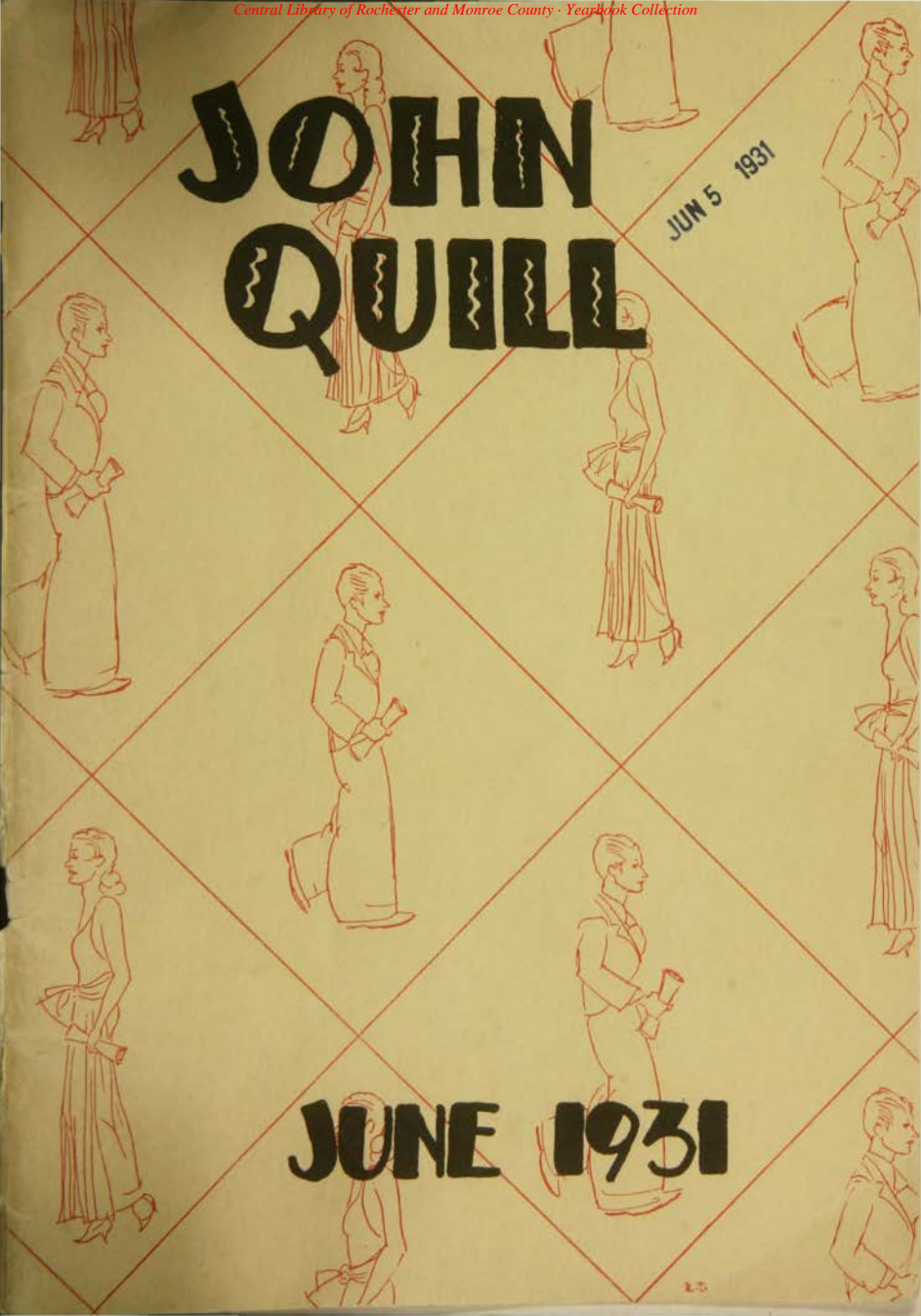


JOHN QUELL

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ISABEL MAYO

DEDICATION

*We, the Class of June 1931, dedicate
this, our senior yearbook to*

Miss Isabel Mayo.

We are happy to have an opportunity to set down in formal expression a small measure of the appreciation and gratitude we and the students of our school feel toward one whose prime consideration has always been the welfare of John Marshall and the well-being of its students.



JOHN MARSHALL HIGH SCHOOL



ELMER W. SNYDER
Principal



PHILIP R. JENKINS



GRACE M. LEADER

To our class advisers, Miss Grace M. Leader and Mr. Philip R. Jenkins, we wish to express our sincere appreciation for their faithful guidance throughout our four years at John Marshall High School.



June 1931 Class Officers

SENIOR

President - - - - DAYTON HULL
Vice-President - - - - PAUL DEAN
Sec'y-Treas. - - - - BETSY PRYOR
Class Ex-Council Rep. - - -
 EDWARD SCHIPPER, RUTH NADEL

SOPHOMORE

President - - - - EDWIN RENNER
Vice-President - - - DAYTON HULL
Secretary - - - - MARJORIE SCOTT
Class Ex-Council Rep. - - -
 CLAUDE TUCKEY, ELIZABETH WARD

JUNIOR

President - - - - EDWIN RENNER
Vice-President - - - MARJORIE SCOTT
Secretary - - - - EDWARD SCHIPPER
Treasurer - - - - MARJORIE DECKER
Class Ex-Council Rep. - - -
 MILDRED FRECH, CLAUDE TUCKEY

FRESHMAN

President - - - - EDWIN RENNER
Vice-President - - - MARJORIE SCOTT
Secretary - - - - GERTRUDE WILMOT
Class Ex-Council Rep. - - -
 CLAUDE TUCKEY, BETSY PRYOR





GEORGE A. BACHERS, JR.

399 Lakeview Park

U. of R.

Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4; Student's Association Campaign Manager, 4; Jo-Mar Reporter, 2; Class Treasurer, 2; "Song of Summer"; Representative of Student Association, 3; Reserve Baseball, 2; Class Soccer, 2; Home Room Basketball, 4; Cheerleader, 2; Assistant Cheerleader, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship.

*Wait not for spring to pass away.
Love's summer months begin with May.*

DONALD BARRON

239 Electric Avenue

Undecided

Literary Club, 3, 4; Dramatics, 3; Bank Clerk, 2, 3; Representative of Student Association, 2, 3; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 4; Baseball 2.

Our Big Play Boy.

ELEANOR BIDDLE

124 Bryan Street

R. B. I.

Jo-Mar Typist, 4; John Quill Typist, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 3; Dancing, 3; Baseball, 3; Swimming, 3; Gym Meet, 3; Speedball 2, 3, 4.

*Our favorite typist.
She'll be a great man's secretary some day.*

LENA BOWLES

16 DeVitt Road

Highland Hospital

Representative of Student Association, 2, 3, 4; Soccer, 1, 2; Dancing, 1; Baseball, 2; Speed Ball, 4; Honor Team, 4.

*Lena may not work in a post office but
she sure can handle the mails.*

ROSE BRENNA

543 Flower City Park

Undecided

Honorable Mention; Volley Ball.

"As sweet as her first name."

KENNETH W. BRITTON

1637 Ridge Road U. of R.
Honorable Mention.

*He's too smart to be one person so
he's twins.*



PAULINE BURNS

16 Malvern Street Undecided
Honorable Mention.

*A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.*



RUTH CAMPBELL

45 Magee Avenue Linden Hall
Horseback Riding, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 4

She does a good turn every day.



DOROTHY CHEETHAM

80 Maplewood Terrace Plattsburgh Normal
Swimming, 1; Basketball, 1; Soccer, 1; Base-
ball, 1.

A winning smile and a winsome way.



ELVERA CHILDS

142 Argo Park Undecided
John Quill Publicity Staff, 4; Hiking, 1;
Soccer, 1; Skating, 2; Gym Meet, 3; Speed-
ball, 4; Volley Ball, 4; Gym Meet, 4.

*There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee.*





EARL CLARK
90 Parkdale Terrace U. of R.

Minor and Major Scholarship Award, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2; Inter-High Orchestra, 2; Freshman Play, 1; French Play, 3; Assistant Property Manager Senior Play, 4; Radio Play, 4; Statistical Editor of John Quill, 4; Bank Clerk, 3; Home Room Soccer, 2, 4; Manager, 4; Reporter and Feature Editor of Jo-Mar, 4; French Club, 4; Literary Club, 4; Senior Dance Committee, 4; National Honor Society, 4.

*In a cigarette it's taste;
in Earl it's brains.*



ROBERTA CLARKE
1760 Ridge Road R. B. I.

Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Arch Bearer, 3; Tri-Y, 4; Tennis, 1; Swimming, 1, 2; Gym Meet, 3; Honorable Mention; Honor Roll.

*We always thought that girls name Roberta
were sober and steadfast. We are
disillusioned.*



BERNICE COLE
Elmgrove Road Brockport Normal

French Assembly, 2; Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Tennis, 1; Dancing, 1; Honorable Mention.

*If she isn't a banker in a few years we'll
forfeit our right to be president.*



MARY CONLON
243 Magee Avenue Trinity College

*She has been here but two short months—
long enough to make us wish she had
favored us earlier.*



ROGER F. CRANE
86 Mason Street U. of R.

Dramatics, 4; Home Room Soccer, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Honorable Mention.

The big man from the South.

DORIS L. CREWS

140 Seneca Parkway Park Avenue Hospital
Glee Club, Honorable Mention.

Ask Doris; she'll do it!



EVELYN CROCKER

1742 Ridge Road Undecided
Swimming, 1.

*It is rumored that Evelyn even talks
in her sleep.*



FLORENCE CROZIER

117 Fulton Avenue R. B. I.
Glee Club, 2; Literary Club, 4; Tennis, 2;
Minor Scholarship Letter, 4.

*Coolidge doesn't believe in talking all the
time either.*



MARJORIE DARLING

103 Locust Street Beauty Cultural School
Home Room Representative, 1; Swimming, 1;
Basketball, 3.

That lips, those hair!



SHIRLEY DAVIDSON

90 Ridgeway Avenue Undecided
"Dido and Aeneas," 4; Tri-Y, 4; Arch
Bearer, 3; Swimming, 1, 2, 3; Honorable Men-
tion.

Even Virgil is fun for her.





PAUL DEAN

2512 Ridge Road

U. of R.

Assembly Play, 1; "Dido and Aeneas," 4; Dramatics, 3, 4; Vice-president of Class, 4; Photographic Editor of John Quill, 4; Home Room Soccer, 4; Minor Scholarship Letter, 3; Major Letter, 4.

Our child prodigy.



MAJORIE DECKER

320 Eastman Avenue

Highland Hospital

Class Treasurer, 3; French Assembly, 3; Arch Bearer, 3; Soccer, 1; Basketball, 2; Baseball, 2; Volley Ball, 4.

Are you always smiling, Marj?



HELEN DORSEY

289 Driving Park Avenue

Undecided

It is a relief to find a brunette who isn't too vivacious.



JOHN DOUCETTE

500 Magee Avenue

Home Room Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Baseball; Track, 1, 2, 3; Minor Scholarship Award.

A sense of humor is a help to any man.



EDWARD DUNLAVEY

85 Curlew Street

Mechanics Institute

Stage Manager for "The Patsy," 4; Scenery for Latin Play, 4; "Adam and Eva," 4; Art Editor of John Quill, 4; Tennis, 3, 4; Captain of Home Room Baseball, 3; Basketball, 4; Honor Roll, 2.

A model artist who goes with an artist's model.

MARIEA DURKIN

26 Elk Street Brockport Normal School
Soccer, 1, 2; Baseball, 1; Honorable Mention.

The answer to a math teacher's prayer.

WILLIAM J. EDDLE

495 Maplewood Avenue Duke University
Tennis, 3.

Coat, where are you going with that boy?

B. MAE EVANS

179 Goodwill Street Undecided
Tennis, 3.

*Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
Here's to the house-wife that's thrifty.*

WELLER EVANS

179 Goodwill Street Undecided

*He ne'er is crowned with immortality,
Who fears to follow where airy voices lead.*

JOHN FASSANELLA

162 Clay Avenue Undecided
Soccer, 3; Class Baseball, 2; Honorable
Mention.

Slow and steady wins the race.





MILDRED FAUSTMAN

37 Lauderdale Park

R. B. I.

Soccer, 3; Gym Meet, 3; Tennis, 4; Honorable Mention.

Gentlemen prefer blondes.



AILEEN FERSTER

159 Albemarle Street

Undecided

Arch Bearer, 3; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Manager of Tennis, 3; Volley Ball, 4; Baseball, 2; Golf, 2; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4.

When Aileen comes in, you can be sure it's time for the bell to ring to depart.



DOROTHY FITZGERALD

27 Petrel Street

School of Commerce

French Club, 3, 4; Arch Bearer, 3; Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Dramatics Club, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Winner of First Place in Gym Meet, 3; Gym Meet, 2, 3, 4; Skating, 2; Dancing, 3; Basketball Squad, 3; Baseball, 3; Golf Manager, 3; Volley Ball, 4; Major and Minor Scholarship Award; National Honor Society, 4.

One woman who isn't ashamed to talk all the time.



KATHLEEN FLYNN

95 Pullman Avenue

Mechanics Institute

Dramatics Club, 3; Home Room Representative, 3; Soccer, 3; Tennis, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Baseball Honor Team, 3; Golf, 3; Swimming, 3, 4; Life Saving, 4; Minor Athletic Letter, 4.

Red hair without a temper—how could it be?



DORIS FONDA

107 Electric Avenue

U. of R.

Arch Bearer, 3; Gym Meet, 2; Basketball, 2, 3; Volley Ball, 4; Baseball, 2; Horseback Riding, 2; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Manager of Tennis, 3; First Place in Tennis Tournament, 2, 3; Dancing, 2; Swimming, 2; Minor Athletic Award, 3; Minor Scholarship Award, 3.

How are Andy and Bozo, Doris?

MILDRED FRECH

30 Finch Street

Undecided

Jo-Mar Reporter, 2; Associate Editor, 3; Co-Editor-in-Chief, 4; Literary Club, 3, 4; Vice-President Literary Club, 3; President, 4; Home Room Representative, 2, 3, 4; Executive Council, 3; National Honor Society, 4; French Honor Club, 3, 4; Social Director French Club, 4; "Dido and Aeneas," 4; "Adam and Eva," 4; "Nevertheless," 4; Minor Activities Award, 3; Dramatics, 4; Arch Bearer, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Hiking, 3; Baseball, 3; Volley Ball, 4; Guardian of the Flag, 4; Minor Scholarship Award, 3; Major, 4.

Imp, will you be serious?

ROBERT GABEL

1115 Lewiston Avenue Syracuse University

Property Manager of Senior Play, 4; Chairman of Senior Ball, 4; General Stage Manager of Junior Play, 4; Horseback Riding Manager, 3; Home Room Soccer, 2; Home Room Baseball, 2.

All the world's a stage and Bob's the property manager.

ROBERT M. GAYLORD

100 Electric Avenue Syracuse University

Business Manager of "Adam and Eva, 3; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

WILLIAM GEEHAGHY

124 Flower City Park

Undecided

Worry never wrinkled his brow.

LOIS GOEBRINGER

229 Pullman Avenue

Wellesley College

"Adam and Eva," 4; Literary Club, 4; Dramatics, 4; John Quill Publicity Staff, 4; Class Reporter, 1; Arch Bearer, 3; Glee Club, 1; Invitation Committee, 4; Hiking, 1, 2; Swimming, 2; Horseback Riding, 2.

