

Alice Miller

# BEACHCOMBER



VOL. I

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# *The* BEACHCOMBER

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Vol. I

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No. 1

Published By  
The Students of  
EAST HAMPTON HIGH SCHOOL  
EAST HAMPTON, N. Y.

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## Foreword

For several years the members of the NEWS staff have been experimenting with forms of school paper by which both current news and enjoyable feature material might most economically be offered the student body. The limitations of the original mimeographed paper led them to come to an agreement with the East Hampton Star whereby reprints of a student-written "school page" could be distributed at a cent apiece to students. Repetition of news already published in the village paper, however, proved unsatisfactory, as did the lack of feature material necessitated by the small amount of space available.

As a solution of this problem, the Staff has now arranged to continue the contribution of school news to The Star for credit at the usual correspondent's space rates. This credit is applied to the printing during the year of several issues of a school magazine, of which this is the first. With thanks to The Star and to the contributors who made this book possible, the Staff respectfully presents for your approval the first issue of THE BEACHCOMBER.



## THE BEACHCOMBER

### ANGEL?

"Angus, come along," I called. Angus came promptly. He had been so sweet and dear all morning! He was a Scotch terrier with a stiff tail.

We marched up from the cellar. I went outside. "Angus"—pause, "Angus!—H'm. Queer he doesn't come." And off I went.

It was a beautiful day. I played around enjoying myself to the utmost.

Then mother called. "Bet, the L—'s have dropped in on us for the weekend. Isn't that lovely?"

I detected a false note in her voice, and I knew she was not speaking as she felt. But I answered sweetly, "Yes, Mother, that's wonderful."

I went into the house and presented myself to the L—'s.

As soon as she saw me, Mrs. L— said, "My deah little Elizabeth! How you have grown! you were about so big when I saw you last," measuring approximately a foot with her hands.

"Hi there, Bet!" This from Mr. L—. Then aside, "Don't mind her; that's what these women always say." At that remark, I felt a real affection for Mr. L—.

"Oh, Percy!"

Percy subsided, poor man. Then in came Angus.

"What a sa-weet little doggie! Did-um, wad-um a nice itty-bitty doggie?" gushed Mrs. L—.

"Gr-r-r-r!"

"Deah me," faltered Mrs. L—, her ardor dampened a bit.

Mother admonished him. "Angus, I'm ashamed of you!" Then turning

to her guest she made some polite noises.

I was cruelly disappointed that there was to be no excitement. So was Angus. He was stalking around the room with a wild glint in his eye. He poked his nose into the fireplace, hopped upon the big chair, and hopped down again. He was obviously looking for something. I wondered what.

Then, forgetting him, I turned my attentions to the guests. Mrs. L— and Mother were discussing the changes the hurricane had made in East Hampton, while Mr. L— politely looked on.

I noticed Angus. He was getting stiffer and stiffer as he searched for his lost belonging. He made for the sofa. Mrs. L— did also. She arrived there first and sat down. A queer expression came over her face, but she made no remark. Angus went up to her and sniffed. Then he yipped, "Ar-r-r-p!"

"Angus, hush," said Mother. Again he yipped.

"Betty, take him out to the kitchen."

"Come, Angus," I said.

Up went Angus's tail and back went his ears.

"Angus, come here!" I commanded firmly.

Up jumped Mrs. L—. "Deah me. I think I will try this chair over heah." Her white silk dress was covered with black. Angus hopped upon the sofa, grabbed his piece of coal, and marched out into the kitchen.

The L—'s didn't stay over the weekend. —Anonymous.



### WHY I AM SORRY FOR MYSELF

I am sorry for myself because I have so much homework to do every night. My hardest subject is English, and therefore I spend most of my time doing that. On no night have I spent less than two hours on English, and most of the time I spend three. It makes me feel sad to think of the insurmountable difficulties which I shall have to overcome before I can hope to complete successfully this English course. For I am convinced that I have not yet seen the really hard work, which is yet to come.

Another reason I have to feel sorry for myself is the fact that my right arm has been hurting lately from the shoulder right down to the fingers. For many weeks now I have wondered about that. I had not been able to make up my mind about it until the other day, when I suddenly realized that it was not due to any accidental straining, wrenching, or twisting, but was due wholly to the fact that, for a long time now, I have been carrying that huge "Prose and Poetry" book back and forth to school.

