

# JOHN REVILL

JAN. '32

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JOHN MARSHALL HIGH SCHOOL

# THE JOHN QUILL

*An attempt to represent the  
life and thought of the pupils  
in John Marshall High School.*



PUBLISHED  
BY  
THE CLASS OF JANUARY 1932



ELMER W. SNYDER  
Principal



## Dedication



**Leon C. Friel**

*Seeing you is liking you,  
And hearing you, believing;  
Knowing you, we're sure to be  
Remembering, tho' leaving.*



MISS HELEN SPENCER



MR. L. MORTON KIRCHER

To our class advisers, Miss Helen Spencer and Mr. L. Morton Kircher, we, the Class of January, 1932, wish to express our deep appreciation for their helpful guidance and unfailing patience throughout the four years of our high school life.



### Class Officers Through the Years

#### Senior

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	DONALD WHITTINGTON
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RACHEL GIBSON
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN WALOCK
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	IRMA FRICKER

#### Junior

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	GRACE STORANDT
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	DONALD WHITTINGTON
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY ROMIG
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RACHEL GIBSON

#### Sophomore

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ALTHEA FINNIGAN
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#### Freshman

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	IRIS OPSLAGER
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MARJORIE ACKROYD

84 Magee Avenue Mechanics Institute  
*Ars Gratia Artis.*

Tri-Y, 4; John Quill Staff, 4; Executive Council, 4; Archbearer, 3; Swimming, 1, 2; Honorable Mention, 2, 3; Tennis, 1, 2; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Class Secretary, 1.



EINAR ANDERSON

359 Birr Street Undecided

*His wit plus his name, equal one  
good Dutchman.*

Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 3;  
Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4.



GEORGE ANDREWS

3 Welstead Place Rensselaer Polytech

*Something Ripley forgot.*

Orchestra, 2; Home Room Soccer, 4; Honorable Mention, 4.



FLORENCE ASHLEY

484 Birr Street Cornell University

*She edits our year book and teaches a class  
She has great big eyes. She's a wonderful lass.*

French Honor Club, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4; Tri-Y, 4; Arch Bearer, 3; Editor-in-chief of John Quill, 4; Basketball 3; Swimming, 2; Tennis, 3, 4; "Intimate Strangers," 4; Honor Roll, 2, 3; Honorable Mention, 3, 4; Minor Scholarship Awards; Gym Meet, 3, 4



MILDRED BAIRD

286 Selye Terrace R. B. I.

*Truth is handsomer than the  
affection of love.*

Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Arch-bearer, 3; Tri-Y, 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 3; Honor Roll, 4; Minor Scholarship Award.

# ROBERT BATTEY

179 Burr Street

U. of R

*You asked me very pointedly,  
"In what does he excel?"  
But Bob's clever in so many ways,  
It's really hard to tell.*

Reserve Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Reserve Basketball, 2; Reserve Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Ice Hockey, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 3, 4; Treasurer of Home Room, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President of Hi-Y, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 3.



# RUTH BELDUE

240 Curlew Street

U. of R

*The smile that wins.*

Tennis, 3, 4; Basketball, 3; Arch-bearer, 3; French Honor Society, 3; Treasurer, 4; National Honor Society, 4; Honor Roll, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 2; Minor Scholarship Award; Tri-Y, 4.



# DARWIN F. BUEHLMAN

176 Pittsford Street

Annapolis

*He has spirits light as air  
And a merry heart that laughs at care.*

Second Reserve Soccer, 3; Home Room Soccer, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2; John Quill, 4; Hockey, 2.



# HAROLD BRADY

128 Merrill Street

R. B. I

*It's a wise man who never boasts of  
his accomplishments.*

Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Soccer, 4; Inter-Class Baseball, 2, 3; Basketball, 2; Home Room Basketball, 1, 3, 4; Hi-Y, 4; Class Basketball, 3; Second Reserve Soccer, 2; Honorable Mention, 2, 3.



# ROBERT BRÖMLEY

22 Riverside Street

N. Y. U.

*Blue eyed, light haired and pretty—(oh girls, you must meet him)!*

Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 4; Class Soccer, 2, 3; Honorable Mention, 3.





STANLEY C. BRUNDAGE  
508 Augustine Street Undecided  
*Here's a man who's six feet two;  
He don't do much, but when he do—*  
Bowling, 3, 4.



ANNA BYRNE  
178 Magee Avenue U. of R.  
*The female Floyd Gibbons without  
exception.*  
Honor Roll, 3; Honorable Mention, 3; Pub-  
licity Staff of John Quill, 4.



MARY BURROWS  
27 Alameda Street Sweet Briar College  
*She was only a horsewoman but—oh,  
what a kick!*  
Horseback riding, 2, 3, 4; 1st Place in Show,  
2, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 2; Washington Play, 3;  
Horse Show, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 3, 4.



DOROTHY CAIRD  
95 Desmond Street Undecided  
*The blush is beautiful but it's some-  
times inconvenient.*  
Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 4.



GERTRUDE CARROLL  
470 Ridgeway Avenue Highland Hospital  
*Dollar, dollar, who's got a dollar?*  
Honorable Mention, 4.

# DALE CARTWRIGHT

248 Flower City Park

Ohio Wesleyan University

*There is a young man,  
And Dale is his name  
When Betty is absent,  
He's not quite the same.*

Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Skating Team, 2, 3; Swimming Team, 2, 3; Golf, 2, 3, 4.



# DANIEL B. CAUDLE

55 Lake View Park

Harvard

*He studies too much—such persons  
are dangerous.*

Golf, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 2, 3, 4; Executive Council, 4; Forum, 4; Cabinet, 4; Standard Bearer, Jo-Mar, 3, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Officer of French Club; National Honor Society, 3, 4; President of National Honor Society, 4; "Intimate Strangers", 4; John Quill, 4.



# LEROY CHAPIN

102 Mason Street

U. of R.

*Oh for the girls I left behind me.*



# DAVID CLEMENT

110 Selye Terrace

Undecided

*We wonder if Dave is as quiet outside  
of school as in. We wonder.*

Manager of Boxing, 2; Manager of Second Reserve Baseball, 3; John Quill, 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 4; Home Room Soccer, 3; Jo-Mar Reporter, 3, 4; Circulation Manager for Jo-Mar, 4.



# GEORGE CLEMENT

110 Selye Terrace

University of Michigan

*Johnny Weismuller, Jr.*

Swimming, 2, 3, 4; Class Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Reserve Baseball, 3; Homeroom Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Band, 2, 3; Inter-Class Swimming, 3; Minor Athletic Letter, 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 3.





HELEN ELIZABETH CRAFTS

97 Glendale Park

U. of R.

*Think of the crafts that Helen knows.*

Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Soccer, 2; Tennis, 2; Gym Meet, 3; Basketball, 2, 3; Dancing, 3; Swimming, 3; Advanced Basketball, 4; Minor Letter, 4; Riding, 2, 3.



EVELYN CROFT

3770 Mount Reed Boulevard

School of Commerce

*A friend in need and a typist indeed.*

Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball Honor Team, 2, 3; Dancing, 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Speedball, 3; Speedball Honor Team, 3; Basketball Honor Team, 3; Major Letter, 3; Minor Letter, 4; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 3; Jo-Mar Typist, 3, 4; John Quill Staff, 4; Jo-Mar Secretary, 4; Soccer, 3, 4; Soccer Team, 4.



WILLIAM DORN

116 Augustine Street

U. of R.

*It must be nice to be like that.*

Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Class Soccer, 2, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 3.



LUCILLE DUROCHER

99 Parkdale Terrace

U. of R.

*"Oh the den of wild things in the darkness of her eyes."*

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Dancing, 2, 3; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y, 4; French Honor Society, 3, 4; Arch-bearer, 3; Class Prophecy, 4.



STANLEY L. ELLS

409 Flower City Park University of Michigan

*We'll bet a dollar he's an Irishman.*

Reserve Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Reserve Baseball, 3; Reserve Soccer, 4; Manager of First Team Baseball, 4; Swimming, 3, 4; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Captain of Class Basketball, 3; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Class Soccer, 2, 3; Home Room Basketball, 3; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Class Swimming Team, 2, 3; Honorable Mention.



GERALD EMERSON

980 Glide Street Cornell Agricultural

*Ask Gerald—he knows;  
But just try to find out.*

Executive Council, 2.



CHARLOTTE FAULHABER

364 Murray Street Undecided

*That school girl complexion!*

John Quill Staff, 4; Honorable Mention, 3, 4;  
Honor Roll, 4.



ALTHEA FINNIGAN

210 Bryan Street Strong Memorial

*When Althea opens her mouth the whole  
class begins to laugh.*

President of Class, 2; Jo-Mar Editor, 3, 4;  
Tri-Y, 3, 4; President of Tri-Y, 4; National  
Honor Society, 3, 4; French Club, 3, 4; John  
Quill, 4; Honor Roll, 3, 4; Honorable Men-  
tion, 2, 3, 4.



RICHARD E. FITZGERALD

27 Petrel Street Undecided

*What? An Irishman without red hair?*

Orchestra, 2, 3; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4;  
Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll,  
2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 3, 4; National  
Honor Society, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Hockey,  
3; Track, 3; Swimming, 2; Minor Scholarship  
Letter, 4.



IRMA FRICKER

420 Clay Avenue Brockport Normal

*She looms aloft where every eye may see  
The nicest peach hangs highest on the tree.*

Basketball, 3; Tennis, 2, 3; Tri-Y, 4; John  
Quill Staff, 4; French Honor Club, 3, 4;  
Honor Society, 4; Forum Member, 4; Treas-  
urer of Class, 4; President of French Club, 4;  
Minor Scholarship Award; Arch-bearer, 3;  
Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Bank Clerk, 4.