Why, it's as easy as breaking an arm!





MARION HELEN GOTTEMEIER
1315 Dewey Avenue St. Mary's Hospital
"Dido and Aeneas", 4; Arch Bearer, 3;
Dancing, 1; Honorable Mention.

*The only girl we know who can study
in a study-hall.*



WILLIAM GRAVELLE
547 Avis Street Mass. Inst. of Technology
Honorable Mention, 4.

*He not only uses big words, but he
knows what they mean.*



DAVID HARRIS
121 Electric Avenue University of Conn.

Hi-Y, 3, 4; Manager of Golf, 2; Golf Team,
3; Second Place in Interscholastic Golf Tourna-
ment, 4; Reserve Baseball, 2, 3; Reserve
Basketball, 2, 3; First Team Basketball, 2, 3.

Man the pump! It's too thin to shovel.



MARCELLA HASTINGS
160 Alameda Street
Strong Memorial Hospital

*Just what a person named Marcella
should be.*



HELEN HOLLY
98 Gorsline Street U. of R.

Home Room Representative, 4; French
Assembly, 3; Swimming, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Life
Saving Badge, 4; Baseball, 1, 2; Tennis, 2;
Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Gym Meet, 2, 3; Swimming
Meet, 2, 3; Golf, 3; Major Athletics Letter, 4;
Major Scholarship Award, 4; National Honor
Society, 4.

She's romantically algebraic.

RUBY HOLMAN

264 Bidwell Terrace

R. B. I.

Swimming, 1; Basketball, 2; Honorable Mention

*Some people like diamonds; but we
prefer rubies.*

HILDA L. HOLTZ

30 Holmes Street

R. B. I.

Jo-Mar Typist, 3, 4; John Quill Typist, 4; Orchestra, 3; Dancing, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 2, 3; Basketball, 3, 4; Tennis, 2, 3; Swimming, 4; Gym Meet, 4; Minor Athletics Letter, 4; Minor Scholarship Letter, 4.

*Hilda without her smile is like ginger
ale without the fizz.*

DAYTON W. HULL

3 Thayer Street

Harvard

Jo-Mar, 4; Literary Club, 4; French Club, 4; Class Vice-President, 1; Class President, 4; Senior Play, 4; Assembly Play, 1; French Play, 2; Negro Assembly Program, 4; Bank Clerk, 2, 3; National Honor Society, 4; Golf Team Manager, 4; Soccer, 1, 2; Baseball, 1, 2; Home Room Soccer, 4; Tennis, 4; Major and Minor Scholarship Award, 3, 4.

*"Wait a minute, a couple of big bankers
just walked in."*

MARION HULTEN-SCHMIDT

14 Sterling Street

Genesee Hospital

Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Minor Scholarship Award, 4.

*Pretty eyes and a sweet smile—what
more could you want?*

FRANKLYN HUTCHINGS

141 Electric Avenue

U. of R.

Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Sport Editor of John Quill, 4; Swimming, 3, 4; Reserve Baseball, 3; Bowling Team, 4; Interclass Hockey, 3; Basketball, 4; Minor Scholarship Award, 4.

*Just a little boy scout struggling to
get along.*





SALVADORE IMBURGIO

564 Lake Avenue

Home Room Soccer, Basketball, Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain H. R. Soccer, 4.

He knows his onions.



M. ELAINE KLEIN

1512 St. Paul Street

Undecided

Swimming, 3, 4; Tennis, 3; Dancing, 3; Basketball, 3.

We wonder if Lancelot liked red hair.



GEORGE B. LAPHAM

76 Finch Street

U. of R.

Life Saving, 4; Home Room Basketball, 4; Swimming, 2.

*Georgie Porgie puddin' and pie
Kissed the girls and made them cry.*



WILLIAM LECHNER

315 Emerson Street

Undecided

*It may be Spring, but there's still a
fog around William.*



VIOLA LIDFELDT

287 Electric Avenue

U. of R.

Literary Club, 4; Dramatics Club, 3; Bank Clerk, 1; Statistical Editor of John Quill, 4; Jo-Mar Exchange Editor, 3; Feature Editor, 4; Arch Bearer, 3; Special Class Posters, 4; Bank Teller, 3; Chairman of Financial Committee, 4; Senior Dance Committee, 4; Baseball, 1; Dancing, 1, 3, 4; Tennis Tournament, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 1, 2; Gym Meet, 4; Swimming, 3, 4; Tennis, 1, 2, 3; Minor Athletic Award, 4; Major and Minor Scholarship Award, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4.

God's gift to the Eskimos.

CATHERINE MANN

304 Seneca Parkway

U. or R.

Horseback Riding, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 2; Basketball, 2; Swimming 2, 3; Minor Scholarship Award.

It has been said that people who incessantly ask questions turn out to be lawyers. Is this true, Kay?



JEAN MANNING

161 Alameda Street

R. B. I.

Swimming, 3; Riding, 4.

Smilin' thru.



LUELLA IRENE MARSH

40 Holmes Street

U. of R.

Literary Club, 4; Dramatics Club, 4; Arch Bearer, 2, 3; Latin Play, 4; Orchestra, 2, 4; Jo-Mar Staff, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Assistant Bank Clerk, 4; Home Room Representative, 3; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 4; Dancing, 3; Minor Scholarship Letter.

We know her by her giggle.



MARION MARTIN

128 Holcroft Road

U. of R.

Representative of Student Association, 1; Arch Bearer, 3; Tennis, 1; Volley Ball, 4; Honorable Mention.

I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream.



JAMES D. MCCARTHY

269 Lexington Avenue

R. B. I.

Honor Roll; Honorable Mention.

To beard the lion in his den, and dar'st thou then, the Douglas in his hall?





GLENORA MCINTYRE
124 Castleford Road R. B. I.
Dancing, 3.
Calm as the night, deep as the sea.



DOROTHY MCKEON
757 Lake Avenue R. B. I.
Bank Clerk, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hiking, 2; Honorable
Mention.
*Every senior class has to have at least one
person who can "tickle the ivories."
Here she is.*



FREDRICK B. MEARS
324 Glenwood Avenue U. of R.
Business Manager of John Quill; Reserve
Soccer, 2; Minor Scholarship Award, 2.
*His voice is ever soft and low
An excellent thing in—woman.*



WILBUR MEYERHOFF
17 Ridgeway Avenue U. of R.
Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Reserve Soccer,
3; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Reserve
Basketball, 3; Class Hockey, 2; Tennis Tourna-
ment, 4; Tennis Team, 4; Honorable Mention,
2, 3.
*Not lazy, but born naturally tired and
suffering from a relapse.*



LUCILLE MEYERS
106 Magee Avenue Undecided
Washington Play, 3; Dramatics, 3; Assistant
Business Manager of "The Patsy", 3; Bank
Clerk, 4; Riding, 2; Soccer, 2; Golf, 2, 3;
Baseball, 3; Honorable Mention, 3.
Sorry, fellows; too late!

LAURA E. MILLER

270 Lewiston Avenue

Undecided

Swimming, 1, 2, 3; Soccer, 1

That sweet voice in the chorus is Laura's.

ROBERT MILNE

95 Glendale Park

Undecided

Manager Freshman Basketball, 2; Manager Reserve Basketball, 3; Manager Home Room Basketball, 4; Home Room Basketball, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 3; Honorable Mention, 3, 4

Perhaps Robert can get us a new school.

ALLISON MONTAGUE

346 Augustine Street

Dartmouth College

Jo-Mar Staff, 3, 4; French Honor Club, 3, 4; 'Adam and Eva', 4; Latin Play, 4; Glee Club, 2; Executive Council, 4; John Quill Staff, 4; French Play, 4; Minor Scholarship Award, 4.

Known to the Chemistry class as the laddie who put perfume in his soap.

RUTH NADEL

351 Augustine Street

U. of R.

French Assembly, 3; Jo-Mar Reporter, 2; Feature Editor of Jo-Mar, 3; Managing Editor, 4; Editor-in-Chief of John Quill, 4; Class Historian, 2, 3; Polaris Representative, 3; Literary Club, 4; Tennis, 2, 3; Baseball, 1, 3; Swimming, 2; Baseball, 4; Volley Ball, 4; Gym Meet, 4; Minor Scholarship Award, 3; Major, 3; Executive Council, 4; National Honor Society, 3, 4; Secretary, 3, 4; French Honor Club, 4; Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Dramatics Club, 4; 'The Unseen', 4; Arch Bearer, 3; Minor Activities Award, 4.

The Kuku is dead! Long live the Kuku!

ROBERT B. NELLIS

691 Emerson Street

U. of R.

Home Room Soccer, 2; Horseback Riding, 2; Home Room Baseball, 2.

Who would suppose that one so small could be so naughty.





MARY O'CONNOR

8 Marigold Street Mechanics Institute

French Assembly, 3; Dancing, 1; Basketball, 1, 2; Swimming, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hiking, 3, 4; Baseball, 1, 2; Volley Ball, 4; Second Place in Swimming Meet, 1, 3; Minor Athletic Award, 3; Honorable Mention, 3.

Erm go bragh.



LOIS M. OLIVER

507 Driving Park Avenue Undecided

Honor Roll; Honorable Mention.

*The fairest garden in her looks and in
her mind the wisest books.*



RICHARD PALSEN

1382 Dewey Avenue Undecided

Orchestra, 1, 3, 4; Literary Club, 3; Minor Scholarship Award, 4.

Silent men are the brainiest.



BETSY PRYOR

139 Maplewood Drive U. of R.

Executive Council, 2; Class Secretary-Treasurer, 4; Literary Club, 4; Literary Editor of John Quill, 4; National Honor Society, 3, 4; French Assembly, 3; Arch Bearer, 3; Tri-Y, 3, 4; Tennis, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 3, 4; Horseback Riding, 2; Golf, 2; Gym Meet, 3, 4; Minor Scholarship Award, 3; Major, 4.

Clever artists are few and far between



JEAN EMILY QUINN

Brockport, New York Undecided

Jo-Mar Reporter, 3; "The Patsy", 3; Assembly Program, 1; Swimming, 1, 3; Tennis, 1, 2, 3; Soccer, 1, 2; Gym Meet, 2, 4; Baseball, 2; Skating, 2; Golf, 3; Minor Athletic Letter, 3; Major Athletic Letter, 4; Minor Scholarship Award, 3; Major, 4.

*Our bonnie Scotch lassie knows all the
traffic rules.*

ROBERT H. REDDICK

146 Kislighbury Street

U. of R.

Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Swimming, 2, 3; Life Saving, 4; Reserve Soccer, 4; Inter-Class Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Horse-Shoe Pitching, 3; Varsity Track Team, 3, 4; Sophomore Baseball, 2; Sophomore Basketball, 2; Skating, 3; Boxing, 3; Manager of Varsity Soccer, 3; Manager of Reserve Baseball, 2; Minor Letter in Athletics, 3; Class Hockey, 2; Major Letter in Athletics, 4; "Dido and Aeneas", 4; John Quill Staff, 4; Minor Scholarship Letter, 3.

Big, bashful, bouncing Bob.

EDWIN RENNIE

246 Electric Avenue

Undecided

Class President, 1, 2, 3; Vice-President of Students Association, 3; Dramatics, 3; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Freshman Play, 1; "The Patsy," 3; "Adam and Eva," 4; Washington Play, 3; Freshman Baseball; Reserve Baseball; Home Room Soccer, 1; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Swimming, 1; Honor Roll; Honorable Mention.

*All great men are dying off
I'm not feeling very well myself.*

DONALD ROBA

827 Ridgeway Avenue University of Cinn.

School Band, 1, 2, 3; School Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Inter-High Band, 1, 2, 3; Inter-High Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Baseball; Freshman Soccer; Captain of Inter-Class Track, 3; Varsity Track Team, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention.

A full-blown musician.

MARION ROBA

827 Ridgeway Avenue

Mechanics Inst.

Dancing, 1, 2, 3; Baseball, 2; Honorable Mention.

*True ease in writing comes from art, not
chance; as those move easiest who have
learned to dance.*

FLORENCE ROSENBERG

255 Pullman Avenue

R. B. I.

Jo-Mar Typist, 2; John Quill Typing Staff, 4; Bookstore, 4; Soccer, 2, 3; Honor Team, 3; Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Honor Team, 2, 3; Speedball, 4; Honor Team, 4; Minor Athletic Award, 4; Honor Roll; Honorable Mention.

*The reason for the increase in book-
store profits.*





EDWARD SCHIPPER

96 Delmar Street Undecided

Band, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Inter-High Band, 2; French Club, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4; Minor Activities Letter, 4; Class Secretary, 2, 3; Executive Council, 4; Ass't. Band and Orchestra Leader, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2; Home Room Basketball, 2, 4; Standard Bearer, 4; Minor and Major Awards, 4.

French teachers cry for him.

LILLIAN SCHAFER

128 Dove Street Undecided

Home Room Representative, 4; Swimming, 3;

Are small people always so cute?

CHARLOTTE SCHMANKE

652 Flower City Park R. B. 1.

Tri-Y, 3, 4; Arch Bearer, 3; Swimming, 1, 2; Riding, 2; Baseball, 2; Basketball, 1; Minor Scholarship Letter, 3; Major, 4.

She is always well-shod.

DOROTHY SCHOENHEIT

73 Dix Street U. of R.

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Second Place in Gym Meet, 3; Dancing, 3; Gym Meet, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3; Golf Manager, 3; Volley Ball, 4; French Club Secretary; Dramatics, 4; Assistant Photographic Editor of John Quill, 4; Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Minor and Major Letter Scholarship, 4; National Honor Society, 4.

When translated Schoenheit means "beautiful."

We see now why that is.

MARJORIE SCOTT

419 Electric Avenue U. of R.

Horseback Riding, 2, 3; Second Place in Riding Meet, 3; Basketball, 1; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 3, 4; Speedball, 4; Honor Team, 4; Soccer, 4; Baseball, 1; Minor Letter Athletics, 4; Secretary of Student Association, 4; Class Vice-President, 1, 3; Secretary, 2; Senior Play, 4; Jo-Mar Reporter, 4; Home Room Representative, 1, 2, 3, 4; Publicity Committee of John Quill, 4; Tri-Y, 4; Literary Club, 4; Dramatics Club, 3; Assembly Programs, 3, 4; Bank Clerk, 1, 2; Arch Bearer, 3; Glee Club, 1; Scholarship Minor and Major Letters; National Honor Society, 4.

Love is a wonderful interpreter.

FRANCES E. SHANNON

22 Holmes Street

U. of R.

"Les Babillards", 4; Minor, and Major Scholarship, 4; National Honor Society, 4.

Who says women aren't good mathematicians?

ELTA SLAGHT

263 Magee Avenue

U. of R.

Basketball, 1, 2; Hiking, 1; "Adam and Eva", 4; Dramatics, 4; Literary Club, 4; "The Unseen", 4; Grind Editor John Quill, 4; Major and Minor Scholarship Letters; "The Intimate Strangers", 4; National Honor Society, 4.

*"Vant pie, no vant pie;
vant soup, no xay soup."*

CHARLES E. SLUSSER

257 Steko Avenue

Annapolis

Our big butter and egg man.

HENRIETTA SNACK

126 Clay Avenue

Roch. Dental Dispensary

That rare thing—a good listener.

