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Nathaniel G. West
The John Quill

Published by the January and June Classes of 1935 of
JOHN MARSHALL HIGH SCHOOL
DECEMBER, 1934
Rochester, New York
ELMER W. SNYDER
Principal

His thoughtfulness and sympathy, his unfailing kindness, friendliness, good humor, and his consideration for the needs of others, have won our hearts.
The January and June Classes of 1935 wish to express our deepest appreciation to our advisers, who have so ably guided us during our four years at John Marshall High School.

MRS. CARO F. SPENCER
Dedication

In memory of our present school building, from which we, the January and June Classes of 1935, will be the last to graduate, we dedicate this, our Senior Year Book.
Class History—January, 1935

On January 29, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty-one, one hundred twenty-five freshmen, of the greenest type, entered the noble portals of John Marshall High School, seeking the mysteries of so-called higher education. After the routine of getting accustomed to our new surroundings, we had our first class meeting. Jack Schoenweitz was elected class president, and Miss Foster and Mr. Kiggins were introduced as our class advisors for the next few years to come.

As we settled down to everyday school life, many class activities came into being, such as social dancing under Miss Foster, and a Frosh baseball team coached by Mr. Wilder. In June we completed our activities for the year with a rollicking picnic at Sea Breeze Park.

As we entered our sophomore year, the class was enlarged by the admittance of fifty students from Jefferson High. These newcomers entered into the full swing of our activities, and now the class was really set in motion. During this period Mr. Kiggins left and Mr. Washart was chosen to fill his place. When we became sophomores, we naturally entered into other school activities which were most suited to our personal interests. A class meeting would be called occasionally by the new president, Fred Chandler, to preserve the unity of the class. We ended our sophomore year with a successful theater party and an after-theater party at Evelyn Gray's home.

During our third year the class as a whole was not very active, but individual members were beginning to break into the limelight in school affairs. In the latter half of the year numerous members were elected to the various honor societies and clubs, and Rolfe Scofield was elected to the office of vice-president of the school. The main class activity of the year, a swimming party at Charlotte Beach, proved a great success.

Embracing upon our final and most active year the policy of class activities gave way to school organizations. Many of our members were elected to important offices in the school societies.

Time sped rapidly, and before we realized it, fall sports and the senior annual had come and gone, and then graduation was upon us. Thus the class of January 1935 completed its sojourn at John Marshall High School, leaving an admirable record and fond remembrances for its members to recall with endearment in some far-distant hour.

Charles Boulton, IV-2.
EVERETT ALLEN
194 Bidwell Terrace
School of Commerce
Curves! Marshall’s equine star has graduated.
Honorable Mention 3; Varsity Swimming 2, 3; Banking 4; Gamma Hi-Y.

MARY ARIOLI
34 Stenson Street
School of Commerce
One of Marshall’s leading sports women.
Honorable Mention 2, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Volley Ball 3; Leaders Club 3; Junior Girls’ Club; Senior Girls’ Club; Honor Patrol 4.

HELEN BAYBUTT
86 Goodwill Street
University of Rochester
Elle parle bien le francais.
Honorable Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Basketball 2, 3; Red Cross Life Saving Certificate 1; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Dancing 3; Hiking 2, 4; Leaders’ Club 3, 4; Gym Meet 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 1, 2, 3; Major Letter in Athletics 3; National Honor Society 4; Tri-Y 1, 2, 4; French Club 4; Assembly Program 3.

SIMON BECKER
6 Riverbank Place
University of Wisconsin
Tall and dark and rather shy.
We know that he’s a splendid guy.
Reserve Soccer 1, 2, 3.

RUTH BERNARD
122 Bonesteel Street
Rochester Business Institute
They say she’s going color blind.
All she can see is green.
Honorable Mention 4; Tennis 1, 2; Dancing 1, 2; Choir 4; Choral Club 4; Tri-Y 4.

DONALD BERNER
235 Winchester Street
Undecided
The greatest men are silent.
Homeroot Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroot Basketball 1, 2, 3; Class Basketball 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2, 3; Varsity Tennis 2; Senior Boys’ Club.

OLIVE BLAKE
111 Aris Street
Undecided
Charming, sweet, Please, neat.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 4; Bowling 4; Manager of Bowling 4; Swimming 1; Gym Meet 1, 2; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Leaders Club 4; Choir 3; Senior Girls’ Club; Honor Patrol 4; Dramatics 4; Senior Play 4.

CHARLES BOULTON
277 Seneca Parkway
University of Rochester
All assemblies resound with Charles’ vocal musical efforts.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Reserve Basketball 2; Varsity Basketball 3, 4; Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Cross Country 1; Red Cross Life Saving Certificate 3; Reserve Soccer 1; Varsity Soccer 4; Homeroom Soccer 2; Varsity Track 2; Varsity Tennis 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; President Junior Class; Forum 4; Cabinet 4; Reporter, Jo-Ma 4; John Quill Staff, Hi-Y 3, 4; Debating Club 1, 2; Literary Club 1; Junior Boys’ Club; Assembly 2, 3, 4; Honor Patrol 3; Centennial Program 4.

DORIS BOWEN
45 Dana Street
Undecided
No matter how old this lady grows
She’ll always be peppy—up on her toes.
Honorable Mention 2; Swimming 2; Dancing 2; Senior Girls’ Club; Tri-Y 4.

HELEN BRADY
114 Maiden Lane
Undecided
Originality is everything.
Therefore, she’s got everything.
Basketball 3, 4; Volleyball 3.
BERNICE BRAUN
320 Ridge Road West
Undecided
She has both brains and brown
Honor Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship; Honor Patrol 4; Library Club; Senior Girls’ Club; Corridor Duty 4.

EMMA JEANNE BRITTON
120 Latka Road
Penn State
Stamps are Emma Jeanne’s hobby—and she’s stuck with them.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Honorable Mention in Scholarship; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Bowling 1; Baseball Manager; Soccer 1, 2; Swimming 2, 3; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Hiking 2, 3, 4; Leaders Club 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Athletics; School Quill Staff; Stamp Club 4; Science Club 3; Dramatics Club 4; Honor Society 4; Library Club 4; Junior Girls’ Club; Senior Girls’ Club; Latin Honor Society 3; Marshall Day 3; Usher at Senior Play; Corridor Duty 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

FLORENCE BUNN
250 Clay Avenue
Lancaster College
A girl we like to have around.
The best good friend that could be found.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1; Choir 1, 2, 3; Dramatics Club 4; Senior Girls’ Club; Tri-Y 4.

JANE CAMERON
104 Alameda Street
University of Rochester
Jane is like an egg beater—a good mixer.
Red Cross Life Saving Certificate; Swimming 1, 4; Tennis 1; Choir 3; Dramatics Club 4; Senior Girls’ Club; Tri-Y 3; Centennial Program 4.

ELSIE CARLSON
1397 Ridge Road West
Undecided
The day line’s delight!
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship; Tennis 1; Gym Meets 1; Dancing 1, 3, 4; Banking 3, 4; Senior Girls’ Club; French Club 3; Homeroom President 1; Girls’ Choral Club 2; Choir 1, 2.

LUCILLE CASON
336 Kincaid Avenue
Carnegie Institute of Technology
The joy and despair of a modern’s existence.
Honorable Mention 3; Baseball 1, 2; Reserve Baseball 3; Varsity Baseball 4; Reserve Basketball 3; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Red Cross; Senior Life Saving Certificate 4; Freshman Scout; Reserve Scout 3; Varsity Scout 3, 4; Swimming 3; Varsity Track 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Crimson Member 3; Vice-President of the Freshman Class; President of the Sophomore Class; Home Room President 4; Centennial Program 4.

FREDERICK CHANDLER
516 Edgeway Avenue
Rochester School of Optometry
Marshall’s Mickey Mouse
Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention 2, 4; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Varsity Basketball 4; Homeroom Basketball 3; Reserve Basketball 2, 3; Bowling 3, 4; Freshman Cross Country; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Freshmen Scout; Varsity Track 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Senior Boys’ Club; Latin Club 2.

CHARLES CHARD
70 Avenue A
Mount St. Mary’s College
Mount St. Mary’s Baseball 4; Varsity Baseball 4; Homeroom Basketball 2; Reserve Basketball 2, 3; Bowling 3, 4; Cross Country 4; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Freshmen Scout; Varsity Track 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Senior Boys’ Club; Latin Club 2.

NORMAN CLARK
37 Lawrence Street
Rochester, New York—
West Point of the Air
White City’s resident visitor
Honorable Mention 4; Homeroom Basketball 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 1; Senior Boys’ Club; Latin Club 1.

HELEN COLE
306 Elmgard Street
Undecided
The sweetest and their Helen,
Likewise the modern.
Honorable Mention 1, 4; Piano 1; Social Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 4; President of Senior Girls’ Club.

SEVEN
RAYMOND CONLEY
605 Lexinton Avenue
Undecided
With me laurels, Colonel Lindbergh?
Sketch Club 3; Aeronautics Club 3, 4.

EDWIN COOPER
124 Maryland Street
Cornell
Pardon my British accent.
Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Baseball 2; Basketball 3; Manager of Homeroom Soccer 2; Soccer 3, 4; Bank Clerk 4; John Quill Staff; Junior-Senior Play as understudy; Dramatics Club 4; Aeronautics Club 4; Senior Boys' Club; Minor Letters in Activities 4.

ALEXANDER CULHANE
84 Lapham Street
Undecided
"A football hero" say we of "Mike"
With a unique way which we all like.
Honorable Mention 3; Homeroom Baseball 3, 4; Varsity Baseball 4; Reserve Basketball 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Honor Patrol 4.

ROBERT DAVIDSON
90 Ridgeway Avenue
Undecided
"I'm a dreamer aren't we all?"
Swimming 1, 2; Band 3, 4; Aeronautics Club 3.

ETHEL DAVIS
34 Ross Street
Mechanics Institute
Science, here I come.
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager of Baseball 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3; Swimming 1, 2; Hiking 2, 3, 4; Leaders' Club 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; John Quill Staff; Science Club 3, 4; Library Club 4; Tri-Y 4; Honor Patrol 4; Author of "A Trip to the Eternal Library"; Senior Girls' Club; Centennial Program 4; Junior Girls' Club.

ETTA WAY DOWNHILL
400 Maplewood Avenue
Undecided
"Secret Personality"
Full of Rosability.
Baseball 1; Swimming 1, 2, 3; Social Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Choir (Inter-High) 3; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.

CHARLES DUMRESE
155 Lexington Avenue
University of Rochester
He's athletic, rugged and full of pluck
And is commonly known around the school as just Chuck.
Homeroom Baseball 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Forum 3; Chorus Master 2, 3; Minor Letter in Activities 4.

MARJORIE DURBIN
185 Florence Avenue
Undecided
Happiness will always be
For one who wears such majesty.
Basketball 2; Swimming 1; Tennis 1; Gym Meet 2.

ELIZABETH ESTES
102 Curtis Street
Luna Seminary
The real pocket edition of an All-Scholastic Girl.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Swimming 2; Dancing 2; Gym Meet 2; Swimming Meet 2; John Quill Secretary; Dramatics Club 4; Students' Association Candy Counter.

DOROTHY FALKNER
307 Magaw Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
They all dash after Dol,
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Baseball 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 3, 4; Tennis 3, 4; Leaders' Club 4; Hiking 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet 1, 2; Social Dancing 1, 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 2; Major Letter in Athletics 3; Forum 3; Banking 4; Choir (Inter-High) 2; John Quill Staff; French Honor Society 3, 4; Social Director 4; Centennial Program 4; Tri-Y Secretary 1; Library Club 4; Honor Patrol 3; Homeroom Leader 3; School Award 4; Minor Letter in Activities 4.
CATHERINE FERMEAU
65 Winchester Street  Underdecided
The kind of a girl who looks before she lepo.
Once you get to know her, you're friends for keeps.
Honorable Mention 3; Basketball 1; In-Quiz Team 4; Senior Girls' Club; Troy 4.

GERALDINE FORD
42 Hamilton Street  University of Rochester
This Ford is a Model "A" girl.
Honors Roll 2; Honorable Mention 3; 4; Basketball 3; Leaders' Club 3; French Honor Society 4; Senior Girls' Club 4.

HELEN FRECH
29 Fitch Street  Underdecided
She keeps the honors in the family.
Honors Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 4; Basketball 2; Gym Meet 2; Forum 2; Latin Honor Society 3; 4; Honor Patrol 3; Senior Girls' Club.

JEAN GALEN
215 Lark Street  Underdecided
Patient and resourceful in an odd sort of way.
Yet humorous, lovable, smiling and gay.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1; Tennis 1; Social Dancing 1; Band 1; Corridor Duty 1.

FLORENCE GARDNER
230 Electric Avenue  Underdecided
Silent and slim.
With vigor and vim.
Honors Roll 2; Honorable Mention 3; 4; Latin Honor Society 4.

JANE GARDNER
175 Clay Avenue  Cornell University
Happy as the day is long.
Baseball 1, 2; Basketball 2, 4; Tennis 3, 4; Social Dancing 1, 2; 3, 4; Gym Meet 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Girls' Choral Club 3; Centennial Program 4.

BARBARA GAY
34 Riverside Street  Cornell University
My Philosophy—
For her.
Honors Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2; Tennis 1; 2; Hiking 2, 4; Dancing 2; Leaders' Club 3; Gym Meet 1; Minor Letter in Athletics 2; Major Letter in Athletics 3; Cheer (Inter-high) 2, 4; John Quill Staff; French Club 3; 4; French Club Treasurer 1; Library Club Secretary 4; National Honor Society 3; 4; National Honor Society Secretary 4; German Choir 3; Corridor Duty 3; 4; Latin Honor Society 3; Inter-high Preparatory 3; Minor Letter in Activities 4; School Award 4; Centennial Program 4.

NORAH GILLAN
215 goodwill Street  Eastman School of Music
Ideal student, perfect pal.
Cheer, cheerful, handy gal.
Honorable Mention 2, 4; Bowling 1; Gym Meet 1; Speaking Club 1; 2; Students' Association Campaign 1; Choir 1, 3; Choir (Inter-high) 4; John Quill Staff; Senior Girls' Club; Junior Girls' Club.

EVELYN GRAY
100 Raine Park  Mechanics Institute
Brains, personality.
Character and beauty.
Honors Roll 1, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1; Bowling 1; Gym Meet 1; Speaking Club 1; Class Treasurer 1; Class Secretary 4; Forum 2; Colonel 4; Troy 4; Latin Honor Society 3.

ROBERT GRINNELL
236 Electric Avenue  Mechanics Institute
Ish shut his "game" at Jef.
Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Beta Hi-Y 2; 3, 4.
WILBERT GUNNER
560 Flower City Park
Undecided
California here I care.
Honorable Mention 2, 3; Homeroom Baseball 3; Homeroom Soccer 2; John Quill Staff; Corridor Duty 3.

FRANCIS HARTMAN
21 Goodwill Street
Undecided
He didn’t find his Pearl in an oyster.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2; Boys’ Club 4.

JAMES HAYES
210 Kissingbury
New York State Merchant Marine Academy
The name of a President
And the personality of a prince.
Honorable Mention 3, 4.

KENNETH HOESTEREY
216 Curlew Street
Cornell
Ken’s got a way of his own that is striking,
He’s the kind of a fellow you just can’t help liking.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 4; Baseball Manager 4; Skating 4; Assistant Manager of Baseball 3; Homeroom Baseball 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Vice-President of Sophomore Class; Band 2, 3, 4; Editor-in-Chief of the John Quill; Understudy in the Junior-Senior Play; Senior Boys’ Club; Honor Patrol 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 3; National Honor Society 4; Vice-President of National Honor Society 4; Dramatics Club 4; Centennial Program 4; School Award 4; Minor Letter in Activities 3.

HELEN HOYT
206 Augustine Street
Rochester Business Institute
Helen is all at sea
(He’s a wavy man).
Swimming 3; Social Dancing 3.

