

JEFFERSON

1935

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Vito Cito

Joe
Dibby
Jack Farin

Kelen "Maggie"
(Maggie)

1



Philip Cerasoli

Louis Baldassarre

George W. Dison

Leo A. Brown

Wanda Loma

Minnie
Scancallo

Walt York

Stefano Tosti (Bak)

Anna Tantato



ARTHUR C. SIMMONS
Principal

The
SENIOR ANNUAL
of
Jefferson High School



Published by the Graduating Class of June, 1935
Rochester, New York



MARGUERITE B. SHELMADINE
Vice-Principal

WE, the class of June 1935, dedicate this, our senior year book, to Mr. Arthur C. Simmons, principal, and Miss Marguerite B. Shelmadine, vice-principal of Jefferson High School. Their unfailing interest in our projects, and their capable leadership have made for them a place in our hearts. It is with pleasant memories that the first graduating class leaves the high school where junior and senior high school days have been spent.



Staff of Senior Annual

| | | | | | | | | |
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Class History---June, 1935

"In the fall of nineteen twenty-nine—" But this is a different story. It concerns our class when first it ran its fingers along the walls of Jefferson's corridors. Just a wee bit uncertain, possibly somewhat awed, and surely curious about our new classmates, we possessed, at least for a short time, the delightful qualities of quietness, the eagerness to obey orders or suggestions, and an all-consuming desire to become Jeffersonians. Of course, there were those rugged individuals found in any group that were everlastingly trying to make their new surroundings fit them, instead of trying to conform. A big help in suppressing any too boisterous souls were the seniors with their omniscient air and their glistening hair. In due time our three years slipped behind us and we found ourselves seniors with our own white shirts and black bow ties and white middies and blue ties and assemblies every Friday morning, and dancing every Friday afternoon. Then one Friday the great disappointment came. "No dancing today. Senior meeting in band room." But the outcome of that meeting was more joyous than senior dancing ever could have been. We were to come back to Jefferson in the fall to start a 10B class—and were we proud! It isn't every class that can start a high school.

With the high school came many new activi-

ties. Imagine taking French, biology, and geometry, but the novelty of these soon wore off, for each new term saw new subjects and teachers. Then came the *Jeffer*—a complete and detailed history of our class and school, then the soccer team—first as a reserve—and then a regular league team, quarterly dances with orchestras, senior high sports, athletic councils, and chapters of the Latin and National Honor Societies. We were truly a high school! The junior high class of '32 was now the class of '35—Jefferson High School. We had made a high school and would launch it irrevocably toward the destiny reserved for it by being the first class to be graduated.

How do we compare with the "class of '32"?

We are smaller. Then we numbered over three hundred; now, one hundred thirteen. A small group, but containing the best of everything. We are older. Three years have changed us from boys and girls to young men and women. Quieter, perhaps, and certainly more serious, our attitudes have changed along with our appearance and our outfits. We have become individuals. We have gradually changed from three hundred doing as we were told to one hundred, each doing his own thinking, cooperating as a group.

KENNETH BARON
GRACE THOMPSON

CARRIE MARY ALESSI

129 Parkway

Undecided

*And hi! Carrie's name
led all the rest.*

Florentine Society 3.



JACK RAYMOND BAKER

191 Ravine Avenue

Undecided

Driver, drummer, heart throb.

Door Guard 1; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Car Tickets 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Officer 1.

PAUL JOSEPH AMICO

532 Plymouth Avenue

Undecided

A convincing debater.

Le Cercle Intime 3; Advertising Manager of *Jeffer* 3; Advertising Manager of Year Book 4; Electro-Chemistry Club 3; Corridor Guard 3; Advertising Chairman for Senior Play.



KENNETH PERSHING BARON

114 Bidwell Terrace

University of Syracuse
*Columnist, essayist, and punster
supreme—so what?*

Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Feature Editor of *Jeffer* 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 4; French Club 2, 3, 4; Year Book Grind Editor 4; Senior Class Pin Committee 4; Honor Guard 4; Track 3; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3; Choir 1; Senior Play Ticket Committee 4; Assembly Dramatics 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Treasurer 1, 2; Park Committee 1, 2; Luncheon Committee 3, 4; Teacher Relief 4.

EDWARD JOHN APERAUCH

217 Glade Street

Business

The height of ambition—6'2"

Stage Crew 1; Homeroom Basketball 3.



ANTOINETTE M. BELARDINO

27 Locust Street

Strong Memorial Hospital
Statuesque and smiling.

Scholarship Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; *Jeffer* Staff Typist 3; Radio Club 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; Small "J" 2; Tennis 2; Basketball 1, 2, 4.

ROSE JOAN ARGENTO

406 Portland Avenue

Undecided

*Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Did you know I drive a car?*

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Florentine Society 2, 4; Shorthand Certificate 3.



FRANK JOSEPH BELLAVIA

18 Parkway

Undecided

A second Marc Antony.

Scholarship Honor Roll 2; Choir 2, 3, 4; Circulation Manager of *Jeffer* 3, 4; Vice-President of the Florentine Society 3, 4; Beta Hi-Y 4; Radio Club 4; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Italian Night 4; Pageant 3.

JUNE VIOLET ASHTON

1732 St. Paul Street

Undecided

*The little girl with the
cute sneeze.*

Scholarship Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Guard of Honor 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; Il Circolo del Novecento 3, 4; Le Cercle Intime 3, 4; Literary Editor of Year Book 4; International Relations Club 4; Tennis Club 2; Homeroom President 1; Pageant 3; Italian Play 4; Fashion Show 4; Park Committee Chairman 2, 3; National Honor Society 4.



LOUIS LAWRENCE BIANCHI

27 Romeyn Street

University of Rochester

At pul' he's a wizard.

Choir 1, 2; Italian Honor Class 4; Luncheon Guard 2; Corridor Guard 1, 2, 3; Alpha Hi-Y 3, 4; Homeroom Athletics 1, 2, 3, 4; Florentine Society 4; French Club 2.

VERONICA E. BIANCHI

31 Lyell Avenue

Undecided

One more edition of a nice girl.
Tennis 1, 2, 3; Volley Ball 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Swimming 1, 2; Beta Tri-Y 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Council 4; Aerobatics Club 3; Florentine Society 1, 2; French Club 1; Small Athletic "J".

ALBERT BOCCI

91 Canton Street

University of Rochester

We want you to know we are quite content

To hand of you as our president.
Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 3, 4; Standard Bearer 1, 4; President of Senior Class 4; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; French Club 2, 3; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; *Jeffer* Feature Editor 2, 3, 4; Executive Council 1, 2, 3, 4; *Jeffer* Singers 3, 4; Copy Editor, Year Book Staff 1; Homeroom Secretary 2; Homeroom Treasurer 3, 4; President Florentine Society 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Inter-High Choir (Preparation) 3; Inter-High Choir 4; President Student Forum 1; Teachers' Lunchroom Cashier 4; Hi-Y, Beta Chapter 4; Hi-Y Baseball 4; Homeroom Basketball 4; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2; Service Corps 2; Music J. J. Award 1, 2; Rochester Centennial Pageant 3; Senior Pin Committee 4; Junior Salutatorian 1; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; President *Jeffer* First Radio Summer School 2; Master of Ceremonies, Italian Night 4; Student Association 4; International Relations Club 4; Radio Club 4.

JEANETTE BONALDI

26 Jones Avenue

Undecided

What do those big brown eyes say?
National Honor Society 4; Honor Guard 4; Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; *Jeffer* Reporter 4; *Jeffer* Sports Editor 2; Year Book Photographic Editor 4; Girls' Athletic Council 4; Basketball Club 1, 2, 3, 4; 1 Small "J"; 2 Large "J"; 2, 3; Volley Ball 3; Aerobatics Club 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; Le Cercle Intime 3, 4.

HOWARD ALBERT BOND

224 Orchard Street

Mechanics Institute

When bigger and better minstrels are made I can't wait to make them.
Jeffer Salesman; Treasurer Homeroom 3; Door Guard 2.

JOSEPH MICHAEL BONDI

127 Wilder Street

University of Buffalo

I never do anything today that can be put off until tomorrow.

Choir 3; Park Committee 1, 2; Florentine Society 3, 4; French Club 2, 3; Radio Club 4; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Assistant Manager of Soccer Squad 3; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2, 3; International Relations Club 4.



JOSEPH BORRELLI

72 Costar Street

Undecided

Jefferson's "Lone Mountaineer."
Scholarship Honor Roll 4; Reserve Baseball 2, 4; Reserve Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Soccer 3, 4.

ETHEL VIRGINIA BURNETT

583 Dewey Avenue

Undecided

Her personality, smile and wit are always sure to make a hit.
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.

ANNA CARUANA

347 Platt Street

Undecided

Pardon us—if we should say Anna has a pleasant way.
Scholarship Honor Roll 3; *Jeffer* Staff 4; Choir 1, 2, 3; Florentine Society 3, 4; Le Cercle Intime 3; Homeroom Officer 1.

NORMA BETTIE CERA

87 Romeyn Street

Rochester Business Institute

A competent rival for "Title the Teller."

Scholarship Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; *Jeffer* Staff Typist 2, 3, 4; Yearbook Secretary 4; Two Shorthand Certificates 3; Florentine Society 3, 4; Homeroom Secretary 2, 3, 4; Italian Play 4; Competitive Meet 3; Alpha Tri-Y 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball 4; Basketball Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Small "J" 2; Large "J" 4; Basketball Coach 4; Athletic Council 3; Tennis Club 2; Aerobatics Club 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Il Circolo del Novemotto 4.

VIRGINIA MAUREEN COLLINS

940 Glide Street

Undecided

She'll break an audience and she means it!
Scholarship 1; Swimming 1; Tennis 2; Aerobatics 2; Basketball 2; Tap Dancing 1, 2.

WILLIAM CONKLING

307 Pearl Street
University of Rochester
*Famous for his cartoons, columns,
and editorials.*

Scholarship 1, 3, 4; Choir 4; Year-
book 4; Latin Honor Society 2, 3,
4; French Club 3; Literary Helper
2; Feature Editor *Jeffer* 2; Art
Editor *Jeffer* 3; Co-Editor *Jeffer* 4;
National Honor Society.