HELEN STEVENSON

59 Park View

Wellesley College

Swimming, 3; Basketball, 2, 3; Soccer, 2; Horseback Riding, 2; Minor Athletics Award; Dramatics Club, 2; John Quill, 4; French Club, 4; Bank Clerk, 2; Minor Scholarship Award; National Honor Society, 4.

*A friendly dog . . . a gleaming yacht . .
a sparkling sea.*





VERNA STRAIN

15 Rainer Street Queen's University

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 4; Skating, 2; Baseball, 2, 4; Literary Club, 3; Secretary-Treasurer, 3; Vice-President, 4; Arch Bearer, 2, 3; Dramatics, 4; Senior Play, 4; Latin Play, 4; Home Room Representative, 4; Jo-Mar Reporter, 2; Associate Editor, 3; Managing Editor, 3; Co-Editor-in-Chief, 4; National Honor Society, 4.

Is this a dagger which I see before me?

DAVID E. STURGIS

510 Augustine Street Undecided

Home Room Basketball, 3.

*Drummer boy, drummer boy,
where are you going?*

VERA VANSTONE

538 Westmount Street
Rochester Dental Dispensary

Bank Clerk, 1; Assistant Property Manager of Senior Play, 4; John Quill Art Editor, 4; Tennis, 3; Honorable Mention.

A Dresden China figurine

WILLIAM VOGT

127 Argo Park Undecided

Home Room Tennis.

Quite the ladies' man.

RAYMOND WAKEFIELD

111 Knickerbocker Avenue Mechanics Inst.

Bank Clerk, 3; Representative of the Students Association, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2; Home Room Baseball, 2.

A ray of sunshine.

ELIZABETH C. WARD

140 Gorsline Street

Undecided

Executive Council, 2; Swimming, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2; Golf, 2; Life Saving, 4; Honorable Mention; Honor Roll; Minor Athletic Award, 4.

Be nonchalant, light a Murad.

GLADYS WARD

87 Williston Road

Undecided

Junior Play "The Patsy", 3; Latin Play, 4; Arch Bearer, 3; Basketball, 2; Tennis, 2; Hiking, 2, 4; Honorable Mention.

A faithful friend, true and kind.

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS

198 Sherman Street

New York University

Varsity Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Reserve, 2, 3; Class Basketball, 2; Home Room, 2; Reserve Soccer, 2, 3; Minor Athletic Award, 4; Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Treasurer of H-Y, 3; President, 4.

Don't thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

GERTRUDE WILMOT

50 Primrose Street

U. of R.

Class Secretary, 2; Jo-Mar Reporter, 3, 4; Home Room Representative, 3; Manager of the Senior Christmas Cards; Advertising Mgr. of John Quill, 4; Tri-Y, 3, 4; Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hiking, 1; Dancing, 1; Baseball, 2; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 3; Skating, 3; Music Festival, 3; Minor Athletic Letter, 4; Major and Minor Scholarship Awards, 4; Minor Activities Award, 4.

"I must have that man!" And she gets him when it comes to collecting bills. She collected one three times before the poor man came to.

GLADYS WOOD

1640 Stone Road

Brockport Normal

Gladys would do anything for you.





ARNOLD WILSON
6 Dorothy Street Syracuse University

Bank Clerk, 2; Baseball, 1; Reserve Baseball, 2, 3; Interclass 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 2; Swimming, 3, 4; Cross Country, 3; Honorable Mention.

There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.



CHARLES WORBOYS
232 Avis Street Undecided

Hockey, 2, 3; Baseball, 1; Manager Reserve Baseball; Manager Reserve Soccer; Home Room Basketball 2, 3, 4; Manager First Team Baseball; Home Room Soccer; Honorable Mention.

*My heart's in the war, boys, but
Worboys is in Hart's.*



NORMAN YOUNG
1162 Lake Avenue Undecided

Tennis Team, 4; Winner of Beecher Trophy, 4; Track Team, 4.

Mah curly-haired baby.



WILLIAM H. ZIMMERMAN
517 Clay Avenue Wharton School of Finance

Freshman Baseball, Basketball, Soccer, 1; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Reserve Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Reserve Baseball, 2, 3.

A firm believer in puppy-love.



DOROTHY SCHUTT
258 Avis Street Undecided

Baseball, 1, 2; Honor Team, 2; Dancing, 1, 2; Soccer, 2; St. Patrick's Day Program.

*One of those all-around people who's
never around.*

HAROLD M. ENSIGN
83 Barnard Street Mechanics Institute
A mean knofer.

FREDERICK WILSON MULRONEY
95 Knickerbocker Avenue U. of R.
Honorable Mention, 3.
Peered.

John Quill Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	- - - - -	RUTH NADEL
<i>Literary Editors</i>	- - - - -	{ BETSY PRYOR { HELEN STEVENSON
<i>Grind Editors</i>	- - - - -	{ ELTA SLAGHT { ALLISON MONTAGUE
<i>Statistical Editors</i>	- - - - -	{ VIOLA LIDFELDT { EARL CLARK
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MISS CARO FITZSIMONS	- - -	<i>Supervisor of Publication</i>
CLARENCE EVAUL	- - -	<i>Financial Adviser</i>

No staff picture accompanies this list inasmuch as a large individual picture of each staff member can be found in the senior section.



Station W-H-O

Broadcasting on a Permanent Wave Length of 107 Seniors

- 6:00 A. M.—Setting up exercises—The Brawny Twins. Doris Fonda and Aileen Ferster.
- 6:30 A. M.—Vocal Varieties—Gertrude Wilmot, Elaine Klein, Florence Rosenberg.
- 6:45 A. M.—Morning Moods—Bits of poetry by W. Meyerhoff.
- 7:00 A. M.—Piano recital—Norman Young.
- 7:15 A. M.—Ensign and Imburgio Canned Foods Program—Announcers, Lechner and Fassenello.
- 7:30 A. M.—Arnold Wilson and his "Snappy Explosions"—crooner James McCarthy.
- 7:50 A. M.—Health—Its Care and Prevention—Gladys Ward and Florence Crozier.
- 8:00 A. M.—Artist's Bureau Presentation—Speakers: Elvera Childs of the Lidtfeldt School of Realistic Art, Vera Van Stone of the Dunlavy School of Modern Art.
- 8:30 A. M.—Mulroney Dog Food Program—"The Care of Dogs," by Robert Nellis.
- 8:45 A. M.—Guitar Music—Robert Gabel.
- 9:00 A. M.—Skit—"The Thirteenth Mudpuddle," featuring Evelyn Crocker, Roberta Clarke, Gladys Wood.
- 9:15 A. M.—The Goldust Twins—Jean Quinn and Betsy Pryor.
- 9:45 A. M.—Organ Program—Charlotte Schmanke.
- 10:00 A. M.—Helen Holly Cooking School Program—How To Bake Eggs, by Ruth Campbell.
- 10:30 A. M.—Candy Maker's Quartette—Lena Bowles, Dorothy Cheetham, Mary Conlon, Helen Stevenson.
- 10:45 A. M.—Agriculture Forum—Robert Gaylord.
- 10:46 A. M.—Cooking Asparagus—Elta Slaght.
- 10:47 A. M.—Concert Orchestra—Edward Schipper, Conductor.
- 11:00 A. M.—Hutching's Correct Time.
- 11:01 A. M.—Speech—Mildred Frech on "Etiquette, How Not To."
- 11:15 A. M.—Dayton Hull, the Hickory Soap Man.
- 11:30 A. M.—Debate on Prohibition—Marjorie Decker, Helen Dorsey, Fred Mears vs. Marcella Hastings, George Lapham, William Zimmerman.
- 12:00 Noon—Sisters of the Sauce-pan—Ed Renner and David Harris.
- 12:15 P. M.—Marjorie Scott, Soprano.
- 12:30 P. M.—The Three Whistlers—Marion Gottermeier, Dorothy McKoon, Mary O'Connor.
- 1:00 P. M.—Bernice Cole on Oranges.
- 1:15 P. M.—William Williams' Orchestra.
- 2:00 P. M.—Alfie and Ralfie Piano Duo (Mae and Weller Evans).
- 2:30 P. M.—"The Care of Children"—Doris Crews.
- 2:45 P. M.—Wakefield Bread Program.
- 3:00 P. M.—School of The Air—Teachers, Dorothy Schutt, Ruby Holman, Hilda Holtz, Lois Oliver.
- 4:00 P. M.—Charles Slusser, the pickle man.
- 4:15 P. M.—Dave Sturgis' Orchestra.
- 4:30 P. M.—Interview—Dorothy Schoenheit tells her love life to Luella Marsh.
- 5:00 P. M.—Donald Barron speaking on "The Crime Wave."

- 5:15 P. M.—“Hints on How To Dress Cheaply but Quietly”—Earl Clark.
5:30 P. M.—Robert Reddick and his “Nine Music Boxes.”
6:00 P. M.—Dinner Music—Marion Hultenschmidt and Glenora McIntyre.
6:45 P. M.—Robert Milne—News of the day.
7:00 P. M.—“Amos” Palser ‘n “Andy” Crane.
7:15 P. M.—The Children’s Hour—Aunt Laura Miller and Uncle Bill Geraghty.
7:45 P. M.—Henrietta Snack—pianist.
8:00 P. M.—Marjorie Darling on “This Modern Generation.”
8:15 P. M.—Flynn Beauty Cream Program—Mildred Faustman, Jean Manning, Lillian Schlafer.
9:00 P. M.—Worboys Mattress Company Program—Dorothy Fitzgerald, yodeler.
10:00 P. M.—Hour for the Weak-Minded: The Kuku, Ruth Nadel; Nut, Lois Gochringer; Mrs. Pettyfather, Vera Strain; “Shorty,” Allison Montague; Voice from above, Don Roda.
11:00 P. M.—Bacher’s Dance Orchestra—Elizabeth Ward, Frances Shannon, Pauline Burns—“The Harmony Trio.”
12:00 Midnite—Erdle Night Club Serenaders—Catherine Mann, Rose Brenna, Eleanor Biddle, Marion Martin, Wm. Gravelle, Wm. Vogt, Kenneth Britton.
12:45 A. M.—Paul Dean—“How I Became Successful.”
1:00 A. M.—Radio Guild—Lucille Meyers, John Doncette, Shirley Davidson, Marion Roda.
2:00 A. M.—“Good Morning America”—Mariea Durkin.
Cheerio!



Last Will and Testament



E, the Class of June 1931, of John Marshall High School, being of unsound mind and body, and fearing lest our Alma Mater become too prosperous after our departure, do hereby and whereby publish this, our final Will and Testament, and herein name our heirs:

First: To Jack Thirtle we bequeath the e'er entrancing sarcasm of Elta Slaght.

Second: To the office staff (bless their hearts) we leave the new "Jo-Mar" staff; also the sincere apologies of the former staff for any indignities to which they may have subjected aforesaid office staff.

Third: To Mr. Friel we grant Robert Gaylord's ability as a board eraser. May he rent it to some deserving studious Intermediate classman.

Fourth: To some hard working, worthwhile freshman, Edward Schipper's ability to pronounce a French U.

Five: To Mr. Brady (who requested it from the writers) we leave our very good manners and our quiet way of doing things.

Six: To Larry we leave our "clean lockers in the long hall" and our sympathetic feelings when he has to put new hooks and eyes on them. Or maybe it's new hooks and locks.

Seven: To Matthew Lyders we leave Margaret Thurston.

Eight: To the new "Jo-Mar" staff we leave the sacred atmosphere of Room 109.

Nine: To the student body in general we leave the h's dropped by Mr. Friel in trying to pronounce "fifth."

As the sole executors of this Will we do hereby appoint Mr. Lawrence Tennity and Gordon Steinfeldt, the perpetual senior; may they consign it to the nearest wastebasket.

THE CLASS OF JUNE 1931.

Per R. N. and M. F.



John Marshall Faculty



Van de Walle, Kircher, Lyders, Kiggins, Thurston, Foster, Clippinger, Jenkins, Houseman, Streebing, FitzSimons, Worthington.
Cowles, Lamb, Leader, Paine, Brady, Flanders, Loth, Mason, Warner, Cook, Monaghan, Mutschler.
Andrews, Spencer, Bradshaw, Conroy, Booth, Grinnell, Hyde, Powers, Wilder, O'Reilley, Hardendorf, Botsford.
Baker, Evalul, Chittenden, Burt, Friel, Principal Snyder, DeCoster, Ulrich, Neun, Mayo.



Isabella
Campbell

Logan
Saundersman
Luscher missing

Acting Captains Nucchi, Williams
Gratzer Friel

Basketball

Back from coaching John Marshall's champion basketball team of last year, Leon Friel was confronted with the task of fashioning a quint which might play with the brilliant style of its predecessors. This meant a great deal of practise for the candidates because, with only two veterans, all were inexperienced in varsity basketball. Without an exception the fellows co-operated with the sportsmanlike fight that is so characteristic of the Ridgeway Avenue boys and were soon molded into a seemingly capable combination. In their first game, against a very powerful School of Commerce team, the boys came through very nicely with a victory. Very shortly our old rivals, East High, invaded Marshall's court where the Orientals eked out a three point win over the Orange and Blue. While this game was in one sense a failure, it was a successful event in that our most formidable combination was found.

With high hopes resulting from its new faction, the John Marshall team went into action against Franklin and came out victorious. This game was the high light of the season and in winning, our boys added a star to their crown for, as it turned out, Franklin won the city championship. A little later the quint was weakened by the loss of Kinsella and Dunnigan, our only veterans.

John Marshall's team suffered no overwhelming defeats and lost two games by one point margins. While the result of this season's play has not been materially outstanding, loss of experienced players brought several sophomores to the front who will be on deck to represent Marshall in the future.

Soccer

John Marshall's soccer team, under our new coach, Mr. Ulrich, enjoyed one of the best seasons a Marshall soccer team has ever had. It had an excellent record in that out of eight league starts only one game was lost to West High after a severe battle. Members of the first squad were Maxwell, Makin, Hoefler, Christman, Pilaroscia, Tom White, Nucchi, Purchase, Marvin, Morris, Zimmerman and Captain Leon White.

Hockey

Regardless of lack of practise caused by unfavorable weather, Marshall's sextet did not lose a league game. The Marshall boys were virtually schollastic champs, for they held a victory over West High who in turn nosed out East and Monroe. Those who participated were Yewer, Roda, Turner, Schoenheit, Heim, Rotollo, Battey, Reddick, and Maxwell, Captain.

Track

The Orange and Blue track team has high aspirations for the Spring season. In the recent interscholastic meet places were taken by two of our men, Maxwell and Sheel. The fellows are practicing consistently and looking forward to their coming meet with Franklin. Other track men are Rogers, Rouse, Fancette, Holben, Blake, and Berner, Manager.

Golf

Golf at Marshall has greatly advanced under Leon Friel. Harris lost the scholastic championship by one stroke last fall and the team is confident of winning the city matches this spring. Golfers are Harris, Marlin, Trenaman, Caudle and Fogarty.

Swimming

The Orange and Blue fin-shakers, under the expert tutelage of George Mercer, have had a very satisfactory season, for while they finished in only fourth place, they are the first tank team from Marshall to win a meet in three years. They also placed three men in the interscholastic meet. Lechner won the diving event while Phaler and Beatty also won places. Other members of the squad are Berner, Rouse, Bailey, Hutchings, Wilson, Ells, Cartwright, and Captain Clement.

