

*The*  
**MORRISANIAN**

1931



*Morris, - New York*

THE  
MORRISIANIAN

Annual Publication  
of the  
Senior Class

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EDITOR IN CHIEF  
Dean Carpenter

ASSISTANT EDITORS  
Carolyn Crandall  
Kathryn Lull

BUSINESS MANAGER  
Harlow Pickens

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MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

DEDICATION

We, as representatives of the student body of the Morris High School, wish to show our appreciation to those benefactors through whose efforts the new Morris Central Rural School has been made possible.

Therefore, to Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Rutherford Morris, we, the class of 1931, respectfully dedicate this Morrisianian.

EDITORIAL

Another Morrisianian is going to press and it is definitely marking a change in the methods of publication. With the new school there will probably be bigger and better books, none of which we hope, however, will contain more devoted feeling toward our school than this one upon which we have labored long and faithfully, and which we feel will meet with your approval.

The Editors

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

- Carl J. Smith Term Expires 1936
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CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

THE FACULTY 1930-1931

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Instructor in Science and French

High School

- H. Annette Linzy, A. B.—William Smith College Librarian
Instructor in English and Commercial Subjects
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Instructor in Latin, French and Civics
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Instructor in History and Mathematics
Doris I. Lacey—Crane Institute of Music
Instructor in Music and Drawing
George H. Muhlig Band and Orchestra

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Laura A. Harris—Morris Training Class Fifth and Sixth Grade
Helen A. Wickes—Oneonta Normal Third and Fourth Grade
Helen M. Colvin—Morris Training Class First and Second Grade

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L. Marjorie Fay—New Berlin Training Class Pittsfield No. 2
Alice Chase—Morris Training Class Pittsfield No. 5

- George G. Preston District Superintendent
Edwin C. Miller Truant Officer
Dr. F. L. Winsor Medical Examiner
Dr. B. F. Bishop Medical Examiner

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

PRIZES

1. The James R. Morris American History Prize.
2. The Rev. George H. Sterling Scholarship Prize.
3. The Alumni Association Scholarship Prize.
4. Dr. W. D. Johnson Association Prize.
5. French Prize.
6. Mathematical Prize.
7. Latin Prize.
8. English Prize.
9. History Prize.
10. Chemistry Prize.
11. General Science Prize.
12. Elementary History Prize.
13. Grade Scholarship Prizes.
14. Spelling Prize.
15. Junior Citizenship Medal of the S. A. R.

**The James R. Morris American History Prize**

Established in 1905 by Dr. Lewis R. Morris, in memory of his father. It is a cash prize of \$50 in gold, divided \$25, \$15 and \$10. Contestants must be students in High School Department with at least 24 academic counts to their credit. The essays will be judged by experts and marked on the following score:

1. Originality, accuracy of statement, general excellence . . . .60
2. Correct and elegant English . . . . . 30
3. Spelling . . . . . 10

The essays must be filed with the Principal not later than April 25th, accompanied by a list of the source books. Quotations verbatim must be indicated; but an essay made up largely of copied extracts will be rejected. The winning essays will be read at the Commencement exercises in June.

**The Rev. George H. Sterling Scholarship Prize**

Established by the Rev. George H. Sterling and continued in his memory by his daughter. It consists of two cash prizes of \$10 each in gold for the students showing the highest standing in scholarship, for third and fourth year work, to be determined from the general averages of class work and examination standings throughout the year.

**The Alumni Association Scholarship Prize**

This consists of two cash prizes of \$5 each for the students showing the highest standings in scholarship for first and second year work, to be determined from the general averages of class work and examination standings throughout the year.

**Dr. W. D. Johnson Association Prize**

A cash prize of \$5 is offered by the Dr. W. D. Johnson Association to the high school student making the greatest effort during the year.

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

**French Prize**

Mr. P. A. Etienne offers a cash prize of \$5 to the student obtaining the highest rating in the Regents examination in French, providing the mark is above 85 per cent.

**Mathematical Prize**

Miss Gertrude Washbon offers a cash prize of \$5 to the high school student obtaining the highest rating in the Regents examination in any mathematical subject providing the mark is above ninety per cent.

**Latin Prize**

Miss Ruth J. Smith offers a cash prize of \$5 to the student obtaining the highest rating in the Regents examination in Latin II, providing the mark is above 85 per cent.

**English Prize**

Miss H. Annette Linzy offers a cash prize of \$5 to the student who obtains the highest rating in Regents examinations in English.

**History Prize**

Miss Gertrude Washbon offers a cash prize of \$5 to the high school student obtaining the highest rating in the Regents examination in History, providing the mark is above 90 per cent.

**Chemistry Prize**

Mr. P. A. Etienne offers a cash prize of \$5 to the student obtaining the highest rating in the Regents examination in Chemistry, providing the mark is above 85 per cent.

**General Science Prize**

Miss Florence E. Ross offers a cash prize of \$5 to the student obtaining the highest rating in the Regents examination in General Science, providing the mark is above 90 per cent.

**Elementary History Prize**

The Daughters of the American Revolution offer a cash prize of \$2 to the student obtaining the highest rating in the Regents examination in Elementary History.

**Grade Scholarship Prize**

Mr. George Whitman offers \$50 in cash prizes to be distributed among the eight grades for excellence in scholarship.

**Spelling Prize**

Mrs. H. H. Linn offers \$10 in cash prizes to be divided among the pupils having the highest average in spelling in the primary and intermediate departments.

**Junior Citizenship Medal of S. A. R.**

Mr. Henry R. Washbon offers a Junior Citizenship Medal of the Sons of the American Revolution. This medal is to be awarded to a pupil in the Eighth Grade, selected by his classmates. The following qualities are to be considered in making the award: Dependability, Co-operation, Leadership, Patriotism, Cleanliness in speech and personal habits.

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

ALMA MATER

O Morris High our Alma Mater,  
For glory and for fame  
We strive by all uniting,  
To raise our voice in proud acclaim.  
We honor and uphold thy standard,  
Linked firm in bonds of white and blue,  
We'll think of you, our Alma Mater,  
To you we'll all be true.

We love the fair name of Morris,  
Which long has stood without a stain.  
It's here we work for Alma Mater,  
To guard her honor is our aim.  
Your sons and daughters ever praise thee  
As from your friendly halls they go,  
And oft in memory they recall  
Their schooldays long ago.

—Kathryn M. Lull  
—Thelma G. Leska

CLASS SONG

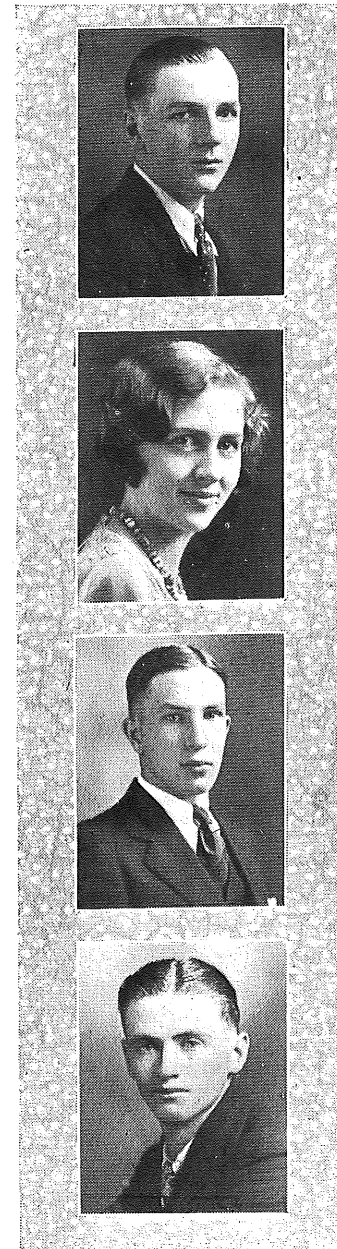
Tune: Somewhere in Old Wyoming

Gathered to say farewell  
Is our Senior Class,  
To the ones who toiled with us  
In completing our task,  
We are no longer anxious  
To leave old Morris High,  
With memories held so dear  
Of our friends and teachers here.

Now we are graduating  
Our happy days are gone;  
But remembrance will linger  
In the class of '31.  
Yellow and white for our colors,  
The white rose for our flower,  
We leave these halls of knowledge  
For the life which waits for us.

—Carolyn Crandall

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE



DEAN CARPENTER  
"Carp"

The man is great who can use  
the brains of others to carry on  
his work.

Hobart College  
Manager Baseball Team (2)  
Baseball Team (3) (4)  
Dramatics (2) (3) (4)  
Scholarship Prize (2)  
History Prize (3)  
Class President (3) (4)  
President Student Association (4)  
Editor Year Book (4)

CAROLYN CRANDALL  
"Allie"

Every form of human life is  
romantic.

Faxton Hospital  
Dramatics (3)  
Glee Club (4)  
Class Song (4)  
Assistant Editor (4)

DRAPER DANIELS  
"Drape"

Deeds survive the doers.  
Syracuse University  
History Prize (2)  
Baseball (2) (3)  
Dramatics (2) (3)  
English Prize (3)  
Mathematics Prize (3)  
Scholarship Prize (3)  
Secretary-Treasurer (4-1930)  
Valedictorian (4)

CEYLON DECKER  
"Deck"

Wise men say nothing in dan-  
gerous times.

