax, Coax--Coax,*

Rho, Rhy, Rhay, Rhen,

Seniors! Seniors! 1911.

Class Roll.

President .....	T. LeRoy Muir
Secretary .....	Marea Todd
Treasurer .....	Laura D. Fowler
Editor-in-Chief .....	Hillis A. Judd

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## Board of Education.

Seward W. Etts

Clarence Wilson

D. W. Earl

Durwood Kelly

Erastus D. Doolittle

Mrs. Charles Miller

Elmer H. Hinckley.

## Faculty

Principal—Orlu D. Avery, (Geneseo Normal) Science and Mathematics.

Preceptress—Miss Eva Hayes, (Oswego Normal) German, Latin, English and History.

Miss Gertrude Smith, 7th and 8th Grades.

Miss Ora Truman, (Oneonta Normal) 5th and 6th Grades.

Mrs. Mae DeSilva, 3d and 4th Grades.

Miss Kate Ackerly, 1st and 2d Grades.

3.  
Mrs. Resitor



Eva Hayes

Katharine Kelly  
THE FACULTY

Mrs. Geo. Speerburgh



## **Library**

The school is well provided with a reference library used in connection with the high school and also a good grade library. In the village there is a free library known as Skene Memorial Library. This contains a large number of volumes of choice books and it is also provided with the best magazines. The students of Griffin-Fleischmann High School are welcome to use this library in connection with their school work.

## **Laboratory**

The school is equipped for the courses in Physics and Biology as outlined by the State Education Department and the Board of Education is constantly adding to this equipment.

## **A Complete High School Course**

During the school year of 1910-1911, the State Education Department sent one of their inspectors to visit the school. As a result of his favorable report, the school was promptly raised to the High School grade by the action of the Board of Regents.

Also that the High School Department might be provided sufficiently with instructors, an additional teacher has been secured for next year, making three instructors having charge of the High School courses.

In view of the above facts, the Board of Education wishes to announce that they have spared no expense to furnish competent instructors and equip the school to meet the demands of students who desire to take a course in the school.

## **Free Tuition**

All students holding a Regents preliminary certificate or other credentials which the Department of Education at Albany will accept will be admitted to the High School Department and their tuition will

be paid by the state.

Tuition to the other department is as follows:

Seventh and Eighth Grades .....	\$2.50 per quarter
Third to Sixth inclusive .....	\$2.50 per quarter
Primary .....	\$2.00 per quarter

## **To Teachers of Rural Schools**

You can do your pupils no greater service than to inspire in them a desire to complete a High School course. All that many of the boys and girls need in the country school is encouragement. Statistics prove that the earning capacity of farmers in this country who have had a high school education is double that of those that have received only a common school education. Also students completing a high school course are admitted to the Agricultural Department of Cornell University without tuition.

Furthermore, we wish to state that all rural school children who report to this school for the Regents examination will be welcome and receive careful and kind attention of the instructors in charge of the examination.

# Commencement Week

Sunday Evening, June 18—Baccalaureate Sermon,—R. N. Birdsall,  
M. E. Church.

Monday Afternoon, June 19—Class Day Program.

Tuesday Evening, June 20—Commencement.

Wednesday Evening, June 21—Banquet.

Friday Evening, June 23—Alumni Ball.

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## Commencement Program

Music.

Invocation.

Music.

Oration—Self Reliance ..... Hillis Judd

Essay—The Influence of Music..... Laura Fowler

Music.

Oration—American Ideals ..... LeRoy Muir

Essay—Scotland's Best Loved Poet ..... Marea Todd

Music.

Address and Presentation of Diplomas.

Music.

## Oration--Self-Reliance.

Of all the elements of success, none is more essential than self-reliance, or a determination to be one's own helper and not to look to others for support. The ivy is a weakling and cannot rise except by the support of the sturdy oak. But God never intended that we strong independent beings should be brought to lofty heights by clinging to others for support.

"God helps those who help themselves." And how true we find this quaint old saying to be. Every youth should feel that his future happiness in life depends upon himself and the exercise of his own energies. We are born with powers and faculties and the Creator has done his part well; but it is the exercise of these faculties that gives us skill and ability in anything. The greatest curse that can befall a young student is to fall into habits of copying lessons from his stronger brother and to be unwilling to exercise his own powers. James A. Garfield, one of the greatest examples of the possibilities of our glorious Republic, once said: "The man who dares not follow his own independent judgment but runs to others for advice, becomes at last a moral weakling and intellectual dwarf." Such a man has not self within him. He is in fact a mere element of human being and is carried about the world an insignificant cipher unless he by chance fastens himself to some other floating element with which he may form a specie of corporation resembling a man.

Perhaps some of the best allies to self-reliance are: robust health, fair ability and an iron will strengthened by a determination to work at some honest vocation. Let that young man rejoice, when he possesses good health and a power to exercise his faculties. We have seen in the preceeding years that a vast majority of our great men started with these qualities and none other. The great heroes in battle, the greatest orators ancient or modern were the sons of obscure parents. The greatest fortunes ever accumulated on earth were the fruits of great exertion and self-reliance. From Creosus down to

Astor the story is the same. The oak that stands alone to contend with the tempest takes deeper root and stands the firmer for ensuing conflicts. The forest tree when the woodsman has spoiled its surroundings sways, bends, trembles and is sometimes uprooted. So it is with the man. Those trained to self-reliance are ready to go out and contend with the fierce battles of life while those who have always leaned for support upon those around them are never prepared to breast the storms of life that arise.

Neither can material things be substituted for self-reliance. How many a young man fancies that a few thousands in his pocket is the only thing needful to secure his fortune. But this is absurd. He is unworthy of success so long as he harbors such ideas. No man can gain this success no matter how situated, unless he depends upon no one but himself, not that wealth is necessarily derogatory but on the contrary it can be a great help in certain cases and conditions, but the idea that early wealth is a permanent factor in success has long since been discarded. In the majority of cases it is a permanent factor of failure. Give a youth wealth and too often his self-reliance is destroyed.