JULIA IRELE
246 Windhurst Drive
Undecided
"I" stands for Julia and Jimmie, too.
Honorable Mention 4; Senior Girls’ Club; Tri-Y 4.

RUTH JOROLEMON
469 Augustine Street
Undecided
Ruth has that thing called poise,
She’s not a girl that makes much noise.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Gym Meet 1; Homeroom Leader 8; French Club 3; Dramatics 4.

PEGGY JOYCE
861 Magee Avenue
Undecided
Pleasing, neat, charming, sweet.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 4; Swimming 1, 2; Social Dancing 1; Gym Meet 1, 2; Forum 2, 3, 4; Cabinet 3, 4; Library Club 4.

FRANK KANE
68 Locust Street
Undecided
He never lets his studies interfere with his high school education.
Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Reserve Soccer 4; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Track 3.

ELEANOR KAUFMAN
15 Minde Street
Syracuse University
She walks off with the prize.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Forum 2, 3; Ju-Mar 2.
JOHN KELSEY
University of Rochester
With his talent and tact
Jack'll be on top some day,
But he'll never forget the friends
That he's made while on the way.
Honorable Mention 1; Baseball 4;
Basketball 4; Cabaret 4; Bankaing
4; Junior-Senior Play 4; Vice-
President of Dramatics Club 4;
Assembly Programs 2, 4; Boys'
Club 4; Homeroom President 4;
Freshmen Club; Minor Letter in
Activities 4.

FLORENCE KUMMER
20 Rand Street
Rochester Business Institute
A typical Marshallite
Virtuous and true
Honorable Mention 3; Basketball
2; Tennis 2; Social Dancing 2, 3.

SEYMOUR LASH
184 Alameda Street
Undecided
Expertered at all times.
Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Home-
room Soccer 2, 3.

ROBERT LECHEITNER
121 Clay Avenue
Undecided
Perhaps Bob's greatest attraction
lies in his subtle sense of
humor.
Honorable Mention 1; Homeroom
Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer
2; Track 4.

ALFRED LIDFELDT
287 Electric Avenue
University of Rochester
If it is always up in the air
Honor Roll 1, 4; Honorable Men-
tion 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in
Scholarship 3; Standard Bearer for
Class of January 1935; Homeroom
Baseball 2; Soccer Manager 1; Ju-
mour Reporter 1, 2; Circulation
Manager 3, 4; Aeronautics Club
President 3, 4; Honor Society 4;
Honor Patrol 3, 4; Minor Letter in
Activities 4.

KATHERINE MACKERCHAR
803 Wheatland Street
Undecided
Our Kay to O. K.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Baseball
3; Basketball 4; Soccer 3; Dance-
ing 1, 2, 3; Leaders Club 4; Minor
Letter in Athletics 4; Junior Girls'
Club; Senior Girls' Club.

DONALD MANLY
25 Parkdale Terrace
Springfield University
The light that lies in woman's eye
Hers often led to me.
Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable
Mention 2, 3, 4; Senior Red Cross
Life Saving Certificate 4; Swimming
1, 2; Tennis 4; Class Vice-
President 1; B Y 4; Honor Patrol
4.

RUTH MARLOWE
99 DeWitt Road
Undecided
Dancing is more than a pastime
with her.
Honorable Mention 4; Tennis 1, 2;
Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4.

MARIE MAYNARD
117 Stanton Street
Undecided
A person who'll blush as quick as
Marie
Possesses a charm—real modesty.
Honorable Mention 4; Baseball 4;
Volleyball 3; Dancing 4; Try V 3.

BEATRICE McCOY
85 Ave Street
Lock Haven Normal
All in favor say "aye."

ELEVEN
RUTH McKEE
375 Clay Avenue
Eastman School of Music
She will have to "Pardon his Harvard Accent."
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 1; Tennis 2, 3; Gym Meet 1; Picnics 2; Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4; Leaders' Club 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Bank Clerk 1; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 3; Inter-High Orchestra 3; Girls' Choral Club 2; School Award 4; Minor Letter in Activities 4.

GRACE MEREDITH
307 Magee Avenue
Business
Quiet, but nice.
Honorable Mention 4; Baseball 2; Basketball 2; Swimming 2; Social Dancing 1, 2; Gym Meet 2; Home Room Representative 3; Dramatics Club 4; John Quill Typist 4; Senior Girls' Club 4.

CHARLES MOYSE
200 Murray Street
Mechanics Institute
Call for Charles and you'll see red.
Honorable Mention 4; Reserve Baseball 3; Basketball 2; Swimming 2; Social Dancing 1, 2; Gym Meet 2; Home Room Representative 3; Dramatics Club 4; Cross Country 4; Home Room Soccer 2; Track 4.

JOSEPH MURRAY
392 Flower City Park
Undecided.
Joes got a kick like Scotch.
Home Room Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Reserve Soccer 2; Varsity Soccer 3, 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Senior Boys' Club.

EDWARD NACY
301 Steck Avenue
Undecided.
A half pint of good will.
Home Room Baseball 3, 4; Reserve Soccer 2; Homeroom Soccer 2.

DOROTHEA NEILLY
242 Albemarle Street
Undecided.
Smiling, beguiling.
Honorable Mention 1; Honor Roll 5; Girls' Club 4; Centennial Program 1.

ROBERT NEWELL
245 Wheatland Street
Undecided.
Full of energy and zest.
Honorable Mention 2; Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Home Room Soccer 3; Track 2.

ROBERT NORRIS
59 Ridgeway Avenue
University of Michigan
Allie plus Bob equals a good tennis match.
Honorable Mention 3; Home Room Baseball 2, 4; Basketball 1; Varsity Basketball 3, 4; Class Basketball 2; Red Cross Junior Life Saving Certificate 3; Home Room Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Manager of Track 3; Tennis 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Poem Representative 4; Bank Clerk 4; Debate Club 4; Assembly Debate 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; President of Hi-Y 1.

MARIO NOVELLI
39 Lack Street
Carnegie Tech
Marshall's gift to Mathematics
Honorable Mention 2; Home Room Baseball 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2; Band 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1; 2, 3, 4; French Club 2; Junior Club 3; Senior Club 3; Minor Letter in Activities 4.

PIERINO NOVELLI
39 Lack Street
Brockport Normal
The other half of the brilliant Novelli duo.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 2; Latin Club 2; Senior Club 2; Minor Letter in Activities 4.
BURTON PAYNE
500 Emerson Street
University of Rochester
Everyone cares to meet this Payne.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Track 3; Latin Club 4; Honor Patrol 3.

GUSTAV POLLAK
15 Broxel Street
Undecided
He's got the "stuff" to get ahead.
He's not the one who'll even be led.
Honorable Mention 3; Red Cross Junior Life Saving Certificate 2; Swimming 2, 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Dramatics Club 4.

DORIS PUFFER
101 Eastman Avenue
University of Rochester
She'll Puffer way to success.
Honorable Roll 2, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Swimming 1, 2; Tennis 1, 2; Hiking 3, 4; Dancing 4; Leaders' Club 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Secretary of Class 3; Cabinet Member 4; Tri-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Homecoming President 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; National Honor Society 4.

WILLIAM RAHN
34 McCall Road
Springfield
The Greeks had Adams, but we have Bill Rahn.
Honorable Mention 2, 3; Homecoming Basketball 4; Captain of Cross Country 4; Soccer 1; Homecoming Soccer 2; Reserve Soccer 1; Track 3; Captain of Track 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Treasurer of Class 3; H-Y 3, 4; Vice-President of H-Y 3; President of H-Y 4.

EDITH RIZZO
391 Flower City Park
Undecided
Edith's attention is engaged at present.

DELOSS ROSE
145 Alameda Street
Cornell
His freckles and his red hair,
Are what seem to make the ladies care.
Honorable Mention 4; Society 3; Centennial Program 4.

NELLIE SAUER
97 Eastman Avenue
School of Commerce
An all-round girl who's always around.
Honorable Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Basketball 1, 2; Swimming 1, 2; Tennis 3, 4; Hiking 3, 4; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Swimming Meet 2; Gym Meet 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 1; Major Letter in Athletics 2; Student Council 1, 2; Baking Clerk 1, 2; Publicity Director 4; Junior Reporter 1, 2, 3; John Quill Staff 1; Book Club 4, 3; Library Club 3, 2; French Club 4; Honor Society 3, 4; Minor Letter in Activities 3; Major Letter in Activities 4; School Award 2, 3; Honor Patrol 3; Student Secretary 4.

ROLFE SCOFIELD
700 Seneca Parkway
University of Rochester
"He,..." he brendle this "narrow school like a Colossus."
Honorable Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Reserve Baseball 3; Reserve Baseball 3; Varsity Basketball 2, 3; Varsity Soccer 4; Freshman Soccer Freshman Baseball; Freshman Basketball; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Vice-President of Class 3; Vice-President of Students' Association 3; President of Students' Association 1; Forum 3, 4; Cabinet 3, 4; Bank Clerk 1, 2; John Quill Staff 1; Latin Honor Society 3; National Honor Society 3; President of National Honor Society 1; Minor Letter in Activities 3; Major Letter in Activities 4; School Award 4.

ANNA SHANNON
22 Holmes Street
University of Rochester
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.
Anna has both, at the tips of her fingers.
Honorable Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 1; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Basketball 2, Tennis 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Dancing 4; Gym Meet 2; Leaders' Club 3; Forum 4; Bank Clerk 4; John Quill Staff 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Vice-President of French Honor Society 1; Latin Honor Society 3; National Honor Society 4; Corridor Duty 2, 3, 4; Leader of French Club at No. 54; Guardian of Flag 4; Junior Girls' Club; Homecoming Leader 3; French Council 4.

RUTHEA SHERMAN
250 Dwayne Avenue
Undecided
Ruthie's talents are sure to please
She plays and sings with equal ease.
Honorable Mention 4; Orchestra 3; Junior Girls' Club; Candy Clerk 5, 4; Student Secretary 4.

THIRTEEN
JAMES SIMPSON
171 Argo Park
Undecided

A very scientific guy.
He's Mr. Lug's pride and joy.
Honorable Roll 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball 4; Cross Country 4; Swimming 2; John Quill Staff; Science Club 3, 4; Home Room Alternate 4; Centennial Program 4.

MARY STERLING
4 Woodside Street
Undecided

Her name describes her character.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 4; Basketball 4; Swimming 2; Swimming Meet 2; Leaders' Club 4; Gym Meet 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Senior Girls' Club 1; Corridor Duty 2.

ESTHER STONE
216 Bryan Street
Undecided

The only blonde stone we ever saw.
Honorable Roll 3; Honorable Mention 4; Gym Meet 2.

PLUMA SWAIN
21 Locust Street
Undecided

If you want Plum to do a task, All you have to do is ask.

PEARL SYKES
87 Bryan Street
Rochester Business Institute
Goodness Sykes! Another edition of a charming girl.
Honorable Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Leaders' Club 4; Jo Mac Staff.

CHARLES TEMPLETON
222 Bidwell Terrace
Undecided

In track he's quite a star.
And his fame will spread afar.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Cross Country 4; Swimming 2; Track 4; Stamp Club 3, 4.

CHARLES TERRY
24 Velox Street
Northwestern University
A good loser—but he usually wins.
Honorable Mentions 2, 3; Reserve Baseball 3; Varsity Baseball 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Class Basketball 4; Cross Country 4; Soccer 2, 3; Reserve Soccer 3; Varsity Soccer 3, 4; Track 3; Dancing Club 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Forum 3; Bank Clerk 3; Senior Boys' Club; Hi Y 3, 4; Honor Patrol 3.

MILO TURNER
640 Mager Avenue
Undecided

As a rivalled junior
We hope he'll suit her.
Baseball 3, 4; Hi Y 3, 4.

ESTHER TUTHILL
190 Birr Street
Undecided

First Class Scout in more ways than one.
Honorable Mention 4; Swimming 1; Gym Meet 1; Honor Patrol 4; Senior Girls' Club.

TILLIE VACCARO
224 ½ Fulton Avenue
Highland Hospital
She's a star athlete
She's nimble of form
A girl of broader mind
We're sure you'll never find.
Honorable Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 2, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 4; Dancing 2; Dramatics Club 2; Senior Girls' Club 4; Les Balldards 4.

FOURTEEN
ROBERT VANAS
402 Clay Avenue
Undecided
Ask Robert—he knows, but just try to find out.

GORDON VRAGEL
1284 Dewey Avenue
Undecided
"Skorzy" is the name
That has brought him great fame.
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball 2; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Senior Boys' Club.

DOROTHY WAKEHAM
254 Magee Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
For she, in their favor, have given kind hearts.
Gym Meet 2; Dancing 2, 3, 4; Bank Clerk 2, 3.

FRANCIS WARD
132 Axis Street
Undecided
Teenagers' lonely contribution to Marshall's graduating class.

GORDON WATTS
318 Haven Avenue
Undecided
Quiet, but sincere.
Baseball 2; Senior Boys' Club; Science Club 4; Honor Patrol 1.

RUBY WHEELER
248 Eastman Avenue
Highland Hospital
As valuable as her name.
Honor Roll 3; Basketball 2; Tennis 1, 2, 3; Hiking 3; Dancing 3; Tri-Y 1, 2, 3; Junior Girls Club; Senior Girls' Club.

DORIS WILSON
19 Primrose Street
Rochester Business Institute
Pen Potter's only rival.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 4; Baseball 1; Swimming 1; Hiking 3, 4; Dancing 2; Forum 2; Cabinet 4; Air-Sea Staff 2, 3, 7; Student Secretary 4.

EDWARD YERKES
8 Axis Street
Mechanics Institute
There is a young man
And Ed is his name.
When Miss Gates is absent:
He's not quite the same.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Soccer 1; Reserve Soccer 3; Forum 2; Baseball 1; Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-League Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Dance Orchestra 4; Minor Letter in Activities 4.

ELLEN YULE
140 Ileasdale Park
Undecided
It isn't so hard to go to school.
When you have puds like Ellen Yule;
Dancing 2, 3.

ADELE ZUCK
1128 Dewey Avenue
Mechanics Institute
Red hair.
Skin fair.
When you meet Adele
She's always there.
Honorable Mention 4.

FIFTEEN
Class History—June, 1935

Determined not to be awed by patronizing looks from upperclassmen, members of the class of 1935 began their long-awaited high school career. The first few weeks were spent in becoming accustomed to new scenes, new methods, and new and harder subjects. We were helped in this by our class advisers, Miss Cleary and Mr. Epping, who initiated us into the many mysteries of high school life. Ronald Doe was elected president of the class and was assisted in his official duties by Virginia Malley, vice-president; Barbara Tarbox, secretary; and Bruce Battey, treasurer. To celebrate our first year and our hopes for future ones, these officers planned a successful picnic at Durand-Eastman Park in June. One of the high spots of the picnic was the sight of Miss Cleary, with the aid of three or four husky freshmen, trying to cut ice cream which had reposed too long in dry ice.

After a welcome vacation, the class returned in all the greater glory of their sophomore year. They now came at regular hours and were able, as a result, to take part in many more school activities. Officers chosen to pilot the class were: Barbara Tarbox, president; Frank Lane, vice-president; and Carleton Matthews, secretary. The chief social activity of the year was a party held at school.

The third year brought the class a new dignity, responsibility in school activities, and the realization that our pleasant class organization must be broken up. It was to give way; however, to a more inclusive organization, class clubs. This new plan only emphasized the part played by juniors in school life. Bernadette Donahue was elected president of Junior Girls' Club.

Eight members of the class were elected to the National Honor Society.

During the fourth year Carleton Mathews was voted president of the Students Association when he was a IV-1. Ronald Doe was elected vice-president; Barbara Tarbox, secretary; and John Kreutter, cheer-leader.

As we prepare to leave these majestic halls, we feel sincere regrets that we must surrender our place to other classes, that we were unable to use the new school, and that our four years have been, to most of us, all too short.

