

JOHNQUILL

JANUARY 1933

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ELMER W. SNYDER,
Principal

Published by the Class of January 1933 of John Marshall High School.

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Dedication

We, the Class of January 1933, dedicate this, our senior year book, to the faculty of John Marshall High School. It is through their untiring efforts that we have succeeded in reaching this year of our graduation. With pleasant memories of days spent under their influence, we take our leave and hope that the faculty regrets our going as much as we do.

John Quill Staff January, 1933

Editor-in-chief	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lillian Lewis
Copy Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jane Widman
Literary Editors	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jane Foy, Ruth Gerling, Franklin Shaughnessy
Grind Editors	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mildred Lochner, Fred Truax
Statistics Editors	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Olaline Almy, Joseph Paternostro
Photographic Editors	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rence Herman; Ass't, Barbara Pryor
Art Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Virginia Masseth
Sports Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edgar Sonderman
Business Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Norman Rabjohn
Sales Managers	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	John Rouse, Edward Pierce

Publicity and Sales Promotion Committee—

*Thomas McCabe, Frank Deelin, Ruth Carmichael, Fred Truax, Ann Jacobson,
Connie Knapp, Connie Marton, Helen Fischer, Yvonne Proctor, Alice White*

Typists	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Eleanor Moore, Gwen Troughton
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Elsie Pchak
Literary Adviser	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ward S. Miller
Business Adviser	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Clarence Ezrual

The cover and headings were made in the art department under the supervision of Miss Gertrude Botsford by Gwendolyn Custance, Anna Wall, and Helen Fischer, as well as Virginia Masseth, art editor. The illustrations are the work of Warden Finlay and Lorraine Latham.

SENIORS



MISS GRACE O'REILLEY



MR. CLARENCE EVAUL

Through the years of our stay in John Marshall, Miss Grace O'Reilly and Mr. Clarence Evaul, our class advisers, have faithfully guided us in everything that we have endeavored to do. To them, we, the Class of January 1933, extend our deepest thanks and appreciation.

Olaline L. Almy

400 Seneca Parkway
Cornell University
*Pretty face and pretty clothes
And very wise as everyone
knows.*

Bank Clerk 4; Tri-Y 3; Hall Aide
4; Class Vice-President 2, 3;
"Green Stockings" 4; Latin Play
2; Statistics Editor "John Quill";
Archbearer 3; Honor Roll 2, 4;
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Danc-
ing 2, 3; Swimming 2.



Doris Leona Backer

235 Avis St.
*Those that know her best
love her most.*

Tri-Y 3, 4; Honor Roll 1; Hono-
rable Mention 2, 3, 4; Basketball
1, 4; Golf 3.



Mabel Leona Barnes

168 Eastman Ave. R. B. I.
*Ample cause for book-
store success.*

Honorable Mention 4; Bookstore
4; Dancing 1.



Joseph Vincent Bickel

45 Parkdale Terrace
Brookport Normal
*Slip me that diploma
I'm in a hurry.*

Homeroom Baseball 2, 3, 4; Home-
room Basketball 3, 4; Homeroom
Soccer 2, 3, 4.



Ruth Onalee Carmichael

276 Seneca Parkway
Geneseo Normal
*"Laugh and the world
laughs with you."*

Tri-Y 3, 4; "John Quill" Staff;
Tri-Y Secretary 4; Archbearer 3;
Honorable Mention 4; Riding 2,
3, 4.



Lucy Jean Clark

580 Birr St. Undecided
*"She'll soothe many a fev-
ered brow, many a heart."*
Basketball 4; Gym Meet 3.

Gwendolyn E. Custance

190 Conrad Drive Undecided
*A quiet girl you can't
help liking.*
Honorable Mention 4.

Herbert W. Davison

128 Selye Terrace
University of Rochester
*"The Senator from
Arkansas."*
"Green Stockings" 4; Homeroom
Baseball 2; Manager of Boxing 2;
Swimming 2, 3.

Frank Devlin

216 Ravine Ave.
University of Rochester
*"Seldom seen, never heard.
Deeds done by acts, not
words."*
Orchestra 2; "Green Stockings"
4; "John Quill" Staff.

Helen N. Fischer

91 Lark St. Mechanics Institute
*Helen draws friends as well
as she draws pictures.*
Bank Clerk 4; "Green Stockings"
4; "John Quill" Staff; Dramatics
Club 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3;
Basketball 3; Tennis 4; Swim-
ming 3, 4; Gym Meet 3, 4.

June M. Foy

7 Curlew St.
University of Rochester
*"My mind to me a king-
dom is."*

Hall Aide 4; Literary Club 4;
National Honor Society 4; "Les
Babillards" 3, 4; Secretary of
"Les Babillards" 4; Literary Ed-
itor "John Quill"; Assembly Pro-
gram 4; Honor Roll 2, 3, 4;
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Minor
Scholarship Award; Minor
Athletic Award; Dancing 2, 3, 4;
Gym Meet 2; Swimming 2, 3, 4.



Joseph Oliver Frantz

740 Dewey Ave. Clarkson
He drives that "big job."
Assistant Stage Manager 3, 4;
Homeroom Soccer 1; Baseball 1.



Ruth Elizabeth Gerling

136 Driving Park Ave.
University of Rochester
*Cute nose and a funny
wrinkle,
She's mischievous — the
eyes twinkle.*

Forum Representative 4; Awards
Committee 4; Hall Aide 4; Tri-Y
3; National Honor Society 4;
"Les Babillards" 3; Secretary
of "Les Babillards" 4; Literary
Editor "John Quill"; Property
Manager of Senior Play 4; Senior
Play Committee 4; Assembly Pro-
gram 4; Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Hon-
orable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor
Activities Award; Major Scholar-
ship Award; President of Senior
Girls' Club 4; Swimming 2.



Renee Stockton Herman

49 Pullman Ave.
University of Rochester
*Renee is a doctor for the
blues.*

Tri-Y 3; Property Manager of
Senior Play 4; Photographic Ed-
itor "John Quill" 4; Archbearer
3; Dancing 3, 4; Tennis 3; Gym
Meet 3, 4; Minor Athletic Award;
Program Chairman of Senior Girls'
Club.



Ann Esther Jacobson

826 Davenport Ave. Brockport Normal
*A personality that pleases —
a voice that entrances.*
Key 2, 3; "Les Babillards" 3, 4;
"Queen Stockton" 4; Publicity
Committee of "John Quill";
Assembly Program 4; 4;
Senior Frolics 4; Honorable Men-
tion 2, 4.



Martha May Jardine

16 1/2 Velox St. R. B. I.
*In silence she'll make her-
self heard.*

Homeroom Representative 1, 2;
Tri-Y 4; Tri-Y Treasurer 4; Arch-
bearer 3; Remington Type Award;
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor
Athletic Award; Major Athletic
Award; Basketball 3; Dancing 1,
2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3; Soccer 3;
Bowling 3, 4; Swimming, 1, 2,
3; Swimming Manager 2.

Dorothy Ann Keene

1090 Ridge Road R. B. I.
*No, he does not go to
Marshall.*
Archbearer 3; Honorable Mention
2, 4; Dancing 3, 4; Swimming 1,
2; Gym Meet 4.

Constance S. Knapp

92 Harding Road Syracuse University
*Wise to resolve, patient
to perform.*
Executive Council 2; Forum Rep-
resentative 3, 4; Bank Clerk 3,
4; Tri-Y 2, 3; Class President 1;
Class Treasurer 4; "John Quill"
Staff; Honorable Mention 1, 2;
Dancing 1, 2, 4; Swimming 1;
Gym Meet 1.

Lillian Ruth Lewis

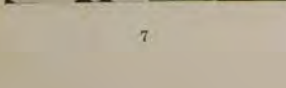
462 Lake Ave. University of Rochester
*"But oh, the den of
wild things in
The darkness of her eyes."*

Forum Representative 4; Senior
Frolic 4; Awards Committee 4;
Tri-Y 4; "Les Babillards" 3, 4;
National Honor Society 4; Social
Director of "Les Babillards" 4;
Editor-in-Chief "John Quill";
Senior Play Committee 4; Hall
Aide 4; Minor Activities Award;
Archbearer 3; Honor Roll 2, 3, 4;
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor
Scholarship Award; Major
Scholarship Award.



Marjorie Olin Lewis

28 Gorsline St. R. B. I.
A true Marshallite.
"Whole Town's Talking" 3; Dance-
ing 4; Tennis 4.



Mildred Louise Lochner

234 Eastman Ave. Russell Sage

All-American caliber.