ROBERT JOHN DAVIS

28 Ford Street
Undecided

Rob and a book, never far apart.
Homeroom Basketball 1, 2; Home-
room Baseball 1, 2, 3; Homeroom
Soccer 1, 2; Door Guard 2.

LOUISE MARY CONTESTIBLE

3 Byers Court
Rochester Business Institute

*Stay as sweet as you are,
And you'll surely go quite far.*
Senior Play Usher 4; Basketball 4;
Baseball 1, 4; Science Club 4.



HERMAN A. DeCRISTOFARO

246 Emerson Street
Hobart

*Popularity wasn't Herman's aim,
But he attained it just the same.*
Scholarship 1, 2, 3, 4; *Jeffer* Staff
2, 3, 4; Vice-President of National
Honor Society 3, 4; Basketball 4;
Reserve Baseball 2; Vice-President
of Florentine Society 2; Beta Hi-
Y 4; Executive Council 1, 2, 3, 4;
Homeroom President 1, 2, 3, 4;
Senior Class President 2; Golf 4;
Centennial Pageant 3; Homeroom
Team 1, 2, 3; President Student
Association 4; President Boys'
Senior Corps 1; Corridor Guard 1;
Guard of Honor 4; International
Relations 4.

JOSEPH CORDARO

97 Saratoga Avenue
Mechanics Institute
The midgal edition of a big man.
Chorus 1; Door Guard 1; Lunch-
room Committee 2.



CONCETTA M. DELLAVELLA

17 La Salle Street
Highland Hospital

*When Connie's installed in the
hospital,
We'll all be just dying to see her.*
Scholarship 3, 4; Choir 1, 2; Cen-
tennial Pageant 3; Italian Play 3;
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Tennis Club 2;
Acrobatic Club 2; Florentine So-
ciety 3, 4; Le Cercle Intime 3, 4;
Beta Tri-Y Vice-President 3; Base-
ball 3; Competitive Track Meet 3;
Il Circolo Novecento 4.

JAMES A. COSMANO

12 Woodrow Street
University of Southern California
An native thinker.

Scholarship 1, 2; President of
Homeroom 1; Vice-President of
Homeroom 2; Treasurer Student
Forum 1; Forum Representative 4.



ANTOINETTE E. DE SANTES

25 Campbell Street
Undecided

Capable, conscientious, and cute.
Italian Honor Class 4; Florentine
Society, Treasurer 3; Year Book
Typist 4; Radio Club 4; Ticket
Collector for "Italian Night" 3;
Gym Exhibition 3.

SAMUEL JOSEPH DATTALO

281 Saxon Street
Rochester Business Institute
Just a playboy.

Choir 1.



ALEXANDER DICROCE

98 Warner Street
Mechanics Institute

*Left handed—but always in
the right.*
Scholarship 1; Homeroom Secre-
tary 1; Reserve Baseball 3, 4;
Champion Baseball Team 1, 2; So-
ccer Team 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3;

MARY TRISTA DONATO

345 Child Street

Business

A lass with a bashful air.

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball Team 4; Baseball 3.



ALPHONSE EUGENE FLORIO

19 Orange Street

University of Rochester

Our high pressure salesman

Choir 1, 2; Corridor Guard 1, 2, 3; Lunch Room 1, 2, 3, 4; Park Guard 1, 2; Beta Hi-Y 1, 2; Florentine Society 2, 3, 4; French Club 3; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Radio Club 4; Choir 2.

DORIS VIRGINIA EDSALL

195 Fulton Avenue

Undecided

A lovely blonde sceptic who won't believe anything she hears and only half of what she sees.

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Jeffer Feature Editor 4; Publicity and Sales Promotion Yearbook; Tennis 1.



JOHN RICHARD FOGGETTI

722 Dewey Avenue

Undecided

The library's chief patron—to the despair of the librarian.

Hi-Y 4; Italian Play 4; Door Guard 1; Locker Guard 1; Traffic Squad 1.

HENRY FERRANTE

641 Jay Street

Eastman School of Music

If music be the food of love, play on.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1; Door Guard 1.



EDNA ELEANOR FOREST

347 Ravine Avenue

Mechanics Institute

Her "golf" haunts her sixth period classroom regularly. But he's a good wolf.

Scholarship 2, 4; Choir 1, 2; Jeffer Staff 3, 4; Yearbook Staff 4; Latin Honor Society 3, 4; Lunch Room Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 2, 3; Le Cercle Intime 4; International Relations Club 4; Tennis 1, 2; Bowling 3; National Honor Society.

ALVIN IRVIN FISHER

107 Wilder Street

Undecided

Curly hair, blue eyes, Courtesy in disguise.

Door Guard 1; Fire Drill Guard 1.



SAM JOSEPH FORNUTO

867 Smith Street

Undecided

Quiet, clever and inseparable from Davis.

Homeroom Basketball 1, 2; Home room Baseball 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2; Door Guard 2.

MARY ELIZABETH FISCHER

31 Lark Street

Mechanics Institute

A girl who can combine a sense of humor and good judgment with a pleasing result.

Senior Annual Advertising 4; Choir 1, 2, 3; Jefferson Singers 2, 4; Senior Play-Property 4; Small "J" 3; Bowling 3, 4; Tennis 1, 2; Alpha Tri-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Council 4.



IDA FRIEDRICH

277 Lexington Avenue

Business

The model model.

Scholarship Honor Roll 1; Orchestra 3, 4; Choir 2, 3, 4; Jefferson Singers 3, 4; Bowling 3; Tennis 1; Homeroom Officer 1.

EDWARD JOSEPH GENTILE

442 Driving Park Avenue

Undecided

The little fellow with the big personality.

Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 1; Homeroom Basketball 1; Homeroom Vice-President 1; Homeroom Treasurer 3, 4;



ANTOINETTE GRATTACASO

98 Jones Avenue

Undecided

We don't hear much from her, But what we hear is good.
Homeroom Captain 1; Sport Club 3, 4; Basketball 4; Competitive Meet 3;

LENA ROSALINE GIARRIZZO

14 Costar Street

Press Art School

If there's a trail in the air,

You can be sure Lena's there.

Choir 2, 3, 4; Inter-High Choir 4; Jefferson Singers 3, 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; Typist for Senior Annual 4; Basketball 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2; Volley Ball 2; Swimming 1.



MARIAN HARRIET HALL

80 Ab Street

Mechanics Institute

We've known her but a little while, But how we like her pleasant smile.
Choir 4; Publicity and Sales Promotion Year Book 4; Tri-Y 4.

PAULINE FRANCES GIUMENTO

137 Cameron Street

Undecided

Her quite capable manner is sure to bring success.

Choir 1, 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; Yearbook Typist 4; Secretary and Treasurer of Home Room 2; "Italian Night" Usher 4; Basketball 2, 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Tennis 2; Volley Ball 3.



MAMIE ROSE INSALACO

68 1/2 Saratoga Avenue

Undecided

Fervency with a touch of rhythm.
Scholarship 3, 4; Italian Honor Class 4; Jeffer Staff 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; Gym Meet 3.

SARAH FLORENCE GIUMENTO

137 Costar Street

Undecided

Reliable—it's undeniable.

Choir 1.



PHILIP J. INSALACO

542 Plymouth Avenue North

Ohio Mechanics Institute

Phil speaks little, but that little is always the best.

Scholarship 1, 2; Publicity and Sales Promotion 4.

LEE ONG M. JUNG

25 Plymouth Avenue North

Undecided

A combination one likes to see— Knowledge and personality.

Scholarship 1, 2, 3; Choir 2, 3, 4; Yearbook 4; Senior Corps Officer 1; Jeffer 1; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; French Club 3; Race Relationship Club 4; Centennial Pageant 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Bowling 4; Acrobatic 3, 4; Athletic Council 4; Small "J" 2; Swimming Club 4; Competitive Meet 3; Coach for Basketball 4; Vice-President 4; Homeroom Secretary 1, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball 3; National Honor Society.

ANTHONY FRANK GIZZIE

81 Romeyn Street

University of Rochester

The perfect gentleman.

Yearbook 4; Choir 2, 3, 4; Jeffer 2; Jefferson Singers 4; Alpha H-Y 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2.



HANLON COSMAN KINTZ

157 Denise Road

Business

The power behind the scenes.
Stage crew 2, 3.



CARMELLA R. LAURICELLA

173 Oak Street

Highland Hospital

It takes patience to make a good nurse.
Florentine Society 2, 3; Le Cercle Intime 2, 3.

MARION E. KITTELBERGER

219 Driving Park Avenue

Undecided

Jefferson's answer to why gentlemen prefer blonds.
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; "J" Athletics 1.



RALPH WILLIAM LEMOINE

166 Lark Street

Business

A boy you can't help liking.
Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3.

EUGENE LAMB

124 Trafalgar Street

Rensselaer Polytechnic

Eagle scout and fearless as an eagle with his answers.
And what answers!
Homeroom Representative 4; Door Guard 1; Corridor Guard 3; Yearbook (Photographic Editor) 4; Cross Country 4; Alpha Ho-Y 3, 4; Track 4; Homeroom Athletics 2, 3.



ANGELINE MARIE LIOI

372 Saxton Street

Undecided

A radiant face with a heart of gold.
Scholarship 1; Student Forum Vice President 1; Homeroom Vice-President 2, 3.

JENNIE MARY LANZATELLA

210 Dewey Avenue

Undecided

What makes you want to do so much and do it all just so?
Scholarship 4; Choir 4; Jeffer Staff 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; Gym Exhibition 3.



FRANK GENE LIOI

372 Saxton Street

Undecided

Our big strong man!

JOSEPH LAPLACA

118 Ambrose Street

Undecided

One of these tall, silent men!
Homeroom Treasurer 1; Chorus 1; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2; International Relations Club 4.



MARIAN TERESA LIPOMI

65 Orange Street

Rochester Business Institute

Her beautiful hair makes one of the bright spots in Jefferson.
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-High Choir 3, 4; Jefferson Singers 3, 4; Alpha Tri-Y 4; Basketball 2; Gym Exhibition 2.

