

john quill

june  
1932

GE. WILKINSON

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OVERSIZE  
373  
R676jo  
June 1932





Local History Society  
Rochester, New York  
115 South Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14604

JUN 05 2000





### Dedication

*By dedicating this issue of the John Quill to Mr. Joseph Ulrich the Class of June, 1932, is happy to pay tribute to the sportsmanship, sympathy, kindness, intelligent leadership, and loyalty to the best interests of the Rochester schools which has always characterized his actions.*

*The students of John Marshall, however, can but participate in what has become increasingly a city-wide recognition of these qualities. Mr. Ulrich's term of service in the city began in September, 1922, and includes five years at Number 27 and three years at Monroe before he came to John Marshall two years ago.*

*As general chairman in charge of arranging the varied activities of the school's newly inaugurated festival, Marshall Day, he very recently demonstrated his loyalty and capability.*

# THE JOHN QUILL

IT IS THE AIM OF THIS PUBLICATION TO  
GIVE RECOGNITION TO ACTIVITIES AND EX-  
PRESSION TO THOUGHTS OF MANY KINDS,  
ALL UNITED IN THE NAME AND SPIRIT  
OF JOHN MARSHALL HIGH SCHOOL.



PUBLISHED  
BY  
THE CLASS OF JUNE 1932



ELMER W. SNYDER  
Principal

### John Marshall Faculty



Top row, left to right: Eike, Clippinger, Wishart, Ulrich, Foster, Wright, Lyders, Kiggins, Van De Walle. Fourth row: Chittenden, Evaul, Coe, Mutschler, Conroy, Kircher, Ives, Epping, Lord, Fitz Simons. Third row: Powers, Paine, Warner, De Long, Monaghan, Spencer, Ascroft, Booth, Botsford, Clute. Second row: Hyde, Grinnell, Flanders, Mayo, Lay, Worthington, Fuller, Leader, Combs, Cook. First row: Friel, Haglund, Loth, Brady, Snyder, Burt, Houseman, Baker, Miller, Eby.





*To Miss Florence Hyde and Mr. Joseph Conroy,  
we, the Class of June, 1932, wish to extend our  
appreciation for their interest and guidance during the  
four years of our high school career.*



MISS FLORENCE H. HYDE



MR. JOSEPH H. CONROY

### Guy Aquilina

408 Glenwood Ave. Undecided

*A capacity for historical facts.*

Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Back Clerk, 4; Honorable Mention, 4; Honor Roll, 4



### Pearl V. Boyd

524 Stone Road Undecided

*She dares to do it.*

Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Baseball, 1; Gym Meet, 1; Basketball Team, 3; Bowling, 4; Tri-Y, 4; Minor Athletic Award; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 3.

### Donald Baird

71 Rockview Ter. Undecided

*A typical artist.*



### Janet Calhoun Burt

34 Lake View Park U. of R.

*Meltdrammer plus.*

Senior Girls' Club; John Quill Literary Editor; "Whole Town's Talking," 4; "The Valiant," 4

### Philip Basile

609 Lake Ave. U. of R.

*Guard your tongue, or he'll check you up.*

Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Representative, 4.



### Kathleen M. Cardiff

416 Bier St. Brockport Normal

*Here's one girl who knows her own mind.*

Basketball, 2, 3; Home Room Representative, 2, 3; "Whole Town's Talking," 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4.

### Lorraine P. Bauman

1889 Clifford Ave. Undecided

*"The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed."*

Tennis, 1, 2; Swimming, 1; Baseball, 2; Gym Meet, 2; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Speedball, 3; Speedball Honor Team; Minor Athletic Award.



### Jane Coleman

201 California Drive Undecided

*Oh, that auburn hair!*

Basketball, 3; Baseball, 1; Soccer, 1; Tennis, 1, 2; Swimming, 4; Bowling, 4; Dancing, 4; Tri-Y, 3; Vice-President Tri-Y, 4.

### Robert E. Berner

134 Bidwell Ter. N. Y. Merchants'

Marine Academy

*First in the swim.*

Swimming, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Manager Track, 4; Track, 4; Manager of Swimming, 4; Captain of Swimming, 4; Manager of Freshman Swimming, 4; Minor Athletic Award, 3; Major Athletic Award, 4.



### George Cooper

151 Lewiston Ave. General Electric

*George sure scrapes a mean fiddle.*

Freshman Soccer; Freshman Hockey; Sophomore Soccer; Swimming, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Basketball; Freshman Baseball; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3; Home Room Basketball, 1; Class Swimming, 2, 3, 4.

### Dean Cox

310 Clay Ave. Undecided  
*Perplexity.*

Home Room Baseball, 2, 3; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Executive Council, 1; Honorable Mention, 3.



### Elizabeth Davis

111 Desmond St. Mechanics  
*She's forward in basketball.*

Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Swimming, 1, 2; Bowling, 4; Basketball Team, 2, 3; Baseball, Tri-Y, 4.



### Virginia Denny

34 Augustine St. Undecided  
*"Soft eyes did gaze on me."*

Horseback Riding, 2; Honorable Mention, 3, 4; Typing Award, 2.



### Alice Donahue

110 Emerson St. U. of R.  
*She knows a good joke when she hears one.*

Dancing, 1, 2, 3; Tennis, 1; Soccer, 1; Speedball, 3; Speedball Honor Team, 3; Gym Meet, 1, 2; 1st Place Posture, Gym Meet, 2; Baseball, 1; Tri-Y, 3; "John Quill" Staff; Mistress of Wardrobe, "Whole Town's" Talking, 4; "Intimate Strangers"; Minor Athletic Award, 3; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 4; Honor Roll, 2.



### Leonard Edelman

141 Empire Blvd. U. of R.  
*East lost something when Leonard came north.*

Home Room Basketball, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 4; Home Room Baseball, 3; National Honor Society, 4; "John Quill" Staff; Latin Play, 3; Minor Scholarship, 3; Honor Roll, 4; Honorable Mention, 3; Major Scholarship, 4.



### Josephine Fedele

328 Eastman Ave. Dental Dispensary  
*Some people pound the piano, Josephine pounds the typewriter.*

"Jo-Mar" Typist, 3, 4; "John Quill" Typist, Remington Typewriting Award, 2; Chorus, 2; Orchestra, 2, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 2; Senior Girls' Club, 4.



### Aletha Fink

803 Augustine St. R. B. I.  
*She measures her memory on her little finger.*  
Golf; Tennis.



### Margaret Fisher

580 Seneca Parkway  
Syracuse University  
*Clever women are free and far between.*

First Place in Gym Meet, 3; Horseback Riding, 2, 3; Swimming, 3; Baseball, 3; Home Room Representative, 4; Executive Council, 3.



### Viola Foehner

22 Barnard St. Undecided  
*Oh well, for her whose will is strong.*  
*She suffers much but not for long.*

Swimming; Soccer; Basketball; Baseball; Tri-Y, 4; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Scholarship Letter.



### Walter Foertsch

164 Curtis St. Undecided  
*Envied by some, admired by all.*

Reserve Baseball, 2; Varsity Baseball, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2; Captain Sophomore Basketball; Reserve Basketball, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 3; Varsity Basketball, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2; Class Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Class Soccer, 2; Reserve Soccer, 3; Varsity Soccer, 4; Inter-Class Swimming, 2, 3; Inter-Class Track, 2, 3; Captain Class Volleyball, 3; Vice-President of Sophomore Class; Treasurer of Junior Class; Senior Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4; Sports Editor of "John Quill"; Washington Exercises, 4; Major and Minor Athletic Awards, 4; Honor Roll, 2; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; President of Students' Association, 4.



# Harry Fogarty

436 Seneca Parkway U. of R.  
Versatility.

Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Class Soccer, 2, 3; Skating, 2; Hockey Manager, 3; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 3, 4; Swimming, 3; 2nd Reserve Baseball, 2; Golf, 2, 1, 4; Vice-President Senior Class; Cabinet, 4; Band, 2, 3; "John Quill" Staff; "Valiant," 4; Manager Senior Play; National Honor Society.



# Mary Louise Hagaman

266 Alameda St. Undecided  
*A little more practice and she'll be a perfect mannequin.*

# Mable Fredrick

14 Steko Ave. School of Commerce  
*"Sweet blue eyes, soft blonde hair."*

Volleyball, 3; Swimming, 1; Soccer, 3; Dancing, 2; Honorable Mention, 1, 2.