Forum Representative 3, 4; Social Affairs Committee 4; Chairman Students' Service Committee 4; National Honor Society 4; "Les Rabillards" 4; Dramatics Club 4; Lead in "Green Stockings" 4; Class Secretary 3; Class President 4; "Jo-Mar" Staff 4; Grind Editor "John Quill"; Archbearer 3; Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Tennis 3; Gym Meet 3, 4; Swimming 3, 4.

Helena Jane Low

275 Pullman Ave. Undecided

Moanin' Low, Never.

Bank Clerk 1, 2; Rhetoric Club 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Tennis 2; Gym Meet 2; Bowling 3.

Virginia Louise Masseth

540 Burr St. Russell Sage

Dreamily, mirthfully, artistically.

She looks upon the world, Tri-Y 3, 4; Art Editor "John Quill"; "Jo-Mar" Reporter 4; Archbearer 3; Honorable Mention 3; Bowling 3.

Eleanor Awilda Moore

142 Goodwill St. School of Commerce

Competent and efficient, she's sure to succeed.

Tri-Y 4; "John Quill" Typist; Archbearer 3; Honor Roll 1, 2, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Basketball 3; Soccer 3; Honor Soccer Team 3; Bowling 3; Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming 1, 2, 3; Tennis 2, 3; Minor Athletic Award; Major Athletic Award.

Constance A. Morton

133 Avis St. University of Rochester

A snappy super-edition of the modern girl.

Senior Frolic 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; National Honor Society 3, 4; "Les Rabillards" 3, 4; Washington Play 4; "Green Stockings" 4; Class Secretary 2, 3; Advertising Manager "John Quill"; Honorable Mention 1; Riding 2, 3, 4; Dancing 1; First Place, Gym Meet 3; Second Place, Gym Meet 4.



William Muir

229 Curtis St. Wooster College

"God bless my soul!"

"Green Stockings" 4; Assembly Programs: "Jo-Mar" Reporter 2, 3; Humor Editor "Jo-Mar" 4; Managing Editor "Jo-Mar" 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3.

Norman Sanford Nadel

68 Avondale Park Colgate University

"Upon what meat does this our Caesar feed, That he is grown so great?"

Executive Council 2; Forum Representative 3, 4; Cabinet Member 3, 4; Assistant Bank Clerk 1; Bank Clerk 2; Dramatics Club 1; "Les Rabillards" 4; National Honor Society 4; Orchestra 1, 4; Senior Frolic 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-High Band 3, 4; Lead in "Green Stockings" 4; "John Doe vs. John Marshall" 4; Class Historian 2; "Jo-Mar" Reporter 2; Associate Editor "Jo-Mar" 3; Editor-in-Chief "Jo-Mar" 4; "John Quill" Publicity 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Activities Award; Major Activities Award; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2; Homeroom Basketball 3; Track 3; Tennis Manager 2; Assistant Cheerleader 3; Cheerleader 4.

Joseph J. Paternostro

226 Maple City Park R. B. L.

"Well-a-now-a-a-a"

Class Chairman of Committees 3; "Green Stockings" 4; Statistics Editor "John Quill" 4.

Edward L. Pierce

2434 Ridge Road West Undecided

Ed is blessed with a pleasant disposition.

Honor Roll 1, 2; Honorable Mention 1, 2; "John Quill" Staff.

Yvonne Hope Proctor

1792 Ridge Road West University of Rochester

"Not that she loved him less,

But she liked variety more."

"John Quill" Staff; Honorable Mention 1; Swimming 1; Riding 3; Second Place, Gym Meet 3.

Barbara Ann Pryor

139 Maplewood Drive
University of Rochester
*Judging from the size of
the sneeze, the draught
must have come through
a keyhole.*

Bank Clerk 4; Tri-Y Junior 2;
Mistress of Wardrobe Senior
Play 4; Assistant Photographic
Editor "John Quill"; Archbearer
3; Riding 1, 2; Golf 2; Dancing
2, 4; Tennis 1; Gym Meet 2, 3, 4.

Norman Rabjohn

551 Lexington Ave.
University of Rochester
*Effective in everything he
endeavors to do.*

"Les Babillards" 3, 4; Officer of
"Les Babillards" 4; "John Quill"
Staff; Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Senior
Play; Standard Bearer 4; Hall
Aide 4; Senior Frolic 4; Honorable
Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor
Scholarship Award; Major Scholarship Award.

Elsie Mary Refak

755 Emerson St. R. B. I.
*A good companion and as
firm a friend.*

Tri-Y 3; Secretary "John Quill";
Swimming 3; Honorable Mention
2, 3, 4; Honor Roll 3, 4; Hall
Aide 4; Remington Type Award.

John Albert Rouse

42 Riverside St. Undecided
*He upholds the well-known
Rouse standards.*

National Honor Society 4; "Green
Stockings" 4; Class Vice-President
4; "John Quill" Staff; Senior
Frolic 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3,
4; Minor Athletic Award; Major
Athletic Award; Track 2, 3;
Swimming 2, 3, 4.

Shirley Jane Ruppert

93 Albemarle St.
Katherine Gibbs School
*A daughter of the gods,
divinely tall and most
divinely fair.*

Tri-Y 3, 4; Dramatics Club 1, 2,
3; Honorable Mention 3; Riding
1, 2; Golf 1, 2; Life Saving 2;
Tennis 1, 2; Swimming 1, 2, 3.



Arnold Henry Schultz

495 Emerson St. N. Y. State
Merchant Marine Academy
*Want the Einstein theory
explained? — step right
up.*

Forum Representative 4; Orchestra 2; Senior Play Committee 4;
Homeroom Baseball 2, 3, 4;
Homeroom Soccer 3; Track 4;
Swimming 3, 4; Bowling 3.

Franklin C. Shaughnessy

1750 Lake Ave. Undecided
Quiet—but effective.

Homeroom Representative 3; "Les
Babillards" 3; Literary Editor
"John Quill"; Honor Roll 4;
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Golf 3,
4; Bowling 4.

Edgar Chas. Sonderman

263 Alameda St. Cornell University
*A boy we really have to
look up to.*

Hi-Y 2, 3; National Honor Society
4; Band 2; Sports Editor
"John Quill"; Senior Play Committee
4; Honor Roll 2; Honorable
Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor
Athletic Award; Reserve Baseball
2; Reserve Basketball 2;
Varsity Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track
2; Swimming 2, 3.

Mildred Alma Strauss

82 Finch St. R. B. I.
*Soft brown eyes that be-
speak gentleness.*
Baseball 4.

Frank D. Tantalo

452 Oak St. Undecided
*He lives in the present—
but drives in the past.*

Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3;
Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3;
Homeroom Soccer 1, 2, 3.

Ruth Margaret Topham

62 Electric Ave.
School of Commerce

*I shall work and strive, for
I know some day my
chance will come.*

Honorable Mention 4.

Gwen Troughton

89 Alameda St. Undecided

*One of the best equestriennes
Marshall has ever
had.*

John Quill Staff 2, 4; Honor. Roll
2, 3; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4;
Minor Scholarship Award; Riding
2, 3, 4; Archbearer 3.

Frederick Leslie Truax

35 Carthage St.
University of Rochester

*Life is a serious matter
with me, but nobody
seems to realize it.*

President of Students' Association
4; Vice-President of Students'
Association 3; Cabinet Member 4;
Student Council 1, 2; Bank Man-
ager 4; Dramatics Club 4;
National Honor Society 4; "Green
Stockings" 4; Washington Play
3; Assembly Programs; "John
Quill" Publicity 1, 2, 3, 4; Grind
Editor, "John Quill"; "Jo-Mar"
Reporter 1; "Jo-Mar" Publicity
Manager 2; Class President 3, 4;
Minor Activities Award; Major
Activities Award; Honor Roll 1;
Honorable Mention 2; Home-
room Baseball 1; Homeroom
Basketball 2.

Grant Elwood Tucker

552 Augustine St. Undecided

Local boy makes good.

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor
Scholarship Award; Homeroom
Soccer 4.

Frank Bernard Kelly

21 Selze Terrace Notre Dame

*When we think of Frank,
we think of a cheerful
smile.*

Baseball 3; Homeroom Basket-
ball 3.