Girls' Basketball Honor Team, 1930-31



Davis Schoenheit FitzGerald Boyd
Croft Jones DeLelys Holtz Stortz

Girls' Gym Meet, April 23

Constance Morton—first place Shirley Davidson—second place
Adele Page and Peggy Joyce—third place

POSTURE

SENIORS	JUNIORS	SOPHOMORES	FRESHMEN
Amelia Vincella	Constance Morton	Eleanor VanDeusen	Mary Grella
Gladys Grunst	Lucy Clark	Leora DeLelys	Beatrice Gallup
Mildred Frech	Barbara Pryor	Jessie Harper	Elsie Carlson

DRILL

Shirley Davidson	Constance Morton	Adele Page	Peggy Joyce
Ruth Vockel	Mildred Lochner	Eleanor Magee	Helen Ancona
Lena Bowles	Margaret Simpson	Mildred Whitney	Dorothy Wulf

DANCING

Shirley Davidson	Catherine Mortimer	Grace Fay	Eleanor Sederquist
Lena Bowles	Constance Morton	Adele Page	Peggy Joyce
Amelia Vincella	Maxine Somerville	Muriel Baker	June Wedel

Jo Mar Staff



Lidfeldt, Clement, Brady, Clark, Caudle, DuRocher. Nadel, Wilmot, Finnigan, Grunst, Croft, Brooks, Traux
Siebert, Hull, Frech, editor; FitzSimons, supervisor; Strain, editor; Romig, Montague

Brother Mine

First Prize



than Ronny. Perhaps one of the reasons why we get along so beautifully is that we co-operate in all things—in doing our homework, in capturing our heart's desires, in everything.

One night Ronny and I went to a Sigma Nu dance where I met the boy with whom I fell in love. When I told Ronny that I wanted the boy on the end of the stag line to cut in he was instantly obliging and danced me over where this new fancy was standing so I could see him and do my stuff. When I caught his eye I smiled demurely and then whispered to Ronny to dance a little way off and come back a minute later.

It was then that I saw my new love cutting in on a girl whom I knew only slightly. Keenly disappointed I told Ronny and he promised to keep where I could see the minute the girl had her next cut and try again. Marion didn't have a next cut and when the music stopped I saw them sit down. "Look, Ronny," I moaned, "Isn't he stunning? Oh, I wish I could meet him! But I just can't go over to speak to Marion when I've always avoided her in the past. See how they're laughing. They seem to know each other awfully well. I wonder what he sees in her."

Ronny never gets excited. He merely stared coolly in their direction and muttered something about not seeing any bells on that guy. Suddenly I gasped and clutched his sleeve. "You know who he is? He's Jack Winthrop—the boy who's visiting Marion's brother. Her brother, Mort, met him at college. Oh, I'd be so proud to dance with him! Oh, Ronny, I must! But how can I?"

Ronny was sure he didn't know and when the orchestra began we rose to dance and I abandoned hope of ever meeting Jack Winthrop. After a while the other stags began to cut in and the time passed so quickly that I forgot Jack until intermission when Ronny led me toward a davenport in the corner of the mezzanine. My heart skipped a few beats when I recognized Jack and Marion on the same davenport. "Ronny," I protested for there were several empty seats

around them. Ronny was determined and he dragged me right over to them. Before I could recover my poise Marion's rasping voice was saying, "Mr. Winthrop—Miss Dean and her brother Ronald."

I sat down between Marion and Jack and he said in a very deep voice, "So you are brother and sister?"

"Yes," Marion said, "they go everywhere together. Isn't it cute?"

I noticed that Ronny was making an awful fuss about Marion, admiring her dress and acting as if he had been waiting for a chance to see her. Then I saw through it all. All the time we had been dancing, his marvelous mind had been devising a plan to enable me to meet Jack Winthrop. He was sacrificing his own pleasure all for me, devoting himself to Marion so that Jack could do nothing but pay me his attentions. I forgot that I was sitting beside Jack and felt very tender toward my brother for I knew how he had always hated Marion from the time she used to tattle on him in grammar school. Instead of trying to appear radiant and charming for Jack's benefit, I sat there with a wan smile for Ronny, watching and listening while he paid Marion all sorts of compliments, feeding her a line that I didn't think he had in him. But Jack was asking me questions so I turned away from them to become acquainted with the boy who was causing this remarkable sacrifice and acting on my brother's part.

He asked about my school and sorority but he soon discovered that I wanted to hear about his life at college. I listened fascinated, doing my best to appear sophisticated and to ask only intelligent questions. The fact that he was only a sophomore encouraged me and gave me confidence in my own ability to interest him for I had known older boys than Jack. When the music began I was delighted that he asked me to dance. I stole a glance at Ronny and Marion to see how they were getting along in time to see her blush at something he had said and gurgled appreciation. I felt very proud as I danced with Jack and felt the envious eyes of my friends but I felt guilty too for we often passed Ronny who was pushing Marion around valiantly, and it was well known that Marion had a passion for leaning on her partner's shoulder for the support she should have had from her own legs. I knew that the only way for me to deliver my dear brother was to surrender Jack; so it was another question of sacrifice. Since I had had a half hour that might have been one of bliss if I had not been so worried about Ronny, I suggested that we find them.

It was then that the boy from school cut in. I fervently prayed that Jack would find Marion but I saw him standing off to one side, following me with his eyes and making no effort to locate her. Poor Ronny!

A few minutes later Mort, Marion's brother, cut in and began to tell me how crazy Jack was about me when Jack himself, whom I now realized was the cause of this mix-up, cut in. I was half rapturous, half agonized, for neither Ronny nor Marion were in sight and I had a disturbing mental picture of my dear unselfish brother marooned on a lounge with sweet Marion. I was sure that he couldn't have been enjoying himself for there was no doubt about Marion being impossible. She was a prig and a prude and it was only her everlasting sweetness that kept her eligible at all. Marion always thought the boys were perfect dears and one's dress was just too sweet for words. She agreed with everything and suggested nothing and quoted Shakespeare by the yard. No, Ronny couldn't be happy with Marion and I had to do something to relieve him.

"Jack," I said, taxing my will power, "I'd like to find Ronny now."

"But you're not worried about your brother are you? Come on, let's dance some more. He'll be all right," he said, surprised.

"I think we'll start home now. We like to get out before the crowd."

"You two are awfully congenial for brother and sister," he remarked and I thought it was an awfully silly thing for him to say.

He took me to the mezzanine and sure enough, there were Marion and Ronny as I had pictured them. I was sure that Ronny brightened when he saw me but Marion was obviously crest-fallen. "I've had a most fascinating time, Ronald. Goodnight," she said casting him a smile that she supposed was coy. Ronny made a good effort at pretending he regretted leaving and followed me to the check room. He was so gracious that I thought to myself, "Leave it to Ronny to do a thing up right," and I wondered if she would be inviting him over there all the time. Jack watched us out of sight and I was conscious of the admiration in his handsome dark eyes.

"Ronny!" I cried as soon as we had found a cab. "You were a dear!"

"Well," was his calm reply, "did he come up to all your expectations?"

"Oh, yes, he was a divine dancer and very charming but, you—! Poor Ronny, you were stuck with Marion! I couldn't think of anything else while I was with Jack but of you stranded with her! You were splendid and I shall never forget it!"

"Oh, it wasn't so bad. How about this fellow? Are you going to see some more of him?"

"Why, I don't think so."

"You don't act so keen about him. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Ronny, why?"

"I can't make you out. Here you were crazy to meet him and then when you get him you do your level best to get rid of him."

"I didn't want to get rid of him. But I couldn't bear to have you sit with Marion."

"I wasn't bad off at all. Marion's a nice little girl. She knows a lot and I learned a good many things that I didn't know before. She's a good change from our more frivolous friends."

"Why Ronny, you know very well that you've always thought Marion was a pill and a lemon and everything else impossible!"

"I never really knew her. Honest, Sis, she's a peach. Maybe I'll run over to see her sometime this week. Now, if you hadn't ditched Jack we could go together."

I didn't say another word but just looked out at the quiet streets and thought a good many things. I was sorry I had worried about Ronny when he was having such a perfectly beautiful time and wished desperately that I had enticed Jack instead of shaking him.

But after a few days I had forgotten all about Jack and the whole evening, for though other boys may seem awfully attractive at first there is really no one like Ronny. Ronny forgot to call on Marion and I secretly resolved to act more serious and pensive when I was with him.

Mary Romig, 12B.



"Tryst"

First Prize

*Ten places 'round the table set,
On each chair rests a flag;
The guests have not arrived as yet,
The toasts have not been made.*

*The room is quiet as the night,
The air with fragrance thick;
Quite faded's the daguerreotype
Above the mantle brick.*

*One lone man in tattered blue,
Walks slowly to his place,
He takes his flag, salutes it too,
And bows his head in grace.*

*Old man, where are your comrades nine,
Have they the tryst forgot—
Those men who fought with you in line,
That Union might be wrought?*

*No, they are buried in the ground,
Their ashes turned to dust;
But to your oath close are you bound,
And keep the tryst you must!*

*The gallant soldier raised his hand
And to each spirit said,
"My Comrades, I'm the last to stand
And eat our banquet bread.*

*"Sacred be this trysting spot
In memory of the past;
Forever may our country's lot
Among the great be cast*

*"May the honor of your souls
Reincarnated be
To keep us marching toward our goal
Of countries made war-free."*

*As he spoke this benediction
A last golden gleam of light
Knightsed his venerable presence
With a halo, purest white,*

ELIZABETH WARD, 12A.

On the Quest for Beauty

First Prize



THE best poetry, or that which I like the best, is that which deals with the searching for beauty. Masfield has said that a man can spend his life in the search of that one beauty God put him here to find. I can think of nothing finer than for a man who has spare time to spend it in the quest of beauty. There is so much beauty in the world that scarcely an hour passes but that he finds something that to him may seem full of that intangible quality. By "beautiful" I do not mean anything that is handsome or fair, but I mean something that is a perfect whole, that signifies peace and tranquility. I have lain under a tree in the Spring, looked about at the shadow-flecked ground and called it beautiful. The sight of automobiles passing on a road a mile distant from that tree has made me think of the beauty of accomplishment. It has given me an indescribable feeling of pleasure to contemplate those cars each pursuing its course while I sat surveying the moving pageant from my cool throne on the hillside.

There is a brook I am thinking of that bubbles delightedly a short distance from where I lay beneath that tree. The clear sparkling water as it flows over the gravelly bottom seems fraught with a sublime quality that defies description. The far-off purple haze of twilight steals upon me unawares as I doze in reverie beneath the branches of that gnarled trunk and brings with it the clear sense of quiet and rest from life's endeavors. It is a searching thought of Longfellow's when he says, "Life's endless toil and endeavor and tonight I long for rest." I do not think he means rest from exertion but rather, rest from the humdrum round of daily life.

There are moments of exhilaration in which everything appears exceptionally interesting. I can remember an early morning hike when, with the sun scarcely up, the frost still lay untouched on the frozen ground. The sun was just peeping with its "shining morning face," over the tops of some tall trees that guarded the entrance into a forest, and the line between the grass that bore the frost and that which did not was steadily receding until on my way back all the ground was warm and inviting once more. The fallen log on which a parasitic fungus grew next attracted my attention. Reaching up underneath to its untouched white surface I etched in scrawly letters with a stick the date, my name, and a verse. It is all as clear to me as the day I did it and I am confident that I shall remember it always. That hour of idle seeking for beauty netted me at least one beautiful thought to hold in the cloistered recesses of my memory and when I get older that scene and thousands like it will go through to my mind to stave off any sense of futility or loneliness. That is what I hoard, the picturesque scene, the bewitching hour, and the delightful experience! These may be as Sara Teasdale says:

*"For thy spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night."*

DAYTON HULL, 12A.

In the Modern Manner

Futility

Honorable Mention

*Green crusted cannon
Maintaining its vigil
Still pointed eastward.*

.....
White crosses.

.....
*Dark green undergrowth
Covering the trenches*

.....
More crosses

.....
*Brood deep Rhine
("Just a few miles farther")
Floating on forever.*

.....
Crosses.

DANIEL CAUDLE, 12B

Impressionistic

Honorable Mention

*Snow-covered house tops,
White as the purest ivory—
Snow-covered trees,
Sparkling like a pot of gold.*

LILLIAN SCHLAER, 12B

A Noon Dance

Honorable Mention

*Happiness,
The joy of dancing
Amounting, sometimes, to devotion;
Slender forms
That sway and swing;
In smooth motion.*

*Others walk,
Move about,
Try to be meticulous
We laugh—but, still
We can recall
When we were equally
Ridiculous.*

GLADYS WOOD, 12A

Romance Doesn't Die

Honorable Mention



LEASE, Peggy!"

The rowboat rocked lazily in the tunnel of cool dim greenery formed by the drooping willow-tree branches as the question died upon the still air.

There was no answer, and the drowsy silence of a June twilight again settled over the two. Peggy looked across the lake which glistened like a tinted mirror under the magic touch of the setting sun, but she was oblivious of even the deep, bass-voiced bull-frog splashing in the water next to them.

A stray sun beam lit on her nose, and John was convinced that the freckles there made her even more adorable. John was very much in love with this girl in the blue gingham dress, and had been saying, "Please," for over a year.

A honey-laden bee, buzzing home to contribute his share to the day's work, brought Peggy out of her reverie. She laid her hand on John's arm, and he immediately caught it between his two rough ones.

"John, dear," she said, "I know you love me, but I know, too, that you could never make me happy."

"But, why, Peggy?" the boy insisted. "I'll devote my life to the job. We can make the old farm a Paradise on earth. Please say yes."

"Farn! How I hate the sound of that word!" She exclaimed passionately. "My mother and dad loved each other—just as we do. They were filled with grand dreams of life's being just one long heaven, and look what the farm has done to all their air-castles. It's crumbled them, every one of them, till there's only a heap of memories remaining. They've grown to be part of the everyday routine of the place, toiling and working from four o'clock in the morning till sundown—scrimping and saving till every ounce of romance and love has left. What else is there for them now? Nothing!" And she flung out her hands in a hopeless gesture.

"Why, Peg, dear, I thought . . ."

"Yes, I know. You thought I loved the place. Well, I do love it, John, every nook of it; but I'm not going to let it get me; nor crush and drag me down till life becomes unbearable and drab with nothing but work! Oh, can't you understand?"

Neither spoke again until the boat had been tied to the rickety dock, and they were crossing the field toward Peg's house in the deepening darkness. Then John dropped his sturdy arm around Peggy's slim shoulders, pulled her chin up till her eyes met his and whispered, "I think you're wrong, sweetheart, and I'd like to prove it to you."

Leaving a kiss on the top of her curly head, he turned and swung toward his own house without speaking further.

Peg watched him for a minute, then opened the gate, shoved aside a tiny pig which was still loitering in the yard, and approached the low, rambling farm house, which was badly in need of paint and which had always been home to her.

A light was burning in the kitchen and through the open window Peg could see her father's broad back. His shoulders, still square and strong regardless of the years which labor had spent trying to bend them, reminded her of John's as he had gone down the road away from her. She watched him as he took up the paper and lit his pipe. Her mother was seated in the usual chair before the stove,

quietly sewing, and her kid brother was tusseling nearby on the floor with the pup. As her husband came toward her, the little woman looked up and smiled. A responding grin lit the man's tanned face; he bent, and firmly placed his lips on his wife's forehead. Peg saw her mother push him away with a laugh, but a tell-tale blush made it apparent that she didn't mind a bit. The man playfully ruffled her hair, and they laughed together; then he went to his own favorite place.

