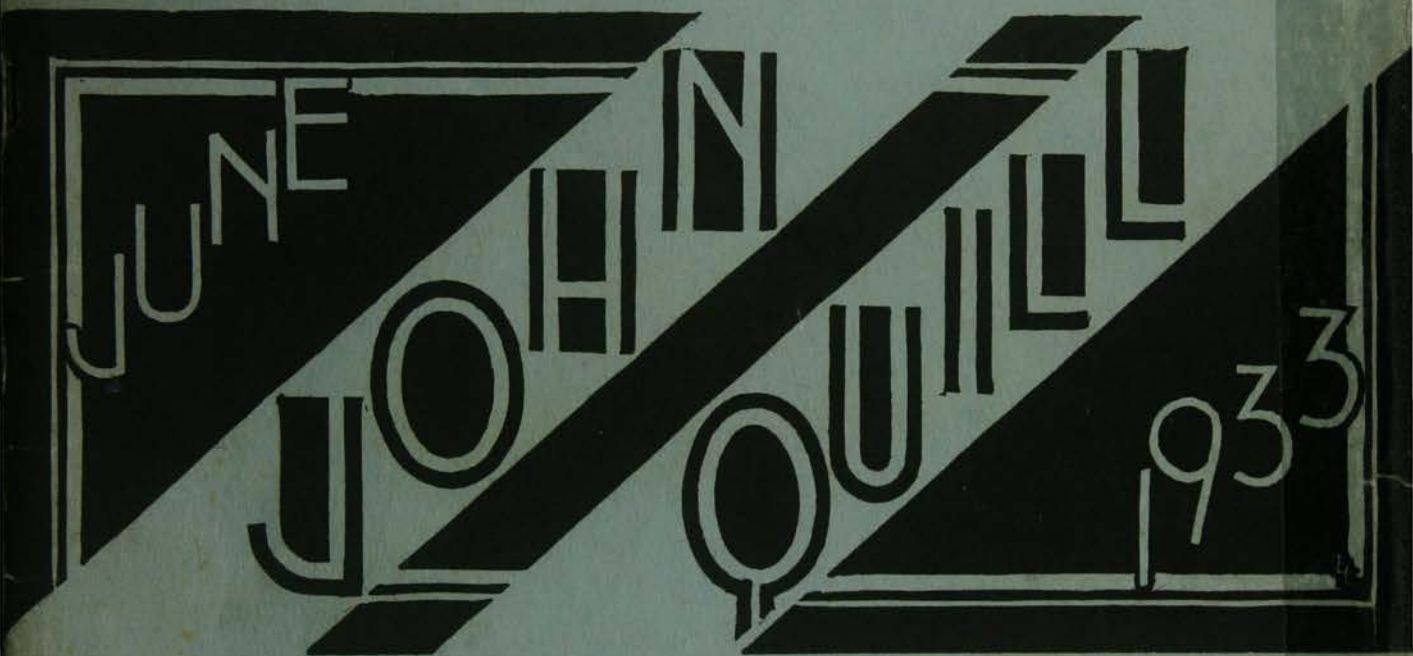


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Virginia Snyder

"Al" Altobello
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Molly Guarizzo
Carl E. Bailey

Don Macri
Carlton
Marilyn
Mary Juriano
Marilyn
Marilyn

Margaret Mehner
Anna Wall 120
Russell

Monroe Wiggins

Ruth Frank
Samuel
Charles Blake
Bruce Darby
Ruth
Ruth

Ginny Massett
Joe
McLanahan
Raf. Skofeldt
Hikon

Ronald Kichda
Vi Finner

Al "Chief"
Addie L. Riebel
Allen B. Book
Sammy Lerner

Winnie Schuchardt
D. Riebel
yoder

Will Kelly
George Quinn
Lorraine C. Long

Isabelle Smith
Genevieve Palani

Steve Meil

Robert Miller
Marie Beck

Ben M. Powell

Helen Ott

Richard
Bannon
KED

Margaret Lapp

Jean Allardice

Wendy
Wendy

Lucile
Karker
A 12

Lottie Disk
Caretta Tennant
Loretta Smith

Margaret Luge
Lorraine C. Long
Lorraine C. Long



ELMER W. SNYDER
Principal

Now that the time has come to part, we realize we are leaving behind one of the finest men we can ever know—a true gentleman and a real pal.

THE JOHN QUILL

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

JUNE	ROCHESTER, N. Y.	1933
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Dedication



MISS PAINE



MR. CLIPPINGER

R. L. Clippinger

To show our deep appreciation and gratitude, we the Class of June 1933, dedicate this, our Senior Year Book, to our class advisers, Miss Adelyn Paine and Mr. Ray L. Clippinger.



Senior Class Officers and Standard Bearers



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	LAWRENCE KNEELAND
<i>Vice-president</i>	-	-	-	-	-	RICHARD REBASZ
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	KATHLEEN WILSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET STEPHENS

SCHOOL STANDARD BEARERS

DIXON LATHROP MARTHA SCHEID

Irene Elizabeth Aab

470 Lake View Park Undecided

Otemporal—Omores!

Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Baseball 3; Gym Meet 3.



Robert Adair

591 Plymouth Avenue South
University of Rochester

*The most virtuous boy in school
—if quietness is a virtue.*

Honorable Mention 3; Baseball 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Track 3.



James Allardice

190 Eastman Ave. Undecided

*"There's room and a place for
everybody and sin has both."*

Baseball 3; Soccer 4; Swimming 4; Honorable Mention 3.



Meade Bailey

37 Astbury St. Undecided

*Our leather-lunged
delectat.*

Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3; Minor Scholarship Award; President of National Honor Society 4; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Junior Red Cross Life Saving Certificate; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3, 4; Swimming 2, 3; Varsity Swimming 3; Tennis 2, 3; Lead in "Thirteenth Chair" Junior-Senior Play 4; Dramatics Club 4; Major Athletic Award.



Emily Bayles

198 California Drive
Geneseo Normal

Not loud but effective.

Honorable Mention 1, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Gym Meet 2, 4; Swimming 1, 2; Senior Girls' Club 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Minor Athletics Award 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3.



Holly "Becker"

Hollis Milton Becker

141 Argo Park Undecided

He gets along swimmingly.

Honorable Mention 1; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Junior Red Cross Life Saving Certificate 3; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3, 4; Varsity Swimming 3, 4; Minor Athletic Award 4; Hi-Y 3, 4.



Mary Jean Becker

479 Lake View Park
Geneseo Normal

*"Up! mind thine own aim,
and God speed the mark."*

Dancing 2; Golf 3; Gym Meet 2; Tennis 2; "John Quill" Publicity; "Thirteenth Chair" 4; Dramatics Club 4.



Ralph J. Berner

134 Bidwell Terrace Undecided

*We don't know how he'll get
along, but we know he'll
manage—*

Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Bowling 3; Manager Varsity Soccer 4; Manager Varsity Basketball 4; Junior Red Cross Life Saving Certificate; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3, 4; Swimming 2, 3; Track 3; "John Quill" Sports Editor 4; Junior-Senior Play 4; French Club 3; National Honor Society 4; Major Athletic Award; Major Scholarship Award 4; Minor Activities Award 4; Minor Athletic Award 3; Minor Scholarship Award 3; Corridor Duty 4.



Leonard Brackley

21 Lennit Street
University of Rochester

*The first boy in school—
The first boy out.*

Honorable Mention 1, 4; Assistant Bank Clerk 3.



Lawrence Buckley

116 Lapham Street Undecided

*The silence and everything else
is broken
After our basso-profundo has
spoken.*

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 4; "John Quill."



Roy Carlson

1597 Ridge Road West
Brockport Normal

*"There is no room for words
in a brainy man."*

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable
Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Forum 3;
"John Quill" Statistical Editor;
French Club 4; Major Scholar-
ship Award; Corridor Duty 4.



Margaret M. D. Cullen

215 Kislisbury Street
Rochester Business Institute

*Big brown eyes and curly hair
Where'd you get that baby
stare?*

Basketball 3; Dancing 4; Swim-
ming 1, 2; Tennis 1, 3, 4.

Helen Clarke

24 Fillingham Drive
Undecided

Just a sailor's sweetheart.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4;
Dancing 3.



Frances Anne Davis

394 Lake View Park Undecided

Just nosin' for news.

Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention
4; Riding 4; "Jo-Mar" Reporter
4; Tri-Y 4.

Wilbur S. Connelly

1999 Dewey Avenue
Mechanics Institute

A real pal.

Honor Roll 1; Honorable Men-
tion 1.



Helen W. Davis

399 Electric Avenue
Rochester General Hospital

*"Screw your courage to the
sticking place and you'll not
fail."*

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4;
Dancing 1, 2, 3; Tennis 2, 3, 4;
Senior Girls' Club 4.

Thomas George Connor

325 Glenwood Avenue
Undecided

*A bit of Shamrock in Mar-
shall's cap,
The local boy with the Irish
map.*

Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3; Home-
room Basketball 1, 2, 3; Home-
room Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4.



Bernice E. Decker

320 Eastman Avenue
Undecided

A confirmed man-hater, but—

Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention
1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3; Gym Meet
3; Swimming 2; Treasurer of
Alpha Tri-Y 4; Senior Girls' Club;
Girls' Choral Club 4.

Elizabeth Cook

567 Magee Avenue
Rochester Business Institute

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4;
Golf 2; Gym Meet 1; Swimming
3; Tennis 2; Senior Girls' Club 4.



Betty Jane DeLano

805 Ridgeway Avenue
Brockport Normal

Her laugh is contagious.

Honor Roll 1, 2; Honorable Men-
tion 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Danc-
ing 1, 2; Gym Meet 3; Swimming
1, 2; Tri-Y; Minor Scholarship
Award 4.

Olive DeWitt

35 West Parkway
Rochester Business Institute

Olive is the wittiest girl in school.



Edward Dolan

304 Ridge Road
Bentley Institute

*Eddie has that sought-after finesse
That comes from tending to
Eddie's business.*

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Cross Country 3; Homeroom Soccer 2.



Dorothy Doohan

631 Magee Avenue
Rochester Business Institute

A record-breaker — she'd never think of arriving on time.

Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention 1, 4; Basketball 2, 4; Dancing 1; Gym Meet 1, 2, 3; Tennis 2, 3; Minor Athletics Award 4.



Louis Doucette

500 Magee Avenue Undecided

Lincoln took long strides too.

Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Forum 4; Cabinet 4; Banking 4.



Alma Durnherr

28 Bryan Street Undecided

Sophistication plus—



Regina Dustin

206 Alameda Street
Rochester Business Institute

We'll bet she wouldn't recognize her own name spelled this way Rudyin, Trhins.

Honorable Mention 1.

Richard Dutcher

140 Birch Street
Syracuse University

"Did somebody say something?"

Homeroom Baseball 1; Baseball Reserves 2; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2; Senior Red Cross Life Saving Certificate; Skating; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2, 3; Varsity Swimming 3; Swimming 3, 4.



Mildred Irene Epstein

15 Morgan Street Undecided

She makes a business of her own business.

Mildred Epstein



Eunice Evans

58 Lake View Park Undecided

*You can't keep a good sport down.
She's always getting the breaks.*

Honor Roll 2; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Bowling 4; Dancing 2; Gym A average for the year 2, 3; Gym Meet 2, 3; Honor Team 2; Referee 3; Swimming 2, 3; Tennis 2, 3; Volley Ball 4; Major Athletic Award; Minor Athletic Award.



Christina H. Femiano

294 Emerson Street Undecided

Are you always smiling, Christine?

Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; "John Quill" Statistical Editor 4; French Club 4; Library Club 4; Minor Scholarship Award 4.



Virgil V. Finlay 33

Warden V. Finlay

302 Rand Street
Mechanics Institute

*"His art's a triumph to behold,
And Virgil was also a poet
we're told."*

Honorable Mention 2; Freshman Baseball; Freshman Reserve Soccer; Track 3; Banking; "John Quill" 4; Junior-Senior Play 4; Sketch Club 4; Scenery for "Adam and Eve"; Latin Play; Campaign for Students' Association.



Dorothy Hehn

1431 Lyell Avenue
Rochester Business Institute

*She's her mother's pride
but our joy.*

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball 3, 4; Dancing 3; Honor Team 2, 4; Volley Ball 4; "John Quill" Statistical Editor 4; Minor Athletic Award 4.

Jeanette Giebel

237 Lark Street Undecided

Ask Jeanette; she'll do it.

Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Bowling 3; Class Secretary 4; Forum 1, 2, 3, 4; Cabinet Member 4; Bank Clerk 2, 3; "John Quill" Photographic Editor 4; Senior Girls' Club 4; National Honor Society 4; Minor Scholarship Award 4; Know Your School 4.



John H. Hellaby

193 Clay Avenue
University of Rochester

Independence gains respect.

Honorable Mention 2, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 3, 4; Golf 1, 2; Manager Freshman Basketball 1; Manager Cross Country 3; Soccer 1, 2; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4.

Betty Giles

4 Vaness Avenue Undecided

*Betty has a way with her and
change her name from Giles
she won't have to chase a
man or employ the smallest
wiles.*

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Dancing 3; Swimming 2.



Walter Herring

322 Lexington Avenue Undecided

*"His grin's a fish-er-man's story
from (h)ear to (h)ear."*

Honorable Mention 2; Bank Clerk 3, 4.

Stanley K. Gutelius

388 Magee Avenue Oberlin College

*His rhetoric astounds us
His learning confounds us.*

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Cross Country 3; Junior Red Cross Life Saving Certificate; Tennis; Banking 3; "Jo-Mar" 3, 4; "John Quill" 4; Honor Society 3, 4; Major Award in Scholarship; Corridor Duty 4; Know Your School 4; Assembly 3.



Floyd Holben

1210 Dewey Avenue
Rochester Business Institute

*"I have no spur to prick the
sides of my intent, but only
vaulting ambition—"*

Reserve Baseball 2; Hockey 2, 3; Skating 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 3, 4; Band 3; Orchestra 3; Hi-Y 3.

Audrey Hawley

235 Michigan Street
Rochester General Hospital

*She's well-liked because she
isn't always "tooting her
horn."*

Gym Meet 3; Swimming 2, 3; Band 2, 3; Orchestra 2, 3; Senior Girls' Club 4.



Gladys Frances Justice

Charlotte Station, Rochester, N.Y.
Undecided

*Justice for all and
all for Justice.*

Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 3, 4; Dancing 1; Swimming 1, 4; Library Club 4; Choral Club 4; Senior Girls' Club 4.

Betty Kalb

1271 St. Paul Street Undecided
Not naughty—just reserved.



Eleanor M. Kondolf

974 Glide Street
Eleanor does everything with a smile.
Honorable Mention 1, 4; Dancing 1, 2; Golf 2; Gym Meet 1, 2, 3; Swimming 1; Tennis 2.

Jean E. Kehoe

48 Phelps Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
The wisest people don't talk all the time.
Honorable Mention 4; Dancing 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet 2, 3; Swimming 3; Minor Athletic Award; Archbearer.



Lorraine Latham

190 Wildwood Drive Undecided
Musician, painter, poet, scholar and an accent that teaches fall for.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; "Jo-Mar" 3, 4; "John Quill" Art Editor 4; Latin Play 2; Sketch Club 2, 3, 4; Minor Activities Award; Inter-high Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Assembly 4.

John Kelly

683 Dewey Avenue Undecided
Proof that women also prefer them.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2; Homeroom Basketball 2; Homeroom Soccer 2; Assembly 4.



Dixon M. Lathrop

15 Hillcrest Parkway
Brockport, N. Y.
University of Michigan
"Every word he says has weight behind it."
Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Manager Track 4; Class Vice-president 4; President of Students' Association 4; "Thirteenth Chair" 4; Literary Club 4; French Club 3; Debating Club President 4; National Honor Society 3, 4; Secretary 3; President 4; Minor Scholarship Award; Minor Activities Award; Assembly 3; Know Your School 3; Standard Bearer 4.

Lawrence Kneeland

345 Augustine Street Undecided
"Maybe he can get us a new school."
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Cross Country 3; Homeroom Soccer 2; Soccer 4; Track 3, 4; Class Treasurer 3, 4; Class President 4; "Thirteenth Chair" 4; Debating Club 4; Literary Club 4.



Ruth Lipsky

39 Flower City Park
University of Rochester
She must burn the midnight oil to get her marks.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Dancing 1, 2; Gym Meet 2; Tennis 1; "Jo-Mar" Reporter 3, 4; Girls' Senior Club; Library Club 4; French Club 3, 4; Secretary French Club 4; Major Scholarship Award 3; Minor Athletic Award 3; Minor Scholarship Award 2; Choir 2; Public Speaking 4.

June M. Knitt

208 Bidwell Terrace
Eastman School of Music
The girl in the little green hat.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3; Basketball 2; Dancing 3; Golf 2; Gym A Average for the year 3; Gym Meet 3; Swimming 3; Inter-High Choir 4; "John Quill" Grind Editor 4; "Thirteenth Chair" 4; Senior Girls' Club; Minor Scholarship Award; Corridor Duty 4; Assembly 4.



Roy Loudon

39 Briarcliffe Road
Mechanics Institute
"Oh yes, homework's a great thing—in school."
Honorable Mention 1; Homeroom Soccer 2.

(my too)
Frank
Beatty

Helen C. Low

19 Starling Street
Rochester Business Institute

How can you hi-de-hi when

your name is Low, Low, Low?

Honor Roll 1, 3; Honorable Mention 2, 4; Bank Clerk 4; "Jo-Mar" Staff Secretary 4; "John Quill" Typist 4; Senior Girls' Club 4; Minor Scholarship Award 3; Senior Social Committee 4; Know Your School 4.



Ray Marlin

349 Flower City Park West Point

The sort of good fellow that even fellows remember.

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3; Golf 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 4; Class Officer 1, 4; Vice-President of Student Association 3; Forum 3; Cabinet 3, 4; Banking 3; Member Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship.

Robert Maher

445 Seneca Parkway
University of Rochester

*Nothing's too good for Bob—
He loves his fling
At everything.*

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager 1; Freshman Soccer 1; Student Association Officer; Forum 2; Cabinet 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Senior Dance 4.



Dorothy Marsh

117 Mason Street Undecided

She's too generous for her own good.

Dot.

June M. Malley

105 Birr Street
St. Mary's Hospital



Byrl McCallion

28 Falmouth Street
Mechanics Institute

Her candle burns at both ends.

Honorable Mention 1.

Byrl A

Mary Manion

4 Welstead Place
St. Catherine's Hospital, N. Y.

The nursery rhyme doesn't apply to her.

Honor Roll 1, 3, 4; "John Quill" Literary Editor 4; Senior Girls' Club 4; French Club 4; Minor Scholarship Award; Corridor Duty 4.



Wilkin McCarthy

207 Ridgeway Avenue
Syracuse University

A miser—but only with words.

Honorable Mention 3, 4; Reserve Baseball 3.

Margaret Manning

307 Knickerbocker Avenue
Brookport Normal

*Tall and lithic,
She'd be the joy of any-
one's life.*

Dancing 2, 3, 4; Senior Girls' Club 4; Honorable Mention 2.



Evelyn McMahon

309 Electric Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
Teachers cry for her.

Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming 1, 2, 3; Literary Club; Sketch Club; Senior Girls' Club; Minor Scholarship Award.

Doris McMichael

1905 Dewey Avenue
Mechanics Institute

Oh, you're so facetious!

Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention 1, 4; Dramatics Club; Senior Girls' Club.

John



John R. Miller

1385 Lake Avenue
University of Purdue

He's decided after much class time spent in consideration, Not to let his studies interfere with his education.

Honorable Mention 2, 4; Reserve Baseball 2; Homeroom Baseball 3; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3, 4; Soph Basketball; Golf 3; Homeroom Soccer 3, 4; Forum 4.

Jack



Madeline V. Mong

302 Merrill Street R. B. I.

Such popularity must be deserved.

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Dancing 1, 3; Gym Meet 1; Forum 3; Inter-High Choir 3; "Jo-Mar" Reporter 3, 4; "John Quill" Copy Editor 4; Senior Girls' Club; Major Award in Scholarship 3; Minor Award in Activities 4; Corridor Duty 4; Girls' Choral Club 4; Les Babilards 3, 4; Vice-President of Les Babilards 4; Historian of Choir 2, 3; Secretary of Choir 3; National Honor Society 3, 4.



Marjorie Morris

Lee Road Nyack

Her voice is soft, gentle, low, An excellent thing—but not in class.

Honorable Mention 1; Basketball 2, 3; Dancing 2, 3; Gym Meet 1, 3; Second Place in Meet 2; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Girls' Club; Minor Award in Athletics; Soccer 1; Hiking 1.



Virginia Mulrone

95 Knickerbocker Avenue
Undecided

Is she ever idle?

Honorable Mention 1; "A" Average in gym for year 1; Social Chairman Inter-High Choir 3, 4; Reporter for "Jo-Mar" 3, 4; "John Quill" Business Staff 4; Mistress of Wardrobe "Thirteenth Chair" 4; Choral Club 4; Vice-President Dramatics Club 4; Major Award in Activities 4; Minor Award in Activities 4; Trip to Detroit for National High-School Chorus 1; Solo work in Spring Concert 2.



Frances Murphy

77 Ridgeway Avenue Undecided

Her's is a secret sorrow.

Basketball 1; Tennis 1, 2; Senior Club; Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention 1, 4.



Grace Neison

37 Cosmos Drive Undecided

Lovable and sweet.

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Bowling 3; Dancing 1, 2, 4.



Edward Nellis

57 Sterling Street Undecided

"He never misses a chance at all To make a basket— Even so in study hall."

Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball Homeroom 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4.



John Niven

751 Seneca Parkway Undecided

Horseshoes for luck.

Honor Roll 1, 2; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2; Homeroom Basketball 2; Bowling 3; Homeroom Soccer 2; Banking 2; Publicity Committee of "John Quill"; Assembly 3.



Elissa K. Novelli

456 Driving Park Avenue
School of Commerce

An angel with devilish dimples.

Honor Roll 2; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Dancing 4; Gym Meet 3; Financial Secretary "John Quill" 4; Senior Club; Honor Society 4; Minor Award in Scholarship 3; Honor Patrol 4.



Nicholas Nucchi

256 Dewey Avenue
Ithaca College

*"He keeps goal well and
silence too."*

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Varsity Baseball 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball 2, 3, 4; Varsity Soccer 2, 3, 4; President of Class 3; Vice-President Student Association 4; Forum 2, 3, 4; Cabinet 2, 3, 4; Major Letter in Athletics 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Social Committee 3, 4; Athletic Committee 3, 4; Chairman Senior Class Dance.



Louis Pilaroscia

55 Locust Street
College of the Holy Cross

*Dynamite comes in small
packages.*

Honorable Mention 2, 3; Varsity Baseball 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball 1, 2, 3; Reserve Basketball 3; Bowling 2; Assistant Manager for Varsity Basketball 2; Soccer Varsity 2, 3, 4; Major Letter in Athletics 3; Second Major in Athletics 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 2.

Margaret O'Brien

289 Flower City Park R. B. I.

*Quiet and refined,
With an accent quite O'Brien.*

Honorable Mention 1, 4; Dancing 4; Swimming 2.



Llewellyn Plaskett

371 Raines Park
University of Pennsylvania

*The gentlemanly manner for
murderers.*

Honorable Mention 1, 4; Senior Play 4; Literary Club 4.

Rosemary O'Brien

320 Merrill Street R. B. I.

Rosemary for remembrance.

Honorable Mention 4; Swimming 2; "Jo-Mar" Reporter 3, 4; "John Quill" 4; Senior Girl's Club.



Eleanor Priester

379 Ridgeway Avenue Undecided

*Beauty such as Eleanor's is
always admirable.*

Dancing 3; Choral Club 4; Senior Girls' Club; Homeroom Representative.

Marion O'Neill

150 Dove Street R. B. I.

*Flighty as a bumblebee but
minus the sting.*

Honor Roll 2, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Dancing 4; Tennis 1; Bank Clerk 4; Les Babillards.



Mary Eleanor Puffer

181 Eastman Avenue
Eastman School of Music

*Mary can sing her way
through life.*

Honor Roll 2, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet 3; Forum Member 4; Inter-High Choir 4; "John Quill" Contributor 2; Alpha Tri-Y 2, 3, 4; French Honor Society 4; National Honor Society 4; Major Award in Activities; Girl's Choral Club; Assembly Singing 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Member of Rochester Civic Orchestra 4.

Vernetta M. Oliphant

285 Pullman Avenue
Strong Memorial Hospital

*Her eyes reflect the color
of the skies.*

Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Speed Ball 2; Minor Award in Scholarship 4; Latin Honor Society 4.