RACHEL GIBSON

208 Avis Street Strong Memorial Hospital

*My kingdom for those eyes.*

Class Secretary, 2; Class Treasurer, 3; Class Vice-President, 4; Arch-bearer, 3; John Quill Staff, 4; Secretary of Tri-Y, 4; Tennis, 1; Honorable Mention, 3, 4.



BEATRICE M. GOFFE

8 Glenora Drive Undecided

*Candy is sweet and so are you.*

Dancing, 1; Swimming, 2, 3; Hiking, 3; Tennis, 1, 2; Vice-President of Class, 1; Treasurer, 3; Arch-bearer, 3.



BETTY GRAVES

321 Seneca Parkway Cornell

*Some girls are quickly forgotten—  
but not Betty.*

Tri-Y, 3, 4; Golf, 2; Arch-bearer, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 4; Gym Meet, 3.



EUNICE M. GREER

615 Burr Street R. B. I.

*Her voice is soft, gentle, low  
An excellent thing in a study hall.*

Hiking, 3; Minor Scholarship Award; Tennis, 1; Arch-bearer, 3; Honor Roll, 2, 3; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 3, 4.



GLADYS H. GRUNST

13 Villa Street R. B. I.

*Her friends, they are many  
Her foes—are there any?*

Tennis, 3; Baseball, 3; Hiking, 3, 4; Dancing, 4; Gym Meet, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 2, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Arch-bearer, 3; French Honor Society, 4; Secretary of French Honor Society, 4; Jo-Mar Typist, 4; John Quill Typist, 4; Second Place for Posture in Gym Meet, 4.

# LESLIE GYSEL

464 Bier Street

U. of R.

*Sometimes I sit and think and sometimes I just sit.*

Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Band, 2, 3; Class Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3; Scholarship, 2; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4.



# ALMA HALL

325 Avis Street

Undecided

*"Pale hands I loved,"*

Honorable Mention, 4; President of Tri-Y, 4.



# HAZEL HERMANN

666 Flower City Park

U. of R.

*The hairs of her head are numbered  
But we never got beyond the 3,000,000th.*

Basketball, 4; Tennis, 4; Home Room Representative, 3, 4; Forum Member, 4; John Quill Staff, 4; Tri-Y, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 4; Honorable Mention, 4; Arch-bearer, 3.



# FLORENCE HOWE

182 Magee Avenue

U. of R.

*Blue hair and black eyes—  
a devastating combination.*



# HENRY EATON IRELAND

96 Thorndyke Road

Cornell

*Another of those likable Irishmen with a  
fauling for funny looking cars and good  
looking women.*

Baseball, 2; Hockey, 2; Track, 2; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Business Manager of John Quill, 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 2.





AGNES JONES

81 Redwood Street

Undecided

*Better a three inch grin  
Than a half inch frown*

Bank Clerk, 2; Soccer, 2; Soccer Honor Team, 2; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball Honor Team, 2, 3; Swimming, 2; Minor Athletic Award, 3; Dancing, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 3, 4; Speedball, 3; Speedball Honor Team, 3; Basketball, 3, 4; Basketball Honor Team, 3; Major Athletic Award, 4; Minor Scholarship Award, 3; Jo-Mar Typist, 3, 4; Tri-Y, 3, 4; Honor Society, 3, 4.



KATHRYN E. KEHR

357 Knickerbocker Avenue

University of Rochester

*Twinkletoes always goes South.*

Basketball, 1; Swimming, 2; Dancing Instructor, 3; Feminine Lead in "Patsy", 3; Decorator for Latin Play, 3.



EILEEN DOROTHEA LADIEU

276 Clay Avenue

Undecided

*Those who know her best respect her most.*

Skating Team, 2; Tri-Y, 3; Baseball, 1.



DAVID MARVIN

167 Ridgeway Avenue

Rensselaer Polytech.

*He'd make a swell Colonel Lindbergh.*

Inter-Class Baseball, 2, 3; Home Room Baseball, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 3, 4; Varsity Soccer, 3; Freshmen Basketball; Sophomore Basketball; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Reserve Soccer, 2; Soccer, 1; Varsity Soccer, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 3.



MARY NORMA MCSWEENEY

954 Dewey Avenue

Brockport Normal

*Fashioned so slenderly, young and fair.*

Baseball, 2; Golf, 2; Riding, 3; Tennis, 2; Honorable Mention, 3, 4.

# COLEMAN MEYERHOFF

17 Ridgeway Avenue U. of R.

*Ask him how to reduce.*

Home Room Soccer, 2, 3; Tennis, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 4; Class Basketball, 2; Home Room Baseball, 2; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 3.



# GERTRUDE MICHAELIS

13 Broczel Street Mechanics Institute

*A born Cheerleader.*

Riding, 3, 4; Soccer, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Bank Clerk, 2; Speedball Honor Team, 3; Tri-Y, 3, 4; Dramatic Club, 2; Baseball, 3, 4; Dancing, 3; Minor Athletic Award, 3; Jo-Mar Typist, 2, 3; Tennis, 3; Major Athletic Award, 4.



# RICHMOND MILLHAM

216 Alameda Street Lehigh University

*Napoleon was a small man—so am I.*

Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; First Team Baseball, 4; Band, 2, 3, 4; Reserve Baseball, 2, 3; Hi-Y; Honor Roll, 2; Honorable Mention, 3, 4; Sales Manager of John Quill, 4; National Honor Society, 4; Basketball, 2.



# BETTY MOLL

102 Clay Avenue Undecided

*Sweet and lovely.*

Gym Meet, 2, 3; Tennis, 2, 3; Home Room Representative of Student Association, 3; Tri-Y, 3, 4; Golf, 2; Arch-bearer, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 3.



# ANNE MORRIS

36 Argo Park R. B. I.

*She makes a perfect heroine because she's not too perfect.*

Honor Roll, 3, 4; Minor Scholarship Award; Minor Athletic Award; Les Babillards, 3, 4; Latin Play; Mistress of Wardrobe for "Intimate Strangers," 3; National Honor Society, 3, 4; Tri-Y, 4; Gym Meet, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3; Swimming, 2, 3; Tennis, 2, 3; Arch-bearer, 3; Guardian of the Flag, 4; Reporter for Jo-Mar, 4; John Quill Staff, 4; Dancing, 2; Senior Play, 4.





# BELLE MORRIS

1420 Lake Avenue

U. of R.

*I will do my best.*

Tennis, 1; Swimming, 2; Basketball, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 1; Minor Letter



# WALTER J. NARCHIE

17 Fern Street

Mechanics Institute

*There's only one way to get his goat.  
Watch where he ties it.*

Boxing, 3; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Inter-Class Baseball, 3; Swimming, 2, 3; "Six Ingredients," 2; Hockey, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 3; Honor Roll, 2; Inter-High School Orchestra, 3.



# FLORENCE E. PAINE

Elmgrove Road, Greece

Katharine Gibbs Secretarial

*A good disposition is a rare asset—  
just one big Paine.*

Tennis, 1; Baseball, 1, 2; Golf, 2; Soccer, 2



# KIRBY POST

139 Pierpont Street

Undecided

*Not the famous Kirby Post who  
drives (?) a Roosevelt?  
The very same.*

Soccer, 1; Baseball, 1; Manager of Basketball, 1; Reserve Basketball Manager, 2; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3; Advertising Manager of "Patsy", 3; Member of Executive Council, 3; Member of Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Treasurer, 3, 4; Publicity Committee of John Quill, 4; Swimming Team, 3, 4; Class Swimming Meet, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 1.



# THEODORE R. REED

1244 Lake Avenue

U. of R.

*—Ted lost his temper once, and said:  
"For goodness sakes, boys!"  
Right out loud.*

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

ROBERT REICHART

164 Albemarle Street

M. I. T.

*Marshall's third Reichart.*

Reserve Basketball, 2; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Class Soccer, 3; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 3, 4.



MARY BARBARA ROMIG

105 Albemarle Street

Cornell School of Journalism

*She manages to get her picture in the paper with teachers.*

Arch-bearer, 3; Jo-Mar, 2, 3, 4; Class Poet, 4; Tennis, 2, 3; Tri-Y, 4; Swimming, 2; Basketball, 2; Gym Meet, 3; Golf, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 4; "The Whole Town's Talking, 4.



GEORGE ROTOLO

410 Orange Street

Undecided

*Good cheer, a lot of fun  
And a smile for everyone.*

Reserve Baseball, 2, 3; Reserve Soccer, 2, 3; Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Sports Editor for John Quill, 4; First Team Baseball, 4; First Team Soccer, 4; Skating.



EARL RUCHDESCHER

50 Wildmere Road

Undecided

*Earl has an equation for the efficiency  
of an angle worm going down hill.*

Major Scholarship Award, 2; Swimming, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 4; Honor Roll, 2; Honorable Mention, 4.



KATHERINE RUPP

133 Mason Street

Undecided

*Her laugh is contagious.*

Bank Clerk, 3, 4; Baseball Honor Team, 2; Honorable Mention, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 4.







# ANNA SAUER

147 Eastman Avenue

R. W. I.

*What I must do is all that concerns me  
Not what people think.*

Executive Council, 1; Swimming, 1, 2; Dancing, 1; Minor Scholarship Letter, 3; French Club, 3, 4; Major Scholarship Letter, 4; National Honor Society, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 4.

# JANE SEELY

2454 Ridge Road West

Undecided

*Short, snappy, and sweet.*

Bank Clerk, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4; Tri-Y, 4; John Quill Advertising Staff, 4; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter, 4; Soccer, 1, 2; Baseball, 1, 2, 4; Swimming, 1, 2; Basketball, 1, 4; Dancing, 1, 2, 3; Gym Meet, 2; Minor Letter for Athletics, 3.