Utica School of Commerce  
Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4)  
Captain Baseball Team (3)  
Second History Prize (4)

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL



**ROBERT FABER**  
 "Bob"  
 I'll not budge an inch.  
 Cornell University  
 Baseball (2)  
 Dramatics (3)



**GLADYS GARDNER**  
 "Gladie"  
 As merry as the day is long.  
 Hartwick College  
 Glee Club (4)  
 Mantle Oration (4)

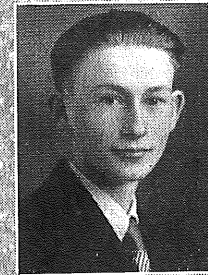


**THELMA G. LESKA**  
 "Thelm"  
 Is not music the fruit of love?  
 College of Saint Rose  
 Class President (1)  
 Vice-Pres. Students' Assn. (2)  
 Secretary-Treasurer (3)  
 Glee Club (4)



**KATHRYN M. LULL**  
 "Katie"  
 With love come life and hops.  
 Albany Business College  
 Dramatics (1)  
 Glee Club (2) (4)  
 Orchestra (3) (4)  
 Sec.-Treas. Students Assn. (3)  
 Assistant Editor (4)  
 Alma Mater (4)  
 Class Historian (4)  
 First History Prize (4)

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE



**JOSEPH NAGHSKI**  
 "Joe"  
 Knowledge is power.  
 Post Graduate Course  
 Mathematics Prize (2)  
 Orchestra (4)  
 Class Will (4)  
 Salutatorian (4)  
 Third History Prize (4)



**HARLOW PICKENS**  
 "Pick"  
 Activity is contagious.  
 Utica School of Commerce  
 Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4)  
 Dramatics (2) (3) (4)  
 Secretary-Treasurer (4-1931)  
 Charge to Juniors



**BEATRICE TRIPP**  
 "Beacy"  
 Silence is the essential condition  
 of happiness.  
 Crouse Irving Hospital  
 Glee Club (2) (4)  
 Orchestra (3) (4)  
 Class Will (4)  
 Vice-President (4)

**CLASS OFFICERS**

Dean Carpenter .....President  
 Beatrice Tripp .....Vice-President  
 Harlow Pickens .....Secretary-Treasurer

**CLASS MOTTO**

With the ropes of the past, we will ring the bells of the future.

**CLASS FLOWER**

White Rose

**CLASS COLORS**

Yellow and White

## MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

### VALEDICTORY

Members of the School Board, Faculty, fellow students, ladies and gentlemen:

Tonight marks for us the culmination of four years of effort in high school; it marks the passing, for us, of the first great phase in this game of life which we are going to play. It must not, if we are to be a credit to Morris High School, mark the cessation of efforts on our part toward education. Whether or not we intend to go to college, all of us have to realize that we have traveled only a short distance along the highway and that there are many bends and dangerous spots ahead of us.

Tonight for us is a night of varied emotions; it is a night of joyous expectation as we think of that which is coming; it is a night of saddened soliloquy as we review the happy years spent within the friendly walls of a high school which we will always remember as a school of which we can be justly proud.

It is appropriate at this point to thank the Faculty and the School Board for their splendid cooperation and the fine interest which they have always displayed in our little problems. More than that we wish to take this opportunity to thank the people of the town for their interest in the school which they have manifested on all occasions. Whatever success we may attain in later life will be due in no small measure to that cooperation. Whatever failures may befall us in the coming battle can in no way be laid at your door; you have done your part; it is up to us to do ours.

Classmates, we have been sheltered long enough; now we are going out to venture our all without the steadying influence of either our parents or our friends. Our Faculty, the School Board, and the people of the town are looking to us to maintain the standards which we have set in high school, the standards which former classes have maintained in the school of life. We must not betray that trust; we must remember that we are only learning even now, remember that graduation is only the beginning of a new phase in which we shall again find ourselves ignorant freshmen. It will not be easy, but we are capable of adapting ourselves to conditions; we must accept the charge which has been proffered, we must justify the faith which has been given us.

We are not going to mar this night by the saying of good-byes. Good-byes are too final; they betoken sadness. So rather than good-bye, we say, "Au revoir"—we'll meet again.

Draper Daniels.

## CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

### SALUTATORY

Friends:

We welcome you tonight to our commencement exercises, which I believe are appropriately called by that name. To you the word "commencement" may not mean so very much, but to us, the graduates of Morris High School, it has more meaning than words can express. To you it may seem that we are saying farewell to our course of education, as in a certain way it is, but for us it marks the beginning of our trip across the river Life. For twelve years we have labored at our studies, gathering material and building a bridge with which to span this great stream.

Friends, we are now here in the last scene of our efforts, about to enlist in your ranks. We hope that you will respond to this hearty welcome that we are giving you tonight and welcome us into your company. Also to go with your welcome, we shall need the helping hand from time to time that we have formerly received from our Faculty. They have always urged us on, and they have done their best; but now we are about to leave them, we shall not have the help of our Alma Mater and in her place, before we shall become experienced, we shall need you.

Our hearts beat with a triumphant rhythm as we feel that through these long years of school labors, we have at last reached this goal to which we have always looked with eagerness. Now as we stand before you, the graduates of your school, we shall try to express our appreciation of you and to prove that the work of this school, which you have so nobly supported, has not been in vain. We welcome you and thank you for your interest in us on this occasion.

Joseph Naghski.

### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '31

In September, nineteen twenty-seven, fifteen frightened Freshmen entered the study hall of Morris High. Under the amused glances of the upper classmen, we felt particularly green. The first week was a nightmare. Schedules, classes, bells, the process of changing seats at least two or three times a day thoroughly wore us out. We had expected high school to be one glorious dream, but when we were initiated into the mysteries of Latin, Algebra and Biology, we found differently. During this first year Ceylon managed to find himself a position on the baseball team, which he has held ever since. Thelma was promptly given the honor of playing the piano in assembly so that the student body might exercise its singing ability. She played "The Vacant Chair" most of that year. We wonder if she hasn't felt like doing the same this year, for Ohio is a long distance from Morris.

We did survive that first year and in September nineteen

## MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

twenty-eight, when we returned as Sophomores, it wasn't quite as bad. At least we had the fun of watching the new Freshman Class stumble in. Geometry and Caesar proved even worse than Latin I and algebra. We certainly thought so when the results of June examinations were disclosed. It was during this year that we discovered Dean's remarkable acting ability when he took the part of the alluring flapper in "The Burglary At Brown's". Then Bob joined us from Oneonta High and won himself fame as a scientist.

We came back in the fall of twenty-nine as Juniors. Practically our first business of that year was to organize the class. Dean was the president and Thelma secretary and treasurer. Then we chose our class rings. They were very satisfactory. In June the Seniors pressed us into service. We decorated for their various graduation exercises. As a reward, they invited us to attend their Class Picnic at Gilbert's Lake.

We discovered that as a Junior, Gladys lacked much of the shyness and demureness that we had supposed her to possess. She persisted in entertaining her friends on Mrs. Gardner's front steps.

At last we returned as Seniors, and were assigned those coveted back seats in the Study Hall. We called a meeting and, with Mr. Etienne as class advisor, chose our officers:—Dean, president, Beatrice vice president, and Draper secretary and treasurer. After Draper left us to enter Syracuse University in January, Harlow was given his office. To raise money we sold magazines and candy. With this we purchased our invitations. After several meetings we decided upon our colors as yellow and white and our flower as the white rose. At the same meeting, we found that Draper was to be valedictorian.

Personalities certainly developed during this last year. In "The Quest," Harlow showed remarkable characteristics as a tender, loving father, that is, when he wasn't otherwise occupied in making out license applications. Beatrice proved that she was a most faithful soul. Why shouldn't she, with Ceylon to care for her? Had that anything to do with her return to Pearsall's Corners? Joseph joined us from Edmeston High. We were quite impressed at his brilliance and were very glad to see him chosen salutatorian. Caroline grew more flirtatious than ever. She seemed particularly to enjoy dances at Gilbertsville. We never dreamed that she was poetic, but didn't she write our class song?

Our history as the Senior Class of thirty-one is ended. We bid farewell to Morris High with regret and many precious memories. In spite of the regret, however, we look forward with great anticipation to what the future will bring. May we bring honor to our Alma Mater in that future, making our lives as successful as they have been in the past, for that is the essence of our motto, "With the ropes of the past we will ring the bells of the future."

—Kathryn Lull

## CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

### CLASS POEM

Our high school days are over  
And joy is in the air,  
But you know a part  
Of our saddened heart  
Will cling and linger there.  
When in later life we find  
Hardship's deep bitter pool,  
The something that will guide us,  
Though the black clouds deride us,  
Is the memory of the school.

—Draper Daniels.

### CLASS WILL

We, the Seniors of nineteen thirty-one, having met for the last time with solemn minds and generous hearts, feel it our duty to leave something to the members of the Faculty and to our fellow school-mates as a token of remembrance, which we hope will prove useful in the coming years.

Article I—To the Faculty; we bequeath the experience that they received while guiding us through the treacherous journey of our high school course. May they find it useful in directing our school-mates through the pitfalls that are now hidden in obscurity ready to swallow any that chance to stray from the rest of the flock.

We bequeath:

To Mr. Etienne, our Principal, a robot to take care of the athletic goods.

To Miss Linzy—A greater supply of pens and ink to distribute during English classes.

To Miss Smith—A study hall full of obedient children.

To Miss Washbon—A new quotation other than, "Bear this in mind and act accordingly."

To Miss Lacey—An Oldsmobile available any time she desires it.

Article II—To the Juniors we bequeath:

Our Senior dignity which we are sure they will be unable to uphold as we have.

Our seats at the back of the room. Use them as carefully as we have.

Our honored position as a model for the school. Good luck in filling this position.

Our ability to make a little knowledge go a long way in classes.

Article III—To the Sophomores:

The precious memories of having lived two years with the class



## MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

of thirty-one.

All the things we may leave behind us in our hurried attempt to gather our cherished treasures.

Article IV—To the Freshmen:

The privilege of initiating the next Freshman class.

