

THE WITAN



OCTOBER 1930

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THE WITAN

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VOL. 10

OCTOBER 1930

No. 1

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(Continued on page 33)

THE WITAN



Nathaniel G. West, Principal

THE WITAN

Our New Principal

On June 6, 1930, after nearly six months of breathless suspense in Charlotte High School, the Democrat and Chronicle published the momentous news that Nathaniel G. West, then principal of Andrews School Number Nine, had been assigned to us, as our new principal. The article pointed out that the promotion was a recognition of the outstanding ability in the educational field, which Mr. West had demonstrated since his entrance into the Rochester system in September 1911, as principal of Number 6 School.

Mr. West was born in Mier, Indiana, but came to Rochester in his early years. He was graduated from East High School in the class of 1903 and from the University of Rochester in 1907. After teaching two years in Indiana, one of which was in a country school, and then one in Olean, N. Y., he became permanently associated with the Rochester Public Schools. He received his master's degree from the University of Rochester in 1920 and a superintendent's diploma from Columbia University in 1924. As a result of a year's leave of absence, 1927-'28, he has completed all the work in residence for the degree of Doctor of

Philosophy and needs only the final thesis and the final examination.

Mr. West has been keenly interested in the professional and social activities of the Rochester Teachers' Association, having served as president of that organization in 1916-'17. In announcing his appointment to the principalship of Charlotte Junior-Senior High School, Mr. West said in part, "His promotion comes as a reward not only of service but of outstanding ability as a principal and student of education."

His work in Number Nine School, where he has served as principal for thirteen years, in a community where ability, tact and judgment, as well as scholarship and business acumen were required, is ably discussed by one of his former teachers on another page of the Witan.

During the summer months, our principal is a teacher at New

York University and at present he is giving an extension course for elementary school principals at the University of Rochester. He has a wide circle of friends in the educational circles throughout the state.

(Continued on Page 27)

Double Honors
to Nat West

Just as he emerged from Rotary's championship spelling contest felling such experts as Maurice Esser and Bill Yust, and with only two misspelled words to his credit, member Nat West now gets duplicate headlines, youthful portraits and other things in all the newspapers, announcing his appointment by the Board of Education to the Principalship of Charlotte High School.

* * * * *

Looking ahead now some fifty or a hundred years, when Charlotte will have assumed city-like proportions, it will have its own Rotary Club, with Nat as its president. Meantime, he will stick with us. And every member of the club will join in wishing him many years of great success and happiness in his new field of endeavor.

—Spoke Thirty Six
June 16, 1930

Official Organ of Rochester Rotary

THE WITAN

A Tribute From Number Nine

Nathaniel George West assumed the duties of principal of Andrews School, one of the largest foreign schools of the city of Rochester, during the trying period of our national history, January, 1916. We were then actively engaged in the World War.

At this time many of the pupils of Number Nine were of foreign birth or parentage. Therefore the position required a man of sympathy and human understanding. We soon learned that Mr. West was a real patriot and patriotism has been an important feature at all assemblies in the school. Our large school population has learned to pay homage to the American flag and to honor the standard bearers and guardians of the flag. Last year, Andrews School enrolled pupils from ten different countries of the world, and the task of making good citizens of such a cosmopolitan group required a leader who put country above all else.

As a proof of their loyalty to country and school, the graduating classes of January and June 1930 gave Number Nine, as their class gift, fourteen large American flags to be placed outside the school, along the curb, on all national holidays.

Being a progressive educator, Mr. West focused the attention of his teachers on the needs of his pupils and made them the center of the school activities.

He understood that a school could function to its best advantage as a social institution when the parents gave their moral support at all times. At Andrews School there has always

been a live Parent Teacher Association, meeting every month. Mr. West has been active in bringing many of our leading citizens to speak at these gatherings. Appreciating the fact that the home holds an important place in the scheme of Health Education, Mr. West brought as one of the first speakers to the Parent Teacher Association meeting, Dr. Emerson of Boston. This was in January, 1923. Later he was instrumental in creating a "Milk Fund" to furnish free milk for underweight-

ingent pupils. This fund has done much to bring hundreds of boys and girls up to normal weight and health.

Mr. West has been interested in all community activities and has devoted many evenings to gatherings of patrons and pupils. During the winters

(Continued on Page 43)



THE WITAN



Miss Alice Brown, our new art teacher, was graduated from Alfred University with a P. H. B. degree. She has previously taught in Tonawanda and at Madison and Jefferson High Schools. Her hobby is peanuts.



Miss Minnie A. Booth was graduated from the Boston School of Physical Education and is now the girls' gymnasium instructor. Previously she taught at Number One, Number Six and Number Seven Schools. She names sports as her hobby.



Mr. Edward C. Courtney, who is teaching commercial subjects at Charlotte, is a graduate of the University of Syracuse with the class of '23. He is a World War veteran. His hobby is golf.



Mr. Walter Enright was graduated from the University of Rochester in the class of '30 with an A. B. degree. While attending college he majored in English and philosophy and is now teaching freshman English classes, and dramatics. His hobbies are reading and athletics. He says, "I like the people at Charlotte very much." His age? Guess again.

THE WITAN

Mr. Carl Fisher was graduated from Oswego Normal School in 1929. Last year he taught at Monroe and has charge of the shop work for the grammar school pupils from Number 38 and 42 Schools. He is married, and his hobby is printing.



Miss Grace E. Paul, commercial teacher at Charlotte, was graduated from Syracuse University in '24 with a B. S. degree in commercial education. She taught school at Medina from 1924 until 1926. Her hobby is driving her car. For two years she was Mr. West's secretary at Number Nine School.



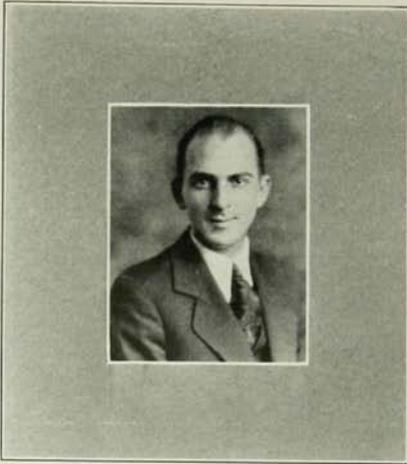
Miss Jane J. Sage, social science teacher at Charlotte, after being graduated from William Smith College with a B. S. degree, taught six years at Kodak School No. 41. Her hobby is traveling. She has taught in LeRoy and in Westwood, New Jersey, before coming to us.



Miss Katherine Van Alstyne is a graduate of the University of Rochester and is now teaching English. She comes to us from East High School. She is very much interested in girls' clubs and also in school government.



THE WITAN



Mr. Claude T. Westburg was graduated from the University of Rochester in 1925 and is now teaching English and vocational guidance. During his career at East High he was active in dramatics and athletics. He is a member of the teacher committee which is considering the publication of a handbook for Charlotte High School.

THE LOW-DOWN ON THE ARGONAUTS

It seems there was this hick named Jason. There was some scandal about his uncle and his father, so he beats it. Pretty soon he comes back, and his uncle sends him out after this gold skin. Now all the big bugs of that time wanted to show off, so they go with him.

So they all hop into their two-seaters Spada and fly over to this country, where the skin is. The old guy in charge is stubborn as a Missouri mule for a while, but then he says yes. He expects that the guys will get killed trying to get it. But the old guy's beautiful daughter Medea falls in love with the Jason guy, and shows him how to keep off the burglar alarms. They cop the skin and beat it.

But Pater hops into his plane and follows right along. So Medea croaks her brother, and drops him over the side in a parachute. When the old brute sees this, he stops and they get away.

When they get back, his uncle doesn't want to let him be vice-president of the Amalgamated Golden Fleece Co., and Jason says, "That's all right. I'll get it when you croak!"

But Medea tries to make hash out of the old gent, and they get themselves banished. Jason goes and falls in love with another girl, and won't marry Medea.

Then one day Jason accidentally lets a boat fall on him and smear him around the landscape.

ONE NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS

We decided for our week-end hike we would drive to the woods, park our car, and hike the rest of the way.

We hiked for hours, walking uphill and downhill. It was getting dark and soon it started to rain. We did not want to sleep in the rain, and we would have to, for the tent leaked. We could see a light in the distance and thought it might be a cabin.

Sure enough it was. We reached the door. An old man appeared and told us we might stay all night with him.

That night when we went to bed, I thought I heard something. It was only the thunder. About an hour afterward, I heard a queer noise. I saw eyes coming toward me, then something shook, and shook. When I opened my eyes there was my mother. She told me to get up or I would be late for school. It was only a dream.