# JOHN L. SHANNON

281 Albemarle Street University of Michigan

*Our country had its George,  
Our school, its John.*

Band, 2, 3; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2; Second Reserve Basketball, 2; Reserve Basketball, 3, 4; First Team Basketball, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2; Second Reserve Baseball, 2; Reserve Baseball, 2, 3; First Team Baseball, 4; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Advertising Manager for John Quill, 4; Class Baseball, 3; Class Basketball, 4; Swimming, 3; Member of Cabinet, 4; National Honor Society, 4; Committee on Awards, 4; Minor Scholarship Letter, 3; Minor Athletic Letter, 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 2, 3, 4; Business Manager for Jo-Mar, 2.



# EDWARD E. SIEBERT

262 Winchester Street

Cornell

*"And this man is now become a god."*

Minor Scholarship, 3; Major Scholarship, 4; Assistant Stage Manager of "Cat O' Nine Tails," "Patsy," 3; Stage Manager of "Adam and Eva," "Dido and Aeneas," "Intimate Strangers," and "The Whole Town's Talking"; Dramatics Club, 2; Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1; Intra-Mural Sports Manager, 3; Assistant Manager of Basketball, 3; Manager of Basketball, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3; Home Room Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Home Room Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Jo-Mar Reporter, 1; Sports Editor of Jo-Mar, 3; Editor-in-chief of Jo-Mar, 4; Honor Society, 3, 4; Treasurer of Honor Society, 4; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Secretary of Hi-Y, 4; Executive Council Representative, 1; Cabinet Member, 4; School Award, 4.



# DONALD S. SOUTHWORTH

401 Ridgeway Avenue Cincinnati University

*Donald came to Marshall  
To be a student true;  
And then he met sweet Katherine  
Now what will poor Don do?*

Basketball, 2; Home Room Athletics, 2, 3, 4; Masculine Lead in "Patsy", 3; Student Forum Representative, 4.





MILDRED STEBBINS

25 Rand Street Eastman School of Music

*Step aside, Paderewski;  
We want Millie!*

Honor Roll, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 3, 4.



LOUISE THOMAS

181 Clay Avenue Brockport Normal

*Her mind to her a kingdom is.*

Tennis, 2, 3; Basketball, 3; French Club, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4; John Quill Staff, 4; Tri-Y, 4; Scholarship Cup, 4; Honor Roll, 2, 3, 4; Forum Member, 4; Cabinet Member, 4; Minor Scholarship Award; Archbearer, 3; Latin Play; Gym Meet, 4.



HELENE TURNER

76 Magee Avenue Sweet Briar College

*Trust not to an enchanting face—  
She giggles!*

Honor Roll, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 3; Minor Letter, 4; French Club, 4.



AMELIA VINCELLA

37 Michigan Street



LIBBIE VOLPE

118 Goodwill Street U. of R.

*Small in stature, deep in mind.*

Swimming, 1, 2; Honor Roll, 3; Class Historian, 1, 2, 3, 4; Publicity Committee for John Quill, 4; Honorable Mention, 4; Scholarship Award.





JOHN WALDOCK

242 Kislingbury Street University of Buffalo

*Comme si, comme ça!*

Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Secretary of Senior Class; Hi-Y, 4; Bowling, 4.



RUTH WARD

280 Pullman Avenue Undecided

*A kindly smile is often more welcomed than a piece of gold.*

Jo-Mar Typist, 2, 3; John Quill Typist, 3; Baseball, 1, 4; Manager, 4; Baseball Honor Team; Tennis, 1; Soccer, 1, 2; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 3, 4.



SALLY WELLMAN

21 Jones Avenue William and Mary College

*What she thinks, she speaks.*

Swimming, 2; Tennis, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3; French Club, 3, 4; Tri-Y, 3, 4; Secretary of Tri-Y, 3, 4; Scholarship Award, 3; Jo-Mar Staff, 4.



ROSE WHITE

823 Emerson Street Undecided

*She's just the quiet kind  
Whose virtues never vary.*

Typewriting Award.



DONALD WHITTINGTON

11 Bardin Street Undecided

*The light that lies in woman's eyes  
has often lied to me.*

Manager of Soccer, 1; Vice-President of Class, 3; President of Class, 4; Dramatics Club, 2; Honorable Mention, 2.

# EDWARD YEWER

20 Rainier Street

U. of R.

*Oh Mr. A-A-Ames—Mr. Ames!*

Track, 2, 3; Hockey, 2, 3, 4; Skating, 2, 3, 4; "Intimate Strangers," 4; "The Whole Town's Talking," 4; Reserve Soccer, 3; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3; Class Baseball, 3; Class Soccer, 2, 3; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Publicity Manager of John Quill, 4; Minor Athletic Letter, 2; Honorable Mention, 2, 4.



# RUTH VOCKEL

274 Avis Street

Undecided

*Everybody tap, tap, your feet!*

Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Dancing, 1, 2, 3; Gym Meet, 3, 4; Soccer, 1, 2, 3; Tri-Y; Jo-Mar Typist, 4; Photographic Editor for John Quill, 4; Executive Council, 2; Honor Soccer Team; Bank Clerk, 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor and Major Athletic Award, 3, 4; Music Festival, 2.



# LEONARD ALTABELLO

411 Emerson Street

Cornell

*Len is Scotch. He wastes no words.*

Bank Clerk, 2; Horseshoe Tournament, 3; Reserve Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Reserve Baseball, 3, 4; Reserve Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Captain of Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3; Foul Shooting Contest, 2; Horseshoe Tournament, 2; Publicity Committee of John Quill, 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 4.

# STUART KELLY

525 Birr Street

Undecided

*You may think he's quiet, but just get acquainted with him.*

Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 2; Basketball, 3; Soccer, 2, 4; Scene Painting, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 4.



STANDARD BEARERS

Daniel Caudle and Anne Morris





Seated, left to right: Agnes Dean, Louise Thomas, Louise Sullivan, Glenn Moore, Daniel Caudle, Marion Ogilvie, Jean Allardice, Geraldine Fitzgerald. Second row: Kathleen Wilson, Hazel Herman, Eleanor Kaufman, Irma Fricker, Mildred Lochner, Madeline Mong, Betty Markham, Doris Clifford. Third row: Jeanette Giebel, Ethel Broad, Warren Hilfiker, Edward Siebert, Norman Nadel, Earl Mathews, Agnes Compton, Helen Ancona.

## Forum and Cabinet

This year the Forum and Cabinet have been carrying on the student government instead of the Executive Council of last year. There are twelve members of the Cabinet, the majority of which were chosen from the Forum. The Forum consists of thirty-eight members, representing each homeroom.

The Cabinet, being a smaller group, meets the first and third Tuesday of every month, while the Forum convenes the first Tuesday of each month.



## John Quill Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	- - - - -	FLORENCE ASHLEY
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		{ LOUISE THOMAS
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<i>Faculty Advisers</i>	- - - - -	WARD S. MILLER, CARO FITZSIMONS



Seated, left to right: Marion Ogilvie, Evelyn Croft, Norman Nadel, Edward Siebert, Editor; Daniel Caudle, Madeline Mong, Ruth Yockel, Gladys Grunst. Standing, in second row: Josephine Fedel, Emma Pitcher, Nellie Sauer, Eleanor Kaufman, Mr. Miller, Nancy Gay, Rosalie Scinta, Jean Stanton, Rosemary O'Brien, Agnes Dean. Top row: Warren Hilfiker, David Clement, Harold Brady, Alfred Lidfelt, Bertrand Bushnell, Wilson Ashley.

## Jo-Mar Staff

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	- - - - -	ALTHEA FINNIGAN
	- - - - -	HAROLD BRADY
	- - - - -	NORMAN NADEL
<i>Staff Secretary</i>	- - - - -	EVELYN CROFT
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	- - - - -	WARD S. MILLER
<i>Business Adviser</i>	- - - - -	CLARENCE EVAUL
<i>Circulation Manager</i>	- - - - -	DAVID CLEMENT

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CLEO HALL	MARION OGILVIE	

### Typists

JOSEPHINE FEDELE	EMMA PITCHER
GLADYS GRUNST	RUTH YOCKEL
RITA TURNER	





Seated, left to right: Marjorie Schultz, Florence Ashley, Louise Sullivan, Daniel Caudle, Marion Oglivie, Irma Fricker, Louise Thomas. Standing: Glenn Moore, Walter Foertsch, Richard Fitzgerald, Edward Siebert.

## National Honor Society

On April 30, 1929, the nine hundred and thirty-first National Honor Society was organized, at Marshall. Election into the society is based primarily upon scholarship, but character, service, and leadership are also requisites. The society this term has been policing the corridors in an effort to keep them free from loiterers. Miss Caro FitzSimons is adviser of the group.

The Monroe Chapter gave a tea for the members of the Marshall Chapter on November 23, 1931.

### Members IV-2

Florence Ashley  
Ruth Beldue  
Althea Finnigan  
Irma Fricker  
Agnes Jones

Anna Sauer  
Jane Seely  
Grace Storandt  
Louise Thomas  
Daniel Caudle

Richard Fitzgerald  
Richmond Millham  
John Shannon  
Edward Siebert

### IV-1

Dorothy Harness  
Dorothy Lyndon  
Marion Ogilvie  
Mary Helen Raistrick

Marjorie Schultz  
Louise Sullivan  
Harry Fogarty

Maynard Jameson  
Glenn Moore  
John Reid

### III-2

Constance Morton

Patricia Ross

Fred Truax



Left to right, standing: Robert Johnson, Frank Gratzner, Bernard Rife, Walter Foertsch, Harold Brady, David Marvin, Edwin Hoefler, Herbert Shears; left to right, front row: Edward Siebert, Stanley Ellis, Leonard Altobello, Robert Battey, George Morris, Alfred Jutsum, Louis Pilaroscia, Nick Nucchi, George Rotolo, Joe Murray, Paul Faker.