The best kind of success is not that which comes by accident for as it comes by chance it will go by chance. The wisest charity in a vast majority of cases is helping others to help themselves. Necessity is very often the motive power which sets in motion the sluggish energies. So we can readily see that poverty can be an absolute blessing to a youth. A man's true position in the world is that which he himself attains.

How detestable to us is the Briton's reverence of pedigree. Americans reverence achievements and yet we are tending toward the opposite. Society to-day bows with smile and honor to the eight dollar clerk, while it frowns on the eighteen dollar laborer. This is disgraceful, work is work and all work is honorable. It is better to make our ancestry proud of us than to be proud of our ancestors. A man is a man for what he has done, not for what his father and friends have done. If they have given them a position, the greater is his shame for sink-

ing beneath that position. The person who is above labor or despises the laborer is himself one of the most contemptible creatures on earth. He not only displays dull intelligence of those nobler inspirations with which God has endowed us but he shows a lack of plain common sense. The noblest thing in this world is work, wise labor brings order out of chaos, it builds cities, it distinguishes barbarism from civilization, it brings success. No man has a right to a fortune, he has no right to expect success unless he is willing to work for it. Remember that the world only crowns him as truly great who has won for himself that greatness.

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—Hillis A. Judd.

### The Influence of Music.

When we speak of the soul, we speak vaguely, of something indefinable and intangible. But, however weak our thoughts may be, we know that through various avenues, the soul is stirred and awakened.

Through the special senses, sight and hearing, our souls respond to that without and through unsuspected influence all the man is managed with secret art. What the glories of art are to the eye, so the divine influence of music is to the ear.

True, its influence upon individuals differs, but many desire, as did Milton, to whom sight was denied, that their souls may pierce the chains of harmony to meet the divine meaning held within. If each of us were asked to give in words, how various would be the replies? Melody has not lost its charms and potency, but rather, has added to it through ages from time immemorial. A glance back through the history of the nation of the ages shows the best place accorded to it.

The earliest record left to men of the existence of music is found among the fables and history of the Hindoo, Japanese and Chinese. The glory of that discovery goes to the Chinese, who claim for their own, a musician, who, writing one thousand years before the fabled Orphens, left these words: "When I play upon my King, the animals range themselves before me spell and bound with melody." Also Confucius, the Chinese Philosopher and founder of the religion which bears his name wrote, "Wouldst there know if a people be well governed, if



its manners be good or bad, examine the music it practices.”

The people of the Orient and the natives of Persia and India, believed music to be the medium of humanity, justice, politeness and rectitude, while the reverent Hindoo valued it as the direct gift from Heaven presented to mortals by their God Brahma.

Coming nearer to an age of which we know far more, we are reminded of the ancient Cleraelites, The Psalms of David, sung by the sweet singer Clerael to the music of the harps, are the expressions of the life of the people. How beautifully and deeply the singer voiced the feeling of that nation, to which the Psalms were like green oases in a vast desert to the weary soul of the traveler. Throughout ancient history, the feeling of the people of God found expression of song; their hopes, their fears, their joys and seasons of thanksgiving, even during the dark days of oppression. We have yet to find a phase in their lives where melody was not found.

Music, to the Greeks, was immortal. To all Religious Services, in their Worship of the Gods and Goddesses, as well as in their great Grecian festivals, harmony of sweet sounds voiced the spirit of the multitude. We cannot ascertain how deeply the Greek loved music, although years of discovery show us more clearly its part in national life. The potteries unearthed show us figures bearing musical instruments in their hands, while in many cases the instruments have been found.

The chants of the Grecian church, remain and shall remain, forever. The scholarly Greek, with his intuitive love of knowledge, made a profound study of harmony and gave us our first foundation for it.

In the Roman days, each Court had its corps of trained singers, each army its musicians, and each Temple its choir.

Song-writing was the greatest test of knowledge and honor, and the Emperor Nero himself set the vocal fashion of the tune, on one occasion, receiving for one performance before the Senators, the vast sum of thirty-seven thousand dollars in one present value. In ancient Rome the entire populace of chorus leader in plays was sought after by the rich men of Greece and Rome, who spared no expense to carry out the effectiveness of the performance.

No greater praise could reach the ears of the victorious Roman returning from the field of battle, than the songs of the populace. All prayers were sung that they might be more effective and that the Gods might listen more attentively.

The Middle Ages remind us of the beginning of the Christian Church. The small band of followers, starting in the midst of peril and an age of unbelief, when oppressed and heavy-hearted, would gather on the distant hillsides and in remote places, for prayer and song. How closely their hearts were bound in their songs, even when bound with chains of iron, imprisoned and subjected to the tortures common to that age the songs made the rough places smooth and eased the aching heart.

Following came the Reformation, that mighty uplift and overturning throughout Europe. Then too, Christian teachings were spread by song. Who can forget Luther's thrilling song:

"A mighty fortress is our God,

A bulwark never failing,'

The thousands who gave their lives at the stake, might be heard singing above the crackling of the flames.

Let us look into the history of England. The Vikings, who ravaged England, were a fierce and warlike people, famed for daring. Back of that daring we hear the songs of the Northland, inciting them and spurring them on. Like the ancient Rome, the highest praise to the Viking was the use of his name in a quaint lay, telling of his valor and strength.

The Saxons and Danes of England were ruled sagas, set to music. War songs and poems constituted the literature of the Saxons.

Later, the Acobites, by their songs of defeat, sorrow and noble resolutions of submission.

Minstrely, which swept over England, was the carolling of songs by wandering musicians. The songs exerted as great an influence over the thoughts of the people at that time as literature of great writers exerts in the minds of this generation. All the events of the time were sung, bewailing or applauding the condition of the times, and the

sentiment of the people was voiced through minstrels. The great uprising of the oppressed common, which eventually lead to the formation of that great power and part of the English government, the House of Commons, began with a humble folk-song:

“When Adam delved and Eve span  
Who was then the gentleman?”