Ruth Rhoden, IV-1.
RALPH ABEL
10 Dorothy Avenue
Machinery Institute
Ralph is an "able" athlete. 3.
Honorable Mention 1; Home Room
Baseball 1, 2, 4; Intercampus Bak-
tetball 3; Home Room Basketball 2;
Bank Clerk 1, 2, 3; H.V. 3, 4.

MARION ALDRICH
1154 Dewey Avenue
Highland Hospital
A perfect woman, much in demand
To lead and comfort and command.
Dancing 2.

WILLIAM ATKINSON
28 Lakeview Park
Machinery Institute
He always comes out with flying
colors.
Social Dancing 3.

MARY JANE BAKER
586 Driving Park Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
Her ability is not in proportion to
her size.
Honorable Mention 4; Basketball
2, 3; Swimming 2, 3; Tennis 2;
Leaders' Club 4; Junior Girls' Club;
Senior Girls' Club; Tri-Y 1, 2, 3.

BRUCE BATTEY
179 Biss Street
Undecided
Here's a fellow who'll get along
His humor is great—his will is
strong.
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention
2, 3, 4; Basketball 2; Swimming 1;
Home Room Vice-president 3;
Forum 2; Cabinet 3; Bank Clerk
2, 3; Choir (Inter-High) 2; Choir
2; Minor Letter in Activities 3;
Literary Club 2; Honor Patrol 3;

JEROME BICKEL
15 Parkdale Terrace
Syracuse University
I haven't been right several times,
but I've never been wrong.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Base-
ball 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3;
Swimmer 1, 2; Swimming 1, 2;
Banking 1, 2; Freshman Club;
Dramatics 2, 3, 4; Stage Man-
ger 3.

JEAN BISHOP
111 Strathmore Drive
Undecided
It won't take Jean long to climb
to the top
Until she gets there she'll never
stop.
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention
1, 2, 3; Bank Manager 3; Senior
Girls' Club; Student Secretary 4.

BESSIE BLESSING
20 Knickerbocker Avenue
Eastman School of Music
Students who never have their
work are always blessing nurses.
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention
1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club;
Senior Girls' Club; Latin Honor
Society 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 1, 3; Girls' Choral Club 2.

CATHERINE BLONSKY
148 Atwater Road
Undecided
Stop your pack to your back
And come on a hike with Catherine.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Basketball
3; Dancing 2, 2; Hiking 2, 3;
Senior Girls' Club.

ETHYL BROAD
83 Rodessa Road
Undecided
One of her greatest assets is her
pleasant disposition.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Forum
1; Bank Clerk 2; Art Club 1, 2;
Senior Girls' Club.

SEVENTEEN
The only way to have a friend is to be one.

The rippest peach is highest on the tree.

Helen's always "Caird" to have girls like Ruth.

The rippest peach is highest on the tree.
GEORGE CARMICHAEL
276 Seneca Parkway Undecided
He does clever things in a quiet way.
Honorable Mention 3; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3; Bowling 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2.

DOLLY CLAIR
310 West High Terrace Undecided
A pretty girl, and oh, so gay!
She always drives the blues away.
Honorable Mention 3; Basketball 1.

LOUISE CLARK
100 Parkdale Terrace Undecided
Exceedingly clever and cool
One of the neatest girls in school.
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Tennis 3, 5; Dancing 1, 3; Riding 1; Science Club 3; Dramatics Club 3.

BETTY COMPTON
7 Burke Terrace  Geneseo Normal
An artist from top to toe.
Honorable Mention 2, 2; John Quill Staff; Homeroom Advertising Manager 3.

ALLEN COOK
576 Magee Avenue Undecided
Long as an actor his fame will shine.
As an actor he’s proved a gold mine.
Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Soccer 1; Cheer Leader 4; Junior-Senior Play 3; Choir 3; Minor Letter in Activities 4; Freshman Boys’ Club; Dramatics Club 3.

JOSEPH COYLE
125 Avis Street Undecided
Men of few words are the best.
Homeroom Soccer 3; Homeroom Basketball 3; Home Room Baseball 4; Reserve Soccer 3.

LUCILLE CREMALDI
283 Magee Avenue Rochester Business Institute
Garbo has long eyelashes, too.
Honorable Mention 3; Baseball 3.

HELEN CROFT
1770 Mt. Read Blvd. Undecided
It certainly is a treat
To know a girl who is so neat.
Honor Roll 1, 2; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Dancing 3; Junior Girls’ Club; Senior Girls’ Club.

JEROME CROWLEY
83 Mayflower Street Mechanics Institute
Modest, clever, and merry.
No wonder we all like Jerry.
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 3; Reserve Baseball 2; Varsity Baseball 3; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 2; Reserve Soccer 3; Varsity Soccer 4; Swimming 4; Major letter in Athletics 4; Freshman Boys’ Club; Campaign Manager 3, 4.

LENORA DAVIS
475 Clay Avenue Brockport Normal School
Her blond hair and blue eyes make her a typical heroine.
Honorable Mention 1, 2; Basketball 2; Tennis 2, 3; Dancing 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 2; Latin Honor Society 3; Senior Girls’ Club.

NINETEEN
RUTH DAVIS
478 Clay Avenue
University of Rochester
To say she's in love is no jest,
We might also add that he goes to West.
Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2; Baseball 3; Basketball 3; Social Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4; Hiking 3; Minor letter in Athletics 3; Senior Girls' Club.

ERNEST DENFORD
109 Driving Park Avenue
Undecided
Not a care nor worry in the world.
Social Dancing 1.

RONALD DOE
1548 Dewey Avenue
Undecided
Vice-Presidents aren't often heard
So his often little fame does bring,
But his voice has brought him much renown,
How that boy can sing!
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Cross Country 2; Assistant Manager Track 3; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Swimming 1; Reserve Basketball 3; Minor letter in Athletics 3; Major letter in Athletics 4; Class President; Vice-President Students Association 4; Forum 1, 2; Cabinet 4; Choir (Inter-High) 2, 3, 4; Freshman Boys' Club.

MARY DOHERTY
61 Electric Avenue
Undecided
If to my mischief, you wish the key
I'll explain, 'It's the Irish in me.'
Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 2, 3; Baseball 3, 3; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; Honor Patrol 4; Latin Honor Society 3.

BERNADETTE DONAHUE
295 Glenwood Avenue
Undecided
"Bernie" is our friend,
"Bernie" is our gal,
Right through to the end.
She's one grand gal.
Tennis 2; Gym Leader 3; Dancing 3; Bank Clerk 3; Freshman Girls' Club.

ROBERT DOOHAN
621 Mazze Avenue
Undecided
The less men talk
The more men think.
Homeroom Basketball 3; Red Cross Life Saving Certificate 2; Homeroom Soccer 1; Senior Boys' Club.

ROBERT DOYLE
605 Flower City Park
Undecided
Quiet and serious.
Rather mysterious.
Honorable Mention 1, 4; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2; Swimming 2; Freshman Club.

JAMES EASTERLY
50 Elm Street
University of Michigan
It was a good wind that blew Easterly this way.
Honorable Mention 1, 2; Homeroom Baseball 4; Homeroom Basketball 3; Track Manager 4; Homeroom Soccer 1; Cabinet 4; Ju-Mor 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Assembly Program 4; Marshall Day 3; Centennial Program 4; Senior Boys' Club.

MARGARET EVANS
67 Pulman Avenue
Undecided
Witty, entrancing, always dancing.
Honorable Mention 3; Tennis 2; Social Dancing 3, 4; Freshman Club.

NORMA FABRY
157 Ridgeway Avenue
Undecided
A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.
Honorable Mention 4; Basketball 3; Dancing 3; Hiking 3; Dramatics Club 3.
LaVERNE FECTEAU
2251 Devery Avenue
Undecided

Not with men or wine
In a serious diversion;
In a scientific expedition.
Honorable Roll 4; Honorable Mention 3; Science Club 3; Aeronautics Club 3.

HELEN GABRIEL
572 Augustine Street
Rochester Business Institute

Helen is a genius—at making friends.
Honorable Mention 1; Dancing 1; Choir 2.

HELEN GAGIE
222 Clay Avenue
St. Mary's Hospital

Punctuality is the politeness of kings.
Honorable Roll 1, 2; Honorable Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship; Swimming 1; Dancing 3.

FRANK GALLAGHER
138 Castleford Road
Undecided

His voice is as sweet
And so is he.
Honorable Mention 1; Soccer 3; Swimming 2; Choir (Inter-School) 1; Aeronautics Club 3; Centennial Program 3; Assembly Program 3.

RAY GARDNER
23 Desmond Road
Undecided

Wavy, loire, pleasant girl
A combination sure to win.
Honorable Roll 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Homecoming Baseball 2; Track Manager 2; Homecoming Soccer 2; Swimming 1, 2; Tennis 2, 4.

THOMAS GEE
82 Redwood Street
Undecided

He's English, but it doesn't affect his sense of humor.
Homecoming Baseball 1; Swimming 1; Music Club 1; Dancing 1.
RUTH GEORGE

45 Rose Street
Rochester Business Institute

"To be active is to be happy."
No, the angels say,
I've been very happy,
And so I'm always gay.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 1; Basketball 2, 3, Bowling 3; Soccer 2, 3; Swimming 2, Tennis 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball 2; Hiking 2, 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 2; Major Letter in Athletics 3; Homeroom President 4; Freshman Club; Corridor Patrol 3; Used Bookstore Librarian 1; Student Secretary 4; Student Association President 4; John Quill Typist 1; Library Club 2, 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; President of Library Club 1.

ROSE GIGLIOTTI

132 Ridgeway Avenue
Undecided

"Life is just one laugh after another."
Honorable Mention 3; Basketball 2; Swimming 2; Tennis 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Assembly Program 2; Homeroom Manager 3; Centennial Program 2; Dramatics Club 2; 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; John Quill Staff; Junior-Junior Play 2.

HELEN GRAVELLE

547 Avis Street
Undecided

Very ambitious and very fine,
The type that's worth knowing at any time.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 2; Volley Ball 2, 3; Picket Report 4; Dancing 2; Drachman Club; Girls' Choral Club 2, 3; Corridor Duty 2; Leaders' Club 3; Centennial Program 3; Dramatics Club 2; Library Club 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; Latin Honor Society 2.

DOROTHY GREEN

288 Winchester Street
Rochester Business Institute

A body, a scholar, and a good sport.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, Minor Letter in Scholarship 2; Major Letter in Scholarship 5; Baseball 2; Basketball 5; Soccer 3; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Dancing 2, 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Leaders' Club 3, 4; Forum 1, 2, 3; Cabinet 3; Honor Patrol 2; School Award 3; Marshall Day Committee 3; Committee Students' Association Dance 3; Tri-Y 3, 4; Freshman Club; Science Club 3, Senior Girls Club; Latin Honor Society 2; French Honor Society 3, 4; National Honor Society 3, 4; Minor Letter in Activities 3.

KATHRYN GREEN

410 Maplewood Avenue
Undecided

Different and sparkling with vigor,
Two traits everyone desires.
Honorable Mention 3; Basketball 2; Tennis 4; Riding 3, 4; Dramatics 3; Tri-Y 4; Latin Honor Society 3.

DOROTHY GRAHAM

209 Alameda Street
Rochester Business Institute

A basket, blushing beauty.
Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Forum 3, 4; Corridor Duty 4; Latin Honor Society 2; French Club 3; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.

JOHN GRODEN

132 Rand Street
Undecided

"J." is for Johnny.
A great kid is he.
He left with a bang
And Rhodie it be.
Honorable Mention 4; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball 3; Senior Red Cross Life Saving Certificate 3; Homeroom Soccer 3; Assembly 3; Hi-Y 2, 3.

LEONARD GROSS

53 Robin Street
Undecided

He doesn't say much, but when he does it's worth listening to.

MARY GULFOIL

11 Bower Street
Undecided

I'll be Mary.
I'll be free.
I'll be sad for nobody.
Dancing 2; Hiking 3; Student Secretary 3; Candy Counter 3, 4; Freshman Girls' Club; Junior Girls' Club.

HELEN HAHN

12 Electric Avenue
Nazareth College

Equal to any situation.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Basketball 2; Basketball 2; Tennis 4; Dancing 2, 3, 4; Hiking 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Latin Honor Society 2; French Honor Society 4; Literary Club 2; Corridor Duty 4.
IRMA HAMLIN
420 Pullison Avenue  Undecided
She's a sport of the very best sort.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Soccer 2, 3; Hiking 2, 3; Valley Ball 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Leaders' Club 3; Junior Girls' Club.

CATHARINE HOLLAND
127 Truesdale Street  Undecided
Cute and Irish, bright and sassy.
No wonder "Judge" makes us so happy.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Dancing 1, 2; Je-Mo Typist 4; Senior Girls' Club.

ELEANOR HAWKINS
169 California Drive  Undecided
Clever, quiet, and capable.
Honorable Roll 1, 3; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Dancing 2, 3; Chorus 2; French Honor Society 4.

MARI E HOULE
580 Driving Park Avenue  Undecided
Marie should have the clearest mind in the school—She changes it most often.
Honorable Mention 3; Swimming 1, 3; Tennis 1; Dancing 3; Freshman Girls' Club.

LAWRENCE HELFRICK
461 Clay Avenue  Undecided
Lawrence's favorite flower is the Lily.
Je-Mo 2; Senior Play 3.

DORIS HUBBELL
12 Fairview Heights  American School of Dramatic Art
It's a good thing Venus and Cleopatra Aren't alive today.
For they would surely step aside To give you right of way.
Honorable Roll 1, 2; Junior-Senior Play 4; Dramatics Club 4; French Honor Society 4; Chair (Inter-High) 2, 3.

NORMA HERMAN
429 Lakeview Park  Rochester Business Institute
Always ready to listen, always ready to smile.
These are only two of the things which make her as worth while.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Dancing 3, 4; Alpha Tri-Y 4.

FRANCES JANSEN
94 Winchester Street  Scheunbein School of Beauty Culture
The life of the party.
Honorable Roll 1, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Bowling 3; Tennis 2; Hiking 2, 3; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Bank Clerk 3; Je-Mo Typist and Secretary 3, 4; Home room President 4; Honor Typed 3; Tri-Y 2, 3, 4; Senior Girls' Club.

MARIE HIMES
34 Ross Street  Undecided
An ideal combination of athlete and bookworm.
Honorable Mention 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Bowling 2, 3; Bowling Manager 3; Soccer 2, 3; Swimming 2; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Hiking 3; Leaders' Club 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Freshman Girls' Club.

AUDREY JOHNSON
188 Magee Avenue  Undecided
Full of life, always glad.
Gay and cheery, she just won't be sad.
Honorable Mention 1; Basketball 2; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Freshman Club.

TWENTY-THREE
NATHAN JOHNSTON
94 Eastman Avenue
Undecided
He looks to be quiet, but appearances are deceiving.
Homerun Baseball 1, 2; Home-
room Basketball 1, 2; 3; Assistant
Manager of Basketball 3; Home-
room Soccer 1, 2; Gamma Xi-Y 3, 4.

LLOYD JONES
77 Studley Street
Undecided
Curly hair, bright blue eyes,
The kind of guy the girls all prize.
Honorable Mention 2; Homerun
Baseball 1, 2; Freshman Basket-
ball; Homerun Basketball 1; Re-
serve Soccer 3.

NORMA JOST
140 Oriole Street
Undecided
Few at us can truly boast
Such brilliance as Norma Jost.
Honor Roll 2, 3; Honorable Men-
tion 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Schol-
arship 3; Forum 1; Bank Clerk 3;
Latin Honor Society 2; French
Honor Society 3, 4; Junior Girls’
Club; Senior Girls’ Club.

ARLOENE KADER
110 Kissingbury Street
Undecided
The best things come in small
tackages.
Honorable Mention 2, 3; Dancing
3; Choir 3; Science Club 3; Tri-Y
3; Assembly Program 1; Library
Club 4.

VIOLET KAISER
28 Keogh Street
Undecided
Violet draws friends as well as she
draws pictures.
Honorable Mention 2, 4; Dancing
1, 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 2; Junior Girls’
Club.