### Soccer

This year John Marshall's team of hard fighting lads displayed the sort of soccer which pleased Mr. Ulrich very much. True, the eleven lost a few games, but this happens to the best regulated teams. The co-operation between the smooth working forward line and shifty backfield with its all-scholastic goalie in the nets to save many screaming shots from tallies was warmly commended by the followers of the Blue and Orange. The reserve men who were always on hand to fill in also deserve mention, though their aggregation did not show up any too well in the reserve loop.

The following represented Marshall on the soccer field this fall: Nicholas Nucchi, all-scholastic goalie; Captain Edwin Hoefler and Frank Gratzner, full-backs; Herbert Shears, Harold Brady, and David Marvin, halfbacks; Paul Faker, Louis Pilaroscia, all-scholastic right inside; Bernard Rife, George Rotolo, George Morris, and Glenn Moore, forwards.

The reserve material under the care of Mr. Kiggins, who donated part of his time to soccer, is as follows: Robert Johnson, captain; Robert Beatty, George Rotolo, Edward Siebert, Leonard Altobello, Walter Foertsch, Frank Scheel, Gordon Greene, Joseph Murray, Stanley Ellis, Daniel Sharpe, Ellsworth Rogers, Carl Wolever, and Alfred Jutsum.



Seated, left to right: Agnes Meyers, Peggy Eyer, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ruth Vanderbilt, Marion Ogilvie, Clarice Rife. Standing: Leone De Lelys, Wilma Stolta, Eleanor Moore, Martha Jardine.

### Girls' Soccer

Out of thirty-two girls the following were chosen to make up this year's honor team: Leone DeLelys, Peggy Eyer, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Martha Jardine, Agnes Meyers, Eleanor Moore, Marion Ogilvie, Clarice Rife, Anna Sommer, Wilma Stolta, Ruth Vanderbilt. The subs were Eunice Evans and Irene Taylor. Eunice Evans acted as referee.



### Basketball

Girls turned out in great numbers for basketball. There are now fifty-one for advanced basketball, which meets on Tuesdays. Three teams have been organized.

A new center ball play is being tried with three guards and three forwards and no jump centers.

### Swimming

On Tuesdays and Thursdays swimming classes are conducted at the Maplewood Y under the direction of Mr. Benson, one of the city's foremost swimming instructors. The boys have responded well, and there is an average attendance of twenty. From these twenty a swimming squad has been developed to represent Marshall in the tank.

The following boys are on the squad: Captain Berner, Manager Clement, Evans, Rouse, Manly, Cooper, Beatty, Allen, Becher, Laurini, Bishop, Bailey, and Schultz. From these boys Robert Collamer shaped out the first team.

The freshmen of Marshall have been attending classes at the new Jefferson pool. They have had an average attendance of thirty, in spite of the fact that they are not dismissed from school until four o'clock. They have some fine material and will turn out a team which will contend with other freshmen teams of the city.



### Cross Country

This year at Marshall Mr. Kiggins issued a call for candidates for the cross-country team. Forty-five boys enthusiastically responded, and from these he developed a team to represent Marshall. Partly because this is a new sport at Marshall, the boys did not present a championship team but hope to hang up records next season. The following boys were on the first team: Captain E. Murphy, C. Blake, C. Kinslow, R. Ottman, H. Sentiff, I. Newman, D. Nichols, L. Kneeland, S. Gutelius, J. Baker, H. Godell, E. Dolan, and G. Walker. Jack Hellaby was manager and Richard Dutcher his subordinate.



### Bowling

This year's bowling team, under the direction of Mr. Conroy, arranged matches with other bowling teams from various high schools. The boys have practised hard, and the result is a likely-looking outfit of experienced players.

The following are on the team: Henry Kordt (captain), Robert Copeland, Arthur Pero, Oliver Yockel, and Robert Johnson.



### Volley Ball

Tuesday night is the night for volley ball,—eighteen girls have already come out. They hope to have a game with the boys in the future.

Two teams have been chosen and the playing of both is progressing.



### Golf

Mr. Friel, who defeated all opposition in the schoolmasters' league, has been coaching in golf the boys who were interested. The interest was so keen that a tournament was conducted. After many hard matches Daniel Caudle finally defeated Ray Marlin in a close contest. Daniel will have his name placed on the trophy recently purchased by the school.



EX-2  
FILM FACTORY  
Photos by Dan Caudle









## Thoughts on Rossini's Overture to William Tell

*Prize Essay*



HE peculiar power of music to recall in our minds a mood, an emotion, or a picture reaches its zenith, for me, in the well-known overture to "William Tell," Rossini's melodious masterpiece. By this single work, Rossini has gained more fame than by all the rest of his vast mass of musical compositions, among every day people, if not among the opera-goers. That, after all, is what counts most.

The first time I heard the overture, I was too young to be impressed by it. But it was my good fortune to be in the Swiss Alps one year when I was fourteen, and since that time its strains have become symbolic of the grandeur and beauty of those mountains, and of the simplicity, quaintness, and passion for liberty of their people. The Alps seemed to get under my skin as no other work of nature I have met has. And it is not through any photograph (for they never seem to look natural), but by means of the immortal music that those scenes "flash upon that inward eye that is the bliss of solitude."

Let me say before I go further that I have never seen the Alps as the tourist usually sees them. During the two days that I was in Switzerland the peaks were shrouded in a mantle of cloud through which the sun scintillated intermittently, drenching the lesser heights and valleys in the glories of the rainbow. One seemed, however, to feel the presence of the snow-capped mountain, vast ethereal, stretching up into the heavens far beyond the ken of man. Only once, just as we were leaving the town of Interlaken to depart for France, were we given a glimpse of one of the mighty giants. The fog having lifted a little, the Jungfrau appeared as in a vision. Which indeed it was. It was difficult to determine whether it was a thing of the imagination or a reality. Its white steeply hardly distinguishable from the parting clouds, it seemed to hang suspended above the little town, almost within reach, but intangible. I may not have been sufficiently impressed at the time, but my memory of it is a mental vision of overwhelming beauty, like the finale of the overture. But I have gotten far ahead of myself.

The music is introduced by a sweep of melody without definite meaning, suggestive of many scenes. It brings to me a picture of an Alpine lake, glassy clear, like a polished emerald surrounded by rough diamonds. "Clear, placid Leman!" I wonder if Rossini could have read Byron? I see the patriot Tell among scenes of placid domesticity. And over the melody, like an overhanging cloud, one can hear the muttered threats of the approaching storm. Suddenly, it is upon us. The lake is whipped to fury. "Far along, from peak to peak, the rattling crags among, leaps the live thunder!" Never too familiar with the Swiss legend, I imagine Tell encountering the Austrians amid all sorts of treachery, while the Alps, sensing the danger to the land over which they stand guard, rise to fury. Mayhap even the Lion of Lucerne is adding his cry of rage to the elements. Again I may see the Austrians wrecked upon the wild waters. That is the charm of this music to me; it is never twice quite the same.

The storm breaks as suddenly as it has gathered. The reeds play a rhythmic and tuneful theme: the calm. The picture is unmistakable. Tell is making his way back to his home, successful in his cause. The lake is again calm and peaceful. The sun shines benignly; the Alps look down from their majesty with approval. You can hear the dip of the oars into the water, the low chant of the men. It is a perfect portrayal of that peculiar quiet which follows the storm.



And now the finale. Its spirited rhythm has come to stand for the liberty that the legendary patriot so gloriously fought for and won. Again the picture in my mind's eye is vivid. Our patriot has reached his home. Before his cottage he stands, supremely happy, and the Jungfrau answers with this hymn of joy.

DANIEL CAUDLE, 12A.



## Storms



LOVE all weather, the exhibition of Nature's moods. Naturally, we all enjoy summer and spring weather immensely. However, the mood I always like best is that in which Nature gives vent to the pent-up heat of summer during a heavy thunder storm. The majestic turbulence, the terrific outbursts, the violent disturbances, all strike my fancy. I remember that once, when I was very small, I saw lightning cleave the sky in such a way as to make the shape of a tree. Since then, I have never missed seeing a storm. Whenever I wake at night during a tempest, I rise and stand at my window, watching, until it passes. I cannot bear missing this beautiful, appealing anger.

There is one storm in particular that I remember clearly. It came at the close of an oppressive, sultry day, bringing with it a welcome relief from the day's heat.

First, the sky became overcast with dark, gloomy rain-clouds that dulled the sun's bright light. In the distance I heard a faint roll of thunder, the ominous warning of what was to come.

Then the lake near by became violently agitated, stirred by the headstrong winds that whistled lustily in the vast space. Choppy waves appeared with curly, white tops, rolling first into high mountains, and next deep down into low valleys. Angrily the waves surged over the smooth sands until, high up on the beach, the few remaining loiterers dispersed. The sea had full sway.

Soon the land, too, was victim of the storm. The tree-tops, bending low before the wind's fury, yielded to their master. The leaves which had been scattered on the ground were now rampant in the air in great whirling masses.

As the clouds darkened overhead, I felt the threatening atmosphere settle lower. Suddenly a number of large raindrops appeared, followed soon by a deluge. Shortly after this came an unexpected flash, and then a loud, reverberating peal of thunder that seemed to strike the roof. Gradually the noise of the clap that had been so deafening died away into infinity. Many times during the disturbance did this occur, preceded by an illuminating, zigzag light. I loved to trace the sudden patterns formed by lightning in the sky. I recall imagining the echoes of thunder to be a number of old ladies in tight skirts and high-heeled shoes, tramping across our attic floor, making the same hollow noise as the dying thunder made in the sky.