MAMIE JOSEPHINE LIPPA

26 Erie Street
Highland Hospital
*When you see a smile from ear to ear,
You always know that Mamie's near.*

Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4;
Honor Guard 4; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Le Cercle Intime 3;
Basketball 2; Tennis 2; Athletic Council 3; Girls' Gym Meet 3.

MARIE AGNES MAGGIO

165 Brown Street
University of Rochester
*She leads in her classes, excels in the gym,
Has plenty of vigor and plenty of vim.*

Guard of Honor 4; National Honor Society 4; Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Statistic Editor of Yearbook 4; Jeffer Sports Editor 3; Jeffer Copy Reader 4; Le Cercle Intime 2, 3, 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball 2, 3, 4; Small "J" 1; Large "J" 2, 2; Service Corps 2; Vice-President of Home Room 3; Student Forum 4; Girls' Athletic Council 3; Gym Exhibition 3; Girls' Gym Meet 1, 2, 3; International Relations Club 4.

GERALD W. MANHOLD

146 Driving Park Avenue
U. S. Army Flying School
*He talks all night; he talks all day;
The teachers give him right-of-way.*

Scholarship 1, 2, 3, 4; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Sports Editor Jeffer 3, 4; Jefferson Singers 3, 4; H-Y 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 3, 4; Executive Council 3; Honor Guard 4; Yearbook Staff 4; French Honor Society 2, 3; Corridor Guard 2, 3; Door Guard 1, 3; Track 3, 4; Tennis 3, 4; Swimming 1; Cross-Country 3; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2; Homeroom Basketball 4.

PATSY DOMINIC MARIANETTI

159 Kent Street
Mechanics Institute
*Pat will be a great writer and politician,
If he keeps up his present ideas and ambition.*

Homeroom Officer 1.

EDNA JUNE MATTESON

1494 Dewey Avenue
Journalism
A quiet, slender bricktop who never get has lost an argument.

Associate News Editor of Jeffer 3, 4; School Democrat Reporter 4; Literary Editor of Year Book 4; Chairman of English Radio Club 4; Chairman of History Radio Club 4; Program Committee for Senior Play 4; Tri-Y 2; International Relations Club 4.



ANDREW ANTHONY MELIA

174 Sherman Street
Mechanics Institute
"Handsome is as handsome does,"
Ticket Salesman 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 1; Basketball 1.

ANITA JOANNE MILANETTI

70 Bloss Street
Business
The acme of efficiency.

Typist on Jeffer Staff 3, 4; Secretary of Florentine Society 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer of Senior Class 4; Homeroom Secretary 1; Radio Club 4.

MARY HELEN MONTAGLIANO

674 Plymouth Avenue North
Undecided
Fond: A sportswoman who wins.
Scholarship Honor Roll 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Volley Ball 3.

ANTHONY V. MURATORE

73½ Costar Street
Undecided
An all around sport—in the gym—and at heart.

Choir 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.

RUTH EVELYN MUTRIE

40 Dix Street
Undecided
*Fall, blond, jolly,
Likeable, by golly.*
Golf 4.

EN

EN

THIRTEEN

SARAH MARIE NESTA

327 Saxton Street

Undecided

Sarah marks her success with A's.
Scholarship Honor Roll 2, 3, 4;
Honor Guard 4; Jeffer Staff Typist
3; Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4;
Florentine Society 3, 4; Il Circolo
del Noverento 4; Basketball 1, 2,
4; Baseball 1, 2; Tennis 2.



ASHLEY MELVIN OHLS

65 Linnet Street

Undecided

*The silent man from the open
plains—
The "Oklahoma Cowboy."*
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.



DOROTHY EDNA OTT

56 Pioneer Street

Undecided

Dubbed "Scotty" from the first.
Choir 2, 3, 4; Lunchroom Com-
mittee 3, 4; Alpha Tri-Y 2; Secre-
tary Tri-Y 3, 4; Tri-Y Inter-club
Council 3, 4; Ticket Committee for
"Three Corned Moon"; Athletic
Council 3, 4; Tennis Club 1, 2;
Bowling Club 3, 4; Track Meet
Official 4; Gym Exhibition 2;
Small Athletic "J" 1; Girls' Com-
petitive Meet 3.



NORMA MURIEL PAGE

52 Raines Park

Smith College

Jefferson's Page of knowledge.
Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4;
Guardian of the Flag 1, 4; Junior
High Valedictorian 1; Latin Honor
Society 2, 3, 4; French Club 2, 3;
Treasurer of National Honor So-
ciety 3, 4; Student Council Repre-
sentative 3; Honor Guard 4;
Assistant Editor of the Jeffer 2, 3,
4; Editor-in-Chief of Senior Annual
4; Vice-President of Athletic Coun-
cil 3; Secretary of Alpha Tri-Y 4;
Lunchroom Assistant 2, 3, 4; Ayl
Club 3, 4; Homeroom Secretary 1;
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Tennis 1, 2, 3;
Volleyball 3; Girls' Competitive
Track Meet 3; Large Athletic "J"
1, 4; Small Athletic "J"; Serv-
ice Corps 2; Senior Class Pin Com-
mittee 4; President of Tri-Y Inter-
club Council 4; International Rela-
tions Club 4; Golf Club 4; Teacher
Relief 4; Usher for Deane's Con-
vention 4; Alma Mater Contest Win-
ner 4.



GEORGE H. PARKHURST

8 Clarence Park

Undecided

His voice isn't his only asset.
Corridor Guard 2, 3; Year Book 4.



MARIAN D. PARRINELLO

57 Otis Street

Business

*A diller, a dollar,
A part time scholar.*
Alpha Tri-Y 4; Florentine Society
3; International Relations Club 4;



EMANUEL F. PAXHIA

26 Masseth Street

University of Rochester

*Model airplanes, brown checks,
black hair.*
Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 3; Choir
1, 2, 3; Lunchroom Committee 1,
2, 3, 4; Jefferson Singers 3, 4;
Florentine Society 3; Cross Coun-
try 4; Major Athletic Letter 4;
Alpha Hi-Y 4; Jay Club 4; Track
3, 4.



WILLIAM J. PETERS

325 Colvin Street

Undecided

Not bashful; just reserved.
Choir 2, 3, 4; Jefferson Singers
3, 4; Homeroom Officer 1; Year
Book 4; Health Demonstration 2;
Pageant 3; Inter-High Choir 4.



CONCETTA PETIX

63 Grape Street

Rochester Business Institute

*We're sure that she'll be a cap-
able secretary for sometime.*
Scholarship Honor Roll 2; Jeffer
Staff Typist; Yearbook Staff Typist
4; Florentine Society 3.



JOSEPH ANTHONY PETIX

63 Grape Street

Undecided

The man of a thousand laughs.

ALPHONSO PICCARRETO

112 Isabelle Street

Undecided

No use talking, he carries the news.



IVAN RANALETTA

213 Parkway

Undecided

The pitcher's fright—the coach's delight.

Jay Club 4; Reserve Baseball 3; Basketball 3, 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Baseball 4.

ROSE MAE PRATT

118 York Street

Business

St. st. st. means C. C. C. to Rose.
Large and Small "J" 3; Swimming 2; Basketball; Baseball 3, 4; Volley Ball.



ANNA CESIDIA RANALETTA

114 Frankfort Street

Business

Her hobby is reading.

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Florentine Society 2, 3, 4; Radio Club 4; Gym Meet 3; Glee Club 1.

IRMA LOUISE PRESTIN

10 Fern Street

Undecided

She will always be "imprint in" our memories.

Glee Club 1; Alpha Tri-Y Treasurer 3.



FELICITAS E. REBER

189 Bidwell Terrace

Undecided

Good fortune is her name.

Golf Club 4.

MADELINE R. PROTIETTI

39 1/2 Austin Street

Eastman School of Music

Her life will be one sweet song.

Inter-High Choir 3, 4; Musical "J" 2; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Jefferson Singers 3, 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; French Club 2, 3; Centennial Pageant 3; Volley Ball Team 3.



FRANCES ANN ROCCO

298 Whitney Street

Undecided

Sober, sensible, and sweet.

Florentine Society 3, 4; Shorthand Certificate 3; Competitive Meet 3.

GAETANO P. QUINTAVALLA

210 Verona Street

Undecided

You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool Guy.



DOROTHY GERTRUDE ROGERS

47 Felix Street

Undecided

One half of that tall dark duo.

Vice-President of Homeroom 3; Small "J" 2.

EDITH MARIE ROMEO

723 Broad Street

Undecided

*Here and there and everywhere;
always on the go.*

Florentine Society 3; 4; French Club 4; Il Circolo del Novecento 3; 4; Choir 1, 2; Basketball Club 3; Volley ball Club 3.



MARIO JOSEPH ROSSI

119 Parkway

Undecided

Specializes in kicks and puns.

Stage Crew 1; Pageant 3; Reserve Soccer 2; Reserve Basketball 3.



CARMELLA M. SANFILIPPO

165 Wilder Street

Undecided

*Sincerely sweet, nicely neat,
pleasantly petite.*

Scholarship Honor Roll 2; Tennis Club 1, 2, 3; Florentine Society 3; French Club 2, 3.



VIOLA SANFILIPPO

283 Orchard Street
Rochester Business Institute

*Brown eyes,
Soft hair,
Cute nose,
Petit air.*

Jefferson Singers 3, 4; Preparatory Choir 3; Choir 2, 3, 4; Alpha Tri-Y 4; Tennis Club 2.



ANNE ELEANOR SANTANGELO

5 Kondolf Street

Undecided

*Poems and stories she can compose,
To her and her art we offer a rose.*
Scholarship Honor Roll 4; Statisticians Editor of Year Book 4; Jeffer Agent 4; Florentine Society 3, 4; Il Circolo del Novecento 4; Le Cerole Intime 3, 4; Competitive Meet 3; Park Committee 3; Lunch room Guard 1; Pageant 3; Italian Night 4; Constitution Committee 4; International Relations Club 4.