The gesture had been so like John's! For a moment the years of toil and fatigue had rolled away, and she had seen her mother and dad—sweethearts again, unaware of anything, but each other. Blinding tears flashed into her eyes and a feeling which she did not wait to diagnose crept into her heart.

She turned and sped down the road toward the moving blur which showed that John had not yet reached home. She called to him; he turned and hurried back toward her.

"Oh, John, dear, I was wrong, and now—well, I'd like to have you prove it to me," she gasped.

John asked no questions. He merely gathered the slim figure in his arms and did what any happy lover would do.

MARJORIE SCOTT, 12A.

A Small Boy's Lament

*"Mama, can't I leave my cap off?
I'll be careful of my car.
The other kids are all bare headed,
Summer time is almost here."
This is one of many reasons
Heard by many a careful mother
Who, according to a small boy,
Watches him more than his brother;*

*"I'm older now than I was last year,
And you wouldn't let me then;
Why can't I take it off this year
Like all the other men?
Why, I'm 'most six years old by now
And getting big and tall,
And I can pretty nearly touch
The pictures on the wall."*

*"Aw mama, can't I leave it off?
It's 'most the middle of May;
And not one of the other fellows
Wear his when he's out to play."*

*"Aw gee, I'll be glad when summer comes,
And the sun shines warm all day,
For then I won't have to wear my cap
When I go out to play."*

BY MADELINE MONG, 10A

The Opinion of a Certain Irishman About New York City

Dramatis Personae

Timothy O'Toole

Officer Jones

Another Policeman

Act I.—Scene I.—Timothy O'Toole is gazing at the smoke rings he is lazily blowing across the top of a wooden fence into the cow pasture.

Tim (to himself): Yis, I'm agoin' to New York. That's the only way I'll ever foind out if I'm a great mon.

(Here one of the cows utters a loud moo.)

Tim: What are ye mooing at me for Sally? Ye can't tell, I might become a great mon. But what chance have I here in Hillboro to become famous? All I've done for the past three years has been to raise potatoes. I might get a job in New York as a polytician; I can tell lies well enough.

(Several cows moo at this point.)

Tim: Are ye dishputin' the fact thot polyticians are dishonest? Whisht, cows, whisht! No matter whot ye say, I'm agoin' to New York and leave ye (motioning to cows) and all the potatoes to take care of yoursilves for one day.

(Taps out contents of his pipe and goes into his house with a decisive air.)

Scene II.—The next day.

(Tim cranks his Ford, and starts north towards the big, noisy city of New York. We find him just as he is entering one of the busy thoroughfares of the city.)

Tim (to Lizzie): Sure, 'tis one grand city they do be havin' here. Big, broad shtrates and enough trolley cars for all of Ireland. 'Tis a good thing I didn't bring Sally to this town to sell. Like as not a few of these big limyzines would run over her before I could git her to a butcher's.

(Continues to chatter to Lizzie about the wonders of New York. Goes through several red traffic lights, nods and bows to the infuriated policemen and having reached Fifth Avenue totally oblivious of the rancor he has produced in the hearts of normally good-natured policemen, proceeds down the Avenue. He bows thus for ten minutes. Turns several more times and gets back on Fifth Avenue. Our hero is unaware that he has made no progress and has used a half gallon of gasoline in going around a few blocks in his still beloved city.)

Dutiful policeman: Hey, you, where d'ye think ye're goin'? Can't you see? The red light's on!

Tim: You know, I think those red lights are a rale decoration to this city. This is the first time I've stopped to look at thim because I haven't had time before.

Policeman (nastily): Oh you haven't, have you? Well, I'll give you time now. Here's a ticket. Report to the judge at the twenty-thoid precinct today. Tell him the same story.

Tim (unaware that he is a policeman): But didn't I just git through tellin' ye I ain't got time. I can't stop to visit any Mr. Judge, thankin' ye kindly for the invitation. Maybe ye'd better keep the card for somebody else, heh? Good day to you, sir.

((Steps on accelerator and leaves the policeman, who has never heard a story like this before, speechless, choking from Elizabeth's backfire).)

Officer (to no one in particular): I wonder if he was crazy or just plain dumb? Must be crazy. No one could be so dumb and act so smart.

Tim (still in possession of Lizzie): Well, Lizzie, the people here are certainly kind. Stop you right in the shtrate and ask you to visit their relatives. (To another policeman) Good day, sir.

2nd Officer: Good day, nothing! Where d'ye think ye're goin'?

Tim: I'm not goin', I'm comin'. I've cum' all the way from Hillsboro just to see yer grand city. So far I've seen nothin' but min loike ye, wavin' their fists and jumpin' up and down loike jacks-in-the-box. Why are ye all dressed in blue and why d'ye wear brass buttons instead of bone?

Officer: Listen you! I'm paid to enforce the law, not to answer the silly questions of furriners. By the way, are ya Irish?

Tim: Well, I'm not a Swede.

Officer: Hold your tongue. What's your name and where were you born? (Tim remains silent).

Officer: What ails you? Speak up or it's the hoosegow for you.

Tim (in a fighting mood): Ye jist told me to hold my tongue. Ye change your mind quicker than most wimmen.

Officer (haughtily): That's my privilege. (Relenting a little). From the way you argue and from your accent, I should judge you were Irish. I'm a pretty good deducter if I do say it myself.

Tim: Ye're a what?

Officer: What is this, a game of questions and answers? If there are any questions asked, I'll ask them. Are ya Irish?

Tim: Yis, I am thot.

Officer: Born here?

Tim: In Ireland.

Officer: I thought so.

Tim: What'd ye ask for?

Officer: Say, will you answer my questions and stop questioning me? I'm an officer of the law and used to being politely treated. I don't need to be questioned.

Tim (innocently raising his eyes): Is that so, now?

Officer: If you didn't look so dumb, I'd think you were tryin' to be sarcastic. However, seeing you're Irish and a hick from Hillsboro, I guess I can let you off easy. Here's a book with traffic regulations. Read it, and remember not to go through a red light. Go ahead only when the green light is on. Move along now.

Tim: Good bye, officer.

Officer: Good bye! Remember, read that book!

Tim: I'll read it whin I git back to Hillsboro. I think it'll be a long time before I come to New York again. Whin I do, however, I've a notion I'll know more about traffic rules than ye do. Can ye tell me how to reach the Hillsboro Road?

Officer: Ya go straight ahead for four blocks, then turn to the left and drive for two blocks until you come to four crossroads. Take the one to the right and follow your nose. Ya can't make a mistake.

Tim: If I do it won't be my fault, officer, for ye explain in so defynit a manner. Thanks fer me instrution. G'bye!

Scene III—Fifteen minutes later.

(After following the officer's complicated instructions, Tim manages to reach the Hillsboro road. Once more he feels at ease as he nears familiar sites. Now, however, he is content, for he has seen the city and it hasn't proved so fascinating as he thought. He reaches home tired but happy and is effusively greeted by loud moos and switching tails. The potatoes remain silent as if to reprove him for his foolhardiness. Not a bit daunted, Tim proceeds to tell his cows and favorite potatoes what he thinks of New York.)

Tim (to his favorites): "Well, I've decided after running around, that Hillsboro is far ahead of New York. They haven't got policemen at every corner waiting for lights to turn different colors. Imagine paying a man to watch lights change from red to green. Howsomiver it's a great country, is Ameriky. Green is the ruling color here as well as in Ireland. Sure, ye can't even cross the sbtrate unless the light is green according to what thot last officer said. Yis, it's a great country.

(Here Tim begins to whistle the Star Spangled Banner with all the gusto of his Irish lungs. Several cows raise their large eyes to Tim's but they're too disgusted even to moo.)

LOIS OLIVER, 12A

From Morn' 'Til Eve

*A glow appears behind the hills,
And blends itself in gray;
And golden streaks flash left and right,
The genesis of day.*

*Then slowly climbs a blood red ball,
Up higher yet it goes,
With a halo glowing round itself,
Made of the rays it throws.*

*Then down it creeps on the western side
To rest its head on the bay;
And it slowly vanishes bit by bit;
Thus ends another day.*

JEAN KINGSTON, 9A

A Puppy

*Now if I were a puppy bright,
And did not know the wrong from right
And I upturned the flower vase,
I'd think 'twould be a lovely chase,
Around the house and around again
Just to start all over again,
But if 'twere cold and I out of door
I'd wish I were myself once more.*

DAVID MARVIN, 12B

Faithfulness Must Be Rewarded

Honorable Mention

In Sacramento there lives a wealthy and brilliant lawyer, a man who has encountered few obstacles along the path to success. Few things in life have impressed him as being emotional. Despite his apparent success he is a lonely man spurning the outstretched hand of age. His large mansion upon the hill overlooking the city is dull and lacks the touch of life. All alone in this great house he lives with a Chinaman for a butler.

Yet the Chinaman is the most essential ornament in this great house. Each evening, when the lawyer returns from the city, the door is opened by Charlie. Dinner is served promptly. It little matters if the master desires to entertain a group of friends; everything is still in readiness. When he rises in the morning his clothes are carefully pressed and laid out. Breakfast is served, and Charlie opens the door for his master as he leaves for the day.

Charlie appears to be sleepless. Moreover there is perfect understanding between Charlie and his master. Everything about the house is entrusted to Charlie. Now, it is so happened that the master, realizing Charlie's loyalty, rewarded him with a substantial increase of salary. One evening while dining he called for Charlie. "Good evening, Charlie," he greeted him. It was the first time he had spoken to him in a month.

"Good evening, sir," replied the butler.

"Charlie, you are a good and devoted servant, and faithfulness must be rewarded. I shall increase your salary to two hundred a month."

"Thank you, sir, but I leave at end of month."

"Ah, but you mustn't," said the master, "I shall pay you whatever you wish."

"No," said the Chinaman; "I go back to China."

"To China!" wondered the man. "Why on earth must you go to China? You are contented here, are you not?"

"I go to China next month," answered Charlie decisively.

"Tell me why, Charlie."

"My brother lives in China. He twenty-three years old. He has wife and two children. He is to be hung for stealing. In China one man may take another man's place. I go to China next month."

"I understand, Charlie."

"Is that all, sir?"

"Yes, Charlie."

The master sat looking at the wall for an hour. The next month Charlie sailed for China. Another Chinaman was engaged, and soon a perfect understanding grew up between him and his master.

LIONEL HICKEY, 12A.



Bozo Joins Up

BOZO and Andy were sitting close together on a spacious window seat gazing earnestly out of the front window. Two necks were twisted; two noses were flattened against the window pane. They were watching the fascinating labors of two truckmen carrying furniture from a loaded van into the house next door. They were still impassively sitting there fifteen minutes later when a car drew up front of the van. A man, a little girl, and a Pomeranian pup jumped out and went into the house. One small boy and one small dog were consumed with curiosity.

Two days later Andy, Bozo, and Andy's mother called next door to make a neighborly visit. Andy and Bozo were introduced to Betty, the little girl, and to Princess, the Pomeranian pup. Bozo wasn't quite sure whether he wished to be friends with the new dog until they touched noses. Bozo received a shock of pleasure. He was willing to try it again, but Princess was indifferent and scratched behind one ear, not a very lady-like action, but a necessary one. Andy and Betty became acquainted quickly. Soon the two children and their dogs were walking in the garden.

The next few days were happy ones for Bozo. He taught Princess all sorts of games and showed her his secret spots where he hid his choicest bones.

Then one day something wasn't quite right. The four of them had gone picnicking in the woods. Princess stayed close to Betty's side and would have nothing to do with Bozo. She said it was too hot to run. Bozo tried to attract her attention by accidentally bumping into her. As far as she was concerned, he was about as important as last week's comic sheet. When they had finished eating, Betty and Andy leaned against a tree and talked. Princess found a very comfortable shady spot and went to sleep. Bozo pawed her playfully.

"Oh, go away," she said pettishly. "Can't you let a sleeping dog alone?"

"Not until you tell me what's the matter with you," Bozo answered.

"Really," sniffed Princess, "the more I see of some dogs, the better I like men." She turned her back on him and snored profoundly signifying slumber. Bozo looked pained, shrugged his shoulders, and looked around for some other means of amusing himself. Finding nothing special to hold his interest he wondered how long he could sit still. He sat down and tried to think of something to think about. He couldn't. So he yawned. At this precise moment a fly happened along. The fly flew no further. Ugh! He tried to reason out the cause of Princess' sudden lack of interest in him. While his mind was going through this unusual process of ratiocination, he felt a paw poking him. It was Princess.

"Come here," she said, "and I'll tell you what the rub is. I don't quite know how to tell you, but this is the idea: I've decided not to play with you any more until you join a fraternity. Rex, Pal, and Buddy all belong to Alpha Delta and Queenie, Mitzie, and Trixie are invited to the annual Ladies' Night banquet. They think it's funny that I'm not going."

Bozo sat stunned after she had finished talking. He'd never thought about joining before, and his feelings were hurt. He could think of no rejoinder except—"You women give me the pip. Don't you know that, in order to be invited to join, one must perform some good deed for his master?"

"I knew you wouldn't understand, but you might try to think of something to do if you value my company." She walked off in a huff and left Bozo sitting in a quandary. All the way home he tried to think of something he might do that would earn him recognition. He knew how hard it was to be asked; he

had overheard a conversation between Rex and Buddy when they were discussing new members. He recalled this conversation. Rex had been talking about Royal Windemere Boy. "We don't want him because he isn't the type that would fit in with us." Buddy had answered, "I intend to blackball him because he's trying to cut me out with Mitzie; anyhow, I don't like his name."

When Bozo reached home he found Andy had arrived there ahead of him. His master was sitting on the curb-stone holding his head between his hands and looking very depressed. Bozo poked him to remind him that his dog was around. Andy made no response, but sat kicking the dust at his feet.

"What a dog's life," mused Bozo, "with Andy in a bad mood, and Princess not speaking to me." Betty came over beside Andy and patted his hand sympathetically. Bozo thought there must be something more to life on sunny afternoons than sitting around on curb-stones. Suddenly a bright idea pierced his brain. He sat down in order to grasp the idea more firmly. It was one of those ideas which has to be worked out carefully in the mind before it can be utilized. Yesterday Andy had been making a box thing out of little sticks and sticky glue. Then he had tied a string to one end of the thing, and it had gone up into the air. It had looked like fun. As long as Andy wasn't using it just then, he surely couldn't object to Bozo's trying his skill. Bozo recalled that the funny box-thing was gone. That was strange because he distinctly remembered seeing it there before they had started on the picnic. He had wondered if Andy would mind if he brought it along with them. Andy had objected to his taking hold of the string, and so Bozo had changed his mind about taking it. So now he looked under the bench, behind the garage and bushes. The box just wasn't there. But Bozo had decided to play with it, and he wasn't going to let its absence thwart his desire. While he was sniffing around the bench, he came upon strange foot smells. The pursuit of this diversion took him through Princess' yard.

"Hey! What're you doing in my yard," screamed Princess crossly through the open window.

"Shhh—I've got a brain wave," mumbled Bozo.

"That cuts no ice with me," grumbled Princess.