Article V—The following personal bequests we hope will be treasured as a continual reminder of the generosity of the class of thirty-one.

To Milton Decker—A lady time-keeper to answer his many inquiries as to the time of day.

To Richard Campfield—Better success in teaching the Chemistry class next year than he had this year.

To Dawn Mudge—A new Camp Field this summer.

To Alma Naylor—The song, "I'm wild about Harry", to console her in her lonely hours.

To Ruth Southern—A watch of her own.

To Ada Harris—Due to her inability to refrain from looking out of the window in school time, we will some new attraction.

To Lillian Cooley—A bus to and from New Berlin which would enable her to see her friend more frequently.

To Christine Card—A means of preventing her rival from anchoring in this port.

To Dorothy Preston—Milton's works.

To Ralph Lull—An invitation to spend the summer in Brooklyn.

To Donald Campfield—Better success in making dates on South Broad Street.

To Elizabeth Dexter—Improved road conditions from her house to the state road for the Willys-Knight.

To Edwina Rendo—Something to keep her awake during school hours.

To Marcia Tillson—A position in the opera because of ability to reach the high notes.

To Clifton Tamsett—A new model T Ford to replace the old one.

To Margaret Leneker—The control of her temper which some people call temperament.

To Frederick Dockstader—A better means of getting to Lizzie's.

To LeRoy Weatherly—A partner with whom to hitch hike to Oneonta, nights.

To Waneta Decker—More frequent bicycle rides.

To Adrian Richards—A rumble seat for two.

To Ruth Bundy—A box of cough drops.

To John Fredrickson—A position as a one-man band.

To Herbert Sloan—A detective to find out the identity of the X Y Z.

To Morgan Gage—A private telephone line from Morris to New Lisbon.

To Francis Elliott—A little less competition in West Laurens.

## CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

To Starr Spoor—A better memory for French II next year.

To Henry Southern—A contract from the Board of Education to amuse the women members of the faculty during the winter months.

To Glenn Chase—Someone who appreciates his cartoons.

To Kenneth Cooke—A one year lease to the Parish House for his professional moving pictures.

To Raymond Livingston—The ability to distinguish a verb from a noun.

To Edward Wheeler—A new door step to use next year.

To Emma Palmer—Because of her enthusiasm for social activities we bequeath an automobile to save her wearing out shoe leather to attend those gatherings.

To Gladys Card—A ticket to the prize fight in which a person of her acquaintance is fighting.

To Donald Preston—A home in New Jersey where he may reside near a friend of his acquaintance.

Signed the thirtieth day of May nineteen thirty-one.

Beatrice Tripp,

Joseph Naghski

Witnesses

Post Office Lobby,

Stop Light.

## CLASS PROPHECY

As the English teacher in Morris High School, it has become my duty to assist the Senior Class of 1941 in compiling their year book. The class asked me whether I would be able to secure notes of the class of 1931. As if in answer to their pleadings, I received, on my way home to dinner this noon, a bunch of letters, ten of them to be exact, and all of them from the members of the class of 1931.

Dear Thelma,

In the last ten years, I have, as you probably know, made the teaching of the French language my profession. Up until a few weeks ago I was successful, then suddenly I found I had forgotten how to pronounce the French "u". You, perhaps, remember what a time we used to have in French II class. When I went to college, I mastered it but now it seems to have left me more easily than I acquired it. Do you, by any chance, know the whereabouts of Mr. Etienne? He is the only one I can think of who knew perfectly the pronunciation of that difficult vowel. If you can possibly help me find him, I wish you would as my life's success depends upon it.

Harlow Pickens.

Dear Thelma,

Guess who came into the hospital this morning all banged up? It was no other than Ceylon Decker and he had been in an aero-

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

plane accident. Poor Ceylon! I was called in as his nurse and it almost broke my heart to look at him. You know I haven't seen him since high-school days and it is just possible that things may continue where they left off long ago.

Beatrice Tripp

Dear Thelma,

You, I expect, know that I was laid up in the hospital recently. Yes, but with the tender care of Beatrice, I am now able to be on my feet once more. It is certainly wonderful how old acquaintances are so strangely renewed. Of course you have probably guessed by now that Beatrice and I are going to be married soon.

Ceylon Decker

Dear Thelma,

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me. Since leaving high school I have been seeing the world. At present I am touring the United States, not for pleasure, you understand, but on business. With my faithful Austin, I shall soon start from California, traveling eastward. I might mention, by the way, that I am selling fish food, exhibiting my gold-fish, Xantippe, as a shining proof of the food's nourishment. I shall probably reach New York State sometime within the next twelve months, and don't be too astonished if I should visit you some day.

Dean Carpenter

Dear Thelma,

It has been a long time since I have seen any of our old senior class, but I haven't forgotten them. Since the parting of the ways, I have tried various occupations, never continuing along one line for any great length of time. But recently I have come upon an occupation, which, I sincerely believe, will ever be my life work. I am a mender of umbrellas, of pitiful, worn out, dilapidated umbrellas. It is my greatest joy to try, to the best of my skill to rejuvenate them. The sight of some of the poor umbrellas would fairly move the iron-hearted Pluto to tears, such as Orpheus' music did, and you know how hard it was to make Pluto cry! If you have any broken umbrellas, will you send them to me? I can promise that they will look like new when I return them to you.

Gladys Gardner

Dear Thelma,

Well, at last I am going to be famous. My fortune is as good as made right now. Next month I start on my solo flight to the moon in my own perfected plane. I don't expect to be gone over a month and when I return to earth a famous man, and perhaps a little giddy, I wonder if you will proudly remember that I was a senior in the class of 1931?

Draper Daniels

Dear Thelma,

Here I am in the big city of the bright lights, and on Broadway

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

too. Maybe you will wonder why I am here, of all places. When I left school, I studied singing for a while and during that time my voice improved so much that now I am doing operas. Some leap from the days of high school glee club singing, isn't it? My latest opera is called "Little Red Riding Hood" and I have the important part of impersonating the gruff old wolf. I would like so much to have you hear me that I am going to send you a pass so that if you can, you will come the opening night.

Carolyn Crandall

Dear Thelma,

You didn't know there was a butcher in the class of 1931 did you? I have been one for the last five years and if I do say so, I have been quite prosperous. I have a new delicacy in my market now. Although it has no name, it tastes well raw, fried, roasted or broiled. I am quite sure you would like it if you once tasted it. If you will accept some as a present from me, I would be glad to send it C. O. D. at my earliest convenience.

Robert Faber

Dear Thelma,

You, no doubt, have read about me in all the recent and important newspapers. Yes, it is quite true that I have turned out to be an automobile manufacturer, and successful too! My latest sport model roadster is called "Pardessus la Lune" meaning "Over the Moon" and derived from the fact that a long time ago a cow jumped over the moon. Believe me, it is to be the thing in the near future. Perhaps you will, at my suggestion, purchase one for your own use.

Joseph Naghski

Dear Thelma,

At last my desire has been fulfilled. I am an orchestra leader. For the last ten years, ever since I received that glorious high school diploma and soon after that a large inheritance, I have been traveling. However, after much wandering, I have settled down, and where else but on the South Sea Isles? Since arriving here six months ago, I have directed an orchestra made up of native boys and girls and they seem to be getting along famously. Perhaps if we ever tour the United States, you will come and hear my orchestra play old-time favorites such as, "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and "Springtime In The Rockies."

Kathryn Lull

After reading all these letters I have a great desire to see my old classmates again. But then, we are having a reunion of the class of 1931 this June and then I will see them. I wonder if they will seem very much different from ten years ago. Only time can tell!

Thelma Leska

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

MANTLE ORATION

Dear Juniors,

As we are leaving our Alma Mater, we hate to think our good work will have to perish, so we are going to pass on to you that which we have so dutifully accomplished during the past year. We have worn with dignity this mantle since we entered the Senior class last September. With regret we pass on to you our Senior Mantle, for when its silken folds no longer embrace us with a loving yet lofty distinction, we may find the cloak of public recognition is hard to gain.

Perhaps, carefree Juniors, you think our superiority has been hard to endure and our attempts to censure you unredeemed by a worthy cause. We only did our duty in preparing you for the highest position of the student body, the Senior class, and enable you to carry out our high standards.

We know that more than one fervent prayer has been uttered that you might one day stand where we are now standing, so we feel in duty bound to answer those prayers.

As Elijah of old, after he had used his mantle to part the waters and walk through the depths of the sea, bestowed his mantle on Elisha, so we now pass our Senior Mantle on to you as we are ready to pass from the history of Morris High.

We request you not to degrade our name or the Mantle so graciously offered to you, but uphold the standards and privileges of the Senior Class of 1931. We hope you will do your best to become a worthy class. If you work hard instead of wasting your time; if you put school before everything; if you make it your earnest endeavor to get home no later than eight-thirty and apply yourself to your books, we are sure you will be able to make your Senior year a success. Although we are sure you will try to fulfill our expectations, we warn you to correct some of your mistakes as Juniors. In short, if you should try to be a little more like us, we would feel safer in entrusting you with our coveted possession.

However, in all sincerity, Juniors, we charge you to keep up your good intentions. The goal is not far away. We can truthfully say the struggle is not in vain. We, too, have experienced moments of failure, but to-day they fade into insignificance and form only an important background in preparing us for life's great work.

Now that our schooldays are over, we hope you will occasionally give a sigh for the Seniors you used to know. We will always remember our schooldays here and:

We give to you this parting emblem;  
As from this school we now depart.  
Fight! Work! Strive, with all your heart.  
And Success will be yours in the end.

Gladys Gardner

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

SENIOR CHARGE TO THE JUNIORS

We, the Seniors of 1931, regret that we must leave you, the Juniors, to fill our places. You must understand that it requires a class of surpassing intelligence and wit to maintain the standard we have set for you.