George Weber, 7B-2

THE WITAN

HONOR ROLL

PERIOD ENDING OCTOBER 3, 1930

IV-2
 Bogorad, Susanne
 Estes, June
 Kilmer, Lawrence *
 Schmidt, Carol *
 Tarr, William
 VanDam, Julia

IV-1
 Bush, Edward
 Gordon, Arthur
 Ivanson, Eleanora
 Jones, Ethel
 Le Clare, Betty
 Rentschler, Violet *
 Tozier, Nedra

III-2
 Estes, Jean
 Grotzinger, Gladys
 Johnson, Axel
 Marsh, Lois
 Smith, Harold

III-1
 Bishop, Geraldine
 Donaghue, Elizabeth
 Dow, Donald
 Gunkler, Walter
 Smith, Frank

II-2
 Chase, Harrington
 Cooper, Gehring
 Dudley, Ray
 La Belle, Charles
 Le Clare, Jim
 Pownall, Judith

II-1
 Brace, Milan
 Gauthier, Blanche
 Grabenstetter, Robert
 Jacobs, Virginia
 Ryden, Etta
 Van Dam, Lawrence

I-2
 Dougherty, Burtis
 Gilbert, Helen
 King, Mary
 Rawlinson, Annie
 Wilkins, Beverly

I-1
 Ambrose, Florence
 Ambrose, Wilda
 Bessey, Marie
 Cross, Eleanor
 Empey, Marion
 Killip, Dorothea
 Ross, Evelyn
 Thomas, Helen
 Wilbur, Margaret

8A-1
 Donaldson, Mary
 Ward, Erwin
 8A-2
 Lancaster, Maude

8B-2
 Hughes, Betty
 Thomas, Ruth

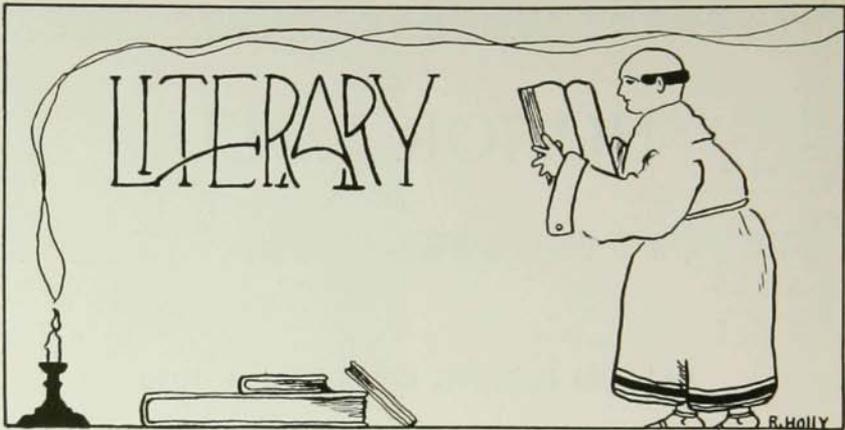
7A-2
 Otto, Janet
 Van Dam, Grace
 Wolz, Phyllis

7B-1
 Pownall, Amy
 Stebbins, Margaret

B-1
 Brown, Jack
 Harris, Madaleine
 Johnson, LeRoy
 Reese, Charles
 Spafford, Raymond

*All A's

THE WITAN



PARADISE

Dan had never really longed to see the East because he was such a wholesome-bred western lad, but it was always in his thoughts that his dream girl would be from some eastern city. When he saw a trim, small figure alight from the train, he knew in his heart that she was "the" girl.

Dan strode up to her as she stood, looking bewildered, in the midst of her many trunks and bags and drawled, "Could I help you, Miss?" A large grey sombrero was swept from a dark, curly head by a tan hand as Dan asked his question.

"Oh, thank you. I have come to visit my uncle, John Graham. He lives on Paradise Ranch and I understand it is ten miles from here. I expected someone to meet me."

"You are Clara Graham, I reckon. Your uncle sent me to escort you to the ranch. I'm his foreman. The other boys were busy this morning and are resting this afternoon, and so I had to come."

"Well, I'm sorry you had to, because from the way you speak you sound as though it is a terrible task." Clara Graham's eyes flashed angrily at Dan.

Dan's face reddened and he turned his eyes away. "Sorry, Miss, I didn't mean it that way," he stuttered. "I meant er—ah—"

"Oh, I understand," answered Clara, "I think we had better hurry now.

I'm anxious to reach the ranch. Is it really as gorgeous as Uncle John says it is?"

The tone of her voice implied that Dan had been forgiven and he readily answered. "Well, Miss, it is the finest ranch in this here valley and right proud I am to work there. My name is Dan Grant and I have the buckboard just around the corner, ready to transport us to Paradise, I-er-I mean Paradise Ranch. We'd better hurry too, I reckon. It's gettin' late." As Dan spoke, he gathered Clara Graham's bags up and strode across the rough plank platform. Clara followed close at his spurred heels, running to keep up with his long strides. Dan frowned as he helped her into the buckboard. He wondered why John Graham had to invite such a deucedly pretty girl out to the ranch. She was far too pretty for Dan's peace of mind. He wondered what the rest of the boys would think of this red-haired, blue-eyed Easterner.

They reached the ranch just as the sun was sinking over Dawn Mountain. Fortunately, Clara was too absorbed in the scenery and surrounding country to mind the long silent ride. Dan was too occupied with his thoughts to be in any mood to converse.

John Graham was waiting on the wide vine-covered veranda. He helped Clara from the wagon into the house. Dan left the horses with "Tex" Mel-

THE WITAN

vin, after being thanked by John Graham. He strode into the bunkhouse, where he greeted the boys coolly. Questions were fired at him from all directions but he answered few.

The next day found Dan riding across the valley in search of a small brown figure astride "Star," one of the wildest of horses. He found the riderless horse near a tall spruce tree and farther on found Clara sitting on the ground examining a twisted ankle.

"I reckoned I'd find you here. Star is rather a surly animal for an inexperienced girl to ride, Miss." Dan gazed down at Clara from his great height.

"Say, you nery Westerner, I'd like you to know I can ride. It is just that dumb beast that caused all the trouble. He should learn not to stumble over every little stick and stone. And you—you stand there and don't even help me. When I first met you I thought you'd at least be human."

She glared at Dan fiercely and he realized he had said something else to anger Clara. He helped her to mount "Cannon," his own horse, and he jumped astride "Star," blushing deeply as "Star" reared and plunged.

"You ride my hoss, Miss. I reckon he wont' throw you. I'm sorry you hurt your ankle but we aren't far from the ranch. Come on Star, behave for a change!"

Clara followed him sullenly. "He is mean, the big brute. He thinks he's smart. Talking of Paradise and such. Humph!" She mumbled these stinging words as she limped into the ranch house without a backward glance at Dan. "Why he didn't even help me into the house. I'll show him yet."

Clara did show him, for the next day he found her in the corral trying to ride "Wildfire." This horse had just been purchased and had not been broken. Dan stood still for a moment and then he saw the great danger Clara was in. Here she was, riding a horse he himself had not tackled as yet, and Dan Grant was the best rider in the valley. He caught up a rope and skillfully adjusted it to throw

after jumping the fence. The rest of the ranch hands heard the scuffle and the snorts from the enraged horse as the white-faced girl clung to him. They ran toward the corral ready to help, but they stopped near, still ready to assist, as they saw Dan skillfully send the rope spinning. As it circled the horse's neck, he pulled with all his strength on the rope but the horse was too strong for him and he sent him spinning across the corral and against the fence.

"Grab her off the hoss, Lefty," he shouted as he ran for the rope that dangled from the horse's neck. Lefty immediately tried to get to the girl from the side, but those flying heels struck out in every direction. Everyone saw the danger that the three were in. Lefty's arms shot out just in time to catch the falling girl and help her to the fence and over it. Then everyone's eyes centered on Dan. The bronco was pawing the air and ready to plunge, his death-giving heels flying. Dan backed to the gate and climbed to the top bar as the horse plunged into it. Dan threw himself upon the back of Wildfire and off the horse went in a wild frenzy or rage. Dan stuck and, as the rider and horse neared the center of the corral, the horse doubled up his feet as Dan twisted the rope that hung from the horse's neck around Wildfire's legs—a very difficult thing. Rider and horse went down together; moans of pain came from both as feet flew and breath came pantingly. Those watching were horror-stricken as they saw the horse roll on its victim and then both lay still. Immediately, the boys were in action. Dan was gently carried to the ranch house and a bullet from Graham's .45 ended Wildfire's existence. Two of the horse's legs were broken but more so—his spirit.

Days passed as Dan lay at Death's door. Clara's face wore many worried expressions in that stretch of eternity. Every night she could see Dan's white, tense face and could hear the brutish horse's snorts of rage. Never could she forgive herself the pain she had caused by her folly. Dan recovered rapidly, however, and one even-

THE WITAN

ing he sat quietly reading a book in front of the old-fashioned fireplace.

"Dan Grant, if you don't stop reading that book and talk to me, I'll scream," threatened Clara. "You haven't told me yet that you have forgiven me. Really, I'll never forgive myself, but you were so stern and cross that day and you said I couldn't ride, that I just wanted to show you that I could. Now look what I've done. You must hate me something terrible." Clara seemed near to tears.

"Of course it is all right, Clara. I can never forget seeing you on that beast either, and I hope you will forgive me for being so cross that day." Now it was Dan's turn to appear dejected.

"Well, we are fifty-fifty then, I think----" Clara stopped speaking abruptly and quickly stepped to the radio as a male quartet started singing enthusiastically "Horses, horses, crazy over horses." She turned the dial angrily but seemed quite content, however, as the next station started playing. She resumed her seat and they both listened silently to the beautiful strains of "Dreams of Paradise," for it didn't seem far from Paradise Ranch that evening.

There was another gentleman present by the name of Dan besides Dan Grant. You know, the foxy little gentleman who carries with him a bow and arrow and aims straight for the heart.

FOUR SUNSETS

I

It has been a warm day; one might say a perfect day.

And now it is evening. The sky directly above is of a delicate, light blue; over the West is a large dark cloud of solid gray color. The sun, behind this huge cloud, has edged it with gold; the water below is sprayed with an ephemeral ichor of sunlight and the distant western horizon, as the lower edge of the cloud, is gold-rimmed.

Thus it remains for minutes, precious, beautiful minutes, while a little sector of universe is bathed in the

glory of God. Then slowly, majestically, as an aged sovereign, the sun's broad, perfect disc comes into view. Now the mistiness is gone and in its place on the water is a wide, red path, shimmering with the dying waves. And finally the sun lowers itself into a bed of soft, purplish clouds mid a splendor of color.

Then the purple reaches up to touch the blue of zenith, and in some indiscernible spot they meet, and so fragile is each that they melt one into the other.

II

For the moment, God parted the curtains of the sky, the clouds, to give the world a glimpse of his servant the sun, before it lay down to rest.

And through the aperture of the heavens was seen a crystal ball suspended mid a haze of smoke and vapors. Then it was lowered gently from view and the curtains were drawn together—and it was night.