Ethel Mary Read

107 Eastman Avenue
School of Commerce

*We often wondered if her rosy
checks are from eating apples.*

Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; "A" Average in Gym 2, 4; Gym Meet 1; Swimming 1, 2, 3; Tennis 2, 3; Soccer 1; Gamma Tri-Y; Senior Girls' Club; Minor Award Athletics 3.

Richard Rebasz

129 Rand Street Undecided

*The fellow most likely to
succeed—with the girls.*

Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshmen Baseball; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3, 4; Soccer 1, 2; Reserve Soccer 4; Track 3, 4; Vice-President of Class 4; "John Quill" Contact Editor; Senior Play 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4.



Helen Sexton

35 Clement Street
St. Mary's Hospital

*She doesn't toll a bell,
but she told us.*

Baseball 3; Basketball 1, 2; Bowling 3, 4; Dancing 1, 2; Gym Meet 1, 3; Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 1, 3, 4; Hiking 4; "John Quill" Financial Committee 4; Senior Club; Gamma Tri-Y; Library Club 4; Major Award in Athletics 4; Assembly 4.

Dorothy Rose

280 Merrill Street Highland Hospital

*Short? Yes—
She was telephoning and the
operator cut her off.*

Honorable Mention 1, 4; Bowling 3; Gym Meet 1, 3; Tri-Y 3; Senior Girls' Club.



Rita Pearl Siebert

262 Winchester Street Undecided

What, the last of the Seibert's?

Dancing 2; Gym Meet 1; Swimming 1; Senior Girls' Club 4.

Eugene Schaeffer

254 Sherman Street Undecided

*Gene is so tell—the girl—friend
so small
That they'd make two average
persons in all.*

Homeroom Baseball 1.



George Smith

306 Curlew Street Holy Cross

*"Get a new ball ready,
George is at bat."*

Honorable Mention 3; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Varsity 4; Basketball 4; Varsity 4; Skating 2; Reserve Soccer 2; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Varsity 4; Major Letter in Athletics; Minor Letter in Athletics; Chess Basketball 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3; Class Soccer 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Homeroom Baseball 1.

Martha E. Scheid

504 Magee Avenue Undecided

*Silent people are the
brainiest.*

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Bowling 4; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Gym Meet 1, 2, 3; Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis 4; Band 3; Dramatics Club 4; Les Babillards 4; Senior Girls' Club 4; Library Club 4; Honor Society 4; Corridor Duty 4; Major Award in Scholarship; Minor Award in Scholarship; Athletics; Guardian of Flag; Latin Honor Society 4; Hiking 4.



Ann M. Snyder

1838 Lake Avenue U. of R.

*If clothes make a woman,
Ann's made!*

Advertising for "John Quill"; Dramatics Club 4; Senior Girls' Club; Halloween Dance 4; Special Performance 4; Program Committee of Senior Club 4.

Robert Schnarr

239 Flower City Park Undecided

*There can be too much of a
good thing,
Now take school for instance—.*

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



Eleanor Snyder

101 Pullman Avenue Undecided

*Too late, fellows!
His name's Bill.*

Honorable Mention 2; Basketball 3; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Gym Meet 2, 3; Tennis 1, 2, 3; Assistant Bank Clerk 1, 2; Sketch Club 4; Minor Athletic Award 3; Homeroom Representative 2.

Maxine Somerville

62 Lake Avenue Undecided

*They tell me "Love is a dream,"
Sleep on Maxine.*

Honorable Mention 2, 3; Gym Meet 2; Swimming 3; Homeroom representative 2; Senior Girls' Club 4; Dramatics Club 4; Special Performance 4.



Margaret E. Stephens

596 Augustine Street Undecided

*Always in
All ways a true friend.*

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Golf 1; Swimming 1, 2; Treasurer of Senior Class 4; Editor-in-Chief of "John Quill" 4; "Thirteenth Chair" 4; Tri-Y Secretary 1, 2, 3; President 4; Vice-President National Honor Society 3; Major Award in Scholarship 4; Minor Award Scholarship 2; Activities 4; French Club 4; Dramatics Club 4; Choral Club 4; Corridor Duty 4; Special Assemblies.

Robert Spellman

443 Flower City Park Undecided

*He doesn't agree with either
Einstein or Mr. Conroy.*



Ruth Strong

422 Selye Terrace
School of Commerce

*Her convictions and her
name are one.*

Oscar B. Spiehler

533 Seneca Parkway Undecided

*"Oscar never says much.
Why should he?"*

Honor Roll 1; Assistant Manager of Baseball 1; Manager 2; Banking Clerk 1; Assistant Manager 2; Manager 3, 4; Major Letter in Activities.



Geraldine E. Tarbox

17 Flower City Park Undecided

*The true use of speech is
not so much to express
our wants as to conceal
them.*

Honorable Mention 1, 2; Dancing 2, 3; Gym Meet 3; Swimming 2; Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4; Hiking 4.

Jean Stanton

772 Flower City Park R. B. I.

*So many admirers can't be
wrong.*

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Dancing 1, 3; Orchestra 1; "Jo-Mar" Reporter 2, 3; Copy Editor 4; Assistant Copy Editor 4; Secretary of Library Club 4; National Honor Society 4; Minor Award Scholarship 4; Minor Award Activities 4; Secretary of Choir 2; Choir 2, 3, 4; Girl's Manager 3; President and Accompanist Girls' Choral Club 4; School Publicity for Democrat and Chronicle; French Club 3, 4; Treasurer 4.



Loraine Terhaar

181 Lark Street Undecided

*A keen sense of humor plus
the means of expression.*

Honorable Mention 1, 3, 4; Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming 3; Bank Clerk 4; Senior Club 4; Student Secretary.

Mabel Steinmetz

55½ Austin Street
Darrow-May Secretarial School

Oh dearie!

Honorable Mention 2; Dancing 3; Dramatics Club



John Trenaman

316 Ridgeway Avenue
University of Rochester

*Even the best of us fall—
We hear he's going steady
now.*

Honor Roll 1, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball; Homeroom Basketball; First Team of Golf 1; President of Class 1, 2; "John Quill"; Minor Letter in Scholarship; Corridor Duty 4.

Jean Troy

46 Myrtle Hill Park
Nazareth College

*The latest in car-rings?
Ask Jean.*

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2; Dancing 4; Gym Meet 3; Swimming 4; Student Association Secretary 4; Forum Member 4; Cabinet Member 4; Advertising staff of "John Quill"; Thirteenth Chair 4; Dramatics Club 4; Senior Girls' Club 4; Social Committee 4.



Harold Wagner

511 Clay Avenue R. B. I.

*If silence is golden we're
all going to ask Harold
for a loan.*

Honorable Mention 2; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3, 4; Freshman Soccer 1.

Kathryn Unger

33 Wicksford Street Undecided

*We wish we had more like
her.*

Honorable Mention 2; Basketball 3, 4; Dancing 4; Swimming 1, 2; Tennis 1, 3; Bank Clerk 2, 3; Hiking 2.



Elizabeth S. Walker

168 Augustine Street
U. of R. Extension

She is rich who is contented.

Honor Roll 1, 4; Honorable Mention 4; Inter-High Choir 2; Soccer 1.

Eleanor VanDeusen

376 Clay Avenue
University of Rochester

*One of those all-around people
who's always around.*

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Dancing 1, 2; Golf 1; Gym 2, 3; Gym Meet 2, 3; Cabinet 4; "Jo-Mar" Reporter 3; Assistant Copy Editor 3; Copy Editor 4; Editor-in-Chief of Property Manager for "Thirteenth Chair" 4; Trill 2; President 3; Secretary 4; Les Babillards 3, 4; President 4; Choral Club 4; Library Club 4; Honor Society 3; Secretary 4; Major Award in Scholarship; Minor Award in Athletics 4; Minor in Activities 4; Minor in Scholarship 3; Marshall Award 4; Corridor Duty 4.



Juel A. Walker

46 Maynard Street R. B. I.

*They built a new book
store for her.*

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Soccer 1, 2; Dancing 1, 2; Gym Meet 2, 3; "John Quill" Typist 4; Minor Athletics Award 4; Minor Scholarship Award 4; Bookstore Manager 4; Know Your School Week.

Ruby C. Vinton

221 Bryan Street
Mechanics Institute

*She's too nice for one per-
son so she's twins.*

Honorable Mention 3, 4; Baseball 1, 3, 4; Bowling 3, 4; "Jo-Mar" typist 3, 4; "John Quill" Staff 4; Senior Club.



Norman Weld

388 Raines Park U. of R.

*All that can be said
Has been said.*

Honorable Mention 2; Homeroom Basketball 3; Homeroom Soccer 2, 4.

Ruth C. Vinton

221 Bryan Street
Mechanics Institute

*You're not seeing double;
she's the other half.*

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 3, 4; Bowling 3, 4; Senior Club; "Jo-Mar" Typist 3, 4; "John Quill" Staff 4.



John Wilcox

446 Stone Road Undecided

*His moderation in all things
is wise indeed.*

Honorable Mention 1, 3.

*Wishing you success
Kathleen*

Kathleen W. Wilson

202 Ravine Avenue
University of Rochester

*The right kind of girl.
We were there, Sharlie.*

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Dancing 3; Riding 2; Swimming 2; Class Secretary 2, 4; Forum Member 3; Bank Clerk 3; Lead in "Thirteenth Chair" 4; Dramatics Club 4; President of Senior Girls' Club 4; Minor Award in Activities; Public Speaking 4; Corridor Duty 4.



LeRoy Wilson

6 Dorothy Avenue
Mechanics Institute

*Though orators may come
And politicians may go,
Wilson talks on forever.*

Reserve Soccer 3.



Arthur Wilson

728 Dewey Avenue Undecided

*"A little nonsense now and
then,
Is relished by the best of
men."*

Lorraine Wilson

382 Ridgeway Avenue
Mechanics Institute

*Laughing is not always
proof of an easy mind.*

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Baseball 3; Basketball 2; Dancing 2; Gym Meet 1, 2, 3; Speed Ball 2; Swimming 1; Secretary of Junior Class; Tri-Y 1, 2; Special Performance 4.



Howard Charles Zenkel

124 Ridgeway Avenue Undecided

Homeroom Baseball 3; Homeroom Soccer 4.

Edward Burke

493 Clay Avenue Undecided

Basil Eckert

21 Carlisle Street Undecided

Honorable Mention 3; Homeroom Baseball 3; Bowling 2.

Thomas R. Hanley

77 Oriole Street Undecided

Homeroom and Class Basketball 4.

Warren F. Taylor

625 Ridgeway Avenue Undecided

Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Know Your School Week.

Floyd Huffman

165 Curlew Street Undecided

Jack Fogg

77 Primrose Street
University of Rochester

Assistant Manager of Basketball; Cross Country; Track 2; Class Treasurer 3; Band 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Junior-Senior 4; Major Letter in Activities; Minor Letter in Activities; John Marshall "Jazz Band"; John Marshall Day.

Elwood Stone

254 Glenwood Avenue Undecided

Honorable Mention 4; Baseball 2; Homeroom Soccer 2.

Phyllis Thomas

10 Straub Street Undecided

Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2; Dancing 3; Gym Meet 2; Swimming 1; Inter-High Choir 2; Senior Girls' Club; Minor Athletics Award 3; Soccer 2.

John Quill Staff

LITERARY STAFF

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<i>Statistics Editors</i>	- - - - -	CHRISTINE FEMIANO, ROY CARLSON, DOROTHY HEHN
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<i>Art Editor</i>	- - - - -	LORRAINE LATHAM
<i>Sports Editor</i>	- - - - -	RALPH BERNER
<i>Adviser</i>	- - - - -	MISS CARO FITZSIMONS

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<i>Business Adviser</i>	- - - - -	CLARENCE EVAUL

The cover design, department headings and illustrations in this *John Quill* were printed from original woodcuts made by Warden V. Finlay and Lorraine Latham.



Student Association Officers



Dixon Lathrop, president; Jean Troy, secretary; Robert Sizer, vice-president.

National Honor Society



First row: Berner, Stephens, Curtiss, VanDeusen, Bailey, Miss FitzSimons, adviser; Second row: Page, FitzGerald, DeLelys, Dean, Stanton, Giebel, Ancona; Third row: Christoff, DeLelys, Knitt, Lipsky, Puffer, Novelli, Gutelius; Fourth row: Hilfiker, Doell, Suter, Latham, Scheid, Lathrop, Mong, Gay; Fifth row: Steve, Beeler, Ashley, Doucette, Carlson, Nellis, Kneeland, Kolb.

