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Rochester, N.Y. John Marshall high school

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.

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MR. WILLARD BURT

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



1-719920

9 N 42 Ch-n



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, some 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. Wishart 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 Seofield 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.

Embarking 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
Chez Marshall's aquatic star has graduated.

Honorable Mention 3; Varsity Swimming 2, 3; Banking 4; Gamma Hi-Y.



DONALD BERNER

235 Winchester Street
Undecided

The greatest men are silent.
Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3; Class Basketball 2, 3; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2, 3; Varsity Tennis 2; Senior Boys' Club.

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.



OLIVE BLAKE

111 Avis Street
Undecided

Charming, sweet, Pleasing, 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.

HELEN BAYBUTT

86 Goodwill Street
University of Rochester
Elle parle bien le français.

Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 2; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Basketball 2, 3; Red Cross Life Saving Certificate 4; Tennis 2, 3; Dancing 3; Hiking 3, 4; Leaders' Club 3, 4; Gym Meet 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Major Letter in Athletics 4; National Honor Society 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; French Club 3; Assembly Program 3.



CHARLES BOULTON

377 Seneca Parkway
University of Rochester
All assemblies resound with Charles' untutored 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 4; Reserve Soccer 3; 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, *Je Ne* 4; *Juku Quilt* Staff; Hi-Y 3, 4; Debating Club 2; Literary Club 2; Senior Boys' Club; Assembly 2, 3, 4; Honor Patrol 3; Centennial Program 4.

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.



DORIS BOWEN

43 Dana Street
Undecided

No winter have old this lady grows. She'll always be peppy—up on her toes.
Honorable Mention 4; Swimming 2; Dancing 2; Senior Girls' Club; Tri-Y 4.

RUTH BERNARD

122 Bonsteel 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.



HELEN BRADY

114 Maiden Lane
Undecided

Originality is everything. Therefore, she's got everything.
Basketball 3, 4; Volleyball 3.

BERNICE BRAUN

1165 Mt. Road Blvd.

Undecided

She has both brains and brawn
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Honor Patrol 4; Library Club 1; Senior Girls' Club; Corridor Duty 4.

EMMA JEANNE BRITTON

120 Latta Road

Penn State

Stamps are Emma Jeanne's hobby—and she's stuck with them.

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Bowling 1; Baseball Manager 2; Soccer 1, 2, 3; Swimming 2, 3; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Fencing 2, 3, 4; Leaders Club 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 3; John 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 2; Usher at Senior Play 4; Corridor Duty 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

FLORENCE BUNN

295 Oak Avenue

Limestone 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

131 Alameda Street

University of Rochester

Jane is like an egg beater—a good mixer.

Red Cross Life Saving Certificate; Swimming 3, 4; Tennis 1; Choir 3; Dramatics Club 4; Senior Girls' Club; Tri-Y 3; Centennial Program 4.

ELSIE CARLSON

1597 Ridge Road West

Undecided

The stag line's delight.

Honor Roll 1, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 4; Tennis 1; Gym Meet 1; Dancing 1, 3, 4; Banking 3, 4; Senior Girls' Club; French Club 3, 4; Homeroom President 4; Girls' Choral Club 2; Choir 1, 2.

LUCILLE CASON

326 Knickerbocker Avenue

Undecided

She has a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade and a hand to execute new business.
Honorable Mention 4; Bowling 2; Tennis 1; Student Secretary 2.

FREDERICK CHANDLER

516 Ridgeway Avenue

Carnegie Institute of Technology
The joy and despair of a maiden'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 Soccer; Reserve Soccer 3; Varsity Soccer 3, 4; Swimming 3; Varsity Track 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Cabinet Member 3; Vice-President of the Freshman Class; President of the Sophomore Class; Home Room President 4; Centennial Program 4.

CHARLES CHARD

70 Avenue A

Rochester School of Optometry
Marshall's Mickey Cochran

Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Varsity Baseball 4; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Bowling 3, 4; Freshmen Cross Country; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Freshman Soccer; Varsity Track 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 4; Senior Boys' Club; Centennial Program 4.

NORMAN CLARK

37 Lynchester Street

Randolph Field, Texas—
West Point of the Air
White City's staidest visitor

Honorable Mention 4; Homeroom Basketball 3, 4; Homeroom Soccer 3; Senior Boys' Club; Latin Play 1.

HELEN COLE

126 Elmwood Street

Undecided

The ancient had their Helen, Likewise the modern.
Honorable Mention 1, 4; Tennis 1; Social Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4; Bank Check 4; President of Senior Girls' Club.

RAYMOND CONLEY

695 Lexington Avenue
Undecided
Watch your laurels, Colonel Lindbergh!
Sketch Club 3; Aeronautics Club 3, 4.



ETTA WAY DOWNHILL

460 Maplewood Avenue
Undecided
*"Sweet Personality
Full of Rascality."*
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.

EDWIN COOPER

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



CHARLES DUMRESE

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

ALEXANDER CULHANE

84 Lapham Street
Undecided
*"A football hero" says 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 Let-
ter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in
Athletics 4; Honor Patrol 4.



MARJORIE DURBIN

185 Florence Avenue
Undecided
*Happiness will always be
for one who uses such modesty.*
Basketball 2; Swimming 1; Tennis
1; Gym Meet 2.

ROBERT DAVIDSON

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



ELIZABETH ESTES

102 Curtis Street
Lama Seminary
*The real pocket edition of an All-
Scholastic Girl.*
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Swim-
ming 2; Dancing 2; Gym Meet 2;
Swimming Meet 2; John Quill Sec-
retary; Dramatics Club 4; Stu-
dents' Association; Candy Counter.

ETHEL DAVIS

34 Ross Street
Mechanics Institute
Science, here I come.
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention
1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholar-
ship 3; Major Letter in Scholar-
ship 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basket-
ball 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager of Base-
ball 3; Soccer 1, 2, 3; Swimming
1, 2; Hiking 2, 3, 4; Leaders' Club
3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3;
Minor 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.



DOROTHY FALKNER

107 Magee Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
They all dash after Dot.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable
Mention 1, 2, 3; Minor Letter in
Scholarship 3; Major Letter in
Scholarship 4; Baseball 2; Basket-
ball 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 3; Tennis
3, 4; Leaders' Club 4; Hiking 2,
3, 4; Gym Meet 1, 2; Social Dan-
cing 1, 2; Minor Letter in Athletics
3; 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 4; Library Club 4;
Honor Patrol 3; Homeroom Leader
3; School Award 4; Minor Letter
in Activities 4.

CATHERINE FERMEAU

65 Winchester Street

Undecided

*The kind of a girl who looks before she leaps.
Once you get to know her, you're friends for keeps.*

Honorable Mention 4; Hiking 3; Jo-Mor Tynist 4; Senior Girls' Club; Tri-Y 4.

GERALDINE FORD

42 Hamilton Street

University of Rochester

*This Ford is a Model "A" girl.
Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Basketball 3; Leaders' Club 3; French Honor Society 4; Senior Girls' Club 4.*

HELEN FRECH

308 Finch Street

Undecided

*She keeps the honors in the family.
Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1; 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

219 Lark Street

Undecided

*Poised and reserved 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 3.

FLORENCE GARDNER

330 Electric Avenue

Undecided

*Slim and trim
With vigor and vim.*

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

JANE GARDNER

475 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

24 Riverside Street

Cornell University

My Philosophy—

B-Gap

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2; Tennis 1, 2; Hiking 2, 3; Dancing 2; Leaders' Club 3; Gym Meet 1; Minor Letter in Athletics 2; Major Letter in Athletics 3; Choir (Inter-high) 2, 4; John Quill Staff; French Club 3, 4; French Club Treasurer 4; 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 1; School Award 4; Centennial Program 4.