"Oh, don't be fussy," Bozo called and ran swiftly on.

He followed the foot-smells up side streets and down back streets for a half an hour. The smells ended abruptly in an alley and there behind a pile of ash cans was the box-thing. Bozo had forgotten about it in his interest in the foot-smells. He ran home in the quickest way he could. Maybe Andy felt bad about losing the box-thing. Locating Andy in the garage, he took hold of Andy's shoe lace and tugged. At first Andy tried to make him stop. Bozo persevered and Andy decided he might as well see where Bozo wanted him to go. He followed the dog for many blocks, encouraged every few feet by gentle tugs administered by the excited Bozo. When they reached the alley, Bozo triumphantly pulled Andy over to his kite. Andy's gratitude knew no bounds. It was a joyous boy and an exultant dog who arrived home a short time later.

The very next day Bozo heard Rex barking outside of his door. When he ran out, Rex nipped his ear gently. That was the dog custom of inviting another dog to a pledge party. The following week Bozo endured seven days of pledgeship, which consisted of carrying bones for the members, and of being deprived of the privilege of speaking to any other dogs. On the seventh day he was formally initiated. Rex was reading the constitution—"The fraternity shall be known by the Greek letters, 'Alpha Delta', which signifies 'accomplished dogs'." Bozo had joined up.

DORIS FONDA, 12A.

On Listening To a Sermon



AVE you ever sat in church on a Sunday morning when the air was hot and stuffy and the minister's sermon was as dry as your own throat? At a time like that many thoughts run through your mind; some that should be there and many that should not.

Position is everything in life and how you squirm and toss in order to find one suitable for comfort on these hard pews. After finally getting settled, you gaze around nonchalantly at the rest of the congregation in order to examine the expressions on their faces.

Mrs. Randall, a very religious woman, is looking eager and expectant. You wonder what she could possibly be looking forward to unless it is the end of the service. Mr. Templeton Jones, a deacon of the church, is looking politely bored; Miss Jane Harp, a confirmed old maid, is looking very interested, perhaps because the topic of the morning is "This Younger Generation"; Mrs. Manley looks half asleep, but her husband makes up for it by being very attentive and nodding his head in order to show his approval or disapproval of what is being said; Mr. Blan—but what is that we see in the distance? It is Bob Masters and, will wonders never cease, he is wearing a new tie. And what a tie! The orange in it is what has caught your eye but upon scrutinizing it more thoroughly, you find that the orange is accompanied by bright green and blue. You are afraid to look farther for fear of losing your poise so you content yourself for a while by reading the morning program for the thirty-fourth time.

Suddenly you are startled by the exclamation from Reverend Merdock, "*That is why the youth of today is not measuring up to standard.*"—What is this we have missed? Has he actually found a reason for it? He has pondered on it long enough for the solution to be quite good. Upon looking back at Miss Jane Harp, you find her looking very much pleased; hence the answer must have been one you wouldn't like.

You listen for nearly two minutes to the minister without finding out what is wrong with youth and when the answer is not forthcoming, become discouraged to the point of despondency. You again turn your attention away, rather it wanders of its own accord, in search of something more interesting. You look at your watch and hold it to your ear to make sure it has not stopped; you open your purse to see if you have everything and then remember that you have your Sunday School paper with you and can read that.

The paper rustles noisily when you unfold it, which calls for an icy glare from the person sitting next to you, but nevertheless it has to be done, or rather undone. Upon starting the story, you find that it is about a young girl whose friends have deserted her and she must face the problems of life alone. Of course she will be triumphant in the end, so why read it? You lay the paper aside and are just about to become desperate when the organ begins to play its closing anthem.

What a relief! You assemble your scarf, purse, gloves, papers, program and prepare to leave the church, confident that the minister must have said, "The reason that the youth of today is not up to standard is that their minds are numbed by the long and uninteresting church services they attend". Maybe that isn't what he said, but you feel that it is true and as far as you are concerned, it does not make the least bit of difference because it is over and you are free to go home to a delicious chicken dinner.

FLORENCE ROSENBERG, 12A,

The Dawn Patrol

*A roar of motors, a whirl of props
What a sight before our eyes,
Seven planes war-torn and frail
Head for the western skies.*

*The drone of their motors as they fade away
Sends a thrill to a person's heart,
But the end of war is not so grand
As it may seem from the start.*

*These youthful heroes brave and bold
Are eager to do or die,
Some do not think what lies ahead
As they speed across the sky.*

*The little fleet gains altitude
Of five thousand feet or more,
When the leader spies on the northern side
The enemy ready for war!*

*The squadron dives at the other fleet
The dog fight has begun!
Sickening screams of falling planes
As they're shot down one by one.*

*Now all is quiet but a single drone,
The victor has returned,
To fight another day or two,
For the right his country earned.*

*This dozen has seen six boys go west,
To live in a better world—
A war which is but a memory
Told in our flag unfurled.*

ALFRED LIDFELDT, 9B

Penitence

*Through words rashly said in anger
A friend's forever lost,
Why don't we weigh our hasty thoughts
So when in solitude we count the cost
Our ledger shows all credits!*

DOROTHY CHEETHAM, 12A

O Smell the Sweet Ozone

*O, smell the sweet ozone,
I feel so light and fair;
My belfry chimes sweet love songs
For spring is in the air.*

*The birds are twittering merrily,
The income tax is paid,
My heart is leaping ziddly,
Through blooming fields I wade.*

*The populace is happy,
No longer one hears muttering;
The kids are gambling in the streets,
The butterflies are buttering.*

*I feel so like a fairy
Some think I'm off my nut;
And every one is happy
In every city,—BUT*

*O shell da sneed ozone,
I feel so lide ad fair;
By belfry chimes sneed love sogs,
For Sprig is id de air.*

NORMAN NADEL, 11B.

Neolithic Fashions

*Who decreed the fashions
In the years before Eve
When many of our ancestors
Were swinging from the trees?*

*A heavy piece of tiger skin
We probably would see
When Mrs. Neolithic Man
Went calling out to tea.*

*No need to worry about hair
In those first golden days,
Friend husband with his heavy bat
Left many permanent waves.*

RACHEL GIBSON, 12B

Posing for Portraits

Dedicated to the Muser-Mugged Seniors



F all the empty feelings, the one which excites you when posing for a camera portrait is the silliest. As you gaze expectantly at the camera, the photographer waltzes over to you, tilts your head (so he says; you can't tell the difference), and incidentally talks of some inane event. He spots your face with cream for "high-lights," but so far as you're concerned, they were always the low-lights of your countenance. Then you struggle to get that devilish look in your eyes and a Pepsonos smile on your lips, while the photographer ducks mysteriously under his black cloth. Fighting back your desire to assassinate him when he tells you the pose is not natural, you attempt to do what he tells you, getting your face more twisted up than ever.

The most helpless feeling in the world comes over you as you attempt to appear as if you were looking at someone without having anyone to look at. In the meantime, the photographer has again disappeared and is waving his arms wildly in an attempt to direct you.

As he loads the camera, preparatory to "shooting" you, your past history flits before you. Though you expect him to suddenly shout, "Look pleasant, please!" or some such warning, to your surprise he suddenly clicks the shutter.

Immediately he shoves in the little black slide, pulls out the plate-holder, and viciously whizzes the camera to another point of vantage. After spending some minutes in adjusting the lighting and in focusing the camera (the suspense is dangerous if you have a weak heart), you find him again loading the camera. Oh cruel villain! His smile is deceiving, for though you politely request him to give some intimation of his purpose before heartlessly recording your visage, he deliberately deceives you with laughing assurances, but neglects to mention that he is about to give the fatal press on the bulb.

For the third exposure, you force him to warn you by the simple process of making faces at the lens until he warns you he is ready to "mug" you. After this picture is snapped comes the break—the difference between a good and an indifferent portrait. If you are not prone to philosophize, the fourth procedure will resemble the foregoing; if you are, you will suddenly realize the futility of posing. A delicious feeling of relaxation will then steal over you; you will allow the photographer to tear his hair and gnash his teeth without seriously paying attention to him. In fact, you are forced to smile at his unusual antics. How silly he looks, reaching out from under his cloth to regulate his camera like a blind person.

Out of the fog comes a click and a voice as from a distance, saying, "I theenk I am going to like thees wan." Gradually comes the realization that the last picture has been taken. You are finished! The excitement is too much—you regain consciousness in the dressing-room. Kneeling down reverently, you thank God that the ordeal is over, and pray that the picture may be good, so that the sitting was not in vain.

EARL CLARKE, 12A.

Just a Mistake



COMMISSIONER McCLARNEY eased his corpulent form into a swivel chair, swung his huge feet onto an innocent-looking radiator, and rang his secretary's bell with an air of profound satisfaction. He sighed, for his job had been well done and now he was to write a statement for tomorrow's *Times*, which, when published, would crush gangland in his city. He thought of "Nero", the beer-lord, and tomorrow; then with added fervor chewed the long black cigar clenched between a few remaining tobacco-stained teeth.

The secretary, a tall and thin man, with a long sharp nose, a receding chin, and a quick eye, entered the room and quietly asked, "Yes, sir?"

"Take this down for the papers—" "Nero", whose proper name is—"." A telephone bell interrupted the dictation. With a deft movement McClarney switched the cigar to the corner of his mouth, reached for the telephone, and grunted, "Hullo". He turned to his secretary, "Hey, Carton, it's him." He resumed his conversation; "No, I'm just doing so . . . you can even get to me in time." A harsh laugh sounded through the receiver, and McClarney stiffened and slumped to the floor. Carton, taking one look at the officer's ashen face, turned to the outer office and called a doctor.

"His heart, too much tobacco and excitement," was the doctor's verdict, "and that burn on his hand was caused by his cigar. See, there it is," and he pointed to that article close by the commissioner's hand.

"Uh-huh," was the only answer, but it carried a meaning.

When the office had been cleared, Carton started to replace the fallen ear-piece, but on a second thought lifted it to his ear and heard, "Number, please," and hung up with a smile.

Carton inquired at the outer office whether anyone had called McClarney and upon receiving a negative answer, grasped his hat and descended to the street. He had walked aimlessly for some time when suddenly he entered a suburban telephone exchange. There he asked a few strange questions and as night fell turned his steps in the direction of "Nero's" palatial home. He mounted the marble steps and rang the bell. A butler, rather hard looking but dressed for the job, opened the door.

"I would like to see Mr. Murer," Carton stated. The butler disappeared and returned shortly to say that Mr. Murer would see him now.

Carton made a quick survey of the drawing-room into which he was led. "Nero" entered the room. "My name is Carton, Mr. Murer; I am McClarney's secretary." The two shook hands with little enthusiasm and, upon Nero's suggestion, seated themselves.

"I just made a mistake," Carton opened, "I *was* McClarney's secretary; he died this afternoon. The boss told me one day that you were graduated from an electrical engineering college; so I know you'll appreciate this story I'm going to tell you."

Murer sat unmoved.

Carton continued, "This afternoon McClarney was telephoning with one of these new metal phones, and he also had his feet on a radiator, and he suddenly died—of heart trouble." Nero started to speak, but Carton stayed him with a movement of his hand. "That person to whom he was telephoning hung up when

he fell; maybe that person knew he was going to die. That person was you, Muner. You killed McClarney."

Muner jumped to his feet drawing his gun, but Carton had him covered. "The police will find the material for this job in the cellar at your phone extension there. You know Nero had his fall with a burn and so do you. Every good crook always makes a mistake somewhere and you've made yours."

The butler entered the room at a door behind Carton and stood there with a drawn gun.

Muner saw him and giving an inward sigh of relief said, "Carton, you've got me; now tell me where my error was, and then we go."

"In all your years of electrical study, was it never impressed on you that electricity burns? Well it does and it burned McClarney. The doctor said it was his cigar, but I knew different; it couldn't have been. McClarney never smoked a cigar in his life; he only chewed 'em."

Muner had his hands raised before Carton's gun and now waved one of them.

The butler's gun spoke, and the inquisitive secretary quietly slipped to the floor.

The man with the gun broke the silence. "So he took you for me all the time"
"Yeah, boss, he never got wise."

FRED TRUAX, 11B.

The Phantom Visitor

A Ballad

"Hearken! Susan, dost thou hear a knocking at our door?"

"Nay, 'tis nothing but the wind and leaves upon the floor."

"Surely, Susan, there's a muffled knocking at our door,"

"Nay, 'tis nothing but thy fancy, nothing more."

"Hearken Susan, I am certain there's a knocking at our door!"

"Nay, but can't not hear 'tis just the rain's downpour?"

"Oh, 'tis, 'tis a muffled knocking at our door.

Open! open wide the door to the waiting visitor."

For the waiting visitor wide opened was the door.

No one there, but still the muffled knocking as of yore.

"Hearken, Susan, it is Death that's knocking at our door."

"Nay, grandmother dear, 'tis just the river's roar."

"Hearken, Susan, surely someone's opened wide our door?"

"Nay, oh nay! 'tis just thy fancy, that and nothing more."

"Farewell Susan, Death has come in through our open door."

"She's gone, she's gone, oh Death has left me desolate one more."

ALBA BRUNO, 10A

Love Laughs at Shoes



HE rather stout, black fellow preened himself smirkingly. Today he had a date with his own dear "high-yaller gal". She was a nice girl, too, and worth primping for. With firm dignity he suppressed his desire to bound down the stairs. He simply must be dignified, now that he had grown up to the stage where he was going courting. So he shuffled slowly down the stairs, drank a bit of milk, nibbled a bit of meat, licked his chops meditatively, and walked out of the house with slow, graceful dignity. A voice within the house called him back in a vexed manner, but he proceeded, heedless.

In the young lady's yard he began a serenade, indifferent to others in the neighborhood. But others were not indifferent to him. A fierce visage scowled out of the window of the young lady's home. "Git!" cried the owner of the enormous face—enormous, that is, to Toby.

He walked away slowly, pondering on the place occupied by that face and its owner in the life of Miss Jemima, his first girl. One could not tell about these yaller gals, he meditated. They had been known to smile very prettily indeed upon white men. It would not do, would not do at all, he decided. So, taking up another vantage point on the other side of the house, he raised his voice in supplication to his lady fair once more.

Another face appeared, very much like the first, but younger. In almost choleric tones the words issued from the mouth, "You again! I'll teach you to come wakin' decent people in the middle of the night." With these words, a shoe whizzed past Toby's ear.

"She must be running a boarding house," Toby decided. Just as he was about to give up in disgust, however, Miss Jemima herself came bounding out.

"They tried to lock me in, honey," she explained, "but I got away. I climbed through the cellar window."

"Just to see me?" demanded Toby, after the unreasonable fashion of young people in love.

"Just to see you," said Miss Jemima, with a faint suggestion of a blush.

Meanwhile within the house Mr. Harmon was saying to his son, "If that darn cat of yours is going to have all the other cats of the neighborhood congregate in our yard, I'm going to drown her."

"Aw, pop," protested Harmon, Jr., "Jemima is a nice cat, and this is the first time that cat from across the street has come howling around. And I threw a shoe at him, so I guess he won't come back."

Under the window Toby was protesting to Miss Jemima, "Huh, I'll come back every night, every single night. I would gladly face a whole barrage of shoes for your sake, darling."

Miss Jemima sighed ecstatically. "My brave man," she murmured.

LOUISE VOLPE, 12B.