Forum and Cabinet



First row: Miss FitzSimons, adviser; Doucette, Rhoden, McArthur, Kolb, Mr. Burt, adviser; Second row: Read, Finlay, Brayer, Masterson, Dean, Justice, Wilson; Third row: Moore, Giebel, Riebel, Greene, Joyce; Fourth row: Baccheta, Young, Hilfiker, Compton, Coombs, Wakefield, Heeder; Fifth row: Loftus, VanDeusen, Storandt, Stevenson, Ball.

Tri-Y



First row: Herman, Allen, Newton, Davis, Bergevin, Taylor, Culley, Galen; Second row: Reid, Heberger, Smith, Swartwood, Wheeler, Decker, Puffer, Van-Deusen, Stephens, Leonard; Third row: Kader, Read, Neary, Tucker, Sederquist, Wulf, Wilson, Sexton, LeRoy, Fahr; Fourth row: Greene, Maynard, Bayles, Read, DeLano, Maxson, Maynard, Hawley, McBurney; Fifth row: Meulendyke, Cason, Tarbox, Turner, Millard, Kaiser, Wilde, Newland; Sixth row: Gardiner, Puffer, Baybutt, Sadden, Faber, Jansen, Manchester, Wealthy, Howcraft, Graves.

Hi-Y



First row: Grinnell, Schnarr, Rebasz, Hellaby, Kneeland, Walker; Second row: Wilson, Chatterton, Green, Allen, Morris, Steve, Doane; Third row: Turner, Rogers, Ackroyd, Sykes, Kinslow, Walley, Campbell; Fourth row: Finlay, Suter, Thistle, Hoffman, Baron, Weld, McCaleb; Fifth row: Marsielje, Miller, Herring, Pitcher, Christoff, Matthews, Kelly; Sixth row: Miller, Trenaman, Romig, Wolever, Gorden, Becker, Marlin, Adair.

Sketch Club



First row: Lockner, Conley, Stein, Miss Botsford, adviser; Conklin, Shay, Barker; Second row: Masseth, Wilson, Carey, Lange, Wanamaker, Broad, Paliani; Third row: Evans, Allen, Cox, Bailey, Gutfrucht, Tucker; Fourth row: Smaldone, Shannan, Finlay, Baron, Abson, Latham.

Sketch Club

Debating Club

John Marshall's Debating Club, under the direction of Philip Jenkins, was organized to acquaint students with the proper procedure in debating, to aid them to present their arguments in a clear, concise manner, and to detect flaws in their opponent's line of reasoning. Two debates with Franklin High have been held, and it is hoped that the club will hold several more with other schools next year.

Dramatics Club

The Dramatics Club, organized under the direction of Mr. Fred Myers, is the largest of the various John Marshall Clubs. The club gives an opportunity for an extensive study of plays, playwrights and actors, the history of the stage and theater, and the use of stage costumes of various forms.

French Club

Beta Chapter of "Les Babillards" has been kept busy this term under the supervision of Mrs. Merritt Baker. It has helped in the publication of "Les Bavards" the French paper and furnished an entertainment for the supper attended by all the chapters in the city.

Girls' Choral Club

Girls' Choral Club was organized by Miss Mary MacQueen for girls interested in singing. They hold their meetings every Friday morning before school. Their voluntary entertainments in assemblies and in the halls have been greatly appreciated.

"Jo-Mar"

Under the able direction of Mr. Ward Miller the *Jo-Mar* has continued its monthly publications at Marshall in spite of the financial depression. It is a valuable influence as the medium of unity between all the students.

Latin Club

Gamma Chapter of the Optimates, Latin Honor Society, has been organized for the purpose of furthering an interest in Roman classics among the students. Under the Latin Department it has made a fine start with thirty-five new members.

Library Club

Members of the Library Club have been receiving excellent experience as librarians. They offer one or more periods of service a week to Miss Besse Grinnell. Their assistance proved invaluable in the moving of the library to its new and larger quarters.

Literary Club

The Literary Club of John Marshall High School, under the supervision of Miss Katharine Monaghan, meets once every two weeks and its purpose is to better the literary knowledge of its members, by studying novels, novelties and the styles of different authors—not only American authors but foreign as well. They also have speakers of note come to speak to them about certain literary topics.

Band



First row: Novelli, Ballinger, Klafehn, Pacocke, Doherty, Bach; Second row: Williams, Craven, Lockman, Rosentreter, Tyser, Wanamaker; Third row: Fleming, Fay, Levin, Fredricks, Smith, Bach; Fourth row: Fogg, Hoesterey, Mr. Clute, adviser; Krueter, Rogers; Fifth row: Leis, Peterson, Fogg, McArthur, Pacocke, Stockohm, Woodin.



Riding Club



First row: Reid, Stevenson, Tarbox, Wright, Atkinson; Second row: Trapp, Graves, Wilson, Sadden, Allen, Culley, Kuefer.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Among the leading girls' sports baseball has the most followers. Eight organized teams play every Monday night under the direction of Miss Ruth Van De Walle. Her dancing class is also well attended, especially by freshmen.

Girls interested in hiking follow this sport under the leadership of Miss Doris Foster, who is also in charge of tennis, which is held two nights during the week.

Basketball Team



Top row, left to right: Nucchi, Klein, Berner, manager; Gratz, Sizer; bottom row: Triano, Smith, Sonderman, Pilaroscia, *ISABELLA*.

As predicted at the beginning of the season, Marshall's basketball team proved to be a championship one. Composed of four veterans from last year's varsity squad and the remainder from last year's reserves, it proved itself a fast, clever, and practically unbeatable quint. They won thirteen out of the fourteen league games, being defeated by Tech after they had the pennant in their hands. They owe a great deal to the brilliant coaching of Albert Makin.

Nucchi and Smith did excellent jobs at forwards, (Sonderman outjumped all but one center, and Gratz and Triano made up the backbone of the defense at the guard positions. The "pony boys" Klein, Sizer, Pilaroscia, and Isabella showed their mettle in many games. Nucchi and Sonderman were elected to the Times-Union and Democrat and Chronicle all-scholastic teams. *Isabella*

Winning the city championship, the Marshall cohorts had the privilege of representing Rochester in the State sectional meet at the University of Rochester. They easily defeated Geneseo, 46-24, but were eliminated after a tough battle with Canandaigua by the score of 32-23. They would not end the season with a loss, however, and copped their consolation game with Lyons by 29 to 20. Also, Nick Nucchi brought honor to Marshall, by winning the foul shooting contest. He tossed in 26 out of 30 fouls.

At the end of the season the team was given a dinner by the two Hi-Y's, at which each member was presented with a gold basketball charm by Mr. Ulrich. This brought an end to a very colorful basketball season.

The reserve team also were very successful. They ended up in second place which proves that there is good material for future varsity squads.



Extreme M

Prize Stog Club

BARK eyes peering from between cool green leaves watched from on high the tiny speck of white. Under the blazing sun of the South Seas the speck drifted lazily out to sea with the tide. The two occupants of the yawl waved a final good-bye to the islanders, and then busied themselves with the sails as a breeze caught the mainsail and sent it scurrying across the deck.

"They're a wonderful people, Doc!" exclaimed Mr. William Gwynnet, Jr., better known as Bill to Doc.

"Right you are, Bill," said the Doc, whose name when written in full was Doctor Henry Richards.

"And so carefree and so hospitable," Bill went on, not noticing the Doc's reply. "You know, Doc, I'd like to live down here. Not much to do, I mean not much work is necessary, and it's so restful and romantic and . . ."

"Yeah," interrupted the Doc, "and there are snakes and sharks and storms and—oh well, all of my people, American I mean, all think the same way. It's all right when you're just vacationing down here Bill, but as to living here the rest of one's life, I don't know."

"Uh huh," grunted Bill in a dreamy way; "anyway, I think I'd like to stay here just the same."

The Doc looked at Bill and sighed. Yes, he knew how Bill felt. But that feeling would be entirely gone when they were once more out at sea. Work does wonder for a man,

Bill would do wonders for about Bill's being shell-shocked. Bad case too, according to government reports. Not that Bill showed any signs of it. Quite the contrary. He was a calm, intelligent person, quiet in his ways and not bothering anyone. Nice chap. Doc decided, and he reached for an orange that was rolling aimlessly about the deck.

Bill watched Doc reach for the orange. A queer duck, he thought. But he liked Doc. Doc had met Bill in a New York club, and Bill in a friendly moment had mentioned that he had been over-seas. Doc said that he too had been in France. Bill invited Doc to his apartment the next night and Doc invited Bill to go on a round-the-world cruise. And that's how they happened to be sailing in this paradise. Bright blue skies above and warm blue waters surrounding them. Ah, truly a heaven.

Yes, truly a heaven until Doc stretched languidly and gently hinted that it was Bill's turn to get the meal. Bill grunted an unintelligible reply and turned over. Doc slid gently across the smooth deck, abandoning the tiller for a moment, and struck Bill a resounding whack on the head. Bill jumped up, just in time to meet the mainsail, which, when Doc let the tiller go, had caught the breeze and swung sharply to port. With a slight gasp he sank motionless to the deck. Doc secured the tiller with the guide ropes along the side of the yawl, and then gently lifted Bill to the cabin below the deck.

After inspecting the wound, Doc bandaged

Bill's head and settled him comfortably on the bed. Bill, he thought, would be unconscious for a few minutes. He decided to go up on deck and see how the weather looked. It wouldn't do to go too far to sea with Bill injured.

Arriving on deck Doc gazed out over the waters. Not a ship in sight. Weather conditions seemed very favorable. He lit his pipe and sat down, with his back to the tiller, looking in the direction of the little island, which had already disappeared.

A slight noise interrupted the thinking man and he turned around. There, framed in the doorway, stood Bill, with a broomstick in his hands, held like a bayonet. Hair disheveled, eyes wild, and mouth twisted in a diabolical grin he charged the Doc, muttering incoherent noises.

He jabbed viciously at Doc with the broomstick and Doc jumped hastily aside. Turning quickly Doc met Bill's second rush with a well aimed blow. Down Bill went, but he soon recovered. He jumped to his feet, grunting something about a "rotten, dirty bunch, the whole gang of you," and hit Doc a stinging crack. Back and forth they swayed, punching and grunting. Finally Doc, with a strong right-hand blow, felled Bill. Bill dropped and could not rise. Doc picked him up and took him below.

The yawl was headed into the wind, churning the waters at every foot. Spray dashed over the bow and sprinkled Doc, who was settled amidships, from head to toe. Doc's eyes were bleary, but he had an alert air, as if expecting something to happen. But Bill appeared quietly from the cabin, greeted the medical man carelessly, and inquired about their next stop.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Doc, "I thought maybe you'd like to stop at the Isle of Yari, an interesting volcanic formation, and we can get food and water again."

"Yeh," said Bill absently, "how long will it take to get there?"

"Oh, we should get there by evening," he

answered thoughtfully, "that is, if the wind holds out like this."

"But—a—we—" Bill stammered, bewildered; then he went below abruptly, without finishing his question. He reappeared shortly, smoking a cigarette. He leaned on the rail, gazing thoughtfully out to sea.

"Doc," he said slowly, "what has been going on around here? We shouldn't need water as far as I know; yet I just looked and found we did. And your desk calendar is five days ahead of schedule, as far as I can figure out. The food is lower too, and how did I get this gash on my forehead?"

"Well," Doc answered, looking up at him seriously, "I'll tell you the whole story. You may remember that I took a swing at you in fun when you didn't want to cook dinner. I was a fool to get playful with that mainsail swinging back and forth. Anyway, it hit you a nasty crack on the head, but the gash wasn't the only result. To come to the point, Bill, you went back to war, and mistook me for a Heinie. Lucky thing I knew about your case; it saved both of us. I managed to bring back your reason, but you were still in bad shape—nervous strain, mostly, and the blow itself didn't help any. So I kept you under morphine to give your brain a chance to heal; afraid you might get more notions about the war. You came out of it this morning, and thank God, you're O. K."

Bill flicked his cigarette stub over the rail. "I see," he said quietly. "How on earth did you bring back my senses?"

"Not so difficult as it might seem, Bill. I simply scared you into your wits, since you were already out of them. A few dish-pans and covers tied on to the flapping sail so they'd hit together and make enough racket and confusion to sound like a battlefield scene to your hazy brain; I fired a few shots to give you the smell of powder. You were bound securely to the mast, and yelling rather incoherently. Then, shouting all the German curses I could think of, I lunged at you with a bayonet made



of the broomstick and a kitchen knife. But instead of the knife hitting you, a piece of ice I had in my hand—my right hand steadying the knife—'sliced' you, and the knife only carved up the mast a bit. But your foggy head misinterpreted signals, and you thought you were killed. Quite a shock, naturally, and you came out of it."