No where have we a more striking example of the influence of music than among the Scotch; history shows us a strong nation almost impossible to subdue, and even when conquered, retaining their independence to a wonderful degree. In the highland homes, in the castles and hovels, it was customary to put to music the daily happenings, the loves and hates of joys and sorrows, even their history.

These songs became a part of the Scots being, keeping the fires of independence burning brightly during the years of conquest, death and destruction.

Our national Scotch song: “The Scots we hae with Wallace bled,” written by Scotland’s loved poet Burns, carried the Scots to victory at Bannock burn, where Bruce won back **freedom** which lasted a hundred years.

Leaving the lands across the seas let us come to our own land and look into the life of the American Indian.

Over the wee Indian baby the mother crooned songs of all nature, weaving a story which she desired to be the life of her child. The child grew, learned the songs of his nation, and innocently associated every living thing with melody. The Indian was taught the art of hunting, fishing, warfare and cunning by songs of the elder men. The native dances and contests were recorded and lauded in native music while all festivities were accompanied by native instruments or voices. The crude tunes of the medicine men were thought to possess magic virtue of healing and of mournful sounds the departing spirit of the dead was hastened on the long journey to the hereafter.

Our nation possesses a wealth of songs, treasured because of the associations, which make them dear (Our independence, which we prize above all other privileges, was gained in our strife with the mother

country in '76.) Our minds quickly revert to that humble tune, "Yankee Doodle" which became the war slogan.

Who doubts the fact that slavery was dealt a blow by "The Battle Hymn of The Republic? In our armies the marches were made less tiresome and the men strengthened by the marching song "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Grave." While around the camp fires tender memories and firm resolves gathered while "Tenting To-Night" was sung.

The thrilling words of "The Star Spangled Banner" written by the imprisoned Francis Scott Key, became an inspiration to thousands. its meaning to each generation inspires love and reverence for our beloved country.

One of the greatest poets realized the influence of music when he wrote:

"There is in souls a sympathy that sounds,  
And as the mind is tuned, the ear is pleased  
With melting airs of martial, brisk or grave,  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touched, within us, and the heart replies.

—Laura Fowler.

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## American Ideals.

Progress has its deepest root in history. Great forces pour into the present, receiving their first impulse from times and conditions more remote. Our institutions have been rocked in "the cradle of immemorial mystery" and are grown gray with the lapse of ages. The greatest achievement of our science, the ripest product of our thinking, has been the silent growth of the centuries. Out of the past do we drink noble inspirations. Altho a nation's greatness lies in its possibility of achievement in the present, and nothing helps it more than a consciousness of achievement in the past, yet a state is true and permanent only as its institutions and outward development are

the expressions of an inner spirit answering to the highest principles of the soul. If a nation lack this deeper life, if it be animated by no nobler sentiments than mere material ambitions, its glories are as transient as the golden tints of sunset.

And this is how American civilization is criticized. They claim we are blinded by the strength of our material ambitions; that our life is one of outward enjoyment; that we have only a love for pomp and display of wealth. Great, mighty, wonderful America has written her fate with that of Rome. Her doom is sounded. And no one can say ought against the material greatness of America. We have a right to be proud of our national power and dignity and our advancing civilization carrying freedom and education in its train. Indian dreams have no place in the practical progress of our country. We have wealth and luxury such as no people in the past ages knew. But does this mean a second Carthage? Is there nothing deeper than the gilded surface? History says it does and points to the shaking off of the shackles of tyranny by the colonists; to that event when all men were proclaimed by divine right "free and equal." Is it love of wealth that is founding crusades for temperance, establishing free education and freedom in religion; that has emancipated woman and is forming visions of International Peace? There are principles in this nation's life greater than any avarice. And in these we find the true soul, the ground work of American civilization.

The battle cry of the Revolution was "Freedom." And God has stamped upon our very humanity this impress of freedom. It is the unchartered prerogative of human nature. It is this which makes it so difficult to bring the Indian within the pale of artificial civilization. They turn their faces to their forest homes, and resolve to push those homes onward till they sink in the Pacific waves rather than not be free. It is because of our freedom that our people are so attached to our country. Cardinal Gibbons says "No matter if a traveler be in the rocky fastnesses of Switzerland, amid the snows of Tartary, or among venerable and touching ruins of Italy, when the songs of our free

homes chance to fall upon the exiles ears, no soft and ravishing airs that wail upon the timid feastings of Asiatic opulence ever thrilled the heart with such mingled rapture and agony as those simple tones. They are the songs of a happy freedom."

But, say our opponents, America has lost the soul of beauty, has banished the glories of Art. Our scientists have transformed the heavenly bodies into planets rolling through infinity, and robbed the heavens of their glories. Commerce has solved the mystery of the sea. Thus they argue that all dreams of Beauty have been swallowed up in the practical realities of modern life. But this is not so. Grandeur untold has burst upon man's vision. God is unfolding to us His majesty and dignity. Never were themes so sublime. In grandeur, they dwarf the splendors of Egypt; in Beauty, excell the divine ideals of the Greek. True, for a time, its growth was checked by the Puitans but it has arisen purer and nobler. Already in the New England states a school of illustrious poets and novelists has appeared and passed away. Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, Hawthorne—what better hope for a bright future of American Art and Literature.

But America has not reached its highest development in her poets and patriots. The makers of our nation made God's holy name the cornerstone and the keystone of that great document, the Declaration of Independence. They acknowledged one Creator, the source of "life, liberty and happiness." So our laws were intimately interwoven with the Christian religion which forms the bulwark against the forces of decay. The strength of American civilization is in its high ideals of Christianity. We live as brothers because we recognize the brotherhood of humanity—One father in Heaven, one origin, one destiny.

Altho America may boast of her material greatness yet that is not<sup>3</sup> where her mission lies. Like the fire in the opal's heart there grows in man an inner soul. In pure, lofty, and divine ideals, he finds his true being. These must ever be the soul of our civilization. Imperfect now they must be, but slowly they will develop and with them the nation's life will broaden and deepen, realizing a greatness still more lofty, a grandeur more enduring. Yonder clouds are slowly passing and shortly will disclose to us a boundless deep. —T. LeRoy Muir.