Please do not think yourselves too sophisticated and dignified to overlook these few points that we have learned are necessary to a successful Senior. We do not deem it necessary to picture them, but have put in flowing rhythmic verse these words of warning: As you approach the Senior Class of 1932,  
Don't let your egoism go too far, 'cause Prof won't side with you.  
If by chance your dental date must take you out of town,  
Be sure to have an alibi, that's strong and safe and sound.  
This is all we have to tell you—you'll pick up the rest.  
The whole thing in a nut shell is—"You'll have to do your best."

We have also, O Juniors, as we reach this moment of parting, a regret, that we did not appreciate in our high school years the untiring efforts of the faculty in guiding us onward. We now realize that we did not cooperate at times as we should have. May you, as Seniors of '32, deeply consider the value of cooperation, and carry it to an extent greater than we did.

It is our fondest hope that we have not set too difficult a standard for you to follow. May you lack nothing as Seniors of '32 in making your final year one of achievement and success.

Harlow Pickens

ACCEPTANCE OF CHARGE TO THE JUNIORS

At this time, the Senior class is about to make its exit from the stage of school life. We wish to offer to the Faculty our condolences at the loss of such a brilliant class. I know how feeble words of mine are to assuage the grief of the Faculty at this great loss, and we sympathize with them to the nth degree.

In all seriousness, however, we will miss the familiar faces of the Senior class of nineteen thirty-one. We have formed friendships in school whose value cannot be estimated, and we hope that these associations will continue to grow after our friends have graduated. Therefore, we, the Juniors, will endeavor to carry on the traditions and fair name of Morris High as these Seniors, the class of '31 have done so satisfactorily.

Richard Campfield

BASEBALL NOTES

This year the baseball team has shown a marked improvement over last year. It has played eleven games, losing but four. The first of those with South New Berlin was not a league game. The team started the year off with a winning score of eleven to five.

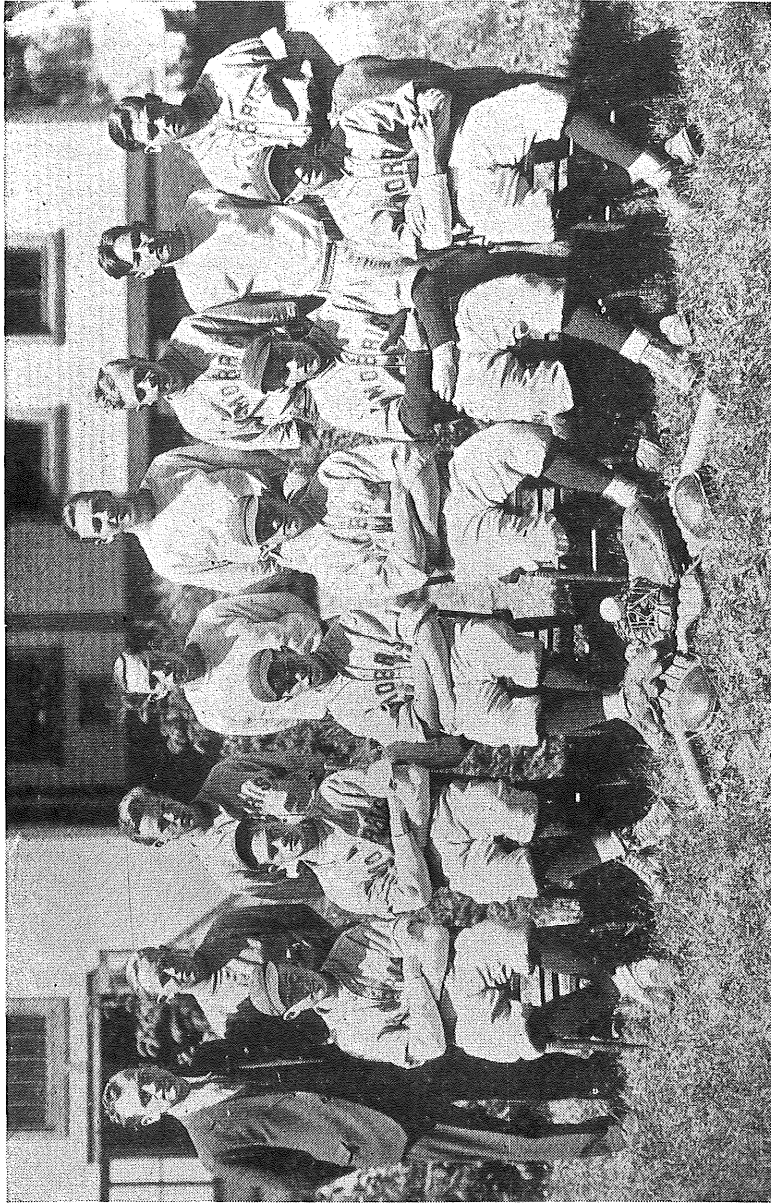
At the beginning of the season a new Tri-Valley League was formed. This necessitated, as it happened, a championship game between Otego and Worcester. Morris and Otego were compelled to play off a tie on neutral ground to decide which team was to meet Worcester, Otego winning by a small margin of six to five.

Following is the list of games as played this season:

Morris—14	South New Berlin—5
Morris—9	Otego—3
Morris—7	Gilbertsville—4
Morris—3	Edmeston—13
Morris—26	Laurens—4
Morris—11	Mt. Upton—4
Morris—4	Otego—12
Morris—5	Gilbertsville—3
Morris—4	Edmeston—14
Morris—9	Laurens—0
Morris—4	Mt. Upton—3

The team has shown a marvelous spirit throughout the games. It had high hopes of being the champion and although it was defeated in its attempt, it will have enough capable material to make a come-back in the season of '32, as it is losing only two players this year. Whether or not these predictions are true remains to be seen but if the team's spirit rings true as it has this year, they are bound to come out on top.

Harlow Pickens.



Standing: Etienne, Coach; Southern, Fredrickson, Pickens, Mgr., Carpenter, Cooke, Lull, Weatherly  
Sitting: Preston, Richards, Rendo, Decker, Capt.; Dockstader, Livingston



THE ORCHESTRA

### THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

In the fall of nineteen twenty-nine, an orchestra was formed under the leadership of Professor George H. Muhlig. The plan was to form an orchestra in which anyone who wished could play. The townspeople were invited to join but not many did, so it soon became a school orchestra.

Most of the pupils in this orchestra knew very little about music when they started. The first year the pupils paid their own tuition and bought their own music. A course consisted of twelve lessons. At the end of the first course, a concert was given to show the townspeople the advancement made by the pupils. Outside talent was brought in at this concert to give the pupils a goal for which to strive. After this concert, a second class was formed, with a beginners' class and an advanced class. At the end of the second course, the beginners' class joined the advanced class making an orchestra of good size.

In the fall of nineteen thirty, with the new Central School in operation, the Board of Education sponsored the orchestra and again engaged Professor Muhlig as instructor. Classes were held on Tuesday afternoons and evenings. Private lessons were given to students in the afternoon. In the evening, the orchestra met at seven-thirty o'clock.

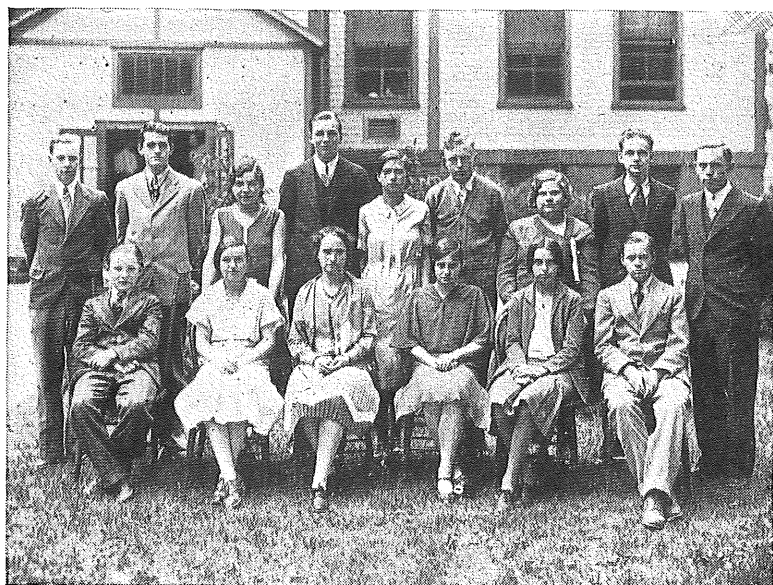
A concert was given in February after which new members gradually came into the orchestra until we now have twenty-three members. We expect to give another concert early in June. We are proud of the great musical progress made by the pupils of Morris High School and we are confident that we will have as good an orchestra next year.

Donald G. Preston

### WHY WE ARE GRADUATING

- Dean—Because I can't help it.  
Caroline—High School isn't exciting enough.  
Harlow—So I won't have to play Edmeston High again.  
Draper—To gain new worlds to conquer.  
Ceylon—Because I'm tired of arguing with the teacher.  
Thelma—So I won't have to play for an unappreciative audience in assembly.  
Kathryn—Eventually—Why not now?  
Gladys—So I can chew gum in peace.  
Robert—To save shoe leather on the West Laurens to Morris road.  
Joseph—So I can seek higher knowledge.  
Beatrice—Because Ceylon is.