The younger man turned toward the doctor with a twisted grin on his face. Screaming wildly, "Get that Heinie, the dirty rat," he jerked his hand out of his pocket leveled the revolver he always carried, at the doctor, and fired all six shots rapidly into the body of his companion. Laughing crazily he stumbled forward toward the body.

But, with a loud creak, the mainsail whizzed across the deck again. Poor crazed Bill was knocked overboard, unconscious. And there are sharks in the waters of the southern Pacific.

A steamer sailing majestically along its course noted that a yawl nearly in its path failed to return the pilot's warning. All on board were completely mystified to learn the results of the investigation which followed. A man was found on board, dead, with six bullets in his body. No one else was aboard, and the only gun on the boat contained six unfired cartridges.

THOMAS ENRIGHT, II-1

Advertisements



WOULDN'T it be strange to open a magazine or newspaper and find no advertisements? Yet it would be sad too, for what is more invigorating than the funny but absurd ads that are in these papers or books.

Perhaps the best known of any advertisement is the much talked of *They-laughed-when-I-sat-down-to-play-one*. That really is funny. The witty person will go on and on trying to find or originate a good ending to it. So far he hasn't succeeded. If you are trying to be the life of the party, pull that one. It fits in at any occasion and always draws a dirty look. Another sort of ad that always gets a laugh is the usual letters from Mrs. Asparagus on how she weighed 295 pounds and couldn't lose an ounce until Mrs. Carrots told her about the famous *I Maku Slim Pills*. Now she has fallen away to only 294. Or it may be something like this: A picture of an old man with a flowing white beard and numerous wrinkles, or should I say crow's feet, is seen on one side of the page. On the other side we see youth in all its glory depicted by a Pepsodent grin, beautiful curly hair, an arrow collar, and a rosy complexion. This is the same man after one night's sleep on *Sleep-Ease Bed Springs*.

We turn the page, and our eyes behold a gorgeous blond creature, in a more gorgeous

evening-gown, on her hands and knees mopping the kitchen floor, and on her face is the patient and beatific smile of an angel. Under the picture is written "Why let mopping be a drudge? Simple buy an *Eye-Catchum Dirt Mop*. Even your best friends will mop your floor for you then."

Soap advertisements are as funny as a "Micky-Mouse Comedy." One finds Mrs. White hanging out a beautiful snow-white wash in her backyard. Over the fence we catch a glimpse of Mrs. Black staggering under the load of a smoky-toned wash in an old battered basket. Here we also spy several holes in the good family linen. In the next scene, Mrs. White rushes to the gate, beckons to Mrs. Black and says, "My dear Mrs. Black, what a dirty wash you have. See how white mine is. Next month, you must try *Dip-and-It's-Clean-Soap*. I always use it."

The more you look, the more you laugh, and so you continue on and on through the book, forgetful of the thrilling murder story you started to read. And if you feel ill on a streetcar, just look at the advertisements of soup, soap, tooth-paste, fountain-pens, refrigerators, floor-wax, linoleum, molasses, typewriters, chewing-gum, Flit, and corn-plasters. You'll feel much better.

Dorothy Leonard, IV-2.



A FISH

Prize Poem

*Through the rippling waves it flashes
Like a gleam of silver
Into the clear, cool depths it splashes,
Its shining body all aquiver.*

*Quickly here and there it darts
Exploring the mystic deep;
Then from its playful mates it parts
To disturb the mermaids in their sleep.*

*Through the green-drenched water valleys
It swims on and on;
In crystal blue alcoves it dallies
Until the novelty is gone.*

*Up, up through the sparkling deep
It shimmers like a jewel;
Its beauty it will forever keep,
Cherished in that spangled pool.*

Isabella Straton, III-2.

Camping

*"The camp-fire dies; then silence deep as death,
The darkness pushing down upon the land."*

—Bashford.

Prize Essay

NO other pastime thrills me so much as camping out-of-doors with only a roomy tent for shelter. There is a primitive wildness which is released—the sense of wanderlust pervades. Previously our thoughts dwelt on duffle bags, moccasins, woolen shirts, newly-sharpened hatchets, and haversacks in disrepair. Now that we are in the glorious woods we long to feel moss-covered logs beneath the grip of our moccasins, where sunlight dapples through the leaves and spots the forest floor with gold. We have the urge to plod through undergrowth and ferns that sway in shadowy ranks; we long to hear the wood-thrush call, and smell again the smoke of the hickory fires. There is a tugging at our hearts—a hunger for the open road, for the solace of the blazing stars, impersonal yet somehow near, as the camp-fire embers dull to gray, and the smoke-spirals vanish overhead.

I cannot praise summer without a thought of other seasons, for they are equally enjoyable in my experience. The late fall months are ideal hiking and camping months. The multi-colored line of nature is at its highest splendor. Every boy delights in the adventure of a hike into the woods. He loves to go exploring, to climb hills, to spy out unknown territory. I revel in hemlock trees bowed down with glistening diadems; tracking in the powdery snow; winter gloaming, ethereally blue; the rush across frosty fields on skis; and fishing through the jade-green ice. These remembrances are like the metallic rasp of the meadow-lark at dawn—they live on and enrich our lives. I love the trail. It may be deep in winter snow, or crisp with bronze autumn leaves. It is always the out-of-doors that laughs with sun and weeps with slanting summer rain—that knows not calendar nor time, but lives forever in my heart.

Camping is the simple life reduced to actual practise, as well as the culmination of the out-door life. Camping has no great popularity today because men have the idea that it is possible only after an expensive journey to the wilderness; and women that it is inconvenient, dirty, and dangerous. These are errors. They have arisen because camping as an art has not been understood. When intelligently followed, camp-life must take its place as a cheap and delightful way of living, as well as a mental and physical savior of those strained or broken by the grind of the over-busy world.

Coupled with camp-life is the enthralling camp-fire. What is camp without a camp-fire? No camp at all, but a chilly place in a landscape, where some people happen to have some things. When first the brutal anthropoid stood up and walked we had man. The great event was symbolized by the lighting of the first campfire.

For millions of years our race has seen in the fire the emblem of light, warmth, protection, friendly gathering, and council. The center of ancient thought was in the hearth and fireside. The home tie itself was weakened with the waning of the home-fire. Not in the steam radiator can we find the spell; not in the water coil or even the gas log—they do not reach the heart. Only the sacred fire of wood has power to touch and thrill the chords of the memory. When men sit together at the camp-fire they seem to shed all modern form and poise, to hark back to the primitive—to meet as man to man. Your campfire partner wins your love, or hate, mostly your love; and having camped in peace together, there exists a lasting bond of union—however wide your worlds may be apart.

John Wilcox, IV-2.

My Pup

IT is often said that man's best friend is his dog; I should say that that the truth of this statement rests upon the dog. How many stories one has read, how many pictures one has seen that illustrate the unselfish devotion of a dog for his master. Supposing, like Plato, one is determined not to take another's word on this, but experiment for oneself.

The first requisite is, of course, the dog. You betake yourself to a kennel or pet store, and if you can make your request audible over the shrill, excited yapping issuing from the rear regions, signify your desire to be shown some particular breed of dogs, spaniels, for example. It takes a heart of flint and steel to resist a cocker spaniel's soulful brown eyes and long, silky, flapping ears; and you find yourself trotting out of the shop with a warm, doggy, little bundle under arm, a pedigree in hand, and some thirty-five dollars less in the pocket.

Arriving home, you release the puppy and watch him wobble about the rooms on his ridiculous legs, exploring every corner. Although you don't realize it, he is discovering prospective meals in the form of shoes and rubbers, and convenient furniture on which to manicure his little claws.

Puppy is very lonely on his first night in his new home, as he naturally would be, being deprived of the congenial society of his kennel mates; if you don't believe it, listen to those anguished, terrified yelps issuing from back of the kitchen stove. Perhaps by midnight or later he will have exhausted his sturdy little lungs, and merciful sleep will have overtaken him, and, incidentally, yourself.

Dawn brings with it another lonesome spell, and instead of sleeping an extra hour or two, you find it more profitable to get up. Arriving at the kitchen door, you are dismayed to find it scratched into a state of ruin. At your knees, rubbing a cold, black nose against you, sits the innocent-looking, brown-eyed culprit. Oh, well! A can of varnish will fix that door; the pup is too young to appreciate woodwork. As it happens, you are to discover that not only does the puppy lack an appreciation for polished expanses of wood, but that such an appreciation cannot be drilled into his hard

little head. The next innovation to be discovered is the kitchen broom, although it took a minute or so for your dull brain to recognize it. Although puppy was given a good supper, he evidently became hungry during the night. Oh, no! There is the rest of the broom behind the stove; he must have wanted something with which to amuse himself and forget his troubles.

This, however, is only a beginning. If, after the first month or so of puppy's society, you haven't lost a shoe or two, had your newspapers chewed to fragments, and had numerous other equally pleasant experiences, your puppy isn't a puppy; it's some strange freak of young doghood. A puppy's appetite is something that can't be accounted for; he turns up a freckled little muzzle when presented with a prepared dog food, but when a shoe, preferably a new one, or a rubber, can be nosed out of some dark corner, he treats it as if it were nectar and ambrosia. A greasy old bone, dug up in the back yard, where some other miser has buried it, is nauseating, particularly when puppy chooses your living room rug as a banquet table. Perhaps it never occurred to you, until your little canine friend discovered it, that silk stockings are as useful as furniture for sharpening his claws; unfortunately, varnish won't repair the damage to a stocking, but this is just another inconvenience you have to bear for the privilege of owning a pup.

Yes, a dog is man's best friend—after he has graduated from puppyhood.

Evelyn McMahon, IV-2.

PALE MOON

*High above the pine-covered mountains
You creep, and light the world.
Across the trembling waters you send
Your ribbon of silvery light.
The bank of the river is dotted
With the glow of Indian campfires,
And silently a canoe of birch bark
Disturbs the rippling waters. An Indian maiden
Paddles her ship of dreams
Down your silvery pathway
To her home among the stately pine trees,
And they call to her and sing
Their wood-wind lullaby.*

Amber Bailey, I-2.

Uncle Bill's Present



MARIE Sexton could not sleep. At seventeen, one does not have insomnia, yet she lay awake, gazing into the starless sky. Uncle Bill was leaving in the morning for the Orient, and had hinted that he might have a surprise in store for Marie and her brother Jack before he sailed. Uncle Bill was very wealthy and very generous; so Marie lay awake, wondering what he would consider worthy enough to be a parting gift for his favorite niece. There was a beautiful necklace of amethysts and pearls that she had admired in the window of an exclusive downtown jeweler's. Imagine the envy of the other girls if she got it in time to wear with her lavender chiffon to the sorority dance! Perhaps it might be that coat with the luxurious sable collar that had haunted her dreams. Well, whatever it was, it would surely be something to display proudly before her chums.

So thinking, she dozed off to sleep.

At breakfast the following morning, Uncle Bill rose and beamed benignly upon his sister, her husband, and his niece and nephew.

"Ever since I left college," he began, "I have been a traveler and adventurer. Two years ago I got tired of sleeping in Pullman cars or dirty foreign hotels, and ruining my digestion on foreign food, so I decided to be domestic for a while. I came to visit you, intending to spend about a fortnight, but your gracious hospitality was irresistible to a lonely old bachelor; I remained almost a year.

"A short time ago I re-read *The Royal Road to Romance*, and it reminded me that I was a gypsy at heart, so I have to be off again. I know I am going to miss you, so I have bought a present for each one in hopes that they will remind you of me sometimes while I am wandering through the crooked streets of Japan or China."

With this little speech, he gave a package to each one except Jack, to whom he said, "Yours is in the garage Son; I hope you like it, but try not to wrap it around a telegraph pole the first day."

With an exultant shout, Jack dashed out. Mrs. Sexton opened her package first. With a long drawn out "Ooohhh!" she lifted out a

necklace of perfectly matched pearls. Fastening them around her throat, she ran to the hall mirror to admire them. She was as excited as a girl and, forgetting that she was a matron with a son almost old enough to vote, she clasped both arms around her brother's neck and kissed his bald spot. "Bill, that is the loveliest present I ever received!" she exclaimed. Meanwhile, Mr. Sexton had opened his package. It contained a check for two thousand dollars. Adverse to any display of emotion, he simply clasped Bill's hand in gratitude.