NORAH GILLAN

215 Goodwill Street

Eastman School of Music

*Idiot student, perfect pat.
Clever, cheerful, dandy pal.*

Honorable Mention 2, 4; Bowling 1; Gym Meet 1; Banking Clerk 1, 2; Students' Association Campaign 4; Choir 3; Choir (Inter-high) 4; John Quill Staff; Senior Girls' Club; Junior Girls' Club.

EVELYN GRAY

400 Raines Park

Mechanics Institute

*Brains, personality
Character and beauty*

Honor Roll 1, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1; Bowling 1; Gym Meet 1; Dancing 1, 2; Class Treasurer 1; Class Secretary 2; Forum 3; Cabinet 4; Tri-Y 3; Latin Honor Society 3.

ROBERT GRINNELL

250 Electric Avenue

Mechanics Institute

Rob shot his "game" at Jeff.

Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Home-room Soccer 2, 3; Beta H-Y 2, 3, 4.

WILBERT GUNNER

560 Flower City Park

Undecided

California here I come.

Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 2, 3; Homeroom Baseball 3; Homeroom Soccer 3; John Quill Staff; Corridor Duty 3.



JULIA IRLE

249 Windharst Drive

Undecided

"I" stands for Julia and Jimmie, too.

Honorable Mention 4; Senior Girls' Club; Tri-Y 4.

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.



RUTH JOROLEMON

468 Augustine Street

Undecided

Ruth has that thing called poise. She's not a girl that makes much noise.

Honor Roll 2; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Gym Meet 1; Homeroom Leader 3; French Club 3; Dramatics 4.

JAMES HAYES

210 Kensington

New York State Merchant Marine Academy

The name of a President and the personality of a prince.

Honorable Mention 3, 4.



PEGGY JOYCE

361 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.

KENNETH HOESTERY

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.

Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; 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.



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.

HELEN HOYT

206 Augustine Street

Rochester Business Institute

Helen is all at sea (He's a navy man).

Swimming 3; Social Dancing 3.



ELEANOR KAUFMAN

15 Minder Street

Syracuse University

She walks off with the prize.

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Forum 2, 3; Jo-Mar 2.

JOHN KELSEY

178 Alameda Street
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; Cabinet 4; Banking
4; Junior-Senior Play 4; Vice-
President of Dramatics Club 4;
Assembly Programs 3, 4; Boys'
Club 4; Homeroom President 4;
Freshmen Club; Minor Letter in
Activities 4.



KATHERINE MACKERCHAR

343 Wheatland Street

Undecided

Our Kay is O. K.

Honorable Mention 3, 4; Baseball
3; Basketball 4; Soccer 3; Danc-
ing 1, 2, 3; Leaders' Club 4; Minor
Letter in Athletics 4; Junior Girls'
Club; Senior Girls' Club.

FLORENCE KUMMER

29 Rand Street
Rochester Business Institute

*A typical Marshallite
Vicious and true.*

Honorable Mention 3; Basketball
2; Tennis 3; Social Dancing 2, 3.



DONALD MANLY

25 Parkdale Terrace

Springfield University

*The light that lies in woman's eyes
Has often led to me.*

Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable
Mention 2, 3, 4; Senior Red Cross
Life Saving Certificate 4; Swim-
ming 1, 2; Tennis 4; Class Vice-
President 1; Hi-Y 4; Honor Patrol
4.

SEYMOUR LASH

184 Alameda Street

Undecided

Unperturbed at all times.

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



RUTH MARLOWE

99 DeVitt Road

Undecided

*Dancing is more than a pastime
with her.*

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

ROBERT LECHLEITNER

121 Clay Avenue

Undecided

*Perhaps Bob's greatest attraction
lies in his subtle sense of
humor.*

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



MARIE MAYNARD

117 Stenson 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; Tri-Y 3.

ALFRED LIDFELDT

287 Electric Avenue

University of Rochester

Al 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; Jo-
Nor Reporter 1, 2; Circulation
Manager 3, 4; Aeronautics Club
President 3, 4; Honor Society 4;
Honor Patrol 3, 4; Minor Letter
in Activities 4.



BEATRICE MCCOY

85 Avis Street

Lock Haven Normal

All in favor say "Aye."

RUTH MCGREGOR

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 4; Tennis 3; Gym meet 1; Hiking 2, 3;
Dancing 1, 2, 4; Leaders' Club 4;
Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Bank Clerk 1; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 4; Latin Honor Society 3; Inter-High Orchestra 3; Girls' Choral Club 2; School Award 4; Minor Letter in Activities 4.



DOROTHEA NEILLY

242 Albemarle Street
Undecided

*Sailing, beguiling,
Grinning and winning*
Tennis Roll 1; Honorable Mention 4; Golf 1; Dancing 2; Tri-Y 1, 2; Senior Girls' Club; Centennial Program 4.



ROBERT NEWELL

285 Wheatland Street
Undecided

*Full of energy and zest,
In all things he does his best.*
Honorable Mention 2; Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Homeroom Soccer 2; Track 2.



ROBERT NORRIS

80 Ridgeway Avenue
University of Michigan
Allice plus Rob equals a good tennis match.

Honorable Mention 3; Homeroom Baseball 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Varsity Basketball 3, 4; Class Basketball 4; Red Cross Junior Life Saving Certificate 2; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Manager of Track 3; Tennis 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 2; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Forum Representative 4; Bank Clerk 4; Debating Club 4; Assembly Debate 4; H-Y 2, 3, 4; President of H-Y 2.



CHARLES MOYSE

300 Murray Street
Mechanics Institute
Call for Charles and you'll see red.
Honorable Mention 4; Reserve Baseball 3; Homeroom Basketball 4; Cross Country 4; Homeroom Soccer 2; Track 4.



MARIO NOVELLI

39 Lark Street
Carnegie Tech
Marshall's gift to Mathematics

Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; French Club 3; Senior Club; Minor Letter in Activities 4.



JOSEPH MURRAY

392 Flower City Park
Undecided

Joe's got a kick like Scotch.
Homeroom 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

504 Stebn Avenue
Undecided

A half-point of good will.
Homeroom Baseball 3, 4; Reserve Soccer 2; Homeroom Soccer 2.



PIERINO NOVELLI

29 Lark Street
Brookport Normal
The other half of the brilliant Novelli duo.

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 3; Latin Club 4; Senior Club; Minor Letter in Activities 4.



BURTON PAYNE

590 Emerson Street
University of Rochester
Everyone wishes to meet this Payne.
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Track
3; Latin Club 4; Honor Patrol 3.



DELOSS ROSE

183 Alameda Street
Cornell
*His freckles and his red hair,
Are what seem to make the ladies
care.*
Honorable Mention 4; Soccer 3;
Centennial Program 4.

GUSTAV POLLAK

18 Bronzel Street
Undecided
*He's got the "stuf" to get ahead.
He's not the one who'll ever be led.*
Honorable Mention 2; Red Cross
Junior Life Saving Certificate 2;
Swimming 2, 3; Minor Letter in
Athletics 4; Dramatics Club 4.



NELLIE SAUER

137 Eastman Avenue
School of Commerce
*An all 'round girl who's always
around.*
Honor Roll 2, 3, 4; Honorable
Mention 1, 2; Minor Letter in
Scholarship 2; 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 1; Minor
Letter in Athletics 2; Major Letter
in Athletics 2; Banking Clerk 1,
2; Publicity Director 4; *Jo-Mar*
Reporter 1, 2, 3; *John Quill* Staff
Literary Club 2, 3; Library Club
3, 4; French Club 4; Honor
Society 3, 4; Minor Letter in
Activities 3; Major Letter in Activities
4; School Award 3; Honor
Patrol 3; Student Secretary 4.