Geraldine T. Craven

202 Goodwill St. R. B. I.

*Marshall is Craven for
more like Geraldine.*

Orchestra 4; Honor Roll 4; Hon-
orable Mention 3.



Roy Chester Bishop

136 Palm St. Undecided

Baseball is his world.

Minor Scholarship Award; Home-
room Baseball 1, 2; Interclass
Baseball 1, 2; Varsity Baseball
3, 4; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2,
3, 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 3,
4; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4;
Interclass Soccer 3; Swimming

Mary Elizabeth Vanas

492 Clay Ave. R. B. I.

*I'll be Mary,
I'll be free,
I'll be sad for nobody.*

Homeroom Representative 1; Tri-
Y 2, 3; Senior Girls' Club 4;
Honorable Mention 1, 4; Life
Saving 2; Dancing 1, 4; Tennis
2, 3; Gym Meet 2; Swimming 1,
2, 3; Swimming Meet.

Anga Grace Wall

250 Eastman Ave. Undecided

*Come, give me my diploma,
for I want to play!*

Orchestra 1; Homeroom Repre-
sentative 1; Honorable Mention
1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Dance-
ing 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3; Hiking
1; Sketch Club 4; Bowling 4;
Soccer 2; Minor Athletic Award;
Gym Meet 2, 3, 4; First Place in
Drill.

Alice Myrtle White

116 Electric Ave. Syracuse University

*Well, anyhow, Bob likes
it—And that's that!*

Senior Frolic 4; Dramatics Club
4; Class Secretary 4; "John
Quill" Staff; Archbearer 3; Honor
Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 3,
4; Riding 2, 3, 4; Swimming 1;
Gym Meet.

Jane Mildred Widman

377 Lexington Ave. R. B. I.

*"Wisdom and Spirit of the
universe!
Thou Soul, that art the
eternity of thought!"*

Tri-Y 3; Copy Editor "John
Quill"; Honor Roll 3, 4; Hon-
orable Mention 2; Minor Scholar-
ship Award; Major Scholarship
Award; Swimming 2.

Mildred A. Palmer

593 Lexington Ave. Undecided

Little care I that small I

*I care so much as a big-
guy.*
Honorable Mention 2, 3; Dance-
ing 2, 3.

Elwood Chas. Mildham

299 Eastman Ave.

An aviator at heart.

ACTIVITIES

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

The activities of John Marshall High School provide enjoyment and recreation of high standard. The Honor Society, under the supervision of Miss FitzSimons, is composed of students who are outstanding in leadership and scholarship. The Forum and Cabinet are the legislative bodies of the Students' Association.

For girls who like to sing, the Choral Club under the direction of Miss MacQueen was organized this semester. The Literary Club, newly organized and directed by Miss Monaghan, is a source of cultural enrichment for those who are fond of reading. The Dramatic Club is supervised by Mr. Myers and this club affords valuable training and entertainment.

These organizations are prominent on the school's program, but there also are numerous other groups that attract students. Unhappily all of these cannot be presented in a single issue of the "John Quill," though all contribute materially to the life of the school and its educational ideals.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY



Top row, left to right: Lipsky, Steve, Gutelius, Berner, Smith, Bailey, Puffer;
center row: Page, Truax, Mong, Nadel, Gerling, Giebel; bottom row: Lewis, Van
Deusen, Stephens, Lathrop, Miss Caro FitzSimons (adviser), Lochner.

FORUM AND CABINET



Top row, left to right: Ball, Stevenson, Steve, Troy, Sizer, Lewis, McGuire; third row: Riebel, Coombs, Gerling, Puffer, Storandt, Childs, Green; second row: Dean, Giebel, Frech, Page, Masterson, Read; first row: Lochner, Truax, Gratzner, Nucchi, Van Deusen, Kolb.

DRAMATICS CLUB



Top row, left to right: Becker, Francis, Lochner, Stein, Wilson, Barry; fourth row: Snider, Mueller, Fitzgerald, DeLelys, Barberio, Scheid; third row: Strassle, Boekhout, Lapp, Merrifield, Contestable, Vaccaro, Smith; second row: Dean, Walker, Femiano, Vogel, Sexton, Loughlin; bottom row: Fay, Plaskett, Troy, Bailey, Mulroney, Taylor.

LITERARY CLUB



Top row, left to right: Christoff, Lathrop, Marsielje, Mathews, Suter; center row: Baker, Lapp, Kingston, Pratt, Lange; bottom row: Plaskett, Stein, Kneeland, Steve, Worner.

GIRLS' CHORAL CLUB



Top row, left to right: Mong, Gardner, Englehardt, Puffer, Carlson, Mueller; middle row: Fischer, Fitzgerald, McGregor, Strohm, Decker, Smythe; bottom row: Blessing, Justice, Faulkner, Stanton, Mulroney, Vogel.

ATHLETICS

Cross Country

When the call for cross country runners was issued at Marshall, by Coach Ulrich, a large number of enthusiastic candidates turned out for the sport. Coach Ulrich formed a team to represent John Marshall, but due to the lack of material the team met with many defeats. Mr. Ulrich believes that with a little experience, such as the boys received this year, he can present a championship contender next year. The following boys were members of the team: Captain Blake, Baker, Doe, Sprague, Schulz, Jaeger, White, Pownall, Wright, Christoff, Mathews, Murphy, Slusser, Suter, Caccamo, and Rogers.

John Pownall

Homeroom Soccer

Homeroom soccer at John Marshall was organized into two leagues. The first league or "A" league consisted of those homerooms containing the older boys. The second league or "B" league consisted of those homerooms containing younger boys. Room 123 won the championship of the leagues. Adolf Ciuffo was the captain of the team. This is the second year this homeroom won the championship.

Swimming

Swimming has become an outstanding sport at Marshall as shown by the large turnout of candidates for the team. Even though a boy is unable to make the swimming team, he has the privilege of enjoying a swim twice a week at the new Jefferson Junior High pool. Following this general swim, the first team meets for practice. Those who placed in the inter-class swimming meet and who are probable candidates for the first squad are: Captain Frank Beatty, Jack Rouse, George Clement, Richard Dutcher, Arnold Shultz, Hollis Becker, Harry Sentiff, Gus Pollak, George Cooper, Fred Chandler, Constant Kinslow, Walter Beck, Milford Holben, Richard Phaler, John Shoen, Emery Carey, Jack Baybutt, Frank Gallagher, Milton Levin, Norman Childs, and Carl Yoder.

SOCCER TEAM



Top row, left to right: Nucchi, Sharpe, Shears, Murray; center row: Faker, Breary, Ciufo, Triano, Pilaroscia; bottom row: Berner, manager; Gratzer, Smith, Carroll, Wilton.

Soccer

Many of the veterans of last year's eleven joined this year's soccer team, coached by Mr. Makin, Marshall's new soccer coach. The team developed into a very capable combination, ending in second place. This may be considered an excellent record due to the strong competition. Marshall's only defeat was at the hands of Charlotte, a jinx to Marshall for the past two years. The team displayed its best soccer against Edison-Tech, holding the champions to a scoreless tie. The following made up the team: Nucchi, goalie; Gratzer, fullback; Smith, fullback; Johnson, halfback; Shears, all-scholastic halfback; Ciufo, halfback; Carroll, halfback; Breary, forward; Triano, forward; Wilton, forward; Pilaroscia, all-scholastic forward; Sharp, forward; and Faker, all-scholastic forward at left wing.

The reserve team which worked along with the first team showed many men who may prove themselves capable for future Marshall teams. The reserve squad was made up of the following: Daley, Green, Kneeland, Rebaz, Rogers, Doane, Murray, Wolever, Finlay, Skinner.

Golf

In the interscholastic golf tournament held this year at Ridgemont, Marshall's golfing representatives made a fine showing. Ray Marlin put together rounds of 77 and 82 to tie for second place, while George Herring and Bob Miller also displayed a good game to end only a few strokes behind the leaders.

OUR BOYS
BASKETBALL TEAM



Top row, left to right: Nucchi, Klein, Bernier (manager), Gratzer, Sizer; bottom row: Triano, Smith, Sonderman, Pilaroscia. *Isabelle 18*

Basketball

Marshall's basketball hopes run high this year with a fast, experienced quint. Nucchi, Sonderman, Gratzer, and Triano return from last year's varsity, Smith and Pilaroscia round out the team. Such hopes were encouraged by pre-season victories over Irondequoit and Canandaigua.

In the season opener, West was easily defeated, 32 to 19. Following that, Madison was beaten 38 to 16. The reserve team has also been quite successful in the early contests.