## Scotland's Best Loved Poet.

From our earliest knowledge of history there has always been one poet in every nation who has held the love and esteem of his fellow countrymen. Thus, with Scotland. The poet who has endeared himself to the hearts of the Scottish people is Robert Burns. His poems are read more and more eagerly and extensively than they have been, not only by the cultured and literary classes but also by the ignorant and unlettered who read little poetry unless they find pleasure in it. Truly a poet who has won such national distinction must have possessed some rare excellence in his poetry. To discover the source of this unusual quality it will be necessary to look into the life of the man.

Burns was a poet of the common people. He was of humble peasant birth and had but little education. From his earliest boyhood he evinced a great love for poetry and songs of all kinds. On account of great poverty there were few books in the home but what there were he eagerly read and read again, oftentimes poring over them while at his plow, line by line, verse by verse.

It was because of his scant knowledge of the world no doubt that Burns wrote only on those things dear to the heart of each peasant. There is little doubt that if he had been well educated he would not have chosen subjects so near to him but, like all other cultured poets have done, he would have written on those things farthest from his own life. There is a peculiar merit in his works, that of making each subject interesting, for no matter how dull and common place it had appeared before, in his skillful hands, with his sweet, native, gracefulness all living and lifeless things take on a wholly different and interesting aspect and glow with the beauty which lay dormant before. We find examples of this in "To a Mountain Daisy." Many and many a time had this same "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" been turned down and crushed under the plow by every peasant in the land, yet who but Burns had thought of it as a "bonnie gem" and taken its humble existence and in his own peculiar yet charming way applied it to our human lives thereby giving us a great moral truth.

Simplicity in his treatment of a subject is another endearing

quality of Burns. As an uncultured poet his language is simple, and in all of his poems we find more or less of the dialect of the humbler classes. His meaning is set forth in a clear and truthful manner easily understood by all, and such is the worth of his poetry that even the dialect takes on a music and jingle all its own.

Since he was a peasant the common people felt that he was one of them. They felt that in his poetry their humble peasant life was somehow uplifted by him there was a charm and interest imparted to the most trivial things of their simple existence. Even their dull surroundings seemed to take on new life and meaning, brightened and beautified by their loved poet.

But the greatest and most loved quality of Burns' poetry is its sincerity. Sincerity which poets of all ages, almost without exception, have sacrificed for qualities that they no doubt considered greater but which we see dimmed and lessened by comparison with the truthfulness and earnestness of Burns. There is nothing of the deep, profound philosophy of a Milton or the fanciful scenes of a Tennyson. In reading Tennyson we are carried in imagination to an age long past and wander among enchanted castles and noble array of Lords and Ladies. All is unreal, filled with the mysterious. Burns' writings are not the result of careful and deep thinking; neither are they fabulous woes or joys, but they are passions that have glowed in a living heart. We feel as we read that what Burns wrote he felt, that we have before us some of his deepest, truest emotions, faithfully portrayed in words. If a man but speak forth with earnestness his thoughts and emotions, that tie of sympathy which "runs through all and doth all unite" stirs the hearts of other men and commands their kindred feeling. It does not matter whether they are above or below him in education and point of view; his words if sincere and earnest will arouse an answering chord in them. The wish to be original holds first place in the minds of many poets but often they attain only Affectation. We realize at once in reading Burns that there is nothing of affectation in his works we see an honesty concerning which no question arises.

It is these remarkable qualities of sincerity and simplicity that

have made Burns so much beloved by his people. Scotland honors her other poets; Burns she loves with a universal passionate and unremitting love. "Mankind owes him a general debt of gratitude," says Lord Roseberry, "but the debt of Scotland is special, for Burns exalted our race, he hallowed Scotland and the Scottish tongue, his Scottish notes rang through the world, and he thus preserved the Scottish language forever; for mankind will never allow to die that idiom in which his songs and poems are enshrined."

—Marea Todd.

### Class Poem.

We, the class of nineteen eleven,  
Wish to tell before disbanding,  
Wish to tell to all who read this,  
Of the many joys and pleasures  
We, The Four have had together.  
All our efforts we've been bending  
To the great and final ending  
Of the joys of graduation.

When we pause, and looking backward,  
View the four years that are ended,  
View the sunshine and the shadows—  
Shadows in the work before us,  
Sunshine when that work was done,  
We have naught but thrills of pleasure  
That that work is now completed  
In the final graduation.

Now the time has come for parting,  
When each one must choose his pathway,  
When the future looms up brightly  
This we leave to those behind us  
Wishes for their future welfare,  
That their path be bright as ours was  
To the final graduation.

—Laura Fowler.

## The Class Prophecy.

My lessons finished, I shut my book and walking out on the broad veranda seated myself in a large Morris chair. As I did so I heard the great clock in the hall strike the half hour. It was 11:30. The night was calm and still broken only by the sound of the Katy-dids.

My thoughts turned to my approaching graduation and I began to dreamily wonder what the future held for me and for the other members of the Senior class. What joys and what sorrows were to be ours? At this moment, however, I became conscious of another presence and looking up beheld a strange figure approaching me. It was shrouded in a pure white garment which entirely concealed its figure only the face visible. As it drew nearer I noticed its eyes which, one instant seemed to glow with a living fire and pierce my very soul, the next they held a dreamy far-away look.

Stopping within a short distance of me it raised its arm and slowly beckoned. Moved by some impulse, I know not what, I timidly approached this strange spirit which observing my fright said in a kind and gentle voice, "be not afraid. I am the Ghost of the Future and am empowered to show to you what it holds for the members of the Senior class.'