# Ruth Ida Happ

4329 Mt. Read Blvd. Undecided  
*"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."*

Hiking, 1; Dancing, 2, 4; Swimming, 2, 3; Bowling, 4; Basketball, 4; Gym Meet, 3, 4; Tri-Y, 3; "John Quill" Staff; Minor Scholarship Letter; Honor Roll, 1, 2; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Girls' Club.

# Gertrude French

145 Winchester St. Mechanics Institute  
*"She gives us 'the blues' in song."*

Swimming, 1, 2, 3, 4; Life Saving, 2, 3; Home Room Representative, 1, 2, 3; Minor Athletic Award; Manager of Swimming, 2; Senior Life-Saving Award.



# Dorothy Grace Harness

160 Eastman Ave. U. of R.  
*Loud voices proclaim brag-garts; Dorothy whispers.*

Minor and Major Scholarship Awards, 2, 3; Hall Duty, 4; Gym Meet, 2; Secretary of Class, 1; Guardian of Flag, 4; "Les Babillards," 3, 4; Social Director of "Les Babillards," 4; President of "Les Babillards," 4; Vice-President of National Honor Society, 4; "Jo-Mar" Reporter, 4; Editor-in-Chief, "John Quill"; Honor Roll, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Girls' Club, 4.

# Horace Gioia

60 Lorimer St. U. of Pennsylvania  
*Easy come, easy go.*

Home Room Soccer, 4; Home Room Backball, 4; Honorable Mention, 4.



# John Hathaway

120 Lake Ave. Duke University  
*"Let others labor, I'll do the REST."*

Freshman Baseball, Basketball, and Soccer; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Student Council, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer of Freshman Class; Tri-Y, 1, 2.

# Edwin Hoefler, Jr.

534 Westmont St. Undecided  
*"Every Jack must have his Jill."*

Minor and Major Athletic Awards; Captain Soccer, 4; Inter-Class Track, 1, 3; Reserve Basketball, 2, 3; Freshman Baseball; Basketball; Soccer; Wrestling, 1; Reserve Soccer, 2, 3; Inter-Class Baseball and Basketball; Vice-President Freshman Class; Executive Council, 1; Tri-Y.



# Jack W. Healy

56 Electric Ave. Undecided  
*Plink, plunk! I pluck my guitar.*

# Carol Alice Heeder

156 Bryan St.  
Eastman School of Music  
*Her voice is as sweet as her face.*

Tri-Y, 4; "John Quill" Staff; Bank Clerk, 4; Honorable Mention, 3, 4; Home Room Representative, 4.



# Wanda Hennig

303 Lake View Park Undecided  
*She's like a breakfast food; her "pep" is advertised.*

Swimming, 3; Senior Girls' Club; "John Quill" Staff; "Whole Town's Talking," 4; Secretary of Students' Association, 4.



# Mary Elizabeth Herron

141 Albemarle St. R. B. I.  
*Cute and saucy.*  
Honorable Mention, 1; Senior Girls' Club.



# Alton Hollister

U. of W.  
*The big salesman, aw nert!*  
Swimming, 3; Soccer, 4; Social Dancing, 4; Assistant Manager Senior Play; Minor Activities Award; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 4.



# Virginia Hutchins

88 Marce Ave. U. of R.  
*"Smile, for your lover comes."*  
Swimming, 2; Dancing, 2; Basketball, 3, 4; "Whole Town's Talking," 4; "Valiant" Honorable Mention, 2.



# Maynard H. Jameson

12 Kay Ter. Colorado School of Mines  
*How he can make that trombone smear.*

Cross Country, 3; Swimming; National Honor Society, 4; "John Quill" Staff; Activities Award; Band; Orchestra; Inter-High Band and Orchestra.



# Alfred Jutsum

32 Mayflower St. Undecided  
*They say quiet people are the wisest.*

Freshman Soccer; Home Room Soccer, 4; Reserve Soccer, 4; Honor Roll, 2; Honorable Mention, 3, 3, 4.



# Virginia Karnes

515 Lyell Ave. Brockport Normal  
*The walking anthology.*  
Swimming, 2; Dancing, 2; Speedball, 3; Honor Speedball Team, 3; Basketball, 1, 2; Gym Meet, 1, 2; Secretary of Class, 4; Joll-Y, 3; Tri-Y, 4; Chorus, 3; Statistics Editor "John Quill"; Minor Athletic Award, 4; Honorable Mention, 2.



# Stuart Kelly

525 Bitt St. Undecided  
*The historical pest.*  
Hockey, 2; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 3, 4; Horseback Riding, 2.



# Henry Kordt

98 Burrows St. U. of Southern Calif.  
*He can bluff his way out of anything.*  
Home Room Baseball, 2; Home Room Soccer, 2; Bowling, 3; Bowling Manager, 4.



### Ernest Ladwig

99 Clifford Ave. Undecided  
*"The Importance of Being Earnest."*  
 Honor Roll, 4; Honorable Mention, 3.



### Lois Martin

22 Lake View Ter. Undecided  
*"She has the sunbeams of a cheerful spirit."*

### Dolores Leadley

190 Harding Road U. of R.  
*The queen of rhythm.*  
 French Club.



### Thomas McCabe

132 Clay Ave. U. of Buffalo  
*"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil."*  
 Home Room Basketball, 2; Bank Clerk, 2; Honorable Mention.

### Mary Corinne Lechleitner

121 Clay Ave. Notre Dame  
*"I love to lose myself in men's minds."*



### Alton McCoy

85 Avis St. Undecided  
*"If men did not encourage coquettes so much, there would not be so many of them."*  
 Freshman Baseball; Basketball; Soccer; Sophomore Basketball; 2nd Reserve Basketball, 3; Reserve Baseball, 3; Home Room Baseball; Soccer, 4; Basketball, 4; Class Soccer, 2, 3, 4; 2nd Reserve Soccer, 2.

### Wilbur Little

590 Driving Park Ave. Undecided  
*How names do lie!*  
 Reserve Soccer, 2, 3; Inter-Class Hockey, 2; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3; Outdoor Track, 2, 3; Indoor Track, 2; Reserve Baseball, 3; Honorable Mention, 3.



### Hildegard Michaelson

325 Murray St. Undecided  
*One of the few real blondes.*  
 Dancing; Honorable Mention, 4.

### Dorothy Lyndon

483 Pullman Ave. Brockport Normal  
*A real pal.*  
 Speedball Honor Team, 2; Basketball, 2; Baseball, 3; Soccer, 2; Bank Clerk; National Honor Society, 4; "John Quill" Staff; Honor Society Play; Minor Scholarship Letter, 3; Honorable Mention; Honor Roll.



### Ruth Miller

318 Selye Ter. Undecided  
*"Heaven is in her eyes."*



### Rose Mollo

1115 Lake Ave. St. Mary's Hospital  
*Her eyes are wells of thoughtfulness.*



### George Morris

36 Argo Pk. Mechanics Institute  
*A whizz on the soccer field.*  
Varsity Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Inter-Class Hockey, 2; Inter-Class Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 2, 3, 4; Indoor Track, 2, 3, 4; H-Y, 2, 3, 4; Minor and Major Athletic Awards.



### Edwin M. Murphy

227 Eastman Ave. U. of Alabama  
*Three cheers! Rah! Rah! Rah!*  
Freshman Basketball and Soccer; Class Baseball, Soccer, and Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, Baseball, and Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 3, 4; Cross-Country Captain, 4; Cheerleader, 4.



### Marion Naylor

274 Cravenwood Ave. Undecided  
*"Short and sweet."*  
Social Dancing, 4; Tri-Y, 4.



### Arthur Neider

460 Lake Ave. Undecided  
*Why we have hall duty.*  
Home Room Basketball, 2; Honorable Mention, 4; Soccer, 2; Social Dancing, 4.



### James E. Noble

417 Clay Ave.  
Assumption College, Canada  
*"Peck's Bad Boy."*  
Home Room Basketball, 4; Inter-Class Basketball, 4; Home Room Baseball, 3; Track, 4.

### Burwell Noyes

*The only noise is in his name.*  
Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4.

### Norman Ofslager

Long Pond Rd. Cornell  
*This blonde prefers blondes.*  
Treasurer of Senior Class; Home Room Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Home Room Soccer, 1, 2, 3; Home Room Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Freshman Baseball, Soccer, and Basketball.