ROLFE SCOFIELD

750 Seneca Parkway
University of Rochester
*"He doth bestride this narrow
school like a Colossus."*

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable
Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter
in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in
Scholarship 4; Reserve Baseball 3;
Reserve Basketball 2; Varsity
Basketball 2, 4; Varsity Soccer 4;
Freshman Soccer; Freshman Base-
ball; 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 Stu-
dents' Association 4; Forum 3, 4;
Cabinet 3, 4; Bank Clerk 1, 2;
John Quill Staff; Latin Honor So-
ciety 3; National Honor Society 3,
4; President of National Honor
Society 4; Minor Letter in Activi-
ties 3; Major Letter in Activities
4; School Award 4.

DORIS PUFFER

184 Eastman Avenue
University of Rochester
She'll Puffer way to success.
Honor Roll 2, 3; Honorable Men-
tion 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; Home-
room President 4; French Honor
Society 3, 4; National Honor So-
ciety 4.



ANNA SHANNON

22 Holmes Street
University of Rochester
*Knowledge comes, but wisdom
lingers.*
*Anna has both at the tips of
her fingers.*

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable
Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholar-
ship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship
4; Basketball 2; Tennis 4; Minor
Letter in Athletics 4; Dancing 2,
4; Gym Meet 2; Leaders' Club 3,
4; Forum 4; Bank Clerk 3, 4;
John Quill Staff; French Honor
Society 3, 4; Vice-President of
French Honor Society 4; Latin
Honor Society 3; National Honor
Society 4; Corridor Duty 2, 3, 4;
Leader of French Club at No. 44,
4; Guardian of Flag 4; Senior
Girls' Club; Home-room Leader 3;
French Council 4.

WILLIAM RAHN

34 McCall Road
Springfield
*The Greeks had Adonis, but
we have Bill Rahn.*
Honorable Mention 2, 3; Home-room
Basketball 4; Captain of Cross
Country 4; Soccer 1; Home-room
Soccer 2; Reserve Soccer 3; Track
3; Captain of Track 4; Minor Let-
ter in Athletics 3; Treasurer of
Class 3; Tri-Y 3, 4; Vice-President
of Tri-Y 3; President of Tri-Y 4.



EDITH RIZZO

391 Flower City Park
Undecided
*Edith's attention is engaged at
present.*
Jo-Mar Typist 4.



RUTHIE SHERMAN

260 Dewey 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
3, 4; Student Secretary 4.

JAMES SIMPSON

171 Argo Park

Undecided

*A very scientific boy.
He's Mr. Log's pride and joy.*
Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Baseball 4; Cross Country 4; Swimming 2; John Quill Staff; Science Club 3, 4; Homeroom 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 3; Gym Meet 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Senior Girls' Club 4; Corridor Duty 2.



ESTHER STONE

206 Bryan Street

Undecided

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



PLUMA SWAIN

21 Locust Street

Undecided

*If you want Pluma 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.*
Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Leaders' Club 4; Jo-Mar 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 Mention 2, 3; Reserve Baseball 3; Varsity Baseball 4; Baseball 1, 2; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3; Class Basketball 4; Cross Country 1; Soccer 1, 2; Reserve Soccer 3; Varsity Soccer 3, 4; Track 2; Dancing Club 3; Major Letter in Athletics 4; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Forum 3; Bank Clerk 3; Senior Boys' Club; H.V. 3, 4; Honor Patrol 3.



MILO TURNER

640 Magee Avenue

Undecided

*As a rivalled soldier
We hope he'll suit her.*
Baseball 3, 4; H.V. 3, 4.



ESTHER TUTTILL

190 Birch 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

22½ Fulton Avenue

Highland Hospital

*She's a star athlete
She's a bundle of fun
A girl of broader mind
We're sure you'll never find.*
Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 2, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 4; Dancing 2; Dramatics Club 2; Senior Girls' Club 4; Lee Babbards 4.



ROBERT VANAS

492 Clay Avenue

Undecided

*Ask Robert—he knows,
But just try to find out*



RUBY WHEELER

248 Eastman Avenue

Highland Hospital

As valuable as her name.

Honorable Mention 3; Basketball 2; Tennis 1, 2, 3; Hiking 3; Dancing 3; Tri-Y 1, 2, 3; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.

GORDON VRAGEL

1284 Dewey Avenue

Undecided

*"Skorzi" is the name
That has brought him great fame.
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Homeroom
Basketball 2; Soccer 2, 3, 4;
Senior Boys' Club.*



DORIS WILSON

19 Primrose Street

Rochester Business Institute

Pam Potter's only rival.

Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 4; Baseball 1; Swimming 1; Hiking 3, 4; Dancing 2; Forum 3; Cabinet 4; Jo-Mar Staff 2, 3; Student Secretary 4.

DOROTHY WAKEHAM

254 Magee Avenue

Rochester Business Institute

*The gods, in their favorites, have
given kind hearts.*

Gym Meet 2; Dancing 2, 3, 4;
Bank Clerk 2, 3.



EDWARD YERKES

8 Avis Street

Mechanics Institute

*There is a young man
And Ed is his name.
When Miss Estes is absent
He's not quite the same.*

Honorable Mention 2, 3; Soccer 1; Reserve Soccer 3; Forum 2; Bank log 3; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-High Band 3, 4; Dance Orchestra 4; Minor Letter in Activities 4.

FRANCIS WARD

132 Avis Street

Undecided

*Troudequill's lovely contribution to
Marshall's graduating class.*



ELLEN YULE

136 Glendale Park

Undecided

*It isn't so hard to go to school
When you have pals like Ellen
Yule.*

Dancing 2, 3.

GORDON WATTS

315 Ravine Avenue

Undecided

Quiet, but sincere.

Baseball 2; Senior Boys' Club;
Science Club 4; Honor Patrol 4.



ADELE ZUCK

1428 Dewey Avenue

Mechanics Institute

*Red hair,
Skin fair,
When you want Adele
She's always there.*

Honorable Mention 4.

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 Matthews 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 RUODEN, IV-1.



RALPH ABEL

76 Dorothy Avenue
Mechanics Institute

Ralph is an "able" athlete.
Honorable Mention 1; Homeroom
Baseball 1, 2, 4; Interclass Bas-
ketball 3; Homeroom Basketball 3;
Bank Clerk 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y 3, 4.



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;
Soccer 1, 2, 3; Swimming 1, 2;
Banking 1, 2; Freshman Club;
Dramatics 2, 3, 4; Stage Man-
ager 3.

MARION ALDRICH

1083 Dewey Avenue
Highland Hospital

*A perfect woman, much in demand
to lead and comfort and command.*
Dancing 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 4; Honorable Mention
1, 2, 3; Bank Manager 3; Senior
Girls' Club; Student Secretary 4.

WILLIAM ATKINSON

28 Lakeview Park
Mechanics Institute

*He always comes out with flying
colors.*
Social Dancing 3.



BESSIE BLESSING

29 Knickerbocker Avenue
Eastman School of Music

*Students who never have their
work are always blessing Heaven.*

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.

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
3, 4.



CATHERINE BLONSKY

180 Albany Road
Undecided

*Strap your pack to your back
And come on a hike with Catherine.*

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

BRUCE BATTEY

179 Birch Street
Undecided

*Here's a fellow who'll get along
His honor is great—his will is
strong.*

Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention
2, 3, 4; Basketball 2; Swimming
1; Homeroom Vice-president 3;
Forum 3; Cabinet 3; Bank Clerk
2, 3; Choir (Inter-High) 2; Choir
3; Minor letter in Activities 3;
Literary Club 2; Honor Patrol 3;
Marshall Day 3.



ETHYL BROAD

83 Rodessa Road
Undecided

*One of her greatest assets is her
pleasant disposition.*

Honorable Mention 1, 3, 4; Forum
1; Bank Clerk 2; Art Club 1, 2;
Senior Girls' Club.