ANDREW KAVANAUGH
21 Parkview Terrace
Undecided
“Although he’s been here a very
short while,
We’re come to know him by that
great big smile.”

ROWENA KEEGAN
501 Ridgeway Avenue
Undecided
Her winning smile is like a ray
of sunshine.
Honorable Mention 2, Gym Meet
1; Dancing 3.

IRENE KELLMAN
1048 Dewey Avenue
Undecided
At pushing a pen
This girl is a shark.
In literature
She’ll make a high mark.
Honor Roll 2, 3; Honorable Men-
tion 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholar-
ship 1; Tennis 3, 4; Dancing 2,
3, 4; Hiking 3; Volley Ball 2;
Corridor Duty 2; Leaders’ Club
4; Library Club 3, 4; Dramatics
Club 3; Science Club 3; Literary
Club 2; French Honor Society 3;
Latin Honor Society 2; Forum 4;
Jr. Mar. Staff 3, 4; John Grinn Staff;
Honors Society 3, 4.

CHARLOTTE KELSEY
178 Amanda Street
University of Rochester
She’s sweet and quite an attractive
French,
She expects to teach this world
more French.
Honorable Mention 1, 3, 4; Ten-
nis 4; Junior Girls’ Club; Senior
Girls’ Club; Corridor Duty 4.

DELORES KOHLMETZ
21 Dalton Road
Journalism
Dulmas is strong in her convic-
tions.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Jr. Mar 3;
Publicity 4; Senior Girls’ Club.
ELEANOR KORT
1172 Long Pond Road
Geneese Hospital
Vice President of the Junior Life Saving Society.
Honorable Mention 2, 3; Swimming 2.

MADELINE LAKE
2140 Ridge Road
Simon School of Embalming
Her friendly handshake and jolly laugh have endeared her to us all.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3.

FRANK LANE
481 Ave Street
University of Michigan
A keen student
And a regular fellow.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Homecoming Basketball 2, 3; Homecoming Baseball 2, 3; Manager of Cross Country 4; Homecoming Soccer 2, 3; Captain of Homecoming Baseball 2; Captains of Homecoming Soccer 3, Dancing 2, Vice-president of Freshmen, Class; Homecoming Advertising Manager 3; Senior Boys Club; Dramatic Club 4; Assembly Program 4; Minor Letter in Activities 4; Freshmen Club; Hi-Y 2, 3, Secretary of Hi-Y 2, 3.

ADELAIDE LEARY
118 Electric Avenue
Undecided
A half pint of distinctness.
Honorable Mention 4; Dancing 1; Junior Girls Club; Senior Girls Club.

MADELINE LECHLEITNER
275 Electric Avenue
Undecided
Madeleine is a mixer—she covers Jack.
Honorable Mention 3; Hiking 3; Tennis 3, 4; Dancing 2, 3, 4; Junior 4; Dramatic 3; Latin Honor Society 2.

MILTON LEVIN
84 Fullman Avenue
University of Wisconsin
Milt will be a salesman.
That we all know.
For he could sell an ice-cream
to a frozen Eskimo.
Honorable Roll 2; Honorable Mention 2; Homecoming Baseball 2; Reserve Basketball 3; Varsity Cross Country 3; Red Cross Junior Life Saving Certificate 3; Reserve Soccer 3; Varsity Soccer 4; Varsity Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Track 3; Dancing 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 2; Vice-president of Freshmen Class; Bank Clerk 1, 2, 3; Campaign Manager 2, 3, 4; Freshmen Club; John Quill Staff.

JOHN LE VEGUE
171 Gersline Street
St. Andrews Seminary
A jolly, good fellow,
And dead on the level.

GEORGE LINDSAY
60 Felix Street
Undecided
"A dollar a dollar
A ten-cent scholar.
Honorable Mention 2; Hi-Y 3.

SAM LLOYD
210 Rand Street
Undecided
Always smiling—that's why he's an likable.
Baseball 3, Soccer 3, Choir 3.

FLORENCE MAHAR
1976 Drey Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
She says the very nicest things
And smiles the sweetest way.
She lives her way she speaks and acts.
That's all one needs to say.
Swimming 1; Gym Meet 1; Secretary of Freshmen Class; Bank Clerk 3, 4.

TWENTY-FIVE
VIRGINIA MALLEY
105 Birr Street
New Rochelle College
When did we ever see
Anyone so full of T. N. T.?
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Forum 3, 4; Vice-president of Sophomore Class; Centennial Program 4; John Quill Staff; Campus Manager 3.

EVA MANLEY
600 Lexington Avenue
Undecided
All her enemies are friends
For enemies she has none.
And as her time in Marshall ends
We find her work well done.

CARLETON MATTHEWS
429 Clay Avenue
University of Rochester
The girls think he’s “ideal.”
The fellows say he’s “reel.”
Honorable Roll 1; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Cross Country 2; Manager Basketball 4; Senior Red Cross Life Saving Certificate 4; Swimming 1; Track 2, 3; Basketball 5; Minor Letter in Athletics 2; Major Letter in Athletics 3; Secretary of Junior Class; Secretary of Junior Class; Vice-president of Students Association 3; President of Students Association 4; Forum 1, 2, 3, 4; Cabinet 3, 4; Jo-Mar 4; Students Association Program 3; Centennial Play 3; Freshmen Boys’ Club; John Quill Staff; Dramatics Club 2; 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Activities 2.

LOUISE MAXSON
492 Driving Park Avenue
Strong Memorial Hospital
She’s 6, 6, 6.
Both with us and Joy.
Tr-y 1; Senior Girls’ Club 4.

ELEANOR McGUIRE
62 Holmes Street
Rochester Business Institute
Eleanor’s a wise person.
After all is done and said,
“Cause that” she lost her hat.
She’s never lost her head.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming 2; Tennis 2; Forum 3.

KATHLEEN MERCER
47 Flower City Park
William Smith College
A perfect lady—it must be true
To be admired by everyone.
Honorable Mention 3; Students Association; Campaign 4; Tr-y 4; Junior Girls’ Club; Senior Girls’ Club.

FRANCES MEULENDYKE
25 Knickerbocker Avenue
Bryn Mawr College
No one haunts her.
Nothing haunts her.
Honorable Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3, Minor Letter in Scholarship 2; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Baseball 2; Basketball 2; Manager Riding Club; Swimming 2; Tennis 3, 4; Volley Ball 2; Dancing 2, 3; Riding 1, 2, 3, 4; Leaders Club Patric; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Orchestras 1, 2; Lake-High Orchestra 3; Jo-Mar Staff 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls’ Choral Club 2; Honor Patrol 2; “Optimist” 3, 4; School Award 2; Tr-y 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Girls’ Club; Junior Girls’ Club; Assembly Program 1, 2, 3; “Les Babillians” 3, 4; Junior-Senior Play 2, 3, National Honor Society 3, 4; Minor Letter in Activities 2; Major Letter in Activities 3.

ELLA MORGAN
69 Redwood Street
School of Commerce
Surely sensible.
Beyond any friendly reach:
Surely indispensable.
Not a perturbed reach.
Honorable Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 2; Swimming 2; Bank Clerk 2; Jo-Mar Staff 3, 4; Honor Patrol 2; Student Secretary 4; John Quill Staff; Junior Girls’ Club; Senior Girls’ Club.

MARY MORRELL
111 Birr Street
Strong Memorial Hospital
She can be very serious
With either you or me,
But she is always happy
And very seldom blue.
Honorable Mention 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Science 1, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball 2, 3; Gym Meet 2; Dancing 2; Leaders Club 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Jo-Mar 4; Homemor Advertising Manager 3; Assembly Program 3; Honor Patric 3; Science Club 3; Dramatics Club 3; Senior Girls’ Club.

EDITH MOSHER
365 Knickerbocker Avenue
Undecided
She yields the smile you like to see.
She’s just the girl that must be seen.
Honorable Mention 4; Assembly Program 4; Tr-y 4; Junior Girls’ Club; Senior Girls’ Club.

TWO N T Y-S I X
Lillian Mott
551 Almeda Street
Undecided
But, oh the sin of wonder in
The darkness of her eyes.

Lois Mueller
257 Pullman Avenue
University of Rochester
Good in studies, good in fun,
To find one more can't be done.
Honor Roll 1, 4; Honorable Mention 2; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Baseball 2; Tennis 3; Volley Ball 2; Dancing 1; 2; Bank Clerk 1; Senior Girls' Club; Leaders' Club 4; Tri-Y 1, 4; Assembly Program 2; Corridor Duty 2; "Lee Baballbirds" 3, 4; "Optimates" 2; Schol Award 4; Girls' Choral Club 2; Dramatics Club 4; Juba Quill Staff.

John Murphy
220 Bryan Street
Undecided
He works when he works
And still has fun—
Full honors to John
Just can't be done.
Baseball 3.

Rodney Murrell
229 Pullman Avenue
Undecided
Marshall's mighty mite.

Eleanor Naylon
274 Mayee Avenue
Undecided
"A willing worker. That is, if you
exclude French.
Baseball 3, 4.

Lois Neary
101 Eastman Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
Lois is of the quiet sort,
But positively a joyous sport.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2; Basketball 3, 4; Tennis 1, 3, 4; Dancing 2, 4; Tri-Y 3; Senior Girls' Club; Dramatics Club 3.

Natalie Newell
456 Clay Avenue
Undecided
Outfits of friends,
Disses of clothes.
Always welcome.
Wherever she goes,
Riding 3; Dramatics Club 3, 4.

Jane Newton
519 Electric Avenue
Hiram College
Snappy, clever, full of pep,
For just bet that Jane can stop.
Tri-Y 2, 3, 4; Senior Girls' Club.

Robert Nicholas
80 Primrose Street
Undecided
There are men as good as Rob,
But none better.
Honorable Mention 4.

Ethel Mae Olin
8 Hanford Landing Road
Cornell University
Robustness is an ornament of youth.
Honorable Mention 3; Hiking 2; Tri-Y 3; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.

Twenty-Seven
GENEVIEVE PALIANI
248 Maiden Lane Road
Mechanics Institute
What a shy little artist she’ll be.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Dancing 2; Sketch Club 2.

VIOLA PALIANI
248 Maiden Lane Road
St. Mary’s Hospital
Of all the good-natured girls in our class
The honors go to this shy little lady.
Honorable Mention 3; Orchestra 3, 4; Honor Patrol 3; Junior Girls’ Club; Senior Girls’ Club.

ARTHUR PERO
72 Florida Street
Detroit University
Bowling is his specialty.
Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 4; Homeroom Basketball 1, 3, 4; Bowling 1, 2, 3, 4; Golf 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 1, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Major Letter in Athletics 4.

DOROTHY PETTIE
90 Electric Avenue
Undecided
Dorothy, why didn’t you come sooner?

RICHARD PHALER
111 Bryan Street
Undecided
Here’s a real catch for you, girls.
Homeroom Soccer 2; Swimming 2; Honor Patrol 3; Forum 1; Bank Clerk 2.

ADELAIDE PIKE
460 Pullman Avenue
Undecided
A jolly miss with flying feet.
In all ‘round good athlete.
Honorable Mention 3; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2; Soccer 2, 3; Swimming 2; Hiking 3; Leaders’ Club 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 4.

VINCENT PORTER
268 Woodcrest Road
Undecided
I ain’t lazy, I’m just dreamin’.
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 2, 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Hi-Y 4.

EDWARD POTTER
34 Carlisle Street
Undecided
Ask Doris about that icepick look in his eye.
Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3; Freshmen Basketball; Class Basketball 2; Cross Country 2; Freshmen Soccer; Reserve Soccer 2; Homeroom Soccer 2; Varsity Track 2, 3; Minor Letter in Athletics.

MARGARET PRESTON
1636 Long Pond Road
Undecided
A charming smile, a charming face.
She’s always welcome any place.
Honorable Mention 3; Dancing 4; Tri-Y 4; Junior Girls’ Club; Senior Girls’ Club.

LOUISE QUATAERT
1831 Long Pond Road
Undecided
To everyone she’s always kind.
And does the best that’s in her mind.
Honorable Mention 2, 3; Basketball 3; Tri-Y 3, 4.
MARION RAAB
317 Selby Terrace
Mechanics Institute
Ski, but seldom boards.
Shy, but always welcome.
Honorable Mention 4; Gym Meet 2.

DEAN REYNOLDS
1626 St. Paul Street
University of Rochester
You can't keep a good man down.
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention
3, 4; Forum 3; Bank Clerk 4;
Aeromatics 3; Flight Leader 4.

RUTH RHODEN
338 Curlew Street
St. Mary's Hospital
You ask me very pointedly:
"In what does she excel?"
But Ruth's clever in so many ways.
It's really hard to tell.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable
Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Major Letter
in Athletics 3; Swimming 1, 2;
Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4; 2nd Place
in Horseshow 2, 4; 1st place in
Horseshow 3; Leaders' Club 4;
Minor Letter in Athletics 2; Minor
Letter in Athletics 4; Marshall Day
4; Tri-Y 2, 3; Junior Girls' Club;
Senior Girls' Club; John Quill Staff.

BERNARD RIFE
30 St. John Avenue
Undecided
When we hear the name of "Rife".
We think of sunshine full of life.

GENEVIEVE RUBY
501 Lakeview Park
St. Mary's Hospital
In talents she's wealthy;
Her friends they are many.
Honorable Mention 3; Junior Girls' Club;
Senior Girls' Club; Dramatics 3.

HELEN SADDEN
1181 Dewey Avenue
Mechanics Institute
A great equitennist, a real personally.
Honorable Mention 4; Baseball 2;
Manager; Riding 3; Junior Red
Cross Life Saving Certificate 1;
Swimming 1, 2; Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4;
Riding 1, 2, 3, 4; 2nd place
in Horseshow 2, 4; 1st place in
Horseshow 3; Leaders' Club 4;
Minor Letter in Athletics 2; Major
Letter in Athletics 4; Marshall Day
4; Tri-Y 2, 3; Junior Girls' Club;
Senior Girls' Club; John Quill Staff.

GERALDINE SCHMIRAL
49 El-Kadac Drive
Undecided
"She's the cream of the crop."
In scholarship she's rated
Always at the top.
Honor Roll 3; Honorable
Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Seniors Girls' Club.

JOHN SCHICH
110 Pirkdale Terrace
University of Rochester
John is just the type that succeeds
in life.
Honorable Mention 2, 3; Reserve
Basketball 3; Junior Red Cross
Life Saving Certificate 1; Swim-
ming 2; Variety Track 3; Minor
Letter in Athletics 3; Forum 2, 3;
Dramatics 3; Honor Patrol 3, 4;
Homemakers President 4; John Quill
Staff.

EDITH SHULENBERG
278 Curtis Street
Undecided
A quiet girl that everyone likes.
Dancing 3.

WILLIAM SCHULZ
208 Eastman Avenue
University of Rochester
Glow runs.
When Bill comes.
Honorable Mention 1; Homemakers
Basketball 2; Cross Country 3;
Homemakers Soccer 4; Swimming 3;
Track 3, 4; Dancing Club 2, 3;
Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Forum
4; Assembly Program 5; Music
Club 3; Tri-Y 3, 4; John Quill
Staff.

TWENTY-NINE
FLORENCE SCHRATH
75 Dorothy Avenue
Undecided
"Our anxious for an ideal girl"

ELEANOR SEDERQUIST
158 Kiddlebury Street
Undecided
To dance is her delight.
To be popular—her right.
Tennis 1; Gym Meet 1; Social
Dancing 1, 2, 3; Assembly Pro-
gram 2.

HECTOR SEELY
142 Primrose Street
Undecided
Step up Hector,
We need fun.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable
Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter
in Scholarship 3; Reserve Baseball
2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3;
Interclass Bowling 2, 3; Homeroom
Soccer 2, 3; Minor Letter in Ath-
letics 3; Freshman Club.

MARTHA SERVIS
152 Clay Avenue
Undecided
In whatever she does, Martha is a
"Servis" to everyone.
Basketball 3; Dancing 3; Hiking
3; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.