ADELINE IVY SMITH

31 Petrol Street

Musical

*Soft voice, sweet smile,
Knowing her is worth your while*
Choir 1, 2; French Club 3; Swimming Club 3.



NELLIE JANE SMITH

550 Lexington Avenue

Undecided

A wealth of merriment.
Scholarship Honor Roll 4.



WILLIAM RICHARD SMITH

17 Kay Terrace
University of Southern California

His smile is standard equipment.
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; News Editor for Jeffer 3, 4; Business Manager of Year Book 4; National Honor Society 4; Homeroom President 1, 2, 3, 4; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Forum Representative 4; Students' Association Committee 4; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2; Homeroom Basketball 4; Varsity Baseball 1, 2, 3; Varsity Track 3, 4; Captain of Cross Country Team 4; Major Athletics Letter 3; Assistant Manager of Basketball 3; Golf 4.



KATHERINE B. SOUTHWORTH

50 Rogers Avenue

Undecided

*She doesn't have to go south to
prove her worth.*
Alpha Tri-Y 3, 4.



GRACE ETHEL STEVENSON

50 Michigan Street
Beauty Culture School

*Tall, dark and charming,
With a smile disarming.*
Centennial Pageant 3; Swimming Club 3.

RITA FERN STILSON

2 Canary Street

University of Rochester

*Were Venus or Helen of Troy here,
Well might she with envy turn
green.*

Luncheon Committee 2, 3, 4;
Jeffer Staff 2, 3; Alpha Tri-Y 1, 2;
French Club 2; Yearbook Staff 1;
Gym Meet 3; Vice-President of
Homeroom 3, 4; Tennis 1, 2; National
Honor Society 4.

ANGELO PAUL STORTI

17 Lime Street

Undecided

Mild and mannerly.

Honor Roll 2; Park Committee 3;
Italian Night Usher 4; Florentine
Society 3, 4; Homeroom Athletics
2, 3; Golf 4.

ROBERT MACK TARBOX

479 Emerson Street

United States Military Academy

His honors lie in all fields.

Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4;
Editor-in-Chief of Jeffer 2, 3, 4;
National Honor Society 3, 4; Latin
Honor Society 2, 3, 4; French Club
2, 3, 4; Executive Council 2, 3, 4;
Vice-President of Alpha Hi-Y 2;
Alpha Hi-Y President 3; Alpha Hi-Y
4; Chairman Senior Class Pin
Committee 4; Teacher Relief 4;
Service Corps 2, 3; "Three Corners
Moon" 4; International Relations
Club 4; Student Association
Planning Committee 4; Honor
Guard 4; Park Committee 1, 2;
Safety Patrol Planning Committee
4; Luncheon Committee 3, 4;
Junior Graduation Usher 3; Life
Saving Corp 1; Soccer Reserve 3,
4; Manager Basketball Team 3;
Track Team 3, 4; Jay Club 3, 4;
Major Athletic Letter 3, 4; Basket-
ball Timer 4; Swimming Team 1;
Gym Exhibition 2; Homeroom Soccer
1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball
1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball
1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Baseball 3, 4.

THOMAS MICHAEL TOSCANO

7 Ogden Court

Undecided

*With just the build, the face, the
air
For what the well-dressed man
should wear.*

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Radio Club Presi-
dent 4; Homeroom President 3;
Winner of Good Appearance Con-
test 3; Door Guard 1, 3; Fire Drill
Guard 1; Hall Guard 3; National
Honor Society 4.

GRACE E. THOMPSON

431 Selye Terrace

Rochester Business Institute

*Grace usually G. E. T.'s what
she does after.*

Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4;
Latin Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Na-
tional Honor Society 3, 4; Student
Forum Treasurer 1; Executive
Council 1, 2, 3; Class Treasurer 2;
Social Chairman 4; Jeffer 3, 4;
Yearbook Copy Editor 4; Alpha
Tri-Y 2; President Tri-Y 3, 4;
President Girls' Athletic Council 3,
4; Chairman Luncheon Committee
1, 2, 3, 4; Art Club 3; Rochester
Centennial Pageant 3; Service
Corps 2; Homeroom Treasurer 1;
International Relations Club 4;
Chairman Ticket Committee for
"Three Corners Moon" 4; Student
Association Planning Committee 4;
Senior Class Pin Committee 4;
Tri-Y Interclub Council 3, 4; Teacher
Relief 4; Tennis Club 1, 2, 3,
4; Volley Ball Club 3; Bowling
Club 2, 3, 4; "J" Award 3; Gym
Exhibition 3; Track Meet Official
2, 3; Deans' Convention Usher 4.



ALBERTA FLOYE TRUMBLE

7 Lucky Street

Undecided

*We're sure that in the play of life
She'll be the leading lady.*

Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; "Three Corners
Moon" 4.

ROBERT GEORGE ULRECH

55 Canary Street

Undecided

*This many letter man pays no atten-
tion to girls.*

Scholarship Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4;
Jeffer Staff 2, 3, 4; Latin Honor
Society 2, 3, 4; National Honor
Society 4; French Club 2, 3; Ex-
ecutive Council 1, 2, 3; Alpha Hi-
Y 3, 4; Yearbook Sports Editor 4;
Service Corps 2; Vice-President
Hi-Y 4; Rochester Centennial Pa-
geant 3; Usher for "Three Corners
Moon" 4; International Relations
Club 4; Senior High Soccer Team
2, 3; Reserve Basketball Team 2;
Senior High Basketball Team 3, 4;
Reserve Baseball Team 2; Senior
High Baseball Team 3, 4; Jay Club
3, 4; Gym Exhibition 2; Home-
room Basketball 1, 2; Homeroom
Baseball Team 1, 2; Junior High
Soccer 1; Swimming Team 1.

CONSTANCE C. URCINOLI

31 Dana Street

Undecided

*She is a strong believer in "Silence
is golden."*

Scholarship 3; Choir 1; Florentine
Society 3, 4.

ALBERT VIOLANTE

105 Sherman Street

Undecided

*An all around agreeable chap.
Homeroom Baseball 1, 2.*

GERTRUDE MURIEL WALL

54 Villa Street

Business

"My name is Muriel."

Alpha Tri-Y 2, 3, 4; Homeroom
President 4; Bowling Club 3; Girls'
Competitive Meet 3.

LAURA WALLS

343 Burr Street

Mechanics Institute

*If you ever need a loyal friend,
Laura's the one we recommend.*

Choir 2, 3, 4; School Pageant 3;
J. J. Glee Club 2; French Club 2;
3; International Relations Club 4;
Swimming Club 1, 2; Girls' Com-
petitive Meet 3.



LEOTA GENEVIEVE WALTERS

301 Saxton Street

Business

She's a novel reader.

Choir 3; Basketball Club 1, 2, 3,
4; Volley Ball 4; Small "J" 1, 2;
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball
Team 4; Tennis 3.



JOHN EDWIN WARREN

65 Austin Street

University of Alabama

*Jack is no exception to the pro-
verbial "Last but not least."*

Reserve Basketball 1; Door Guard
1; Homeroom Officer 1.



THE class of June 1935 wishes to express appreciation to Miss Alice J. Hutchinson, faculty adviser of the year book, Mr. Harlan A. Smith, business manager, and to Sam Geraci of the Commercial Art Department for their assistance in the publishing of this year book.



MRS. CARL SEIBOLD



MR. WALTER J. SAXE

A
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s

THE graduating class of June 1935 wishes to express sincere appreciation and thanks to Mrs. Carl Seibold and Mr. Walter J. Saxe for their guidance and advice in all undertakings.

Class Officers



Anita Milanetti, Secretary; Albert Bocci, President;
Lee Ong Jung, Vice-President. Seated, Grace Thompson,
Social Chairman.

ACTIVITIES

National Honor Society

To become a member of the National Honor Society is the highest honor a pupil may attain during his whole school life. Students are chosen from the upper third of their respective classes on the basis of scholarship, character, leadership in school activities, and service to the school.

New members who do not appear in the picture below are:

11A

Clarence Becker
Mary Crafts
Sam Cristantello
Jack Darling
Walter Keleher
Howard Langworthy
Mary Passannante

12B

Ethel Baird
William Fallon
Lieselotte Patz
Arist Scarsella
Margaret Whiteside

12A

June Ashton
William Conkling
Edna Forest
Lee Ong Jung
Rita Stilson
Thomas Toscano



Second Row: Bonaldi; Maggio; Volz; Ciccarelli; Baron; Ulrech; Smith; King; Battaglia; Glittone; De Santos. First Row: De Cristofaro; Page; Bocci; Miss Sheldine, sponsor; Manhold; Thompson; Tarbox.