Now it was Marie's turn to open her package. All eyes were fixed upon her expectantly. With fumbling fingers she untied the ribbon and tore off the lid. To everyone's surprise, the contents of the box was a mirror. Its back and handle were of hammered silver. It was an attractive mirror, one that might delight a lover of old-fashioned silver, but it was of no great value. Uncle Bill watched the expressions on the faces of the family with amusement. "I tried to find something pretty for you, Marie, but the prettiest thing I know of it you. I thought that by giving you a mirror, you could look at your own reflection and know that it is the loveliest thing your old vagabond uncle has ever seen."

"It's—it's beautiful, Uncle Bill—I'm flattered that you think me so attractive. Er—thank you very much," the keenly disappointed girl replied, and, feeling that it was her duty, she kissed him.

At that moment Jack burst into the room.

"Say, folks, I've got the keenest roadster you ever saw. It's green and black and has a cigarette lighter, and a musical horn, and—and even a radio!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "Thanks heaps, Uncle Bill, you're the swellest uncle a fellow ever had, and that's the swellest present a fellow ever got. Just wait till that little snob, Peggy Mason, sees me speeding along! Will she be sorry she snubbed me!"

Marie's thoughts were very bitter. Mother with her priceless pearls, Dad with his immense check, even Jack with his sporty roadster; everyone had received a beautiful, valuable present but her. What would her girl friends think? She felt like crying. Muttering some excuse, she fled to her room.

After lunch she felt that she could not bear the family's incessant delight over their gifts, so she said that she was going for a walk.

"Why not take your mirror along and show it to your friends?" Jack suggested. There was an undercurrent of sarcasm in his remark.

"Oh, mind your own business!" she exclaimed crossly and fled, taking the mirror with her.

Marie wandered moodily through the park and finally sat down on a bench. She gazed at the mirror in contempt, and suddenly, in fury, threw in on the grass. A studious-looking middle-aged man who was reading a book nearby glanced up in mild surprise. He noted the object lying in the grass, and, thinking it had fallen out of her lap, picked it up and held it out to her. She tossed her head haughtily and ignored him. He glanced at the mirror in his hand and, with increasing interest, examined it more closely. Suddenly he asked her if she would sell the mirror to him.

"Sell it?" She laughed derisively with tears in her eyes. "You can have it!"

He thought a moment and then sat down beside her.

"I see that you are not aware of it, Miss, but your mirror is very valuable. I'm not positive, of course, but I would be willing to wager that this mirror once belonged to Marie Antoinette."

This aroused her interest, and she promised to let him bring her a copy of a book on some famous pieces of silver, which described in minute detail a silver hand mirror that once belonged to the wife of a king of France. A rapid investigation followed, and a famous collector offered her a large sum of money for it.

Marie, however, was a romantic young girl, and when she held the mirror in her hand and thought of the beautiful queen who had also held it, and admired her powdered hair in it, she refused to part with it. Let Jack have his roadster; long after the car was in some junk pile she would have her mirror. And the nicest part of it was, her treasure became more valuable as it grew older.

That night she wrote a long letter to Uncle Bill, apologizing for her ingratitude, and telling him that she could think of nothing she would rather have than the mirror. Then Marie fell asleep and dreamed of another

Marie, supreme in the extravagant court of Louis XIV. From the recesses of her regal gown, she drew forth a mirror and gazed into the beautiful, frivolous countenance.

Ella Morgan, II-2.

OUR LIFE

*It is ours to make the unknown future brighter,
Brighter than the fairest dream of any
dreamer,*

*Ours to see the vision and fulfill it,
Fairer than we dream of, fairer even
Than the shining eyes of hope can see it.*

Paul Ferry I-2.

AS THE ORGAN PLAYS

I

*The shadows of night fall, soft and still,
As Time takes his toll of days,
And lost in the stillness and solitude
The master musician plays.
He begins with a tone that is soft and light,
'Tis a sound that suits his choice;
It portrays the soul of a wanderer
Led by an angel's voice.*

II

*Louder and longer the next tones swell,
Like beating waves on the surf;
They carry the listener on and on,
'Til he's far away from this earth.
He has journeyed to another land,
Where there are blue and golden skies,
Where every one finds happiness
And true love never dies.*

III

*But his stay in this land is limited,
He can not remain too long,
Though his heart rejoices inside of him
And thrills to the swallow's song.
With the close of the organ's final notes
The picture fades and dies;
He must come back to the earth again,
Back from Paradise.*

Madeline Mong, IV-2.

Buying a Hat

Feminine Version

SPRING again! and we herald that very important festival of the church year, Easter. This auspicious occasion in turn heralds the appearance of our new spring togs—if we are so fortunate as to have the wherewithal to purchase them. This year Easter has crept upon me with little cat feet, and it was not until yesterday that I decided that last year's bonnet just wouldn't do. For me, the selection of a hat is not a particularly delectable task and I was in none too good humor as I set out on my shopping tour in the steady downpour of an unexpected April shower. At times I delight in a refreshing shower, but on this occasion the pelting of the drops on my umbrella made a very dismal sound.

Formerly, I have discarded hats a short time after buying them because they didn't give satisfaction. I made up my mind as I entered the millinery shop that should my fancy so incline, I should decidedly veto the selection of a green hat. For the last few seasons green has been the predominant color in my wardrobe and I am rapidly tiring of remarks made by my so-called friends about my wearing green to match my personality. Unlike the women in the story who, upon hearing that the hat shop she frequented had just received a shipment of two thousand hats, pounced upon the mousy clerk and demanded to be shown them, I like to loll around and inspect the specimens at my leisure. Hats, hats, hats! a real source of pleasure when one doesn't have to choose a specific one, but the bane of our lives when we have to strike a bargain.

Personally, I am partial to soft, floppy hats, not only because they become me more but because they are handier. When they're not

in use they may be folded and tucked away—or just tucked away—without injury. The color, too, is important when one is making an economic purchase. If, like myself, one is unable to afford a hat for each individual costume, it is well to choose a hat of a pleasing color, and one which one won't tire of too quickly. Beige and black are the favorites for such constant wear.

After trying on and appraising every hat which attracted my eye, I had a pretty good conception of the stock, styles, and prices of the milliner. There was every kind of hat from the cute, saucy-looking toque adorned with a pert, stiff veil, to a perfectly plain, mannish, felt fedora. Despite my bewilderment at the colorful array, I had presence of mind enough to turn down the red one because it didn't bring out the coloring in my eyes. "The blue one with the white feathers was adorable but—it wouldn't match the rest of my outfit. The white soils so easily and the black is too drab—a bad influence on my disposition, already void of sunlight." Finally, after much debate with the clerk who repeatedly said, "Madame looks well in anything," and

"This one is most becoming," after each trial, I made my selection and prepared to leave. Needless to say, by this time, the April shower was over, and the busy shoppers were milling in the streets again. After having gone about two blocks, I suddenly recalled having carried an umbrella, so, with a groan, I retraced my steps and, after assuring the proprietor that the parasol really was mine, I again made my departure with my precious green hat.



By JUNE KNITT, IV-2

Buying a Hat

Masculine Version



OMEHOW it has been the custom, a custom which has come down through the ages, for the buying of hats to be looked upon as a distinctly feminine undertaking.

It has happened, however, on too-frequent occasions that the male member of the family has been, literally speaking, dragged along to help in the selection of mi-lady's bonnet. I must confess that I can not understand the viewpoint of the fair sex in this action, unless the luckless male is expected to lend an air to the festive occasion, for he seems to be expected not to voice any opinion in the matter, only to give assent to the indomitable will of his companion. If he should be so grossly indelicate as to voice the opinion, that perhaps that was not the most becoming hat (I mean, of course, the one on which our fair friend has set her heart), he is immediately given a look such as would have stopped Caesar in the middle of the Rubicon and sent him scuttling back to the savage Gauls in search of peace. This is a problem which falls to the lot of the male, though it is not the particular one of which I wish to speak. I wonder how many of our friends, who each Easter, Christmas, Spring, and Fall season go in search of the latest style that Paris has decreed for the particular occasion, have ever stopped to consider the fact that we have problems relating to the adequate covering for our heads—problems which are fully as momentous as those pondered over in the selection of any Easter hat?

It is my own particular problem that I wish to relate. Up to the last week I had belonged to the class who thought it the virile thing to be seen in the most inclement weather without any protection against the cold save a

shock of hair in a more or less combed condition. I believe there was one occasion when I weakened. I was traveling with my parents, who happened to feel that it was a decided disgrace to the family to have an only child hatless. Hence a speedy visit to a hat shop was paid and I, the luckless victim, came out in a conspicuously new-looking hat. It somehow happened—I chose to believe that it was because the processes of putting on a hat were so unnatural—that the hat was left at the next hotel; needless to say, the rest of the trip was completed with the aforesaid child free from the cares and tribulations of a hat.

However the recent purchase of a hat came not as a result of any parental persuasion. I do not know of any reason for my change of heart, unless it was due to the fact that the coming fall brings the innovation of college life. It seemed fitting that I should have a few months of grace with the added dignity that a hat brings before the shame of the freshman cap was thrust upon me.

It seems that I was now in the ideal frame of mind—from the salesman's stand-

point. I was walking down the street when my eye was caught by the array of hats in a shop window. Having walked down the street a block, all the while seriously considering the whole matter, I resolved to come back and have one more look. It was this last look that turned the trick and I entered the store with the idea that it was to be now or never. This was an occasion that I had not experienced for so long that I was assailed with fear, wondering how one should address a clerk in a hat store; perhaps they were very sensitive and did not like to be hailed as a mere clerk in an ordinary store. However, I



was not allowed much time to consider the proper method of attack for a clerk was coming from the back of a store with all the speed of a charging army. Summoning all the courage which I felt as though I had left gazing at the hats in the window, I said, "Something in a hat—gray." Gray seemed to be the most inoffensive color that I could think of at the moment.

While still in a semi-conscious state, there appeared as though by magic countless numbers of dark gray, light gray, and medium gray hats with various types of brims. The clerk urged me to step over to the mirror and try some of them on. Alas, here was my Waterloo; though I had witnessed many of my friends put on hats, the technique was utterly strange when I became involved in the act. Determined not to appear too naive to the clerk who, I felt, must be struggling to keep the laughter back, I pulled on one feeling that it was the most logical way to get the whole affair finished quickly. What a sight appeared in the glass! I felt sure that I would appear like the young gentleman in the poster which formed the background of the display in the window. Surely I must have suffered under delusions of grandeur!

After having tried on numberless hats till I had found one which was not too startling in its shade and which did not make me seem too much like a clown, I hastily paid the clerk and hurried out of the store with my new hat in a lovely looking box. It only I could carry the box and not be forced to wear the hat in the future; I knew I would look less like those pictures of the Texaco Fire Chief, Ed Wynn, which seem to be the source of so much laughter.

Then followed the unpleasantness of appearing before the parents under cover of the new purchase. Would they know me? Much laughter was the only greeting that I received and there followed the remark, too often repeated for my comfort, that I certainly did look strange. I must frankly admit that it was a radical change.

The next step was to accustom myself to the hat. After many hours of parading before the mirror in the privacy of my room I have almost determined to appear in public. No one will ever know the qualms that I shall suffer every time I shall don the new purchase. Or shall I become in the far distant future somewhat hardened to the sight of myself in a hat? DIXON LATHROP, IV-2

A SPRING TRAGEDY

*'Tis the saddest of all sad days to me
Tho spring is here for all to see;
Trees are donning fresh new green,
Birds are singing! Buds are seen!
But in my heart there is no joy
No, you're wrong; it's not a boy;
The trouble, friends, is merely that
I've got to wear my last year's hat.*

*Soon the banks of mossy rills
Will glow with golden daffodils;
Then a sweetly scented band
Of violets will dot the land.
My heart is like a weight of lead,
Care has bowed my curly head;
Gee, but life's an awful mess
If I don't get an Easter dress.*

Ann Snyder, IV-2.

FAREWELL TO WINGS

I

The early dawn, when wits are keen,
A squadron on the line,
A tripping heart, an eager zest,
No more may they be mine.

II

'Twas on a morn, when all was still,
Save soft shelling in the west,
Our planes were rolled upon the field,
Each ready for the test.

III

With a mighty roar our flight took off
And headed toward the sky,
Each man well knew the task ahead,
Each grim to do—or die.

IV

On, on we sped o'er rough terrain
And shell-scarred No-Man's Land,
'Cross winding trenches filled with mud,
And hills of golden sand.

V

Then suddenly, from high above
A speckled *V* appeared.
I saw the crosses on their wings
As rapidly they neared.

VI

Then in a roaring, screaming dive,
With Spandaus pouring lead,
The scarlet squadron dealt the blow
Of vengeance for their dead.