MERCEDES SHEA
884 Long Pond Road
Rochester Business Institute
We've seen little of her,
But what we've seen—we like.
Swimming 2.

JAMES SHULER
33 Dorothy Avenue
Mechanics Institute
A real friend, as all who know him
will agree.
Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention
1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 3;
Homeroom Soccer 2, 3.

LOUIS SLUSSER
254 Stenton Avenue
University of Ohio
Everyone's pal.
Honorable Mention 1; Homeroom
Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basket-
ball 2, 3; Cross Country 2, 4;
Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Track 3;
Dancing 3; Minor Letter in Ath-
letics 3; Freshman Club 1; Choir
3; Dramatic Club 4; John Quill
Staff.

BArBARA SMITH
52 Albemarle Street
Undecided
To polish off her education
Barbara added sophistication.
Honorable Mention 3; Riding 2.

FLORENCE SMITH
206 Curlew Street
Undecided
This Smith that is easily distin-
guished.

MARION SMITH
227 Sherman Street
School of Commerce
Not as common as her name:
Tri-Y 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior
Girls' Club.
VERA SPOOR
249 Kislingbury Street
St. Mary's Hospital
Her friends hear praises sung,
They say, "She's such a sweet
young thing."
Honor Roll 2; Honorable
Mention 2, 3; Library Club 4.

RUTH STICKLES
297 Monroe Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
When talks are fleeting and
She's the one to make them real.
Dancing 3, 4.

RUDOLPH STOY
457 Fullman Avenue
Undecided
The girls just love that blonde guy.
Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3;
Homerroom Soccer; Homeroom Soccer 1,
2, 3.

BARBARA TARBOX
104 Mayflower Street
University of Rochester
Smiling, friendly, ambitious, pret-
ty—
An All-American girl.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable
Mention 1, 2, 3; Minor Letter in
Scholarship 4; Basketball 1; Manager of Riding Club 2; Swimming 2;
Tennis 1, 2, 3; Riding 1, 2, 3; Dancing 2, 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 2;
Major Letter in Athletics 3; Secretary of Freshmen Class; Secretary of Students Association 4; President of Sophomore Class 2; Forum 1, 2; Cabinet 4; Bank Clerk 1; School Award 2; Latin Honor Society 2; French Honor Society 3, 4; Assembly 1; Carrot Duty 2; Science Club 2; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; Tri-Y 1, 3; Radio Talks 3; Minor Letter in Activities 3.

KATHERINE THOMANN
24 Clay Avenue
Undecided
Since sweet Katherine we're not
We know we can Webster a lift.

ERWIN TOWRISS
235 Lewiston Avenue
Undecided
A boy you can't help liking.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Home-
room Baseball 1, 2, 3; Homeroom
Basketball 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 2; Freshman Soccer; Varsity Soccer 4; Reserve Soccer 3; Mail Letter in Athletics 2.

BETTY WILDEN
388 Raines Park
University of Rochester
There's brains in that fair head.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Tennis 3;
Latin Honor Society 4; Dancing 3;
Tri-Y 2.

DONALD WHITMAN
852 Stone Road
Undecided
After all shyness has its advan-
tages.
Honorable Mention 1, 2; Home-
room Baseball 1, 2.

RUTH WILDE
109 Ridgeway Avenue
Undecided
Wilde by name but gentle by na-
ture.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable
Mention 1, 3; Minor Letter in
Scholarship 4; Hiking 2, 3; Dance-
ing 1, 2; Bank Clerk 4; Je-Mar
Typist 4; John Quid Staff, Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.

PEARL WILSON
40 Dorothy Avenue
Undecided
Every fill has her Jack.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Bowling
2; Swimming 2; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Dancing 2; Hiking 2; Forum 2;
Je-Mar Typist 2, 3, 4; John Quid
Secretary, Junior Girls' Club; Sen-
or Girls' Club; Freshman Club; Tri-Y 1, 2, 3; Treasurer of Tri-Y 3; Student Secretary 4.

THIRTY-ONE
JOHN WORBOYS
232 Avis Street
Undecided
Not bashful.
Just thoughtful.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Choir 3.

ARTHUR ZELLER
232 Kissingbury Street
Rochester Business Institute
Quiet but efficient.
Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3.

MARIE GROSS
379 Flower City Park
Undecided
Her name and her knowledge are one.
Honorable Mention 3.

JACK SCHOENWEITZ
191 Goodwill Street
Undecided
Marshall’s Don Juan.
Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Social Dancing 2.

ROBERT McCOWAN
68 Oriole Street
State Police School—Troop 77
Never mind, Robert—the Prince of Wales falls off horses too.

ELEANOR SCHUCHARDT
168 Curtis Street
Undecided
Plucky and quiet.
Tennis 3; Riding 3.

JANE McSHERRY
161 Augustine Street
Undecided
She’d give you her last penny.
And tell if you acknowledged it.

FLORENCE SORG
578 Welland Road
Undecided
She’s the girl for whom we are always looking.
She’s always cheerful, and she’s fond of cooking.
Honorable Mention 3; Soccer 2.

The classes of January and June 1935 wish to express their appreciation to Mrs. Spaulding and the Art Department and Miss LeMay and the English Department for the contributions which made this book possible.
A new system of clubs has been introduced in John Marshall, the homerooms now forming the nucleus of school activities.

A committee made up of homeroom presidents, under the guidance of the advisers, plans the programs so that each homeroom is hostess at a meeting.

Most of the other organizations have been abolished so that the faculty advisers and students may devote their time and attention to the class groups.

Student Association Officers

Sitting: Carlton Matthews, President; Barbara Tarbox, Secretary. Standing: Ronald Doe, Vice-President; John Kreutter, Cheerleader.
National Honor Society


Homeroom Presidents

Forum and Cabinet


"Docket" Staff

"John Quill" Staff


Masqueeters

Freshmen Club

Have we lost our playful freshmen? We hear that they are very serious at the meetings. The boys have enjoyed the games at their meetings immensely, while the girls had a delightful time at their style show.

The purpose of this group is to give the Freshmen an idea as to what high school life really is, and to help them to become better acquainted with their new home and new friends.

The membership, including 70% of the class, indicates that this group is a very popular one.

Sophomore Club

What shall I be when I grow up? What shall I do to be fitted for this job? In what parts of our school life should I participate? What awards should I like to attain and how can I do this? These questions, ever present in the minds of sophomores particularly, are no doubt being solved for a good many of these people.

The sophomore boys are being relieved mentally by discussion of such problems as requirements for graduation and for certain careers following graduation, and they are being relieved physically by healthful participation in games.

The girls boast for their club such speakers and subjects as Harold Singleton, who entertained them with a discussion of operas and operettas; Miss Esther Tobin and Miss Barbara Calkins of the B. Forman's store who told them what to wear and how to wear it; and Miss Braedon, Superintendent of Nurses from General Hospital, who revealed the requirements and ups and downs of a modern nurse.

These helpful meetings ought to produce some of the leaders of Rochester in the years to come.

Junior Club

How would you like to go to school on Saturday? Cheer up, and thank your lucky stars you aren't going to school in South America. "This is one of our customs," said Senorita Quinturas at a recent meeting of the girls' section of this group.

Former John Marshall students, Harry Fogarty, Fred Truax, Phillip Tierney, and Edward Yewer gave the boys an idea of life at the University of Rochester.

Personality is the objective of this group. Popularity, success, and current issues are some of the topics discussed at the meetings.

Senior Club

Cock-a-doodle do, moo, moo, goodness! what has happened to the seniors? Ahem, is their mentality — No, my friend, they are merely playing a game and are enjoying it like freshmen. Dignity, however, comes into the scene when an important topic like vocations is discussed.

Miss Jean Woodbury, who spoke to the girls about retailing and its opportunities, drew hearty laughs from them when she related some of the humorous incidents that sometimes accompany this occupation.

Coach Caldwell, who spoke to the boys concerning Springfield University as a possible institution of higher learning, when Marshall has taught them all it knows, warned some of our dashing heroes that it is a school solely for boys.

These leaders and other well-known people are attempting to help the seniors choose their careers for the future.
Dramatic Club Production

"The Youngest," by Phillip Barry which has been chosen as the principal dramatic presentation of the year, calls for greater dramatic ability than the plays of the last few years. In view of its subtle nature and intense character study needed in the portrayal of the roles, the cast was selected by means of try-outs.

Richard Winslow, (Robert Storandt) the leading character, is a very timid young man whose one desire is to become a writer. The family which is almost completely under the domination of the eldest son, Oliver, (Alan Cook) insists that he follow in his father's footsteps. Nancy Blake (Doris Hubbell) the beautiful heroine, takes a sudden liking to Richard while visiting at his home. She urges him to revolt against this unjust domination.

Martha Winslow (Gertrude Hart) is the only one in the family who sympathizes with Richard. Mark Winslow (Jack Kelsey) never tires of making fun of Richard's literary ability. Alan Martin (Clayton Kress) is the family brother-in-law. He is a rising young lawyer who is attempting to free himself from the clutches of the Winslow family. His wife, portrayed by Alice Stevenson, is a young lady who is bored with the world and everything in it.

Mrs. Winslow (Betty Capstaff) believes explicitly in Oliver and enforces his orders upon the family.

Through productions such as this one, the members of this cast and of the Dramatics Club are able to gain practical experience as well as furnish excellent entertainment.

Language Clubs

French Honor Society affords the members many opportunities that they would be unable to get in the classroom, such as, conversational French and playing games. Those who maintain a record of above average in the subject are eligible for membership.

The Latin Honor Society is purely an Honorary group this term. The main event was the city-wide banquet which has taken place and will be remembered long by all.

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Band and Orchestra

Unfortunately, many players were lost by graduation and change of residence. The members are working hard to overcome this handicap.

"They have shown wonderful cooperation," says their leader, "and hope to make up this loss by next term."

The band and orchestra play at assemblies every two weeks alternately.

The enjoyment of these programs by the student body is ample proof that they are succeeding in their work.

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Interhigh Choir

John Marshall boasts approximately 25 members in this organization. During their working hours on Saturday they are rarely without visitors. Messrs. Goudolfi, Althouse, and Miss Pecbles, guest soloists from the Metropolitan appearing in the opera "Madame Butterfly," were guests of the choir.

As a result of this visit there are many autographed scraps of programs which are the valued possessions of that visit. Dr. Hollis Dann of Columbia University, who spent an hour with the choir this fall, was reluctant to leave, so he said.

As for public appearances, a coast to coast hook-up over the N.B.C. network is numbered among their past experiences.
FRESHMAN GRASSY, SOPHOMORES SASSY, JUNIORS BRASSY, SENIORS CLASSY

EIGHT, LATE, FATE

1-719920
THIRTY-NINE
“John Quill” Staff

Position

Editor-in-Chief
Copy Editors
Literal and Feature Editors
Statistics Editors
Grind Editors
Activities Editor
Sports Editor
Art Editors
Photographic Editors
Business Manager
Sales Promotion
Advertising Manager
Typists
Staff Secretaries
Adviser
Business Adviser

IV-1

Lois Mueller
Virginia Malley
Ellia Morgan
Irene Kellman
Rose Gigliotti
William Shultz
Genevieve Pallani
Betty Compton
Emery Carey
John Schoen
Helen Gagie

IV-2

Kenneth Hoesterey
Nelle Sauer
Barbara Gay
Anna Shannon
Dorothy Falkner
Norah Gillan
Edwin Cooper
Kenneth Carroll
Wilbert Gunner
James Simpson
Rolf Scofield
Ethel Davis
Charles Boulton

Allan Cook, Chairman; Fred Chandler, Carleton Matthews, Bruce Battey
Milton Levin, Chairman; Emma J. Britton, Helen Sadden, Lucile Cason, Louis Slusser
Ruth George
Lena Flatt
Ruth Wilde
Pearl Wilson

Grace Meredith
Elizabeth Estes
Miss Dorothy Champion
Daniel Houseman
Soccer

What is it that makes the crowd roar, the spectators cheer, and the players wildly enthusiastic? This seems to be no puzzle. It's a six-letter word. Your first guess is probably right. Soccer spelled with a capital "S" which stands for sportsmanship, speed, and stability. This team of ours sets a magnificent example for the younger generation and inspires them to do the feats their older brothers have accomplished.

This is a game originating in Scotland and played differently than it is here. In Scotland it is mainly a passing game and the players very seldom move from their positions, while here at home there is a zest and a quickness to the game that fairly shouts "action."

Marshall has captured this action and everyone of the participants are deserving of All Scholastic Honor. Players who fought their way from the bottom to the second place in the league are bound to succeed, and they have in the hearts of every truly loyal Marshallite.

Varsity Soccer Team

Cross-Country Team


Cross-Country

Brought back to our schools after an absence of more than two years, this sport is in some respects the most gruelling grind of all. It strengthens and builds character as well as body. It calls for your utmost and you strive to give your all. It represents sportsmanship in its true sense; that is why cross-country is ever widening its field and gaining more and more loyal supporters.

Riding

That great collector of bumps and bruises is pouncing on a student here and there throughout the school and gathering them into her fold which meets every Saturday morning at the Culver Road Armory. This collector as you may already know is Riding, and many of our Marshall girls who participate in this meet carry off honors in the annual horseshow held at Edgerton Park.

Bowling

Introduced to this school some time ago, this game of tenpins is still proving fascinating and interesting. The fascination which lies in seeing how many pins can be hit with one ball, depending somewhat on luck and aim, arouses one's interest in this sport. At Marshall both boys and girls participate. Although bowling is not a popular sport, it is a popular pastime; our players, though not the most expert bowlers, ought to finish near the top.
Homeroom Baseball

Extra! Extra! Have you heard the big news? It's usually some robbery or the election returns, but not this time, for it is even bigger news. "Homerooms 204 and 116 have won the championships of the baseball leagues." This year, when necessity required the building of the new John Marshall school on the former athletic field, soccer was replaced by homeroom baseball. This blow, however, was lessened by the uncanny abilities of these boys to stop a hard-driven ball, and as baseball is a national pastime, it is fitting that it play such an important part in our high school life.

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Dancing

To achieve personal glory—and who does not covet it—one must be a social success, and social success depends somewhat on dancing. This is an activity that has been enjoyed through the ages and one that adds to the pleasures of life.

It is taught in three different classes, beginners, intermediate, and advanced dancing. Here you may learn new steps to add to your collection. Their motto should be "A Step a Day Keeps the Blues Away."

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Golf

Golf, a game rarely watched from the sidelines, as a result of the out-of-the-way courses, nevertheless inspires its participants to such glory as is seldom realized by the mere onlooker. The smack of a club meeting that small white ball is indeed pleasant to the ear of a true golf fan; and as such, we should congratulate our representatives, for they are living up to the good old Marshall persistence by qualifying for the scholastic tournament. Thus, four of the sixteen candidates are Marshallites, something of which to be proud.
Girls' Tennis Team


Tennis

Many of our present day champions have started off with a humble beginning and gradually worked up to success in their field of activities. Tennis is no exception.

Having no outside competition, the girls do not have an opportunity to display their talent. Nevertheless, they do play exceptionally well, and there is every chance that a champion may rise from their ranks.
Metamorphosis of the Clerk

The great red sun was vanishing behind the purple hills as the straggling procession of pilgrims approached the Tabord Inn. Wearied by the ceaseless jogging of the horses, they turned dust-streaked faces toward the hospitable tavern and were cheered by visions of the sumptuous feast that awaited them.

The genial host met them at the door, his face beaming and his arms outstretched in welcome. Inside, the maids scurried about, setting the table and otherwise preparing for the feast. Great logs were thrust into the yawning fire-pit, and the flames licked at them hungrily.

The fire roared with cracking laughter and occasionally shot tiny sparks onto the hearth, as if in jest. Hustle and confusion reigned in the kitchen. In honor of the Friar, fat young swans roasted on spits and tender suckling pigs sizzled over the open fire. An incredibly old hag, ‘Old Woman’ the chief cook, thoughtfully tasted and seasoned the broth in a steaming caldron.