The Wanderer

*I'm just a happy wanderer,
A-roaming through the woods;
I'm happy and contented
With my 'kerchief full of goods.*

*I whistle as I stride along
For never a care have I,
All the world belongs to me
From the earth to the deep blue sky,*

*The soft green grass beneath my feet,
The flowers along the way,
The birds, the bees, the sun, the trees,
All teach me to be gay.*

*I'm happy when the sun is shining,
Happy when it rains;
I'm happy when I'm wand'ring o'er
The hills or level plains.*

*Do you love to live with nature,
Dwell in forest, woodland, lea?
Then leave your worries, grief, and woe,
And come and live with me.*

MARJORIE DUROCHER, 10A

A Snowflake

*Lazily drifting from the sky,
You come from a place up ever so high,
White as the page of a brand-new book
To my all-wondering eyes you look.
Where did you get the shape of a star,
When you fell from a cloud, off afar?
You drift past my window, without a sound,
And never stop till you reach the ground.
How often I wish that I were you,
And could, thru the air, drift lazily too.
But, when thru the clouds comes old Sol's head—
You're not a snowflake, but moisture instead.*

GERALDINE FITZGERALD, 10B

Mother

*I see her with her golden hair
And kindly looking eye,
Which glazes so softly at me
Like a summer's azure sky.
Her cheeks are flushed with crimson
Like the skies of autumn morn . . .
It's strange the way I picture her—
She died when I was born,*

FRED TRUAX, 11B

Utopia

*Cease this hurried, restless pacing
Strive no more to head the fray;
When Death's arms have close embraced thee
No more shalt thou see the day.*

*Learn thou from this weary world
Filled with errant, plodding men;
See thy fault, ere dark o'ertakes thee
When no use thy life to mend.*

SHIRLEY DAVIDSON, 12A

After the Manner of Chaucer

*A master of the strictest school indeed,
Rode badly on a wilful, stubborn steed.
A man he was of wise and good repute,
Whose honor one could ne'er in truth dispute.
His voice ever was stern and coarse and loud
Well able to be heard above the crowd;
Afraid of none he never failed to spurn
All who could not twixt right and wrong discern,
And those who'd fought to gain the kingdom's set,
Full many well used bores he kept at home,
Of all before and aft the fall of Rome,
So strict and cross was he when in his schoole
That there the students did not dare to foole,
But each must learn to figure and to say
By harte most al he studied or go away;
For this good sage would ne'er in anger pull
The ears, but send upon his heels the numbskulle,
Yet all despite his loved and learned booklore
Us all along the rode and backe he did bore.*

RUTH BELDUE, 12B

On Going To School



HERE does everybody come from? That is the question which comes to my mind as I survey the willing masses who throng the corridors of our school. And how do they get here? Certainly I cannot even try to answer. But at least such queries lead to a consoling train of thought when I sit over a composition, void of inspiration, or when I am driven from my bed by a relentless alarm clock sometime about the middle of a cold winter's night. For are there not others in the same dilemma? It is indeed a comfort and a pleasure to think, during the petty difficulties attendant upon preparing for and getting to and from school, that others have experienced them also.

It is a complicated procedure which takes me from my bed to my homeroom on a school morning, and the success with which it is carried out depends largely on the events of the previous afternoon and evening. Now if I were the ideal student—whose description I have obtained piecemeal by means of small tidbits of wisdom dropped at the wayside by parents, teachers, and the like—my day, in brief, would be ordered something like this: after school, some healthful recreation, out-of-door, if possible; then my studies, during an ample time set off for them in the evening; a short walk before going to bed; and then at least nine hours of sleep before a carefully planned descent upon school. It goes without saying that such a little angel does not go out on school nights except for very special reasons, and then his work must be done in the afternoon. But alas! how I differ from him! When I take some out-of-door recreation after school, it is generally done to the limit, and is not designed to allow me to rest a half hour before supper. Such for general leave are unfit for anything except the newspaper and bed, with promises to get up early in the morning. And I am never guilty of doing my homework before supper, unless confined to eighth period. I sometimes take a walk before going to sleep—from the carstop. In such events, my homework is generally delegated to the first and second periods of the school day, as was even this masterpiece of autobiography.

And so when it is time to start the day, I am generally as unwilling as I am handicapped to cope with the difficulties of getting to school on time. The first of these is getting washed. As I lie in bed, I am faced with three alternatives: The first, and most difficult, but the most necessary to avoid rushing to school, is to get up at once and be the first in the bathroom. The second is to stay in bed a little longer and run the double risk of falling asleep again and of disturbing the domestic tranquility—this is easily done at so early an hour—when I attempt to speed the process of my father's shaving. The third alternative is to go unwashed. The last mentioned is seldom done, for it has proved more menacing to the peace than even attempting to break down the bathroom door.

To show the time involved in dressing, I need only to mention the fact that I have looked as long as ten minutes for a pair of socks before I found them where Mother said they would be. Before I am half dressed, breakfast has been served, and there are increasingly potent exhortations from the lower regions to hurry up. Usually having failed to hurry up, I try to make up for time lost by eating the major portion of my breakfast on the way to school. Let me tell you that to run down a slippery street with a piece of hot toast and a doughnut in one hand and four or five books in the other is no joke. And what good does it all do? I am late anyway. Is it possible that that boy behind me had such a struggle as I? I hope so.

DANIEL CAUDLE, 12B.

Goldfish

BY IMANED-ITOR (*the Algerian wonder*)



At whence come ye, little *carassius auratus* of the deep and whither go ye? In the words of the traffic cop—where do you think you're going? Or as Burns would put it—where ye gamin? We who know how to spell, however, merely say, "Where are you going, my little goldfish?"

From childhood I have always wondered where goldfish come from and where goldfish go. Being a precocious child, at the early age of seven I discovered that all goldfish come from the ten-cent store where they swim around in a large bowl until dipped out by a lady with a long-handled strainer. But more serious problems bothered me. What, I wondered, do goldfish think about, and where do they go when they die? I remember distinctly my first realization of this great problem. I was ten years old at the time. The day was warm and muggy. How well I recall the look of terrible grief on my mother's face as she entered the kitchen, sank down on a chair, and quietly said, "John," (John was my father), "Emily has a headache." Emily was the goldfish. "Mary," said my father, "we must give her an aspirin." That night Emily died. It was my first experience with death. And it set me wondering. Ever since, I have wanted to know where Emily's soul went, and what she thought when we gave her that aspirin.

Here I wish to explode a popular superstition. It is both erroneous and fallacious to suppose that the home life of the goldfish is an open book before the eyes of mortals. How many of us, as we remark scornfully about the privacy of a goldfish have ever seen a goldfish wash its head, read a book, or put the children to bed? Of course not. Yet these things must and do happen.

I, myself, have never been able to observe these phenomena. I have never really understood goldfish. And a short time ago, I, in an honest effort to benefit science and humanity by research, almost ruined my chances by an unwarranted display of temper. Let this be a lesson to you. For three hours I stood over the goldfish bowl patiently watching Proserpina. (Proserpina is our goldfish.) From the first he irritated me, for he not only refused to do anything but swim in a circle, but also refused to tell where he was going. As I have said before, this irritated me. And to add a finishing touch, at regular intervals he would stick out his tongue or make a sound denoting "raspberries" known as the "Bronx cheer." Three hours of this was too much! With a muttered oath, I violently shook the bowl and finally knocked it to the floor.

Since that, all three goldfish (Proserpina, Flaccus, and Eustace) have been cold to me. They avert their eyes when I pass, and refuse to eat unless either my wife or the maid feeds them. Thus, because of one rash moment, I have had to carry on my experiments under increased difficulties.

It is no use to try to effect a reconciliation. As far as they are concerned I do not exist.

Thus it is that I have formed a habit that is affecting my whole outlook. I now spend a good part of my days hanging from the chandelier, which is directly over the goldfish bowl. Unconscious of my presence the goldfish go about their daily tasks with utter unconcern. And I have been able to form the following conclusions:

1. That goldfish swim in circles.
2. That they are only gilded sardines anyway.

3. That they prefer the water.

4. That if I should fall on my head it would be a break.

And so, my life has fallen into peaceful ways. As I swing on my lofty perch I contemplate the world with a philosophic calm. Just as Archimedes' greatest idea came while he was immersed in his bath, so mine has come as I hang in space. I realize now that "all that glitters is not gold"—that my idols have not feet of clay, but skin of tinsel. Their scales have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

RUTH NADEL, 12A.

Our School

*Here and there a tower looms,
Shadowing the cardboard rooms;
Windows slide on creaky chains,
Halls remind of narrow lanes.*

*But the city fathers wise
Do not seem to realize,
That we need a building new,
One that's pleasant to the view.*

*In such surroundings, we must strive
To do our studies—and survive.*

MARY PUFFER, 10A

The Bank Beside the River

*Tonight I climb drenched in rain
Up the bank beside the river;
Each drop kindly smooths the pain
Of my soul's hot, burning fever.
Hug me to your heart, rain,
For it was you that saved me
From ending all that seemed in vain,
In waters dark and murky,
New hope has sweetened the cup
Of life that did seem once so bitter;
I think I see a light
On the bank beside the river!*

ELIZABETH WARD, 12A.

Neckties



ART of the well dressed boy's attire is a necktie that is in harmony with the rest of his clothes.

Neckties aren't practical, although they have a small amount of usefulness. In passing judgment on a boy's character one should always take into consideration the neckwear of that boy. If his neck is decorated with a necktie the colors of which nearly blind us, or can almost be heard clashing violently, he is either a fellow with naturally poor taste, or one fond of "showing off." If a necktie is of a somber hue, the wearer is a conservative, quiet, and retiring person. There can be purchased neckties neatly knotted and mounted upon an elastic band, eliminating the trouble of tying the knot. These are worn by lazy fellows, or chaps who believe in efficiency. Then there is the comfortable boy with no necktie.

The clothier never can exhaust the possibilities of color combinations of neckties. There are striped neckties, dotted neckties, checkered neckties, and neckties of one solid color. I dislike the latter because a soiled place shows too well on them, and my neckties have soiled places.

It is the opinion of most males that girls are exceedingly fussy, yet I have seen boys who must adjust a necktie approximately every five minutes, straightening out imaginary wrinkles.

Of the many complications that inflict themselves upon the necktie-wearing male, the most odious is the fact that necktie, pocket handkerchief, shirt, and socks must harmonize. Also certain types of neckties must be worn on certain occasions. For instance with full evening dress, a white bow necktie is worn.

In shopping for neckties, I have often had an enthusiastic clerk take advantage of me. Upon arriving home I have discovered my purchases unfit for a civilized boy to wear. I once experienced great pain upon offering a necktie thus obtained to a refuse collector when he contemptuously added it to the refuse.

The history of the necktie is interesting. My opinion of the necktie is that when Adam and Eve were first expelled from the Garden of Eden, Eve, being a woman, lost her temper and tried to hang Adam. Since he was a spineless, docile sort she nearly succeeded, but the rope broke. In her temper Eve tied the knot so tightly that Adam couldn't untie it, and had to wear the noose around his neck. This was the beginning of the discomfiture furnished by neckties.

There were many variations and radical changes in the process of evolution. In the Elizabethan era men's necks were securely trussed up in large, pleated frills, producing an appearance similar to many salads one sees nowadays. George Washington never appeared without his neat, lacy neck cloth if one is to believe in pictures. Now a plain man wears a necktie and a fastidious man a cravat.

The man without a necktie is frowned upon in our conventional civilization. No matter how much it may vex us, and how vain are the attempts to keep it neat and straight, it must be worn. Staid people hold in contempt those who would do without, but such is my opinion that, if I were cast on a desert isle, I would happily and permanently destroy any surviving neckties, taking what consolation I could in a terrible revenge.

I maintain that, in spite of the high opinion of neckties that society in general seems to hold, they are a survival of the Stone Age, when primitive men and women delighted in painting their faces with gaudy colors. The women still use paint but the men resort to that almost useless impedimentum, the necktie. But in the words of Thackeray, "Vanity must be served. Vanitas vanitatum."

ROBERT H. MILNE, 12A.

Nature's Time

Noon—and the birds are singing
 Their voice, the voice of spring.
 Twilight—and the world is breathless
 Hearing the Angelus ring.
 Night, and the curtain of darkness
 Is pinned with a gleaming star.
 But this beauty is nothing to me, Dear,
 I cannot come where you are.
 Now Dawn is lifting the curtain
 And a gloom spreads over the east.
 God's claimed you for His own, Dear,
 So for me the world has ceased.

MARY MANTON, 10A.

Has It Ever Happened To You?

They had been crowded into the street car and pushed into space large enough for one. He had stepped awkwardly on her foot and, rather red-faced, had begged her pardon. She had been very nice about it. Soon Mary and Jim were chatting merrily.

The night of the school dance, Mary wasn't quite ready when Jim called. He straightened his tie, smoothed his hair, and flicked at imaginary dust. In fact, he did all the customary things young men do when they wait nervously for a girl.

She came tripping down the stairs wobbling perceptibly on very high heels. "Waiting long?" she asked tritely. "I'm so sorry."

How many times he had heard the same words.

Jim was always the gentleman. "I was early—let's go."

Mary had to make certain of her door key. "Oh," she thrilled, "a taxi! Why you silly boy, you shouldn't spend your money on me!"

Jim explained he always hired cabs. A short time later (seven taxi miles) they alighted at the school doors. Jim paid the bill and Mary powdered her nose. How traditional it seemed!

And the dance—a mixture of new gowns—perfume—flattery and the school band. Jim seemed to enjoy it—he didn't see much of Mary after the first dance.

Good-byes! everyone saying good night—"swell time," "what a night" feminine twittering's "didn't you just adore . . ."

Another taxi and the good night kiss.

Mary fumbled for her latch-key and finally found it.

"Such a lovely time, Jim," the door softly closing. An immediate sound as though high heeled shoes were being thrown against the wall. Silence.

Jim took the taxi to the corner, paid the driver, and fingered the remaining pennies reflectively.

It rained the next day and the street car was crowded. Jim stepped clumsily on someone's foot. The blonde was very nice about his apology—They chatted gaily.—The street car rolled on.

RALPH TOWNER, 11A.

Taking the Young Cousins to Church



HERE, Till? Why, Till, not ready?" Ah, the young cousins have arrived, all ready for church—hair neatly brushed, but I know from experience that it will not stay that way; clean handkerchiefs in their pockets; new suits and ties—oh, they are a fine pair, these two. While waiting for Till, they calmly wander about the house, coming back laden with things they think they want to take home. Till, by the way, happens to be my mother, but she is Till, and Till only, to these two boys.

Finally Dad herds us all into the car and we set out joyfully, at least the boys do. Billy, aged four, is rather restless, and he squirms out of his seat until, after a few minutes, his feet reach the floor. Then he calmly tramps over our feet. His six-year-old brother, Lee, is content to sit comfortably back in the seat with his feet straight out, despite the fact that they are muddy.

At last we are there! The boys are eager to keep on riding—but not so we! We've had enough! With a boy scout's aid we pile out of the car. There are only about ten of us in a seven-passenger car, for we stopped to pick up some people we know. This boy scout should take his hatchet to get us out. I'll never forget the surprised look on his face as he saw us pouring out of the car.