—Jack Dominy

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### PAYING MY WAY

When people go visiting uninvited, it is customary for them to pay their way. The most usual method for this is to pay cash. Some, however, unable or unwilling to do this, prefer to render some service. Many simply show their appreciation with a "Thanks." Others, naturally talented, give entertainment, such as reciting poetry, singing, or playing an instrument. There is still another group, however, who are not so fortunate in possessing natural talent; yet equally appreciative of their host's hospitality, they choose to do some useful task or give some useful knowledge. These are the people that you find drying dishes, mowing the lawn, chopping wood, or telling methods of protection against insects.

Although I have not had much experience in visiting when I am uninvited, I have already made up my mind what method I shall choose to

repay my host. I shall give him knowledge that will be useful to him. After he gives me a good dinner, we shall go out on the front porch where there is an unobstructed view of the sky, and I shall then proceed. I shall explain to him the craters on the moon, the mysteries of Venus, the "canals" of Mars, the moons and cloud belts of Jupiter, the meaning of double stars, nebular constellations, galaxies, and other astronomical terms pointing out each of these in the sky. And then, while his mind is still floating around in space, trying to comprehend its wonders, he will go to bed as if already in a dream, thinking no longer about such things as how many airplanes the Germans shot down or the possibility of an attack on England. Instead, he will be visiting the rings of Saturn, the nebula of Andromeda, or the Big Dipper, forgetting all else in his heavenly wanderings.

—Jack Dominy



THE HURRICANE

"By, Jean. Oh, say are you coming up tomorrow?"

"I'll ask Mom. 'By. See you in school, worse luck."

"'By again."

Margaret Smith, age 14, idly slouched along the sidewalk. She thought to herself, "Some kids have all the luck. Jean goes to New York on a railroad train all by herself. I've never been and it's a dirty gyp. I don't see why Dad can't catch a few more fish and let me have the money. And I wouldn't take Junior!"

There her reflections ended, for as she drew near a ramshackle old cottage, a high thin voice was heard calling, "Mar-gret! Jun-yer! Come home at once!"

"Coming Aunt Hattie! Huh—you might know. I probably have to clean my room. Com-ing Aunt Hattie!"

This last was said very impatiently, after a second, nasal call for her to hurry home.

"Chug, chug, Shoo-o-o-osh, here I come! Toot, Too-o-o-ot—oh, do look out Peg!"

"Look out yourself."

Peggy looked disapprovingly upon ten year old Junior, who she thought was very tiresome.

"Margret and Jun-yer, I'm ashamed of you. The way you do talk. When I was a girl if we had so much as looked at each other the way you do, we would have gone without supper for a week! Now Margaret go up and clean your room.

"Yes, Aunt Hattie," Peggy said meekly. It was no use arguing with her. She wouldn't understand about

Junior being such a nuisance, she thought as she trudged up the rickety stairs.

Peggy thought about her father coming home tonight as she straightened the covers on her bed. If he had caught a lot of fish, maybe she could go to New York. She had saved up \$1.14 from what she had earned last summer.

"Boy, oh boy, would I have fun! I could stay with Aunt Emma. I wonder what it is like. There're tall buildings and lots of noise. I know that much—There, I guess the bureau looks O. K."

She marched down to the room which served for a kitchen.

"What time will Dad be home, tonight, Aunt Hattie?" she inquired.

"I haven't the slightest idea. Here, peel these potatoes. And quickly. When I was your age I could peel potatoes perfectly—" and she launched into a long description of how perfect the potatoes were when she peeled them.

They were through their supper and washing dishes when her father arrived. His shoulders sagged wearily, but he had a cheery smile on his face. He was big, weatherbeaten, and handsome, in a rugged way. The children rushed to meet him.

He greeted his sister affectionately. She was pleased by his hug, but tried not to show it.

"Now Sam, you go into the other room and have a good time with the children," she evaded him.

"You come, too, Hattie."

"No, no, I'm busy."

"All right. Come on, children."

The three of them had fun talk-



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ing things over, but soon it was time for Junior to go to bed.