I wonder-----was I the only one to gaze in awe at such a sight?

III

To the West, an expanse of pinkish blue, a light tint, and slowly through its midst moves a perfect ball of white hot metal, moving too slowly for the human eye to detect its motion, yet going on with the relentless might of something tremendously heavy.

Then reaching matter, it sends forth a screen of purple smoke, a solid bank, veiling itself and ascending into the heavens, there to lighten into a pale blue.

IV

Tonight the artist has painted on his sheet of white, streaks of floating, hazy blue as dark as the roughened sea and with the thinness of a silken veil. And in the center of this array of unequalled skill is a white light, as that of a glowing candle in a dim room.

The master of color tints the white at the base of his sheet with a pink, the pink of the sea shells.

And now, after minutes of gazing at his work, the artist draws a drapery of gray before his masterpiece and retires to his chamber.

Ray Dudley, '32.

THE WITAN

A DREAM COME TRUE

It was an almost unbearably cold day, the snow falling thick and fast, and the green boughs of the old pine tree were laden with snow. Under this stately, rugged old tree sat a small boy eating a bread crust that some kind human had thrown to the birds as a means of winter livelihood for the poor creatures. The boy had a large stack of newspapers beside him and was very much absorbed in the small morsel of food which was so hard that it took most of the poor young one's energy to even get the least crumb from this rock like substance. Now and then small bits of change jingled from a warm gloved hand into the half frozen hand of the youngster.

On this particular day the queen of the whole land was to visit the city in which Tiny, this ragged child, lived.

Tiny had often wished he could see an honest-to-goodness king with all his fine array of trappings, coaches, trumpeters and footmen, but most of all, deep down in his small heart he loved the queen because she was such a sweet, loving woman and didn't have little beggars and the like chased from the doors of the great palace.

Well, today was the big day. Tiny had heard she was to pass down London Avenue, so that accounted for his presence on this particular corner. Two or three times Tiny heard heralds and trumpeters, but only in his young imagination.

Soon wearied from his long wait, he fell asleep on the huge stack of papers. To him it seemed as though he had slept a very long time and then he awoke; lo and behold! it was as in a dream, he lay upon a satin pillow trimmed with cloth of gold and he was covered up to his chin in soft silken robes and blankets of all descriptions. Yes, to Tiny it was an altogether pleasant dream, or was it honestly true?

"Mawster, if it please ye, sir, ye're mawnin' bawth his ready!"

Yes, it was all true. The queen had seen Tiny asleep under the big tree and had taken him (as she had

no other children) for her very own son and prince.

Delores Kohlmetz, 8B-1.

IN SEARCH OF THREAD

Mother sends me to her work-basket to find a spool of black thread. Oh, but that's easy, you say. Easy? Oh! but you don't know mother's work-basket.

Well, I set to work with a smile, but that smile doesn't last long. First, my fingers come into contact with the point of a needle, then I grab hold of the wrong end of a scissors, if-I-don't-find-that-thread-soon! Now, I've got the darning cotton wound all around the scissors. Oh! here's my compact I thought I had lost. I wonder if this Eversharp is any good? I like this ribbon; I guess I'll keep it.

Then I hear Mother's voice, "Well, have you found my black thread yet?" Black thread? Oh yes, I forgot; I'll find it in a minute. Then I once more dive into the work-basket with both hands, grabbing all sorts of nice things, such as pins, needles, scissors, the point of the Eversharp, and a piece of glass. Martha Watt, 32.

MATERIALS

When writing a story, theme, or essay, whichever it may be, you must have materials. It is always a problem to get all the materials together at once, without having to jump up for an extra sheet of paper, a pen, or to find an eraser. Invariably, if the point of a pencil is to break, it will happen at the exciting part of the story, and then, after sharpening the pencil, it becomes almost impossible to remember just what you were to say.

If nothing else can happen, your fountain pen runs out of ink, and you declare that next time you will set a bottle of ink nearer, so you can fill it. But next time you forget again.

Tonight, I decided that for once I would get all my materials together before I started. I brought each thing

THE WITAN

I thought I'd need—pencil, paper, ink, eraser, pen and an extra pen point.

I had not forgotten a thing. Tonight, I would not have to jump up until I had completed all my work; and then the telephone rang.

Bertha Shannon, '32.

one of the clerks finally sobered and approached him with a loud:

"Wat'll yuh have?"

"Take de cork odda dat boddle!! -----! Mmmmmmm. Ain't dat swell? Let's smell dis yere violet perfume! Put some o' dis yere rose on me!"

Lifting an enormous atomizer of bright green perfume to the counter, the clerk squeezed the bulb of it and a fine spray of perfume emerged, causing the gentleman to cough and sneeze simultaneously. Sniffing again the perfume-filled air, the man turned, grinned again, and walked away with a look of perfect contentment.

THE GREEN ATOMIZER

Clerks were standing behind the counters with distressed looks upon their faces. Bright lights flashed maliciously upon the red woodwork, making the heat seem more intense than ever. People rushing to and fro, bumped and pushed each other through the crowded aisles. The latest song hits were industriously pounded out of pianos, in need of tuning, while Victrolas competed in the distance.

"Oh yes, I'm to spend three months abroad in a French home where I can improve my French-----"

"Ten cents for such flimsy things as that -----"

"Oh mamma, ain't that cute? No! buy me that! I don't want candy instead."

Women were grabbing articles from the counter hurriedly in the hope of getting out of the crowd in the midst of the heat. Small children were being reprimanded for drinking their orangeade so slowly, but they explained that they couldn't drink it any faster when so many were bumping into them.

Everyone seemed ready to melt into irregular shapes, like the chocolates at the candy counter, except one oddly dressed gentleman who seemed entirely unaware of the terrific heat. People looked at him disgustedly as he persistently grinned, displaying the only one large visible tooth he had. Blondes at the toilet articles counter were endeavoring to find some shampoo with plenty of peroxide in it to restore the last of the golden tints in their hair, while brunettes searched for henna shampoos to give their hair reddish lights, when suddenly a smile on the face of the man attracted their attention. Clerks smiled at the queer sight of a man at the perfume counter, but

THE POPCORN MAN

There's lotts reasons why I'm gonna be a popcorn man. Boy! Won't that be great? Ail I'll have to do will be to wheel around a nice little cart, filled with good ole popcorn.

My ma wants me to be a doctor. But who wants to be always cuttin' up people or else tellin' 'em to say "Ah?" No, sir, I'd rather be yellin', "Nice fresh popcorn! Five cents a bag!"

And Dad, he says I'm gonna be a banker, just like him, an' have to count money all day. But you just wait an' see; I betcha I'll be a popcorn man.

AUTUMN

I was walking through the dense woods on a beautiful, curving, narrow path, with the crisp leaves crushing under my feet. There were many colored trees all around me. It was a cold, snappy day and above me there were pretty, soft-colored, fleecy clouds sailing in a blue ocean of sky.

I was suddenly startled by the rustling of leaves and turned my head very quickly to see what was making the noise and just where it was coming from. There, on a branch of a tree, was a light brown squirrel. I stepped closer to get a better look at it, but it scampered up the tree and I lost sight of it. I kept on walking

THE WITAN

slowly, as I was in no particular hurry, and I saw a snow-white rabbit dart across my path. I wanted to see where it went, so I ran after it. I looked ahead and saw its white, bushy tail disappear into a hole in the ground. I was disappointed in not seeing more of the rabbit, so I returned home.

Hermeana L. Prysock, '34.

MEMOIRS OF A FRENCH DOLL

"Oh! what a boresome life," I sighed as I straightened my dress and gave my hair a pat. "I wish some kind lady would see me and take me home with her, but how anyone can see me with all these silly animals around is beyond me."

"Who's silly?" mewed the Calico Cat. "If anyone is silly, you certainly are. All you do is sit, smile, and look comfortable. Why, you're the most conceited person I ever saw; you're forever admiring your blonde curls, your big blue eyes, and your beautiful clothes."

"Yes," I retorted, "but why shouldn't I? Don't you think I'm beautiful? Why, where I came from everyone admired me and thought I was very beautiful."

"Well," returned the cat, "why didn't they keep you there if they liked you so well? I am sure none of us are any too anxious to have you here. Why, if you could say 'Me-ow,' or had a tail or even nice soft fur, we could like you; but as it is-----"

Of course I didn't mind all this, because I knew that I was beautiful and that they were just jealous, but I would like to move some place else. Oh, if I were only back in France! The lady that I lived with there was charming and there weren't any horrid animals around, but just beautiful ladies like me. Oh, if I could only have stayed there! But no, I had to cross that horrid old ocean, in a horrid old ship and come here to this horrid shop, owned by horrid people and inhabited by horrid animals.

"Yvette!" I heard someone say. (Yvette is my name; don't you think it's pretty?) Turning, I once again gazed into the angry eyes of the Cal-

ico Cat. "Yvette," he continued, "if you don't keep quiet, I'm going to knock you off that shelf with my tail and then where would you be?"

"In pieces," I responded, but I kept quiet for a while. Martha Watt, '32.

AN OLD SAILOR

On the coast of Maine once lived an old sailor. The most remarkable thing about him was his youthful look. Although his hair was silvery white and his beard reached to his waist, he was delightfully spry and cheerful. He was very tall and straight, as if he were one of the masts on a ship. His eyes were kindly and seemed to shine like stars when the children of the village came to listen to his stories. Even though he was too old to sail the seas, he lived in a little house built like the ship which he had loved the best of all. E. Lascell, '32.

THE TRAP

"Ah, she has walked right into my trap," said the Monster gloatingly, rubbing his dirty hands. "How frightened she looks! Heh! Heh! And how beautiful! I have waited long and patiently for this moment, and now I shall have my revenge."

His dark, hairy body moved toward the helpless figure, straining and pulling at her bonds. He chuckled again as he saw the terrified look in her beautiful eyes.