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL



DRAMATIC CLUB

THE QUEST

"The Quest" by Lee Owen Snook, given by pupils of the Morris High School, proved a great success. The cast follows:

Caleb Armstrong .....	Harlow Pickens
His wife, Sylvia .....	Laura Eldred
His son, Julian, 19 .....	Dean Carpenter
His daughter, Constance, 17 .....	Dawn Mudge
His daughter, Wenda, 15 .....	Christine Card
His son, Billy, 10 .....	Kenraid Shields
Herbert Ross, friend of Constance .....	Donald Campfield
Doctor Wood, family physician, .....	Richard Campfield
Mrs. Pat Mulligan, an old friend of the family .....	Ruth Miller
High School Students, .....	

Emma Palmer, Lillian Cooley, Francis Elliott, Edward Wheeler.  
The scene was in the Armstrong home. Time was the present.

Mr. Armstrong had a great desire to write children's stories and poems, but circumstances were such that he was forced to enter the business world. He had very little success and soon lost his position. Just at this time his son, Billy, was seriously injured while sliding down hill. Mrs. Armstrong secured a position; Constance and

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

Julian left school to do their bit toward the family income. At length Mr. Armstrong persuaded by Dr. Wood, the family physician, went to New York where he began writing, doing the work he most wanted to do. At this work he proved very successful, and after six months returned home, a very wealthy man. With Billy improving in health and Mr. Armstrong on the road to success, "The Quest" ended happily.

The cast began practicing during the first week in November and the play was given December seventeenth and eighteenth, nineteen-thirty.

After the Christmas vacation Miss Linzy, our director, took the cast to Oneonta. There we went to the movies and later had refreshments. Everyone enjoyed this very much.

Dawn Mudge

THE CLOCK

Third and Fourth Grade Room  
During 1930-'31

Dear Friends,

I am the clock. I have been in this room for nearly a year. I am going to tell you what I have seen. I was brand new at the first of the school year, but now I am just "the old clock". I don't go fast enough to suit the children, but I do my best.

I noticed nothing of importance until Thanksgiving except that they had chapel every Tuesday and Thursday. I am sure all had a good Thanksgiving dinner because the boys and girls looked very happy when they returned.

All of a sudden along came Christmas. All of the children were excited. At chapel they sang Christmas songs. The room gave a pageant named, "The Birth of Peace." It was a good play. Many of their mothers came to see it. They had a Christmas tree which all enjoyed. Then it was vacation time. Vacation times are lonesome for me so I sleep most of the time.

At last vacation was over and regular school began. O dear, that very morning one of my springs broke because I had been left alone so long. I had to leave school and rest in the hospital.

Then came Lincoln's birthday, and before I knew it, it was nearing Saint Valentine's Day. The children had a valentine box. Everyone received a valentine. Next came Washington's birthday and then Easter with another long vacation.

Yours truly

The Clock

Beatrice Gage

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

With the opening of the fall term of school, came the organization of the Girls' Glee Club directed by Miss Lacey. Only high school girls were eligible for membership in this club. At present there are eighteen members.

The Girls' Glee Club's first public appearance was made at a library benefit at Morris in December. Throughout the school year the organization was called upon to present assembly programs. In May, the second public appearance was at the operetta given by the grade pupils at the Parish House. We expect to continue the Glee Club next year.

Emma Palmer

FRESHMEN IN SONG

Hilda Perkins ..... Hello Beautiful  
 Dorothy Chase ..... Yours and Mine  
 Mary Turner ..... Reaching for the Moon  
 Waneta Decker ..... Lonesome Lover  
 Lillian Thompson .....  
 ..... You're My Tootsie-Wootsie in the Good Old Summer Time  
 Leta Sherman ..... Blue Again  
 Helen Edgerton ..... Singing a Song to the Stars

Gertrude Walton ..... One Little Raindrop  
 Marjorie Gadsby ..... I'm a Dreamer  
 Lillian Cooley ..... Broadway Rosa  
 Christine Card ..... Two Little Blue Little Eyes  
 Marion Lasher ..... Should I?  
 Geneva Brimmer .... Oh, Give Me Something to Remember You By  
 Grace Lemly ..... Way Down South  
 Margaret Leneker ..... You're Driving Me Crazy  
 Theda Foote ..... Sweetheart of My Student Days  
 Ruth Bundy ..... Me and My Shadow  
 Ralph Jordon ..... Betty Co-ed  
 Raymond Livingston ..... Walking My Baby Back Home  
 Edward Wheeler ..... Peanut Vender  
 Herman Salisbury ..... When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver  
 Francis Elliott ..... Jazz Baby  
 Kenneth Cooke ..... I'm Alone Because I Love You  
 Clarence Cooke ..... My Darling Ann  
 Ralph Lull ..... Oh Helen!  
 Donald Campfield .... Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm gone  
 Ralph Stafford ..... I'm So Afraid of You  
 Kenraid Shields ..... Sweet Lily Ann  
 Robert George ..... Down the River of Golden Dreams  
 Earl Culver ..... Bashful Baby  
 Adrian Richards ..... Ady Made a Lady Out of "Lizzy"  
 Francis Smith ..... When You and I Were Young Maggie

SOPHOMORE NAMES FROM HISTORY

Gladys Card ..... Lady Rebecca  
 Dorothy Chase ..... Athena  
 Emma Cobb ..... Log Cabin Candidate  
 Virginia Faber ..... Cleopatra  
 Harriet George ..... Cornelia  
 Ruth Miller ..... "Little Mac"  
 Frieda Schmuck ..... Silver Tongued Orator  
 Marcia Tillson ..... Sappho  
 Emma Palmer ..... Xantippe  
 Glenn Chase ..... "Little Phil"  
 Fredrick Dockstader ..... The Black Horse and His Rider  
 Morgan Gage ..... Light Horse Harry  
 Donald Preston ..... The School Master of our Republic  
 Adolphus Sloan ..... SoKrates  
 Herbert Sloan ..... Rail Splitter  
 Henry Southern ..... Old Rough and Ready  
 Clifton Tamsett ..... "Black Dan"



BOYS' HARMONICA BAND

The Harmonica Band was organized under the leadership of Miss Doris I. Lacey during the past winter. The girls had a musical organization, so a harmonica band, to which only boys could belong, was organized.

Music books are furnished by the school. The band meets every Monday afternoon at three-forty-five. There are about twenty members, all of whom are making great progress now. A quartet has been selected from the band and taught more difficult songs.

So far this year, only two public appearances have been made, one in assembly, and one in the Parish House at an operetta given by the grade pupils.

Glenn Chase

#### THE GLOBE SPEAKS

I hang in a very advantageous position beside Mrs. Daniel's desk. As she is the teacher of twenty-one seventh grade pupils, there is always plenty to see and to hear.

At the beginning of the school year all the children talked about was the new school building and what it was going to look like but now I know the new school is really being built by the sounds which I hear. When it is finished and the children move into

it, I wonder if they'll take me with them. I want to see the new building too.

Oh, such joy among the children! There was to be no school for a week. That was the week of the Fair. I heard them say something about a writing contest in which all children could take part. The person whose handwriting was best would receive a prize. When my friends came back to school after their happy vacation, but my lonesome one, they said George Edgerton won the prize. That put a feather in their cap because they beat the eighth grade.

One morning when the children came down from assembly they were laughing and telling about a demonstration of glass blowing. One of the members of this grade had tried a "lung tester" but it turned out to be a "face washer" because he got his face full of water.

Time flew so fast that before we realized it was Christmas. Our room and tree were decorated very prettily. To decorate the tree the children popped corn which they strung, that is, what they didn't eat. I noticed that much of the corn went into their mouths, but I didn't blame them any. If I had a mouth, I would have eaten too. They put presents on this tree and one day gave them to their owners. It was loads of fun to watch them open their presents though I didn't receive any. I think they thought I didn't need any presents as I was only a globe.

Valentine Day came. All spare time was used in making valentines. These were put in a box. I didn't see any use in putting pretty valentines in a box 'till one day some one came up to the box and drew out the valentines and gave them away. I didn't get a valentine either but I don't care.

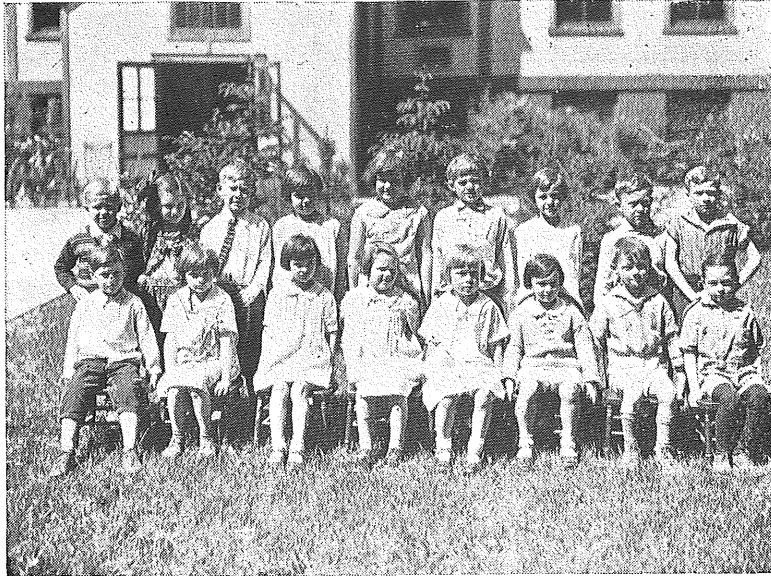
The children were very happy at Easter time because there was no school for a week. They didn't think about my staying here alone. But just the same I had a vacation too for I didn't have to tell anyone any geography for a week.

Just a short time ago the lower grades gave a play entitled "Magic Gingerbread." The seventh and eighth grades gave a stunt song between the acts. The notes on the musical staff were represented by children. To do this a hole was cut in a paper staff. Through this hole a pupil put his head and sang the note he represented. I am quite proud to be the globe that tells geography to children who are asked to have part in an entertainment.