### Marion Kathryn Ogilvie

575 Augustine St. U. of R.  
*Oswiggle to us.*  
Basketball, 3; Golf, 3; Golf Manager, 3; Gym Meet, 3; Swimming Manager, 4; Bowling, 4; Soccer, 4; Soccer Honor Team, 4; Secretary of Class, 2; Executive Council, 3; President of Class, 4; Forum and Cabinet, 4; Bank Clerk, 2, 3, 4; Honor Society, 3, 4; Vice-President Honor Society, 4; Secretary Honor Society, 4; "Jo-Mar" Reporter, 4; Managing Editor, 4; "Dido and Aeneas," 3; George Washington Assemblies, 4; Minor Scholarship Letter; Honor Roll and Honorable Mention.

### Robert W. Ottman

65 Lake View Park  
Eastman School of Music  
*"Are you listening?"*  
Cross-Country, 4; Track, 4; Chorus, 2, 3, 4; Inter-High Chorus, 4; National Honor Society, 4; "John Quill" Staff, 4; "The Monogram," 3; Latin Play, 3; Assistant Business Manager, "The Intimate Strangers," 3; Ticket Manager, "The Whole Town's Talking," 4; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 4; "Jo-Mar" Reporter, 4; Editorial Staff, 4; National High School Chorus, 3.

# Allen Paine

*The Arabs have their sheiks;  
we have our Paine.*

Golf, 2; Home Room Basketball, 2;  
Bowling, 3.



# Alexandra Parry

11 Wardside St. School of Commerce  
*How she loves to oversee a  
job.*

Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Hiking, 1; Tennis, 2, 3; Gym Meet, 3, 4; Treasurer of Class, 1; Executive Council, 2; "John Quill" Staff; Mistress of Wardrobe, "Whole Town's Talking," 4; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 4; Honor Roll, 4.



# Thomas E. Patterson

41 Glendale Pk. Syracuse University  
*You can't scare him;  
He still has his own opinion.*

Home Room Baseball, 2, 3; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Bowling, 2, 3, 4; Inter-class Baseball, 2; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 2; "John Quill" Staff; Honorable Mention, 2, 4.



# Emma Pitcher

2 Palm St. Undecided  
*Men may come and men may  
go,  
But I go on forever.*

Swimming, 4; Bowling, 4; Dancing, 4; Basketball, 4; Bank Clerk, 4; Tri-Y, 4; "Jo-Mar" Typist, "Jo-Mar" Staff Secretary; Minor Athletic Letter; Honorable Mention, 4; Gym Meet, 3.



# Victoria M. Polozzi

145 Emerson St. Undecided  
*The original busy body.*

Basketball, 2, 3; Dancing, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Soccer, 2; Speedball, 3; Golf, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 2; "Jo-Mar" Typist, 3; Minor Athletic Letter.



# Adele Viola Pratt

531 Flower City Pk. Mechanics Institute

*Oh, what a line!*

Tennis, 3, 4; Basketball, 3; Tri-Y, 3, 4; Senior Girls' Club, 4; Assistant Sports Editor "John Quill"; Honorable Mention, 4.

# Mary Helen Raistrick

369 Magee Ave. U. of R.  
*That woman, she has a heart  
of stone!*

Tennis, 3, 4; Baseball, 3; Golf, 3; Swimming, 2, 3; Basketball, 3; Soccer, 3; Secretary of Class, 3; Joll-Y, 3, 4; "Lea Babilards," 3, 4; Honor Society, 3, 4; Grind Editor "John Quill"; "Intimate Strangers," 3; "Whole Town's Talking," 4; Washington Play, 4; Major Scholarship Letter, 4; Minor Athletic Letter, 4; Honor Roll, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention, 3, 4; Hall Duty, 4; Senior Girls' Club, 4.

# David E. Reid

Seneca Parkway Colgate College  
*"Funny, peculiar, or funny  
hat hat!"*

Banking Clerk, 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, 1, 2; Home Room Baseball, 1; Track, 1; Swimming, 4; Assistant Cheerleader, 3; Special Assembly Performances, 4.

# Edna Reid

332 Lake View Pk. Undecided  
*"A creature not too bright or  
good for human nature's  
daily food."*

Tennis, 3, 4.

# John Reid

1113 Lake Ave. Cornell  
*He leans over backward in his  
desire to be nonchalant.*

Manager Skating, 2; Home Room Soccer, 4; Home Room Basketball, 4; Cabinet, 4; Hi-Y, 3; "Intimate Strangers," 3; "The Whole Town's Talking," 4; "The Valiant," 4.



# Helen Mae Richards

500 Westmount St. School of Commerce

*She has a faculty for expressing herself plainly.*

"John Quill" Typist, 4; Remington Typewriting Award, 2; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 3, 4.



# Terence Riley

225 Bryan St. U. of R.

*"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth."*

Bowling, 4; Home Room Baseball, 2; Home Room Soccer, 3; Home Room Basketball, 3; Horseshoe Pitching, 2.



# Margaret Rountree

22 Avis St. Undecided

*"Fog comes on little cat feet."*

Basketball; Soccer; Senior Girls' Club.



# Frank W. Scheel

Manitou Rd. Syracuse University

*They say the man who blushes isn't quite a brute.*

Freshman Soccer, Reserve Soccer, 3, 4; Freshman Basketball; Sophomore Basketball; Reserve Basketball, 4; Indoor Track, 2, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 3; Skating, 2, 3; Reserve Baseball, 1; Varsity Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer, Baseball, and Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Inter-Class Soccer, Baseball, Basketball, and Track, 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y; Minor and Major Athletics.



# Harold Schoenheit

78 Dix St. U. of R.

*How he can massage that saxophone!*

Varsity Hockey, 3; Skating, 3; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 3; Band, 3, 4.



# Marjorie Schultz

391 Pullman Ave. Undecided

*Look out! The eyes are black.*

Swimming, 1, 2, 3; Dancing, 1; Soccer, 1; Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Speedball, 3; Speedball Honor Team, 3; Tennis, 2; Basketball, 2, 3; Class Treasurer, 2; Honor Society, 3, 4; Grind Editor of "John Quill"; Minor Athletic Letter, Minor and Major Scholarship Letters; Honorable Mention; Honor Roll.



# Virginia Schuyler

615 Flower City Pk. Mechanics Institute

*The library is dukedom large enough.*



# Herbert Shears

271 Seelye Ter. Duke University

*"Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?"*

Freshman Soccer, Baseball and Basketball; Reserve Soccer, 2, 3; Varsity Soccer, 4; Reserve Baseball, 2, 3; Hockey, 2, 3; Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4.



# Margaret Simpson

171 Argo Pk. Mechanics Institute

*An artist, a musician, and a swimmer every day in the week.*

Swimming, 2, 3, 4; Soccer, 4; Dancing, 2, 3; Swimming Meet 3rd, 2, 3; Gym Meet, 2, 3; Third in Exercises; Joll-Y Club, 3; Honorable Mention, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Band.

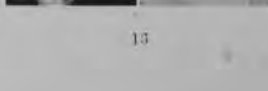


# Isabella Smith

232 Lewiston Ave. Rochester Business Institute

*Contentment is better than riches, they say.*

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3.



# Anna Mary Sommer

1000 Lewiston Ave. Undecided

*One grand sport,*

Speedball Honor Team, 3; Soccer, Hiking, 3; Tennis, 4; Soccer Honor Team, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Athletic Award, 4; Honorable Mention, 1, 3, 4; Honor Roll, 4; "John Quill" Typist; Senior Girls' Club, 4.



# Esther M. Stiffler

230 Kislighury St. Undecided

*One snappy tap-dancer!*

Dancing, 1; Basketball, 1; Soccer, 1; Vice-President of Tri-Y, 4.



# Grace Storandt

1305 Dewey Ave. Undecided

*Be it ads or dates, she gets 'em.*

Tennis, 2, 3; Golf, 2; Riding, 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet, 2, 3; Secretary Students' Association, 1; Class President, 3; Bank Clerk, 2, 3; French Club, 3, 4; Secretary of Dramatics Club, 2, 3; National Honor Society; "John Quill"; "Jo-Mar" Reporter, 2; Major and Minor Athletic Letters; Minor Activities Letter; Minor Scholarship Letter; School Award.