VII

We answered them with pounding guns,
Our Vickers spitting fire,
The sky was filled with darting planes,
Each urged with mad desire.

VIII

With a burst of speed I dove upon
A Fokker far below,
My tracers riddled the scarlet plane—
It fell with a flaming glow.

IX

Another victory! I forced a grin
As I climbed to join the fray,
A queer game—flying just to kill,
With Death lurking night and day.

X

A sickening lurch awoke my thoughts
And brought me to my mind,
I felt a burst of bullets
From a Fokker close behind.

XI

I jammed the rudder and pulled my Spad
Into a groaning turn,
And then—a CRACK! my prop had split!
I felt a stinging burn.

XII

Somehow I seemed to level off
Above the shell-torn ground,
A deafening CRASH!—then all went
black,
Sweet, peaceful rest was found.

XIII

Now, as I gaze aloft and watch
A combat in the sky,
An urging grips my saddened heart,
I once more want to fly!

XIV

But though I hear that beckoning
In my soul, which sadly sings,
Fate takes my hand and bids me make
A last farewell to wings!

Alfred Lidfeldt, III-1.



Dress Rehearsal



ARRIVE at the theatre about six o'clock. It is dress rehearsal Thursday night before the Friday evening performance. I am hastily climbing the steps to the third floor to my dressing room. I happen to have No. 23 this time. There are three girls besides myself in our dressing room. We have every convenience, including full length mirrors, steam heat, dressing tables, and many bright lights which line the sides of the mirrors. Each girl has her own table and mirror. There are two tiers of iron racks for shoes, street clothes, coats and odd things, beneath the dressing tables. On the top of each table we have our own individual make-up layout. There is a long wooden rack in one end of the room on which all of our costumes are hung. For this particular show we have five costumes each, which makes twenty costumes in all. The first one we use is a nun, or convent maid costume of blue and white; the second, a Spanish Senorita costume of a brilliant red trimmed with black which, by the way, was my favorite costume; it was a beauty; the third was a French casket maid costume of brightly colored stripes and great large puff sleeves and cerise bandana; the fourth was a peasant costume, very plain and simple; and the fifth a seventeenth century court lady's costume with bustle and white wig (oh, those contemptible white wigs!)

The buzzer sounds for opening of first act. Almost instantly all the dressing room doors open and the colorfully costumed parade starts for the stage. The orchestra in the pit is playing the overture. Everyone is all anticipation, every muscle is tense. The signal for "curtain" is given and the show commences.

We get as far as the end of the first dance and the director decides to stop us. Our dance routine was "messy" and poorly done, our entrances ragged and our exits too slow. Too many girls entered from in front of the first traveler which, by the way, is the first curtain behind the red plush. Maybe Mr. Price stops us to rearrange the entire setting which, many times, is the case. He may cut an entire scene or dance. He may add something. One never knows what to expect. Many times he stops the show to correct one individual which is

extremely embarrassing. The ensemble is responsible for most of the interruptions. The principals generally know what they're doing and aren't corrected unless the dialogue is to be altered or the scene is to be changed.

Between acts and scenes we usually have time to catch our breath. In this show, which happens to be "Naughty Marietta," we have a reasonable amount of time for each costume change, but in the preceding we had to make one very quick change back-stage. Mr. Price tells us that if one is practised and well trained he should be able to make any change in two minutes, no matter how many pieces it involves. Just to illustrate this I will cite an instance in my own case. During "Babes in Toyland," I had to change from a peasant costume into an old English gentleman's court costume, which included a white wig. I'm telling you it was no easy job. My peasant or farmer outfit consisted of a pair of red and white, knee-length overalls, a straw hat and black tap shoes. My court costume, made of white satin and trimmed with gold braid, consisted of six pieces in all, which were a pair of knee-length trousers, a vest with a half-dozen strings attached to the back to tie, a long elaborate coat, a lace vestee, two large silver buckles which were fastened to my shoes, and, a white wig, a most horrid thing to try to put on in a hurry. Our hair had to be completely concealed beneath the wig which was one hair-pulling job. Imagine putting all this on over overalls and dancing before three tiers of glaring footlights which radiated a terrific heat. Only six of us had to make this change, however, Friday night only five girls got on stage in time but all were able to make the change in time for the other two performances with the aid of stage hands.

Another item deserving no slight consideration is the instant change of character. In the farmer outfit we danced the cakewalk and steps of similar nature and in the court costume we danced a stately and majestic minuet which called for muscle control and much rigidity.

Stage work is a quite trying and nervous business at times but if you like it and enjoy every minute of it, the scolding, worrying, hurrying, and scurrying is soon forgotten.

Grace Fay, IV-1.

Typewriting

About last December when I was filling out my registration blank for this term, I found that I had ten credits more than I actually needed. I naturally decided that I would take only three subjects this term and thus have an easy time of it. My hopes for an easy term were dashed, however, when I was informed by the office that the minimum number of subjects I could take was four. So I went to a lot of trouble to find a course that wouldn't require any homework and in which I wouldn't have to exert my brain working out hard problems. In other words, I wanted to take a cinch course. I finally decided to take Typewriting I. A few days after signing up for Type, I learned that a special class of upper classmen was being formed and that I was in the class. The knowledge that I was in a special class elated me no little and I went around bragging of the fact to every one. I didn't feel so elated, however, when I also learned that in the special class we were going to complete in one term the work that ordinarily takes two terms. In fact, I felt deucedly low, for I reasoned that I would have to work twice as hard as I thought I'd have to, but to me it seemed that to back out then wouldn't me a very good indication of a strong character.

The first time I sat down in front of the typewriter I was awed by the complexity of the thing. It seemed to me that it was a bunch of levers slung together and for a while I was too scared to touch anything. Instead, I gazed around the room and to my surprise I saw that most of the others in the class seemed to be perfectly at home. Some of them were already typing on scraps of paper while others were making a great show of touching certain levers which made the top part of the typewriter (which I later learned was the carriage) swing back and forth. Not to be out-done, I leaned cautiously forward and touched a small lever which, although I didn't know it then, was the carriage release. When I touched the lever I was given the greatest surprise and scare in my life, for the carriage swung to the left with a large crash almost taking along with it my left hand which I had unconsciously placed upon it. I am not entirely over that scare yet, for I still jump whenever I touch the tabular key.

My next discovery was something of a mystery to me. While I was rummaging in one of the drawers of my typewriting table, I found what appeared to me to be a dilapidated toothbrush. I looked around for a tube of toothpaste wondering if by chance I had wandered into a dental clinic. It was a good thing I kept my thoughts to myself, for the next day I learned that the brush was not used to remove the film from the typist's teeth but to remove the dirt from the face of the keys.

For the next few days the teacher instructed us on the use of the various levers of the typewriter, and those were the most dangerous days I have ever had during my school life. To my pleasure those days finally passed and we commenced to type. This wasn't any better, for my fingers seemed all thumbs. Now everyone who has had any experience with a typewriter knows that if two or more keys are struck at once they interlock like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. But instead of trying to put the keys together I tried to keep them apart. I tried in vain, however, and I spent most of the time prying apart the interlocked keys.

After a few days my fingers became more limber and I found that I could hit one key at a time, sharply and firmly. Even then my difficulties were not over, for although I usually struck the right key I would strike it at the wrong time. The letter combinations that resulted looked as if they had been made by a Chinaman typing with a Russian typewriter.

Even this difficulty gradually disappeared and I began to write without many mistakes. Then came the greatest strain upon my temper. We had to type perfect copies of certain exercises taken from the typewriting book. Imagine my disgust when time after time I would successfully type to the very last line of the exercise and then make a mistake. It's a good thing that I don't use profanity or the typewriting class would have been treated to more than one outburst.

Everyone has his off days, typists especially. When I have an off day in typewriting it seems as though I can't do anything right. Lately I have discovered that the best way to

(Continued on page 43)

The Pleasure of Idling



WORK has ever been my policy. I have always been industrious and conscientious in school and in all my other activities. Never would I think of coming unprepared to a class; a low mark makes me very unhappy; I have always studied hard, and get along well in school. I have never been late. Some of my friends have scoffed at me for working so hard, and asked me what use it would all be. Even if I wasn't in school, I was always busy doing something or going somewhere. Many times I regretted not having been able to indulge in a few pastimes and to be idle for awhile.

For a couple of days last week, however, a great change came over me, and everyone was astonished. One evening, as an assignment for an English class, I read Stevenson's essay entitled *An Apology for Idlers*. At one point it explains that probably many people, like Stevenson himself, looking back on their school days remember the hours of truancy with pleasure rather than with regret. These are more important in his mind than studying a science or history. He feels also that it is better to be idle in the sense of watching people, and having a little knowledge of many things than to be trained in just one subject and to condemn other people who have different ideas. After finishing the essay, I began to think of the good things I had missed by leading the strenuous life similar to the one that Theodore Roosevelt enjoyed; in his essay he explained an idea the exact opposite of the one portrayed by Robert Louis Stevenson. Roosevelt believed that hard work was necessary for success, and he thought that people should always be doing something useful. He felt that they should strive continually and never be idle.

I pictured all the amusement that Stevenson mentioned; why just imagine! I had enjoyed very few of them. Some of the very pleasures he spoke of, such as being in the streets watching people or taking a trip in the country, are delights that I have always craved; but never had I the time to do as I pleased. There was always an assignment to complete, or a household task to do.

After pondering over the essay for about an hour, I decided to take it to heart. There was another essay in that same demoralizing book that told us how the things that we learned were of no value unless we put them into practice. I made up my mind to turn over a Stevenson leaf the very next day. Probably, I argued, it would be better for my health to be in the open air a great deal than to be cooped up working in the house.

The next day I arose at the usual hour as I wanted to get as much out of the day as possible. Instead of gulping down my breakfast and hurrying to school, I took my time and really enjoyed my toast with orange marmalade and coffee.

Instead of just hurrying to school without noticing anything around me, I strolled. Instead of putting my mind on a coming French test, I had my eyes wide open. I noticed six pigeons on some steps busily eating a few crumbs. I stopped for a few minutes to watch them. A few houses further on I noticed a robin, the first this spring; he was hopping along cocking his head from side to side, and he just seemed to be listening for the sound of a worm. I also observed two children all dressed spic and span, with shiny faces ready for school; they seemed happy to hustle on their ways; Roosevelt would have approved of them. When I passed near the neighborhood theatre, there was a death-like silence. How different it was from the busy hum of the evening; it seemed good, and I hesitated for a few moments to glance at the pictures. The movie, "They Just Had To Get Married," was the feature, and the advertisements showed that it was a sort of happy and comical picture, which fitted in with my mood perfectly.

I finished my stroll to school, and on entering the building, I noticed that the halls were very quiet; the last bell must have rung. But curiously, I didn't care at all. In my home-room, however, I was requested to fill out a tardy slip, and I was sent to seventh period. It made me wonder a bit. Couldn't the teacher see that I had accomplished more by strolling to school than by hastening? Evidently he couldn't; I felt like giving him Stevenson's essay to read so he could see my point of view.

My first period was an intermediate algebra class where we discussed logarithms. I was

very bored; logarithms meant nothing to me. Instead of listening to the discussion, my mind was about fifteen miles away in thoughts of a future trip to the woods. I wanted to roam around that little brook with arbutus all around it; I had noticed it while driving past there last spring, and I was hankering for the chance to explore. Suddenly I heard my name called. I was greatly startled when my mind returned to room 105 and I found out that I was expected to answer something. I felt sorrier for the teacher than for myself. He thought that math was more interesting than day dreaming. Poor man! What a bore he would probably be if he got into a lively group who weren't interested in math; that was probably almost all he could talk about. But then, he no doubt hadn't read Stevenson's essay and he couldn't be expected to understand.

I couldn't wait until the next period which was a study hall. There, instead of bothering to find out my assignment, I finished planning my trip to the woods and started writing a story on spring; the title inspired me, and I felt in the writing mood. But the period was all too short. I was just getting warmed up, when again the gong sounded. Personally the wish to stay there was strong within me; it would have been much better than going to a typewriting class, but I had to continue on my way and pound on keys. The next two periods seemed like five hours instead of one hundred minutes. The last class was English, and our assignment for the next day was to read two essays and then analyze them. I was almost dumbfounded. It was in this class that we had read *An Apology for Idlers*, and our teacher had seemed to sympathize with the view point in it. What did I want to analyze essays for? Evidently even this teacher had forgotten the essay already. She was the one on whom I was counting for the sympathetic understanding which would let me write when I preferred and on what I wanted. Apparently, her reading doesn't really educate her.