The "Jeffer" Staff

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------|
| <i>Co-Editors</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | WILLIAM CONKLING |
| | | | | | | | | | | ROBERT TARBOX |
| <i>Assistant Editor</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | NORMA PAGE |
| <i>News Editor</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | WILLIAM SMITH |
| <i>Associate News Editors</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | EDNA MATTESON |
| | | | | | | | | | | HERMAN DeCRISTOFARO |
| <i>Sports Editor</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | GERALD MANHOLD |
| <i>Sports Writers</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | ROBERT ULRECH |
| | | | | | | | | | | JACK DARLING |
| | | | | | | | | | | SILVIO DeCRISTOFARO |
| <i>Feature Editors</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | KENNETH BAKON |
| | | | | | | | | | | ALBERT BOCCI |
| | | | | | | | | | | DORIS EDSALL |
| <i>Copy Readers</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | GRACE THOMPSON |
| | | | | | | | | | | MARIE MAGGIO |
| | | | | | | | | | | EDNA FOREST |
| <i>Business Manager</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | HERMAN DeCRISTOFARO |
| <i>Assistants</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | FRANK BELLAVIA |
| | | | | | | | | | | HOWARD LANCWORTHY |
| <i>Typists</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | DOROTHY HESS |
| | | | | | | | | | | MAMIE INSALACO |
| | | | | | | | | | | JENNIE LANZATELLA |
| | | | | | | | | | | ANNA CARUANA |
| | | | | | | | | | | ANITA MILANETTI |
| | | | | | | | | | | PHYLLIS CANZANO |
| | | | | | | | | | | NORMA CERA |
| <i>Reporters</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | JEANETTE BONALDI |
| | | | | | | | | | | MARY PASSANNANTE |
| | | | | | | | | | | MORTON FARBER |
| | | | | | | | | | | JENNIE NUCCI |
| | | | | | | | | | | CLARENCE BECKER |
| | | | | | | | | | | LORAIN DIGHT |
| | | | | | | | | | | MADELINE GIOIA |
| | | | | | | | | | | MARY BORGIA |
| <i>Photographer</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | HOWARD STROBEL |

TWENTY-TWO



The Senior Choir

JACK DARLING - - President

ANTHONY GIZZIE - Vice-President

Albano, Linda
Angelo, Evelyn
Borgia, Mary
Boyce, Eunice
Brion, Dorothy
Burnett, Ethel
Cavallaro, Concetta
Cellura, Lena
Cerone, Angelina
Ciccoria, Jenne
Cicarelli, Rose
Clark, Anna
De Carlo, Josephine
Dericco, Lena
Di Clementine, Quentina
Dight, Lorraine
Di Passio, Minnie
Di Ponzio, Evelyn
Donato, Trista
Edsall, Doris
Edsall, Elinore
Fegadel, Anna
Friedrich, Ida
Giarrizzo, Lena
Giumento, Pauline
Gizzie, Georgina
Gliottone, Aurelia
Hall, Marion
Jameson, Grace
Kittleberger, Betty
Lennon, Virginia
Lanzatella, Jennie
MacEachen, Ella
Maddalena, Angelina
Maino, Madeline
McKelvey, Wilda
Magliozi, Alba
Muscarella, Violet
Marchant, Joan
Nucci, Jennie
Jung, Lee Ong
Ott, Dorothy
Penello, Antoinette
Plum, Katherine
Proietti, Madeline
Romasko, Alice
Robinson, Helen
Sanfilippo, Jenne
Santangelo, Teresa

Santolla, Alba
Smith, Adeline
Tantalo, Rose
Trumble, Alberta
Urciuoli, Mamie
Volz, Verna
Waugh, Elaine
Walls, Laura
Whiteside, Margaret
Zwemer, Wilma
Alaimo, Anthony
Baker, Jack
Bellavia, Frank
Bentham, Lloyd
Bocci, Albert
Britz, Joseph
Bruculeri, Anthony
Cocuzzi, Larry
Conkling, William
Cristantello, Sam
Darling, Jack
Di Biase, Patsy
D'Onofrio, Andrew
Etter, Harold
Fillipone, Myron
Giancursio, Vincent
Gioia, Hubert
Guidoni, Jerry
Gizzie, Anthony
Gruttaduria, Tony
Hanna, William
Johnson, Walter
King, Robert
Manhold, Gerald
Manfredi, Frank
Martino, Jerry
Melino, Michael
Ohls, Melvin
Palma, Anthony
Paris, Gnerino
Peters, William
Pitoni, Dominic
Rittaco, Patsy
Robinson, William
Rockoff, Bernard
Sorrentino, Gabriel
Spinelli, Peter
Tantalo, Dominic
Tomaselli, Frank
Toscano, Thomas



ORCHESTRA

Orchestra

Baker, Jack
Belgiorno, Salvatore
Benedetto, Joseph
Britz, Joseph
Canover, Caroline
Cimino, William
Collett, Ernest
Costa, Sam
Di Biase, Michael
Di Passio, Joseph
Eichel, Otto
Fama, William
Ferlisi, Florian
Ferranti, Henry
Friedrich, Ida

Giancursio, Vincent
Guigno, John
Hawley, Daniel
Hyde, Fredrich
Jameson, Grace
Lane, Dorothy
Laurini, Carmen
Lennon, Virginia
Leo, Isabel
Mangen, Amalia
Mangen, Angelo
Marcòne, Angelo
Mapes, Florence
McKelvey, Wilda
Muir, David

Parenti, Iginio
Pogue, John
Piarulli, Carl
Reichart, Albert
Robinson, William
Sorrentino, Gabriel
Simpson, Georgina
Smith, William
Sperrazza, John
Spinelli, Peter
Thomas, Camp Lee
Vella, John
Vito, Gilda
Volz, Verna

Band

Baker, Jack
Benedetto, Joseph
Bentham, Floyd
Booth, William
Cimino, William
Costa, Sam
Cummings, Joseph
Eichel, Otto

Fama, William
Gaelo, Sam
Giancursio, Vincent
Guigno, John
Laurini, Carmella
Mangen, Amalia
Parenti, Iginio
Piarulli, Carl

Reichart, Albert
Smith, William
Sperrazza, John
Spinelli, Peter
Thomas, Camp
Ugino, Louis
Villa, Jack

Student Association Officers



Domenic Pitoni, Vice-President; Herman DeCristofaro, President;
Delia DeSantes, Secretary.

Scene from "Three Cornered Moon"



Left to Right: John Swain, Jeanette Bonaldi, Patsy Rittaco, Doris Edsall, Alberta Trumble, Mrs. Rodney, Albert Bocci, Anthony Palma, Robert Tarbox.



Girls' Athletic Council

The Athletic Council is composed of girls who have been chosen from the senior high school for excelling in leadership in athletic clubs, sportsmanship and character. They sponsor and promote projects undertaken by the Health Education department. Election to this council is one of the greatest recognitions that is given in girls' athletics.

| | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|----------------------------|---------------|
| <i>President</i> - - | Grace Thompson | <i>Secretary</i> - - - | Alice Bassett |
| <i>Vice-President</i> - - | Betty Fischer | <i>Faculty Adviser</i> - - | Miss Eddy |
| Andolina, Mary | Farina, Angelina | Marone, Emma | |
| Bassett, Alice | Fischer, Betty | Maggio, Marie | |
| Beikirch, Evelyn | Jung, Lee Ong | Mezzano, Marie | |
| Bianchi, Veronica | Jung, Lee Kew | Novelli, Enes | |
| Bonaldi, Jeanette | Kreiger, Dorothy | Ott, Dorothy | |
| Costa, Rose | Leonetti, Florence | Thompson, Grace | |
| Di Mauro, Mary | Lompo, Josephine | Wilshaw, Esther | |





Fourth Row: Orlando, manager; Fedele; Bondi; Coach Brice. Third Row: Johnston; Hoefler; Dilworth; Rotella. Second Row: Davide; Borrelli; Frank; DeLucia. First Row: Darling, Quercia; Castellano; Muratore; Paris.

Soccer

After only two years of Senior High School competition Jefferson's soccer team won the 1934 Soccer Championship. Of the nine games played, Jefferson won seven, lost one, and tied one. The only team to take its measure was Madison, although West did play a 1 to 1 tie against Jeff in the opening game. In the nine games Jefferson scored a total of 22 goals, while holding the opposition to 7 goals. These figures show an average of 2.44 goals scored per game by Jefferson while the opposition scored only .77 goals per game.

Besides winning the championship, Jefferson placed five men on the all-scholastic team, three on the first team and two on the second. Joe Castellano, goalie, Sam Giannavola, left halfback, and Walter Johnston, right wing were the players winning first team positions while Sid Dilworth, center halfback, won second team rating. Joe Castellano and Joe Rotella held up the defensive department for Jefferson while Walter Johnston, Sid Dilworth and Sam Giannavola took care of the offensive department.

To Mr. Brice, coach of the 1934 champions, goes much of the credit, for had it not been for his unceasing work, Jefferson might never have realized its aim. With the return of practically the entire team, except the halfback line, Jefferson's hopes of winning the 1935 soccer championship are high and we certainly wish them luck.

SCHEDULE

| | | | |
|----------------|---|------------------|---|
| Jefferson..... | 1 | West..... | 1 |
| Jefferson..... | 2 | East..... | 1 |
| Jefferson..... | 2 | Marshall..... | 0 |
| Jefferson..... | 4 | Canandaigua..... | 0 |
| Jefferson..... | 5 | Monroe..... | 1 |
| Jefferson..... | 2 | Charlotte..... | 1 |
| Jefferson..... | 0 | Madison..... | 1 |
| Jefferson..... | 2 | Franklin..... | 1 |
| Jefferson..... | 4 | Edison..... | 1 |



Fourth Row: DeCristofaro, manager; Orlando, assistant manager; Palma, reserve team manager; Coach O'Brien. Third Row: Hoefler R; Provenzano R; Ulrech; Romano. Second Row: Fiordelise R; Muratore; Dilworth; Rotella. First Row: Quercia R; Rannelletta R; Ferrari R; DeRosa R; Paris R.

Basketball

Unlike the soccer team, Jefferson's basketball team failed to win any championships, but it did finish in second place in the northern division. This year Jefferson won eight of thirteen games, five of which were non-league affairs. The only two league games which Jefferson lost were at the hands of Franklin, who won the northern division championship. In the playoff games Jefferson was eliminated by East High, who eventually finished runner-up to Madison.

The Reserve team at Jefferson also made an enviable record finishing the season in a tie for first place. Of the eleven games played the Jefferson Reserves won nine and lost two. This seems to indicate that our next year's material is very favorable.