Step by step he crept nearer the frantic beauty, till at last he seized her in his arms. Tighter he clasped her, until she lay limp and lifeless.

Laughing horribly, he flung her body aside. He had had his revenge. The spider had killed the beautiful daughter of the fly who had escaped, after a long struggle, from his web that morning.

GIDDAP

One can examine hobbies at their worst in the midst of a family. Take ours, for instance; almost every member has some peculiar interest that is an annoyance to everyone else. If you enter my father's room you think

THE WITAN

you are attending an exhibit of Irish industry. He has an Irish flag, a map, a shamrock plant, and some big, heavy, gilt-edged books with Gaelic characters.

My brother has guns, swords and pistols, anything pertaining to the army. My younger brother collects Indian pennies, and I am always obliged to give him one if I have it. My youngest brother has pictures of heroes of aviation. When we are reading the newspaper, he will steal up behind us with the scissors and remove the picture. My little sister has the most sensible and less annoying hobby of all—a hobby-horse.

HORSES

You really ought to join the riding class! All people look with respect upon an equestrian, and you cannot become one by reading a book. What sport is more pleasant than that of cantering over frosted hilltops and through radiant forests? What deed is more satisfying than that of winning a horse's trust and obedience by, perhaps, a lump of sugar, a few soft-spoken words, or a judicious use of the spurs? What satisfaction there is in a gracefully successful mount or dismount. And few there are who can break from a walk to a canter, or appear at ease on the back of a fast-trotting steed. Riding once a week is surpassed by one thing only, and that is riding once a day.

W. Gunkler, '32.

DOG BITES CHILD!

"Now, Mrs. Jones, you know very well that you shouldn't let Billy keep that terrible dog. He has bitten Dorothy and I'm sure she is going to be awfully sick from it."

"Well, Mrs. Schwartz, Dorothy must not tease that poor defenseless dog, and then he wouldn't bite her. I distinctly saw Dorothy tie the dog's tail to the back fence and then she tickled his ears and nose. After such treatment, could you blame the dog?"

"You know I hate to contradict you, but I know Dorothy didn't do any such thing."

Just then Billy broke into the conversation of the two quite angry mothers with, "Oh, Mrs. Schwartz, that wasn't my dog that Dorothy tied to the fence and who afterwards bit her. That was Jack, the dog that belongs to the little boy over in Goldstein's Alley. I told Dorothy not to tease him because he is cross. She wouldn't believe that he wasn't my dog, (he looks just like Rex) or that he is cross. I think it was all her own fault, don't you, Mrs. Schwartz?"

E. Lascell, '32.

QUIS? NIHIL!

The maid is throwing the contents out of the drawer as fast as she can. Not any there; so she crams the stuff back into the drawer and shoves it shut. The next drawer is pulled apart and gets muddled up with the same result. "Darn it," whispers the maid to nobody in particular as she wrecks another drawer, "there must be some around; I don't want to use that card." On and on she works methodically on that chest of drawers and when she shoves the last drawer in, the back cracks all to pieces. But that doesn't stop her, so she attacks a commode in milady's room. When she's done, the paint's all scratched off and the mirror's broken.

Having wrecked everything upstairs, she goes down to the dining room and pulls the buffet all to pieces. No luck! She smashes the glass in the china cabinet and accidentally knocks it over on to the floor. Not satisfied, she takes the radio apart and breaks all the workings in it. Still no luck; so she looks in all the lamps and succeeds in breaking most of them. She pulls the sofa apart and then starts for the kitchen. After ten minutes she returns from a chaos of powdered glass, porcelain, wall plaster and splintered wood, still perturbed. Suddenly she remembers and, reaching down to the hem of her apron, pulls out one. Then she puts on her apron and looks around for something to do, but she can't find anything that's out of place.

Continued on Page 39)

THE WITAN



OCTOBER

On windy roads she'll walk along,
 She'll meet September on the way.
 Beside her, silvery green and grey,
 She shall be scarlet, brown and strong.

Along the white roads straight and tall
 I'll see her walk with wind-blown
 hair.
 I'll hear her song in autumn air,
 And in the rain her light footfall.

I'll see her laughing lips, her smile,
 Her warmth of flaming red and
 brown.
 Amid the asters on the ground
 She'll stop and play with me awhile.
 E. Donoghue, '32.

THREE PICTURES

I
 A blue-black pine tree standing tall,
 A new house standing lone and bare,
 A woman dreaming near the wall
 Of children's voices in the air.

II
 A blue-black pine tree standing tall,
 And children's voices sweetly shrill,
 Red roses rambling up the wall
 And fleeting echoes from the hill.

III
 A blue-black pine tree standing tall,
 A black crow flying overhead,
 A silent house, a ruined wall
 And rows of roses, old and dead.
 E. Donoghue, '32.

THREE MOMENTS

Snuffed out like a candle in night
 Is the sun behind gray clouds so drear
 And the world, now bereft of its light,
 Seems to frown with regret and with
 fear.

(Oh, sun in answer to a prayer
 Of one who knows thy purposed ways,
 Wilt thou refuse with us to share
 The precious life thy light relays?)

Now the fiery disc again we see,
 Whose rays alone will fill our need,
 And from such darkness to be free
 We thank Thee, God, in thought and
 deed.
 Ray Dudley, '32.

FIDELITY

Long stroke,
 Back again,
 Smooth stroke,
 Back again.
 Perpetually and faithfully
 Silently gliding,
 Determined then deserted
 As an auxiliary soul of steel gray.
 Liquid-motivated machine,
 The whispering servant of mankind
 Toils on.
 Long stroke,
 Back again,
 Smooth stroke,
 Back again.
 (A study of machinery in free verse.)
 Ray Dudley, '32.

THE WITAN

A VAGABOND'S FATE

One morning while walking down a
road,

A picture of life came to me;
A vagabond's trail and a path to suc-
cess,

'Twas a wonderful thing to see.

The lazy, dreamy, beautiful path
Was the vagabond's trail you may
guess,

The other, a narrow road to school,
And to me, meant the path to success.

The sun just peeping over the hill,
I thought was trying to say,
"Leave your home, your books and
school,
Come, follow my path this day."

The big, brick school seemed to call
me away,

The flag of our land waving high,
It called me a fool to linger and play;
I heeded and passed it all by.

For I knew a vagabond, carefree and
gay,

Who happily went his dreamy way;
A gypsy was he, oh, that was the life,
Away from all sorrow, worry and
strife.

A clear sky above him and flowers in
bloom,

A sweet summer night, a soft mellow
moon,

A rest by the side of a murmuring
stream,

His face was turned skyward, lost in
a dream.

Happy was he as each day went by,
Never a sorrow, never a sigh,
He merrily laughed his boyhood away,
Never at work, forever at play.

Then he grew older, his heart took a
turn,

For a friend and a home he began
then to yearn.

He had not one real friend, he blamed
it on fate;

He had changed from a gypsy, but,
alas, 'twas too late.

For he had grown old, his hair had
turned gray,

And he must still go on his vagabond
way.

He had never been trained to do any
one thing,

For a vagabond's work in life is to
sing.

Alone in the world, nearly ready to die,
He had no place to go and he wondered
why.

A gypsy by birth; as a gypsy he'd die,
With no one to care 'neath a vagabond
sky.

This story he told on the eve of his
death,

And when he had grown cold, and had
breathed his last breath,

I stole softly away from that still,
gloomy room,

Where a roving vagabond had met his
doom.

But before he slipped quietly away to
peace,

I had faithfully made him a promise
that I

Would never desert all my friends at
home,

As a wandering gypsy to die.

Marian DuVal, '34.

AUTUMN

Gay bright leaves are dropping fast,
Summer now is flying past.

Red and yellow, green and brown,
All these colors on the ground.

The soft blue skies are brighter,
And cool, blue streams run lighter.

Autumn, the queen of the year, is here
And the snows of winter, too, are near.

Alberta Lee, 7B-2.

AUTUMN LEAVES

The leaves are falling;

The wind is calling;

And down from the trees

Drop crisp, painted leaves.

Selma Michel, 7B-1.

FLOWERS

Flowers, flowers everywhere,

Blooming so gay in spring.

Bad Jack Frost has come, and oh!

Where will all the flowers go?

Soon the flaky snow will come

And cover them with white,

With a soft, downy winter quilt,

Away from all the light.

Clara Shea, 7B-2.

THE WITAN

AUTUMN

Autumn leaves are falling;
Everyone is calling;
They are painted dark and light,
All the colors seem so bright.

Birds are flying South and West
For a long, bright winter's rest;
Nights are getting long and cold,
For the Autumn's growing old.

Many a flower is fading away,
As colder and colder grow the days.
Heat won't bother us any more,
We'll soon be closing up the doors.
Lois Matison, 7B-2.

CLOUDS

The clouds are white and partly blue,
I know that they are dear and true.
When the earth is hot and the grass is
dry,
They moisten it with tears from the
sky. June Burhans, 7A-2.

FALL SPORTS

Fall sports are fine, we all agree;
I like them for two reasons:
One is because they're lots of fun,
The other is the season.
Charles Reese, 7B-2.

THE MONKEY

I spent a half a dollar to go to see a
show;
There I saw a monkey who every
thing did know.

He'd dance and jump on one small
spot;
Give him rope and he'd tie a knot.

Oh, he was a monkey very wise,
With a gleam of mischief in his eyes.

He'd tip his hat and bow to us,
And over a peanut he'd make a fuss.
Ralph Wilson, 7B-2.

THE FALL

When the golden rod is turning brown,
That's a sign that Fall is here.
The leaves are falling to the ground,
'Twill soon be the end of the year.