"Now is the time to ask about New York!" Peggy recited to herself. With Junior safely off to bed, she could have a nice long talk with him.

"Now, my hearty, what seems to be on your mind?" he asked of her.

"Oh, Dad, could I ever possibly to to New York?" she cried.

"Why, what ever put that into your head, child? For pity sakes! What would you do in New York?"

"Oh, Dad, Jean is going next week. And I never go anywhere. Oh, I don't mean that I don't have fun, because I do," she amended quickly as she saw her father's eyebrows draw together. "I have swell fun, but everyone has been to New York but me. I could stay with Aunt Emma and it wouldn't cost very much."

"But, Peggy, there's the railroad fare, and food and taxi fare. And you'd want to have some pleasure money."

"Why, Dad, you know I have my dollar from last summer," she said reproachfully.

"One dollar wouldn't go very far in New York, dear. But I'll see what I can do about it. I'll try my best to get you to New York!"

"Oh, thank you, Dad! That'll be swell!"

"Yes, and now let's talk about something else."

They had a quiet evening together and spent much time talking about everything but New York.

The next morning when Peggy woke up she knew her father had gone, because there was no sound of conversation in the kitchen.

She got dressed and ran down

stairs.

"Whoopie!" she yelled lustily.

"What you yellin' about? Talk about me bein' noisy! Humph!" said Junior grumpily.

"I'm happy! Ray, Ray!" Not even Junior could make her get angry to-day, she thought.

"Hi! Aunt Hattie, how are you this fine fair morning!"

"Humph. I wouldn't say it's very fine. I've got rheumatism and that always means a storm in the air."

"Dad's the best sailor on Long Island," said Junior seeing Peg's face darken, "so we don't have to worry about him."

"Still, I hope it isn't a bad one. H'mm," she said going to look out of the window, "It's sprinkling a little now and there're big dark clouds up there."

"Your father is perfectly capable of taking care of himself, Margaret," Aunt Hattie assured her. "Now come and toast this bread."

When Peggy went home that noon it was not raining at all, but there was quite a strong wind and an air of dark foreboding. She threw aside that feeling, and thought of her trip to New York.

She was still thinking of it when her arithmetic teacher asked her a question saying, "If you travel 40 miles an hour, how long will it take you to get to New York?"

"It's taken me fourteen years," answered Peggy dreamily.

The class laughed

The teacher was beginning to remonstrate with her, when a crash came and some pieces of the window glass fell into the room.

"Oh my goodness!" "Hey, look out!" Everyone was shouting and



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milling around the room excitedly. There was confusion for a few minutes.

Peggy asked her teacher what had happened.

"A tree was blown against the window, I imagine. Oh! Look! There goes another tree! There must be a very strong wind. We'd better go into another room because of the rain coming in the broken window. Come children," she said to the others, "we can go into another room."

When they finally got into the other room, they did no arithmetic. Every two minutes, the children would jump up to look at a tree crashing down or a house trembling in the wind.

Peggy was worried about her father, but she kept assuring herself that he would be perfectly all right, "because he is the best sailor on Long Island," she told herself.

Just then the principal came in saying that school was dismissed, but that no one could start walking home.

"Oh dear, I better see that Junior doesn't start," Peg thought. She asked her teacher if she might go downstairs and get her brother. The teacher gave her permission and down she marched.

When she came back, towing her excited brother, the children were just starting to the auditorium, where they were going to dance.

She parked Junior in one of the seats, told him not to budge, and went off to dance.

While she danced, she heard bits of gossip about the storm. One child said he had heard some hurricane warnings over the radio but had not

believed them. Others had heard various rumors.

At about 5 o'clock she was allowed to take Junior home. It was still blowing hard, but with less force than earlier in the afternoon. They walked on the sidewalk, when possible. There were men working feverishly to get the roads clear, and about all the street lamps were down.

"Phew, I'm glad we're almost there! Ogeegosh! Lookit that house, the roof's off! Lookit the bed! Hee, Hee," giggled Junior excitedly.

Peggy was rather subdued although she didn't miss much.

"We'd better go a little faster," she said quietly.

"Here we are," she remarked a while later, and opened the door.

There was Aunt Hattie, with tears streaming down her face.