# Louise Kieffer Sullivan

411 Seneca Pkwy. Wellesley College

*A perfect co-ed for any college.*

Swimming, 1, 2; Swimming Meet, 1; Riding, 2, 3, 4; 2nd Place in Horse-ship Show, 3; Gym Meet, 1, 2; Secretary Students' Association, 4; President of Senior Girls' Club; Forum Member, 4; Tri-Y, 3; National Honor Society, 3, 4; Secretary of National Honor Society, 3, 4; Photographic Editor "John Quill"; Major Part in Latin Play, 3; Lead in Junior Play, 3; Assembly Program, 4; Bank Clerk, 2, 3, 4; Minor and Major Scholarship Letters, 2, 4; Minor Activity Letter, 4; Honor Roll; Honorable Mention.



# John Thirtle

57 Meriden St. Undecided

*Beware of the tongue; it bites.*

Manager Track, 4; Home Room Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball, 2, 3; Home Room Baseball, 2, 3; Executive Council, 3; Standard Bearer, 4; National Honor Society, 4; "Jo-Mar" Staff, 4; "John Quill" Staff, 4; Latin Play, 3; French Skill, 2; Minor and Major Scholarship Awards; Honor Roll, 2, 3, 4.



# Rita Turner

118 Electric Ave. Undecided

*"Her loveliness I never knew until she smiled on me."*

Tennis, 1; Swimming Meet, 2; Swimming, 3; Senior Girls' Club, 4; Jolly Club, 3, 4; "Jo-Mar" Typist, 4; "John Quill" Photographic Editor, 4; Dramatic Club, 2; Honorable Mention, 1, 2, 3, 4.

# Ruth E. Vanderbilt

330 Ellicott St. R. B. I.

*She's that way about a certain Marshall graduate.*

Honorable Mention, 3; Basketball, 2, 3; Soccer, 3.

# Minerva Jenne Vernarelli

417 Emerson St.

New York Social Welfare School

*Silence is golden;  
That's why I'm far from a millionaire.*

Swimming, 3; Baseball, 2; Basketball, 4; Home Room Representative, 4; Tri-Y, 4; Dancing.

# John Watson

42 Starling St. Syracuse University

*Oh Doc, where's Sherlock?*

Home Room Baseball, 1, 2; Chorus; Manager Home Shoe Pitching, 2; Home Room Soccer, 1, 2.

# Gladys E. Wilkinson

46 Steko Ave. Mechanica Institute

*To her we owe the cover of this book.*

Dancing, 4; Volley Ball, 2; Soccer, 2; "John Quill" Cover Design; Honorable Mention, 1, 4.

# Charles H. Wilson

14 Primrose St. Cornell

*Will Rogers' only rival.*

Freshman Soccer; Home Room Soccer; Home Room Representative Polaris, 1, 2; Christmas Program, 3; Band and Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Bank Clerk, 1, 2, 3; Student Council, 1, 2; Honorable Mention, 1, 2.



# Helen L. Wishart

31 Rand St. U. of R.

*Last but not least of the Wisharts.*

"John Quill" Staff; Minor Scholarship Letter, 3.



# Frieda Margaret Wittig

148 Driving Park Ave. Mechanics Institute

*"I must be up and doing."*

Soccer, 2; Home Room Representative, 2, 3; Tri-Y, 4; "John Quill" Staff; Honorable Mention, 4.

# Florence DeRitis

259 Electric Ave. Undecided

*Her permanent is permanent.*

Dancing, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3; Minor Athletic Letter, 4.

# Jane Hickey

388 Seneca Pkwy. Undecided

*Someone new and different.*

# Kathryn Smith

2 Woodrow St. Undecided

*Not everyone can have such penmanship.*

Honor Roll, 2; Honorable Mention, 3, 4.

# Francis O'Neil

Augustine Street

*"Much ado about nothing."*

# Gilbert J. Ouellette

34 Flower City Pk. Undecided

*"Ooo, that schoolgirl complexion!"*

Freshman Soccer, Basketball; Home Room Baseball, Soccer, and Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; 2nd Reserve Soccer, 2; Reserve Soccer, 3; Sophomore Basketball; Inter-Class Track, 2; President of Junior Class; Executive Council, 2.

## Class History



WHO score minus thirty-six years ago this school entered upon a new era. A new class of freshmen and freshwomen had arrived to help make the film factory more hearable and more replete. Neighbors noted with pleasure the enhanced beauty and increase in the number of accessories available. The entire plan of interior decoration was changed. A new seating arrangement was formed to maintain an artistic balance in classrooms. More teachers were engaged to supply the theme for the plan. The election of Charles Ellis as president, Glenn Moore as vice-president, and Dorothy Harness as secretary, fitted the class for its first year of high school life.

The second year found many new members in this noteworthy class. The first notable occasion of this year was its entry; the second, the election of Glenn Moore as president, Walter Foertsch as vice-president, and Marion Ogilvie as secretary. The first social activity was the soph party.

After a short parole of three months, the class entered into the honorable dignity of the junior year. Gone were the days of freshman pranks and sophomore cranks. Now they must uphold the dignity of their school and class. They must *act*, as well as *be* juniors. However, this was not such a hard task as it seemed for two years of life in a film-factory had sufficiently sobered the members. Officers were elected: Gilbert Onelette, president; Mary Helen Raistrick, secretary; and Walter Foertsch, treasurer.

During its junior year the class for the first time took a very active part in school life. With the admittance of Louise Sullivan, Marjorie Schultz, and Glenn Moore into the National Honor Society, and the winning of the post of vice-presidency and the Marshall Award by Glenn Moore, the class gained distinction in political and social activities. It had outgrown the modesty of former years and had come into its own. Moreover, its members gained other laurels scholastically and in athletics. Thus was spent a very eventful year; certainly a success for the students and possibly for the teachers.

Three months elapsed, and the class, anxiously awaiting return, embarked upon its final and most active year. At the helm was Skipper Marion Ogilvie. To assist her were: first mate, Harry Fogarty; and ship's scribe, Virginia Karnes. The seniors spent several months in the glory of their new power. What could be compared to the joy of telling the lower classmen with a disdainful air that "junior," derived from Latin, means "the younger one, or one of lower standing," that "sophomore" in Greek means "the foolish one," and that "freshman" means just what it says?

As for school politics, four seniors were elected to offices in the Students' Association. In the first term Glenn Moore was elected president and Louise Sullivan secretary; and in the second term Walter Foertsch and Wanda Hennig were chosen president and secretary, respectively.

Thus has the class of June, 1932, spent four years at John Marshall High School, during which time its members have grown older, and possibly wiser. They are leaving the school as they found it, except for the addition of those respected portables. They hope that their class as a whole will not soon be forgotten within these sacred and revered portals.

## Standard Bearers



JACK THIRTLE and DOROTHY HARNESS



Because extra curricular activities hold such an important place in school life, we have included as many pictures as possible. Unfortunately, space did not permit us to present every phase of student activity, but we have endeavored to make this section as truly representative of the wide-spread interest of the students of John Marshall High School as possible. It is through these organizations that much training in leadership is gained and also opportunities for self-expression are provided, both essential factors in the building and development of strong character and personality.

### National Honor Society



Top row, left to right: Stevens, Reid, Jameson, Gutelius, Mong. Third row: Lyndon, Ottman, Nadel, Edelman, Lathrop, Gerling. Second row: Foy, Schultz, Raistrick, Thirtle, Truax, Morton. First row: Fogarty, Ogilvie, Sullivan, Harness, Miss FitzSimons, adviser; Foertsch.



## John Quill Staff



Top row, left to right: Ottman, Wilkinson, Schultz, Heeder, Raistrick, Hennig, Jameson. Third row: Pratt, Lyndon, Parry, Sullivan, Donahue, Thirtle. Second row: Fedele, Happ, Harness, Turner, Richards, Wishart. First row: Edelman, Karnes, Mr. Miller, faculty adviser; Foertsch, Wittig, Fogarty.

## French Club



Top row, left to right: Berner, Fricker, Rotolo, Shaughnessy, L. DuRocher, Lathrop, M. DuRocher. Second row: Noble, Thomas, Rabjohn, Mrs. Baker, Foy, Cottone, Ross. First row: Stanton, Lipsky, Harness, Ashley, Van Deusen, Mong.

## Jo-Mar Staff



Top row, left to right: Lidfelt, Sauer, Lipsky, Mong, Gutelius. Third row: Hassler, O'Brien, Rourke, Stanton, Thirtle. Second row: Dean, Pitcher, Reilly, Hilfiker, Turner, Fedele. First row: Ogilvie, Muir, Nadel, Mr. Miller, Ottman, Ashley.