Little by little the commotion ceased, the wind lulled, and the ground, after soaking up the rain, looked fresher. Gradually the sky cleared, and the setting sun threw a few last kindly beams over the cool earth. Once again, all was peaceful and quiet. Nature was pacified.

ANNE SAUER, 12A.

## Thresholds



THRESHOLDS are usually thought of as having a serious and moral significance for life. To me each one has a different connotation. They are made of wood, brick, or marble; not air, or imagination.

One of my earliest recollections was the dirty, much-trodden wooden steps of the family dentist. I used to teeter on them for at least fifteen minutes before entering. In fear and trembling I would stand there, with wild speculations racing through my mind. Would I be carried back across this door sill on a stretcher, its goal the morgue, or would I merrily gambol across it and down the steps? My eyes would widen with terror, and my imagination was so effective I could see the blood dripping. Ugh! Throwing my head up and clenching my hands, I would dash into the dentist's sanctum. After a half hour of agony, lo and behold! I would find myself safe and sound on the same threshold. Feeling myself with trembling hands, I would perceive that not an article was missing. I would gambol merrily across it and down the steps.

Another type of threshold is the one to the classroom on some fatal day in the month. Will you issue forth doomed or saved? That remains to be seen. In some particularly speculative class such as chemistry or English you wonder whether to turn and run or walk boldly in, defying Providence and Fate. Though you may come out with the worst possible, you can still say to yourself, "I am self-reliant,—I trusted myself."

The stage entrance is another terrifying type. Here is one that is poisonous. A terrible disease is contracted by the actors, especially amateurs. The symptoms are excessive trembling, weakness, and lockjaw. The crisis comes as you take your first step off the threshold onto the stage. The disease usually begins to lessen at that moment, but may return at any time during your stay. Beware of stage-fright carriers, stage thresholds!

Thresholds have personalities. All are peculiar, entirely unique, and individual. The dining room threshold causes you to be suffused with a feeling of warmth and well-being, for in a short time you will add five or six pounds to the already-heavy-enough soul-mansion. The bedroom threshold is self-reliant, because in there you immediately throw aside conventions and artificiality to become your own individual self, no matter how sad, silly, ridiculous, or happy. The parlor one is sometimes embarrassing, for that is where you stop so that the assembled company of "mama's" friends may see how tall you are, and whether you resemble your grandmother, grandfather, mother, father, or great aunt. You wonder nervously whether they are going to say you look like great aunt Agatha who is a gargoyle if there ever was one. The thresholds of books are very revealing. If the first sentence starts like this, "The excruciating effect gave Archibald an infinitesimal opportunity," drop it, and run, for it will continue thus throughout the book. But, if you find one like this, "Audrey had just closed the safe in her father's study when she heard a slight noise," grab it, and swallow it whole.

The very nicest threshold I can possibly think of is the theater threshold. A whole evening of entertainment stretches before you. The kind of entertainment you yourself may choose. One evening you may wish to weep, another to laugh, and still another to do both. For once the adage, "beggars can't be choosers," has an exception. If a beggar has fifty cents and wants to go to a theater, he can choose. A theater threshold could also tell wonderful stories of those who have helped to wear it down. Perhaps princes and princesses have passed over it, famous stars or even kings. You will never know.

FLORENCE ASBLEY, 12A.

## A Tragedy of the Plague



HE great plague had again descended on London. Where had it come from? That was not for lowly mortals to know. God alone held the secret. His people had sinned against Him. Now they must atone for it.

London was a great city. Yet each day it grew perceptibly smaller. For weeks the Grim Reaper had stalked through the streets. Each night he tabulated five thousand souls on his death list.

Death had put fear into the richer people of London. They had fled, only to find Death wherever they went. The poor people were left with the city to themselves.

It was an ordinary foggy London night, but the fog was thickened with the heavy smoke of soft coal fires which were burning in the streets. This was believed to purify the air and to prevent the disease from spreading. A wanderer along Anglingbury Street could not help but notice the red crosses on the doors of most of the houses and also the inscriptions, "The Lord have mercy on us." This was the sign that the plague was in the house. Very few houses there were without this sign. The wanderer would also notice, at about ten o'clock, a wagon coming down the street. In a melancholy voice, the driver would call out constantly, "Bring out your dead."

All was still as a little woman came down the street. One glance showed that she was exceedingly poor. Sorrow hung heavily over her head, for three of her children had died. Her husband and her only remaining child were stricken. But she was thankful that at least the three of them were still alive. Most of her neighbors had died, whole families of them.

The woman entered the house and made her way hurriedly to her appointment. She rushed to the bed and knelt beside it, where lay her husband and eight-year-old daughter. The Grim Reaper has been waiting for them and now has drawn closer.

A stifled scream! What was that? With one stroke of his deadly scythe the Grim Reaper claimed the life of the father—with a trembling hand the mother took a small bottle from her pocket. She had just returned from the apothecary shop. The remaining Londoners could not be too thankful to these shop-keepers. They had stayed even when the doctors had fled.

"Here, my child," she said tenderly, "take this, and may God have mercy on you."

"But why don't you give daddy his medicine? He always takes it when I do."

"Hush, my child, try to sleep now."

For an hour silence and the black night prevailed the little room.

"Mother."

"Yes, dear."

"Do you hear the angels singing?"

"Why, no, dear. Go to sleep now."

Then with a sudden sweep of her hand to her forehead, she fell on the bed and clutched her child in her arms.

"Yes, I hear the angels singing—I hear—the churchbells—I see the angels—I—"

Both lay motionless. Outlined in the dark above the two stood the Grim Reaper, smiling with a sly smile.

ROBERT OTTMAN, 12B.

## Street-Car Literati



FTEN when I am riding in a public conveyance, thinking of nothing in particular, I notice someone deeply immersed in a book. It may be a schoolboy with a paper-covered thriller; a dignified matron with the latest novel, or a scholarly professor perusing a mathematical treatise. Never do I see such a person, that I am not inflamed with a desire to learn the title and author of the interest-absorbing volume. At the first opportunity I change my seat, if necessary, to obtain a view of the title page, or at least of a chapter heading. Sometimes this procedure is accompanied by dire hazards. I may have to peer over a seat back, or around a pile of bundles, in imminent danger of falling on my head. I may even have to cross my eyes and crane my neck, at the risk of remaining permanently disabled. However, this sad state of affairs is not common, or the practise of title-snooping would have died out years ago. I have failed to obtain satisfaction only twice. The first time, I lost the title because it was in German. The second, the literary-minded person whose book I was observing noticed my scrutiny and shut the volume with a snap. For the rest of the journey I was subjected to what is known as the "dog-eye," a particularly malevolent style of glare, calculated to wilt the strongest personality. This is often my reward for my curiosity, but I am becoming hardened to such chastisement.

It is surprising to note the variety of literature, and otherwise, consumed by the average street-car riding public. I have seen schoolboys of a tender age reading Maupassant and Carlyle. I have seen an aged lady taking great delight in Burgess's Animal Stories, and a seedy looking tramp perusing a cookbook. When I saw him, he was assiduously studying a recipe for caviar club sandwiches.

A great number of the higher class paper-back novels are read by office-girls on their way to and from work. Students may be seen almost any morning, doing homework on the car. However, this is not true in the afternoon. Society dames and damsels whose limousines are being repaired, or who have no limousine, are seen reading love lyrics, or the latest in modernistic poetry, between jolts of the car.

The true street-car reader can easily be distinguished by his disdain of surroundings. He will not look up from his book until the car approaches his stop and then only with an expression of sorrow. He is not disturbed by accidents in the street, sudden squealings of brakes, or anything short of a bolt of lightning. He is truly unconscious while he reads. If he is forced to move by the arrival of some new passenger, he will do so without looking up from his book. I have even seen his kind reading while alighting from the bus.

This method of street-car study might easily be applied to the well-known home university plan—the "fifteen-minutes-a-day" type. Indeed, I have seen several persons improving the shining hours in such a manner. It would be very beneficial if this practise were universal. Many people who now complain of their lack of time for reading might well use this idea.

Some are discouraged by the jolting motion of various street cars; this evil may be remedied easily. One may, in time, accustom oneself to the motion—something in the manner of the globetrotter, who is never seasick. The second remedy is simpler still. Merely change street-car lines, choosing preferably a longer route in order to gain more reading time.

Whatever the subject or author chosen for study or pleasure, remember Bacon's charming reference to the three types of books—some to be tasted, some

swallowed, and some chewed and digested. Please do not take this hint too literally, as some printers' inks are indigestible.

When you grow tired of street-car study, try my diversion of watching other students, and fear not if you receive the "dog-eye". You will be but a martyr to the cause of science.

GEORGE ANDREWS, 12A.



### Faith

*In a window of a house burns a candle;  
'Tis on the road to Rome.  
It's put there by a lady  
To guide her boy back home.*

*The lady's old and wrinkled;  
And her hair is silvery grey;  
She's been waiting for her wandering son  
Ever since he went away.*

*The candle's long and tapering,  
And it's made of creamy white;  
She puts it there at sunset  
And lets it burn all night.*

*She never leaves her little house.  
She never wants to roam;  
For she's sure some day her candle  
Will guide her boy back home.*

MADLINE MONG, 11B.



### Autumn

*Prize Poem*

*Hide me in a forest, thick with hemlocks, elms and pines,  
Where the birds all scream and shout and call, and the wild wind  
shrieks and whines,—  
Where the rugged, regal glories of the tall and stately tree  
Make an humble bow and sweep the earth  
Before the wild, untamed breeze,  
Where the dried-up leaves go swirling and a-swhirling through the air,  
When there's no one there to see them and there's no one there to care.  
Take me far from this depressing life, so sordid and unreal  
Where I can live, and love, and laugh, and feel  
The furies of the storms of snow and sleet and rain,  
And bare my life, my heart, my soul, to really joyous pain.*

MARJORIE DUROCHER, 11B.