So absorbed was she in her task that she was oblivious of the scalding steam rising from the kettle.

While the guests had dismounted and dispersed. Some wanted rest, many wanted a bath and a change of clothes and not a few were lured by the tangy golden ale being dispersed at the bar.

The clerk, now washed and refreshed, looked as presentable as his shabby garb would permit. He strode through the barroom bent on seeking quiet in the garden. He was stopped by the jolly Friar whose merry face shown with good humour.

"Come, come, my friend, drink to the health of our host in a glass of his most excellent ale! It will bring bloom to your wan cheeks!"

The clerk hesitated and then shrugged. After all, it would be rude to refuse an invitation given in such a friendly spirit. A foaming mug was extended to him and he found himself gazing into a pair of sparkling brown eyes shaded by silken lashes. The face was small and white with a faint suggestion of rose in the cheeks. The lips were red, soft, and curving.

When they parted in laughter a provocative dimple nestled near one corner.

"Did you come to drink or to stare?" this fascinating creature demanded petulantly.

The poor clerk tried to cover his confusion by gulping down his ale. He choked and sputtered, and the room rocked with laughter.

"You must be very excited over the dinner tonight. Do you hope to win the prize for telling the best tale on the way to Canterbury?" she inquired.

He waved his hand deprecatingly. "The prize means nothing to me. My mind is on other things. Do you read Aristotle?"

The raven curls shook in dissent.

He suddenly broke down his customary barrier of reserve and began to talk. Philosophy poured from his drawn lips in an eager stream. He finally paused for breath and gazed about him. The Friar was shaking with silent laughter. The barmaid grinned impulsly and even the merchant smiled.

Could it be that they were laughing at him? He turned to the girl. Her mouth became serious but he could not read the expression.
in the brown eyes because they were demurely lowered and protected by the lashes.

Oh, what had he done? He had poured the story of philosophy into the ear of a barmaid! He realized that she had deliberately led him on to make a fool of himself. Summoning what meager dignity he could command, he stalked out of the room.

The cool grass felt soothing against his burning cheek. He opened a copy of a Greek tragedy in the original and tried to force his mind to absorb the contents of the yellowed pages, but it was all in vain. Velvet eyes appeared over the words. He turned a page. It was an illustration of the Venus de Milo. Ah, there was true beauty. The symmetry of the features was perfect. He found himself comparing the Grecian profile to the little tilted retouches and, much against his will, he admitted that he preferred the latter.

It was growing late; he really must be going in. The dinner would be ready soon. Already candles flamed in the windows of the inn. He was very reluctant to leave. It was so quiet here and so noisy inside.

He had been sitting by a long row of hedges, and he suddenly became aware of voices on the other side. He could not recognize the hoarse whispers. Unconsciously he strained to listen. As he sat by the hedges, a most amazing plot was unfolded. It was fantastic, absurd, yet undoubtedly true. Judging from the conversation, these rogues were members of a band of outlaws. Their chief had taken a fancy to a little black-haired minx at the Tabord Inn. The two conspirators had been out of favor with the chief and planned to capture the girl and present her as a peace offering.

The amazed clerk grew tense and rigid as the plot unfolded. One man was to enter her room through a window and gag her while the other waited below with a swift horse. It was to be done between midnight and dawn.

After a time the outlaws departed. The clerk remained where he was and then thoughtfully made his way toward the tavern. What should he do? Alarm the whole hostelry? No, that wouldn’t do. In the first place they would probably think that he had fallen asleep and dreamed this ridiculous scheme. In the second place, even though they failed now, the plot would eventually be successful. This was a problem which he must solve by himself.

Pleading a headache after the strenuous trip, he made his excuses to the host and went up to his little room. He met the barmaid on the stairs. She smiled, and he would have said something to her, but with a swish of her skirts and a flash of scarlet ankles she was gone.

He dropped into a chair and stared moodily into space. The thought of that little thing, helpless against the desperate rogues, filled him with nausea. Then it came to him in a flash. He loved this barmaid! It was unthinkable! He was a brilliant scholar and she an ignorant country girl. Not only that, but she had humiliated him.

Despite all this, he knew that he loved her. In a panic he realized that he would never know quiet and peace of mind again until he had won this amazing creature. But what of his career? How could he go on studying? He had no gold and no prospects of any income. Well, such trivial details as food, shelter, and clothing would have to take care of themselves. The present issue was much more important.

He sat by the window until the galaxy of stars carpeted the celestial dome and the yellow moon was high in the heavens. He stole noiselessly out of his room and out of the inn. He gathered a few pebbles in the garden and with careful aim, tossed one of them up into an open window. Nothing happened. He threw another. Nothing happened. He waited a bit and then threw a third. After a time a candle gleamed in the window and a little white-robed figure, looking surprisingly Madonna-like, appeared. The drowsy eyes widened in amazement.

"Dress and come down quickly," he called softly.
"Are you mad?"
"Yes, come down and be mad with me."
"The mellow wine has gone to your head. Go to bed."
"I have not tasted the wine. You must come down. Your life is in danger. If you don’t come down I’ll come up after you!" He made a dash toward a tree near the house and prepared to swing to an overhanging limb.
"No, no, I’ll be right down!" she whispered hastily and disappeared.
He strode about impatiently. The moon, cool and serene, gleamed through the leafy trees.
"Oh, Cynthia, you see so much of adventure and romance! How can you be content in your lonely journey? Are you never moved to feel the passions that we mortals flaunt before you?"
"To whom are you talking?" a small voice beside him demanded.

He laughed and without a word swung her up on to the lean old horse and mounted himself. "I am carrying you off tonight, ostensibly to save you from being seized by a band of rogues, but really because you are the most fascinating person in the world. We shall be wretchedly poor but riotously happy."
"I’m stupid," she reminded him. "I know nothing of the great men you have studied."
"I shall teach you," he replied gaily. "You shall learn of ancient civilizations and of deep philosophy, and you shall teach me to laugh and be merry."
And so they jogged along on the bony nag. The all-knowing moon illuminated the path before them. Their laughter rang out in the still night.
A worn dog-eared Study of Plato fell out of his pocket unnoticed and was soon lost in the dust behind them.

Ella Morgan, IV-1.

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On the Shore of Canandaigua Lake

In the eerie dawn of an early morn, I arose from my cot which was located in the dormitory of Camp Onanda. The whole world was seen through a mist of silvery gauze; then the sun suffused the sky with glory. The pink in the eastern sunrise was just spreading over the sky, and the water that lapped the shore of Canandaigua Lake was tinged with pink to match.

In the distance, lofty mountain peaks seemed to rise out of the lake, flushed with sunrise colors.

This particular day the girls had chosen to go on a nature walk. Who could resist the vivid settings of Mother Nature? Slowly we walked along the shore. The far reaching white caps were softly shaded by the white atmosphere through which they passed. At many places glittering sand could be seen through the semi-opaque water.

Suddenly our path branched off into a forest. It was a cool, sylvan spot. The path underneath the great trees was soapy and slippery from dampness in the woods. A sweet flow of melodious bird sounds filled the air. Occasionally a chipmunk or a squirrel would cross our path.

In the breathless heat of the noonday, we sighted a clearing in the forest. Quickly we made a fire and prepared a meal. The long walk had worked up a good appetite for most of us.

During the late afternoon we sat around the fire toasting marshmallows while one of the camp leaders led us in the singing of familiar camp songs.

As the glare of the sun mellowed into twilight, we turned toward the camp dormitories. The silvery star-light soon beautified the night. I remember the exotic beauty of the foliage and the brilliant moonlight which changed from glory to glory, while the soft breezes wafted the fragrance of many flowers to us. Upon reaching camp, we gathered together and sang our camp hymn. As each camper returned to the dormitory it seemed that the black velvet curtain of night had been lowered on a memorable day.

Ruth Davis, IV-1.
The Quest for Fossils

An old acquaintance of mine, named Vera, recently suggested that on some future Saturday afternoon we should go fossil hunting.

On considering the suggestion, I felt that it involved several drawbacks: first, I preferred les jeunes gens to antiquated ones; second, my mother would undoubtedly look with disfavor upon my adoption of a man-hunting career at so tender an age.

When I mentioned these decisions to my friend, she rather indignantly pointed out that she meant a search for any organic body, which, by burial in the earth's strata, had become petrified.

This having been settled, the next question before the house was that of what the well-dressed fossil hunter is wearing this season. Since the fashion magazines were keeping it a secret, it was decided to use the scientist as a model. Now the most standard type of scientist is that of a white coated old gentleman, with a lengthy white beard, gazing into a test tube. As this outfit was physically impossible, we clothed ourselves in the oldest of the family's effects, and, bidding them a fond farewell, we set out upon our scientific expedition.

Our destination was the nearby river gorge. On arriving there, we found that the river bank had been enclosed by a high fence. Signs reading "Danger! Keep Off the River Bank—Police Dept." had been hung at intervals along the fence to enhance the scenery. Not believing in signs, we proceeded to do some climbing in a high and mighty style.

It had been raining for several hours, but now the rain obligingly ceased. As the top of the river bank appeared to be composed of soft gray clay and scaly red slate, in which fossils are rarely found, it was necessary to descend wet, slippery trails about ten inches wide. As you gaze over the steep side, you have delightful vision of satiny-lined collins and lilies in the band. You are reminded of the wise old saying which states that the person who places himself on a pedestal can only step off.

Approximately half way down the hill the trail turns. Commencing at this point the hillside seems to be literally made up of small stones, in other words, a fossil hunter's heaven.

Although I am only an amateur at the art, I would suggest the following points to aspirants: plant the right foot firmly on the ground, and, bending the left knee, place the left foot ahead of the right. Then bend down, placing the elbow on the knee, allowing the right hand free to pick up stones. As you pick up the stone, hold them a few inches away from the tip of the nose and gaze earnestly at them. Try to find bird-tracks, moulds or casts made by shells, or petrified twigs on the surface of the stone. Warning: The first hundred stones are the hardest. You may be discouraged, but undoubtedly the valley will soon resound with your joyous shouts of "Success is mine!"

A happy feeling steals over you and you think respectfully of your Palolithic friend who one day said to himself, "Irene Kellman and her friend Vera will be coming here in about 100,000 years looking for fossils." With this thought in mind, we put a small twig in the mud and covered it with more mud.

I would like to relate one incident of the hunt which should be regarded as a shining example of what not to do. Near the bottom of the hill, I found the twin sister of the Rock of Gibraltar. In it was a small curious groove which appeared to be a mould made by the body of a small reptile. Its unusual markings made it improbable that it had been produced by water running over it, or other pieces of rock scalding off. It was a "find" and I hated to leave it. Using a small stone, I started to pound fiercely on my find, intending to chip off the piece containing the fossil. The only result was to break up the small pounder. Finally in desperation I hoisted it on my shoulder and started to carry it home. Without exaggeration I might state that it weighed between ten and fifteen pounds.

Tired and dirty we staggered slowly home. I met two of my friends on the street. They asked if I were training to become a piano-mover, but I assured them that my appearance was only the result of my first fossil-hunt.

Irene Kellman, IV-1.
North

THE other day while talking with some friends I heard one of them say that if there ever was another war and he was able, he would go north. For my part I agree with him; his statement made me think. What did he mean by north? Was his conception the same as mine? I finally arrived at the conclusion that north can and does mean different things to different people. In the first place, where is north? Is it in Alaska, at the North Pole, in Canada, or Labrador, or does it just typify some distant place where one could sit and let the world, with its wars and depressions, go by? I finally decided that when a person mentions north he puts his character into the word. His conception of north depends upon his characteristics.

I know of a fellow who would think of north as a cold, bleak, windswept place in which a meager, monotonous sort of life is led. All he could think of would be a bitter, cold, dull sort of a day with leaden, gray sky and a storm approaching. A wind which pierces the thickest clothing, force-fully drives the darkening clouds toward him as if it bears him a personal grudge. Then the storm breaks! Small round pellets of hard, frozen snow are whipped into his face. They cut the exposed skin like needles and cause a sharp, stinging pain. He starts to trot forward on his hampering snow shoes. His endurance is short and he soon slows down and staggers ahead, blown by the force of the ever-present wind. His rifle drops from his numb hands. He does not bother to pick it up for his mind is concentrated on reaching the comparative shelter of the forest. One of his snowshoes comes off, picking it up with half frozen hands he lays it flat on the snow before him. Almost blinded by the thick, fast falling snow he tries to put his foot through the strap. After a few seconds of unsuccessful effort he realizes the futility of his action, for the strap is broken. He has a great desire to lie down. He feels that it is impossible to go on with his most precious weapon against nature, his one strength, preserving tool, broken. Then as his temper gets the best of him he flings the useless snowshoe from him; all his hatred of his surroundings pressed in the one action.

His temper has saved him for it has made him forget the desire to quit. He blindly stumbles on. After a long, hard fight he reaches the comparative shelter of the leafless forest where the force of the wind is somewhat broken. For a moment his cut face gains his attention; he can feel the frozen blood in his beard. Again the great temptation to rest comes over him. It's warmer and he would only stop a minute. There flashes across his mind the picture of an old trapper speaking to him. "Never lay down, kid. You've got to have guts to keep goin' 'cause once you lay down it's the end." The vision drives him on. Stumbling to his knees at every step he painfully makes his way to his cabin where he falls heavily against the door. His frozen fingers can hardly lift the latch as he mumbles and raves to himself. When he finally staggers into his cabin he collapses on the floor in front of the small sheet iron stove. It is the terrible itching pain in his hands and feet which brings him to. When he is able to crawl to the wood pile he heaps more and more wood onto the fire until the heat is almost unbearable, and combined with the intense itching pain it nearly drives him crazy.

The youth blots this picture from his mind and decides he would prefer to go to war and be shot to bits rather than go raving mad because of his surroundings or the monotony of a life in the north. Does he ever stop to think, however, that most men do not go mad in the north, or that he might not be blown into enough bits to kill him but, as a result, have to go through life without an arm or leg?
To other fellows the north holds a fascination. They could easily picture the first fellow's idea of the north without becoming panic stricken for they realize that usually the more enjoyable and less dangerous part of northern life completely overshadows the dreary and life-taking episodes. They could picture a forest completely surrounding a sturdy little cabin. Against it, wood is piled in a way which gives a sense of security. Inside there are two rooms, a supply room and the living quarters.

The stock room is well filled with fur, ammunition, traps, clothing, food and other necessities. The living quarters, although crude, are comfortable. A sheet iron stove, a roughly constructed table, and a bunk are the most noticeable features. No clock or calendars are present, for time is a secondary matter in this life.

The lone inhabitant of this cabin is up with the dawn, such as it is. After preparing and consuming a hearty breakfast he starts out boldly on his string of traps. He will return at night, tired but satisfied, for he has gained more furs. At night all he wishes is a substantial supper, a pipe full of tobacco, and then a welcome bunk. This hard, clean life, away from smoky cities and dust laden air, surely presents an inviting picture.

If there were another war, would you go north?

FRANK LANE, IV-1.

"War or Peace?"

"Every war is a national calamity whether victorious or not."—Gen. Von. Moltke.

It is the spring of 1915. A ravaging European war has upset the entire world. The place, off the coast of the British Isles. A spirit of gaiety surrounds the great British liner Lusitania, far at sea. Suddenly a cry, "Torpedo!", is accompanied by a piercing noise and an explosion. The engines stop. Eyes peer; startled minds wait. The heart of the great ship has stopped beating. On board, men do not realize exactly what has happened, until the sharp, decisive commands of the officers call for order. A shrill voice calls out, "Man the life-boats! Women and children first!" Life preservers are given out; boats are lowered hastily. The ship settles slowly. The forward deck sinks beneath the waves. Screaming, struggling and praying are mingled as the waters climb. The boilers burst! The mighty Lusitania turns and slides slowly into the sea. A mass of wreckage, the dead, the dying, the sea, and the sky overhead are all that remain to tell us that a proud ship once floated there.