## Orchestra



Top row, left to right: Darling, Mr Clute, Wilson. Fourth row: Wismar, Dougherty, Yeager, Jameson, Nadel, Clement, A. Hollister, Ringer. Third row: Saetta, Fay, M. Novelli, C. Pocke, Fogg, N. Novelli, Wakefield, Hauss. Second row: J. Hollister, Corson, Faber, Sentiff, Cooper, J. Pocke, Simpson, Coster, Paul. First row: Latham, Tucker, Johnson, Gay, McGregor, Meulendyke, Swain.



## Band



Top row, left to right: Simpson, Yerkes, Darling, Mr. Clute. Third row: Yaeger, Saetta, Nadel, Dougherty, Nichols, Peterson, Wismar. Second row: J. Hollister, Davis, P. Novelli, Wooden, Rogers, Smith, A. Hollister, Wanamaker. First row: Fogg, C. Pockoe, M. Novelli, Leis, Kreuter, Hauss, Clement, Ringer.

## Honor Home Room



Top row, left to right: Skinner, Tisa, Darling, M. Novelli, Drost. Second row: Simpson, Kinslow, Smith, Amico, P. Novelli. First row: Denford, Nichols, Mr. Epping, Sentiff, Beeler, Bushnell.



### RESERVE BASKETBALL

For the first time in the history of Marshall, the reserve basketball team won the championship of its loop, although the honors were shared with the Charlotte second stringers. Showing a snappy brand of basketball featured by short passes and fast cutting, the team worked very efficiently throughout the season. The team consisted of Ellis, Pilaroseia, Klein, Altobello, Sizer, Doucette, and Scheel.

### SWIMMING

Swimming is fast taking a prominent place on Marshall's sport program. Although not finishing high in the interscholastic league standings, the Marshall fish gave all the other teams the stiffest kind of opposition and always were in the water fighting for the good old Orange and Blue. In the interscholastic championship meet George Clement was by a narrow margin nosed out for first place in the 100 yd. dash. Beatty, Berner, and Post also made a good showing in the meet. The following were members of the squad: Berner (Capt.), Clement, Evans, Cooper, Beatty, Rouse, Becker, Allen, Manley, Schultz, Bishop, Bailey, and Laurini.

### HOMEROOM BASKETBALL

Rivalry between the homeroom teams was unusually strong this year, with the result that many close and exciting games were played. At the close of the season the homeroom teams of 202A and 116, champs of their respective leagues flew at each other tooth and nail in the intramural championship series. When the smoke of battle lifted, 202A emerged with the championship but not until 116 had extended the series to its limit of three games. Members of the champion 202A quint are Bishop, Fogarty, Hoefler, Decker, De Yeager, Harris, and Gioia. Homeroom 202B won the consolation championship.

### CROSS COUNTRY

Coach Brooks Kiggins has revived interest in cross country among the boys. Last fall he developed one of the finest teams Marshall has ever had in that sport. Charles Blake was the most consistent point getter throughout the season. The cross country barriers are Murphy (Capt.), Blake, Kneeland, Kinslow, Ottman, Walker, Sentiff, Newman, Gutelius, Nichols, Baker, Goodell.

### GOLF

Prospects of a championship golf team at Marshall this spring are very bright. All experienced golfers from last fall are back and several who have had less varsity experience. One of Marshall's outstanding accomplishments last year was a decisive victory over the strong West High team, in which Marshall obtained 8½ points out of a possible 9. The golfers are Marlin, Fogarty, Caudle, Trennaman, Harris, and Miller.



Top row, left to right: Gratzner, Isabella, Sonderman, Nucchi, Foertsch. Kneeling: Triano, Shannon.

## BASKETBALL

Starting the season in brilliant style, Mentor Leon C. Friel's quint trounced the Irondequoit High School five, 33 to 14. Irondequoit had just lost to the Ben Franklin team by a close margin and was confident of chalking Marshall down in their victory column. But after a close first quarter Marshall walked away with the victory. From that point on the season developed into one tough battle after another. The team, however, upheld the John Marshall fighting spirit and had the knack of scoring a great number of points in the last quarter and pulling close games out of the fire. As a result several games were decided by close margins. Marshall won two and lost five games by one-point decisions. A game with the U. of R. Frosh was extended two extra periods before the Frosh finally eked out a three-point victory. On another occasion in a game with Monroe, Marshall was 12 points behind. With but six minutes remaining to play, the team went on a scoring rampage, gained 14 points and won by the score of 22 to 21. Although the team did not reach the heights that were hoped for, its players gave a very good account of themselves in each tussle, and on several occasions defeated more experienced teams.

One of these games proved to be the high light of the season—it was a hectic battle played against the champion Franklin team. Marshall started off in excellent fashion and piled up the overwhelming lead of 25 to 2 by half time. Rallying desperately, Franklin put up a good fight the second half, but victory was not to be denied, and Marshall won 30 to 24. This victory placed Marshall in a very favorable position at the top of the league, a position she held until mid-season. At this point a severe slump hit the team, a thing that happens to all teams, with the result that Marshall ended the season in third place. This was not such a bad ending, considering the veteran opposition put on the floor by opposing high schools. The season ended with a record of 11 victories against 7 defeats, 5 of

the defeats being by one point and high scoring honors of the 1

The regular lineup was: left guard; Ed Sonderman; Foertsch, left forward. Isa the squad.



center for Marshall, received points.

in, right guard; Joe Triano, er, right forward; Walter Maroscia, and Ellis completed the squad.

The Girls' Gym Meet contest among the girls as gym proved to be a close place, was awarded a silver loving cup. A cup was also presented to Constance Morton, Eleanor Magee, and Peggy Joyce, who were tied for second place. Helen Fischer, Jane Hollister, and Eleanor Parker, who were tied for third place, were each awarded a box of candy. The seniors as a class held first place with 27 points; the sophomores followed with 22 points; and the juniors were third with 17 points.

The individual results were as follows:

#### POSTURE

##### Seniors

1. Constance Morton
2. Helen Fischer
3. Alice White

##### Juniors

1. Eleanor Magee
2. Rena Rowell
3. Jeanne Howcroft

##### Sophomores

1. Margaret O'Hara
2. Eleanor Parker
3. June Wedel

#### DRILL

1. Constance Morton
2. Helen Fischer
3. Wanda Hennig

1. Peggy Eyer
2. Jane Hollister
3. Eleanor Magee

1. Peggy Joyce
2. Eleanor Parker
3. Margaret O'Hara

#### DANCING

1. Mildred Lochner
2. Yvonne Proctor
3. Dorothy Keene

1. Jeanne Murat
2. Jane Hollister
3. Eleanor Magee

1. Peggy Joyce
2. Margaret O'Hara
3. Barbara Coster

The drill leader for the Junior Class was Mildred Lochner. The leader for the seniors and sophomores were Jessie Harper.



For these trophy cases, presented by Mr. Vincent Bennett and J. W. Storandt and Company, the class of June, 1932, wishes to express the appreciation of John Marshall students and teachers. Not only do these trophy cases add a touch of elegance and beauty in a building that is all too barren, but these gifts express a spirit of altruism on the part of the patrons which is highly gratifying to all who have the interests of the school at heart.



-What's this-



-2 of a kind-

- JUST



PALS-



-Always-



-Oh! oh! look-



-Look at that car-



-3 of a kind-



-The good ole 'daze'-



-Why so serious-





## Crooks and Crime

*Prize Story*

**L**IVING in a city, of course, I hear and read a great deal about the crime wave, which is spreading rapidly, but I have never paid much attention to the many articles which are found in our newspapers. Robberies seem everyday occurrences, and Chicago has long been noted as a crime center. In the past few weeks, however, I have been forced to admit that seemingly the crime wave is spreading. It has even reached Farrington Heights.

Farrington Heights is far from the travelled highway. The people there lead a peaceful life, uneventful and untroubled by crime or vice. But now all is changed; the crime wave has reached even that remote spot.