"Aunt Hattie! What is the matter! Father! Is he hurt? Tell me quick!" Peggy shook her aunt in her desperate eagerness.

"He's dead," sobbed Aunt Hattie. "They found his body a few minutes ago."

\* \* \* \*

Peggy listened to the clickety-click of the train. "Oh, why did father have to die! I don't want to go to New York and live with Aunt Emma, I'm sure, and I won't even have Junior! Darn, I hate New York!"

—Glorianne Crowne

Mike: "I just stubbed my toe against the piano!"

Mary: "Hurt yourself?"

Mike: "No, I guess I hit the soft pedal."



## WHY I AM ATTRACTED TO AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I am immediately attracted to an autobiography by an impelling force that I seldom have for fiction. "Why here," I say to myself, "is a real person who lives and whose life is part of the huge panorama of life of which I am a member—no product of a man's imagination but actually a man who has been created to play a part in the world just as I have been. His life has had its triumphs and moments of despair. I am going to enter this panorama, not as a player but rather as a spectator, and see and muse over this man's misfortunes and successes."

When I settle down and become engrossed in the story I suddenly find myself wondering how I would react to this sudden turn of events and mentally congratulate or condemn this man for his part in the encounter. The autobiography allows me to enter this person's most intimate thoughts and character, something which a novel can not do successfully, because no matter how good a writer is he cannot accurately portray the true emotions and reactions of a human being.

The autobiography has a gripping human force. For an example, take the autobiography of Admiral Byrd. While he was at the South Pole, he was in a small cabin where he made weather observations. He was marooned from his base for the winter. He became sick and described the thoughts and feelings which he had when he thought he was going to die. In a novel I would have not have had any feelings; but to think that a man actually went through the hardships of life without outside help, and was at the threshold of death affected me a great deal.

Another example is the autobiography of a young fellow in the trenches during the World War. He told of his fears of death and his heart-rending emotions; of the great joy he got when he received letters from home. In fiction I don't believe it could have been portrayed, and if it had been it would not have had the same appeal because as I have said "It's only a product of a man's imagination," but when fate deals its hand in the lives of men, we are attracted immediately.

—Donald Norton

## LIBRARY QUIZ

Perfect Score .....100

Average Score ..... 80

How much do you know?

Send in your answers. Winners will be printed in the next issue.

1. In what book is the character "Wamba"?

2. Who was the Siren of the South during the Civil War?

3. What character wore a letter A as a punishment?

4. Who said "Goodbye"?

5. Who wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin?

6. Where was the setting for the story of Rip Van Winkle?

7. Where was Robinson Crusoe's Island?

8. Where did Gulliver travel to?



## INDECISION

People, scurrying to their warm firesides, did not notice the thinly-clad young man who stared vacantly into the growing dusk, mindless of the bustle around him. He shrank into the archway of a store to escape the chill November wind. Glancing into the showcase, his eye caught the sparkle of a beautiful diamond bracelet.

The rainbow colors glittered under the bright lights illuminating the windows. He stood fascinated by the gems. Then a thought entered his mind and he shuddered. He could never face living in poverty, yet his family loved and honored him and his parents held him in high esteem. His darling wife, Jessie, and their three months' old baby needed clothing and food. Jessie should not sacrifice everything she loved because he, Kirk Winslow, was a failure.

If he were caught with the gems it would mean years in prison or life with a heavy conscience. He could never confide in anyone. Yes, he could see his father's face with pity and anger stamped on it. When he faced his wife, how hurt he would feel to see unbelief on her young features. His daughter would be pointed at and scorned by her neighbors. To have her grow up in

poverty, knowing what she longed for, would be as hateful.

Kirk glanced into the street, void of all traffic; he shifted his gaze back to the bracelet. "Is it worth it?" he thought. How would he rid himself of the jewels? How would he explain from where the money came? There were so many odds against him.

His train of thoughts was interrupted by a foreign car stopping in front of the store. An elderly man stepped forth. "My son," said he, "this is a cold night to be standing here, clothed so scantily."

"Yes sir," replied Kirk, "I must be getting on." He moved away and was halted by a tap on the shoulder. He turned.

"You look hungry and in need of work," explained the dignified man. "Here's my card; call tomorrow. Goodnight, my boy." With a understanding look on his kindly face, Mr. Crawley, the famous banker, walked back to his car and drove away.