Perhaps I have not told everything said and done this school year for my memory is not so good as it once was because a hole has been accidentally knocked into my poor head. Therefore it is hard to keep track of everything that has happened.

Dorothy Carsten





CLASS OF 1942

### PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

There are thirty-six pupils in our room this year—eighteen boys and eighteen girls. Miss Colvin says we are very active children.

We have had many good times. The day school closed for the holidays, we had a Christmas party and a lovely tree. Each child had two presents on the tree and there were some for our teacher also.

In our drawing class we have made bells, baskets, flowers and many other things. We are saving them to take to the Fair.

We have a rhythm band this year. We keep together quite well now. Our music teacher, Miss Lacey, lets us all play. We think it is fun.

We have a large bulletin board. Each week we write the class news on this board. Every child in the room likes to be the reporter.

This year we have tried to learn to be healthy. We have Health inspection every day. We take turns acting as Health captains. All have earned honor badges and buttons.

—The Second Grade—

### PRIZE ESSAY

#### The History of Economic Depression In The United States

The quickest way for us to realize the true significance of these economic depressions, and the important part that they play in our lives, is to learn something of their phenomena. To do this we must briefly review the succession of panics which have visited our country, and study their causes and their effects.

The first industrial panic in our country occurred soon after the American Revolution. The nation lacked a strong central government. At the end of the war prices were low, work was scarce, our commerce had ceased almost entirely. Nearly the entire amount of the money in circulation consisted of the worthless paper continentals which had no gold to back them. Congress lacked the power to negotiate to advantage with European powers for treaties of commerce, and also the power to raise funds to restore the value of the paper money. So the country suffered for several years from this Panic of 1783.

The Panic of 1819 was again the result of economic conditions brought about by a war. Previous to the War of 1812 our New England ship-builders had supplied ships for practically the entire commercial world. With the war this business came to an end. We were forced to manufacture most of our own goods because of the termination of our trade with Europe. At the end of the war we renewed our commerce with that country, much to the disadvantage of our own manufacturers. Europe could sell her goods much more cheaply than we could sell to our own people. Many of the factories were forced to shut down, wages were cut and many laborers were turned off. The country found itself in the grip of another periodic panic.

Our third economic depression, the Panic of 1837 was caused by the prevalence of "wild cat" state banks. President Jackson had killed the United States bank,—first, by refusing to recharter it and then by removing all of the United States money from it. This money was placed in the state banks which sprang up all over the country as soon as it was certain that the Bank of the United States would not be re-chartered. These state banks loaned money on easy terms and issued unlimited amounts of paper money. A period of reckless speculation and extensive overinvestment followed. Payment for the United States public lands which were being sold at very cheap rates at that time was being made in the paper money issued by the state banks. The United States treasury became filled with so much of this paper currency that President Jackson became alarmed and issued his Specie Circular. This Specie Circular demanded that United States officials should accept payments for public lands only in gold and silver. This created a great demand for specie. The banks were unable to supply it. People became alarmed at their failures to obtain specie-money on demand. The banks

## MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

closed their doors; business failed and a long period of depression followed.

As a result of the Panic of 1837 the banks in the east learned to be more conservative, although those of the west still continued to be managed recklessly. This caused another panic in 1857 due to speculation, wild inflation of credit, and investments in unsound enterprises. It was short lived however and was not extremely serious.

Our next great panic, that of 1873 was caused by overinvestment, particularly in railroads. For this reason it is often known as the railroad panic of 1873. There were more railroads than could possibly be used. Ruinous competition prevented them from paying returns on the capital which was invested in them. The sale of railroad bonds stopped. The credit of the banks connected with the railroad companies was hurt; money was scarce; the people began to demand their deposits from the banks; one failed, panic swept the country; industry stopped and business was demoralized. To end this panic the government passed an act providing for the resumption of specie payment.

The Panic of 1893 was caused by a deep distrust of the currency, a result of the extensive use of silver in our country. Foreigners ceased investing their money here and sent our stocks and bonds home to be sold. Our own business men began to demand payments in gold. The people drew gold from the banks and hoarded it. In April, 1893 the gold reserve fell. A "currency famine" threatened as a result of the scarcity of bills in small denominations. The purchase of silver stopped. A special session of Congress was called and repealed the "compulsory purchase clause" in the Sherman Act. In spite of this, the industrial revival hoped for, failed to come. Depression continued and the Wilson Tariff Bill was passed.

With the failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Company from overspeculation and dishonest management a great many banks failed also and the country was thrown into the Panic of 1907.

By the year 1914 another periodic depression was due. Business lagged. We heard a great deal about unemployment and business failures. Then the great European war came. The American markets, already sagging very low crashed. Our exchange closed for five months from July to December. Then suddenly, after our declaration of neutrality a great demand for munitions and other war materials began to flood the country. Our country reached one of its highest peaks of prosperity. We could not manufacture enough. Our trade expanded, the market climbed, and we were out of another depression.

In 1921 "war stimulated prosperity" was succeeded by prolonged and unusually wide-spread depression. Banks closed their doors, land sold cheap, business failed and many thousands were thrown out of work. A panic was avoided only by the Federal

## CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

Reserve Act which in 1913 had revised banking laws, made the currency of the country more elastic and checked its control by money trusts.

Our present depression has been coming on for years. Looking back we can trace its causes to the World War. At the time of the war we were very prosperous. Our output was enormous. After the war we tried to keep it up. We could not possibly continue this high rate of production for any great length of time. It was surprising that we did it as long as we did. The depression burst upon us with the stock market crash of 1929. Speculation had been reckless. The whole world was walking with its head in the clouds. It was bound to take a fall. It did. Ever since we have been reading daily of the hundreds of unemployed, the business failures, the hard times, and we wonder if we are ever going to see anything like prosperity again. No one stops to think that it is just another periodic business depression, that we always have come out of them, and that we will come out of this one if we just hold on long enough.

Unemployment is one of our most important economic questions. To remedy it we must look to the causes which bring about these widespread industrial depressions and which result in our periodic business panics.

Of course, considerable unemployment is due to individual maladjustment. There is not a large enough degree of this however to bring about our depressions and panics. They are the results of more widespread and more complicated causes. There are four theories presented in explanation of the depressions. First, there is the theory of overproduction. A successful business period always increases production. Goods are produced, stacked up in store-houses and prepared for public use in immensely larger quantities than could ever be expected to be used. Manufacturing and production has to cease until this excess supply of commodities is used up. This cessation of work causes unemployment for thousands.

Second, there is the fact that underconsumption is a public ill. It is a tendency of the wealthy to invest their money in fixed capital, to hoard it, and to keep it out of circulation. The poor haven't the money to buy their share of the country's produce. Therefore not enough is consumed to use up what is produced.

Third, there is the theory of inflated credit. With our modern organization of business, the rapid growth of industries and banking institutions, more and more business is done on credit. The people depend on the future to make this business a success. It is too uncertain and risky and results about every so often in a general business depression.

The last theory is that advanced by the Socialists. They lay these depressions at the door of "individual competition" and to the "institution of private property". This individual competition causes a great fluctuation in demand and supply and brings about

## MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

our periodic depressions.

The business cycle is an important factor in these periodic depressions. In looking over our country's panics it is quite noticeable that they occur in fairly even intervals of time. There is a period of great depression. Goods are hard to sell, prices are low and there is very little production. Gradually the supply of goods on hand is exhausted. In order to get the commodities which they want the people offer higher prices to the merchants. To obtain these articles the merchants offer to pay more to the manufacturers. This enables the manufacturers to give the producers more for their raw materials. To supply these demands the producers have to produce more. Prices are better, wages are higher, there is more money in circulation, business begins to pick up and the country is started on the road to another period of prosperity. But they carry it too far. Business men are reckless, they borrow great sums of money to do more business, they speculate rashly and they manufacture great quantities of goods. They overproduce. The banks become cautious and refuse to lend so much. Not being able to get the money to keep up their business, men fail, they cannot make payments. The banks cannot collect, and they in turn fail. Prices fall and the country is again in a period of depression. It has to drag itself out of this depression the same as it has done before. The complete period from depression to depression is called the business cycle. It is the most reasonable and the commonest explanation of the economic depression.

There are methods of lessening these fluctuations. By removing all things which tend to prevent the free rise and fall of interest rates, men would not borrow so extensively. If rates of interest rose proportionately with the prices, overproduction and overinvestment would not be so common. This lies mainly with the banker. It is up to him to remedy interest rates. Responsibility also lies with the business man. It is his ignorance and recklessness which in part causes these depressions. He should learn to be more careful and conservative. Remove restrictions on interest rates, devise better banking methods and increase the knowledge of the business man. This will tend to lessen the severity of depressions although they can probably never be entirely exterminated.

Our country has passed through practically ten major depressions. From the records of these we should have learned two important and practical lessons. That all depressions are, in their basic principles alike, is the first lesson. The second is that the United States has never yet proved deficient in pulling itself out of "all the dull deadening pain, all the keen maddening anguish" of its depressions, and that it has always risen promptly to peaks of prosperity far overtopping those of former years.