Girls' Sports

SWIMMING

Swimming is one of the most popular sports among the girls. Miss Foster, the instructor, has organized three classes: beginning, intermediate, and advanced.

RIDING

Horseback riding is rapidly gaining favor at Marshall. The team which appeared in the Annual Horse Show during the Christmas vacation consisted of Helen Sadden, Constance Morton, and Gwen Troughton. Against professional competition, they won third place.

SOCIAL DANCING

Many pupils have taken an interest in learning how to dance. This activity provides a knowledge of correct dancing for the students and is a help when one takes his place in society.

BASKETBALL

A great number of enthusiastic basketball players have attended the meets every Monday night. The players have been trained in new passes and shots.

LITERARY

Escape

Prize Story

*"Igneus est illis vigor caelestis origo seminibus,
quantum non noxia corpora tardant terrenique
hebetant artus moribundaque membra."*

By DIXON LATHROP

HE was queer, this Ralph Orthenburg; everybody—his teachers, his classmates (perhaps one should not say classmates, for they were not mates in any sense of the word) said he was queer, a book-worm, a prig. He looked queer. Didn't that prove it? He was tall and bony. His feet were big, and he seemed to shuffle along in a dreamy sort of way, his head in the clouds, now and then to quicken his shuffle and to give a little skip between steps. It was when he did this that his eyes brightened up as though he were the possessor of some secret which he alone in all the world could possess. He could see himself rise like some modern Atlas above all the others, and he said at these times to himself: "These are such queer little people; they do not get the meaning, the true beauty from life. There is such a false ring to their joy. It is as cheap as being set into motion, like so many puppets, by a jazz band, after having heard a great master improvise." Yet he felt he was missing something of this true beauty himself. His very body seemed to cry out for those pleasures at which he scoffed—he, the book-worm, the joke of his school, yet the one to whom they came for help when they weren't able to do their lessons. He scoffed, yet was sorry for his scoffings; he hungered for their pleasures, yet was ashamed for this desire.

Ralph was, as those who saw him at school thought, queer-looking. He always wore the clothes which were not suited to him—somber and rusty-looking black and brown ill-cut suits. His clothes never could catch up with his legs and his arms; they flopped around his legs above his ankles and were drawn tight above his wrists. His tie was always in a string when school had hardly begun. His long neck, sticking with its prominent Adam's Apple out of his too-loose collar like an ugly piece of wood, was as awkward as that of the giraffe, though shorter. His hands were beautiful, nervous, tapered; were like the tendrils of growing things, always grasping, then relinquishing some unseen support, were always seeming to be playing a symphony on some imaginary keyboard. He knew they were beautiful, and because he knew how homely he was in other respects, he cared for them as one cares for a lovely possession. He had bought, with the first money he had ever earned, a lovely ring for his hand. He seemed to offer this ring to his hands as one pays homage to a sovereign. It was their reward for being beautiful, for giving him the right to that pride of his.

His face, like the clay in the hand of the sculptor, was clay in the hands of the greatest of all sculptors, his Maker, and He, as he had seen fit, had pinched and bulged this clay into a homely visage. The cheeks were hollow, the

chin pointed, the nose prominent. Over all this, He had cast a certain air of the sublime, endowing him with two eyes which expressed his whole character. They were large, kindly, and happy, dancing on the slightest provocation, though they would cloud over and then dart with fire when he was hurt. Through these eyes the subtle beauty of his whole nature shone as stars, seen through the thin web of a curtain; that which they revealed was beautiful, yet this beauty was dulled by a sense of shame, was weird, strange, beyond the scope of human understanding. His very nature was indeed an enigma, a challenge, a question, something incomprehensible.

He was a good student. He always had his work in on time and was often deserving of praise because of its unusual merit. His teachers saw in him to some extent the beauty that lay beneath this outer crust of ungainliness. Yet they too were unaware of all that beauty, for He had destined that this spark of beauty should be seen by only one. It was indeed true that he did good work. He had no other interest. The world of sports and of boyish life was closed to his awkward body. The companionship that is the allotment of every human was never to be his because of the vast ocean lying between his and his acquaintances' characters.

He did in a way win this companionship, for he was willing to sell his own welfare, as Faust sold his soul to the devil for that which he most desired—youth; thus it is we find him selling his help, sacrificing his time that he might help some person with his lesson and so win a small measure of that one's friendship. Usually he went unrewarded, though he would be paid by a kind word and a passing friendship. He saw the worthlessness of this, rebelled against it, yet was grateful for all of it that he could grasp.

His day at school was one of classes, recitations, and assignments. Between classes he hurriedly explained this or that lesson to some wandering sheep of a pupil and then shuffled off to another class. He grew to hate himself for his failure in the realm of social and athletic life, for his very efficiency and love of books. Because of his own acute understanding of his shortcomings he started to boast, to lie and to show off in his own way to his fellow students that he might put up a good

front. He appeared as bored as he was able with their interests, used words meaningless to them and oftentimes of doubtful meaning to himself, that he might the more impress them with his learning; the very source of his self-hate; he ridiculed them and sought to make them feel as cheap as he.

After school he hurried home in his own shuffling way, burst open the door, though in his own way, as Zephyr would burst upon a spring day. With a curt word to his fat, round-faced, even more shuffling mother, he shut himself in his room, drawing himself into a shell as a turtle does to ward off its enemies, took up his violin and played. Into his playing he put all of his pent-up emotions. Usually he began with something defiant, weird,—Wagnerian. At this time he was thinking of the gibes of the boys. Gradually the strains would fade into something melancholy—Dvorak. As he played one of his favorites, the Largo Movement of the "New World Symphony", he thought of those words which have been set to this melody—"Going Home". He wondered where his home was and he asked himself, "Am I destined to be treated thus? What is my future? Am I to be a failure?" Then this would in its turn die away. His soul had been calmed, and he would play something peaceful, something gay and light. It was then that he saw himself, the brilliant concert artist. He saw the footlights brighten, the house-lights go down. He felt himself sway to the magic rhythm of it all. He could visualize the reception afterwards, the bright lights, jewels glistening on the soft velvets and gleaming satins of the beautiful ladies, the bubbling of the wine, the invigorating freshness of the air, the utterly indescribable joy of the whole thing. Then the dream passed, not quickly as a bubble breaks, but slowly, quietly, leaving him in peace. He played those selections from Gounod's works that were nearest his heart. The calm, majestic, real splendor of the music purged his soul, drove from his mind the petty dislikes and cares of the day as the waters of the River Lethe are said to have obliterated care from the spirits in Hades.

Then a knock came at his door; his mother was calling him for his supper. He was cross to her; he hated her breaking into his sanctu-

ary. Tired from his day of shams, he was impatient. His mother bore all this with the patience of a faithful dog. She loved her queer young Ralph and understood. She overlooked his cross words and said nothing, asking only that she be allowed to listen to his music. She never asked this favor of Ralph, for she knew of his desire to be by himself, but she prayed that she might always have his music. It was while Ralph was closeted in his room that she took her only respite from her hard day's labor. Sitting in the large comfortable chair in the hall, she closed her eyes and listened. It was her reward for all she had sacrificed for her son. As Ralph played, she was taken back to the days of her childhood in Germany. Everything became unreal and ethereal. She was oppressed by the desire to burst into his room to see whether it was real—to see if it was her son playing these delightfully haunting melodies.

One day, especially trying and revolting, he came home, rushed up to his room, took his violin and played that which lay in the innermost corner of his soul. He did not hear the door open, so engrossed was he in his music, nor did he see his mother sit down in the worn chair by the window, a sort of wild joy in her face.

He had gone through this gamut of emotions—the defiance, the melancholia, the dreamy visions, and the quiet peace. With a gesture of despair he put his violin down, looked up to see the white-clad figure of his mother by the window. The bright rays of the late afternoon sun shone on her, seeming to lift her from the world of mortal man. It glistened on the tears streaming down her face. Ralph was struck dumb. He did not see the fat figure, the ugly gray hair, the round wrinkled face, but he did see the eyes, wet with tears—eyes, the duplicates of his own. Her understanding, love, and sympathy seemed to shine from them with a soft undying glow.

How he reached the homely old figure, he never knew, but he found himself at his mother's knee, sobbing out his difficulties, she whispering her own troubles, her love for his

music, her trust and her belief in him. By this act they were drawn together with an inseparable bond. He had found the one who understood. His life had begun. It was like the rising of the sun, like the bursting of a glorious butterfly from its drab chrysalis, the world was so new to him. The fire had burst its bonds of mortal sinews, its prison of dross.