SCORES

| | | | |
|----------------|----|------------------|----|
| Jefferson..... | 20 | East | 27 |
| Jefferson..... | 26 | Franklin | 27 |
| Jefferson..... | 26 | Marshall | 14 |
| Jefferson..... | 24 | Madison | 38 |
| Jefferson..... | 22 | Charlotte | 14 |
| Jefferson..... | 17 | West | 29 |
| Jefferson..... | 41 | Edison | 28 |
| Jefferson..... | 27 | Marshall | 24 |
| Jefferson..... | 26 | Vocational | 20 |
| Jefferson..... | 30 | Monroe | 22 |
| Jefferson..... | 24 | Charlotte | 17 |
| Jefferson..... | 32 | Edison | 22 |
| Jefferson..... | 18 | Franklin | 26 |



1. I betcher jealous of Jerry now, eh Lorry? 2. When Norma was young and innocent. 3. What were you selling then, Lambie? 4. Little Rita Stilson, with her big brown eyes. . . . 5. When Jack was young. . . . 6. Why didn't you grow, Burnett? 7. Always clowning, aren't you, Tarbox? 8. Ed, Matteson: "Ride down, buddie?" 9. Right off the (Holland) boat—that's Kittelberger. 10. Viola San Fillipo—nuff said. 11. Eddie Aperauch at the lovable age. 12. It's a good pose, anyway, Paul. 13. What big feet you have, Lena! 14. Picture of Gaetano not talking. 15. All hot and buttered, Lipomi? 16. That hat, them shoes, oh Belardino! 17. Goo, goo, DeSantes. Whatcha staring at? 18. Anna Ranaletta about to make a speech. 19. Bocci with more than his share again. 20. Before June acquired that slim silhouette. 21. So Alberta took her dolls and went home. . . . 22. G. E. T.; Venus at the Pump. 23. Edsall had a beau in her hair even then.

What Becomes of High School Graduates

THE AMBITION OF MOST GRADS IS
TO FLASH BY HIS FILM MATER
IN A TWELVE CYLINDER
SPORTS MODEL



ONE OUT OF EVERY FIVE
HUNDRED THOUSAND BECOMES
A HOLLYWOOD HE-MAN

A FRUGAL START IN
LIFE WILL SOMETIMES
LEAD TO BETTER
THINGS



AND THEN THERE'S
THE POLITICIAN
—THE BAY WINDOW
AND BALD PATE
ARE SOON
ACQUIRED

HERE WE HAVE A
COUPLE OF PLAYFUL
LADS JUST OUT OF HIGH
SCHOOL — COLLEGE LIFE
ISN'T SO BAD



THERE'S BOUND TO BE
A FEW GRANDPOPS OUT
OF THE CLASS TO TELL
ALL ABOUT HOW THINGS
WERE DONE IN 1935



THE EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY IS A GOOD
PLACE FOR GRADS
TO MEET INTERESTING
PEOPLE

COMING

LITERARY



Anniversary

High schools throughout the United States are celebrating this month the founding of the first secondary school in America three hundred years ago. The Boston Latin school, established in 1635, was the first step toward our present American High School. Universal, democratic education has been the educational ideal since the day when our forefathers voted the funds for the Boston Latin school in one of the first Massachusetts town meetings.

The idea of celebrating the tercentenary of public secondary education and dramatizing its achievements was presented by a nation-wide organization formed last fall. The particular plans by the committee in Rochester included a mass graduation of all the June classes of the public high schools. The theme was to have been the comparison of the first few students with the several thousands in Rochester high schools and the advancement that has been made since. When the project was voted down by the schools, no further plans were made for united action here.

Public education for all is something taken for granted today, but previous to the establishment of the schools in the colonies, there had been no such educational advantages. Education was for the privileged few, generally the boys. There was little freedom in the choice of subjects; Latin, philosophy and religion were required of everyone. Latin, especially, was of such great importance that no one could gain entrance to any university without it. With Latin held in such esteem it is no wonder that the type of secondary school that the colonists in America would first estab-

lish would be a Latin grammar school. The new school was modeled after an English school at Westminster which was organized to train ministers for the university so that people would have an educated ministry. Pupils in these grammar schools studied subjects which would fit them for the ministry whether they intended to be ministers or not.

University requirements at that time were much different too. Harvard University in 1643 states that "admission will be given to those who can understand Tully or such classical Latin authors at sight, make and speak Latin in prose and verse, and decline nouns and verbs perfectly in Greek." These requirements show how great the influence of Latin was at that time.

In addition to the grammar school, private schools were established in the larger communities for the business training which met the demand for a more practical training than the grammar schools offered. These academies gradually gained a stronghold because they offered a chance for further education to those who did not plan to go to college. It was the aim of the academies to prepare both boys and girls "for the business of living." But since these schools were owned and managed by private agencies, only those who could pay were permitted to go.

Our present day high school has the principle of the Boston Latin school of free education for all people and the practical curriculum of the academies. The past three hundred years have seen astonishing advances. We can only guess as to what the future may bring.

NORMA PAGE, IV-2

Pencils

Prize Essay

PENCILS: A lead pencil is a mighty instrument, used for good and otherwise. A pencil is an article that practically every man, woman, and child carries, regardless of his or her social standing. It may be a seven dollar and fifty cent streamlined model or it may be just an ordinary five center. Yet, how many of these so-called pencil users really appreciate a lead pencil? These people who use them in a matter of fact manner merely use them. I mean they buy a pencil, sharpen it, and use it solely for its most obvious purpose—writing. They exploit it. A lead pencil has become a worldly institution for this very reason. It is used only for abstract gain, dubious dealings, and all manner of money making. But for all of this, how many of them can chew a pencil and enjoy it?

I, for one, pride myself on being fully learned in this phase of the pencil industry. I, for one, can really appreciate the advantages of pencil chewing. Let me recount the history of one of my favorite pencils. First of all, I acquire a pencil. This is an art in itself. Sometimes it takes all sorts of mental gymnastics in order to arrange this event. It is not always a very simple thing to do, but it can be done. My system is to shout rather importantly, "Have you got a pencil on you?" to anybody who happens to be near. He or she, as the case may be, usually hasn't but it sometimes works. I must explain, however, that when obtained in this way the pencil is very stubby and muchly used and not at all

suitable for chewing. A pencil for chewing purposes must be either bought or purloined. I like to purloin mine. When I do this, I can get the proper size and my choice of the best flavored graphite, wood, and enamel. (Ticonderoga is excellent in this respect but none of my acquaintances uses one.)

Assuming that I have obtained a good lead pencil, I will now continue with its biography. To some the chewing of a lead pencil is simply putting the said article between the teeth and biting on it so as to cause the prophylactics to make different designs in perfect symmetry. This, however, is not my method. When I chew a pencil, I actually consume. I consume it at different rates, too. For instance, If I'm in a worried or excited state of mind when I just can't concentrate on anything in particular, I chew the pencil at a very rapid rate. Conversely, if I am able to think quietly and systematically or at least at a faster rate, I merely nibble at the eraser on the end of the pencil. This way is more economical, but it soon renders the eraser useless. When I get down to a sort of in-between rate, I do some of my best pencil-chewing and derive much delight from the pastime. At this rate I can enjoy the wood in the article under discussion, for that is the best part of pencil chewing, if you will take exception to biting on a piece of lead that has been broken from the end of the pencil. The latter, of course, is admittedly a thing that cannot be surpassed as an agent for stimulating the thought or soothing the nerves.

WILLIAM CONKLING, IV-2

On Being Photographed

Second Choice

WITH shaking knees and stumbling feet one fills in the gap between the main door that opens out on Clinton Avenue and the glass door that invites you to "Walk in." You have at last arrived at your destination—the photographer's—after various rescues and breathless moments during which you wondered if your appointment was at 10:30 or 10:40, or if your watch was really right and

you would have time to get a soda (you decided against this plan though, because it would be just your luck to spill something on your clean collar), or if you really didn't look better with your hair fluffed out instead of having it in precise waves (you wouldn't dare change it now though, because you might take all of the wave out by combing it), or if you should pose laughing or just smiling, etc. As you open the door of the office you are greeted

by a rather maternal looking person who invites you to make one last attempt to beautify yourself before the supreme sacrifice. At last, scarcely breathing for fear that you will misplace something, yet trying to attain a very nonchalant look, you go into the studio which is presided over by a good-natured individual who immediately begins the conversation by discovering that he went to college with your very own brother; in fact, your brother was one of his best friends (incidentally you have no brother, but you let it pass—maybe it comes under the heading of "good business.") Meanwhile you are being comfortably (????) seated in a chair facing the CAMERA—the object of your thoughts for the past two weeks. The gentleman tilts your head j-u-s-t so-o and informs you that you have two beautiful dimples, at which comment you smile and show

your tooies which you scrubbed to a dazzling whiteness that A. M. with soda, salt, and toothpaste because didn't movie stars always have nice white teeth—they photograph so well? At last all is ready—you are posed giving the camera that sweet girl-graduate smile. For what seems like hours you remain in this position until the smile becomes as artificial as a ten cent diamond. Then, snap, the first one is taken. Then you begin all over again, trying not to move, look stiff, or be aware of a violent purple light which glares in your face making your eyes feel like the proverbial "two burnt holes in a blanket." In all, this happens four times. Then—all is over. Your face feels stiff and unnatural and you wonder if you didn't move in the last "shot." You slide from the chair, don your duds, say good-bye, softly close the outside door, and patter down Clinton Avenue.

EDNA MATTESON, IV-2

Just an Old Greek Game

Prize Story



TEVE Clark was the usual type of business man of about twenty-five. He had a good paying job, a comfortable home, and a pretty wife. He loved his wife dearly but

I'm afraid he neglected her. You see, Steve had one weakness, and that was bowling. He talked, ate, and slept bowling; in fact, his highest ambition was to become champ of the East side.

Mrs. Clark, on the other hand, was fed up with it all. At breakfast she heard bowling, at supper she heard bowling, and in the early hours of the morning she heard bowling. Night after night, while her husband was out bowling with the boys, she sat alone at home reading magazines or listening to the radio until she could stand it no longer. So Mrs. Clark began to step out.

One night she met Danny Shea in a fashionable night club. He was tall, fairly handsome, and of the athletic type. Needless to say, he seemed to Mrs. Clark an answer to a neglected wife's prayer. He wore a bandage around his right thumb which seemed to accentuate the tan of the rest of his hand and tended to make it fairly conspicuous.

The romance progressed quite rapidly until it reached the marital state.

One Sunday morning Mrs. Clark determinedly faced Steve at the breakfast table.

"Steve," she blurted out, "I want a divorce."

"What?"

"Yes, Steve, I—I've met someone with whom I have fallen in love."

"Are you kidding me?"

"No, I'm serious."

"I realize I've neglected you, dear, but I didn't think it was this bad—but if you think it's what you want, I won't stand in your way."

"Yes, I've thought it all out for days and days and I have decided that it's the best way for both of us."