LEROSA BROCKMAN

114 Eastman Avenue

Undecided

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

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2; Freshmen Club; Dramatics Club 3; Senior Girls' Club; Junior Girls' Club; Know Your School Week 3; Homeroom Sales Manager 3; Centennial Program 4.



HELEN CALNAN

14 Ridgeway Avenue

Undecided

Do "Helen" and tennis always go together?

Tennis 2.



ROBERT BROWN

472 Clay Avenue

Undecided

Bob's jaw's work is never done But not with speech—gum.

Honorable Mention 1, 3; Reserve Soccer 3.



BETTY CAPSTAFF

140 Edgemere Drive

Wells College

Attractive, reserved. Her praises are deserved.

Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 3; Junior-Senior Play 3, 4; Dramatics Club 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.



ELEANOR BRUNDAGE

478 Flower City Park

Undecided

The ripest peach is highest on the tree.

Honorable mention 4; Baseball 2; Dancing 3.



KENNETH CARROLL

411 Palm Street

Undecided

If there's a goal to be made, he'll make it.

No matter what happens he can take it.

Honor Roll 1; Homeroom Baseball 3; Freshman Basketball 1; Varsity Basketball 3; Class Basketball 3, 4; Freshman Soccer 1; Varsity Soccer 2, 3, 4; Minor letter in Athletics 3; Major letter in Athletics 3; Hi-Y 4; Senior Boys' Club; John Quill staff.



LILLIAN BUCKLEY

324 Brown Street

Undecided

Big brown eyes, Soft brown hair, Just nice size, She's Jimmy's lady fair.

Dancing 2, 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.



JULIA CASKE

204 Knickerbocker Avenue

Rochester Business Institute

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low.

An excellent thing in woman."

Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 3; Dancing 2, 3, 4; Hiking 3; Minor letter in Athletics 4; Jo-Mar Typist 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; Centennial Program 3.



RUTH CAIRD

95 Desmond Street

Undecided

Marshall has always "Caired" to have girls like Ruth.

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Swimming 2; Hiking 2, 3; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.



EMERY CAREY

6673 Lake Avenue

Mechanics Institute

Carey cares for art.

Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 2, 3; Minor letter in Scholarship 3; Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 3; Soccer Manager 4; Junior Red Cross Life Saving Certificate 3; Homeroom Soccer 2; Swimming 1, 2; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Horsehoe Pitching 4; Dancing Club 2; Major letter in Athletics 4; Forum 3; Banking 3; Band 3, 4; Jo-Mar Art Editor 4; John Quill Staff; Holloween Frolic 2; Latin Honor Society 3; National Honor Society 3; Hi-Y 4; Senior Boys' Club.



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.



JOSEPH COYLE

125 Avis Street

Undecided

Men of few words are the best.

Homeroom Soccer 3; Homeroom Basketball 3; Homeroom Baseball 4; Reserve Soccer 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 3.



LUCILLE CREMALDI

285 Magee Avenue

Rochester Business Institute

Garbo has long eyelashes, too.

Honorable Mention 3; Baseball 3.

LOUISE CLARK

106 Parkdale Terrace

Undecided

Exceedingly clever and cool. One of the noblest girls in school.

Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3; Dancing 2, 3; Riding 3; Science Club 3; Dramatics Club 3.



HELEN CROFT

3770 Mt. Reed 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.

BETTY COMPTON

7 Burke Terrace

Genesee Normal

An artist from top to toe.

Honorable Mention 2, 3; John Quill Staff; Homeroom Advertising Manager 3.



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.

ALLEN COOK

576 Magee Avenue

Undecided

Long as an actor his fame will shine.

As an orator 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.



LENORA DAVIS

433 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.

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, 3; Baseball 3; Basketball 3;
Social Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4; Hiking
3; Minor letter in Athletics 3;
Senior Girls' Club.



ROBERT DOOHAN

621 Magee Avenue
Undecided
*The less men talk
The more men think.*

Honorable Mention Basketball 3; Red Cross
Life Saving Certificate 2; Home-
room Soccer 3; Senior Boys' Club.

ERNEST DENFORD

138 Driving Park Avenue
Undecided
*Not a care nor an enemy in the
world.*
Social Dancing 1.



ROBERT DOYLE

625 Flower City Park
Undecided
*Quiet and serious
Rather mysterious.*

Honorable Mention 1, 4; Home-
room Basketball 1, 3; Honorable
Basketball 1, 2; Honorable Soccer
1, 2; Swimming 2; Freshman
Club.

RONALD DOE

1548 Dewey Avenue
Undecided
*Vice-Presidents aren't often heard
So his office little fame does bring,
But his voice has brought him
much renown,
How that boy can sing!*

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Home-
room Baseball 2, 3; Honorable
Basketball 2, 3; Cross Country 2;
Assistant Manager Track 3; Home-
room Soccer 2, 3; Swimming 1;
Reserve Basketball 3; Minor letter
in Athletics 3; Major letter in Ath-
letics 4; Class President 1; Vice-
President Students Association 4;
Forum 1, 2; Cabinet 4; Choir (In-
ter-High) 2, 3, 4; Freshman Boys'
Club.



JAMES EASTERLY

50 Elm Street
University of Michigan
*It was a good wind that blew East-
erly this way.*

Honorable Mention 1, 2; Home-
room Baseball 4; Honorable Bas-
ketball 3; Track Manager 4;
Honorable Soccer 1; Cabinet 4; Ja-
mer 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Assembly
Program 4; Marshall Day 3; Cen-
tennial Program 4; Senior 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 2, 3; Junior Girls'
Club; Senior Girls' Club; Honor
Patrol 4; Latin Honor Society 3.



MARGARET EVANS

87 Pullman Avenue
Undecided
Witty, entrancing, always dancing.
Honorable Mention 3; Tennis 2;
Social Dancing 3, 4; Freshman
Club.

BERNADETTE DONAHUE

295 Glenwood Avenue
Undecided
*"Bernie" is our friend,
"Bernie" is our pal,
Right through to the end
She's our grand gal.*
Tennis 2; Gym Leader 3; Dance-
ing 3; Bank Clerk 3; Freshman
Girls' Club.



NORMA FABRY

157 Ridgeway Avenue
Undecided
*A merry heart maketh a cheerful
countenance.*
Honorable Mention 4; Basket-
ball 3; Dancing 3; Hiking 3; Dra-
matics Club 3.

LAVERNE FECTEAU

2251 Dewey Avenue

Undecided

*Not with women at wine
Do I seek diversion,
Much pleasure I find
In a scientific excursion.*

Honor 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 FERMEAU

655 Winchester Street

Schoenheit School of Beauty Culture

Dance, laugh, and be merry!

Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3; Bowling 3; Soccer 2; Swimming 1, 2; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Hiking 2, 3; Minor letter in Athletics 3; Jo-Mar Typist 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.



HELEN GAGIE

541 Clay Avenue

St. Mary's Hospital
Punctuality is the politeness of kings.

Honor Roll 1, 2; Honorable Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Swimming 1; Dancing 3, 4; Leaders' Club 3, 4; Student Secretary 3; Honor Patrol 4; John Quill Staff; Library Club 4; Optimates Club 2; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; French Honor Society 4; Literary Club 1.

LENA FLATT

1628 Ridge Road West
Rochester Business Institute

She's neither "Flat" nor sharp—just natural.

Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Baseball 2; Basketball 2; Swimming 2; Tennis 2, 3; John Quill Typist; Tri-Y 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.



FRANK GALLAGHER

136 Castleford Road

Undecided

*His voice is an asset
And so is he.*

Honorable Mention 4; Soccer 3; Swimming 2, 3; Choir (Inter-high) 3, 4; Aeronautics Club 3; Centennial Program 3; Assembly Program 3.