The Fall will soon be going away,
Jack Frost will visit us here.
"It's getting cold," the birds seem to
say;
It will soon be the end of the year.
Wilma Dale, 7A-2

A SONG

A wee little girl sat under a tree,
Dear me! Dear me!
She was sewing a seam for
Granny to see;
And she sang this song,
This sweet, sweet song:
Autumn, autumn,
How summer flies!
Autumn, autumn,
With your fair, blue skies
Soon will come winter with all its
snow,
Then on our sleds, down the hills we'll
go.
After that comes spring, and then
The birds will all come back again.
Grace VanDam, 7A-2.

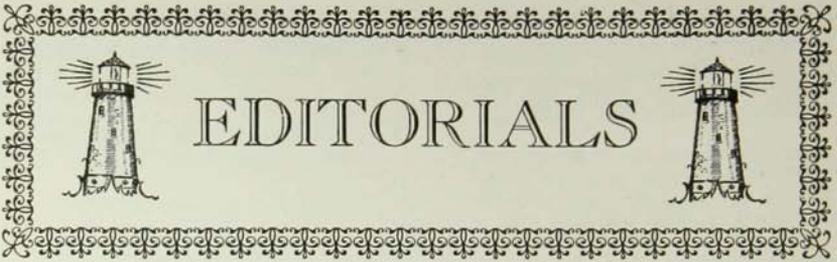
A STROLL

Up a hill, and over a hill,
And down the other side,
We go strolling by the mill
At the river's side.
Kenneth Miller, 8B-1

AUTUMN

Autumn leaves are falling down,
Fall down around the town.
Autumn with its leaves of gold,
Autumn harbors Jack Frost bold.
Autumn with its pumpkins bright,
Autumn, with Hallowe'en's dark night.
Autumn, with its harvest feasts;
Autumn seems to be God's best.
Margaret Hewins
(Continued on Page 43)

THE WITAN



WELCOME TO NEW TEACHERS

When the welcoming of a new principal comes but once in twenty years in the life of a school, it is something of an event and it is fairly safe to say that it is the first welcome of the kind ever extended by most of the pupils of this school.

The student body and teachers of Charlotte High have the honor in this year of 1930 of welcoming not only our new principal, Mr. West, but also a number of associate teachers.

Those who are new members of the teaching staff this year are Miss Booth, Miss Brown, Miss Paul, Miss Sage, Miss VanAlstyne, Mr. Enright, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Westburg. We hope that they will enjoy their teaching at Charlotte and also their comradeship with the students.

Changes are sometimes accepted with just a bit of apprehension, but with the first day that period was happily over and we wish to extend to our new instructors and friends a most sincere welcome, and hereby pledge our loyalty and cooperation, that our dear old Charlotte High may rank with the best in the educational world.

"NOVUS HOMO"

When the news was announced last spring that Nathaniel G. West would replace Mr. Butterfield as principal of Charlotte, many were very doubtful as to the ability of another man to fill the vacancy left by a principal admired and revered by every student, teacher and member of the community.

"Who is Mr. West? What kind of a man is he? Will he be very strict with us? Will he be for or against after-school activities?" These were the many questions that the pupils discussed during every vacant period and in every place in the school where they gathered.

This term Mr. West became principal of Charlotte and from the moment he entered the building he began to endear himself to every student he came in contact with. The first thing which appealed to them all was his delightful air of informality. His announcements in assembly were more like friendly, humorous talks than advice from a principal.

The way Mr. West has "boosted" the soccer team and played a major part in securing a victory for Charlotte convinced everyone of his interest in extra-curricular activities. Not only has he capably filled Mr. Butterfield's place, but he has also brought a new spirit to the student body. The words that fittingly describe him are the words a seventh grade boy used when asked if he liked the new principal—"He is a regular fellow!"

THE WITAN

LOVELY THINGS, THESE HOBBIES

Oh, my dear, I'm so delighted with all the different, intriguing hobbies. I think it's rather interesting that these Chicago racketeers indulge in the friendly pastime of decorating each other with lead. It strikes me that those men who just love to rob mail trains are so romantic. Are you not excited to extreme joy when you realize that the Russians are just crazy about tossing bombs. And isn't it just too cute for words that some brainy children enjoy watching people sit on the business end of a tack?

Honestly, I'm thoroughly convinced that hobbies are wonderful things.

ADVICE

Monday morning, September 29, Cameron Beck, personnel director of the New York Stock Exchange, standing before an assembly of third and fourth year students of Charlotte High School, seemed to stamp the words "Carry On" and "What you are to be, you are now becoming" on each spectator's heart. Bringing out the vital importance of truth and honesty, and the harmfulness of forgery, Mr. Beck showed the students what their trade mark in life should be. Many young boys and girls today are seeking employment but without a clean character they cannot be given any responsible or trusted position. If all the pupils who heard Mr. Beck speak followed out his words, we believe that Rochester would have many outstanding business men and women in the future.

In this talk of co-operation, sportsmanship, and scholarship, why not mention other things of merit, such as traffic laws, congestion, and obedience to rules?

May we suggest that the girls charge ten cents every time their feet are stepped on when dancing in assembly, so that they will have enough money to pay their chiropodist bills?

Most of the Junior and Senior girls were present at the Tri-Y tea, and those who didn't attend missed a treat. We all met Mrs. West and were impressed by her charming personality. We were also introduced to the new teachers who were present.

It might be advisable for the girls of this school to do as the Japanese girls do: put their make-up on once a week (make it Saturday). This would lessen the confusion in the locker room.

Some students in this school have athletic ability but are ineligible because of poor marks. These students lack enough school spirit to make themselves eligible.

THE MYSTERY TICKET

The mystery that has overhung the little white tags has at last been solved.

As a reward for the school spirit most of our students have shown, they will be able to see all the home soccer and basketball games for ten cents, or approximately one cent per game. It is exceedingly difficult to administer a reward to the pupils who have school spirit without benefitting those without as well. If a party is given, for example, the pupils who have not shown much loyalty may attend as well as those who have.

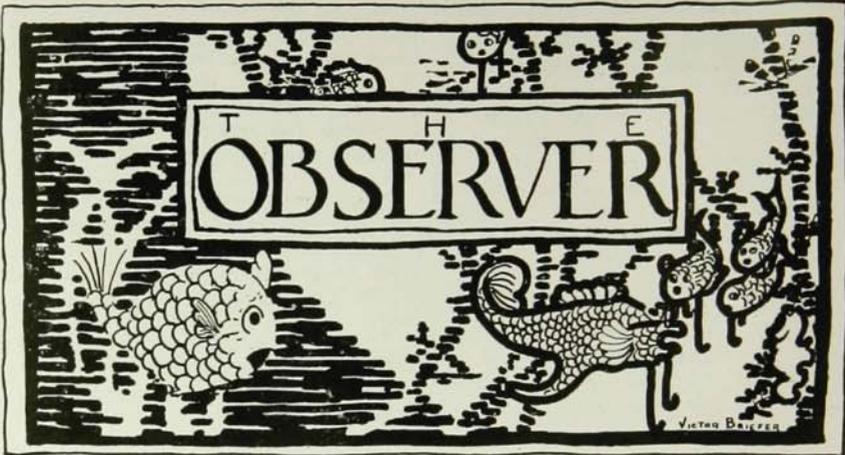
Under the new system it seems rather strange that a team can exist on one cent from each spectator, but at the small amount of twenty-five cents, in two installments, everyone will buy one whether or not he intends to be present at the games, because they are such cute little tags.

In Charlotte there are 701 pupils. If we exempt over 50 from buying, Mr. Tracy will still have \$162.50 to squander for Mr. Tichenor and Mr. Woodman when their teams are going.

We owe Mr. West a lot of gratitude and we believe it is the best idea that we have had since Mr. Tracy suggested our sweeping up the nickels in the locker rooms and bringing them to him.

Frank Fuhrman, '31.

THE WITAN



HER NAME WAS CHARLOTTE!

We are all familiar from the days of our infancy with the limited resources of Mother Hubbard's cupboard and the sad plight of the Old Lady

“who lived in a shoe”
and “had so many children
She didn't know what to do.”

Fortunately, we are not faced with Mrs. Hubbard's perplexity when we look for assembly possibilities, for we have among us no end of talent just waiting for encouragement. We know for a certainty, however, the Old Lady's name was Charlotte, and we sometimes fear that in meeting our situation, particularly in assembly, we will have to resort to her policy with our students and figuratively:

“give them some broth without any bread,
And spank them all soundly
And send them to bed.”

In planning some kinds of programs we assuredly have to forego the bread in the shape of staging and other formal equipment, but we shall hope that the broth at least will be palatable.

Since we have about seventy-five people more than we can seat, we may have to spank that many each week by keeping them out of assembly entirely, choosing two home rooms each week, which could be assigned on extra

study period, but we hope to use the plan already experimentally in operation, of permitting them to stand in the rear of one of the assembly rooms. If we are to continue this plan however, it will be necessary for the extras not participating in the program to stand inside the assembly. Those participating in the program will be assigned seats. The corridors must be kept clear in order to handle the problem of transfer of performers from 105 to the assembly hall. In cold weather, the doors to the halls have to be closed.

Never in the history of the school has Charlotte had so many new teachers and pupils at the same time. To some of them our ways seem queer and to many of them the Witan feels that a statement of policy might not be amiss.

All material is original with the students. The cover, headings and cartoons are designed by students; the literary material, including editorials, is written by students, the only exception being that which appears in the column headed *The Observer*, which is an anonymous teacher contribution.

The material has come in this time in better shape mechanically than ever before; that is, the rules of form and good English have been more generally carefully observed. This makes the work of the staff much easier.

THE WITAN

Unsigned work is that contributed by staff members. All other is signed, followed by numeral indicating the class of the writer.

A Rochester newspaper, dated September 23, 1930, tells us that "ten years ago today" Viola Abbott (Mrs. Ward) was elected historian of her class at the University of Rochester, and that Ralph Tichenor, coach of West High School basketball team, outlined plans for the coming season.