With tears blinding his eyes, Kirk looked at the card, folded in a ten dollar bill. He straightened his shoulders, glanced into the grey sky, and murmured "Looks like snow" and walked to his flat where Jessie and the baby were waiting.

—Betty Jane Martin

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## NIGHT FRIGHT

It was getting late as our game of Monopoly came to an end. I now noticed the clock and was surprised to find it almost eight-thirty. The game came to an abrupt end as I announced I must go home. As I went

out on the porch my friend, Mary Ellen, asked if I would care to be driven home. Thinking myself to be very brave, I politely turned the offer down. I was very sorry afterwards, that I had done so.



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I started out, and as I walked I noticed some very dark clouds, much darker than the inky sky itself, forming in the west. This I thought nothing of. Then suddenly to my surprise, I heard a low grumble. This made me jump. The thunderstorm came on with fury, and at last it began to rain. I was a good way from my friend's home and from my own which was about a mile from my friend's. There was no shelter near except a few trees. I once thought of getting under one, but I abandoned the idea when I thought of the lightning.

I was soon soaked to the skin by the downpour of rain. How I wished a car would come along and give me a ride! I believe this was the first time I had ever wished for such a thing, for I was never in practice of riding with strangers.

Once I thought the storm almost over when there came a shift of wind which brought it back.

Then something else suddenly added more fright to my pounding heart. It was something moving in the bushes a little way ahead of me. Almost frightened out of my wits, I now began to run. My friend began to run also. I stopped, and some way ahead of me I heard it stop. Oh! how I wished I were home.

After a while my fear ceased, and I found the courage to try to see what the creature was. I carefully went behind the thing, as I thought, but I was wrong as to the back and front. The creature ran. I had come directly in front of it. As it departed, I laughed outright to find that I had been frightened by a deer.

—Annie Curles

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## I AM SORRY FOR MYSELF

The reason that I am sorry for myself is that I am one of the (I presume) many children who has found out that it doesn't pay to eat between meals. For the first (and last) time I had accomplished the noble feat of managing to "stuff" myself with at least one-third of Bohack's "3 for 10c" counter, I arrived home to find my parents in the midst of entertaining four or five guests for dinner. I was greeted by Mother with, "I hope you're hungry, dear, because we're having a large dinner," to which I dutifully replied, "Oh, I'm nearly starved."

Then began an evening I shall never forget. I had either to take a large quantity of everything passed

or receive questioning glances from Mother and pitying remarks from the guests. I managed to get through the first three courses, but when the dessert arrived and I perceived it contained whipped cream, I gave up trying to keep a calm face and announced that I wasn't hungry any more, and besides, I had quite a few lessons.

Mother gave me a very puzzled glance and said that of course I could be excused if I really wanted to be.

I left the table hastily, and managed to reach my room and the bed just in time to keep the abundant supply of everything I had eaten down in my stomach.

That ended my eating between meals.

—Karlys Daly



## HOBBIES

I have a great many hobbies and I am wrapped up in every one of them. I think that hobbies are great things to have. Hobbies take up your spare time and make work easier.

The hobby that I enjoy most is music. Many people are great lovers of music. I, myself, am one. I enjoy all kinds of music and musical instruments, anything that deals with music. I can play a variety of instruments, and am learning how to play better every day. I seem to enjoy all of them a great deal. I listen to opera, swing bands, cowboy music, and classical selection, from the lowest grade of music to the highest. I think that a good musician has a foothold in the coming world.

My second hobby is saving souvenirs. Souvenirs help you to re-

member the things that you once did. I started collecting souvenirs last year, and now I have a large box full of them which I cherish very much.

Another one of my hobbies is to be able to associate with people older and more experienced in life than myself, to be able to talk with about things like current events. I think that this is a very good hobby to have.

A hobby which I have just developed is building model airplanes. I enjoy this hobby very much. It takes up a lot of your spare time, if you have any.

If many people would have hobbies, they would enjoy themselves more, would get into less trouble, and would find it easier to lead a good life. —Donald Reutershan

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Last August Jack Dominy completed the six-inch reflecting telescope which is now being used by Mr. Mark Hall's eighth grade science class. The class, in small groups, is going to Jack Dominy's home in Georgica.