## Puppy Love



HAVE always been interested in cases of puppy love as an observer, an adviser, and participant. To me they are phenomena both natural and necessary to help make life interesting for boys and girls in their teens. It is fairly safe to say that the majority of persons past twenty are beyond the puppy love stage and that anything that touches them after they reach that age is likely to be the real thing and should be recognized, captured, and clung to.

Young love is mostly physical attraction. It comes first when one, usually in the early teens, becomes aware of his ability to attract the opposite sex. A love affair that is neither serious, or important follows this realization. Love is expressed by long, thrilling glances across the schoolroom, the carrying of books home from school, valentines and even notes. When it is over there are no broken hearts or tears or regrets simply because the heart strings did not become too tangled. This first love tends to break in the participants, and when love number two comes along they are better able and more anxious to receive it. But using the same tactics is not advisable, since the second love is an entirely different thing. All puppy love is serious but this second love is the most serious form and should be treated accordingly.

In the middle teens one becomes more particular about the object of his affections. Sometimes he builds up an ideal and looks for one who can fit it. If he finds this remarkable person, the fire of love is lighted and it burns with a fierce intensity. To those concerned this love is life itself. All mad ecstasy or deep despair or rapture or pain. Little things can make a whole day worth while. It takes only the smallest attention from the loved one to give the lover the wildest bliss and a memory that he can dwell on and feed from to appease his poignant hunger. These little attentions, unless they are closely followed by more personal attentions, make the lover wistful and discontent, but love can live on these alone for a surprisingly long time.

Broken hearts enter wherever love does. They are the result of love dying in the heart of one, while it still lives in the heart of the other. Sad happening, for it leaves the unfortunate faithful one with the jagged ends of a broken heart to be nursed. Incidentally, nothing is more healing to a heart wound than still another love, new, fresh, and different. But love isn't always obliging, and broken hearts cause more unhappiness to young people than adults can ever know.

Puppy love makes things of people, often fools. It plays a definite part in character forming and makes what is known as a type. There is the sixteen year old who is through with love. He believes there is no such thing. He sits in the seat of the cynic. He is a woman hater. She is a man hater. There is the girl to whom boys are just toys for her to play with. Why does she bother with them at all? Oh, they do amuse her with their ardent love making and, after all, one has to do something. And there is the boy who is the original answer to any maiden's prayers but who thinks all girls are silly. He can't help it because they fall for him. Then too, they make good dance partners, and a fellow has to take a girl somewhere once in awhile. But as for love,—gosh, no, that's the bunk.

These people have been affected by too much puppy love. The thrill of it has been dulled by too much at one time. Quantity has detracted from the quality. They have had to turn away from it to something more sophisticated, more mature. They are beyond the delightful innocence of puppy love.

But there are more young people who are happily indulging in the pleasure of puppy love without even knowing it and will continue to do so until they wake,

bewildered, wondering whatever possessed them. But they won't feel bitter then; they will smile as they remember.

At times I have felt that puppy love was terribly disgusting, that it cheapened the real thing and detracted from its loveliness. I have called it silly, and only for those who could find nothing better to occupy them. But at present I regard it not only tolerantly but with approval. For after all it does bring happiness and surely happiness is right and beautiful. There is something charming and fascinating in the picture of two young people blinded to the sorrows and ugliness of the weary world by so simple and sweet a thing as puppy love. For youth, life is all romance, and puppy love is perfectly and completely romantic. It isn't to be laughed at or scorned, but neither is it to be taken too seriously.

MARY ROMIG, 12A.



## A Mouse Chase



HAD been raising havoc in this house ever since I had come through a small hole in the back room a few weeks before. I had had a great deal of fun eating bread from the pantry, and running about the house scaring the mistress.

One Sunday I ran down the curtain and into some cushions on the window seat. The way in which the lady of the house cried, "There goes a mouse,—keep him away from my davenport!" amused me a great deal. What in the world did I care about her davenport, I'd like to know.

She went to find the family cat, but that member had taken advantage of the warm afternoon and had gone visiting. Three clumsy members of the male sex grabbed newspapers and started after me. I was laughing at their efforts to entrap me as I ran back of the door. They tried to block my entrance and exit passages but they were too slow, and I ran between a pair of long legs into another room.

Under the buffet I went and they followed on hands and knees with newspapers poised ready to strike. As I was getting slightly tired, I made a dash for the day bed. Under that I knew that I would be safe from inquiring eyes. They finally gave up the chase and went into the other room to rest.

After a short rest I went again into the living room. They saw me and grasped their newspapers tighter. I evaded their grasp and ran under the buffet. Then I started along the side of the room. The youngest of the three men hit at me five times, but I was just one jump ahead of him. I was so interested in watching him that I did not see a chain in front of me. I ran into it and couldn't get out. One of the men grabbed me, and I felt myself being crushed.

I remember nothing more until I regained consciousness in the back yard. Inside I heard them laughing about my capture. They think that they achieved my destruction. However, they would never have caught me if I hadn't been trapped in that furnace chain.

MILDRED BAIRD, 12A.

## The Opportunity

*Prize Story*



Mr. Peters straightened his rather bent shoulders from his desk and gazed out of the window in an effort to find an inspiration. But how could anyone, much less an aged shipping clerk, find the slightest inspiration in a colorless cat yowling on a colorless fence in an equally colorless back-yard? Mr. Peters sighed, glanced apathetically at the clock on the wall, and turned wearily back to his work. How he wished something would happen in this dull out-of-the-way office! It may be well to mention that Mr. Peters was an avid devourer of the so-called "dime novels," and that he had many and glamorous ideas of adventures in which he was the central figure and hero.

A tap on his shoulder aroused him from his apathy, and he looked up to find his immediate superior, Mr. Cummings, standing beside him.

"The G. M. wants to see ya," he said, laconically.

Now, to be called to the general manager's (known to the office force as the "G. M.") office meant one of three things: a raise in pay, a special assignment, or a discharge. Mr. Peters fervently hoped it wouldn't be the last.

Arriving some five minutes later, he knocked timidly on the office door, and was received by a supercilious office boy, who considered mere shipping clerks the dust of the earth.

Upon entering the sanctum sanctorum, Peters perceived a huge pair of shoes resting on the desk. At the sight of Peters, the G. M. became jovial and waved an expansive hand at a box of cigars resting on the desk.

"Help yourself," he said genially.

Peters reached a nervous hand toward the cigars. The man at the desk straightened up, and as he did so his joviality departed and he snapped out:

"Peters, we've an important job for you. We have a bunch of papers which must be delivered to the bank. We've picked you for the job because nobody is likely to suspect a man of your type to be carrying them. You'll get them at the cashier's desk. Better start now."

As Peters turned to go, the G. M. leaned forward slightly and said in a lower voice, "It may be well to warn you that we have competitors who are anxious to get their hands on these papers. They may try to stop you, though I hardly think it likely."

He retrieved a package marked "Peters" at the cashier's desk and donned his rather shabby raincoat, which he buttoned closely around him, in anticipation of the penetrating London fog into which he was about to venture.

Peters, trying to think that no one was following him, strode down the street, putting on a brave front, inwardly fortifying himself with thoughts of the deeds of his hero in "Pop-eye Phil," or "Lost in the Mines."

All was well until he reached the alley down which he must turn to get to the back door of the bank. Suddenly a rough hand yanked him to one side; a voice spoke in his ear,—

"Hand us those papers, now.—We know who you are. And don't try to fight, because I've got you covered."

But Peters, instead of submitting peacefully to this pressing command, turned suddenly and put all his feeble strength in a wavering right hook on his assailant's jaw. Down went the man, and as he did so, his finger hit the trigger of the automatic he had been holding. A succession of staccato shots pierced the air. A split second afterward Peters heard the shrill whistle of a policeman.



Fearful that he would be detained, he ran breathlessly down the alley and into the door of the bank, where he left his package in the custody of the cashier.

It was a rather hollow-eyed Peters who presented himself at the office the next morning, for his sleep had been broken by many and terrifying nightmares.

Scarcely had he begun his usual monotonous task of checking up on ship's cargoes when he was again summoned to the general manager's office.

He approached the office with fear and trembling. What had he done? Had the G. M. heard of his adventure of the night before? Was he to be called down for his part in the affair?

"Ah-h, Peters," said Mr. Gray, heavily.

"Yes, sir," said Peters with a sinking heart.

"I am sorry to say that, through some mistake, ah-h, last night, ah—, you were given the wrong batch of papers. All you had was a bunch of newspaper clippings. I sent the papers to the office of the cashier this A. M. You ah-h, you didn't have any difficulty, I trust?"

"No, sir," said Peters.

NANCY GAY, 10B.



### Heart-Throbs

*My heart is beating terribly,  
My breath comes short and fast,—  
I scarcely know my whereabouts,  
But, there, you have gone past.  
I watch your sleek brown body  
Rush on toward victory  
How swift, and sure and confident—  
But this inside of me!  
I never knew my heart could pound  
With such uncertainty  
The soccer ball rolls onward  
Toward happy victory;  
I couldn't seem to stop it,  
But I chased it gallantly.  
And all I have is this wild heart  
Gone mad inside of me!*

MARY ROMIG, Class Poet.



### Autumn

*Red leaves falling  
On an autumn day,  
Small birds calling  
Their mates away,*

*Children schoolward bound,  
Wrapped in colors gay,  
Feet skipping o'er the ground  
As they go on their way.*

MABEL MANGAN, 10B.