I first heard the astonishing news from Aunt Sophronia, who knows everything that has happened, that is happening, or that is about to happen in Farrington Heights. She is genuinely interested in everybody, and the whole village calls her Aunt Sophronia. I think you would like to hear the story as I heard it from her lips:

"Of course, I've read all about these big crimes in New York and Chicago," she said in her most confidential manner, "but we've never had anything real big like that in Farrington Heights. Oh, once in a while you miss something from the washline or the backyard, but then everybody knows Indian Joe can't be trusted. 'Never trust a man with shifty eyes,' is my motto, and he's got the shiftest eyes!

"But I started to tell you about the big doings here in town last week. Well, on Monday a well-dressed stranger came into town and went out to Jones's Bakery. He bought a box of candy and laid down in plain sight a ten-dollar bill. While Lizzie was doing up his parcel, quick as a wink, he changed the bill for one of a smaller denomination. Then, when he got the change for a two-dollar bill he spoke right up, quick and said that he'd given a ten and wanted the rest of his change. Well, Lizzie was so muddled that she didn't know what he'd given her; so she up and gave him the change for a ten. But, you know, I always thought Lizzie was awful flighty and would get muddled easily.

"Well, sir, that fellow tried the same trick in a couple of other stores. The girls in this town are either so innocent or so dumb (I suspect it's dumbness) that they never caught on to him. At last the fellow went over to Avery's Garage. You know Fred thinks he's just the smartest business man in town. He used to

brag that no one ever got the best of him, but I guess he won't crow so loud for a while. Fred never realized what the fellow was doing until after he'd driven away. Fred called up Andy Frazer, our town constable, and told him to come up and catch a thief. Andy was all set up over the thought of a real-honest-to-goodness thief and came a-running. They caught the fellow in that restaurant Chinaman Charlie runs. Fred was so mad he wanted to beat up the fellow, but Andy swelled up with pride and importance, and told him he couldn't touch a prisoner of the law. Of course, all the girls had to identify the thief, and then they got their money. The fellow's in jail now.

"But that isn't all, mind you! A couple of days later, Thursday morning it was, when Jim Davis was going to work about five o'clock, he saw somebody in the hardware store working at the safe. Well, I never credited Jim Davis with enough sense to come in when it rained, but he did realize something was wrong and called Andy. He's sleeping in the room over the bank now. Well, what do you suppose that Andy Frazer did? I don't know how in the world he expected to catch the fellow! He stood across the street and fired a shot into the store, while he hollered for the fellow to come out. The man came running out and fired twice but missed both times. Then he rushed down the street. Andy fired at him, but you know as well as I that Andy couldn't hit the side of a barn. He started after the fellow, but he's not much of a runner.

"At the edge of town the thief found Tom Brown's rickety old Ford parked by the side of the house. The car is never locked, because nobody would take it as a gift. The fellow jumped in and started off, but when he got beyond the Gypsum Mine, he found the engine getting hot and the radiator empty. Well, I have to give that fellow credit, he's got brains. He pulled up at a milkstand, filled the radiator with milk, and then sped down the road.

"Meantime Andy sent Jim to phone to all the towns around while he got his car and chased the fellows. They caught him just when he was going into Mount Hope.

"Well, now I guess you can't say nothing ever happened here in Farrington Heights. It certainly was plenty exciting. Why we haven't had anything so good to talk about since the bridge fell in. There'll be lots of teas now, I guess. That reminds me I'll have to have one tomorrow. They'll never say that Sophronia Stephens was a piker."

That is the true story of the crime wave at Farrington Heights as told by Aunt Sophronia, who surely ought to know.

PATRICIA ROSS, 12B.



#### MAKE-BELIEVE HEAVEN

*Did you ever think of heaven  
As a place of golden hills?  
Or a place where little angels  
Bring all sorts of thrills?*

MARY ANN PITCHER, 10A.

## Music



REAL music somehow can hardly be defined. There is much which can almost be classed as music. For instance, the faint rustling of young leaves in the trees on a glorious summer morning is a certain kind of music. The quiet, eerie sounds of a moon-light evening in June also enter that classification; and the gentle laughter of a baby is the most wonderful music in the world to a fond mother.

But consider for a moment—it is twilight, and as the fading rays of the summer sun peer through the stained glass windows of the chapel, they fall upon the form of an elderly man sitting in front of an organ. His hands—the hands of a musician—fondly caress the keys of the instrument as he sounds the opening bars of the well-known "Lost Chord" by Sullivan. Even the birds in the trees outside cease their happy twittering as the familiar melody pours forth from the soul of the organ. The face of the organist is transfigured as the music progresses. He is a real musician, capable of expressing himself by means of this instrument.

The fortissimo chords rise to the rafters of the building before dying away; the pianissimo chords—equally beautiful—live their short lives, performing their duty like the others. As the end of the composition draws near, the chords are louder and more accented; and then as the final bars are reached they become softer—each one dying slowly into space like fading beams of the sun. The last bar is reached, the hands of the organist still remain on the keys, and the final chord still softly whispers in the breeze. This to me is real music.

MADLINE MONG, 11A.



### *LITTLE MOUNTAIN FLOWER*

*One day I sought a flower,  
'Twas a pretty flower, too;  
Its center shone like sunbeams  
Outlined with palest blue.*

*It was a gorgeous blossom,  
Its beauty, sweet and rare,  
Was gathered from the sunshine,  
And clear, fresh hilltop air.*

*I stood gazing at the flower,  
So far up on the hill,  
In wondrous admiration  
For its beauty, until—*

*I stared at it aghast!  
This I'd come to find,  
This thing that looked so beautiful—  
How could I be so blind!*

*For this I'd climbed the mountain,  
Climbed nearly to the sky;  
I threw it to the ground,  
And left it there to die.*

MARJORIE DUROCHER, 11A.



## Letters



Do you ever stop to think about letters? They seem ordinary enough to the casual eye, but like most ordinary-appearing objects they are the most fascinating things in the world. They carry a nation's joys and sorrows within themselves; intimacies and impersonal matters, news of birth and death; they reveal hidden characteristics of their writers, lay bare their secret hearts. The pulsing center of a nation, its very life, are letters, and without them days would indeed be long and dreary.

It is a far cry from our improved postal systems of today, with their speedy delivery, to the slow, uncertain service of fifty or a hundred years ago. Then letters were treasured because of their infrequency and re-read until they were only tattered shreds. Each one was an event, long to be remembered and discussed. They were piled neatly away into old horsehair trunks along with trinkets of various kinds, and finally, as their owners died, forgotten.

Not long ago I came upon such a trunk. One rainy afternoon, I went exploring in my grandmother's attic and found and opened a little old black trunk. It was filled with letters, some crumbling with age, but all yellowed and brown, with faded ink and quaint handwriting. They were tied neatly into bundles, each one labeled carefully, thus: "My letters from Mattie," on a fat brown package;—on thinner packets, "Jane's letters from Sabintha"—"My letters rec'd from John Trumball, Esq., on matters of business"—and on a heavy bundle, "My letters from my beloved Jack."

Those headings entranced me. Mattie's letters were notes from one school-girl to another, then young ladies' confidences, the deep friendship of maturer women, and finally, grandmother's reminiscences. Jane and Sabintha apparently had been firm friends until a quarrel arose between them, and the last letter of that lot was so bitter that I was glad to lay it aside and turn to "matters of business." Most of these were quaint, old-fashioned business letters, but there were a few which did not pertain strictly to business. Indeed, one was a formal proposal of marriage, which was apparently declined, for there never was a John Trumball in our family.

The best ones of all, though, were those "from my beloved Jack." As I read those yellow, faded epistles, with their courtly phrases and delicate sentiment, I could clearly trace the progress of that old-fashioned romance. Here was a young man asking permission to "call on you some afternoon." A little farther on, letters in a tenderer vein; then this one, "And when I return from New York, a matter of some two weeks, I shall ask your father's consent to our betrothal." Tears stained this letter, tears of joy. But now came a quarrel, a hasty letter, "I am going away." For two years no more letters; finally, "Forgive me, dearest, I was mad. I cannot stay away from you, I love you so much." There are a few more letters there, letters from a husband to a dearly beloved wife, written during brief separations, all of them breathing the deepest devotion.

While I sat there with those letters in my lap, idly wondering about their writers, grandmother came into the attic. When she saw my occupation, she smiled and said,

"I'm glad you found those, my dear. These letters will help you to find a comradeship with past years and show you how beautiful even prosaic things can become. Letters, my dear," she went on, "are like precious jewels. They take on new luster and beauty as the years go by, and are more treasured when they are old than in their pristine freshness."