With these words it took my hand and as it did so I felt the earth fast sinking from under me and we seemed to float through the air. Over hills and valleys, rippling brooks and majestic rivers, towns and cities. At last coming to a city larger and more thriving than the others we slowly descended and entered, through an open window, a large room in which a great number of men and boys were seated. Finding that no one noticed us or paid us any attention I concluded that we were invisible and so turned my attention to the speaker who was addressing his audience in flowery language with every word or so emphasized with a graceful gesture. I was not long in recognizing in the tall, loosely built form with the auburn hair and gold tooth my friend and former classmate, T. LeRoy Muir. From his talk I gathered that the audience was composed of Y. M. C. A. members. So then

LeRoy, the President of the class had become a Y. M. C. A. worker. Ah well, I had always thought that that was what he was most suited for.

Leaving this assembly my strange guide led me, still high above the earth into a section of the country that impressed me as being familiar. After going some distance farther we came to a narrow valley through which ran a saucy little brook. "Why," said I, "this is Halcott Valley." My queer companion nodded. Soon I saw on one side of the stream, which had gradually broadened, a large and newly painted mill. Going nearer I saw within the building a Miller, busy at work. At once I knew him as Hillis Judd, former Editor-in-Chief of our Senior Annual. "And where does he live," I thought. As large and well kept farm nearby. While I looked a woman came out from the house and walked toward the barn. Her appearance seemed vaguely familiar to me but I reflected that probably I was mistaken.

"And now where is Laura Fowler " I asked. The Ghost looked at me with a quiet smile and we continued our journey. A long way we went until at last we came to the great ocean. Crossing this I saw far below me the great steamers, pleasure yachts and fishing boats, appearing as mere dots, while the mighty ocean looked like a great lake. Presently we came to land. The country was rugged and became more broken and hilly as we advanced. Soon a mountainous district was reached and a castle on the hill side presented itself to my eyes. On nearer view it was of great dimensions, its towers and battlements affording a forbidding and warlike appearance.

Going through a court-yard into the castle gardens, I saw two people seated near a fountain—a man and a woman. The former, whose features were of aristocratic caste I did not know. But the woman was Laura Fowler, now Baroness Something Or Other. So Laura's last visit to Seacliff had proved too much for her tender, susceptible heart! Ah, Laura, Laura, who would have thought that of you!

Just at this moment, however, a great din sounded in my ears, the castle and all vanished and I awoke as the clock was striking the hour of twelve.

—Marea Todd.

## Last Will and Testament.

Standing on the threshold of our entry into a new intellectual life, an immeasurable future of opportunities before us, we feel that before we leave our beloved Alma Mater and our teachers and classmates, and ere we say the last farewell, we should make such bequests to our beloved one as we deem expedient.

Therefore, know all men by these presents, that we, the members of the class of 1911, of Griffin-Fleischmann High School, in the County of Delaware and the State of New York, being of sound mind and body and of superior wisdom, but still condescending to hold in mind the careers of our successors, do make and publish this our last will and testament.

Item 1. To the Board of Education, several books on "Heating and Lighting" and the improvement of the school grounds. Also a framed copy of the proverb "A word to the wise is sufficient," which we hope they will hang in a conspicuous place.

Item 2. To Professor Avery we give and bequeath a key ring, and, all the scraps of chalk which he has been able to gather up after Algebra class. These pieces are to be kept as souvenirs, and in the after years he may look back with pleasure (?) upon the many hours spent in trying to make the Freshman class understand that  $(a + b)^2$  equals  $a^2$  plus  $ab$  plus  $b^2$ .)

Item 3. To Miss Heyes we give the right to visit Downs ville; also a small garden spot ( $2 \times 4$ ) where she may raise the family vegetables. Furthermore, we do give to the aforesaid Miss Hayes a "man", not too old or too young, college trained, and right in every particular.

Item 4. To Miss Smith, all notebooks, question books and other material bearing on the subject of History. Also the right to express her opinions on all vital questions of the day. Lastly we do bequeath the aforesaid Miss Smith the left end wing of Kingston Academy.

Item 5. To the other teachers, Mrs. Mac DeSilva some up-to-date fashion books and a new summer's hat; and to Miss Ora Truman and



Miss Kate Ackerly, we bequeath a life of blessed singleness.

Item 6. To Eugene Howe, the so-called president, of the weak and spindling Junior or rather its owl, a stronger voice to guide a "freshie's" stray footsteps up the rough and rugged mountain path to the guarded nest near the R. R. station.

Item 7. To Miss Edna Doolittle, all that tract and parcel of land containing a small house daintily furnished, situated on Knox Ave., in the village of Downsville. Also a "Columbia" Banner to be delivered next year.

Item 8. To Pearl Cole, the flower of her class, we give and bequeath all of our original compositions such as our class song and so forth, hoping that they will be infinitely valuable to her in her career as Paderewski, the second.

Item 9. To Emons Jenkins, the captain of the track team (tracks to the bungalow) we bequeath five recitations per week in American History under the 2d Assistant H. S. teacher. We hope that they will both improve the time.

Item 10. To Martha Whitney, all our books, old pen points, and stub pencils, also a rubber tube and a bundle of birch rods. These we hope will prove useful to her in her chosen profession, teaching.

Item 11. To Eva Fowler we give and bequeath a man, a cook stove, a tea-kettle, and a dish-pan with which to begin house keeping. We do this on the condition that she will promise not to hurt the man and to keep him in repairs and also keep the other things in the best of order.

Item 12. To Ethel Sanford we give and bequeath two yards of netting with which she may cover her face when she visits the photographer.

Item 13. To Myron Morse a beautiful merry widow trimmed with roses.

Item 14. To the other Freshmen, supreme control over all things not otherwise disposed of.

Item 15. To our beloved Alma Mater, an elevator to be reserved for the special benefit of Ray Slover.

And last do we hereby appoint Louis Carey as sole executor of our

(last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names this  
19 day of June 1911, A. D.

Muir, Leroy  
Judd, Hillis  
Todd, Marea  
Fowler, Laura

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### Charge to the Juniors.