BOOKS

*When the eye of heaven
Sends amber brilliance streaming
To the earth,
In drawn out yellow rays which search
Each cranny and all nooks,
And turns them into plains,
The call of wooded streams resounds, and
trails,
And roads, and towering ranges
Lure men to their rocky fastnesses.
But when the gloomy gray
Drops torrents of cold rain
Below, or Thor
Stirs to noise the grand artillery of heaven,
And dull black lowering forms
Cloud over man's frivolity,
Then still
The call of green and wooded glens
Rings out, and more,
The farthest corners of the world
Are near, and
The days of yore
Are mine,
For even weather's mighty raging
Has not power
To leave me desolate
Of books.*

L. LATHAM.



On People Who Rile Me

By MILDRED LÖCHNER

FOR a long time there has been surging within me an emotion which I fear is not nobly inspired. I have at last taken courage to give vent to this emotion. Whether or not your sentiments are the same as mine matters little, but misery *does* love company.

Perhaps the most irritating of persons is that gushing, gabby female who never means a word she says, but who manages to create a sticky, soppy atmosphere about her. She will rush up to you and say, "What a perfectly *darling* hat! It's simply *divine*." (Silly slop, don't you think?) Or if she happens to need a pull with a teacher, she will go up to the poor pedagogue and declare, "Oh, that dress is *so* becoming to you! I *love* it." She's the type of person who goes around kissing babies like a politician; and then she secretly wipes her mouth and mutters to herself, "What a dirty, ugly baby!" However, she assures the mother that her baby is perfectly *adorable*. That's about all of those oozy adjectives I can bear up under; my face is red and I'm frowning terribly.

Second honors go to that silly young freshman who thinks she's the answer to the upper classman's prayer. Her technique in make-up is nothing short of atrocious. (I think it's after that great American painter, Massasoit.) She blinks her mascaraed eyelashes at any eligible male and expects him to be bowled over by them. She may be afflicted with a little avoidupolis, but that places her at no disadvantage.

I haven't raked any young men over the coals as yet, but there is one in particular whose egotism bristles about him so that being near him scratches my cool demeanor and ruffles me mercilessly. His own conceit assures him that he is giving a party, for he certainly is most versatile. Really, if he went through a low doorway, I'm sure he would bump his nose and not the top of his head.

Last, but not least, is that individual unfortunately endowed with a superiority complex. His opinion is always correct, whether it is based on facts or not, and you dare not dispute it, for you will receive a glaring look informing you that you are a moron and your

Rain in the Woods

By ELEANOR VAN DEUSEN

RAINY Saturdays can spoil many kinds of outdoor fun, but if it is a hike that has been planned, sometimes a drizzle only adds to the joy. If you have never tramped through the woods in your old clothes, with the rain trickling down your face, you've missed one of the greatest pleasures of the out-of-doors. Things look different, somehow, in the rain. The outdoor world is deserted, and even the birds and the wild folk are not chirping with their usual volubility.

The trees, dripping mournfully, are more awe-inspiring than ever. Willows and birches bend over as though overwhelmed by the depressing rain. They are so delicately beautiful and frail that I cannot help pitying them in their sorrow. Beyond these, I see, high on a hill, a great oak, defying the rain and scornful to mourn for brighter days. Silhouetted against the sky, its stalwart branches offer a challenge to the elements.

In the woods the black trunks of the basswood glisten in the rain, and the paper leaves of the beech are washed to a beautiful lustrous green. Down in a hollow the scraggly needles of a little pitch pine seem more unkempt than ever in the damp weather. In the heart of the woods there is a beautiful feathery tamarack tree, and I think of Hiawatha:

*"Give me of thy root, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Torch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind together,
That the water may not enter,
That the water may not wet me!"*

And then, a blue spruce—how perfectly does it express the mood of the day!

I return home from a walk such as this with a feeling—not sad, but thoughtful. How many lessons the trees teach!

opinion doesn't matter in the least. He just dotes on correcting his teachers and on pointing out the fallacies in their statements.

I sincerely hope that none of you will be irritated by more than a mere acquaintance with any of these people. However, if I have accidentally analysed your own character, you may take it for what it's worth.

Somebody's Mother

By MARGARET LAPP

IT was seven o'clock in the evening. One more hour and her son would be there. An old lady sat rocking, rocking in an old chair. Her bright eyes glanced eagerly at the clock. The fading light of day fell upon her face, illuminating it like light through a church window. She was dressed in black with a bit of fine lace at her white throat. There was a faint perfume of lavender about her, and her silvery hair, which curled in small tendrils about her face, shone against her black dress like a diamond lying on black velvet. Her smile brightened her sweet face and gave her the appearance of happy anticipation. Sometimes her laugh sounded, tiny as the echo of a silver bell.

It was seven-fifteen now. She walked across the room to the fireplace of her little cottage. Her step was light and fell fairy-like on the old rug. She put the kettle over the fire to make tea. It would seem like old times to have her son back. How often they had had tea together—she, her husband, and her son. Her husband was gone now, but not her son. He was due any moment.

She drew back the snowy curtains and glanced out the window. The steeple of a

nearby church was visible and from its belfry sounded the hour of prayer. Her only prayer was to see her son. For twenty years she had heard nothing of him except occasional letters. She turned from the window, her eyes falling fondly on different articles of furniture. Remember how he had learned to walk on that rug! How he had loved that little porcelain dog!

Her line of thought was interrupted by a sharp rap at the door. She quickly opened it.

There stood a messenger holding a telegram. She tore open the envelope with trembling hands. Was he dead, sick, or not coming? The telegram read:

"Missed train stop will arrive at 9:30."

She smiled, turned back to her chair and sat down, still holding the telegram. How like him! He had always been late for school and church, and now he'd missed the train!

The dusk darkened to twilight and the twilight to dark. Still she sat smiling and dreaming of by-gone days. How sweet and serene she looked! Somebody's Mother, —I know not whose.



"Her smile brightened her sweet face and gave her the appearance of happy anticipation."

"Habits are at first cobwebs, at last cables."

—Selected.

A Few Scissorgrams

If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again.—Francis Bacon.

Democracy is not all clear gain. For one thing, its method of reaching decisions by voting creates the general impression that the majority is right.—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

The lively contempt for history expressed by readers who would escape its weight, and the neglect of history practiced by educators who would escape its authority, stand responsible for much mental confusion.

—Agnes Repplier.

Plan as though you were going to live forever; work as though you were going to die tonight.

—W. C. Ebaugh.

An Invasion

By BARBARA ALAN

Twas in the village of Si Fen. The Japanese had just invaded and were now quickly passing on.

A young missionary stood gazing after them. Every once in a while a stray bullet passed dangerously close to him. He watched until the Japanese column merged in with the landscape. Open-eyed, staring youngsters timidly peeked from behind crumbling, smoldering walls where they had taken refuge. The streets were empty of people save for a venturesome few who were straining to drag household articles out of reach of the creeping, gorma fires.

The missionary, with his two yellow-skinned assistants, stood on what was once the threshold of a now battered and bombed hospital headquarters. With hands clenched, he tried to face the situation bravely, but his lips trembled as his eyes fell upon the ruins of the beginning of his life work.

By dusk the remaining Chinese were running about distractedly in the streets. Their pigtailed seemed to bob up and down in their excitement. The moon rose, a white disc, outlining the wrecked town in a grotesque manner against a dismal, gray sky. Sparks danced in the air and wisps of smoke wafted slowly upwards. A score of wounded and helpless men and women had dragged themselves before the demolished hospital. They looked beseechingly at the poor white man, with dumb appeal in their huge, distorted eyes, and cried out in pain. He stared at them pityingly and then slowly sank to a seat upon a stone and covered his face with his hands. If there was only something, something he could do to help!

A trampling and shuffling of bare feet could

be heard. A poorly organized group of Chinese soldiers staggered haltingly through the streets. They uttered heart-rending, guttural cries in their defeat. Their wounded comrades were carried in crude stretchers and thrown down before the hospital to suffer with the others.

Black clouds began to scud across the skies. The weird whistling of the wind shipping about drowned out all other sounds. The Chinese pattered about on naked soles and

swiftly cleared away wreckage from one house that would afford shelter. It was the only home left standing. Often a suffering man or sobbing, frightened woman would, with fists raised, curse the gods and the Japanese and call for vengeance.