Kathryn Lull

## CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

### SENIOR DIARY

- September 2. Back again to the old grind.  
September 9. First orchestra practice.  
September 10. The Seniors are assigned the coveted back seats.  
September 13. Thelma tries for her license.  
September 17-20. Morris Fair is here once more. Oh joy!  
October 5. Mr. McClintock visits the school and treats us to a lecture.  
October 10. The Sophs initiate the Freshman.  
October 12. A couple of glass blowers entertain us.  
October 15. The Curtis Publishing Company's representative visits the school.  
October 30. The Junior-Senior Girls' party.  
November 1. Rehearsals for the play begin.  
November 10. The classes organize.  
November 25. Thanksgiving recess.  
December 18-19. Presentation of "The Quest."  
December 19. Christmas comes 'round again.  
December 20. Everyone enjoys the good skating.  
January 5. The new year starts rolling. Miss Lacey is snowbound.  
January 7. The play cast celebrates in Oneonta.  
January 19-23. Regents! Draper and Bob leave us.  
January 27. The intermediate algebra class attends "Mother's Cry" as a reward for their year's labor.  
January 28. Miss Linzy falls and hurts her dignity.  
February 2. Coasting is fine!  
February 13. The orchestra gives a concert.  
February 14. St. Valentine has a birthday. Ain't love grand?  
February 20. The Seniors decide to appear in caps and gowns.  
March 3. The ground hog sees his shadow. Six more weeks of winter!  
March 18. Mr. Schrafft sends the Seniors a consignment of candy.  
April 1. All the fools are out!  
April 3. Easter vacation! Isn't Thelma happy?  
April 10. Laura and Ruth lose their heels at recreation period and visit the shoe-maker.  
April 20. Ground is broken for the new school. The back windows prove very popular.  
April 27. Senior class decide not to wear caps and gowns.  
May 7-8. The Grades give an operetta.  
May 8. The Seniors choose their motto and invitations.  
May 11. Much excitement! Senior essays are handed in to be judged.

## MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

- May 26. Inoculation!  
May 27. General science class goes on a field trip.  
May 28. First cheer and song practice. Everybody hoarse.  
May 29. Still waiting for the Senior essays. Who will get that prize?  
May 30. The march to the cemetery.  
June 1. The Year Book goes to press.

### MEETINGS OF THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

On September the fourth, the first meeting of the Students' Association of Morris Central School was held. At this meeting, the following officers were elected: President, Dean Carpenter; vice-president, John Fredrickson; baseball manager, Harlow Pickens; secretary-treasurer, Elizabeth Dexter. It was voted that a tax of twenty-five cents should be paid by each high school student of the Association. It was then voted to adjourn the meeting.

The second meeting was held April the twenty-second. Emma Palmer was elected manager of the recently organized girls' baseball team; Thelma Leska, song leader. Mr. Etienne gave a report on the rules and regulations of the new athletic league that the school has joined this year. Since the seventh and eighth grade pupils are eligible to play in the league, they attended this meeting. A new plan was adopted for collecting the tax. The treasurer was asked to appoint a collector for each room. The meeting was then adjourned.

Elizabeth Dexter

### JUNIORS IN QUOTATION

Elizabeth Dexter ..... Just budding.  
Marjorie Dockstader ..... Rowing, not drifting.  
Ada Harris ..... Everything comes to her who waits.  
Dawn Mudge ..... Look before you leap.  
Alma Naylor ..... Love me, love my dog.  
Edwina Rendo ..... The night brings counsel.  
Dorothy Preston ..... Where there's a will there's a way.  
Alfretta Card ..... Practice makes perfect.  
Ruth Southern ..... Independent ever, neutral never.  
Laura Eldred ..... A little bird told me.  
Richard Campfield ..... Not twilight but Dawn.  
Milton Decker ..... Silence gives consent.  
John Fredrickson ..... Launched but not anchored.  
Howard Robinson ..... A place in the ranks awaits you.  
Starr Spoor ..... He will never set the river on fire.  
LeRoy Weatherly ..... Safe on first, now score.

## CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

### SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

#### Assembly Notes

During the past year the seventh and eighth grades and high school have met every Monday and Thursday morning in the assembly room. Singing has been a large part of our programs. Under the direction of Miss Lacey, we have learned many new songs and enjoyed our old favorites. The school spirit has been increased by reviving school songs and cheers of the past. Thelma Leska has been our student song leader and Francis Elliott our cheer leader.

We have celebrated all the holidays throughout the year by special programs. This has given every student an opportunity to have some training in public speaking. Recitations, dialogues, and short plays have been given on these occasions. On Arbor Day all the grades and high school combined to furnish an entertaining program.

Two special features varied the usual schedule. A Venetian glassblower demonstrated his skill by making useful and ornamental articles from glass. As he worked he explained the methods of glass manufacture. The second unusual talk was given by a scout from the Great Northwest. He spoke of his adventures and hardships.

We feel that our assemblies have been a pleasant part of the school year.

Ruth Miller

### THE OPERETTA

The Operetta "Magic Gingerbread" was given by the pupils of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth grades under the direction of Miss Lacey. There were twelve separate characters and a chorus of about sixteen boys and girls. The piano accompaniment was played by Miss Myrtie Webster. There were two acts in the play.

The program was opened with some songs sung by the primary grades. When the curtain was raised for the first act, the scene was on the lawn with the cook behind the table mixing gingerbread. Near him were his helpers.

Between the acts were some musical numbers. These consisted of a harmonica band, a stunt song and a song by the girls' glee club. Then the curtain was raised and the Gingerbread family entered. They were dressed in brown cambric costumes to represent gingerbread. There were five in the family, a father, mother and three children. In one song the chorus was dressed in fishing togs.

This operetta was given at the Parish House on May seventh and eighth. The admission was ten and twenty-five cents. There was a large attendance both nights. It was much enjoyed by all.

Bitten Smith.

## MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

### GRADE NOTES

#### Happy Happenings

On the first Tuesday of September in the year 1930, about thirty pupils came to enroll as members of the eighth grade. For many of us, this was the first time to enter a high school building as students. Very few of us knew who our teacher was until she came in the room and told us that her name was Miss Ross. For the first week we had quite a time finding out and remembering each other's names. After two weeks we were all settled; we became better acquainted with each other; we knew what we were to do; and we felt more at home.

Our first appearance before the high school was on Columbus day, when Lillian Thompson, Robert George, Robert Miller, and Russell Bowers presented two plays. The first one was about Columbus asking the Queen of Spain to loan him money to equip his ship; and the other showed his return. Waneta Decker recited the poem "Columbus" by Joaquin Miller.

During the fourth week, Miss Ross started a grammar contest because we did not speak very correct English. She gave each of us nine "merit" cards to start with. Any one who made an error in speaking at any time while on the school ground had to give a "merit" card to the person who heard and corrected him. The contest ran on for a month until the Hallowe'en party when Miss Ross awarded the prizes to the boy and to the girl who had corrected the most and made the fewest mistakes. Viola Sherman received the girl's prize and Edward Rendo, the boy's prize.

On Thursday, October thirtieth, we had our first party—A Hallowe'en Party. All who could, came; they seemed to have a very good time. Miss Ross and Miss Lacey were present and played games with us. After the games we were ushered into a dark room in which "Ghost Stories" were told. Then we ate pumpkin pie and sandwiches and drank cider. By this time a late hour had approached so we had to depart.

Just before Christmas vacation we had our exchange of gifts and assembly program. We decorated our room with ground cedar and red paper. When we ate our lunch Miss Ross gave each of us a piece of her birthday cake. When we had finished we took the presents from the tree, among which were boxes of candy from Miss Ross. We gave her a toilet set. In the afternoon we presented the play, "The Joy of Giving", for the High School. The characters were Katherine Niles, Mildred Richards, Francis Elliott and Adrian Richards. After the program we went home wishing each other a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

In January came the Regents examinations. They were not so pleasant because they were hard and because we lost thirteen from our room. Those who were successful in passing the eighth grade

## CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

work were: Russell Cobb, Earl Culver, Waneta Decker, Helen Edgerton, Robert George, Arthur Hoag, Francis Elliott, Raymond Livingston, Ralph Lull, Lillian Thompson, Mary Turner, Adrian Richards and Leta Sherman.

February thirteenth found us enjoying our Valentine box. We had drawn names and purchased a Valentine for that person; had placed them in the box and were enjoying receiving others. After all were given out, Miss Ross told us to put our heads down on the desk and not to look. When we raised our heads each of us found a box of red candy hearts on our desk. It didn't take us long to devour them and accidentally or otherwise all the lips in the room became quite red. We enjoyed ourselves very much.

As usual the day before Easter vacation we met in Assembly and enjoyed Easter recitations. Our contributions this time were given by Margaret Faucett and Rachel Eldred.

Heretofore our assembly participants had shown talent in speaking only. Now came something different. Miss Lacey arranged a clever musical stunt which consisted of a large staff of white paper and notes drawn upon it. The head of the note was cut out and a person put his head through that space and sang the music syllable assigned him. So placed we sang two songs—"America" and "Old Black Joe." We did the same thing between the acts at the "Magic Ginger Bread" Operetta also.

Arbor Day was on May first this year. We didn't clean up the yard or set out any trees because of the building of the new school house. We had assembly at one o'clock and then some went home and some of us stayed to go to the baseball game. Stanley Livingston and Edward Rendo are playing on the team this year and we are proud of them.

At the annual spelling contest to find out who is the best speller in the district, which was held at our school house, Myrtie Webster won the pin and will go to the County Spelling Contest at Oneonta on June ninth. Margaret Faucett was next best speller and will take Myrtie's place if she can't attend.

On the morning of May eleventh Miss Ross was absent, but we had our lessons the same as usual, following the instructions which she had left for us. Once or twice Mr. Etienne came in but walked out immediately and seemed to be glad that he didn't have to teach us. At the close of school at night Miss Ross gave each of us an envelope which smelled very sweet and we were told not to open it until we reached home. If the rest received what I did, they have a very nice handkerchief.

Although the school year is almost over, we have some more pleasures to enjoy and, of course, the fateful Regents are approaching, too. During the year we have all had our share of play and work, but it seems as though we studied more than we played.