The Observer notices that Charlotte High is a long step ahead of the uptown high schools in its student management of assemblies.

No one seems busy on the school lawn planting the flowers we ought to see blooming next spring.

The grumblers are still with us in the lunch room, the ones who save exactly one second traveling the long side of the ugly triangle on the Practice House lawn—one second saved in the rush for the food they expect to grumble about.

The Observer wonders whether the good citizens who know the school song and who yell loudest for the honor of Charlotte High are the same ones who, during study periods, leave little torn pieces of paper on the floor. The woman who sweeps gets painful slivers in her fingers when she has to pick the slippery things up.

AN ALUMNUS SPEAKS

I have always believed that Charlotte High School, through its close association with the old village, the lake, and the Genesee, with Sam Patch

tales and the lore of 1812, has the most interesting and inspiring body of tradition of any of the Rochester high schools. It was a pleasure and encouragement to dwell among those traditions. Similarly, though in a wider scale, does West Point tradition impel the cadets of the Military Academy to recall the old days at West Point, when Generals Grant and Lee lived in the same rooms in which we now live, to think of the future when school children will be required to learn in their history lessons the stories of men who are now our companions and classmen.

Such is the line of thought of a cadet in his serious moments. He thinks of the Corps, a century old, and of the discipline and traditions of the Military Academy, not of the summer hops and the football games. A cadet's aim is not so much accomplishment as service, his ideal not so much West Pointer as West Point.

John Donoghue, June '27.

OUR NEW PRINCIPAL

(Continued from Page 8)

The Rotary Club claims Mr. West as one of its members and at the time of his appointment a humorous message of congratulation, from which the Witan is publishing an excerpt, appeared in "Spoke Thirty-Six," the official organ of the Rochester club.

Charlotte is indeed fortunate in having as her new principal a man of Mr. West's excellent training, wide experience and enthusiastic interest in school activities. With such student response to his ideas and plans as has already been demonstrated by the size of the crowd at the opening soccer game, the school should have a very successful year.

THREE LITTLE WORDS

Down by the river carved in a tree,
There are three little words;
"Think of me."

Margaret Ames, 7B-2

THE WITAN

VIRGIL'S BIRTHDAY

VIRGILIANUM BIMILLENNIUM

INVENIO-IRE-I-TUS!

October 15 of this year marks the 2,000th anniversary of the birthday of the outstanding Roman poet, Virgil. Hardly a stone is left unturned in a tireless effort to make this national celebration worthy of such a great man. Schools, large and small alike, are all participating in the celebration. Plays are given; stamps and plaques, with the poet's name engraved, are made, and pageants are held.

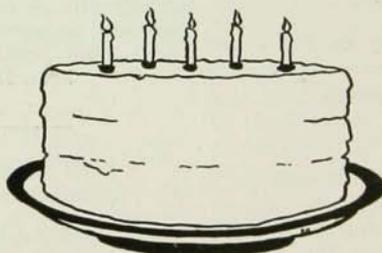
Last summer a Virgilian Cruise to Rome was sponsored by the Classical League. The cruise included a visit to Mantua, Virgil's birthplace, near Rome. So great is the poet's influence that it no doubt led book companies to publish fiction books about his time. Among them are the popular "Dido, Queen of Hearts," "Cruising with Aeneas," and a new edition of the "Aeneid" and other Virgilian poems. A medal, bearing the words "hinc Usque-Ad Sidera Notus Maro-Pubbius Vergilius" (Pubbius Veigilius—Known to the Stars) was made at a New York college, to be given to the student with the highest scholastic attainments in Latin. An illustrated map, showing Aeneas' journey from Troy to Rome, as described by Virgil in the Aeneid, was also widely sold.

We may thus conclude that Virgil's influence has persisted through the ages, up to the present day and is still a living factor in the lives of those who are interested in the classics.

I, Professor Seesar Sisiro Vergle, in this day of modern invention, suggest a new device for learning Latin Vocabularies. It looks like a telephone switchboard with the letters of the alphabet on it instead of numbers. The unhappy student setting out to master Latin must sit on a high stool in front of this device and push plugs in the letters required to spell the perplexing word. On the side of the cabinet is a handle and inside a Latin

book. When everything is ready and you come to a word -----well, "manus" for instance, the necessary procedure required to ascertain the meaning of this word is thus: Carefully plug in on the letters m, a, n, u and s, turn the handle on the side and a slip of paper will come out a slot bearing the meaning and gender. If it is a verb, the infinitive and conjugation will be given, and all adjectives will be compared.

It is one of my greatest wishes to see every school equipped with this necessity, as well as every Latin scholar's home. Right now, of course, on account of the unemployment situation and general business depression, the necessary capital to produce this wonderful machine probably cannot be procured, but after a while----Who knows? "Ciceronians"



AN INHERITANCE

Our present calendar, containing twelve months, has been almost directly handed down to us from the Ro-

THE WITAN

mans. According to Macrobius and Ovid, two grammarians of the fourth century, the Egyptians were the first to divide the year into definite periods. Other nations soon adopted calendars, some composed of three, or six months, of 354 days. The Romans followed the advice of Romulus, however, and divided their year into ten months, beginning with March. In this calendar there were 304 days, six months having 30 days each, and the remaining four, 31 days each. Ovid said that the year ended when the moon had reached its fullness ten times, so that this number, ten, was held in great honor by the Romans.

March was the first month of the year in ancient times, and was named by Romulus for his father Mars. The second month was called April, either from "Aphron," a Greek word meaning "Foam," or from "apirire," "to open," meaning that at this time all the buds began to open. Both Ovid and Macrobius are doubtful as to the origin of the name of May, but there are many legends about it. According to one of these, Romulus divided the people into *Maiores* and *Juniores*, or older men and younger men, naming May after the former and June after the latter. Another legend says that Jupiter was known as "Maius," the "great one," and that his name was given to May.

June may have been named by Romulus after the *Iuniores* or, says Macrobius, it was named after M. Junius Brutus, because on the first of this month Brutus drove King Tarquin from Rome. July, for a long time, was called *Quin-tilis*, the "fifth," but after January and February were added, it was named "Julius" by Mark Antony, after Julius Caesar. August, formerly called *Sextilis*, or "sixth," was later changed to Augustus, after the emperor of the same name, who had celebrated three triumphs in Rome and had stopped the civil war. September, October, November and December retained their original names, even after the addition of January and February, and are still the same.

Numa, the successor of Romulus, added January and February, the former after the double-faced god, Janus, who sees both the past and future, or the end of the old year and the beginning of the new. Numa thought that the year of 304 days, as arranged by Romulus, was too short, so he added 50 more days. To these he added six days, one from each of the months having 31 days and divided them into the two months, January and February, naming the latter after the god *Debruus*. This year, containing 354 days, was kept for a time until the Romans saw that the seasons did not fall on the same dates from year to year. After many calculations, they finally produced a year of 365 days, which we use today.

REVIVAL

Members of the III-2 Cicero class have expectations of promoting the interest of Latin. We hope to do this by forming a Latin honor society, composed of students eligible for admission to it by their high scholastic records in this subject.

The French honor society has become national. We may not succeed in making our society so far reaching, but nevertheless we hope to derive some benefit from what we learn in it, and we hope too, to have some fine times socially.

Doubtless, a great majority of students have been misled concerning the value received from studying Latin, possibly because it is not a conversational language. However, many of our English words have been derived from Latin, and everyone likes to have a large vocabulary of select words. We are almost sure that if you study Latin conscientiously and carefully, you will learn to like it and soon discover its intrinsic value.

Latin is a dead language which was spoken by the Romans. It may appear to a student to be more difficult than French, but if he is willing to work on it, he will not find it as difficult as he has been told. He gains many advantages by studying it. An

(Continued on Page 31)

THE WITAN



G. A. A.

The Girls' Athletic Association is in full swing again this year. The council members whom we elected last June are: Geraldine Bishop, president; Jean White, vice president; Ruth Punnett, secretary; Marion Leonard, treasurer; Edna Michel, Natalya Ivanson, Gladys Grotzinger, Marion Wright, Adreen Kirby, Elizabeth Wedel, Phyllis Yarker, representatives of the various classes, and Gehring Cooper, council representative on the Witan staff. We miss our former adviser and director, Miss Keffe, very much, but we are fortunate in having with us Miss Booth, who is so ably filling her place.

Friday, September nineteenth, we held a Popularity Party in the Assembly after school. About a hundred girls came and the rest missed something. However, I won't remind them of that. They probably feel bad enough as it is. But we girls were not the only participants in the games. Some other older girls were also taking part and, incidentally, providing quite a bit of fun for us. To be specific, these other girls were those known in the ordinary, everyday world as teachers, that staid and solemn class of human beings. Sh! we hundred girls know better.

Mr. West was present, too, and ran in several races. He freed us of a few boys who were looking on from doors and windows. Mrs. West, an honored guest, was a judge of the contests.

First, we had a Grand March, which was led by Miss Booth. This is a good way to get acquainted, as everybody knows, because it is alarmingly easy to get mixed up and bump into someone. At times there was so much laughter that we couldn't hear the piano, which was played by Elizabeth Lee. Finally, we found ourselves in a circle and our president, Geraldine Bishop, made a short speech of welcome. This made everyone feel at ease and the songs which followed were rendered with much zest. The first one was sung to the tune of "The Battle Cry of Freedom." The words are reproduced here for the benefit of all Charlotte High girls.

"Oh, the girls of Charlotte High
Are now rallying for sport,
Catching the spirit from their classmates.

We will have a banner year
If you all will sure be here
Happy and ready for the contests.

Chorus:—

Hurrah for the workers!
Hurrah for the games!
Down with the shirkers,
And up with our fame!
We will rally one and all
To our Charlotte High's dear call,
Showing the spirit of true sportsmen."

The second song we sang is written to the tune of "Jingle Bells."