I wondered, as I replaced them tenderly in their trunk, whether my letters would be treasured and loved as these had been, and I resolved then, sitting in the dusty attic, that I would do all I could to preserve the flavor and romance of life in my letters for some eager-eyed explorer in days to come.

JANET BURT, 12A.



### THE CLOUD SHIP

Honorable Mention

*I gazed upon a fleecy cloud  
One day in June;  
The sun was glowing lazily,  
And it was noon.*

*The cloud was slowly traveling  
On a summer trip,  
And many scenes and shapes were formed  
With each new dip.*

*At first I saw a woolly lamb,  
And then a boat  
With sails of fleecy white  
In seas remote.*

*This boat may glide to many a land  
And many seas,  
Led on by God's great guiding hand—  
And the breeze.*

JEAN STANTON, 11A.



### WHO?

*I just love—  
Hair light  
Eyes bright  
Not much height  
Just right,*

*Queer ways  
Like a haze  
Things he says  
In a daze,*

*Eyes blue  
Dates too  
Things we do  
His smiles too.*

*I love—  
Who? Who?  
I'm wondering too—  
Maybe you?*

JANE COLEMAN, 12A.

## In Waiting



LOWLY I ambled down the well worn stairs to the street door and looked out. Through the mist and rain could be seen the flickering arc lamps, which clicked and cast uncertain shadows on glistening pavements. Pensively fingering my borrowed dime, I shrunk into the protecting warmth of a "dollar-down" coat collar and made my dejected exit. With an air born of habit I walked to the curb and, dropping two white cubes into the gutter, made my weekly resolution as to gambling.

My hat was pulled down and my eyes closed to the drugging warmth, leaving my feet, like well-trained horses, to find their way. Arriving at the corner, I opened an eye to reconnoitre and perceived with a sinking heart the south end of a street car headed north. As I started for the only sheltering doorway, a breathless individual ran up, proclaiming his misfortune to all. Upon gaining the coveted doorway, I found my more demonstrative associate taking up quarters in the other side of "my" haven. He really made very little of an impression on me, probably my half of a mutual one. In fact all I can remember of him was his large porous nose, tinted with a color suggesting beer. After several minutes of envious thoughts, during which I clutched my dime in a spirit of resignation, I noticed a few more belated comers.

There was a small Greek, coming home from his "candy shoppe"; a snobbish person, who preferred the rain to the shelter of our crowded doorway; and a large German, who squeezed between the little Greek and poor me. He carried three packages which, I suppose, contained perishables from his grocery store. Large drops of what I later found to be fish grease fell to my sleeve from one of these.

Each person either stopped before the red nose or my more diminutive one and asked how long we had been there and when the next street car would arrive. Ordinarily these questions would have launched me into an elaborate discourse on the evils of that special car line, but tonight these queries were answered curtly and perhaps a little rudely. For to see required only the ambition necessary to keep my eyes opened, while conversation was too much of an effort.

My thoughts and eyes went from the helpless ones around me to the more promising autos. I made myself as conspicuous as possible under the circumstances, but to no avail. Each driver was intent upon arriving home as quickly as possible and not upon seeing some chance acquaintance standing in a shadowed doorway. Taxis passed with their elderly rich, or silly girls and school boys, soon to be in my financial condition—if they were lucky.

A "drunk," slovenly dressed in top-coat and rain soaked hat, stumbled along, accosting helpless individuals and talking incoherently. He walked unsteadily to the doorway, apologized, and fell asleep, using my shoulder as a pillow. Our snob, evidently a teetotaler as well, turned his head away in disgust; the rest of us, more human, smiled at this one-act comedy.

A flapper clicked past on stilted pumps, drawing the attention of all male eyes. Necks were stretched; the "drunk" awoke; the abstainer found sudden interest in life; the German and the Greek forgot the depression. She disappeared in the haze, and we settled back; the drunk to sleep, the prohibitionist to boredom, the merchants to hard times, and yours truly to more fish grease.

In my mind hours had passed, and pictures of accidents and trouble came to my mind as a possible explanation for the delay. The arrival of a second car from the other direction seemed a positive assurance that some calamity had delayed the northbound car. As I reached a walking decision, a dim light and a flashing trolley "gave proof through the night" that my fears were groundless. With my odd collection of companions, I shuffled to the stop. On mounting to

the car I met that smell of wet clothes, prominent in any public place on a night like this. I grudgingly paid my fare and took the proffered transfer for use only as a tangible asset on my investment. I found a seat and soon fell asleep, to awake several blocks past my stop.

My night was surely not a success financially or physically; possibly I learned something mentally by watching, perhaps not.

FRED TRUAX, 12B.



### MY PLEA

*Life is sometimes beautiful,  
But often it is sad—  
They say it's what we make it,  
Tho it's you who make me glad.*

*If you know I'm joyous,  
Why do you make me blue?  
When I think that you are happy,  
I'm just twice as pleased as you.*

*Don't tease me any more,  
If you care at all for me—  
I want my dreams unmarred,  
And sweet—this is my plea.*

JANE COLEMAN, 12A.



### DREAMS

Prize Poem

*Gazingly, drowsily, I'm wandering to my dreams,  
And that lantern in the street my way well  
Designate—it seems;  
Each little golden arrow shooting  
Gaily out of it  
Is beckoning, begging me to hurry and  
No longer here to sit;  
Teasing me, dazzling me, with dancing, shooting light,  
They most daringly come nearer,  
Yes—as fairies of the night,  
"Don't look," they warn, "Don't flicker;  
Just close those sleepy eyes."  
But I follow them more quickly,  
Those bits of paradise!  
And I catch them darting in and out,  
Those flashes you call beams,  
Which to me are anxious callers—  
The beckoners of my dreams.*

THERESA COTTONE, 11B.

## Murder A la Mode



UCH has been written about murder. It has been an important topic in conversation for so long that the reading public would, no doubt, be very, very disappointed if it did not hear of at least one murder a week. Murder is now among the arts and sciences and is a very quick way to gain social prestige.

Since murder is then so important, it is indeed a wonder that there is nothing in the etiquette books about the subject. Imagine a poor murderer's embarrassment when it is disclosed that he used the wrong knife on his victim. It might even bar him from higher society.

We will assume that you are a potential murderer and wish to go about the business in an approved manner. If such is your idea, perhaps you could use some suggestions. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that the victim is the main thing in the case, but this is not so. The victim is only an accessory to the fact. This is proven by the fact that all murder trials are named after the perpetrators and not the corpses. What makes a murder is the manner in which it is committed. There is the low type of murder in which a sandbag or a gaspipe is forcefully applied upon the victim's head; but such murders are usually below the notice of our police and should be left to those of low aspirations. There is the gun type, usually reserved for jealous husbands and wives, but it is not to be classified with the more romantic use of the axe or knife. The next type is all too commonplace to be worthy of your notice—for no great stir is raised by taking the victim "for a ride." Then of course there is the great field of poison, but the press seldom waxes eloquent over the chemists' report on what they found in the victim's stomach.

Suppose, now, that you have selected the manner in which you shall commit the crime and there remains only the victim to be selected. There is seldom any trouble in selecting one, for the market is over-crowded with people who would make very excellent corpses.

The next item to be considered is the time and the place where the murder is to be committed. This is of primary importance, for if you are to establish a name for yourself, you must co-operate with the press and commit the murder on a day when news is very scarce. Then, and only then, will you be taken seriously. For eleven whole days you will be the main topic of discussion. Your picture will appear on the front page of every newspaper in America, and you must take special precaution to hide all passport pictures. You will be deluged with offers of vaudeville and movie contracts, and many, many newspaper syndicates will pay fabulous prices for your life story. All this has happened to others, and it will happen to you if you are but considerate enough to commit the heinous offense when the newspapers are clamoring for news.

After the crime has been committed and you have been apprehended, it is best to hire the smartest criminal lawyer available to try to prevent your getting the chair of applied electricity at Sing-Sing. In most cases it has been found that a few gifts of the coin of the realm to the jury, given in secret so that the judge would not be envious, will assure your being able to enjoy your hard-earned publicity.

Of course there is one drawback—the police. These meddling busybodies, always seeking cheap notoriety at other people's expense, will do their best to share in the glory of the trial by seeing that you are convicted.

WILLIAM MURK, 12A.