The base of the telescope was made from a Dodge motor base. A Dodge crank shaft forms the polar axis, and the shaft of a saw mandrel makes the declination axis. An eight-inch stove pipe is used as the telescope tube. The telescope is equatorially mounted. With the present eyepiece the magnification is only fifty times, but with an eyepiece of a higher power Jack hopes to increase it to 200 magnifications.

With the present power of 50X it is possible to see the moons of Jupiter, four of which were observed on the 9th of October. Saturn's rings, Mars, and many nebulae are visible. Double stars, which are really two stars which appear as one to the naked eye, are brought much closer. The craters on the moon also are clearly visible. Jack says he is going to learn the names of them. They are hard to see, however, when the moon is full because the reflected light is too bright for the eye. A five-day-old moon is best, Jack says.

In the early fall when there was so much fog, the vision was poor, but the coming of clear cold nights has brought the stars right into Jack Dominy's yard.



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Michael Smollin has several hobbies. Among them are abstract designs, murals, and oil paintings.

He also decorates wooden objects such as trays, hot dish pads, bowls, boxes, bread boxes. He paints sou-

venir shells and pictures on salad and fruit bowls to match kitchens. This proves to be an interesting as well as a profitable hobby.

Some of his hobbies mentioned above were exhibited in the Hobby Show at the Guild Hall last year.

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## LIBRARY FACTS

A survey of our high school library has brought to light many interesting discoveries. Besides the task of accounting for nearly three thousand volumes which are now in the high school library, Miss Lindsay and some of the students have been rebinding and reconditioning books for the grade library and for individual teachers.

The library, at present, subscribes for fifty different magazines including periodicals and monthlies. Among these the most widely read by the students is "Life." "The American Boy," and the "American Girl" rank next in popularity.

It is also interesting to note what types of books appeal to our students. The following fiction books, listed in order of their popularity, are the most read:

1. Gone with the Wind.
2. Captain Horatio Hornblower.
3. Rebecca.
4. Drums Along the Mohawk.
5. Northwest Passage.
6. All This and Heaven Too.

7. Escape.

8. All Quiet on the Western Front.

9. Let the Hurricane Roar.

10. Good-bye Mr. Chips.

It is very noticeable that recent events have affected the readers' tastes. Although most of the books listed are among the recent "best-sellers," there also appears such titles as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Let the Hurricane Roar." These two books concern events which are at present very timely topics.

Among the non-fiction books the following are the most popular:

1. Maud.
2. The Red Knight of Germany.
3. Inside Europe.
4. Inside Asia.
5. Last Flight.
6. Discovering Long Island.
7. Country Lawyer.

The younger readers also have their favorites. They enjoy the Sue Barton books and the Peggy books, such as "Peggy Covers the News" and "Peggy Covers Washington." "Pinnochio," however, holds the top honors.

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## CAN YOU UNSCRAMBLE THESE?

Nemisodes is an American City.  
Snetonyn is an English Poet.

Paprins is a vegetable.  
Pealp is a fruit.



## THE FUNDAMENTAL CAUSES OF WAR

Disease, cold weather and hot weather in extremes, temptation, wild beasts and most of all man himself have done their utmost to destroy mankind. The strongest of men have survived through the centuries and the ages and are the present generation. Some are nearly beaten while others are making a brave fight to exist.

At birth, man was given the instinct that no matter what was put in his path he must live. Life was the dearest possession. The caveman learned to make the possibilities of life more certain and gradually became more capable of assuming new responsibilities. A family was given to him and he was the protector of that family against wild beasts. After he had tamed those wild beasts and even discovered that he could keep warm by the use of fire, the cave-men settled together and decided that it might be a good idea to get together to protect themselves against other tribes. During this period, man was not beyond killing his neighbor in the night if the neighbor possessed a wild boar which he had killed that morning. The neighbor who murdered was hungry and so were his two children. His old mother had recently died of starvation.

Well, the murdered neighbor might have been generous with his wild boar if he and his family weren't starving, but when he was hungry and his family were hungry they had to be fed first. Have we really developed beyond this stage today?