And so you know the account of the sinking of the Great British liner Lusitania by a German U-boat. Earlier, U-boats had preyed only on vessels of war, but fear of traps and deception led them to adopt a policy of sinking any type of enemy ship without notice. Many famous people went down with this ship, and many more not so famous. A grim tragedy—this is war!

**"How many Lusitanias would have to go down to carry the dead and missing soldiers and dead civilians of the World War? One Lusitania a day, for a year, for ten years, for twenty-five years, for fifty years, one Lusitania a day for seventy years—that is the number of Lusitanias that would be required to carry the dead, the dead of all nations who died in the war."

Over twelve million soldiers were killed in the World War; twenty million more were wounded. It was a very expensive war. It cost the world nearly a billion dollars every four days.

The next war will be far more expensive. It will be one of chemicals, as the World War was toward its end. Gases have now been invented that do not have to be breathed to kill. Wherever they settle on the skin, they produce a poison which brings almost certain death. Masks are of no use against it.

It will also be a war of airplanes. Colonel Fuller says in "The Reformation of War".
"I believe that, in future warfare, great cities, such as London, will be attacked from the air, and that a fleet of 500 airplanes, each carrying 500 ten-pound bombs of, let us suppose, mustard gas, might cause 200,000 minor casualties and throw the whole city into a panic within half an hour of their arrival. Picture, if you can, what the result will be: London for several days will be one vast raging hell! Then, the hospitals will be stormed, traffic will cease, the homeless will shrink for help, the city will be in pandemonium."

The pilots of those planes would be heroes, patriots. What fine heroism that would be!

Victory goes not to the masses or to believers in freedom, but to the militarists and munition makers.

Norman Thomas, speaking recently in Rochester, stated that he had reliable information that the United States, each month, was shipping thousands of tons of scrap iron to Japan for use in the making of munitions. Thus, if the United States did engage in war with Japan we would have the satisfaction of knowing that we were being destroyed by munitions furnished by fellow citizens.

William Randolph Hearst has presented, in his newspapers throughout the country, a campaign for greater armament. Why, in the midst of a great social and economic depression, should we increase armaments? Why, when American citizens are starving, should we take the food from their mouths for armaments?

Recently, Mayor Stanton, in a speech before a Rochester organization, stated: "If the United States disarms, we will be unprepared and thus open to attack by other nations." It is not only the disarmament of the United States that is necessary, but universal disarmament. I sincerely advocate a World Court, and also the establishment of a Department of Peace and the creation of the office of Secretary of Peace in every nation of the world.

The press of the world, as well as being a powerful educational influence, is also an international menace. The newspapers are filled with news of war and rumor of war. This we read eagerly, but the effort of the various nations for peace are not news. Few people ever knew of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact, and nobody takes it seriously. This treaty once and forever renounced war. What does it mean now? Is it, too, just a scrap of paper?

Every nation is talking peace, yet every nation is preparing for war. Every nation is preparing to win. Who ever wins a war? Who won the World War? Literally, the United States won the World War. Who is paying for the war? We are all still paying and will pay, winners as well as losers. Depression, grief, and trouble are always the results of war.

We pray for peace; we talk of peace; we write of peace, yet each year the American people spend one billion dollars as interest and principal on the war debt, nearly an billion dollars in pensions, and more than seven hundred millions to maintain the Army and Navy.

Time passes; the drums of war beat louder! The next war will probably result in the destruction of civilization. "War," said General Sherman (and he hadn't seen anything yet), "war is Hell."

In the next war there will be much more need of heroism as a herd of cattle have in the Chicago stock yards.

In closing, I wish to quote Bruce Barton from an article in the American magazine as he says:

"WAR IS NOT GLORIOUS! WAR IS SILLY! NOBODY CAN WIN A MODERN WAR!"

We must disarm.

ROBERT STORANDT, III-1.
Character Sketches of Cats

It is rather ridiculous to write a character sketch of a cat, because most people think cats have no character to speak of. I have four (no less) interesting cats whom I love very much.

First is Niggie, a large haughty tom cat, whose coat resembles black satin. In all, he is dark and handsome. His green eyes, which look like lamps in the night, have a defiant and vicious gleam. Niggie is by nature gruff and conservative, desiring no affection from anyone. In fact, he is so cross and irascible that no one would dare to pet him. He even refuses to eat with the other members of his cat-family, always wishing to eat in solitude if possible. However, on very rare occasions Niggie is in a happy mood, at which times he purrs like a motor and wants to be petted. The duration of these "streaks" is unknown, for he might suddenly snarl and become quite vicious for no reason whatsoever. When he is not at home, Niggie is usually at a cat-concert, which you sometimes hear (a little out of tune) under your bedroom window. So much for Niggie, the "cave-man."

Next is Rosie, a pretty and unusually good-natured feline. She has a delicate pink-tipped nose and large sea-green eyes which, no doubt, captivate many a tom cat. She is nearly all white but for a light brown "jacket" and brown cap, which tapers to a point in back of her white neck. Rosie's forepaws have seven toes instead of the usual five. When she walks she makes a pleasant ticking sound, caused by the two extra toes. She is loved by all because of her amiability, owing to the fact that she never seems to lose her temper. She has a peculiar fault; when she really desires something special to eat, she will follow one around (especially me) until she obtains what she's after—a "go-getter." As you would expect, Rosie (unlike Niggie) craves affection.

Felix, Rosie's older son, is everybody's favorite. He is not quite full-grown, being just six months old, but he is full of the zest for life. His coat is of an even pearl-grey, with a white face and four large white feet (inherited from his mother, undoubtedly). He almost prances when he walks, and his feet look as if they were encased in large white boxing gloves. Felix has a big Roman nose with a pink tip. He has a long comical face with yellow eyes which are at one time both melancholy and mischievous. He is just what his name implies ("felix" means "happy") for he is playful, affectionate, and like Rosie, equally good-natured. He is usually engaged in a wrestling match with his little brother, Looie. However, his paws are velvety-soft and clawless (unlike Niggie's) and therefore harmless to Looie. Last summer I took Felix with me for rambles in the woods, which he enjoyed very much. The other day, thinking I was going on another hike, he followed me half-way to school; when I noticed him and brought him home he was very much disappointed and crestfallen. His age is equivalent to the adolescent period in humans, it seems.

Last, but not least, is little Looie, an intelligent and playful kitten of two months; he is Rosie's younger son. His fur is a mixture of black and light brown; he has a white face with a black spot on his little nose. There isn't much to say about him, since, like most kittens at that age, he is playful and mischievous. Rosie, Felix, and even Niggie, sometimes, wrestle and play with him, although he is no match for their strength and size. When he sees Felix looking the other way, Looie makes himself ready to spring, makes a mechanical leap, goes sailing through space, and lands on Felix' neck. A fight ensues.

These are my pets, with whom I could amuse myself for hours, for they really are entertaining and interesting.

Genevieve Paliani, IV-1.
The American Language

The American language is a symbol of American independence and progress. American, while not fundamentally different from the English, is enough unlike it to warrant a careful and thorough study of it. During the last two centuries the most outstanding changes have been in pronunciation, use of words, and spelling. The most obvious addition has been slang.

About a hundred years ago when an author was writing a didactic article advising people to remain calm in all emergencies, he would undoubtedly waste two or three pages in leading up to his point, spend another two or three pages stating his point and then follow with a lengthy, drawn-out conclusion. After reading all that, you would probably be left in a daze trying to figure it out. The terse statement of an author of today would be "Keep Cool." Understanding that is simple because it is the American language and we are Americans. American is approximately two-thirds Anglo-Saxon. The remainder of the words is divided among the other languages with Latin taking the honors.

In England during the sixteenth century the Continental or broad "a" was disappearing and being replaced by the flat "a". Such words as "father," were pronounced with a flat "a". When the early colonists came to America, they brought the flat "a" with them and it soon became characteristic of the people who lived in America. Fashion, even in those days, was fickle and it became the style to use the Continental "a" in England. The old-fashioned "bath" became the new "bawth," and "dance" became instead the "dawnc." The Americans, who somehow or other got the idea that the English were better than they were, adopted this pronunciation. However, this imitation is regarded as an affection by all who hear it.

The Americans have always been known as people that delight in evolving new ways of saving time and they are no different in literature. For example, "neighbor" becomes "nabor"; "honour", "honor"; "axe", "ax"; "catalogue", "catalog". Not only in the matter of spelling are the two tongues different. When an Englishman wants sardines for lunch, he buys a "tin" of sardines whereas we would get a "can". The motor stops and the Englishman gets out, and peeks under the "bonnet" of the car for damages while we look under the "hood". If an Englishman wants to telephone his best girl in Brazil he has a "trunk" call put through while we content ourselves with a "long-distance call."

Although the use of objective pronouns as subjects of sentences has always been frowned upon, you often hear people say, "He and her went out together." Does this mean that we are developing a language of our own, which, as time goes on, will be totally different from any other? It would appear so.

Slang is one of the largest parts of our everyday conversation today. It may not seem possible, but slang has been in existence for hundreds of years and has changed many times. Some of our good English words were once slang words. "Ragamuffin," a slang word several hundred years ago is now a good English word with a high standing. "Wheedle" the verb meaning "to coax" is another. Many slang words have come into the language from various businesses and sports such as hunting. For example, when we say "get on the track" we don't actually mean that.

Words have degenerated in meaning in this development of America. "Fellow" used to mean nothing more or less than a boy, but it has now become a synonym for a saucy fellow. "Fellow" is now used to mean a man in general but it used to mean a partner. And as a crowning touch to this degeneration, "silly" once meant blessed or good.

These examples make it seem as if the people of the United States are developing a language entirely different from any other. However, I believe that the marvelous means of communication will bring the nations together and establish, in some future time, a language that will be universal.

HELEN FRECH, IV-2.
Le Parra's Opera

CRACKED mirror hung beneath the feeble blue-white light of a gas jet. It reflected the shrunken, leathery face of Maria Le Parra, an old Italian lace-maker who lived in a shabby room on the East Side of New York City.

Her black eyes shone brightly, and her whole face was lighted by some happy thought as she wrapped a shawl closely about her head. Then, gazing seriously at the reflection of her eyes in the glass, she whispered: "Maria Le Parra, you are going to see your son tonight for the first time in thirty years; you will really see him for the first time since you lost him in that crisis so long ago. And he is now a famous man." She chuckled happily. "Yes, a famous man, but tonight! tonight is the night when you will meet him. Then no more work, no more cold, no more hunger—just you and he together again, mother and son. We shall be happy."

With a sigh of content she peeped into her purse to reassure herself that her ticket was there. She had worked day and night and gone hungry to buy it. She turned out the gas jet, went into the snow, and shuffled up the alley in the direction of the bright lights of New York City.

The music hall was brilliant with lights and people—men in evening clothes, women in flowing gowns and beautiful jewels. Finally the lights dimmed, the curtains parted, the baton was raised, and the silver voice of Anthony Le Parra, the Metropolitan opera star, held the audience in rapture.

In the shadow of a pillar in a remote corner of the hall old Maria Le Parra sat, strained forward, her brain transfixed by her handsome son with the silver voice. Now there was no doubt in her mind that it was he. She was sure of it, for she, Maria, had once been a beautiful, famous singer in her homeland when she was young. Her son had inherited her voice; but at the time of a disastrous eruption of Vesuvius, they had fled from their home, and in the excitement and turmoil, Anthony had been lost. All these years she had searched for him; she had come to America to find him. Now she was old and poor, but here he was, in the flesh.

While all these thoughts were running through her head, the opera was rising to a triumphant climax. For three hours she sat in the same position, listening to the magic of his voice. Then the final flourish of the baton brought the curtains together, and the hall was deafened with applause. Eager to meet him at the earliest possible moment, she hurried outside just in time to see him emerge from the stage door.

With quickening steps, and with tears on her old leathery cheeks, she hurried up to him. The words, "My son," were on her lips ready to be cried out. Her moment had come—that moment she had waited for all her life, but the words stuck in her throat. A new thought swelled up in her heart.

"You will disgrace him," flashed over her. "You will ruin his chances. What will his fine friends think of him if they find his mother like this?" She stopped abruptly. She was close to him! She could hear his gay laugh! She could see his face which was already precious to her starved, old eyes. He threw his flowers into the throng which lined the street.

She caught a rose, pressed it to her heart, and with a stifled sob, disappeared into the darkness.

Cecilia Welch, II-2.
On Being Photographed

What is there about the prospect of being photographed that holds such terror for the average individual? We high and mighty Seniors have recently found it necessary to undergo such an "operation" for the Senior Annual. In doing so, our nerves have reacted strangely, and "stage-fright" before the camera has become an eminent danger.

Since I was among the first to be given an appointment, my feelings were akin to those of Columbus or Byrd when they set forth into the unknown, but I lacked the courage that they possessed. With a "gone" feeling in my limbs I left the auto in a manner both vacillating and furtive. After saying a fond farewell to my parents whom I scarcely expected to see again, I began to mount the stairs to the studio. Up, up, up, they went, causing me to lose what little breath I had, in ascending. Meanwhile a pair of fellow culprits had entered below, and I paused to await them. Then we continued on our way, finally arriving at a door marked "studio". With trembling fingers we pushed it open and sidled into a spacious and dignified waiting-room. Immediately opposite the door was the largest grandfather-clock I have ever seen. This clock had a great effect on me later, for it seemed just about the right size as it ticked off the long minutes of waiting that I experienced soon afterward.

After giving my name to the secretary, I went to the dressing-room and tried to smooth out the lines of worry and nervousness which were evident on my brow. The next few "years" were spent in scanning the photographs which were advantageously placed about the waiting room and in fervently hoping that my pictures would be at least half as attractive as they were.

Finally, the "headman" appeared; and, with a cheery smile, which seemed to me to forecast evil, led me into the "execution chamber." It was a bare place, devoid of all furniture except the necessary chair, camera, and lights. The photographer waved me to the chair and immediately began to study me with a malicious gleam in his eyes. Then he began to work.

"Now, allow me to place your head. There—tilt it a little more, and I think we'll have it just right. Hold that while I focus the camera." I wondered if he would ask me to look pretty, please. "Now, Miss Mueller, that was very well done. You pose very quickly and easily." That seemed rather questionable to me. "Please look up to this height on the curtain, Miss Mueller. There, that's right. Hold it! Hold it!" Click went the camera. "Fine! Now just a few minutes more and we'll be through." I was glad of that, for the heat of the arc-lights was reducing me to a state of liquidation, and I could feel my nerves becoming ragged. And then, after a few more clicks of the camera, the results were in the hands of the gods.

With a sigh of relief, I hurried to put on my coat and hat and left with furtive glances to right and left, indicative of my still nervous mood. Thus was ended the ordeal of being photographed. Lois Mueller, IV-1.
A Short, Short Story

It was a warm spring day in the year 1927 when the following catastrophe happened.

He was running about on the roof of the Rushville Academy and was so interested in what he was doing that he failed to note how close he was to the edge of the roof. Suddenly a loose piece of gravel gave way under his weight, and with a cry of alarm he was flung far out from the side of the building. Four stories below him lay a large laundry tub.

Over and over, around and around spun his body, as he plunged swiftly downward. A terrified scream rent the air, and with a sickening thud he hit the edge of the laundry tub, breaking his neck.

A groan, a lurch, and it was all over.

We who witnessed the scene rushed to his side, and with tender words and hushed voices carried him into the school laboratory. There the school physician carefully examined him and pronounced him dead.

We all knew that he did not have any relatives; so two days later we tearfully laid him to rest near the present site of the new school. To this day you can see the wreath covered grave of Sir Reginald, a tame white rat which we kept in the basement of the school.

CLARENCE D. WRIGHT, I-1.

There Ought To Be a Law

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—these are privileges which are expressly guaranteed every man by the Constitution. Yet we now have a menace to that liberty, a menace which does not, as yet, come within a law. This thing which is endangering American freedom is that hated, feared, detested, mysterious, covertly-admired being, the columnist.

