

at home if they wish, a privilege which most of the students appreciate and accept.

In the fall of 1925 when the school was reopened the pupils took an active part in athletics and the boys basketball team won the championship of Sullivan County at the County Fair held at Forksville. The following fall (1926) the school won second place in athletics at the County Fair and at the final Field meet held at Laporte, May 14, 1927, Hillsgrove won the most points thereby gaining the cup.

In the spring of 1927 the H. H. S. Alumni Association was organized but was of short duration. We are now hoping to reorganize in the near future and trust that every graduate may take an active part in making it a permanent success. I, also, hope that some day, some graduate more talented than I, may write a better and more complete history of the Hillsgrove High School and its graduates.

THE OLD BRIDGE SPEAKS

Hello! Good Friends. Hello! And Goodbye! For after seventy years of faithful and quiet service I am declared unsound in my construction, weak in my cords, faulty in my arches and loose in my abutments and therefore a menace to the public whose friend I have been every minute of the time since the last shingle was laid upon my roof tree back in Civil War days. I am a martyr to be crushed beneath the iron heel of Progress, or more truthfully speaking bounced by the rubber tires of speed, and I suppose of the generations I have seen come and go none will mark my passage with a sigh.

In the language of to-day it seems to be up to me to sing my own swan song, preach my own funeral sermon and write my own obituary, so since to do this means the dropping of the veils of modesty and telling the naked truth I will hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may. For in the glare of noon and in the somber shades of midnight I have been a silent witness to domestic

tragedies and infidelities at which I have blushed. Beneath my roof in ages past traffic in illicit wares were carried on by dim lantern light. Fights have occurred upon my floor and blood has stained my sides. I have wrestled successfully with the rampages of the 'Sock when her floods and her ice gorges have sought to topple me from my proud position above her normal seven fathoms of blue water. I have seen the 'Sock take the life of innocent children. I have upheld above her blue depth bridal parties and funeral trains. I have heard the maiden pledge her word to him who long had wooed and have listened to words of strife that marked the end of wedded bliss. I have seen the youth depart in pride from his native village and witnessed the return of prodigals and it is comforting to know that almost my last public service was to welcome home-comers to my grateful shelter from the rays of a burning August sun. But, why prolong the parting? Why rebel against the inevitable? Soon a senseless thing of iron and concrete that offers no shelter from sun or storm will take my place. A thing that will not invite to leisurely strolls and sweet confidences, but, will shriek to all who approach—speed away—and make room for the next speed demon. Farewell good friends whose lives have been linked with mine for so many years, for I am headed for the limbo of forgotten things. To mingle my decay with bones of the faithful horse whose passing I could not long survive.

MEMORY HASH

Boarding house hash is described as being the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen. We trust that "Memory Hash" will give substance to shadowy forms that made history in the long ago and present the evidence of appreciation of useful lives and kindly efforts that by noble example helped to shape the destiny of many with whom they came in contact.

In this list we mention John Lucas, who could speak seven languages, could work eighteen hours out of