Tribes fought tribes and man fought man. Families have been divided. Whence came the term "black sheep?" As man has multiplied he has banded together only to be torn asunder. Families, tribes, races, cities and nations. At present, the world's population has become so large that we have formed nations. These nations are so large in area and contain so many races, tribes and families that we have not developed a civilization which will take care of man's selfish instincts. Therefore, the large nations attempt to defend themselves against one another and we have war.

The selfish instincts of individuals have led whole races to destruction. Crowned heads have sought to make their crowns larger than those on other heads. They amused themselves by throwing dependent souls into the fire of war and gleefully watching them sizzle. This type of selfishness is one of the worst enemies of mankind. A few individuals have destroyed millions of persons. They have halted the progress of civilization or thrown it back hundreds of years.

The wars of modern civilization are more bloody and destructive than ever before. We have progressed in every way, not excluding the methods of killing an enemy if he decided he wanted something we had. Women and children are the victims of modern wars as well as all the creative genius of youth.

Shall we always and forever have wars? Shall we always need to protect ourselves at someone else's ex-



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pense? Wars will continue as long as the self-preservation instinct is aroused. When the time comes man will no longer hate man and we shall

have an uninterrupted peace. The earth will be united and there will be no dividing line between families, tribes, races, nations or souls.

—Helen Talmage

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### SONG DEDICATIONS

Miss Ebell  
Miss Smith  
Mr. Stowell  
Miss de Noyelles  
Mr. and Mrs. Meeker  
Mr. Donahue  
Miss Lindsey  
Mrs. Flannery  
Miss Vollmer  
Mr. Meagher

Mr. Hall  
Mr. Fontana  
Mr. Clark  
Mr. Jones  
Mr. Cheney  
Miss Sherman  
Mr. Kendall  
Mr. Juckett  
Mrs. Juckett  
Mr. Brooks  
Mr. Thayer  
Miss Shanahan  
Miss Bond  
Janitors

"I Don't Want to Make History."  
"I'll Never Smile Again."  
"Yours for a Song."  
"Some Day My Prince Will Come."  
"Baby Shoes."  
"She's all, She's Tan, She's Terrific."  
"I Could Write a Book."  
"Faithful Forever."  
"Animal Crackers in My Soup."  
"I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad."  
"Alone."  
"The Woodpecker Song."  
"Maybe."  
"I'm a Bad Boy."  
"It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow."  
"What Would Have Shakespeare said?"  
"I Wanna Go Back to the Little Grass Shack."  
"Please Take a Letter, Miss Brown."  
"Where Was I?"  
"School Days."  
"Say It Over and Over Again"—'God's Country'  
"In an Eighteenth Century Drawing Room."  
"An Apple for the Teacher."  
"It's a Blue World."

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### MORE DEDICATIONS

Filmore Edwards  
Christine Simons  
Miss Sherman  
Irene (to Mike)  
Johnnie Lester  
Prudie Ross  
Bill Sears (to Rusty)  
Mr. Juckett's Fifth Period  
Typing Class

"I Saw Stars."  
"I'm Just Wild About Harry."  
(explaining "Macbeth") "Where Was I."  
"I Can't Love You More Than I Do."  
"There's a Man Down in Cuba Plays a Tuba."  
"Skater's Waltz."  
"I Could Make You Care."  
"I've (We've) Got Rhythm."