"Take off your hat, Billy. And you too, Lee," is my oft-repeated admonition. I certainly have difficulty in maintaining a quiet and dignified air, when the smaller boy, who is walking as near as possible in front of me, suddenly catches his rubber on the thick carpet and silently goes down. Lee is hanging on to my belt as a rear guard and we both do some more or less sprightly dodging to avoid a calamity. Billy and his cap are picked up and we proceed to the cloak-room.

Billy, anxious to help, tries to take his own coat off but is not successful. I must come to the rescue and together we tackle it, for he cannot get one arm out of the sleeve. Pull, shove, yank! His arm is out, but he is sitting on the floor, holding his heavy woolen cap in his clenched fist. This is only the beginning of my troubles, for, as I said before, their hair will not stay combed. Lee stands rather quietly, with a martyr-like expression on his face, although it is a trial which he patiently endures only because he knows he must. Not so Billy—he knows he must, but that makes no difference whatever to him. He romps around as much as he can and still stay in the range of my comb. By the time I should be finished, there is a part in his hair which reminds me of an old wagon trail. It goes diagonally across his head in a wobbly path. Finally he settles down and the operation is soon completed.

After meeting the rest of the family, we start for our seats. I must head the procession, flanked by two small guards, so that we can get a pew that will accommodate us all. The storm breaks again. The boys continue the argument I broke up last week so I have to sit between them. Now it is time for their art practice, and they supply themselves with cards, books, and pencils from the pew-racks. Lee begins first while Billy is thinking. What on earth is that? It might be a tree if it had a trunk—but maybe it's a cloud. No—he's putting legs on it, toes pointing outward. Ah, it's a man—but what *kind* of man? Why, it really will be a tree, for he decides to combine the two legs. So much for Lee's work of art. Billy's masterpiece is almost completed, and he proudly shows it to me. I exclaim enthusiastically that it is wonderful, although I don't know what it could possibly be. I don't dare ask him, because he would explain in a loud sibilant whisper.

During a hymn Billy drops a penny. Nothing will satisfy him until he has

found it. Down he goes and we again experience that awful feeling of someone crawling over our feet. In vain do I offer him a nickel, but his penny was shiny and he isn't going to be satisfied with an old nickel. I must find something for him or he will crawl under four or five pews on his stomach in search of his penny. He has been known to do it! "Billy, here's a shiny dime. Is that all right?" asks my mother. Indeed it is. I discover that what he wanted was something shiny—penny or dime.

Finally, as the recessional hymn is played, I pack up my little troubles and drag them to their classes. My worries are over until I get to my own class of about fifteen who are mischievous as Billy and Lee. Oh, well, as the saying goes, "Such is life!" I learned the sad lesson that when one shifts his burden to another's shoulders, it is returned—with interest!

LUELLA MARSH, 12A.

A Jewel

*Translucent and glistening it lay
In recompense for a fleeting day.
Richer reward by far
Without a single flaw or mar
Than the pearl it so resembles
As on the pained lid it trembles.
He for whom that gem is shed
Should, if he be deserving
Suffer many a trial unnerving
To pay in part for such a jewel.*

WARDEN FINLAY, 10A

The Prisoner

*The prisoner stood upon a hill;
Firearms flashed and all was still,

The prisoner looked up high above,
And thought of Him and of His love,
"May He have pity on men like me
Who work and fight for their country,"
A shot! A thud! And all was still,

A prisoner stood upon a hill
Firearms flashed and all was still.*

BERNICE DECKER, 10A

On Making a Date



THIS is a problem which always presents itself to every fellow sometime or other in his life. It is a frequent visitor to those in their late teens, for before them you are too young and insignificant to have it bother you and after your teens, a wife usually settles the matter. Well anyway, it is often a great problem to a fellow with seventeen or eighteen summers behind him.

This problem usually presents itself a few weeks before some big dance or party. It starts off with the announcement of the affair. This pages a consideration of whom you would like to take. It often requires as much time figuring out whom you would like to take as you spend while having the date. There are many characteristics and types to be considered. Some girls are suitable for dances, but not for theaters. The train of thought usually travels along the following line: Now let me see. I would like to take Mary—a peach of a kid, but the last time I took her out we didn't get in so very early and her parents had a little hemorrhage about that, so I had better wait a while until that blows over. Then there is Gertrude—O. K. except that she usually gets tired just when things begin to get interesting, but she still is a bit young, so we had better allow her this: she'll outgrow it. Betty is quite nice, but I don't care for the way she dances and she doesn't seem to have much poise—a large factor in personal appearance, so she's out of the question. Who else is there? Oh yes, Florence, but she is quite moody and if she is not in a good humor, your whole evening is wasted. I think I'm sort of tired of all that old bunch anyway. What I need is someone new and different. (Note that pioneer urge in the subject's blood. Always looking for something new and different.) I know whom I'll ask—Helen Smith. I never had a date with her and she is what I consider a neat job—nice appearance, a wonderful disposition, a good conversationalist, a smooth dancer and, considering all points, just the one I want for this date.

So it is that Helen, after much thought and consideration, receives the unanimous vote to be the other half of the date. Now all that remains is to approach her and announce the news to her. This being done and the date accepted, we have to go through that dreaded business of meeting the family and receiving the word about not being too late.

But do not be misled by what I have written, for all fellows aren't like this. Adam wasn't faced with this problem in the garden, for there wasn't any one beside Eve whom he could make a date with and I doubt whether the snake could dance. So it is today. We have our modern Adams and in their mind there is only one Eve.

HARRY CAMPBELL, 12A.



Glimpses of England

DEVONSHIRE

Sunlit, rolling hills and deep smoky vales; narrow winding paths; cool shady lanes; gold-lit woodlands and sparkling streamlets; murmuring winds and sighing trees; contented, red, Devon cows grazing in the fields; hedge rows serving a double purpose, that of fencing in the fields and yielding crops of nuts; delicious butter and thick rich cream; low, vine-clad thatched-roofed cottages on narrow Roman roads; picket fences; flowering, perfumed air and an atmosphere of home. All these belong to Devonshire.

Devonshire, England's Switzerland, one of the most picturesque and historical parts of England lies before us while we gaze with rapt wonderment. On yonder hill towering above its mighty protecting walls rises a ruined castle of our ancestors. Vines and flowers have found a footing and have covered the ruin with a beautiful robe as if it were a sacred emblem of those gone before. There in that vale a low rambling farm house lies, with its barns and hothouse. A little farther, beyond the sparkling streamlet, just above the first hill, the spires of a church gleam and flash. The hedge-rows burst forth in song; from the meadow the lark soars to the skies. Bees feast upon the pollen of the primrose and Bluebell; and the snake curls his many-colored body in the sun-light.

At the farmhouse we find a cheerful bustle; cheese is being made and butter being patted; but, at the entrance of a visitor, all this stops. We are taken into the large sitting-room and are asked to tell about our trip. How cozy it is! The warm glow of the fire lights up the room with an enchantment. Peeping from the shadows we see the quaint old-fashioned furniture. From the dusky corner a grandfather clock in his mellow voice tells us it is the hour of four. We are invited to tea, nor would we refuse so delicious a pastime; for in Devonshire "Tea hour," speaks of hot, black tea with lump sugar; on the surface floats a big spoonful of thick rich cream. Thin home-made bread and butter to eat with dotted cream, and maccaroons. After this we feast upon chestnuts, walnuts or hazel nuts gathered from their hedges.

The evening passes in quiet conversation, till, soon, the fireside casts its spell. Someone goes to the old square piano; sweet melody fills the room; our thoughts wander down the ages; We see once more the splendid graces of our ancestors. We hear the clank of knightly armor, and we find it hard to realize that it is only a dream.

At night we mount the narrow stairs lighted by the glow of the candles we carry, and by the faint glimmers of a gas jet at the top. We are shown a clean, comfortable room with slanting ceiling and shuttered windows. The tall four-posted bed gives promise of the restful night and we close our eyes with a deep sigh of peace and perfect contentment.

DOUG CREWS, 12A.



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Fussy Old Gentleman: "You're very young to be left in charge of a drug store; have you a diploma?"

Bud Bachers: "No, sir, I'm afraid not, but we've got a preparation of our own that's just as good."

Officer: "Don't you see the sign, 'Fine for parking'?"

Bill Zimmerli: "Yes, officer, I see it and heartily agree with it."

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Elta, on an examination, was asked to compose one verse of poetry including the words "analyse" and "anatomy."

She wrote:

My analyse over the ocean
My analyse over the sea
Oh, who will go over the ocean
And bring by my anatomy.

"How's business with you, old man?"

"Oh, lookin' up."

"What do you mean lookin' up?"

"Well, it's flat on its back, isn't it?"



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69TH
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CULTURE

Back of culture, refinement, education, one finds hidden away hours and hours of application. The mere ambition to succeed does not suffice. Moments, hours, weeks and years are required to reach worth-while goals. It means hard work, enthusiasm and time to spend in pursuing varied studies.

In this complex age, perhaps nothing helps people more than electricity does. It gives the housewife surcease from innumerable 'chores' adds a 'comfy' atmosphere to unwelcome tasks in business and by conserving our time gives all of us additional time in which to seek varied goals.

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Florence Mahar: "Good grief! I don't believe any woman could ever be so fat!"

Don Manley: "How fat?"

Florence: "Why, this paper tells about an English woman who lost two thousand pounds."

One of our great freshmen after completing a successful year in January, met his former teacher one day and quite proudly said, "I wish you knew enough to teach me next year."

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Dear Old Lady (to perspiring tennis player): "Isn't it rather warm to-day for such a strenuous game?"

Wilbur Meyerhoff (the player): "Yes, it is."

Dear Old Lady: "Then why don't you use one of those tennis fans I've read so much about?"

Giddap

Miss Mayo: "Ted, were you ever in the cavalry?"

Ted Cater: "No, ma'm, why?"

Miss Mayo: "You seem to be very familiar with the ponies."

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Theodore Roosevelt.

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The English class had been discussing proverbs and the teacher put this question to one of the pupils, "Birds of a feather do what, Peggy?"

"Lay eggs," answered Peggy, without hesitation.

Miss FitzSimons: "Why is this verb in the right tense?"

Helen: "Because it's in the impefect tense."

Florence: "How can it be in the right tense when it's in the imperfect tense?"

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Bill: "Mr. Snyder must like me!"

George: "How so?"

Bill: "Well, he invited me in to see him three times last week!"

Father (after reading a letter from his son at college): "Well, wife, I see Johnnie is a quarterback at college."

Mother: "Send him twenty-five cents to get out of debt."

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Wise Man to Motorist: "Changing a tire, eh?"

Motorist: "No, I just get out every few miles and jack it up to give it a rest."

Don and Kay, late for the concert: "What are they playing now?"

Usher: "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

Kay: "Oh dear, so we've missed eight."

Question: "Why were the Middle Ages called 'Dark Ages?'"

Answer: "Because there were so many knights."

Jane, six years old, was out for a ride in the country. She saw a swamp where cattails were growing.

"Oh, daddy!" she exclaimed, "Look at the hot dog garden."

Mother: "I told you not to go swimming."

Dayton: "But the other boys p-pushed me in!"

Mother: "Then, how is it that your clothes aren't wet?"

Dayton: "Well, when they said they were goin' to push me in, I took 'em off!"

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Miss Richardson: "Why are you late so often, Aileen?"

Aileen Ferster: "Well, er—the bell always rings before I arrive."

Visitor (to ragged little boy): "Well, my little man, has your father a job?"

Little boy: "Yeah."

"How long has he been at work?"

"Two months."

"What's he doing?"

"Three months."

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"How did you manage to keep people from walking on your new lawn until it attained such growth?"

"Merely by studying the traits of human nature. I put up a sign which read: Keep off the cement walk: it hasn't hardened!"

A little Irish girl was taken to the doctor because her mother thought she was going to have jaundice.

Doctor: "You look a little yellow."

Kathleen: "Well I'm not. I'll fight!"

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"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?"

"Not I."

"I can't understand how you can have faith in such a silly superstition."

"No superstition about it. Saturday's my pay day."

Mrs. Nut (handing her husband a saucerful of white powder): "John, taste that and tell me what you think it is."

Mr. Nut: "It tastes like soda."

Mrs. Nut: "That's what I told Bridget. She declares it is rat poison. Taste it again and make sure."

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Milly: "Got knocked cold in Latin!"

Verna: "Yea? What did you get?"

Milly: "Zero!"

Poor Papa Pays

F. Hutchings: "Going to work your way through college?"

D. Harris: "I should say not!"

F. Hutchings: "Then who is?"

D. Harris: "My father!"

George Bachers: "Ought I to marry a girl intellectually my inferior?"

Father: "If possible, yes."

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Mr. Houseman: "What is the COO for, in that formula?"

Mae Evans: "Oh, now you're getting romantic."

"What nation always wins in the end?"

"Determination."

Mother: "Well, Jimmy, do you think your teacher likes you?"

Jimmy: "I think so, mummy, because she marks a big kiss on all my 'rithmetic."

A. W.: "William is a proper adjective."

Miss M.: "Why?"

A. W.: "Because it tells what kind of a Penn."

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His Niece: "A cow jumped over the moon once."

Sergeant: "Halt, you can't go in there."

Private: "Why not, Sergeant?"

Sergeant: "Because it's the major's tent."

Private: "Well, what have they got 'Private' on the door for?"

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"What is the hardest thing about skating when you're learning?"
"The ice."

Mr. Cowles: "I'm tempted to give an examination today."
Don Barron: "Yield not to temptation!"

Professor's Wife: "Goodness, John! Where did you get that lighted red lantern?"

Professor: "I picked it up. Some careless person left it out there by that hole in the road."

Ed Renner: "What is the difference between a bus and a taxi?"
Lucelle Meyers: "I don't know."
E. R.: "Fine! We'll take the bus."

He: "Where are you from?"
She: "South Dakota."
He: "S'funny, I didn't know you were from the South."

Page Conan Doyle!

Bob Christman (in history class):
"Hamilton proposed a measure by which there should be a tax on all spirits."

Store Keeper: "This ten cent piece doesn't ring good."

Bill Geraghty: "What do you want for a dime, a set of chimes?"

Wife (trying on hats): "Do you like this one turned down, dear?"

Husband: "How much is it?"

Wife: "Only ten dollars."

Husband: "Yes, turn it down."

First Dog: "I had my tail bobbed. Don't you think it improves my carriage?"

Second Dog: "Yeah, but it certainly interferes with your waggin'!"

Jean Quinn (the young lady driver):
"I presume I am entitled to half the road, am I not?"

Man (politely): "Certainly, miss, but you seem undecided as to which half you prefer."

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"Oh! Speak-easies, yes, I've always wanted to see one. Do you suppose we could go to one while I'm here? I understand they're so much better than the old silent movies."

Chinese patient (on telephone):
"Doctor, what time you fixee teeth for me?"

Doctor: "Two-thirty all right?"

Chinese patient: "Yes, tooth hurted all right, but what time you fixee?"

Mr. Evald: "I smell perfume. Is someone putting it in their soap?"

The chemistry class: "Yes, Al Montague is."

The girls: "What scent, Al?"

Al (blushing): "Quel-que-fleur."

Elta Slaght: "I never talk when I'm excited. You've never seen me excited, have you?"

An old man walked up to a small boy who was sitting on the curb trying to eat an exceedingly large watermelon but was not making much headway.

"Too much watermelon, isn't there, sonny?"

"No, sir," responded the boy, "not enough mouth."

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