G. A. A.'s, G. A. A.'s,
G. A. A.'s are we.
We join the fight
To do what's right,
For G. A. A.'s are we.

THE WITAN

G. A. A.'s, G. A. A.'s,
G. A. A.'s are we.
We find the best
To give the rest,
For G. A. A.'s are we.

The third and last song follows the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E,
It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E;
Whenever you're in trouble
It will vanish like a bubble
If you'll only take the trouble just to
S-M-I-L-E.

In the second, third and fourth verses of this song, substitute G-R-I-N, grin, L-A-U-G-H, and Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha for S-M-I-L-E. These songs were led by Gehring Cooper.

After this, we all took part in some games, namely, the alphabet game and handicap pass. These were followed by more contests, in which the different classes competed against one another. The ten players from each class were required to pass a knotted string over their heads and down to the floor in the first relay. In the second, they had to open a folding chair, sit on it, and fold it up again. The third time they were supposed to inflate a paper bag and explode it by hitting it with the palm of their hands. In the last game it was necessary for the girls to kick an Indian club around a chair and back to the starting line. This was by far the most difficult of them all and therefore was the most

interesting to watch and engage in.

We now had a pleasant interlude. A play, depicting the trials of a young bride in an apartment house, was cleverly enacted by Margaret Kirby, Gerry Bishop and Phyllis Yarker.

The classes again rivalled each other, but in individual games where the relation of the scores was not known until the end. These contests were: tossing bean bags, dropping beans in a bottle, pitching rope quoits, and knocking down Indian clubs with a baseball. The freshmen won the day with a score of two hundred and thirty-one. The sophomores came next, the juniors third, and the seniors last with forty-one points.

As the end of a perfect day, very smart and appropriate favors were distributed and the Alma Mater was sung. I am positive that those present enjoyed themselves immensely and I am sure that the absentees are very sorry for themselves. Nevertheless, don't mope too long. We'll all be looking forward to the next G. A. A. party and until then—we want to see you all out for sports. If you don't come out regularly for at least one activity every week—we have swimming on Monday, speed-ball on Tuesday and Wednesday, riding on Wednesday, hiking on Thursday, and tennis and tap-dancing on Friday—you are not a G. A. A. member, and think of all the fun you're missing.

REVIVAL

(Continued from Page 29)

excellent vocabulary is built up by the work in derivation and French comes more easily to him. It gives the student the power of concentration. The historical background makes it both interesting and worthwhile.

Lois Marsh, '32.

In senatu dixit consul

"Why the silence omnium?"

Respondit Catalina bashful

"Sunt in somnium."

"Beat it, now, from our fair city"

Said Cicero with threatening air

Respondit Catalina, witty

"Sir, I haven't got the fare."

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

NOV. 8, 43 B. C.

Catalina erat bum

Cicero dicebat

Robber, cut-throat and then some

I wonder if he erat?

Senatores, excitati,

Said "Shall we decernere?"

"Anything" responderunt viri

"Consuli obsistere!"

E. Donoghue, '32.

THE WITAN

SPORTS



CHARLOTTE HIGH SCHOOL SCHEDULE FOR 1930

- Thursday, Sept. 25—Irondequoit vs. Charlotte at Charlotte
 - Friday, Oct. 3—Charlotte vs. Tech. High at Edgerton Playground
 - Friday, Oct. 10—Benjamin Franklin vs. Charlotte at Charlotte
 - Wednesday, Oct. 15—Charlotte vs. Canandaigua at Canandaigua
 - Wednesday, Oct. 22—East High vs. Charlotte at Armory Field
 - Friday, Oct. 24—Charlotte vs. West High at Charlotte
 - Wednesday, Oct. 29—Charlotte vs. Monroe at Charlotte
 - Wednesday, Nov. 6—John Marshall vs. Charlotte at John Marshall
- Games will start at 3:30 P. M.

FRESHMAN SOCCER SCHEDULE FOR 1930

- Tuesday, Sept. 30—Tech. High vs. Charlotte at Charlotte
 - Tuesday, Oct. 7—East High vs. Charlotte at Armory Field
 - Tuesday, Oct. 14—John Marshall vs. Charlotte at John Marshall
 - Tuesday, Oct. 21—West High vs. Charlotte at Charlotte
- Games will start at 3:30 P. M.

CHARLOTTE 7—IRONDEQUOIT 0

Cheers and loud applause! Charlotte wiped out all opposition in their first soccer game of the season. It was a wonderful game in every respect. The team and its supporters certainly deserve a lot of credit. Never in several years has such a crowd witnessed a Charlotte athletic event, there being about seven hundred people present. With such support as this, Charlotte is bound to win all its games. Keep it up!

The weather was hot and muggy, and it threatened to rain all through

the game, except, in the last quarter, when Sol celebrated our victory by revealing his beaming countenance.

Our boys fought their hardest right from the start. The old apple was in Irondequoit's territory most of the game. Captain Smith started the scoring with a penalty kick in less than two minutes after the game had started. George Gray, flashy left inside, pushed through three of the goals, while Roberts and Gallery accounted for the rest.

The final score was Charlotte 7, Irondequoit 0. Score at half time was Charlotte 3, Irondequoit 0.

THE WITAN

The Charlotte line-up was as follows: Homer Schantz, goal; Harold Smith, Harry Greer, full backs; Robert Dorgan, Jack Reed, Pomeroy Cass, half backs; F. Smith, right wing; W. Waterhouse, right inside; E. Roberts, center; G. Gray, left inside; J. Galery, left wing.

HORSEBACK RIDING

If there are enough boys interested, a Horseback Riding Club will be formed in C. H. S. The girls already have one, and have found it to be quite a success. I imagine if the club does get under way, Mr. Kingston will give the members a few pointers on the fine art of horse handling.

SWIMMING

Every Wednesday at 4:00, there will be swimming at the Maplewood "Y" for Senior boys. Free lessons will be given to non-swimmers. Those who are more advanced will be given instruction in Junior and Senior Life Saving. Let's all take advantage of this privilege and finally develop a good swimming team.

TOURNAMENTS

In beginning the fall athletic activities, three tournaments, golf, tennis and horseshoe, have been scheduled. Here is a fine opportunity for you to show your ability. Even if you are not crowned champion, you'll derive a lot of pleasure and gain real experience by entering into these contests.

WITAN STAFF

(Continued from page 5)

Margaret Jackson	-----	Practice House
Joseph Smith Edmund Campbell	} -----	Cartoonists
Anona Page	-----	Exchange Editor
Frances Earl Axel Johnson William Farress Sam Bogorad John Shenton	} -----	Business Managers
Paul Lascell Raymond Grant Grace Eve Billy Petroske (7 A-2) David Bishop (8 A-1)	} -----	Circulation Managers
Miss Emerson Miss Cashman Miss O'Neill	} -----	Story Contest Judges
Mrs. Mahoney Miss Sharer Mr. Lee	} -----	Faculty Advisers

SOCCER



SCENES



THE WITAN

Les Babillards



The fifth chapter of the French Honor Society or, "Les Babillards," was organized last term at Charlotte High School. At a dinner meeting of all five chapters, our chapter, Epsilon, was welcomed and Alpha chapter of Monroe High School presented us our shield, painted in green and white. This shield now hangs in room 208. At this meeting the following officers were installed: President, Hazel Isaac; vice-president, Charles Schaad; secretary, Anona Page, and treasurer, Edward Bush.

The French Honor Society consists of students in their second year of French, preferably the second term, who maintain a mark of A or B and who are interested in French. The purposes of this organization are:

First, the study of the French language; secondly, the development of interest for the French language, and thirdly, an increase of the pupil's knowledge. Our emblem has a significance. The B stands for "Babillards," and the cock stands for the courage of the individual to speak French at the meetings and to develop his or her knowledge of French.

The last meeting of last term was a supper meeting, after which a very interesting social program followed, in which a short play written by Alma Hubbell was presented. The following officers were elected at that time: President, Anona Page; vice-president, Charles Schaad; secretary, Edna Michel, and treasurer, Harold Smith.

DID YOU KNOW

That we have a teacher at Charlotte who does not teach Charlotte pupils?

That Don Ryan thought that Mr. Enright was a freshman?

That five members of the freshman class at the U. of R. are graduates of Charlotte?

That the school will have four soccer teams this year?

That Helen White's nickname is "Nellie"?

That "Bob" Paige drives to the U. of R. each morning on a motorcycle?

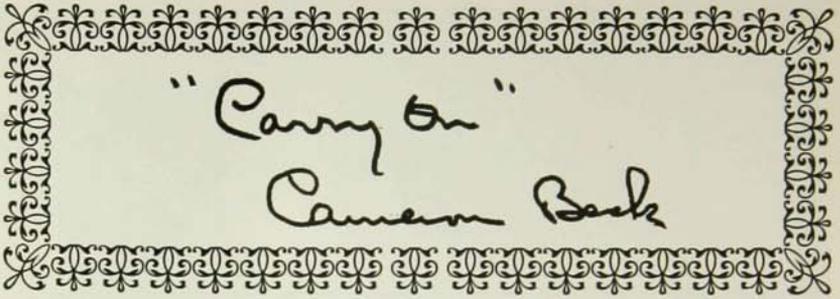
That Mrs. Mahoney is taking Miss Harvey's place this year?

That Mildred Lee set the box headings for this issue of the Witan?

"TO RUN OR NOT TO RUN....."

From the time a child is able to say, "Mother, the little hand is on the six and the big one on the twelve," he is taught that a clock is a device by which one ascertains the correct time. But alas, if that child should grow up and go to Charlotte High School, he would be sadly disillusioned. Is it the lake climate, the cemetery, Sam Patch's grave, the pupils, or the building that the clocks object to? The unsolvable question is, "Why won't the clocks go?"