## On Collecting



PROBABLY every one, at one time or another, has been an assiduous collector of something. We are no exception. For the past three years we have been busily collecting, or perhaps it would be more truthfully stated if we said our friends have been busily collecting for us, elephants of the most astounding proportions.

Our choice of the elephant as the subject of our accumulation goes back several years into our childhood. When we were about twelve, the beneficent metropolis of Rochester presented to its school children a baby elephant. That, we admit, was very nice, and we were very willing to contribute our nickels and dimes to its support. That was before it was named. But when they named it Sally, we immediately spent that money for something else.

Due, no doubt, to our delicate and sensitive nature, we were deeply crushed by this prodigious affair. Why, with all the thousands of names, must they call it Sally, and surely it must be after us! Did we suggest some horrible monstrosity that we should be so degraded? We had never suspected it. And thus we lived in profound mortification and found life anything but the popular "bow! of cherries". Oh, how we hated that elephant!

Time, the proverbial healer of all wounds, went on and on. With the passing of time we became quite reconciled to our fate, and with the passing of still more time we became quite happy about it. After all, elephants aren't so bad. There are much worse things—monkeys, rhinoceroses, rats, skunks—we could go on—

It seems that in India the emperor thinks more of his elephants than he does of himself. He regards them as sacred, gives them the best of care, and brings them out only on the most dignified and solemn occasions and then dressed most appropriately.

Thus we came to regard the elephant with much respect. That Christmas we blossomed out with elephant Christmas cards and announced to the world that we had adopted the elephant as our lucky emblem and were going to collect reminders of this fact. If people thought this rather queer, they didn't say a great deal, but on every occasion we were showered with elephants. We got so after a while that we weren't at all thrilled with Christmas or anything, because we knew all we'd get would be elephants. Every time the friends or relatives would leave for distant parts they would always return accompanied by an elephant, sometimes white or green and once a pink one. We now have elephant lamps, elephant necklaces, elephant bracelets, elephant doorstops, elephant trays, elephant incense burners, elephant flower holders; about twenty of the species are busily engaged around the house collecting dust, and doing very well at it.

Now that we have them and seem to be getting more all the time, the question is what to do with them. We aren't going to let them bother us a great deal because they all seem to be happy in their present circumstances.

Perhaps we shall start another collection. We are quite experienced in this line. In our youth we collected pictures of motion picture stars, autographs of celebrities, and watches. We have a friend who is now collecting tinfoil, and our little sister is an enthusiastic collector of bills. This she intends to follow up as her life's work. We had never considered this collecting business as a career, but if all others fail, it isn't such a bad idea.

SALLY WELLMAN, 12B.

## On Feet



FEET play an important part in our lives and demand a great deal of attention, yet we regard those lower extremities of ours with not little indifference. They are, in a rather exaggerated sense of the word, pets; in fact, young men have been known to refer to them as their "dogs."

There are many kinds of feet: small feet, which we would all like to have; large feet, which most of us already have; flat feet, typical of certain city officials; pigeon-toed or physical-culturist feet; and "club feet" of Charlie Chaplin fame. Some feet even betray our nationality; that is, if the toes are inclined upward they suggest a Dutch ancestry.

While on the subject of feet as pets, I should like to add that it is inhuman of women to wedge their feet into tiny slippers,—very "ducky" and all, but not the thing, certainly, for their number eights. Others drag their feet unmercifully around a dance floor, subjecting them to endless tramlings-on by some two hundred pound football star.

Masculine feet are very much in evidence, some by nature, as, for example, number 12's or 14's. Others acquire their prominence by being perched on the back of a chair, the top of a desk (a black cigar usually completes this atmosphere) and others by being shifted into aisles and other passages of progress. Very small children, sometimes those not so small, find the feet to be most excellent weapons of defense, or offense, in case of necessity—not always so necessary, either.

Feet enter into the financial world, too. Take the case of the dancer, or the mailman; where would they be if feet were not? They are paid a great tribute, in gratitude for their usefulness, by the dancer in the form of a large insurance policy.

Considering all the foregoing discussion on the basis of all foundation, we conclude that the most thrilling, most important, most breath-taking part the foot plays is that which comes when the score is tied at six-all in the last minute of the last quarter and everything depends on the delivery of the "pigskin." What is the deliverer? None other but—the foot.

ALICE DONAHUE, 12B.



### The River Gorge in Autumn

*A wall of fiery colors  
Some blending  
Some sharp against the others  
And ending  
Jagged and sharp against a blue sky.*

*And in the darkening gloom  
Of the Autumn afternoon  
The blotches start to fade,  
To darken with the feeling shade,  
And soon whipped down to die.*

GEORGE CLEMENT, 12A.

## Geometrical Types in People



WE all know for what practical uses geometrical shapes are used, but we may not realize to what extent they are employed as an aid in describing some individual. In description they may be applied either to the outward appearance of a person or to his character and mental powers.

For the former, it seems to be generally true that angles are used in reference to maiden ladies and elderly people, squares to men, circles to women and babies, and parallel lines to growing youth. If one stops to consider the accounts of spinsters which he has read, he will note the curious fact that the word angular has invariably been used. Likewise, aged persons, as their flesh begins to shrivel and their bones to come more into prominence, gradually grow more and more angular. The farmer and laborer wear heavy square-toed shoes and their finger tips, like those of corpulent men, are blunt and square. Perhaps the reason for the latter fact is that women are inclined to have tapering or rounded finger nails, while men leave them square as nature intended, giving their whole finger tip the appearance of being square. The handsome Romeo is inevitably equipped with strong square shoulders with which he will shelter and protect his sweetheart from the battles of life.

One of the charms which women and babies have in common is their soft graceful curves. What lovely heroine or what adorable infant was ever described as angular? Women wear bracelets and necklaces and do their hair up in round coils, showing their tendency toward circles. Young people are often spoken of as being straight as a stick; the child who has arrived at the awkward stage often has legs like broomsticks and a slim figure, all of which implies the presence of parallel lines. It is a well known fact that a person's character and disposition is betrayed by his face. The square face with its determined jaws usually signifies that the individual clings to his ideas with a peculiar tenacity, often to the point of stubbornness. Round faced people are open-minded; one always associates jollity with them. Beware of the person with a triangular face! He does the unusual thing and is apt to get the best of you if you don't watch out! In short, the man with a square face is a conservative, with a round face a liberal, and with a triangular face a radical.

The similarities between geometric forms and the human mind and character are not quite so obvious, perhaps because we are nearly all ardent devotees of the theory that seeing is believing. There are some humans who can be likened to an irregular polygon; these are the ones who are always doing the unexpected and extraordinary things. The regular polygon, in which all sides are equal, represents those who have developed themselves along all lines or, as the saying goes, have "maintained an even balance" or are "all around" people. There is the person whose thoughts are always flying off at a tangent and with whom it is difficult to carry on a coherent conversation. A circle is representative of the narrow minded individual. He is non-progressive who turns no corners to leave old ideas behind and follow new ones; he proceeds along the same narrow rut, always coming back to the same point, clinging steadfastly to the same thoughts. The straight line is symbolic of the man who always goes directly to the point in everything he does and says; he is often spoken of as being brusque.

There are some people who, like Mr. Einstein, do not believe that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. They resemble the crooked line. It is always easier for them to gain their end by beating around the bush; they

prefer to get their information subtly and accomplish their ends craftily. Criminals are generally of this class.

We have all had experience with the person who reflects the opinion of the individual under whose influence he has most recently been. He typifies the parallel line. His thoughts are always parallel to somebody else's. He seems incapable of originality. I think it would be interesting to be an unobserved bystander when two of these persons meet. It seems to me that conversation between them must inevitably waver and come to a standstill.

A close observer may note that I have employed plane geometry only. The truth is that I am not familiar with solid geometry. As one straight line in combination with another straight line cannot enclose a space, so one mind combined with one imagination cannot hope to exhaust all the possibilities of one topic.

MARJORIE SCHULTZ, 12B.



## Impressions

**T**HE blizzard was getting worse. The dogs had a hard time facing it, and he saw that the lead dog was weaving in his tracks. He pulled up his collar and started to fight his way forward, but just then a sibilant oriental voice sounded from the turn of the passage-way he had just traversed. He whirled, automatic in hand, and saw an evil face draw back into the heavy fathomless gloom. He made a swift plunge forward, only to have the portal clang shut in his face. He cursed savagely and walked back to the curb; and there wouldn't be another trolley for twenty minutes. What to do now? Bah, he'd show them he wasn't licked, even if his petrol tank *was* punctured. He jerked back the stick with one hand, and roared up at the Boche, both machine guns rattling death. With the other hand he stroked a soft, chestnut lock, and looked into her sweet, soulful eyes appealingly. He uttered a broken sob and entreated:

"Bess, girl, you've got to come in this time, into the money, if you never win another Derby in your life?"

He leaped upon her back. His last cent was on it, he thought desperately, as he watched the roulette wheel spin out his fate. It slowed—stopped! Eighteen had won! He had lost! Well that was the end of it all. He couldn't have stood it much longer. The worst film of the year—but the comedy was on. He sighed.

"Take her, Dick, lad, you deserve her," he managed to say. For Dick, he thought, there was life and love, for him—death! For already the soldiers were forming in line with rifles. His mind worked with lightning rapidity. The whole question was—would the Magumbi warriors pursue on the south trail, or would the crafty fiends creep through the jungle from the west? No—no—neither! They were trying to run around left end instead, and number 13 had the ball. But as he dashed forward he was met with a hail of bullets. The grinning Hun had done it, he reflected bitterly, as he sank into a heap on top of the rotting Frenchman.

He awoke from his bitter sleep after his first night as an usher.

"Oh, my feet."

DONALD WHITTINGTON, 12A.