Dear Juniors:—The class of 1911 has placed upon me the duty of giving you a few parting words of advice in order to remedy the mistakes you have made and to better conduct yourselves in your senior year.

We feel that it is our duty to watch over your crooked footsteps and guide you by our good example.

One of your greatest faults is the mighty feeling you display when you meet a senior. You should at all times honor and respect your superiors.

That you may all win glory and be truly great in the busy world we will give each of you individually a few words of advice which it will be well for you to heed.

First of all gentle Angie Pearl Cole, you need not be afraid to shout, in fact you had better practice speaking louder at home while you are slowly arranging those pretty puffs and curls on your head; so you will not cause other pupils to stretch their ears and mouths trying to catch your words.

Edna Doolittle, you had better stop that blushing, just think how you would look if your face should remain as red as a beet. Now for your friend's sake do not be so bashful, just think how unpleasant it must be for him to talk to you, and no response and you certainly know he does not come all the way from Downsville on that bumping D. & E. for nothing.

Now Eugene Stuart Howe, there are so many things for you to

remedy we will only say a few things for you. You spend so much time holding hands and courting at night, you should be at home studying then you could go to bed early and not be so sleepy and cross in school. You should also pay the strictest attention in class and not be looking out of the window or at the design of the ceiling.

And before we stop this fountain of knowledge let us advise you that you are the three slowest people we have ever seen together, now try to brace up in the future and be more respectful to your teachers and especially to your dear little Prof., and remember that still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew.

—Hillis A. Judd.

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### Campus Notes.

The school has one literary society, a Greek letter fraternity, the Zeta Rho. The programs are arranged under the direction of the principal and consist of essays, recitations, debates, orations and musical numbers. This year a mock trial and a debate were held.

Marea Todd, '11, represented the school at the Annual County Prize Speaking Contest held at Delhi.

C. R. Drum of New York, the famous speaker to men, assisted by the celebrated violinist Ward Baker, entertained the school one morning at Chapel.

An inter-school debate was arranged with Margaretville and held in the Assembly Hall of the High School, April 21st. The home team won. Their pictures are on another page. The second of the series is to be held next year.

Crawford Lasher '10, is attending Cornell University where he is taking a course in the Agricultural College.

A picture exhibition was held of the world's famous masterpieces. During this an entertainment and play was given by the H. S. students and the sum of \$200 raised to purchase pictures, which will be hung on the walls the coming year.

Constance Teed '10, is taking a course at Oneonta Normal this year.

Professor McLaury of Stamford, assisted by local singers, gave "An Evening With James Whitecomb Riley" May 12th, in the school building.

Arbor Day was fittingly observed by the school assembled as a whole. After the exercises a trip was made to the woods.

Lothian Schaefer, '10, entered Margaretville Training Class last fall.

A Track Team has been organized with Emons Jenkins, Captain, and Leroy Muir, Manager. The teams will compete with the other county teams in the annual Track Meets.

The younger fellows have a Base Ball Team and have played several of the nearby towns, winning many of the games.

The Y. M. C. A. has worked in close touch with the students during the winter and their final examinations were taken in the school building.

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### By Words

Martha Whitney .....	"Mercy Sakes"
Miss Smith .....	"By Jenks"
Leah Todd .....	"Sure Mike"
Eva Fowler .....	"By Hooky"
Hillis Judd .....	"! ! ? ! ?? !!"
Edna Kelly .....	"By Cotton"
Emmons Jenkins .....	"Judas Priest"
Eugene Howe .....	"Cripe"
Miss Hayes .....	"Dear Me"
Prof. Avery .....	"Oh! I got it"
Mrs. DeSilva .....	"Oh! Joseph"
Ethel Sanford .....	"Goodness"
Edna Doolittle .....	"I thought I'd pass off"
Laura Fowler .....	"Bless Me"
Marea Todd .....	"Wouldn't that jar you"

## An Uncontinued Story

Once upon a time there was a girl with "Hazel" eyes, the daughter of the "Dean" of ————— College. She was "Fuller" of fun than most girls and did not let trouble "Harry" her out "Carroll"-ed all the day.

She was very fond of out-door sports and her greatest delight was to make occasional trips in an aeroplane which a friend owned. So great a height might have been a "Pawling" to a more timid person but she said it seemed so invigorating and refreshing when one had left the "Fowler" air of earth for the purer air of the skies.

Once, while her friend "Haderup" in the aeroplane, when in eminent danger of striking a tall tree, she "Blanch'd and yelled "You've 'Hitt' it."

From a cottage a "Miller" ran out and rescued them. Among the people who had collected at the news of the accident was her mother who said to her, "I'm filled with re"Morse" that I let you go up with a man who did not know "Howe" to steer an aeroplane."

After this because her mother considered flying a very dangerous amusement she tried to content herself with automobiling. One day while riding through the country with a friend, they came to an unusually steep grade. "The "Hillis" rather steep" she said. The down grade was a long and easy one and the auto seemed fairly to fly over the ground, creating a rather "Cole'd but delightful breeze. Suddenly a "Ray" of light, striking the chauffeur in the eyes, dazzled him so that he did not see an approaching car and collided with it.

The occupants of both cars were thrown some distance. The girl was stunned and barely escaped with a broken arm. The young man however, escaped without serious injury. The cop running up asked him the number of his car and he replied, "Can't you "Reed?"

The girl's mother was at once notified and she quickly arrived in another car. On being assured that her daughter was not mortally

injured she breathed a sigh of relief and said, "I "Warner" but it does no good and now I guess I can "Doolittle" more than to "Carey" her home with me."

After her recovery she and a party of young people from G. F. H. S. went on a picnic. Even though the day was rather "Hayes'y" they found Mr. "A very" ready to accompany them, and they started out in high spirits. Arriving about noon at "Whitney's" grove they prepared to eat their lunch. As Marea and some others prepared the lunch they wondered if she would marry a business man and they had just decided that if she did they would "Decker" home with "Greene's". Just as they reached this decision Leah came "Todd'ling up followed by Edna and Eva. One of the party who did not speak plainly remarked, "Isn't Edna "Purdy?" (pretty.) And, "Eva's quite a "Lasher" isn't she" (of course she meant dasher.)