The missionary bestirred himself just as the heavens opened and poured forth rain in sheets. With many a shudder he dressed wounds as well as possible, first washing them with the dirty rain water and binding them with the only clothes available,—and they dirty and germ-laden.

After doing all that was possible, the young fellow went out into the rain and walked sadly towards his headquarters. His heart was heavy. The surrounding misery sickened him. With bitter thoughts he wondered at the cruelty of fate. And then, as he looked out at the misty horizon, he saw a car approaching and discerned a red emblem on its side. Instantly he straightened, strength flowed back, courage returned, color flooded his pale face, and he raised his arms with an exultant cry towards heaven. His prayers were answered and help had come like a ray of light and hope after endless nights of darkness.



"Often a suffering man would, with fists raised, curse the gods and the Japanese."

On Clocks

By MARY-JEAN BECKER



FEEL like the character in the essay, "The Pursuit of Fire," who says that he has interesting ideas, but cannot put them on paper. So instead of writing a poem or any other work of art, I shall, as Shakespeare states it, see "how time wags with all."

One becomes so used to glancing at his watch or the clock near by that he is oblivious to the really wonderful thing that that piece of mechanism is. There are so many kinds of clocks.

First there is the "Urban Chanticleer" that Joyce Kilmer speaks about. Now this alarm clock is often an unrecognized friend of not only business men and women but also students who can reach school on time if they obey its helpful ring.

Then there is the cuckoo clock which has always been a source of wonder to behold. I am sure everyone enjoys seeing the tiny bird pop out of his little house to repeat his characteristic notes.

Whenever we see the interior of a wealthy home, be it in the movies or on the stage, we always hear the mellow peal of the chime clock. I wonder how many ever stopped to think how strange and out of place an alarm or a cuckoo clock would sound among these Persian rugs and Oriental tapestries.

We recall the song, "Grandfather's Clock," which we have heard since our childhood. I wonder if it's because of the phrase, "it stopped short never to go again, when the old man died," that I have always been superstitious about a clock stopping for no apparent reason?

All clocks aren't such romantic structures as those mentioned. There is the plain clock whose only individuality is in its high-pitched quick strike or its low-pitched strike that slowly dies away.

What about the time-pieces that don't ever speak! There is man's pal, his watch, that he glances at many times a day. Yet if you ask him the time just after he has looked at it, he must look again and answer with an apologetic grin. What would he do without his "old faithful?"

Men are not the only ones that are depend-

ent upon their private timepieces. What about the girl with her dainty wrist watch? How proud she is of it lying in its beautiful gold casing! How she also would miss its priceless friendship!

I am reminded of Longfellow's poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," that has seen "days of sorrow and of mirth through days of death and days of birth."

As to just how much clocks know, let me give a verse of Longfellow's beautiful poem.

*"From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night,
There in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow.
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,*

*Forever—never!
Never—forever!"*

May we all through our lives remember the clock, and so act that it will never have to hide its face behind its hands.

SUNSET

*A heralding tinge of fairy pink
Creeps o'er the fading blue,
As nature's magic heavenly brush
Spreads each celestial hue.
Birds cease their noise,
The sun sinks low,
As deepening ever, more and more
Heaven's lustrous colors flow
To form the heaven's tableau.
The clouds break rank and form again.
The fairy pink turns crimson red,
And the lingering glow of the last of the day
Comes up from the sun's deep western bed.
The angry reds, the tender pinks,
The saffron tints and blue—
Alas! these points from the box of Heaven
Will sink ere long from mortal view.
And now above the ruddy glow
A deep blue curtain falls,
And violet welds the two as one,
As the sun to the West his image calls.
The blue drops further, and yet more,
And darkness treads its heels.
God draws His dusk dower over all,
And God's earth silence feels.*

Lorraine Latham.

Challenge

Prize Poem

By WARDEN FINLAY



Weird flashes of fire in a raging sky,
Dart forth from storm-rent chasms,
To light up the waves in foamy spasms,
As they rise and break and go rushing by.
Scudding sails in the raging night,
Dip and rise in the maw of the whirling sea,
Driven on thru that which they seek to flee,
Their battle with each billow a losing fight.
Then at the height of the shrieking storm,
A host of wild creatures with challenging
cries,
Burst forth in their ships of Gorgon-form,
And bellow their anger to the sullen skies.
So through the ages their spirits sail out,
And on rampant seas the Vikings still shout.

Genius

By LLEWELLYN PLASKETT



REGINALD sat in the most comfortable chair in the room, carefully stroking his eyebrow with one hand, and holding a cigarette with the other. The Duchess, seated in the next best chair, raised one of her carefully trimmed eyebrows with infinite precision. She was not trying to look like Tsar Nicolas, she was merely trying to be sophisticated.

"There being nothing to do here except be bored," she said, "I suppose we might as well listen to one of your lovely stories."

"It always falls on the most intelligent of a group to bear the burden created by the marked mental delinquency of the others," complained Reginald. No one had been feeling quite himself; the three-day rain which had settled on the Baroness' place in Exford, where she was having a week-end party, had had a most deplorable effect on the dispositions of all of them.

"Yes, do tell us a story," said the Baroness. "You tell them so cleverly." She beamed over her horn-rimmed glasses at Reginald, who leered back at her through his monocle. The monocle was not a regular fixture; he had borrowed it solely to add dignity to his presence at the week-end party.

"Very well, then," he said. The only thing that was troubling him was that he would have to originate it as he went along. He had always made a point of forgetting every story he heard, immediately after he heard it. "I will tell you a story of genius, genius which the world can never fully appreciate. Recently they have unveiled a hydrant in his name in Poland, but that is all his public recognition amounts to at the present."

"Do they have hydrants in Poland?" inquired the Duchess, raising her left eyebrow according to custom. Reginald ignored the interruption and resumed.

"It seems that at that time, all Poland was divided into two great parties. One party insisted that the plural of Jack-in-the-Box was Jacks-in-the-Box, and the other was just as certain that it was Jack-in-the-Boxes. Everyone had some definite view on the subject, and no one could be induced by any means to

adopt the views of the opposing party. Things went on in this state for some time until, one day, a man was struck down because he could not be convinced that the plural of Jack-in-the-Box was Jacks-in-the-Box. Immediately, a man was killed because he could not be induced to believe that its plural was Jack-in-the-Boxes. From then on things went from bad to worse. Political parties made it a central issue of their campaigns. . . ."

"I am absolutely certain that Poland was a monarchy at that time," said the Duchess. Reginald adjusted his monocle and looked at the Duchess severely for a long time.

"Er, ah, things went from bad to worse. Finally, civil war broke out in all its terrors, and raged from one end of the country to the other. When the population had been reduced to about one-third of its former size, our genius, Joseph Petrowski, realized the horror of it all. He offered the public a way out, proposing a compromise. The thought had never occurred to the public. He suggested that they end all their difficulties by making the plural Jacks-in-the-Boxes. There was great rejoicing, and Petrowski was acclaimed a national hero. He enjoyed great glory for a short time, but, owing to the fickleness of fame, was then forgotten. When he died last year, there was a revival movement, and the hydrant was unveiled in his honour."

"I had no idea there had been such a terrible revolution in Poland," said the Duchess. Reginald's cigarette went out.

A BRAIN TEASER

Again one of those fellows who delights in shattering illusions comes forward with a mathematical proof wherein he proves the fallacy of mathematical truth. Here is how he does it: First he lets $a=b$. Multiplying both sides by "b" we get $ab=b^2$. Subtracting a^2 from each side we find that $ab-a^2=b^2-a^2$. Factoring, $a(b-a)=(b+a)(b-a)$. Each side is divided by $(b-a)$; therefore, $a=b+a$. But $b=a$; from this it follows that $a=2a$. (This may be one reason why algebra problems are so difficult.)

Can you show where he made a mistake?

The Kuku's Farewell

By NORMAN NADEL

"Oh, Cuckoo, shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

—Wordsworth.