## Life

*"If thy heart is like a budding rose,  
Age shall never take thee in repose."*

Youth is spiritual. Age can never take youth away; for even if age has descended upon one's head, if the heart is young, then youth is eternal! And yet, how young in years one may be and have such a bitter heart—a tired, worn heart, old and withered, that cares not for the joy of living. No fountain of youth has softened the cynic. The flowers never grow for him. The birds never sing; for the beauty of life gives nothing to him.

How quickly youth, love, and beauty are extinguished when the flames of life have been smothered! Yet it must be Fate; she points out the road of life with her forefinger. She intends that we take the straight road, that we push the barriers and boulders aside and shoulder bravely the burdens along the way in the pursuit of liberty, youth, and happiness. And if we falter along the trail, if we turn to the side roads which seem easier to climb, is it not our own greed, selfishness, falsehoods, and unfairness that makes us fall into the ditches and traps of life?

Life is a complicated thing. No mortal, however versatile, however intelligent, can explain it. But in the true course of life, let love for thy fellow men and the pursuit of happiness be the torch to light the darkness of the thorny path of life. Love is incarnate! Youth is eternal! But Life is what you make it!

Alba Bruno, 11A.



### LUFF

#### Honorable Mention

*Luff iss chust an epidemic,  
A tink-tee can't explain;  
All you get iss a little touch,  
Unt it sets your heart aflame.*

*I didn't efen feel it,  
I chust new it was dere—  
Unt eberytime I saved her  
It chust got zarin in dere.*

*Sometimes I zod tink und tink  
Peraps I am too yunk;  
Should I chust get up and leave  
Ond den become a monk?*

*At last I haf decided  
Yust what I want to dere;  
I'll come right back to Germany  
Unt ask to marry yew.*

ADOLPH CUFO, 11A.



## My Royal Road to Romance



OR years I dreamed of seeing the blue Mediterranean, of sitting at a side-walk cafe in Budapest, and of riding in a gondola in Venice. Now I have done these things, and I have not been disappointed.

Can you imagine anything more romantic than being slowly wafted down a canal by a Venetian gondolier? What could be more thrilling than to be a gambler at Monte Carlo?

Budapest, the city of my ancestors and parents, fills a warm place in my heart. Perhaps it is due to the blood tie that I have with its people, or perhaps it is because of its natural charm, and old-world beauty. The blue Danube reflects the setting sun to the chateaus on Buda, and to the more humble dwellings on Pest. The tourists have not, as yet, left the marks of their soiled fingers on this delightful city.

The average American has a contorted picture of Hungarian goulash. All Hungarians do not eat this mixture any more than does the whole of America indulge in the delights of masticating a dish of Boston baked beans. I once read that the only real gentlemen in the world are either Hungarian or Turkish. Yet these people have a complex background for their natures and characters, having all the fierce pride and warm blood of the Huns combined with something of the inscrutable Chinese, which is due, no doubt, to the early invasion of Attila of Manchuria.

Then there is Italy. On that boot-shaped surface, it seems to me, half of the world rests. There is Rome with its rich background of great men, art, and religion. Venice always conjures to the mind a picture of gliding gondolas and moonlight. It is in that city one finds the famous Doge's palace, and the Rialto, where Shakespeare's "Merchant" had his stamping grounds. I believe this is the only place in the world where one will find the family's means of locomotion parked out in front tied to a striped barber pole.

Naples, I know, is a rather hackneyed subject, for many a man has wielded his pen in describing its charms. All that has been said is true—and more. Naples, as viewed from the sea, presents a panorama of almost unrivaled beauty. In the background there is the restlessly sleeping Vesuvius and surrounding this enchanted spot is the blue Mediterranean. Just south of Naples lies Capri and the Blue Grotto. In order to enter the Blue Grotto, one has to lie on the bottom of a small rowboat, for the aperture is but three feet high. My entrance was quite dramatic. An oversized wave preceded me, and my boat capsized. I then had the distinction of bathing in the silver-blue waters of the Grotto. My clothes and myself were returned to the cruiser in a remarkably second-hand condition.

In any other place dirt and squalor are sordid, but in Italy they become picturesque. When one is motoring or walking in Italy, one comes from the dark mouths of alleys to broad, smooth boulevards lined with smart shops. Even Rome has its ghetto.

These foreign cities and people interest me tremendously, and for no better reason than that they are so different from our own cities and their inhabitants. Their background contains such wealth of romance. Just think—Leonardo De Vinci, Nero, Caesar, and Michael Angelo.

Almost no recognition is attached to the name of Carlsbad when it is mentioned in the States. Nevertheless, it is a most fashionable spa, romantically situated between high hills. This is one of the very few places in the world where dancing goes on twenty-four hours a day. Another peculiar fact is that flowers adorn the lamp posts. Yet in this beautiful country there is sharp class distinction. At home our farmers are no longer called "hicks"; they rank on an equal basis with the city dweller. But in Czechoslovakia, the peasants are even

now a downtrodden and unrecognized class. These people of the soil have such simple tastes and habits that they are satisfied with very little, living in two-roomed houses with thatched roofs. When these people finish their long day's toil, they return home to sing and dance. Even so, a Czechoslovakian belle may be seen promenading on a Sunday with a multi-colored blouse and as many as twenty-five petticoats. Determined to see life other than that of the fashionables, I moved for two days to one of these villages and lived in the house of the wealthiest people in the village. Theirs was a four-roomed house. With enjoyment I listened to their quaint songs and partook of their strange food, but when it came to the beds! One is literally buried under a sea of feather quilts. A man's wealth is measured by the number of feather quilts he has in his possession. I had to crack the ice in the wash basin to get washed in the morning.

The train ride from Rome to Nice is a thing of wonder. On one side, there is the sparkling Mediterranean and on the other side are pastel-tinted villas surrounded by tropical flowers. There are groves of orange trees, date trees, and almond trees. This is in December and scarcely one hundred miles away there is snow and cold. All this is due to the gulf stream. Nature is romantic.

Monte Carlo, in the principality of Monaco (which, by the way, is some ten miles long), is exquisitely situated in a sheltered bay. In this bay, one may see flags of all lands flying on the masts of yachts. The Casino is the principal attraction of this small land.

After having viewed all these romantic places, New York's sky-line from Brooklyn Bridge at six o'clock on a winter's evening has its share of romance and beauty—a man-made wonder.

MARGARET FISHER, 12A.



### SOLILQUY

*Somewhere, beyond the darkness,  
Past the eternal night  
There lies the beauty of daybreak  
In a great awakening light.  
The sun streams through the shadows  
And pierces the gray and black  
To open a door to splendor  
Penciled on silvery track.*

*A sordid world throes off its cloak  
To stand shimmering in the sun  
Like a glorious Cinderella  
Before the stroke of one!  
The air is filled with sweetness;  
The ground feels soft and cool;  
My soul lifts high in supreme delight—  
Such peace and splendor rules!*

FRANCES DAVIS, 12B.



## SPRING

*When violets reveal their purple robes,  
And wild flowers nod in their world of gold,  
What do you think is here today?  
Why it's springtime, and it's here to stay.*

*When orchards reveal their blossoms so rare,  
With a promise of spring in the air,  
Aren't you happy with the opening of May,  
Which spring is bringing to us today?*

*When each little twig sways with the breeze,  
And each little bluebird sings in the trees,  
Our hearts are filled with joy and mirth  
To know that spring is visiting the earth.*

RUTH D. LAY, 10A.



## DAWN

## Honorable Mention

*Tonight I stroll along a country trail,  
Beneath the moon, so cold, aloof, and pale,  
That sends cold shafts of light, like prison bars,  
Across the earth and 'neath the sparkling stars  
That give no light as they have done before,  
But seem to be beyond some unseen door,  
Which neither am I able to destroy,  
Nor to discard as some now useless toy.*

*This new world seems so very strange to me,  
I can not understand its enmity;  
I feel myself to be repulsed—and still  
A little farther on and o'er the hill  
Pale light is breaking o'er the eastern sky;  
I greet the dawn with an exultant cry.*

MARJORIE DUROCHER, 11A.



## SWEETHEARTS

*I looked in her eyes, and she in mine;  
I knew that she loved me, for that was the sign.  
We whispered together in tones soft and low,  
Telling each other our love would soon grow.  
We saw our dream castles up in the sky;  
We vowed to ourselves our love would ne'er die,—  
But now she is resting in heaven to stay,  
And I'm living on in monotonous way.*

JANE HOLLISTER, 11B.

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