EILEEN FOLEY

76 Electric Avenue

Undecided

*Silence is golden
But I'm no miser.*

Honor Roll 2, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3; Tennis 4; Bank Clerk 1; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; French Honor Society 3, 4.



RAY GARDNER

23 Desmond Road

Undecided

*Wary knee, pleasant grin—
A combination sure to win.*

Honor Roll 4; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3; Homeroom Baseball 2; Track Manager 2; Homeroom Soccer 2; Swimming 1, 2; Forum 2, 4.

HAROLD FRANKEL

101 Ridge Road East
University of Southern California

*He doesn't waste the twilight
Maybe that's why he's so well-lived.*

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



THOMAS GEE

82 Redwood Street

Undecided

He's English but it doesn't affect his sense of humor.

Homeroom Baseball 3; Swimming 1; Music Club 1; Dancing 1.

RUTH GEORGE

45 Ross Street
Rochester Business Institute
"To be active is to be happy."
No the angels say.
I'm busy every minute.
And so I'm always gay.

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Basketball 2, 3; Bowling 3; Soccer 2, 3; Swimming 2; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball 2; Hiking 2, 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Major Letter in Athletics 3; Homeroom President 4; Freshman Club; Corridor Patrol 3; Used Bookstore Librarian 3; Student Secretary 4; Student Association Candy Counter 4; John Quill Typist; Library Club 2, 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; President of Library Club 4.

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 3; Homeroom Manager 3; Contentional Program 3; Dramatics Club 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; John Quill Staff; Junior-Senior Play 3.

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 3; Volley Ball 2, 3; Duckett Reporter 4; Dancing 2; Freshman Club; Girls' Choral Club 2, 3; Corridor Duty 2; Leaders' Club 3; Contentional Program 3; Dramatics Club 2; Library Club 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; Latin Honor Society 2.

DOROTHY GREEN

208 Winchester Street
Rochester Business Institute
A lady, a scholar, and a good sport.
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 2; Major Letter in Scholarship 3; Baseball 2; Basketball 2, 3; Soccer 2, 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 Dances 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

830 Maplewood Avenue
Undecided
Different and sparkling with vigor.
Two traits everyone desires.
Honorable Mention 3; Basketball 3; 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, 4; 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

112 Rand Street
Undecided
"I" is for Johnny.
A great kid is he.
He fell with a bang
And Ruthie it he
Honorable Mention 4; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Basketball 3; Senior Red Cross Life Saving Certificate 4; Homeroom Soccer 3; Assembly 3; H-Y 2, 3.

LEONARD GROSS

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

MARY GUILFOIL

14 Bauer 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; Baseball 2; Basketball 2; Tennis 4; Dancing 2, 3, 4; Hiking 3; Minor Letter in Athletics 1; Latin Honor Society 3; French Honor Society 4; Literary Club 2; Corridor Duty 4.

IRMA HAMLIN

420 Pullman 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; Volley Ball 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Leaders' Club 3; Junior Girls' Club.



CATHERINE HOLLAND

127 Truesdale Street

Undecided

Cute and trim, bright and snappy, no wonder "Fudge" makes her so happy.

Honorable Mention 3, 4; Dancing 1, 2; Jo-Mar Typist 4; Senior Girls' Club.

ELEANOR HAWKINS

189 California Drive

Undecided

Clever, quiet, and capable.

Honor Roll 1, 3; Honorable Mention 3, 4; Dancing 2; Chorus 2; French Honor Society 4.



MARIE 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

481 Clay Avenue

Undecided

Lawrence's favorite flower is the Lily.

Jo-Mar 2; Senior Play 3.



DORIS HUBBELL

13 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!

Honor Roll 1, 2; Junior-Senior Play 4; Dramatics Club 4; French Honor Society 4; Choir (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 so worth while.

Honorable Mention 3, 4; Dancing 3, 4; Alpha Tri-Y 4.



FRANCES JANSEN

94 Winchester Street

Schoenheit School of Beauty Culture

The life of the party.

Honor 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; Jo-Mar Typist and Secretary 3, 4; Homeroom President 4; Honor Patrol 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

198 Magee Avenue

Undecided

Full of life, always glad, gay and cheery, she just won't be sad.

Honorable Mention 1; Basketball 1; Dancing 1, 2, 3; Freshman Club.

NATHAN JOHNSTON

94 Eastman Avenue

Undecided

He looks to be quiet, but appearances are deceiving.

Honorable Mention 1, 2; Homeroom Basketball 1, 2, 3; Assistant Manager of Basketball 3; Homeroom Soccer 1, 2; Gamma Hi-Y 3, 4.



ANDREW KAVANAUGH

21 Parkview Terrace

Undecided

"Although he's been here a very short while, We've come to know him by that great big smile."

LLOYD JONES

77 Studley Street

Undecided

Curly hair, bright blue eyes, The kind of boy the girls all prize.

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



ROWENA KEEGAN

800 Ridgeway Avenue

Undecided

Her winsome smile is like a ray of sunshine.

Honorable Mention 3; Gym Meet 1; Dancing 3.

NORMA JOST

140 Oriole Street

Undecided

Few of us can truly boast Such brilliancy as Norma Jost.

Honor Roll 2, 3; Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Forum 4; Bank Clerk 3; Latin Honor Society 2; French Honor Society 3, 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.



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 Mention 2, 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; 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; Jo-Mar staff 3, 4; John Quill Staff; Honor Society 3, 4.

ARLOENE KADER

109 Kingsbury Street

Undecided

The best things come in small packages.

Honorable Mention 2, 3; Dancing 3; Choir 3; Science Club 3; Tri-Y 3; Assembly Program 1; Library Club 4.



CHARLOTTE KELSEY

178 Alameda Street

University of Rochester

She's sweet and quite an attractive wench. She aspires to teach this world more French.

Honorable Mention 1, 3, 4; Tennis 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club; Corridor Duty 4.

VIOLET KAISER

28 Keshl 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.



DELORIS KOHLMETZ

21 Dalton Road

Journalism

Deloris is strong in her convictions.

Honorable Mention 3, 4; Jo-Mar 3; Publicity 4; Senior Girls' Club.

ELEANOR KORT

1172 Long Pond Road.
Genesee Hospital
Variety (in house) is the spice of Eleanor's life.
Honor Roll 2, 3; Swimming 2.



MADELINE LAKE

2186 Ridge Road
Simmons School of Embalming
Her friendly handshake and jolly laugh have endeared her to us all.
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3.



FRANK LANE

181 Ayer Street
University of Michigan
*A keen student
And a regular fellow.*
Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4;
Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Manager of Cross Country 4; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Captain of Homeroom Soccer 3; Dancing 3; Vice-president of Freshmen Class; Homeroom Advertising Manager 3; Senior Boys' Club; Dramatics Club 4; Assembly Program 4; Minor Letter in Activities 4; Freshmen Club; H-Y 2, 3; Secretary of H-Y 2, 3.



ADELAIDE LEARY

118 Electric Avenue
A half pint of daintiness.
Honorable Mention 4; Dancing 1; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.



MADELINE LECHLEITNER

275 Electric Avenue
Undecided
Madeline is a miser—she carries Jack.
Honorable Mention 3; Hiking 3; Tennis 3, 4; Dancing 2, 3, 4; Jo-Jo 4; Dramatics 3; Latin Honor Society 2.



MILTON LEVIN

83 Pullman Avenue
University of Wisconsin
*Milt will be a salesman,
That we all know,
For he could sell an ice-box
To a frozen Eskimo.*
Honor Roll 3; Honorable Mention 2; Homeroom Baseball 3; Reserve Basketball 3; Varsity Cross Country 3; Red Cross Junior Life Saving Certificate 2; 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; Band 3; Campaign Manager 2, 3, 4; Freshmen Club; John Quill Staff.