MEETINGS, you who have invested thirty-five cents in a *John Quill*, and also you who let someone else invest the above amount for the same purpose, then borrowed the publication—greetings. . . . Well, what do you think of this annual, the result of months of hard labor on the part of the senior class? No, kiddies, the first part of the book is *not* the comic section, but the pictures of those who are about to be ejected from the school by that process known as graduation. . . . However, some rubber-like seniors will bounce right back in. . . . As we learn in art and history classes, there have been some great pictures made in the past few thousand years, but we doubt whether any of them can equal in subject interest one that is at present in the possession of the *Jo-Mar* staff. It is a photograph, taken nearly four years ago, of the present senior final class. Miss Constance Knapp wears a facial expression that would do credit to the angel of innocence—she looks as though her life had been just one long question. Fred Truax scores with high shoes, horizontally striped socks, tight knickers, and has the general appearance of a Boy Scout who hasn't paid his dues, wondering whether or not he should do a good turn. Connie Morton was so short at the time that she used to walk under the lockers when the halls were crowded. . . . While walking home from school a few days ago, Lillian Lewis and Ruth Gerling were accosted by a few children (even smaller than our frosh) who greeted them with, "Hello, you Marshallinos!" . . . Get that Spanish touch. . . . Well, when one thinks over some of the names used to describe us students, that one—though unique—isn't so bad. . . . After years of searching, we have finally found the worst bit of literature in the English language. It was written three and a half years ago by a present senior, and printed in the senior annual of June, 1929. All discouraged freshmen should read this and realize how bad they

might be. . . . An Indian's name always described him in some way and accordingly was usually quite picturesque. If the seniors were Indians, some of them would probably be named as follows: Millie Lochner, Pale Moon; Ed Sonderman, Towering Pine; Olaline Almy, Sun Princess; Jack Rouse, Sitting Bull; Renee Herman, Wild Fawn; Fred Truax, Short-Arrow-Shoot-Long-Way; Gwen Troughton, Squaw-with-Plenty-Car-Checks; Eagle Beak, guess who? . . . At the senior banquet Saturday night we learned some things about the seniors that until then were unknown to the public. Norman Rabjohn eats soup in C sharp and Herbert Davison accompanies him with a delicate obligato, while keeping time with a drumstick; Ann Jacobson stirs coffee with a salad fork; Barbara Pryor put a corner of the table cloth in her purse, mistaking it for her handkerchief and walked away dragging the table behind her—they caught her at the door. After having finished the main course, Bill Muir ate the dish—he called it his "roughage." The class as a whole was disappointed because the silverware was marked. . . . So, gentle, or perhaps not so gentle reader, after a four-year vacation, we are forced to scam from this abode called Alma Mater and see what kind of a break the world will give a quiet, unassuming columnist. We are proud to say, however, that in the three years history of this column (written by two people—a year and a half each), though many frank and straightforward statements have been made, hardly anyone has really "taken a burn" on a personal remark. Nevertheless, they don't give life insurance to columnists. . . . To return to the subject, we hope to make money in years to come, by blackmailing present Marshallites with facts dug out of old *Jo-Mars*. . . . And now, as we drop a sigh and heave a tear, we make our departure as from our lips drop what we consider the eight most beautiful words in any language: . . . "The Kuku is dead; long live the Kuku!"

Diary of a Freshman

September 8—To-day I walked into the place they call John Marshall High School. It's a long, low-slung building what has a tower protruding skyward. The tower gives the imprint of wanting to elevate itself above the uncouth masses what surge within the long hall. (Will I slay the English teachers with this vocabulary!) Well, anyhow, I walked into the building and everyone was rushing around slapping each other on the back (Ouch! my sunburn!) and paying no attention to me. One awful tall fellow comes along and jabs his elbow in my eye. Wait till I get to be a senior . . . !! My English teacher is awful pretty but she wants us right away to write a long theme. I had to run halfway up Ridgeway Avenue (up the long hall) to a class this morning and I was late. A kind of disagreeable fellow sent me to Mr. Friel's office to get an excuse but I forgot to ask where it was. Then I went back to find the class-room so I could find out where Mr. Friel's office was, and I got lost. Finally I came to the place they call Main and State and I was about to toss a coin (I didn't have one, though) to see in which direction I ought to go next, when I spied the bulletin board which was all cluttered up with lost and found ads. Was I ever embarrassed when a man comes out of a cubby-hole behind the bulletin board and asks me why I am loitering in the halls. I tells him I'm not loitering or whatever he said but I'm looking for Mr. Friel to get an excuse for being late. He says, "I'm Mr. Friel." I says, "Hully Gee!"

October 8—Got our report cards today. I would of been on the honor roll if it wasn't for my English mark. These English teachers don't know talent when they see it. I wrote a swell play, but the teacher didn't even understand it. Tsk, Tsk—such ignorance.

October 30—To-day I got hooked for thirty-five cents which pays for the privilege of voting for officers of the Students' Association. The money collected goes for this and that and when the legislative body wants to make a law or do something, they have to ask a teacher if it's all right.

November 1—Wow! To-day I went up to a fellow I sure thought was a French teacher and I asked him if he taught French because I wanted to take it next year and he says, "Say, I've been trying to pass first year French for the past five years. Vamoose!" And he glared at me. Honest, though, he did look old enough to be a teacher. . . .

December 21—School closed to-day for the Christmas vacation.

December 22—I went to school to-day, but no one was there. I forgot about vacation.

January 4—Golly, school again today and just when I was beginning to have a good time, too.

January 10—Last report card marks today and would you believe it, that English teacher kept me off the honor roll again! This makes the fourth time.

January 13—Whoops, Friday the 13th! Better watch my step. "John Quill" comes out Monday, Horray!

And so through the years there will be freshmen, and freshmen, and more freshmen going through the trial and error stage. Amen.

Miss Mutschler: "Who can give me a sentence containing the word insulated?"

Tom Daley: "At the breakfast table Ma said to Pa: 'How come you got insulate?'"

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MEATS GROCERIES

VEGETABLES

Phones, Glen. 1182, 1183, 1184

On Marshall Corridors

By JANE WIDMAN



AS I am an unfortunate individual who has her locker in the long corridor of John Marshall High School, I feel that I must relate one of the many struggles encountered in that endless hallway at the corner of Ridgeway Avenue and Marigold Street.

The struggle of putting on one's wraps is the one which I shall attempt to describe, and the time is approximately 2:37 P. M.

I push through the crowd, stepping on the floor occasionally, but more often I tread on heels, toes, and the like, and if I'm not stepping on some one's feet, they're abusing mine—no wonder we have so many in corrective foot classes nowadays.

When I reach my locker, I fumble for the key and perform the usual operation. The greatest task is yet to come. The first thing which I do is to put on my hat and scarf, and I can manage quite well. Next I try to put on my coat. With great pains I put one fist into a sleeve and land an astonishing blow to the jaw (or eye) of some unfortunate passerby. I take great care when I pass my arm into the other sleeve; I stand sideways so that my hand goes into the locker instead of compromising some one's face. Next I put on my rubbers—or should I say "try" to do so? Promptly I reach for them way down deep at the bottom of my locker while the surging mass goes on entirely ignorant of the fact that some one who has never intended to hurt mankind is being unduly used as a rug.

When I come up for air, I find my hat decidedly askew, my right foot rubber on my left hand, and the other in my coat pocket. After going through numerous contortions which would merit the applause of an expert contortionist, my rubbers are on correctly. What joy! Having accomplished this feat, I am exultant.

To the other dear souls who also have lockers in the long corridor and who have suffered with me, I dedicate this article of exag-gerations.

GOD'S SCHOOL

O Marshall, I cannot hold thee close enough!

Thy stores, thy wide gray ha'!

Thy Frosh that rise and fall!

Thy walls, this autumn day, that ache and sag

And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag

To crush, that flanks the Western Campus rough!

Marshall, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,

But never knew I this:

Here such a passion is

As stretcheth me apart. . . . Lord, I do fear

Thou'st made this school too beautiful this year;

My soul is all but out of me, . . . let fall

No crimson brick; prithee let no bell call.

Frederick Kolb.

KING'S MOVE

By MELVA BECKER

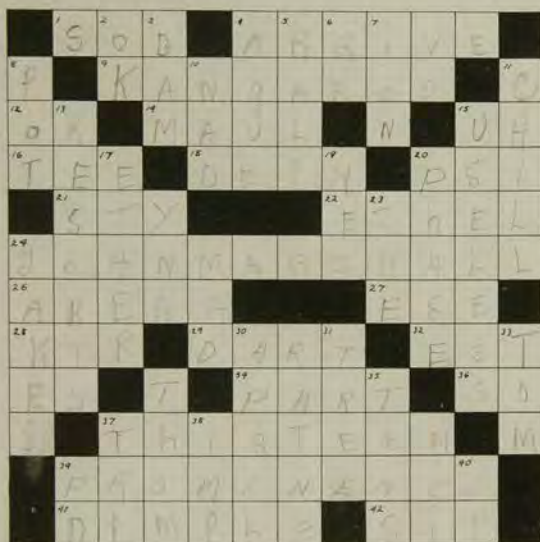
By beginning at a certain letter and following the king's move in chess (which is one square at a time in any direction), the names of seventeen trees may be spelled out. The path from one name to another is continuous.