## THE BEACHCOMBER

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|                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| Beatrice Raynor                       | "There's Something About a Soldier."                              |
| Frank Dickinson                       | "Boots and Saddles."  |
| Pauline Palma                         | "Oh, Johnnie."  |
| Mary Jane Sears                       | "Scatter-Brain."  |
| Violet Clark                          | "Billy."  |
| Anne O'Rourke                         | "My Heart Belongs to Daddy."                                      |
| Douglas Strong and<br>Barbara Osborne | "Only Forever."   |
| Alfred Labatti                        | "I'm Nobody's Baby."  |
| Adele Mott                            | "Angel in Disguise."  |
| Bob Hudson                            | "You'd Be Surprised."   |
| Nancy Mott                            | "Practice Makes Perfect."   |
| Jack Fassett                          | "You Little Heart-breaker, You."                                  |
| Charles Osborne                       | "I'd Love to Be a Cowboy."<br>(But I'm afraid of cows)            |
| Margaret Mott                         | "All This and Him Too."   |
| Kitty O'Rourke                        | "If I Had My Way."  |
| Mary Jane Coy                         | "Little Mischief Maker."  |
| Irma Hasselberger                     | "'Deed I Do."   |
| Michael Smollin                       | "Ma, She's Making Eyes at Me."                                    |
| Frank Sherman and<br>Mildred Winslow  | "Our Love Affair."  |
| Betty Blackmore                       | "Now I Lay Me Down to Dream."                                     |
| Mickey Rossetti                       | "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair."                        |
| Jack Dominy                           | "Stairway to the Stars."  |
| Blubber Reutershan                    | "Lazy Bons."  |
| Eddie O'Rourke                        | "Saddle Your Dreams"  |
| Andrew Thompson                       | "Stuttering in the Moonlight"                                     |
| Connie Fassett                        | "Everybody's Baby"  |
| Freddie Fisher                        | "With Me Gloves in Me Hand and Me Hat on<br>the Side of Me Head." |

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### PERFECT SENIOR GIRL

Hair—Gaetana Criscione  
 Eyes—Helen Regan  
 Figure—Gladys Kinney  
 Smile—Anna Sorenson  
 Profile—Mildred Winslow  
 Clothes—Connie Douglas  
 Personality—Marion Ely  
 Brains—Lillian Ammon  
 Complexion—Harriet Pidgeon  
 Hands—Violet Clark  
 Sportsmanship—Lorraine Coyne  
 Voice—Peggy Mott

### PERFECT SENIOR BOY

Hair—John Donnelly  
 Eyes—Charles Smith  
 Physique—Edward MacMahon  
 Smile—Filmore Edwards  
 Profile—Sammy DiGate  
 Clothes—Billy Johnson  
 Personality—Whitney White  
 Brains—Louis Baerst  
 Skin—Howard Miller  
 Hands—Joe Vanderpool  
 Feet—Joe Mott  
 Sportsmanship—Frank Dickinson



THE GRAPEVINE

What were Irene and Mike doing at Wainscott Beach one evening?

Is Eleanor J. still carrying the torch for Jack O.?

Is the flame still burning between Karlys D. and Pete S. as much as ever although they are apart?

How does Mary Louise B. like snipe hunting?

How did Mary P. make out with the life guard this summer?

Why did it take Lila S. and Leeper the Creeper so long to get back from the beach Friday the 4th?

Who helps Mary Ellen E. with her geometry?

Is Irma H.'s heart interest still in Montauk?

Who has Kitty O. got a crush on now?

Is Eddie O. handling too many at one time?

Why is Johnnie Lester so popular at dances in Southampton? We wonder why 12 girls monopolized him for a whole evening?

Did Bobby Hudson try to dance or run with his partner at a certain dance in Southampton on Friday night, October 11?

Why does Jane Duryea run to the mail in search of a letter from Pa.?

What does the Army hold for Clara Spalding?

Are the Coast Guards taking over the whole family, Elsie?

What will Cupid do now that Violet is going to Florida and Hawkie is going to Panama?

What's this we hear about C. D.

and S. DiG? How about telling us all about it?

Why was it that H. R.'s voice gave out just about 24 hours after the game Saturday? Whom was she rooting for, if for anyone in particular?

Who is blazing a new trail and time record between Bridgehampton and Northern parts of Bonic?

What junior boy took what junior girl to Riverhead for a lesson on the cello (or was it on the cello?) How about it Durwood? Are you taking it up now too? *M. J. Barnes*

Why has Lila Smith taken to charming snakes? Is it because he has a car?

Why does Betty Sweeting like 1940 Plymouths?

What two girls come out from Brooklyn every weekend to see Kelly and the Tumas?

We hear that the Doltons are still riding. Are they, Betty S.?

What Amagansett senior girl is a faithful writer to a student at N. Y. U.?

We hear that Hattie Oxenham has two faithful beaux from the Bronx. Is that right, Hattie?

Why does Wainscott attract Babe B.?

Whom does Allen V. go to Amagansett to see?

Mr. Juckett: "Do you type speedily on the typewriter?"

Helen Regan: "Why! I work on a water-cooled typewriter with an asbestos ribbon."