JOHN LE VEQUE

151 Garsline Street
St. Andrews Seminary
*A jolly good fellow,
And dead on the level.*



GEORGE LINDSAY

66 Felix Street
Undecided
*"A dollar a dollar
A ten o'clock scholar."*
Honorable Mention 2; H-Y 3.



SAM LLOYD

280 Rand Street
Undecided
Always smiling—that's why he's so likable.
Baseball 2; Soccer 3; Choir 3.



FLORENCE MAHAR

1976 Dewey Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
*She says the very nicest things
And smiles the nicest way,
She lives the way she speaks and acts,
That's all we need to say.*
Swimming 1; Gym Meet 1; Secretary of Freshmen Class; Bank Clerk 3, 4.



VIRGINIA MALLEY

105 Birch Street
New Rochelle College

*When did we ever see
Angels so full of N. T.?*
Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4; Forum
3, 4; Vice-president of Sophomore
Class; Centennial Program 4; John
Quill Staff; Campaign Manager 3.



EVA MANLEY

600 Lexington Avenue
Undecided

*All her enemies are friends
For enemies she has none,
And on 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 "real."*
Honor Roll 1; Honorable Mention
3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Cross Coun-
try 2; Manager Basketball 4; Sen-
ior Red Cross Life Saving Cer-
tificate 4; Swimming 1; Track 2,
3; Basketball 3; Minor Letter in
Athletics 2; Major Letter in Ath-
letics 3; Secretary of Sophomore
Class; Secretary of Junior Class;
Vice-president of Students Asso-
ciation 3; President of Students
Association 4; Forum 1, 2, 3, 4;
Cabinet 3, 4; Jo-Mar 4; Students
Association Program 3; Centen-
nial Play 3; Freshmen Boys' Club;
John Quill Staff; Dramatics Club
2, 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Minor Letter
in Activities 2.



LOUISE MAXSON

482 Driving Park Avenue
Strong Memorial Hospital

*She's a O. K.
Both with us and Jay.*
Tri-Y 1; Senior Girls' Club 4.



ELEANOR McGUIRE

62 Holmes Street
Rochester Business Institute

*Eleanor's a nice person
After all is done and said,
'Cause tho' 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 fun
To be admired by everyone.*
Honorable Mention 3; Students
Association Campaign 4; Tri-Y 4;
Junior Girls' Club 3; Senior Girls'
Club.



FRANCES MEULENDYKE

26 Knickerbocker Avenue
Bryn Mawr College

*No one haunts her,
Nothing daunts her.*
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Honorable
Mention 2, 3; Minor Letter in
Scholarship 2; Major Letter in
Scholarship 4; Baseball 2; Basket-
ball 2; Manager Riding Club 4;
Swimming 2; Tennis 3, 4; Volley
Ball 2; Dancing 2, 3; Riding 1, 2,
3, 4; Leaders' Club 3, 4; Minor
Letter in Athletics 2; Major Letter
in Athletics 4; Orchestra 1, 2;
Inter-High Orchestra 3; Jo-Mar
Staff 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Choral Club
2; Honor Patrol 2; "Optimates"
2, 3; School Award 3; Tri-Y 1, 2,
3, 4; Senior Girls' Club; Junior
Girls' Club Assembly Program
1, 3; "Les Babillards" 3, 4; Ju-
nior-Senior Play 2, 3; National
Honor Society 3, 4; Minor Letter
in Activities 2; Major Letter in
Activities 3.



ELLA MORGAN

96 Redwood Street
School of Commerce

*Surely amiable,
Beyond no friendly reach;
Surely indispensable,
Just a perfect peach.*
Honor Roll 3, 4; Honorable Men-
tion 1; Swimming 2; Rank Clerk
2; Jo-Mar Staff 3, 4; Honor
Patrol 2; Student Secretary 4;
John Quill Staff; Junior Girls'
Club; Senior Girls' Club.



MARY MORRELL

151 Birch Street
Strong Memorial Hospital

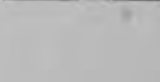
*She can be very serious
With either me or you,
But she is always happy
And very seldom blue.*
Honorable Mention 4; Baseball 2,
3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Soccer
1, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball 2, 3; Gym
Meet 2; Dancing 2; Leaders' Club
2, 3, 4; Minor Letter in Athletics
3; Jo-Mar 4; Honorarium Advertis-
ing Manager 3; Assembly Pro-
gram 3; Honor Patrol 3, 4;
Science Club 3; Dramatics Club
3; Senior Girls' Club.



EDITH MOSHER

385 Knickerbocker Avenue
Undecided

*She smiles the smile you like to
see,
She's just the girl that more should
be.*
Honorable Mention 4; Assembly
Program 4; Tri-Y 4; Junior Girls'
Club; Senior Girls' Club.



LILLIAN MOTT

151 Alameda Street

Undecided

*But, oh the din of wonder in
The darkness of her eyes.*



LOIS NEARY

101 Eastman Avenue
Rochester Business Institute

*Lois is of the quiet sort,
But positively a dandy sport.*

Honorable Mention 1, 2, 3, 4;
Baseball 2; Basketball 3, 4; Tennis 1, 3, 4; Dancing 2, 4; Tri-Y 2; Senior Girls' Club; Dramatics Club 3.

LOIS MUELLER

387 Pullman Avenue
University of Rochester

*Good in studies, good in fun,
To find one finer can't be done.*

Honor Roll 1, 4; Honorable Mention 3; Minor Letter in Scholarship 3; Major Letter in Scholarship 4; Baseball 2; Tennis 3; Volley Ball 2; Dancing 1, 2; Bank Clerk 3; Senior Girls' Club; Leaders' Club 4; Tri-Y 1, 4; Assembly Program 2; Corridor Duty 2; "Les Babillardes" 3, 4; "Optimists" 2; School Award 4; Girls' Choral Club 2; Dramatics Club 4; John Quill Staff.



NATALIE NEWELL

406 Clay Avenue

Undecided

*Oodles of friends,
Oodles of clothes,
Always welcome
Wherever she goes.*

Riding 3; Dramatics Club 3, 4.

JOHN MURPHY

255 Bryan Street

Undecided

*He works when he works
And still has fun—
Full honors to John
Just can't be done.*

Baseball 3.



JANE NEWTON

319 Electric Avenue

Hiram College

*Snappy, clever, full of pep,
You just bet that Jane can stop,
Tri-Y 2, 3, 4; Senior Girls' Club.*

RODNEY MURRELL

339 Pullman Avenue

Undecided

Marshall's mighty wife.



ROBERT NICHOLAS

89 Primrose Street

Undecided

*There are men as good as Rob,
but none better.
Honorable Mention 4.*

ELEANOR NAYLON

278 Magee Avenue

Undecided

*A willing worker, that is, if you
exclude French.*

Baseball 3, 4.



ETHEL MAE OLIN

8 Hanford Landing Road
Cornell University

*Rashfulness is an ornament of
youth.*

Honorable Mention 3; Hiking 2; Tri-Y 3; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.

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 lass.
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; Home-
room Basketball 1, 3, 4; Bowling
1, 2, 3, 4; Golf 2, 3, 4; Home-
room Soccer 1, 3, 4; Minor Letter
in Athletics 4; Major Letter in
Athletics 4.



DOROTHY PETTIE

96 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
Club 2.



ADELAIDE PIKE

469 Pullman Avenue
Undecided
*A jolly miss with flying feet,
An all 'round good athlete.*
Honorable Mention 3; Baseball 2,
3; Basketball 3; Soccer 2, 3; Swim-
ming 2; Hiking 3; Leaders' Club
3; Minor Letter in Athletics 4.