The answer may be found among the advertisements.

R	A	G	E	C	A	L	P	E	P
D	N	N	V	E	R	T	A	A	A
E	E	E	N	I	H	C	N	T	R
R	R	I	A	E	B	U	C	E	S
G	C	R	P	D	T	H	E	H	E
O	L	K	W	E	E	C	C	B	W
M	H	M	L	P	E	N	I	L	O
E	M	E	P	L	I	W	G	E	L
Y	K	A	E	H	A	S	A	P	C
O	R	C	I	O	H	K	S	U	R

Crossword Puzzle

By EILEEN SMITH



HORIZONTAL

1. earth or ground
4. to reach a destination
9. pouched Australian animal
12. otherwise (conj.)
14. to handle in rough manner
16. mound of earth from which the ball is struck in golf
18. to challenge
20. Greek letter
22. girl's name—meaning noble
24. our school
26. central space of a Roman amphitheater in which combats took place
27. East South East (abbr.)
28. center (abbr.)
29. a small lance or spear
32. is (Latin)
34. piece; portion
36. if; theretore
37. ten plus three
39. state of being prominent
41. small depression or hollow in chin or cheeks
42. repose on a seat

VERTICAL

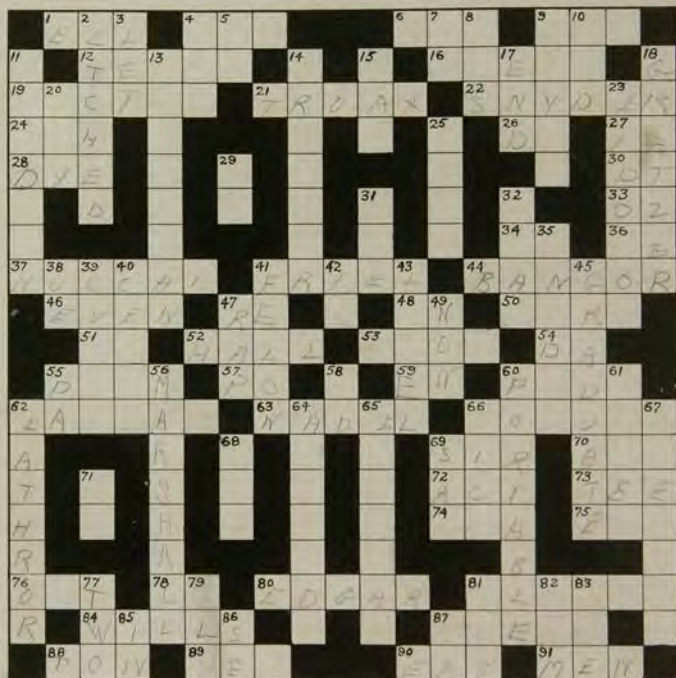
2. all right (abbr.)
3. artificial wall to stop flow of water

4. an intermittent fever
5. boy's name—meaning here
6. railroad (abbr.)
7. substance resulting from decomposition of a body by electrolysis
8. vessel for holding or boiling liquids
10. National Academy of Design (abbr.)
11. sudden coldness
13. places frequented for rest or play
15. to be of no use
17. gas said to pervade space between planets in the universe
19. opposed to no
20. surface or appearance
23. an article
24. knave of cards (pl.)
25. angry
30. fourth month of year
31. woody plant having single trunk and branches
33. boy's nickname
35. counting from 10 to 20 to 30 to 40, etc.
37. prefix meaning three
38. devil or hobgoblin
39. Police Dept. (abbr.)
40. and (Latin)

THE ANSWER WILL BE FOUND AMONG THE ADVERTISEMENTS

Crossword Puzzle

By RUTH GERLING



HORIZONTAL

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 1. an elongated fish. | 37. vice-president of the Students' Association | 69. a title of a gentleman |
| 4. a loose sleeveless outer garment | 41. boys' excusing teacher | 70. to find the sum of |
| 6. a genus of large powerful snake | 44. a port of entry in Maine | 72. what Mr. Myers tries to get Marshall students to do |
| 9. humble | 46. a combining form signifying equal | 73. a small artificial elevation used in golf |
| 12. a native state of India | 47. a prefix denoting back | 74. a weight of Turkey |
| 16. the staff of life | 48. an indefinite article | 75. a preposition meaning before |
| 19. of or pertaining to milk | 50. by birth or nature | 76. beyond the limits of something |
| 21. our president | 51. the second tone of the diatonic scale | 78. the sixth tone in the diatonic scale |
| 22. our principal | 52. the name for the very long part of our school | 80. the senior we really have to look up to |
| 24. any of several East Indian trees | 53. black | 81. to pass away silently |
| 26. a French preposition meaning by, from, or of | 54. Danish (abbr.) | 84. legal documents |
| 27. abbreviation for Iowa | 55. a metrical composition | 87. to frighten |
| 28. to give a new and permanent color to | 57. a river in Italy | 88. two thousand pounds |
| 30. Doctor of Theology (abbr.) | 59. half an cm | 89. the number whose logarithm is one |
| 33. ounce (abbr.) | 60. a suffix denoting foot | 90. what most of us do in the lunch room |
| 34. a three-toed sloth | 62. a candlestick | 91. human beings |
| 36. a French article | 63. the Kuku Komenter | |
| | 66. chief town of Trobriand Islands | |

VERTICAL

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 2. past tense of verb meaning to treat with acid to produce a fixed design | 25. adjective describing our main corridor | 61. any of several large sea ducks |
| 3. to allow | 29. verb of action meaning to cause | 62. president of the National Honor Society |
| 4. a sustained luminous glow | 31. the evening before | 64. to go up (3rd person singular) |
| 5. a prefix denoting two | 32. a river in East Bavaria | 65. a classical Syrian dialect |
| 6. a prefix signifying toward | 33. a genus of fan palms | 66. to conquer (slang) |
| 7. obsolete spelling of art | 38. direction of ascent | 67. to revoke (past tense) |
| 8. a single member of stratified rock | 39. a striking and a rebounding | 68. past tense of verb of No. 29 |
| 10. queer | 40. to crawl | 69. Saoshyant (abbr.) |
| 11. the possessor of the magic lamp and ring | 41. a prisoner | 71. the third tone of the diatonic scale |
| 13. a city of Japan | 42. part of the verb to be | 77. in twain |
| 14. a car pulled by another car | 43. a rider to a document | 79. to be in an exalted state of mind |
| 15. to place a value upon | 45. what the seniors will do Feb. 1 | 81. a newt |
| 17. films | 47. to knock | 82. a Dutch measure of liquids |
| 18. secretary of the Students' Association | 49. not (Latin) | 83. a prefix signifying before |
| 20. a suffix denoting state | 55. Pennsylvania (abbr.) | 85. indicating a direction of entering |
| 23. a phantom | 56. chief justice of U. S. Supreme Court (1801-35) | 86. Southeast (abbr.) |
| | 58. a prefix expressing motion | 87. a small river of Latvia |
| | 60. something stuck on the end of an overcrowded school | |

A prize of \$1.00 is offered to the first person handing to Mr. Miller, in Room 109, a correct and satisfactory answer to the above crossword puzzle. The correct answer will be printed in the first *Jo-Mar* issued in the new term.



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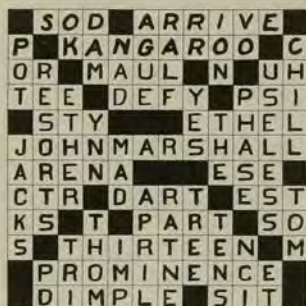
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Rochester, N.Y.

Answer to Crossword Puzzle
By Eileen Smith



Answer to "King's Move" on page 28

The names of the trees are:

Oak	Chestnut
Spruce	Cedar
Ash	Pine
Hickory	Birch
Maple	Evergreen
Elm	Orange
Hemlock	Catalpa
Weeping Willow	Pear
Beech	

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