"I'm sorry, dear, but I want you to know I still care for you."

"I'm sorry too, Steve."

Shortly after Mrs. Clark became Mrs. Shea. As they were descending the court house steps, a tall, distinguished, grey-haired gentleman approached them.

"Hello, Danny. How do you do, Mrs. Shea? I'm Danny's boss. I want to congratulate you on marrying a very able business man and I may also add, now that Danny's thumb is fit again, one of the rising bowlers on the west side."

WILLIAM FALLON, IV-1

Fraternity---Snatch

Second Choice



WHEN Danny Jackson swung off the 11:48 on that Sunday evening in December, the sole thought in his mind was the hope of joining Phi Kappa Beta fraternity. All during vacation the prospect had run through his head. Dimly, through the distant haze across the river, Danny could see Wabanuc State University. Yes, he had work ahead to make the requirements and go out for the eleven.

With clouded thoughts, Danny set out for the campus. Down deserted Frost Street he plodded, slowly—but not for long. With protesting brakes and roaring motor, a mile-long sedan lurched to the curb. "Jes' act natural," rasped a sawed-off gunman, "an' don't be too anxious to reach for the stars—get inside."

What else to do? A back-handed slap across the mouth and the hard barrel of a .38 in his ribs cut short Danny's protest. So was the "snatch" carried out.

During the long ride, his eyes blindfolded, Danny tried in vain to think of a reason. His father was not wealthy; he himself has never muscled in on a racket or put across a crooked deal. Somehow, he had to get out of this.

Bumping and swaying, Dan sensed that the car had swung into a rough road, probably a deserted country lane. Roughly he was thrown into a broken-down shack, bare except for a table, a few chairs, and rusted iron cot.

"What's the idea?" Dan grated, as the blind-fold was removed.

"This," flung back a hulk of a man, "is it, buddy. We figures a nice young guy like you is worth plenty o' dough to his ol' man—

maybe even twenty-five grand. Satisfied?"

Danny was stunned. Twenty-five thousand dollars was more money than he knew existed. Yes, he was in a hot spot.

Slowly the night dragged on. Suddenly Danny noted that his guard had fallen asleep. That would mean one more guard outside to slip by, for the other had gone to send the ransom note. A wild hope leaped into his heart. The bonds around his wrist were easy to slip. Warily, Danny picked up a chair, slunk up to the sleeper, and brought the chair crashing down on his head. Now to get past the other. Cautiously Dan opened the door, spied a clump of trees, and broke for it.

For some minutes he tore through underbrush and brambles. When he finally reached the highway, the gray tinge of dawn had appeared over the treetops. The rest was easy—he thumbed a ride and was soon in town, a short distance from the campus.

"Well," he meditated, "that's a neat way to start a college year. If any word gets out they'll think the stunt was pulled off by rival members of the Protective Brotherhood of Gunmen!" Dejectedly, he climbed the dormitory stairs and spotted a note under his door. Probably a ransom note to his roommate, he thought. Well, no harm to read it. Funny, but that was a Phi Kappa letterhead.

"Last night," it read, "you were initiated into Phi Kappa Beta fraternity. Even though you did hit "Big Jim" Dawson a little too hard, you are now a duly acknowledged member."

ARIST SCARSELLA, IV-1

ALMA MATER

Contest Winner

*O hail to thee, our Jefferson,
We raise this song to thee;
The memories dear that linger here
Are bound with loyalty.
O hail to thee, our Jefferson,
This joyful lay now hear
Within thy walls, thy hallowed halls,
Our praises still ring clear.*

*O hail to thee, dear Jefferson,
Our hearts, our thoughts are true;
This solemn vow is given now,
A pledge of love to you,
Though fate may drive us far away
And other duties call,
The friendships gained will be retained
To bind and hold us all.*

NORMA PAGE, IV-2

Among the Lily Pads



WHEN you think of a nice, pleasant day spent in gathering water lilies, you hardly remember that all is not so poetic as it sounds.

To begin with, most of the people who think that this is an ideal summer day's occupation do not own a boat themselves. So the first thing to do is to rent one. Of course, upon reaching the boat docks, you find that the only thing equipped with oars is a dinky gray affair with one seat. (Many other people had the same idea of an ideal pastime.) Be very careful that the oars are mates. You will probably have enough to do without getting dizzy going around in circles in the middle of the pond.

Of course, being so enthusiastic, you don't seem to hear the owner of the craft mutter under his breath (he doesn't intend you to hear—he just is trying to quiet his conscience) that there is a very tiny leak in the boat but not large enough to make any difference.

You manage to step gracefully into your boat, just avoiding an early morning dip. You're off! How glorious the sun is! How blue the water!

It is a well known fact that lilies always grow on the opposite side of the pond from where you are. My, how easy it is to skim through the water, oars working in perfect harmony, and you managing to dip them so as not to splash your clean shirt. However, don't be too confident.

About this moment, it is time for you to discover that your feet are a trifle damp and that the "tiny leak" is not to be sneezed at. Immediately thoughts enter your head of sinking in the middle of the pond, but happily you spy an old tin can in the bow of the boat. Even if it has a few holes in it, you'll be able to bail out the water when it gets a little too bothersome.

Suddenly the bottom of the pond rises up to greet the bottom of your boat. In vain you try to forge ahead. You can't even back up. You might as well admit it, you're stuck. The only thing you can do is to stand slowly up (a thing forbidden to row boaters), release the oar from its lock, and try to pry the boat into deep water again. You exert so much strength that you sail backwards unexpectedly, nearly losing your balance, and all but dropping the oar to the bottom of the pond. In a few minutes, however, you'll be on your way again.

Now is the time to sight your first lily.

Hastily rowing toward it, you think your goal is in sight. Don't fool yourself.

Everyone knows that the first time the boat always floats *over* the blossom. The next time back, the wind suddenly shifts, and you sail by, hand out-stretched, within a foot of the lily. The third time you grasp it. How slimy and sinuous its stem is! Also how tough! Giving one last jerk, you secure the flower, but alas with only three inches of stem.

Now you are encouraged. Things are going your way at last. But hold on. Your feet are *wet*. Hurriedly

grasping the tin can, you begin frantically to bail out the boat—pouring over the side about a cupful of water each time. Start to row, bail some more, and row again. Will you never reach the docks? Of course, all thought of pond lilies has been abandoned. Your sole desire is to reach your destination dry and alive.

Ah, sweet relief! Your boat bumps the wooden dock. You clamber gratefully out, accepting the hand of the man in charge without question. Clutching your one lily in your hand, you think of how appropriate it *might* have been, thank your lucky stars, and once more return home, content to be called a land lubber in any sense of the word.

EDNA FOREST, IV-2



"Tea for Two"

IT just doesn't seem possible, Ken—I can't—I can't believe this could happen to us," Sally cried brokenly, her eyes shiny from unshed tears. "Oh Ken, don't you understand? I've lost everything—everything Dad worked so hard for! This place meant everything to him, and now—" with a sob she buried her face in her hands and cried as she had never been able to before, cried as though her heart would break.

"Sally, Sally, you can't carry on like this," pleaded Ken, his tanned face clouded with distress. "Listen here, Sal," and with a brotherly smile he drew a big handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the tears from her cheeks, "why we're not beaten yet, honey. You know, Sally," he went on gravely but eagerly, "you can count on me—you always have been able to and this time is no exception."

His voice rang out so confidently that Sally couldn't help but smile her little crooked grin. How like Ken, Sally thought to herself. Yes, she could always count on him. No matter what else happened Ken would remember the promise he had made her father when he'd called them both into his room that night—that night that even now Sally could not think of without a heavy sinking feeling in her heart. Her Dad had taken her hand in both of his and, with a faint smile and a slight shake of his head at the tears streaming down her pale cheeks, he had whispered in an almost inaudible voice, "Don't cry, Sally. Everything will be all right. You've got the store, honey," his words were so faint Sally had to put her ear close to his lips. "You've got the store and Ken—Ken's a good boy, Sally. He'll always take care of you." And Ken, so moved, so sincere, had promised to look after her; and since that ghastly night when her father had quietly slipped away, Ken had never been found lacking.

It was Ken who took care of all the business details, it was Ken that straightened out

messes that seemed disentangling to Sally, but Ken, with all his willingness and enthusiasm—could even Ken help now? The lease for the store would expire in a month; there had been no option on it and the landlord had, without even giving Sally a chance, leased it to another tenant for higher rent!

A movement of Ken's broke her train of thoughts and, looking up gratefully, she replied in a matter-of-fact voice, the hysterical completely gone, "You're right as usual, Ken. I can't just sit around and feel sorry for myself

and revengeful toward the landlord. The store will be gone in a month and meanwhile it's up to us to do something—but Ken"—and her face again clouded with concern, "that's where I fall down." She walked thoughtfully to the window and stood there nervously, pulling on the fringe of the curtain, "What can we possibly do?"

Ken, engrossed in the seemingly important task of piling little mounds of salt up on the table cloth, appeared to be entirely unconscious of both Sally and her words.

"Ken," repeated Sally, a trifle louder, "what would

you suggest?"

Still no answer!

Good naturedly Sally laughed and sat down on the window sill to wait. It was quite evident Ken was in one of his great thinking moods. The way Ken became unconscious of everyone and everything when he was thinking was a constant source of amusement to both of them.

Five minutes slowly ticked away and Ken was still buried deep in his thoughts.

"I've got it! I've got it, Sally!" burst out Ken suddenly, jumping up and knocking his chair over as he rushed toward Sally. "If I can only swing it, you'll be sitting on top of the world," and he grabbed her in his arms giving her a bear-like hug.

Breathless from this sudden and enthusiastic rush, Sally, patiently letting herself be hugged,



waited. Releasing her with a suddenness that almost spelled disaster for her, and holding her away from him, he scolded her in that half-fatherly tone Sally loved so—"Now Sally, calm yourself. It's not going to help any for you to get excited. You've got to keep a level head and plow this thing out with me."

All the trouble and sadness vanished from Sally's face. Who could be sad when Ken had one of his wonderful ideas and made such a silly accusation to her? Ken always did so unconsciously reprimand her for it.