VINCENT PORTER

268 Woodcrest Road
Undecided
*I ain't lazy,
I've 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 foxsick look
in his eyes.*
Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3; Fresh-
men Basketball; Class Basketball 2;
Cross Country 2; Freshmen Soccer;
Reserve Soccer 2; Homeroom Soc-
cer 2; Varsity Track 2, 3; Minor
Letter in Athletics.



MARGARET PRESTON

1036 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

1331 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

817 Selys Terrace
Mechanics Institute
*Seen, but seldom heard,
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 1; Bank Clerk 4;
Aeronautics 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 Scholarship 4; Tennis 1, 4;
Hiking 2, 3; Dancing 1; Minor
Letter in Athletics; Forum 1, 2;
Cabinet 3; Banking 4; Jo-Mar 2,
3, 4; Editor-in-Chief of Ducklet 4;
Dramatics Club 3; Library 2, 3, 4;
Senior Girls' Club; National Honor
Society 3, 4; Corridor Duty 2, 3;
Minor Letter in Activities 1.



BERNARD RIFE

30 Steko Avenue
Undecided
*When we hear the name of "Rife,"
We think of someone full of life.*



GENEVIEVE RUBY

394 Lakewood 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

1184 Dewey Avenue
Mechanics Institute
*A great equestrienne, a real person-
ality.*
Honorable Mention 4; Baseball 2;
Manager Riding 2; 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

40 El-Kel-Or Drive
Undecided
*"She's the cream of the crop."
In scholarship she's rated
Always at the top.*
Honor Roll 2, 3; Honorable Men-
tion 1, 2, 3, 4; Seniors Girls' Club.

JOHN SCHOEN

110 Parkdale 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 3; Swim-
ming 2; Varsity Track 3; Minor
Letter in Athletics 3; Forum 2, 3;
Dramatics 3; Honor Patrol 3, 4;
Homeroom President 4; John Quill
Staff.

EDITH SHULENBERG

278 Curtis Street
Undecided
A quiet girl that everyone likes.
Dancing 2.

WILLIAM SCHULZ

268 Eastman Avenue
University of Rochester
*Gloom runs,
When Bill comes.*
Honorable Mention 1; Homeroom
Basketball 2; Cross Country 3;
Homeroom Soccer 4; Swimming 3;
Track 3, 4; Dancing Club 2, 3;
Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Forum
3, 4; Assembly Program 2; Music
Club 2; Hi-Y 3, 4; John Quill
Staff.

FLORENCE SCHRATH

75 Dorothy Avenue

Undecided

Our nominee for an ideal girl.



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.

ELEANOR SEDERQUIST

150 Kinsbury Street

Undecided

*To dance is her delight,
To be popular—her right.*

Tennis 1; Gym Meet 1; Social Dancing 1, 2, 3; Assembly Program 2.



LOUIS SLUSSER

254 Steko Avenue
University of Ohio
Everyone's pal.

Honorable Mention 1; Homeroom Baseball 2, 3; Homeroom Basketball 2, 3; Cross Country 2, 4; Homeroom Soccer 2, 3; Track 3; Dancing 2; Minor Letter in Athletics 3; Freshmen Club 1; Choir 3; Dramatic Club 4; John Quill Staff.

HECTOR SEELY

143 Pomrose 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 Athletics 3; Freshmen Club.



BARBARA SMITH

52 Albemarle Street

Undecided

*To polish off her education,
Barbara added sophistication.
Honorable Mention 3; Riding 2.*

MARTHA SERVIS

152 Clay Avenue

Undecided

In whatever she does, Martha is a "Servic" to everyone.

Basketball 3; Dancing 3; Hiking 3; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.



FLORENCE SMITH

306 Carlow Street

Undecided

One Smith that is easily distinguished.

MERCEDES SHEA

884 Long Pond Road

Rochester Business Institute

*We've seen little of her,
But what we've seen—we like.
Swimming 2.*



MARION SMITH

223 Sherman Street

School of Commerce

*Not as common as her name,
Tri-Y 4; Junior Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.*

VERA SPOOR

249 Kidingbury Street
St. Mary's Hospital
*Her friends her prizes sing,
They say, "She's such a sweet
young thing."*
Honor Roll 2; Honorable Mention
2, 3; Library Club 4.



RUTH STICKLES

207 Magee Avenue
Rochester Business Institute
*When folks are feeling sad
She's the one to make them glad.*
Dancing 3, 4.



RUDOLF STOY

487 Pullman Avenue
Undecided
*The girls just love that blonde hair,
Homeroom Baseball 1, 2, 3; Fresh-
man Soccer; Homeroom Soccer 1,
2, 3.*



BARBARA TARBOX

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



KATHERINE THOMANN

94 Clay Avenue
Undecided
*Since sweet Katherine we've met
We know we owe Webster a debt.*



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 Soc-
cer 2; Freshman Soccer; Varsity
Soccer 4; Reserve Soccer 3; Minor
Letter in Athletics 3.



BETTY WELD

388 Raines Park
University of Rochester
There's brains in that hair 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

105 Ridgeway Avenue
Undecided
*Wilde by name but gentle by na-
ture.*
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; Honorable
Mention 1, 3; Minor Letter in
Scholarship 3; Hiking 2, 3; Dance-
ing 1, 2; Bank Clerk 4; Jo-Mar
Trophy 4; John Gault Staff; Junior
Girls' Club; Senior Girls' Club.



PEARL WILSON

46 Dorothy Avenue
Undecided
Every Jilt has her Jack.
Honorable Mention 3, 4; Bowling
2; Swimming 2; Tennis 2, 3;
Dancing 2; Hiking 3; Forum 2,
3; Jo-Mar Trophy 2, 3; John Gault
Secretary; Junior Girls' Club; Sen-
ior Girls' Club; Freshmen Club;
Tri-Y 1, 2, 3; Treasurer of Tri-Y
3; Student Secretary 4.



JOHN WORBOYS

232 Avis Street

Undecided

*Not bashful,
Just thoughtful.*

Honorable Mention 3; 4; Home-
room Baseball 2, 3, 4; Homeroom
Basketball 2, 3, 4; Homeroom Soc-
cer 2, 3; Choir 3.



ARTHUR ZELLER

233 Kinsbury Street

Rochester Business Institute
Quiet but efficient.

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

ELEANOR SCHUCHARDT

168 Curtis Street

Undecided

*Plucky and quiet.
We cannot deny it.*

Tennis 3; Riding 3.

ROBERT McCOWAN

68 Oriole Street

State Police School—Troop 77

*Never mind, Robert—the Prince of
Wales falls off horses too.*

FLORENCE SORG

578 Welland Road

Undecided

*She's the girl for whom we are al-
ways looking.
She's always cheerful and she's
fond of cooking.*

Honorable Mention 3; Soccer 2.

JANE McSHERRY

163 Augustine Street

Undecided

*She'd give you her last penny.
And tell it you acknowledged it.*

*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



First row: Seely, Hoesterey, Green, Scofield, President; Gay, Miller, Taber. Second row: Puffer, Hahn, Gagie, Wilson, Meulendyke, Tarbox, Frech, Kellman. Third row: Gravelle, Jansen, Meuller, Shannon, McGregor, George. Fourth row: Rhoden, Millis, Jost, Sauer, Baybutt, Falkner, Carey. Fifth row: Davis, Carlson, Britton, Van Dam, Lidfeldt, Battey.

Homeroom Presidents



First row: Lockner, Kelsey, Champlin, Chandler, Migliozi, Easterly, Crowley. Second row: Stoll, Wilson, Coster, Beale, George, Emerling, Donaldson, Smithwick. Third row: Finlay, Puffer, Werner, Hinkelman, Dewhirst, Carlson, Jansen, Fields, Schranck. Fourth row: Schoen, Spear, Benson, Weingartner, Rahn, Van Dam, Curtis, Corp.