Eighth Grade Incorporated

## NOT SO SERIOUS

Here's to the class of thirty-one  
 "Thank God," the school exclaims, "They're done."  
 It's nice to write this stuff, you see,  
 Because this poem won't knock me.

Carp, the pride of the Empire State,  
 To every dawgone class is late.  
 He dates them all with great affection;  
 They all fall for "School Girl Complexion."

One thing you'll never see, you bet,  
 Is Pick without a cigarette.  
 With all his might he plays baseball  
 And tells the Ump to "Hire a hall."

Another star of baseball fame  
 Is the Decker boy, Ceylon by name.  
 We hope he never makes a slip  
 But wager that he takes a "Tripp."

Thelma is sad and forlorn  
 With *doleur de coeur* her soul is torn.  
 Upon the porch she pines and sighs  
 Just to see how the Weatherlys. (Weather lies)

Bob, the son of Sheepskin's pride,  
 Holds his hoe fast by his side.  
 For vegetables he daily mines  
 To be sure we get our vitamins.

Joe's a model of piety,  
 Studios to the nth degree  
 But water lies beneath all foam  
 We know not what he does at home.

You, whose names do not appear  
 Oh pray frown not, nor shed a tear.  
 There's naught wrong with my verse-dispenser  
 Your rhymes failed to pass the censor.

This verse is through and so am I,  
 Upon my word you may rely.  
 Now don't get sore an' grab a gun,  
 Remember that it's all in fun.

—Draper Daniels.

## SHORT STORY

## Sunday Troubles

The Jones' were going for a ride,—a Sunday afternoon ride. Everything attested to the fact. Mr. Jones, a big, boisterous man very much inclined toward egoism, was out "tinkering" with the family car, an open "Chevy" of doubtful but certainly ancient lineage. Mrs. Jones, a modest, subdued little woman was bustling about the hundred and one little details that accompany a departure. Marietta Jones, a gangling girl of thirteen, was smirking before a mirror and trying hard to decide what to wear, her blue crepe or that pink organdie. The babe of the family, Charles Edward Jones, very large of ears and very overgrown of voice, was deeply engrossed in punching holes in his new imitation leather belt. If you should ask him how old he was he would probably say he was nine, "goin' on ten," but he could lick any boy on his street under twelve.

Eventually they were ready. Charles Edward had been convinced he could not ride in front and was now lounging sulkily in one corner of the back seat regarding the world with smouldering eyes. From the opposite corner his sister regarded him triumphantly with ill-concealed satisfaction. Mrs. Jones sat primly in the front seat, her hands folded over her handkerchief and hand-bag. Mr. Jones paused with one foot on the running board to light a cigar. And then arose the momentous question. Where to?

Mr. Jones climbed in, started the engine and turned to his wife.

"Where do we go, Carrie?"

Mrs. Jones looked up.

"Why, I hadn't thought, Harold. I supposed you had some place picked out."

Marietta's shrill voice came from the back.

"Let's go over toward Walden. You know—"

Here little brother straightened up, cunning radiating from every feature.

"Yah! yah! you wanta go to Walden 'cause that's where Gerald King lives! Yah Yah!

The accused looked at him with murder in her eye and then elevated her nose and gazed intently at a near-by bush.

Charles Edward, having satisfied his grudge, now put in his bid.

"Why can't we go over to Kortland an' see the air-planes an' get some ice cream? I got—"

Mr. Jones shifted the protesting gears.

"We," he stated decisively, "are going to Lemmon. There's an old college friend of mine lives over there. You know he wrote a letter a little while ago and told us to drop in sometime. 'Member?" he demanded of his wife. And at Mrs. Jones' affirmative nod they were off.

All went well for the first fifteen minutes, Charles Edward

spinning his yo-yo out at passing cars until once he leaned out so far that his mother, seconded by her husband, bade him stop. His active brain had just set on a new method of torture for Marietta when they reached the detour—"DETOUR" it said very plainly and to back it up was a closed gate. With one accord the Jones family looked whither the arrow pointed and with one accord they turned and looked at each other, except, of course, Charles Edward who was busy shooting crows through his fingers.

There was nothing to do except go on because Harold Jones was not the man to be balked by a detour. Bravely the "Chevy" started up the first rocky hill, bravely she scooted down the more rocky other side. Then followed a series of ups and downs which no one enjoyed, not even Charles Edward, which is going some. During one of the more level stretches he leaned far out the side, drew back and announced, "Tire's almost flat, Dad!"

Mr. Jones groaned. "Too soft to go on?" he asked fearfully.

"Nah, not yet."

Mr. Jones heaved a sigh of relief. Anything to get off this detour.

They passed one intersection after which the road, though still bad, showed signs of much travel, and then Charles Edward again leaned far out, drew back and sighed, "She's flatter'n a pancake."

Mr. Jones said something under his breath and drew to the side of the road. He got out and viewed the guilty tire and his mutterings became clearly audible, very clearly audible. And they continued so until Mrs. Jones almost tearfully pleaded, "Now Harold, the children—"

Charles Edward cast an impatient look at his mother. He had enjoyed his father's outburst exceedingly. It irritated him to have a stop put to the fun; and he too muttered something under his breath, very softly.

Mr. Jones said no more. He got out the tools, rolled up his shirtsleeves and set to work. Mrs. Jones and Marietta wandered off the road toward a patch of flowers. Charles Edward stood watching his father, absently spinning his yo-yo and keeping an eye peeled for whatever he could see. There was a long silence marred only by the clank of iron and the mutterings of Mr. Jones. Finally the boy remarked, "Lookit the funny men comin' up the road."

Mr. Jones glanced up and then looked again with more interest. A small band of men were drawing near. One seemed to be the leader. Hé walked in front and flourished a long stick as though it were a sword. The rest, a dozen or so, followed in a semblance of order. As they came closer, Mr. Jones observed, with a queer tingling, that they were all dressed in blue denim and as they continued to advance Mr. Jones noticed, with a sudden shudder, that their heads were shaved, only a quarter of an inch of stubble remaining. Mr. Jones gripped a heavy monkey wrench in both hands. The band

kept coming, gibbering and gesticulating. When about a rod from Mr. Jones they stopped and the leader stepped forward. Mr. Jones had a queer feeling. When had he seen this fellow before? The man flourished his stick within an inch of Mr. Jones' nose, a wild light gleaming from his eyes. He flourished his stick again, drew himself up and proudly announced, "I am Julius Caesar. Veni, vidi, vici!" and he glared at the man before him. Then his eye happened to fall on Charles Edward standing, petrified with terror, by the car. The look was too much and that person let out a yell, a piercing scream. The sound seemed to hurt the leader's ears for he shook his head angrily and then motioned toward the terrified boy. "Throw him to the lions!" The words lent wings to Charles Edward's feet. He was off, one of the band in hot pursuit.

The leader seemed to have forgotten the incident in a moment. Once more he swung his burning eyes on the shrinking Mr. Jones.

"Y' know who I am?" he demanded fiercely.

Mr. Jones' dry throat contracted. He squeaked.

The leader drew closer, the whites of his eyes glistening, his mouth frothing. "I", he assumed an oratorical position, "I am Marcus Tullius Cicero. 'Quae cum ita sint, O quirites!—'"

Meanwhile the band of men had drawn around the "Chevy", examining curiously every piece and part. One of them happened to press the horn button and the resultant hoarse croak seemed to please everyone immensely. Soon all knew the secret and were quarreling over who should have the honor. The leader attracted by the rumpus strode in among them. "Aside!" he thundered, "make room! Room for Napoleon Bonaparte!" and he swung his stick recklessly. Mr. Jones gasped dryly.

There was a roar and a cloud of dust appeared over a low hill and swept up the road. A big touring car drew to a stop alongside Mr. Jones and a half a dozen guards tumbled out, armed with guns and clubs. In a twinkling they had the men rounded up and were marching down the road. Before they had gone Julius Caesar, alias Marcus Cicero, alias Napoleon Bonaparte broke from his guard, rushed up to the cringing Mr. Jones and hissed in his ear, "Et tu, Brute."

The big touring car still remained with Charles Edward sitting very straight and important beside the guard at the wheel. The guard stepped out and shook hands with the dazed Mr. Jones.

"I am Captain McDonald. I am very sorry that this had to happen but it was quite unavoidable. One of the gates was left open and the men walked out in the absence of the guards. I assure—"

Here Mr. Jones interrupted in a voice that he strove in vain to keep calm.

"H—how did y—you know?"

Captain McDonald motioned toward the grinning boy.

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL

"Your boy came scooting over the hill here like all possessed. It was just luck that he happened to meet me. I took the fellow who was chasing him and got a few guards and jumped in the car and came over. I'm sure you owe your present safety to your son's heels," McDonald laughed.

Jones gazed unbelievably at Charles Edward. Then he turned to the officer beside him.

"By the way, where are we, anyway? I have no idea."

The Captain smiled. "Three miles east of Lemmon. The men were from the city home for the criminally insane. It's about a mile from here."

"Oh," Mr. Jones gazed blankly up the road. Mrs. Jones and Marietta were just stepping into the road, their arms laden with blossoms and quite unaware of recent happenings.

Again Mr. Jones turned to the Captain. "Can you tell me who that fellow is who rushed up to me before he went? He seemed to think himself Julius Caesar."

"Certainly," was the courteous reply. "His name is Robert Cummings. He was arrested last week for trying to set fire to his home. He is the worst case I've ever handled. They say he brought on his present condition by overwork. He was Latin professor in Lemmon University."

Mr. Jones' eyes bulged, his mouth sagged. "Robert Cummings!" he ejaculated. "I knew I'd seen him before!"

Indeed he had. It was the man who was to have had the honor of Jones' visit that day.

John Fredrickson



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