Hastily he pushed her into a chair, knelt beside her, and looking into her childish face shining with curiosity, he said, "Sally, here it is"—and taking a deep breath as though he were filling himself with enough air so that nothing, not even a lack of breath would interrupt his words, he began his explanation, "Here it is in a nutshell, Sally. We'll see if old skinflint can ruin the 'Sally Tea Shop'!"

Three weeks passed. Never before had Sally's steps been so light, her smiles so vivacious, her laugh so ringing; never before had Ken whistled so frequently, rushed about so madly, fallen over so many things—they both had a new interest—a new goal! If they couldn't have the "Sally Tea Room," they could have something even better!

Would they forget the landlord's face when he had so sheepishly asked for last week's rent? Probably he had expected a torrent of reproaches, tears, beseeches,—anything but the hearty greeting of Ken, the smiling face of Sally. People who had lost their livelihood, people who had a store full of furnishings and no store to put them in, people who had to open and work up a new business, which would take years now-a-days, didn't accept such a hard blow in such an off-hand manner!

But Ken and Sally weren't like that—they were people with a wonderful plan, a plan that they hoped—prayed—would lead to a much more promising future than had been in store for them before that seemingly disastrous ordeal had happened.

Still sometimes Sally's thought would drift to the other side—the darker side. Supposing Ken wouldn't succeed—it did seem impossible! A person couldn't just go up to a stranger and—but Ken, the irresponsible, irreverent Ken, would soon dispel her gloom with some silly joke or crazy antic!

Just one week before the lease was up, Ken began to carry out his plan. He had decided

it would be wiser not to act until the last minute so as to keep the new proprietor of the "Sally Tea Shop" from becoming suspicious! The whole success depended on absolute secrecy!

After Sally had given him dozens of different pieces of advice, and after Ken had fallen over an equal number of chairs as he rushed about, he left to transact the deal! Ken was to get the new store and Sally was to do the rest. Yes—there was to be a new store—in a spot that would even put to shame the old "Sally Tea Shop."

Taking time only to put on a grey fedora that saw light just when he wished to impress someone, Ken rushed out of the store, stopped to adjust himself to a more business-like stride, and then walked the few steps to the store on the corner of the street.

An hour later, an individual that had all the earmarks of having put over a satisfactory business deal emerged from the store. He pushed his hat back, plunged his hands into his pockets and, whistling, jauntily swaggered down the street. Ken had put it over!!

"It was a cinch," he had bragged to Sally. "In my most business-like manner I entered the shoe store, gave a few impressive coughs, and demanded politely but firmly to see the manager. Well, Sally," and as he spoke his tan face broke into a grin, "after I once got hold of that manager it was as easy as eating some of your strawberry shortcake."

"Ken, how did you do it?" Sally cried, almost overcome with joy and relief. "Oh, I know better than anyone how you can talk people into nearly anything but—Ken, I was afraid. I did doubt if you could do it. Why it seems incredulous. Are you sure you didn't help the poor man make up his mind with the aid of a revolver?" Sally questioned with mock sincerity as she drew him down on the davenport beside her.

"Revolver," laughed Ken—"no sir, Sally, something more sure—talk! First I impressed upon him how many or rather, how few customers there were in the store. All the time I was there only one person came in and that was for a refund. Then," Ken continued, his face shining, his eyes sparkling, "I asked point blank how much profit he had made last month. Why it was so obvious, Sal, that the place was a washout—has been ever since it opened. "I——,"

"What colossal nerve," interrupted Sally.

"you, Kenneth Ellis, not yet out of college told a strange man that his business was no good! What did he say?"

"Say," retorted Kenneth, jumping up, "say—he was too dumbfounded to say anything! That was my opportunity—for one hour I talked without letting the poor fellow get in a word. I told him his business was failing—told him his store was on the wrong side of the street, that there were already too many shoe stores on this side, told him his only chance lay on the other side—proved it to him Sally with one reason said in a half dozen different ways! Sally, in the end he was shaking my hand, thanking me for my kindness to him, and offering gladly to sell the remainder of his lease to me if I could get that vacant store across the street for him."

"But Ken," and a slight frown clouded Sally's pretty face, "now what—how can you do that?"

"Oh that," dismissed Ken with a comical lofty air, "that's all arranged—the landlord of that place will rent it for next to nothing because its been vacant to long—of course, I didn't mention that during my little sales talk! Sally, we are set for one bright future!" He walked over to Sally and, putting his arms around her, said softly, "I haven't let you down yet, honey. When the new store opens here, the 'Sally Tea Shop' will open up too—directly on the corner. A location no one can beat—a spot everyone would have been after if they had only thought of moving that poor fellow and his last year's shoes across the street! Sally." He smiled down on her, "I guess you just have to have me around. You might be able to make tea, Sally, but you're just sort of dumb when it comes to business."

"I guess I was right, Ken," whispered Sally, as she looked up into his smiling face, "You can talk anyone into anything!"

JUNE ASHTON, IV-2

The Golden Pheasant

To the Golden Pheasant—a thousand curses!!! It was last summer we were all agog over an addition to our household. Upon its arrival we welcomed the newcomer with open arms, so to speak, but that was when we were blissfully unaware of its exasperating mannerisms. We had visions of pleasant days ahead but our plans proved a humiliating failure. . . . oh! well!! We live and learn!

The temperamental disposition of the G. P. had obviously been shown to us before, but we didn't take the hint; we couldn't resist the invitations of nature. Though still wary as to its behavior, we took the Golden Pheasant on a trip with us to the country. On the way . . . (I'll leave that sentence unfinished for it might inspire the censors to get busy.) We hadn't gone far when our previous fears were confirmed and the G. P. coughed, choked, and sputtered, and docilely subsided into a solemn stillness on the street car tracks. One hasty glance showed no handy males available with the exception of a conductor in an approaching street car—on our street car tracks.

We tried our best and our temperatures rose as we made desperate attempts without masculine assistance to coax the Golden

Pheasant into motions but without success. It could be so stubborn if it was in the mood! In the interim the trolley drew up, trailed by a wedding in all its glory. There were cars on the right—on the left—with more accumulating! Horns screamed in our ears, which bewildered us, but not the G. P. Of all places to get stuck—and nothing could be done! We were resigned to our fate when a policeman opportunely appeared on the scene and we were regally escorted into a nearby alley, the conductor sharing honors in this heroic performance.

With the sounds of the jeering motorists still echoing in our ears we once again urged the G. P. to move and it, as though waking from a nap, surprised us with its individual hum and the Golden Pheasant flew once more.

I've forgotten to tell you what the Golden Pheasant was! To be frank, it was a car suffering from old age besides a few other things. It was a sight to behold. You see, the body was an indescribable tan, and a futile effort to match the unpainted hood with the rest of the body resulted in that odious canary yellow. It received its name through the auspices of our imagination plus, of course, its yellow hood.

ELEANOR JANNATTA, III-1

The Tragedy of Waste Paper



Do you preserve old papers with the fond hope that you may need them some day in a distant future? It may show a peculiar nature, but this is one of my most flagrant offenses against the propriety of our household. They find scraps of paper with little nothings on them all over the place; in books, in desks, in drawers, on shelves, under table mats—from the cellar to the attic. It must be my conceit that values them so highly. And yet it is rather a respect for the written word. Long ago in a Latin class I learned, "Verba volant, scripta manent." Since then I have applied this quotation literally to all my scribblings.

Although I am not an illiterate and pagan Chinese, what amounts to veneration for the written word exists among that race. Since the days of the sages it has been the duty of a Chinese to preserve from destruction any scrap of paper bearing a written message. In many Chinese cities, boxes are provided, wherein one may place any character-bearing papers rescued from the streets.

The reason for this practice, however, is not mere conceit, vanity, or pride—it is the religiously inspired motive to protect the names of their gods which may happen to be written on the scrap.

Can you imagine what America would be like if everyone so respected the printed or written word?

But there is a certain amount of romance in waste paper. Sometimes a brilliant sleuth traces the criminal by means of torn bits of condemnatory evidence. Again, think of what might be written on them—of the tragedies of life which a heap of scrap paper suggests: a broken love-affair, bills from the creditor, rejection slips from an editor, letters from struggling enterprisers—and what not else?

In its last phase, consideration of this matter leads me to believe that the destruction of paper, and whatever is upon it, is an indicator of modern progress. From an economic standpoint it is a working-out of the theory of supply and demand. Where there is little knowledge, much value is placed upon those things which convey it. Today, learning is widespread. Almost everyone in this country can read; therefore, being able to read what

is written, we have unconsciously limited ourselves to only those fields in which we find a responsive interest, and consequently, a lesser value is placed upon the majority of things which find their way into print.

Knowledge, and its dissemination, is infinite. If knowledge were compared to an ocean, the amount of it possessed by the most learned man in the world would only equal a bucket of its brine.

And thus I conclude, humbly acknowledging ignorance—for my learning is nothing to what may be learned. Anything that I have ever written should be regarded lightly, as of no account whatsoever. But, I shall not cease to strive for more learning, realizing that "the wise man is strong." (Proverbs, XXIV-5) and that "knowledge is the fountain of life to him that possesses it." (Proverbs, XVI-22).

WILLIAM SMITH, IV-2

Hiking

Life begins at 8:40 for the average American, at 10 for the big business man, and at 6 for hikers. It's customary to have rain for the departure but for this hike we will make our weather in order to get started.

The alarm clock goes off at 6 and you "go off" half an hour later. At 6:30 you start with a bang—a dish breaks. At 7:30 you have selected a site for breakfast which consists of soggy bacon, eggs without salt, and cold coffee. After breakfast you resume your journey. Enroute you think how stupid people are to go fishing. After finishing lunch, you feel rather tired and decide to take a trolley home.

The next morning life begins at 11:30.

PAUL AMICO, IV-2.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

Clouds:

*Floating palaces of celestial splendor
Moving majestically through morning skies
Puffballs blown by a gentle breeze.*

Sunshine:

*Radiant golden beams of translucent light
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