Forum and Cabinet



First row: Saunders, Van Deusen, Vorrasi, Demler, Shaw. Second row: Chandler, Doe, Matthews, Mr. Wishart, Adviser; Tarbox, Kreutter, Cook. Third row: Kellman, A. Boulton, Millard, Shannon, Gray, Puffer, Joyce, Reid. Fourth row: Boudrez, Kolb, Height, Graham, Erbland, Fahrer, Radford, Jost, DuRocher. Fifth row: Stevens, Bickel, Hutchinson, Brundage, Scott, Ball, Altman, Schofield, Storandt. Sixth row: Wahl, Kelsey, Scheer, Battey, Clay, Easterly, C. Boulton, Schulz.

"Docket" Staff



First row: Meulendyke, Storandt, Millis, Mr. W. Miller, Rhoden, Easterly, Alan. Second row: Kohlmetz, Fedele, Holland, Coster, Carey, Englehardt, Kellman, Templeton. Third row: Dean, Tucker, Reddick, Wilde, Morgan, Lechleitner, Gagie, VanDeusen, C. Fermeau. Fourth row: Gravelle, Herman, Taber, Gutfrucht, H. Fermeau, Jansen, Swain, Caske, Sauer. Fifth row: Kress, Matthews, Boulton, Spears, Miller, Lidfeldt, Manning.

"John Quill" Staff



First row: Shulz, Kellman, Miss Champney, Adviser; Hoesterey, Editor-in-Chief; Shannon, Gagie, Carey. Second row: Morgan, Flatt, Cooper, Cason, Battay, Gigliotti, George, Wilson. Third row: Estes, Meredith, Paliani, Gillan, Wilde, Gay, Kelsey. Fourth row: Sauer, Compton, Britton, Davis, Levin, Matthews, Falkner, Mueller. Fifth row: Scofield, Cook, Boulton, Gunner, Simpson, Carroll, Chandler, Schoen.

Masqueeters



First row: Cooper, Curtin, Hauptenthal, Kondolf, Smith. Second row: Kingaton, Scancarella, Moll, Kelsey, Cook, Toner, Karnes. Third row: Somerville, Gigliotti, Meredith, Beale, Folmsbee, White, Grace, Meulendyke. Fourth row: Budd, Williams, Bunn, Cameron, Smith, Nelson, Saville, Zimmerli, Allen, Demerath. Fifth row: Hoesterey, Barron, O'Connor, R. Blake, O. Blake, Capstaff, Lodato, Mueller, G. Scott, O'Hara. Sixth row: Kress, Crossett, Storandt, Millis, Britton, Stevenson, Eckerson, R. Scott.

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.

Library Club

Oh—! no cocoa. Yes, the Library Club had to drink water. This catastrophe happened at a recent social meeting of this club.

But "all play and no work," makes Jill a dull girl, so the members of this club spend one hour a week in the library, either during school or after. At this time they not only gather valuable knowledge concerning the working of a library, but also contribute some help in our school library.

They can earn from five to twenty-five credits according to their ability and interest.

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.

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 Peebles, 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



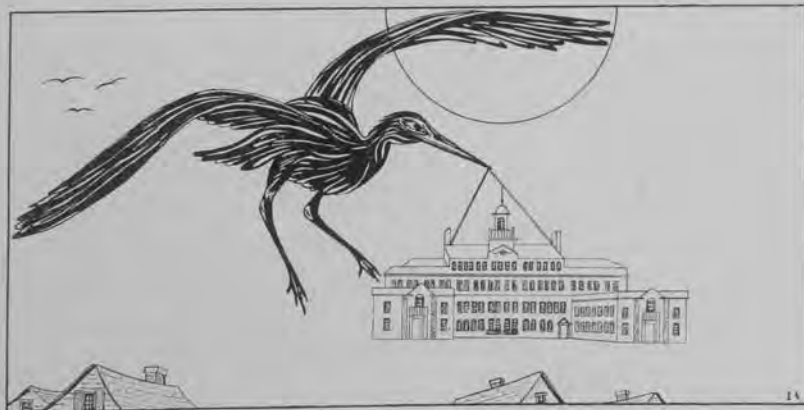
EIGHT



LATE



FATE



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ATHLETICS

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



First row: Terry, Levin, Carroll, Murray, Scofield, Sharpe. Second row: Carey, Crowley, Bock, Chandler, Clegg, Crego, Porter. Third row: Towriess, Young, Popp, Kreutter, Wagner, Boulton.

Cross-Country Team



First row: Culhane, Rahn, Moyse, Foos, Coyle, Rogers. Second row: York, Puffer, Stolte, Kaufman, Slusser, Revelle, Riggs. Third row: Dean, Lane, Allardice, Osborn, Fogg, Simpson, Beadling, Romig. Fourth row: Kingsley, Corcoran, Battaglia, Mr. Makin, coach; Malcolm, Markham, Templeton.

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.

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.

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

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 Champions—204-116



First row: Schranck, Curtis, Reddick, Miller, Taber. Second row: Reid, Sederquist, Boulton, Wanamaker, Sauer, Doe. Third row: Allardice, Faust, Coyle, Kress, Kerns, Lloyd, Doering.

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.

—o—o—

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."

—o—o—

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 on-looker. 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



First row: Allen, Ball, Swartwood, Migliozi, George, Himes. Second row: Read, Lester, Green, Williams, Green, Spoor, Kellman. Third row: Budd, Hahn, Toner, Meulendyke, Naylon, Foley, Doherty. Fourth row: MacLyman, Parker, Stephens, Saville, Rhoden, Lodato, Champlin, Lechleitner.

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. Wearing 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 crackling laughter and occasionally shot tiny sparks on to the hearth, as if in jest.

Bustle 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, evidently 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.

Meanwhile the guests had dismounted and dispersed. Some wanted rest, many wanted a bath and a change of clothing 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 impudently 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 retroussie 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 carved soon. Already candles flicked 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 Tabard 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 thought-

fully 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 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.



On the Shore of Canandaigua Lake

In the serene 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. Occa-

sionally 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 satin-lined coffins and lilies in the hand. 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 Paleolithic 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, grey sky and a storm approaching. A wind which pierces the thickest clothing forcefully 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 few steps 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 ladened 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, many 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 deep-

tion 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 raving bedlam, the hospitals will be stormed, traffic will cease, the homeless will shriek 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 on 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 about as much chance for 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.

¹—This paragraph was copied from an advertisement written by Bruce Barton, appearing in the February, 1934 issue of *Pictorial*. It is the first exhibit of an educational campaign dramatizing the horrors of war.

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 set, she will follow one around (especially me) until she obtains what she's after—a "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's 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 "hawth," and "dance" became instead the "dawnee." 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 affectation 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 peers 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, "Him 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. "Varlet" 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

A CRACKED mirror hung beneath the feeble blue-white light of a gas jet. It reflected the shriveled, 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 home land 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 sick-

ening 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 pursuance. 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-aiding it." Later, perhaps, they are "Renovated;" 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 column. Mr. Pepps 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 RHODES, 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."

PARKMAN DAVIS, III-1.



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 beans, 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 full; 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 trifles and are swept away. A blackness of night can envelope 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 hear 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 sniffling, 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 Brutus 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 throng 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,
Ask if their steps adventure bound were bent;
A few, whose faces framed in silvery hair,
Are cages 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.
Man fights in vain against his deadliest foe;
No matter how intense may be his hate
He has to dance when Pan takes up his fife.*

VERA SPOON, IV-1.

PETEEY 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
I 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 ringing, 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 tips
And a place up near the gates.*

JEAN BETLAM, I-1.

A BLIZZARD

*Bulky, blacky, scalloped clouds
Uneven as horses in a half run race
Spread across the horizon's face,
Swiftly spanning a sky easily coerced,
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 grey,
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 throes!*

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 LIDFELDT, 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.
(So 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 MUELLEN, IV-1.





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