His appearance in our daily life has been gradual but sure. The first columns were hidden on the inside pages of small newspapers. Their modern counterparts are now the most lucrative part of nearly every newspaper in the United States. A column might be defined as the opposite of a diary in every way except one. A diary is written by you, usually about your own experiences, for your pursuit. A column is written by someone else, for every one's consumption. It is comparable to the journal in that it is written about your experiences—you, and you, and you, Mr. and Mrs. America, and Miss America, too. Your privacy is as great as that of a flagpole sitter. Lives must be adjusted so that they do not come within range of fire of these scribblers. Purely business engagements must be contrived with utmost secrecy; else one's friends will read an account of them with their morning coffee.

This institution has had many effects on its victims and has wrought many changes in our lives. Formerly strong, straightforward, brisk men have taken to closing blinds and slinking down side streets. Much as one would like to turn a corner to meet Prosperity, it is a dangerous hazard because one is also sure to encounter a columnist. Tearful pleas for privacy leave him unshaken. Money holds no charms for him, and offers of bribes elicit only a scornful laugh.

Neither does the English language remain sacred. Instead of being mundanely married, people in the public eye are now "middle-aising it." Later, perhaps, they are "Reno-rated," also a la Winchell.

Remedies for this insidious evil have not yet been suggested. Perhaps an investigation of the lives of all columnists would reveal incidents which could be published, thus giving them a dose of their own medicine. Their furious quest for news leads us, however, to believe that they would have printed anything worth printing in their own columns. Mr. Pepys may have caused no little concern when people wondered just what revelations his journal would make, but it couldn't compare with the fear and trembling evinced by people opening their morning paper to see if their privacy is still safe. So, with no suggestions for the extermination of the columnist, a million voices hopelessly cry—"There ought to be a law!"

RUTH RHODEN, IV-1.
The Jewels

JAN Goethe sat listening with attentive ears to the new topic of conversation which had arisen as he sat smoking a cheroot in the lounge of an exclusive club in London. It was of particular interest to him because he was a buyer for an important jewel firm in Amsterdam.

A dark little man back from an obscure post in the Dutch East Indies was telling about a tale of two fabulous gems which was circulating about the eastern islands. It seemed that a rich Dutch planter had in his possession gems of such incredible value to himself that no one had ever been allowed to see them or verify their existence. Wondering natives had heard the proud owner boast of their beauty.

Suddenly in the breast of Goethe arose a consuming desire to see and possibly obtain the possession of these jewels. There might indeed be nothing to this rumor. On the other hand, if it were true, what advancement he might attain by securing them for his firm! After some deliberation he determined to make the journey.

The long cruise through the tropic waters seemed endless for the impatient buyer. Many doubts assailed him as to the wisdom of the course he was pursuing. But the journey’s end put an end to his fear, and he was as eager as ever when the small cutter set him ashore at a small trading post on the Java coast.

That the planter was well known was shown by the ease with which Jan Goethe learned his residence. It was inland over a rough trail some fifty miles. With some qualms Goethe realized what a farce this quest would prove if the tale were a mere fabrication of a native’s pipe.

On the third day after his arrival he came around a bend in the trail with his guides and saw a long wooden building surrounded with verdant foliage. On the screened porch sat a very fat man who, as he caught sight of the traveller, gave a glad cry and came running down the path toward him. Sitting down in the shade of the porch Goethe gave a sigh of relief for the hot sun had seared the back of his neck ever since he had left the small town on the coast.

The planter was profuse with questions. He had not seen a white person for some time as the long trek inland discouraged any cursory traveller. The last fifty miles to Goethe, however, had been but the last lap in a mighty race with the jewels as the trophy.

As soon as it seemed fitting, Goethe opened the subject of the jewels as a burning eagerness was upon him now that he had arrived. To his amazement the planter was agreeable to his request that he might be permitted to see them. With what feeling of joy and anticipation he awaited that revelation!

The planter heaved his bulk out of the chair and retired into the shadowy recesses of his domicile. Soon his bulk filled the doorway. He came onto the veranda. Behind him in the doorway stood two blushing Dutch maidens looking with curious eyes at the startled stranger.

The Dutchman smiled expansively. "Here, sir, are my daughters," he said, "the fairest jewels that I ever hope to own."

PADSMAN DAVIS, III.
Back to the Land

The sun shone cheerfully on the rich black field which had been newly ploughed. I approached the garden-to-be gaily arrayed in beach pajamas and a big straw hat, and armed with a hoe, a ball of twine, and several packages of peas, beans, carrots, beets, and radishes.

Muck is very fine soil especially when it is dry, as it was that day; and I could feel it, cool and soothing, on my almost-bare feet scantily covered by decrepit sandals. I should like to have taken the slippers off and enjoyed the feeling of the rich dark earth under my feet, but it was no time for anything so futile—there was work to be done.

"Well, let's get started," a brisk voice interrupted me. "I'll show you what to do."

I smiled to myself. It seemed somehow so ludicrous that a rising young civil engineer should be explaining to a city-bred high school girl the fine art of sowing pea seeds!

He drove a stake into the ground and then walked across the field and drove in another after much methodical pacing and many professional gestures. (Remember that he is really an engineer, not a farmer.) At length he was satisfied that it was even, and we now had two stakes at opposite ends of the plot connected by the twine. This was to be our first row of peas.

Then he proceeded to make a little trench with the hoe, carefully following the guiding twine. I opened the package of peas, and Peter (do you feel that you are sufficiently acquainted with him to address him as Peter?) told me how far apart they should be planted, and we divided the package in half and started at opposite ends of the row.

Now, by almost any mathematical calculation we should have met in the middle, but this was not the case. Farming was a novel experience for me, and I must confess that there were many philosophic pauses in which I reflected upon the wonders of nature. A pea seed has no personality nor expression, yet from it comes life in the verdant vegetable that makes spring lamb more palatable.

Peter at length overtook me in my reflections and jokingly bewailed my inefficiency. After the peas, we planted carrots and beets. It struck me as very inconsistent that the large pea seeds should produce such small peas, while the fine, almost dust-like carrot seeds became such big vegetables.

Of course by now I could stake off the rows as well as Peter but he wouldn't admit it. I suppose he hated to admit that he had been studying engineering all these years while I picked it up in half an hour.

By now new thought began to penetrate my consciousness. My back was tired, my arms were tired, in fact, I was tired all over. Still I felt rather happy. It is true that I was weary, yet I had grown weary while I was really accomplishing something. Somehow it's different from that exhausted feeling one has after a lively game of tennis.

There were still lima beans to be planted. Planting these really is an art. They must be quite far apart and in such a way that they will be able to push up thru the soil. It can't be done by walking along and scattering them in the trench; one must kneel down and sow each one individually.

Peter suddenly got chivalrous and decided that it was too hard for me, but if he sowed bean, I was determined to sow beans too. Not that I am one of those tiresome feminists, but I wanted to finish what I had started.

It really was the nicest part of the gardening. The ground was cool and soft to my fingers. Peter and I were now working side by side, yet there was practically no conversation. We were strangely silent and I felt contented and at peace with the world as I worked. How right Pearl Buck was! It was indeed, "The Good Earth." It is the very essence of life. It gives us food while we live and offers us a final resting place when food will no longer keep us alive.

Gradually the sun began to sink in the west and we decided to call it a day. As we trudged up the lane to the farmhouse we were filled with pride at our day's work.

After one of those suppers which are served only in snug old homes ten miles from a radio, I strolled out of the house again. The great orange sun was rapidly disappearing behind a rolling hill in the background. I sat down upon the cool grass which was not cropped close as
it is in the city, but just long enough to be soft and comfortable. A field of young wheat stretched before me. Much has been said about the golden wheat in the fall; but if I were able, I should write a sonnet on the green field of wheat which, when the breeze moved it, became not golden, but silver.

I heaved a delicious, tired sigh as I stretched out full length on the grass. Unconsciously I murmured aloud, "It's good to be alive."

Ella Morgan, IV-1.

Solitude

SOlITUDE. What does the word bring to your mind? In one minute I can think of a dozen word-pictures of it. It brings first a little chill and I think of bleakness, desolation, and loneliness. Yet I recall reading in a description by some admirer of nature the words, "beautiful solitude" and it sounds warm and appealing. In the same breath I think of "poignant" in connection with nature and solitude.

But often it is regarded as an enemy; it is unwanted by some types of people whose very nature demands companionship. Yet there is a certain peace in solitude, a balm to the sore heart that no companion, however sympathetic, can apply. Sometimes, wandering through nature's wonders alone, simply drinking in the beauty of one's surroundings, one's petty feelings seem trite and are swept away. A blackness of night can enwrap us as a friendly cloak; a splendor of stars serve as our companions. Does that sound bleak and desolate?

There is no full appreciation of nature in groups. I cannot bear to have chattering, gossiping people, who do not even regard the scenery, along on a hiking trip, nor do I care for the vociferous individual who will point dramatically, draw in a large breath, and explode, "Isn't it bee-oo-ti-ful?" There is no appreciation which equals that of silence.

Especially when I read a book so beautifully written that I experience emotions with the characters, do I long for seclusion. When my nose becomes suspiciously sniffly, my eyes begin to look red and bleary, and my handkerchief comes in for double duty—then solitude is a comfort. When I am interrupted thus it affects me as a cat is affected when his fur is stroked the wrong way.

I do not mean to be conceited when I say I enjoy my own company. I am aware that I like it better than some people do; but it is just as well, for I must live with myself a long time yet. I do not mean that I dislike my fellow-creatures; quite the opposite—I like them; but it is a fact that I would rather be alone sometimes than in the company of some facetious friends. I seldom suffer boredom from self-inflicted solitary confinement. It is often when I am sitting alone, my thoughts busy and uninterrupted, that a problem almost solves itself.

Yet there are some people who have an incapacity to understand or withstand solitude. It was alone in the dark vast forest that Bruthus Jones' conscience overcame him. To Eustacia, in Thomas Hardy's Return of the Native, the heath offered no comfort in its solitude; she longed for the friendliness of the city. And yet Shakespeare generally has his characters deliver their soliloquies in a moment of solitude and deep reflection.

Though it may be an odd thing, I regard solitude as a companion and sometimes welcome it warmly where no living thing is welcome.

Nellie Sauer, IV-2.
THE PAGEANTRY OF LIFE

Pedestrians through the groaning thoroughfares,
All seemingly upon their thoughts intent.
And some there are who look both young and fair;
And some whose fund of youth has all been spent.
Some seem with reckless looks the world to dare,
As if their steps adventure bound were bent;
A few, whose faces framed in silvery hair,
Are eager in which cares and woes are pent.

Each is a part of Life's continuous show;
Each is a puppet in the hands of Fate,
A thing to please the gods who rule his life.
Men fights in vain against his deadliest foe;
No matter how intense may be his hate,
He has to dance when Pan takes up his pipe.

VERA SPOOL, IV-1.

PETEY DINK

(After the style of Mary Ann)
I've studied my algebra over and over
Backwards and forwards too;
But I couldn't remember the square root of three.
And don't know what to do.
My sister told me to play with my dog,
And not to bother my head;
To call him 1.732
And you'll know it by heart, she said.
So I thought of my favorite Petey Dink,
And thought what an awful shame,
To call a perfectly lovely dog,
Such a horrible, horrible name;
But I called him my 1.732
A hundred times or more,
' till I knew the answer to the square root of three,
As well as two times four.

Next day at school, Elizabeth Moore,
Who always acts so proud,
Said the square root of three was 1.765
Almost laughed out loud,
But I wish I hadn't, for the teacher said,
"Well, Daisy, tell what you think."
I thought of my dog, and sakes alive,
I answered, "Petey Dink!"

JANE CAMERON, IV-2.

SCHOOL FEVER

I must away to school again,
To our beautiful school with its joys,
And all I ask is the tramp of feet and the corridors filled with noise,
And the bells singing, and my friends calling,
and all my teachers scolding,
While my head's tired, and my brain aches with knowledge it is holding.
I must away to school again
For the law of the state is strong.
I can't stay home, it makes me go,
'E'en when I think it's wrong.
But all I'll ask is a chair at lunch
At a table with my classmates,
And the clang of forks and the smack of lips
And a place up near the gates.

JEAN BETLAM, IV-1.

A BLIZZARD

Bulky, blackly, scalloped clouds
Uneven as horses in a half run race
Spread across the horizon's face,
Swiftly spanning a sky easily closed,
Unleashing dogs of icy wind and snow
Riding hidden in their blackest nooks
Like limousined New York or Chicago crooks;
While the life that lies below
Retreats beneath the earth's crust
To listen, frightened, to the wailing lust
Of the cloudy dogs' death calls.

ROBERT NICOLAS, IV-1.

FALL

When all the days start growing gray,
The birds begin to wing their way
Toward sunny lands in dizzy flocks,
Stopping now to rest on rocks;
Then rising up like smouldering fire,
Up into clouds fly higher, higher.
The deep green sea no longer still,
Begins to swell up like a hill
Against the shaggy, beaten, rocks.
Upsetting boats and smashing docks.
The flowers hang on stem and stalk,
Die, blow away like dusty chalk;
The leaves are turning brown and red
Nothing's green, but dead, all's dead, dead.

BETTY COMPTON, IV-1.
SUCCESS

I
Go, youth, the world before thee lies,
A challenge, waiting to see what virtues thou possess,
To see how valiantly thy will defies
Those barriers that line the road Success.

II
Take thou the gleaming sword of faith,
The brazen shield of constancy,
Then mount the road toward thy goal,
And scale each rampart fearlessly.

III
And if thy sword perchance might break,
Rendering thee helpless to the foe,
Yield not, but take thy stubbed hilt
And fight, forgetful of thy throat!

IV
Success be thine! but heed thou me,
Be not too content; complacent bliss
May place a drop of hemlock
In thy cup of victory.

Alfred Lidefeldt, IV:2
THE OLD HOUSE

The old, tired house by the railroad,
Is lonely, dismal, and gray;
Although it is sad and neglected now,
Someone lived there one day.

The windows are shattered and dirty,
The door is tumbling down;
The old, tired house by the railroad,
Once was the pride of the town.

There once was a flower garden,
And rose vines over the door;
There were joyous and happy children,
But now there aren't any more.

So we leave . . . . . .

The old, tired house by the railroad,
That is lonely, dismal, and gray;
Although it is sad and neglected now,
Someone lived there one day.

ADELAIDE PIKE, IV-1.

AUTUMNAL THOUGHTS

God paints a picture in the fall,
Exquisite hues are at His call.
Summer foliage softly goes,
And in its place Dame Autumn shows:
Yellows, browns, and deepest reds
Combining a maze of Nature's threads
To make this season of the year,
A binding thought that He is near.

JACK KELSEY, IV-2.

LIFE AND STORM

When life seems at its most repulsive stage,
When bitterness and sorrow do prevail,
And all the earth below shakes with its rage,
While skies above appear to love the gale;
Don't stop to wonder at your moody fate,
With sudden force the storm might strike you down;
Don't let it overwhelm you with its hate,
Or hold you, conscience stricken, to the ground.
For storms and life are likened to each other
In that each one starts out to conquer all,
In that they both intend to free and smother
Each obstacle that dares before them fall.
(For face the strife which you will always meet.
There is no storm of life you cannot beat.)

VIRGINIA MALLEY, IV-1.

MORTAL FLAME

Oh, burning candle, tipped with flickering flame,
And blown by wisps of wind from out the night;
You have a scintillating, upward aim,
Discovered in your tall and dancing light.
But let a god of earth or of the sky
Come near to you from out his lofty realm
And blow; a snuffed-out candle then you'll lie,
No longer captain at your steady helm.

O human flames, how vain the things you do; How useless is the effort you bestow
On those hard tasks made consecrate by you.
Of what avail, since wind from high or low, Can blow you out, to be no longer new; Now subsequent to those who made you so.

LOIS MUELLER, IV-1.
Nothing stronger than water

Goodbye Forever

A one woman man

Roses and thorns grow close together

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At times it is exasperating

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