## My "Especial" Sweetheart



T was a small flower that I laid upon her knee, but that fragile blossom might well have been the kingdoms of the earth. It was a slight errand that I ran for her, but that short trip might well have been to the setting sun. Some people don't appreciate the small things; but Grandma isn't like that.

Some enthusiastic tooter had placed upon my coat a bit of colored ribbon and a miniature football. When I stopped at Grandma's she noticed my novelty immediately and exclaimed, "What a cute little pumpkin you have." Some people know a football from a pumpkin; but Grandma isn't like that.

I sat down on the floor to play ball with the baby. It was not long 'ere someone else came quietly into the room and placed at my side a pillow that I might not find my seat too hard or my position too discomforting. Most people don't care where you sit; but Grandma isn't like that.

She sent me a letter, written in a slow and uncertain hand. It was a soft letter, and whispered, in closing, "so goodbye, and may God bless you." Modern folks are inclined to forget their God; but Grandma isn't like that.

No, and most people aren't like Grandma. They don't appreciate the little things which Grandma loves so dearly. They don't make the dear mistakes, the sweet mistakes, which Grandma does. They don't think of the tenderness which marks the speech, and love, and life of Grandma.

She is my "especial" sweetheart.

GRACE STORANDT, 12A.



### Languages

*Language is a funny study,—  
Foreign talk from different lands,  
Not just me but everybody,  
Excited, talking with his hands.*

*There's every kind of language,  
From A right down to Z;  
How some have started in this age,  
Seems very strange to me.*

*One language I am sure of,  
For English I can speak,  
But according to my essays,  
Even that looks rather weak.*

*Some people can speak many,  
Some people only one,  
And some, they don't speak any,  
For they've really not begun.*

*I'm referring to the children,  
Who cannot say a word,  
But because they cannot talk well,  
'Tis no sign that they're not heard.*

LUCILLE SINGLETON, 10B.

# **To a Rat**

On Turning Him up with the Plow, November, 1931

Apologies to Burns' "To a Mouse"

*Where ye goin' ye dirty rat?  
Where'in the devil did ja git so fat?  
I wonder if ye've been astray  
Among me oats and in me hay,  
An' if ye've been a 'wandrin' there?  
I'll git me cat to chase ye where  
Ye'll never want to roam agin  
About me house to de me sin,  
She'll chase ye where ye'll never see  
A grain of oat or mebbe me  
Into a place a-blazin' hot  
Jest like a stew inside a pot.*

*Where ye goin' ye dirty rat?  
Where'in the devil didja git so fat?  
Ye'd better put a mile between  
Y our tough hide an' me kitty, Queen.*

DAVID MARVIN, 12A.



## **Conflicting Evidence**

*According to advertisements one sees in magazines  
And other publications, every cleaner cleans;  
Every yeast's a cure—all and every beauty cream  
Like magic, turns a nightmare into a female dream.  
All girls can be beauties and all men gain success,  
And kindly advertisers are willing to confess  
That vitamins are hiding in every candy bar,  
And oh! the ease of driving and fixing every car,  
Every book's an epic, and every show's a wow,  
And, if you can't play something, a short course shows you how  
Now I can't quite imagine how all this can be so,  
For, after years of trying, I've finally come to know  
Most products are imperfect and many shows insane!  
Either the advertisers or I must surely be insane.*

ALTHEA FINNIGAN, 12A.



*When through the innocence of youth pierce rays of understanding;  
And when the fragile bark we sail just touches on the landing—  
When through false fear and pride we see the light and hope of dawning sky—  
When we have learned to live and love, why do we have to die?  
Can there be smoother seas out there and skies of brighter blue?  
If when I reach that point of change I stand and not ask why—  
If I can be deserving then—I shall not fear to die.*

MARY ROMIG, Class Poet.

## The Doctrine of Doctors



SINCE the passing of a recent illness, I have become more and more convinced that doctors of medicine, when considered on a professional basis, are the most preposterous, hard-hearted, epithet-provoking example of humanity in our otherwise pleasant environment. This statement is not evoked by hereditary prejudice or prolonged thought, but is a recent addition to my numerous eccentricities. The following is an example of the average modern physician's curriculum, to be followed for merely a simple head cold.

Of late I had the privilege of consulting our family in the case of an extremely annoying head-cold. At once he very calmly sentenced me, who by nature am a very active individual, to fourteen whole days in that otherwise welcome prison, bed! Bed! To me in my present state of mind, the very sight of one is most sickening! Hereafter my sole haven of rest shall be some welcome study-hall seat.

After one semaine, one whole week, painfully spent in reflection of piling-up home work, during which I could have masticated nails and expectorated rust, being as well and hearty as a half-starved tiger-cub, I called at the modern doctor's office in person. He threw up his hands in holy horror and went into a fit which bordered on insanity, grew red in the face and ordered me back to the feather-bed dungeon, accompanied by the most horrible and bitterest of medicines.

Finally when I was almost ready to be restored to society once more, I was again laid prostrate at the sight of his bill. My convictions concerning doctors stated above were not weakened in the least and henceforth the doctor's sign, from my standpoint, is one to be shunned and his doctrine regarded as the most lowly of creeds.

GLENN MOORE, 12B.



### It Needs Another Name

*I loved a dashing soldier with a uniform of brown,  
I loved a handsome sailor boy that happened in our town.  
I loved a swanky millionaire with servants at his call,  
I loved a hundred more, and, yes, I kissed them all.  
The soldier had a snappy line and stole my rager heart,  
And when I saw the sailor's eyes cupid shot a dart,  
For you, my dear, I have no words—I know it's not the same,  
It can't be love—it's something new—it needs another name!*

MARY ROMIG, Class Poet.



### Flirtation

*Oh, there, I caught you that time  
With your eyes this way,  
Now if I ask you why you stare,  
What are you going to say?  
If I thought you'd be so cruel as  
To ask me why I care  
I shouldn't want to tell you but  
I know you wouldn't dare,*

MARY ROMIG, Class Poet.



## Night Prayer



IGHT—it is a time I long for with its surcease from the trials and tribulations of the day; yet I hesitate at its coming, for it means another bit of my life snipped off by the merciless scissors of time. I hastily discard the garments that tell of the rush and fuss of the day and wrap myself in a soft gown. I throw open my window, letting the wind run its cool fingers through my hair and soothe my tired brow. I gaze out over the slumbering universe and see the tall, leafy trees rocking to and fro in a cradle of wind. I can just make out the dim outlines of houses along the lonely street, each guarding a story of its own. Above, millions of gleaming stars twinkle while the moon sheds a golden radiance on the earth. This still beauty affects me strangely. I kneel to keep a tryst with it all, and a prayer is born; not a prayer of mind or lip, but a prayer from the depths of the heart. I become so entranced and enthralled by the wistful mystic eve that I am carried out beyond it all; my heart and soul expand, and I stand on the threshold of light—the threshold that one may cross by death; then for one priceless moment I understand why we are here struggling against such great odds and toward what end we are striving.

As suddenly it is gone, leaving in its wake only peace and tranquility.

A star glides across the sky showering a good-night's benediction on all.

MARY MANION, 10B.



## My Conscience

*I have a most annoying thing  
That lives next to my heart.  
When I think of something nice to do  
It will not let me start,  
Somebody named it conscience,  
This potent little voice,  
It checks my ev'ry impulse;  
It seems to make my choice,  
Without it I should never pause  
When spirits beckon me  
To leave all work and worry  
To stroll beside the sea,  
Without it I should never think,  
While doing something nice,  
"I should be doing something else,—  
So I shall pay the price,  
I try to hush my conscience  
And listen to the breeze,  
But there seems no ignoring  
Its many urgent pleas,  
And so I shun forbidden sweets,  
Enticing tho they be,  
Oh, little conscience 'neath my heart,  
Must you live with me?*

MARY RÖMIG, Class Poet.

## Last Will and Testament



E, the Class of January, 1932, being sound in body, but not in mind, and fearing not for the prosperity of dear old Alma Mater, past, present or future, do hereby publish this, our last Will and Testament and herein name our heirs:

FIRST: To the student body in general and Larry Tennity in particular we leave this ancient film manufactory, which we have been presuming enough to call our own.

SECOND: To the *Jo-Mar* staff we leave "the sacred atmosphere of room 109" (in slightly worse condition) which was endearingly left us by the preceding class.

THIRD: To the Members of the National Honor Society we leave the hollow depths of the elevator shaft, to be used by them as deemed necessary by the students.

FOURTH: To Miss Monaghan we leave (while we are in that neighborhood) the highest room in the tower, where in the future she may direct dramatic rehearsals without interruption.

FIFTH: To the faculty we leave what it deserves.

SIXTH: To a busy world we give Ed Siebert.

SEVENTH: To Miss Caro FitzSimons in her majesty we leave the sanctity of 106.

EIGHTH: To the freshmen we leave the hours between 2:30 and 4:30.

NINTH: To the mighty universe outside we leave Daniel Caudle's photographic ability; may they use it well.

TENTH: To Mr. Evald we leave the traffic signs.

ELEVENTH AND LAST: To Mr. Snyder we leave our deep appreciation and lasting good wishes.

*As sole executors of this will and testament we appoint Mrs. Margaret Lyders and Miss Lucille Milax; may they faithfully fulfill the requirements.*

*Per D. C. and F. A.*



### Version of Modern Poetry

*Tick! Tick! Tick!*

*Regular*

*Monotonous*

*Hearing it*

*Unable to stop it.*

*Watching the fare increase*

*On a taxi-meter.*

*Romance—*

*Heartaches—*

*Hate—*

*All linger there;*

*And yet thru it all*

*Comes the tick*

*Of a taxi-meter.*

EDNICE GREER, 12A.

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Printers



Publishers

49-51 North Water Street

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Rochester N.Y.





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