"Why don't you help with the lunch?" they asked Eva.

"By "Jenks" I'm tuckered out," she de"Muir'ed, speaking to "Le on" the grass at her feet.

One of the party now remarked, "The time is "Roland" on so we'd better eat our lunch."

Laura, who had run a "Thorn" in her finger while watching some sheep having their "Wolecott" and had lost her appetite, said that she couldn't enjoy a thing but a "Graham" wafer.

After participating in a few games they went home each one declaring that the whole day had had "An ton" of pleasure.

—Marea Todd.

The Chinaman's definition of a teacher:

    "Teachie, teachie,  
    All day teachie,  
Night markie papers,  
    Neriee creepie;  
No one kissie,  
    No one huggie,  
Poor old maidie,  
    No one lovie."

## Locals.

After mastering a difficult problem in Algebra, Blanch exclaimed "I got it."

Miss Hayes (in 2d German class)—"This is an German idiom."

Pupil (aside)—"I'll be a German idiot before I get thru this book."

1st Senior Boy (hearing baby visitor cry)—"What's that?"

2d Senior boy—"Oh, that's just one of the freshmen."

Eugene Howe, desiring to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

Marea says she "felt a feeling." I wonder how many mave felt likewise.

Miss Hayes (on a hot afternoon)—"I'd like to see the room studying."

Prof. Avery's "It gets late early" is a slight improvement on Prof. Harkness's "Granted, thats quite proper, I trust" and Prof. Hall's "Don't say hain't, tain't right."

Question—Why does Leah smile? Answer—Because she knows Howe.

Mathemeatical Discovery!—Professor Avery has discovered something new in Algebra, the "twoth power of four." Not to be behind the example set, Myron Morse originated the following rule for the square root of a trinomial, "Extract the square root of the ends and take the sign of the middle."

Question—Has any one seen Martha's Cap?

To Doolittle now will in the future bring great re Morse.

All is not gold that glitters (such as Roy's hair for instance.)

A "Hayes'y idea will never "Hitt" the mark.

Miss Hayes says in English Grammar class "I dreamed a dream."

"Jenks" to "Slick"—Cheer up, my boy. You're bound to get a girl in the end.

"Slick"—I'm afraid not. Life ain't no melodrama.

## Our Alphabet.

A is for Anton who never is still,  
You'll quite agree with me, he is a pill.  
B is for Beatrice with eyes so Brown,  
Who looks at the boys with a deepening frown.  
C for Christina who never does shirk,  
You'll always find her the first in her work.  
D for the Daisy, the flower of this class,  
The gold and the white forever shall last.  
E is for Edna D, always so quiet,  
If not dreaming, she's pretty nigh it.  
F for the Faculty with pupose so true,  
It's due to their efforts we hope to get through.  
G is for Griffin-Fleischmanns High School,  
Where all the scholars obey the rule.  
H is for Hillis with plenty of siller,  
Whose chief ambition's to become a Miller.  
I for the Idlers (only a few),  
Their wasted time some day they will rue.  
J is for Jenks, who neath the chestnut tree,  
A village Smithy soon will be .  
K is for Kelly who we call Sucky  
She's lost her bright Ray, I'll bet a cooky.  
L is for Laura, a musical dear,  
Not contented unless Graham is near.  
M for Marea, who knows her A B C,  
She's fond of elecution, but a house-wife she will be .  
N is for Nonsense and that we're just out,  
There is plenty in the Junior class, without a doubt.  
O is for the Others that I've not mentioned here,  
Let's wish them great success throughout the coming year.



P is for Pearl, a student of note,  
On Caesar and Cicero she surely doth dote.  
Q for the Questions we get on exams,  
As to the answers—we're mum as clams.  
R is for Roy on our debate team,  
On Woman Suffrage he gets up great steam.  
S is for Slover, who's first name is Ray,  
He thinks not of work but plays the whole day.  
T is for Toddy, who's first name is Ray,  
She'll capture Eugene, I bet you, yet.  
U for the Use we put our learning to,  
All intend a great work to do.  
V for the Vacation which is now so near,  
We will all enjoy it and wont shed a tear.  
W for the Work we have done this year,  
In this G.-F. High School to us so dear.  
X the unknown quantity in Algebra you find  
It occasioned the class great trouble of mind.  
Y is for You who this nonsense have read,  
I hope you don't think we're quite out of our head.  
Z is for our Zeta Rho with colors green and white,  
In hearty praise of which all classes will unite.

---

### Prof.

The Prof. has his eyes on you  
So be careful what you do.  
Every time you try to slide like honey thru  
Mr. Prof. is always watching you.  
Be wise. Tell no lies  
On other guys. Don't let him surmise.  
Don't try to cheat  
Even on the back seat,  
For the Prof. has his eyes on you.

## Ray's Experiment.

Object—To break a current by means of an insulated wire.

Apparatus—Insulated wire and pocket knife.

(Note—This experiment should be tried on a side hill after dark to secure good results.

Preliminary—(a) Proceed up the hill until within the distance of a foot of a certain bungolow on Wagner avenue and within reach of the insulated electric wire.

(b) From a pocket bring forth the pocket knife and with this at the desired place, cut the wire but take great care 1st, after the current bearing wire is reached, that the shock caused by the contact does not knock you over .

Results:—Unknown, although it is said that "Slick" did not take the necessary precaution and thereby was considerably upset.

---

## Favorite Songs.

The Seniors—"School Days."

Leah Todd—"Just One Boy."

Edna D.—"Oft in The Stilly Night."

Miss Smith—"Captain Jenks."

Martha W.—"Down By The Old Garden Gate."

Hazel D.—"Harry, Harry So Contrary."

The Juniors—"Some Day."

The Freshmen—"We're Afraid to Go Home in The Dark."

Eugene H.—"Thy DEAR Eyes."