Still, there was seventh period. I thought that perhaps I would keep writing the story, but that mood had disappeared. Instead I sat there studying the countenances of the girls around me. I tried to make up a story about each one. It is surprising how much fun one can have in doing this. They were all study-

ing hard, and I pitied them; how could they enjoy life in that manner? Thus the period passed. I ran to my locker and dumped all of my books into it. I wasn't going home with any books! For one evening I would be idle; not idle in the sense of doing nothing, but in reading a good book, or going for a ride. My school work would wait until the next day. This day was to be perfect, not marred by doing an assignment. I spent a delightful evening reading a good travel book, *The Royal Road to Romance*, by Richard Halliburton. I got more out of traveling with him than by figuring logarithms or reading French. That night, before retiring, I thought over the eventful day. Every minute not spent in class had been profitable. If I hadn't attended school, I would probably have learned more. I agreed with Stevenson.

I decided, however, that since I was almost through with school, I'd better work and graduate. After that I could lead my own life. But, here I was, putting this ambition out of mind for awhile until I graduated. After graduation shall I be able to lead the kind of life I want, or will there always be something standing in the way? Shall I always be making compromises that will force me to lead the strenuous life? Perhaps I am one of those whose destiny is work and perhaps the lot of intelligent idling falls only to the chosen few.

Ruth Lipsky, IV-2.

APOSTROPHE TO A BUTTERFLY

*Gorgeous insect, airy, gay,
Why do you waste your life away?
You float upon the balmy breeze
And light upon the grass and trees;
You suck the nectar from the flowers
And rest in nooks and shady bowers,
You are nature's truant—that I know—
Ever in search of a place to go;
You part from life as you appear,
A happy creature, free from fear.*

George Ball, III-2.

The Greatest Show



ARNUM and Bailey owned a great show; moreover, they had the knack of getting people to come to the circus. They had the biggest, the best and the largest number of anything which would draw crowds. By putting a price on sometimes worthless things, they could inveigle people into paying to see obvious frauds. It is often said that the American people like to be fooled. But there is a greater spectacle than any circus ever held under canvas, and one which does not have to be exaggerated to draw audience.

Strange as it may seem, this magnificent attraction costs absolutely nothing and will be a joy to the beholder until his sight fails and his last breath is spent. All this sounds like high-pressure salesmanship, I suppose, but I only wish all agents told as much truth about their goods. If you would like to take in this sight, go outdoors some cloudless night, tilt your head back, and gaze at the starry heavens.

There above you is a sight the most wonderful and awe-inspiring ever seen by man; it is the master creation. No circus has ever boasted such an exhibit, none of Shakespeare's plays can compare with it in popularity, and it has run more nights than the total of all the movies ever produced. I doubt whether any form of night entertainment has a more devoted following than the study of the stars and constellations. In grandeur, inspiration, and beauty nothing has equaled the "Greatest Show" which features 87 major characters, or constellations, and a total cast of nearly 3000 different stars which are visible to the unaided eye.

But to stand and crane one's neck is no way to "do" the sky; so a few essentials of "star gazing" at this point may prevent a case of stiff neck. My advice is to pick some soft spot far away from the distracting lights and noises of the city with its closely-built houses and canyon-like streets and, with a blanket to keep the chill of night off, to stretch at full length on the ground and let the eye roam over the deep blue dome above.

As is the case with any worthwhile performance, to appreciate fully and get the most out of this sojourn with nature, a person must

know something about and understand what he or she is seeing; to the uninitiated the sky will seem but a meaningless arrangement of points of light, but for he who has studied it, the jeweled sky is full of meaning. A friend who has already a knowledge of the heavens is a most valuable asset, but a sky map, a flash light, and a little perseverance is all that is required to open a most fascinating field of knowledge.

Last summer I often lay wrapped in my blankets after a hard day's paddle on Adirondack lakes and picked out different constellation through the pine boughs high above me. I could almost imagine that the Lyre directly overhead was sending sweet strains of music to put me to sleep; I thought of how the same figures I was seeing were visible from numberless other places on this side of the globe: On the sea there were perhaps ships whose courses were plotted by those same far-distant suns. The folks at home could see from the porch the same beautiful constellations of Aquila, the Eagle, and Sagittarius, the Archer. To lie thus under the stars with the mighty Hercules and Perseus for guardians gave me an exhilarated feeling which couldn't be crushed by the realization of the magnitude of the universe and my relative unimportance. It was an experience which will remain in my mind always, and one which I shall want to repeat often.

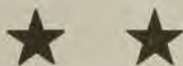
No reserved seat is necessary nor must any gate fee be paid to see these wonders of the universe. Though observatories might be considered as "box seats" and are fun to occupy once in a while, if I want to, I can call my own backyard a front seat and can make it more comfortable than many theatre seats I have occupied.

The study of the heavens can obviously become a very deep and complex subject. But the study of the constellations, the groups of stars which have been given names, is something which everyone can enjoy. Since the stars are not uniformly scattered, it was natural for the ancients to take them in their natural groupings and give them names, often times very fanciful, such as the Scorpion, the Twins, the Dragon, the Hunter. Although in most cases the outlines formed bear no resemblance to the animal or object named,

there are some exceptions, such as the Northern Crown, which is a semicircle of stars. The Indians called this a camp circle, and it is not difficult to imagine that the individual stars are warriors seated around a camp fire. The Big Dipper constitutes another exception. This, and perhaps the stars forming Orion's belt, are most widely known and recognized, but how many know the dagger that hangs from Orion's Belt? It is a much more potent article.

An evening under the high vaulted heavens is good tonic for any trouble. There you will find faithful friends and good companions who will travel with you around the world if you take the time to make their acquaintance. There you will find sympathetic listeners to whom you can pour out your troubled soul with the assurance that no secrets will be told and inner peace and composure will be yours from the experience.

Stanley Gutelius, IV-2.



LIFE

*The sea so wide, so deep,
Under whose mighty waves
Many a ship has sunk,
Whose very banners waved
But victory the day before.*

*So man goes down beneath the waves of time,
Yet never dies;
Because upon the page of history
He leaves for all eternity,
A record fraught,
With victory or defeat.*

Elizabeth Willmer, I-2.

Typewriting

(Continued from page 39)

spend my type period on off days is to try to work out strange figures with certain letter combinations. One of the best I can do so far is the one of the soldiers. By using an apostrophe for a hat, the small "o" for the head, the zero for the body, the quotation marks for the legs and the diagonal line for a gun, one can make a fair representation of a soldier presenting arms. If a whole row of them is made they look very militaristic. I remember the first day I made the soldiers. It was a very bad off-day for me. There was one exercise which I couldn't type without making a mistake. After trying it over so many times that I knew it by heart, I gave it up and started to make the soldiers. It happened that Mr. Burt decided to visit our class that day. I was busily engaged typing a line of soldiers when I noticed someone standing at my side. I looked up. It was Mr. Burt. My heart dropped down into my shoes before I saw that he wasn't looking at me, but at the typist on the other side of me. The way I snatched that paper from the typewriter couldn't have been done faster by Sir Malcolm Campbell.

In spite of all these difficulties I like typewriting but there is one person that I don't envy. That's the typewriting teacher. After listening to the clatter of the typewriters five days a week and answering all the dumb questions that students, like me, ask, it's a wonder the teacher doesn't have a nervous breakdown. So in spite of all the difficulties I have gone through in typewriting, I am glad I'm only a beginner.

Edward Nellis, IV-2.

LINES IN A STAMP ALBUM

*In one thing all men are alike,
Be they Antonio, Wu, or Mike,
English, Hindus, Indo-Chinks,
It isn't food or taste in drinks,
Folks in our own or uncouth lands,
All use their salivary glands,
To lick their stamps and seal their letters,
To their inferiors or betters.*

William VanDeusen, I-2.

An Episode

"A little lower, Charlie, old pal! We almost made it and then—" the voice of the speaker was lost in a sob. A sharp report rang out through the darkness . . . black as the darkest night. The labored breathing and mutterings of one of the men cut the silence. Charlie, tired and haggard-looking, crawled to his feet and gropingly felt his way in the all-too-apparent wetness that attended such occasions. He reached over to his buddy and touched him apprehensively on the arm.

"Can you reach it, Jack old boy?" A fleeting light rested on the shiny, ominous metal of their world-familiar utensils.

"Pray, Charlie, pray!" called the man hoarsely. "Just a few more inches."

Silence once more . . . As Charlie moved, the swish, swish of the moisture measured his tread. Round and round he went gazing fear-

fully upward. Suddenly there was a burst of light.

Two simultaneous gasps of delight came from two throats.

"Good for you, Jack! I was kinda worried for a minute. Now that the lights are on we can see to fix that leak in the water pipe."

"Right," replied Jack looking down from his perch before the electric light fuse box. "Run up and ask Mrs. Smith if the living-room lights are on now. We'll have to hurry with that leak in the pipe 'cause Molly's having spaghetti tonight. When those lights went out I was fit to cry 'cause I thought we'd never be through and Molly says next time I come in late from a plumbing job I'll find the dog eating my spaghetti."

Virginia DeMarle, I-2.



THE SONG

*My heart is filled with music!
Sweet tones soft and clear
Steal softly to my ear.
From the mellow strains of a violin
Then from the soft piano
The tones in volume grow,
Until in a deep crescendo
They are resonant and low.
Now for a happy moment
The song is light and gay,
Then peacefully, like daylight,
It slowly fades away.*

Jean Stanton, IV-2.



In behalf of previous classes and the Class of June 1933, we wish to thank the following advisers for their help on the class yearbooks:

Mr. Ward Miller, Mr. Clarence Evald, and Miss Caro FitzSimons.

Chimney Bluffs



STRANGE what varied emotions spring inspires in different persons. There are those who are filled with a light exuberance when first the blossoms bud and the sun shines brilliantly after a dreary winter. There are those who feel the call to wander—anywhere in this wide world. There are those romanticists who feel the urge to write in flowing poetic words.

But when first I feel the cool wind ruffle my hair and the sun smile down on me, I am filled with memories of other happy days replete with laughter and the joy of living.

One time in particular I remember as vividly as if it had occurred only yesterday. It was a beautiful, clear day; the sun took the nip out of the breeze. With a group of close friends I drove out of the laboring city to enjoy a day in the open. Not to one of the public parks where tired women carry crying babes and overworked men loll on the grass which is strewn with rubbish and debris. Not a public picnic ground but a secluded, unfrequented spot with the alluring name of Chimney Bluffs was the scene of our little outing.

A two-hours' drive—and there before us was the rocky shore of a lake. Above us rose a high hill and after a steep climb we reached the crest and laughingly extended a hand to our comrades below. The wind was brisk but the sun shone lustroly on a glorious scene. Cliff after cliff rose before our eyes, great pinnacles with deep valleys dividing them and in the background the bluish-green waters of the lake stretched to meet the paler blue of the sky. A narrow trail led us along the mainland; first flowers nodded their heads in greeting; the branches of the trees bent low to embrace us. And always below us lay the lake and cliffs. We stood high above—yet we were almost infinitesimal compared with the majesty surrounding us. If time were measured by the beauty one has witnessed, then I lived a lifetime that day.

And all I need to send me into a glory of memory is such a day—a cool breeze and a brilliant sun—and I again relive that day filled with laughter and the joy of living for Chimney Bluffs is spring to me.

Nellie Sauer, III-1.

Bluffing

Bluffing isn't an ordinary procedure as most people think; it is an art that requires scientific thought. The more you practice it the better you become; by that I mean practicing it on different people.

If you have mastered the art, you will have to do your homework only about once or twice a week; but if not, you had better do it all the time.

If you didn't study your French lesson and the teacher calls on you for a translation don't tell her that you didn't study; start to translate and when you get to a word you don't know just say that you forgot what it means. Now is the test of your ability as a bluffer to keep a straight face and look intelligent. If you do, the teacher won't suspect anything, and before realizing it she has translated most of the French for you.

When the history teacher asks the class a question and you have gone out the night before, neglecting your homework, look as if you were thinking, then suddenly appear intelligent, but be sure you are the ninth or tenth person to do so and put up your hand. Chances are that you won't be called on, but if you are simply state that you forgot what you were going to say.

In algebra you have to be a little more experienced. Raise your hand in answer to a problem, but not first; if you are not called on, all right; if you are called on, make up an answer far from right; then if the teacher asks for an explanation, ask what page it was on and then say that you were on the wrong page.

Homework isn't the only thing that you can bluff; when you have become adept at this, try it out in music, business, and poker.

Bruce Darling, III-2.

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