Ella H.—"Back To The Woods."

Blanche H.—"Gee, But I Wish That I Had a Beau."

Myron M.—"Alone In This Wide, Wide World."

Laura F.—"Sing Me A Song Of The South."

Marea—"Dreaming Of You."

Faculty—"Oh, Day of Joy and Gladness."

Miss Hayes—"Silence."

## If We Had The Say So.

We would

Have the windows so we could see thru them.

Have Pearl smile at Hillis.

Have the janitor discard his duster.

Permit the students to chew gum.

Secure a member of the faculty who is a mind reader and thus abolish exams.

Have some more looking glasses placed in the school building.

Prohibit the Professors from allowing vicious animals in the school room.

Have a girls basket-ball team.

Whisper at all times.

Have rocking chairs in the back of the room.

Have the Freshmen do our lessons for us.

Let the Caesar class use "ponies."

Entertain visitors once in awhile.

Provide double seats so that the girls might entertain the boys between periods.

Allow the faculty to stand during chapel .

---

## Ads.

Wanted—To be shorter.—Myron Morse.

For Sale (cheap)—A cartload of rouge boxes. Apply at once to Eva Fowler.

Wanted—Someone to make a fuss over me.—Pearl Cole.

To rent for the summer—Mike—Leah Todd.

Lost—One false curl. Ella Hornbeck.

Wanted—A man. Any kind will do. Ethel Sanford.

Strayed—Ray Slover's foot.

Wanted—More rats, rools, switches and false hair of any description. The High School Girls.

Lost—My latest crush. Eva Fowler.

Found—On the foreheads of the faculty, several deep wrinkles caused by thoughtless pupils.

Toys—Anton Harrington.

Wanted—Sookey. Ray Slover.

For rent—A piece of my tongue. Blanche Hitt.

---

### As You Really Are in the Eyes of the Senior Class.

#### Girls

Swelltest	Edna Doolittle
Cutest	Leah Todd
Most Popular	Eva Fowler
Wittiest	Blanche Hitt
Best Athlete	Thelma Pawling
Cheerfulest Liar	Hazel Dean
Laziest	Alma Schaefer
Biggest Bluff	Martha Whitney
Biggest Eater	Edna Kelly
Crankiest	Ella Hornbeck
Biggest Flirt	Eva Fowler
Biggest Baby	Francis McGinnis
Most Dignified	Beatrice Miller
Most Sentimental	Ethel Sanford
Most Modest	Pearl Cole
Biggest Tease	Blanche Hitt

#### Boys

John Reed
Walter Murray
Emmons Jenkins
Arthur Kelly
Emmons Jenkins
Caroll Howe
Ray Slover
Louis Carey
Ralph Reed
Warner Newton
Harry Fuller
Antone Harrington
Miron Morse
Morton Scudder
Charles Shultis
Eugene Howe

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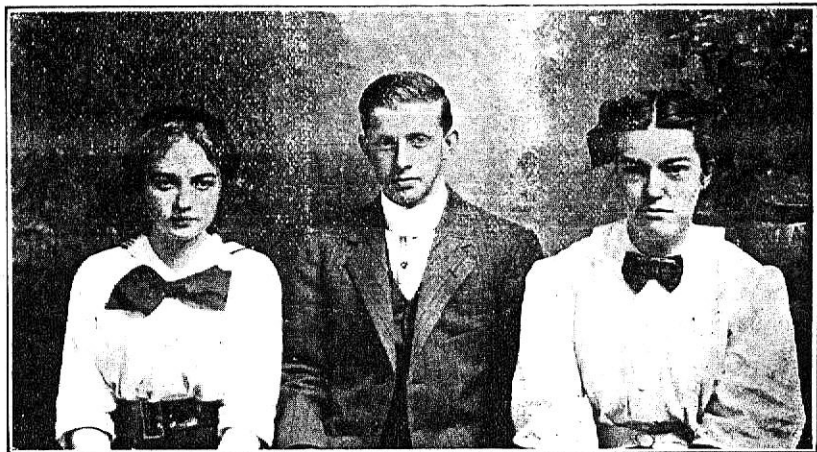
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JUNIOR CLASS



Martha Whitney  
daughter of James " Emmers Jenkins  
SOPHOMORE CLASS Eva Fowler



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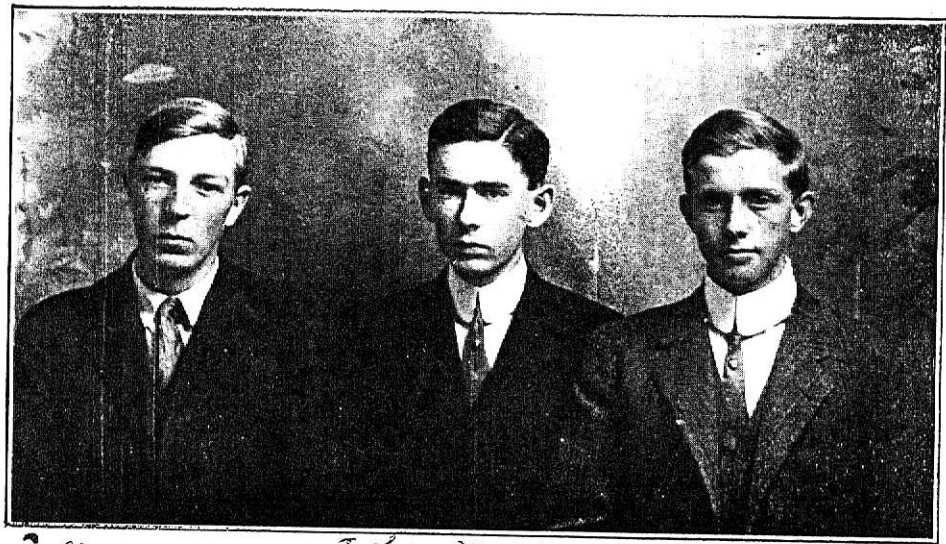
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