THE WITAN



SEPTEMBER 11, 1930



The senior high assembly was opened by singing the school song led by Mr. Marsh. Mr. West gave some announcements and then introduced two new teachers, Miss Booth and Mr. Enright. Miss Booth took over Miss Keefe's position as the girls' physical director for the ensuing year.

Mr. Enright, who just graduated from University of Rochester, is taking Mr. Aments' place as English and dramatics teacher. Mr. Marsh then sang a comical Irish song. Announcements were then given by Mr. Tichenor, Susanne Bogorad, Edna Michel and Margaret Kirby. June Estes then sang "Just A Cottage Small." Some community singing followed and the assembly closed with the school song.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1930

The Charlotte High senior assembly opened by singing one stanza of "America The Beautiful." Mr. West then gave some announcements and introduced Mr. Norton, a health and physical expert, who gave a very interesting talk on sports. Irene Stowell gave a tap dance which was enjoyed by all and Alma Hubbell gave a talk on "Ten Years of Rochester." Mr. Enright then gave a dramatic reading of Mark Twain, "The Jumping Frog," and also his own interpretation of it. The assembly was closed by singing the school song.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1930

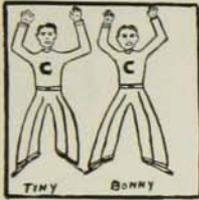
The senior high assembly opened by singing the first and last stanza of "America," led by Mr. Marsh. Announcements were then given by Ray Dudley, Susanne Bogorad, Gladys Grotzinger, Mr. Tracy and Mr. West. Leon Bonfield and Frank Smith then gave several snappy cheers. The campaign speeches followed. The "Athletic Party," under the managership of Harold Smith, spoke first. The candidates were: George Gray, for president; Carl Pearson, vice-president; Edna Michel, secretary; Leon Bonfield, cheer leader. The "Liberal Party" under the managership of Jeanne Marvin then spoke. The candidates were: Helen White, president; Violet Rentschler, vice-president; Margaret Kirby, secretary; Leon Bonfield, cheer leader. The assembly was closed by singing the school song.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1930

A special assembly was held at Charlotte High School for the Juniors and Seniors. The purpose of this assembly was a talk by Cameron Beck, Personnel Director of the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Beck held the attention of each member of the audience as he enumerated the evils of lying, forgery and stealing. He also stressed the importance of a good, clean character and of a high school education. Mr. Beck left with the pupils a thought which had inspired him as a youth, "What you are to be, you are now becoming," and a motto, "Carry On!"

(Continued on Page 40)

THE WITAN



Officialdom

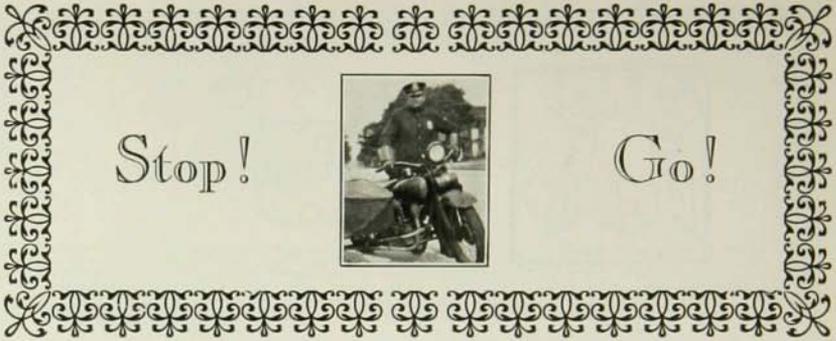
STUDENT COUNCIL

- | | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------|
| President, George Gray | Vice President, Carl Pearson | |
| Secretary, Edna Michel | Treasurer, Julia Van Dam | |
| Cheerleader, Leon Bonfield | | |
| Lawrence Kilmer | Violet Rentschler | Ray Wegner |
| Margaret Kirby | Homer Schantz | Phyllis Line |
| Charles Schaad | Kenneth Adams | Robert Godfrey |
| Josephine Bemish | Walter Smith | Herbert Smith |
| Harold Smith | Jean White | Frances Jackson |

CLASS OFFICERS

- | | |
|---|---|
| IV-2—President, Lawrence Kilmer; Vice President, Margaret Kirby; Secretary, Carol Schmidt; Adviser, Mrs. Denise. | 1-2—President, Jean White; Vice President, Jack Reid; Secretary, Ruth Gregerson; Adviser, Miss Van Alstyne.
Miss Harvey. |
| IV-1—President, Charles Schaad; Vice President, Josephine Bemish; Secretary, Dorothy Bubier; Adviser, Miss Doehler. | 1-1—President, Ray Wegner; Vice President, Richard Kemp; Secretary, George Johnson; Adviser, Mr. Courtney. |
| 111-2—President, Harold Smith; Vice President, Violet Rentschler; Secretary, Jean Estes; Adviser, Miss Sharer. | 8-B—President, Robert Godfrey; Vice President, Fred Gray; Secretary, David Wagner; Adviser, Miss Sage. |
| 111-1 — President, Homer Schantz; Vice President, Bertha Shannon; Secretary, Ruth Murphy; Adviser, Mrs. Ward. | 8-A—President, Phyllis Line; Vice President, Mary Donaldson; Secretary, Zenobia Luckhurst; Adviser, |
| 11-2—President, Kenneth Adams; Vice President, Jack Marchant; Secretary, Edith Bonfield; Adviser, Mr. Woodman. | 7-B—President, Frances Jackson; vice President, Doris White; Secretary, Selma Michel; Adviser, Mr. Westburg. |
| 11-1—President, Walter Smith; Vice President, Virginia Riley; Secretary, Ruth Gordon; Adviser, Miss Emerson. | 7-A—President, Herbert Smith; Vice President, Melissa Conner; Secretary, Morris Conner; Adviser, Miss Carragher. |

THE WITAN



ANOTHER WELCOME

No, he is not a new principal, nor a new teacher, nor is he a pupil, but he is a new cop! The policeman by the side of Charlotte High has been quite a surprising event (seeing this has been the first time our students have experienced such protection) and much to our amazement, the novelty has not yet worn off. We all know he shows us safely across the busy thoroughfare, but the perplexing question that we would like to ask him (seeing he is an authority on the matter) is—*which little white line should guide our wavering footsteps?*

Nevertheless, students, he is a “cop” and let’s show him the respect he deserves.

TRAFFIC REGULATIONS

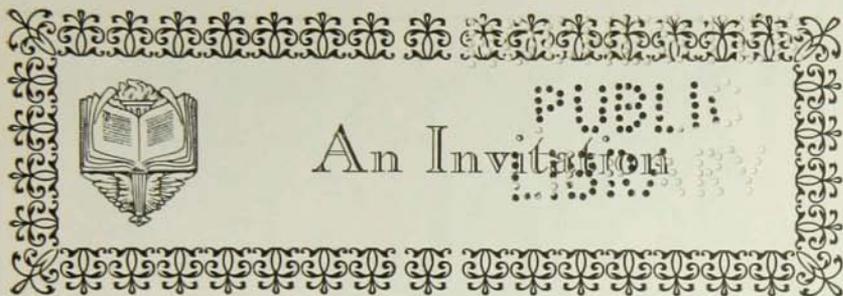
1. All corridor traffic single file on right side.
2. Front upper stairs near room 200 for UP TRAFFIC ONLY.
Front upper stairs near room 200 for DOWN TRAFFIC ONLY.
Front wide stairs TRAFFIC BOTH WAYS.
- Both back stairs UP AND DOWN TRAFFIC TO THE RIGHT.
3. At lunch periods, lunches are to be eaten only in Assembly, Room 115, or Practice House.
4. At any dismissal time use nearest exit to room you leave.
5. Traffic across Lake Avenue keep between white lines on pavement.
6. Autos must not be parked within 6 feet of any fire escape or any part of school yard outside of parking stalls.
7. Bell in corridors at 3:15 P. M. to clear the building.
No loitering in halls or rooms after that time.

TRAFFIC COMMITTEE

The crowd was in an uproar. People were going this way and that and everything was such a confusion. And then, one night, three men were seen with paint and brushes. The place was deserted except for these three figures going quietly about their business. The next morning things were different. People seemed to know where they were going and then, upon further examination, lines were found on the stairs with explanations painted in their boundaries. You have noticed it? Have you done your part? If you haven't, now is the time to start. Co-operation brings results. Do you think these rules are worth trying?

Mrs. Denise (after answering telephone): “Lois, you’re wanted down in the assembly to play the piano, so you may pass out right now.”

THE WITAN



For some time we have had in Charlotte High an unofficial, unhonored and unsung committee to help in the routine and organization work of the library, especially at inventory time.

Soon after the semester opened this year, through the aid of the chairman, Natalya Ivanson, the corp was enlarged with representatives from the Junior and Senior high classes with the purpose of giving worthwhile extracurricular activity for people not participating in other group work, such as assembly, Witan and publicity, and for rendering service to the school.

The type of work done consists of charging and discharging books, counting circulation, writing overdues,

preparing new books for circulation and keeping the shelves orderly.

Before listing the people now on this committee, I wish to extend an invitation to any students interested in joining us, especially any boy or girl interested in library work as a vocation or in finding out whether or not the work is to his or her liking.

Ruth Ferguson, Helen Fleming, Agnes Fleming, Bernice Gutland, Eleanor Ivanson, Betty Le Clare, Muriel Lenz, Eleanor Meade, Dorothy Nicol, Ruth Punnett, Margaret Reimer, Virginia Riley, Thelma Schmirr, Mary Van Kesteren.

Helen M. Cashman,
Librarian.

LITERARY

(Continued from Page 20)

It seems that she needed a pin to pin her apron on with and she couldn't find one. Of course she knew of a whole card of them that belonged to milady, but she couldn't use a new one. Brains, huh?

(Of course, the maid hadn't done any of this when her ladyship arrived home; burglars had.)

Harrington Chase, '33.

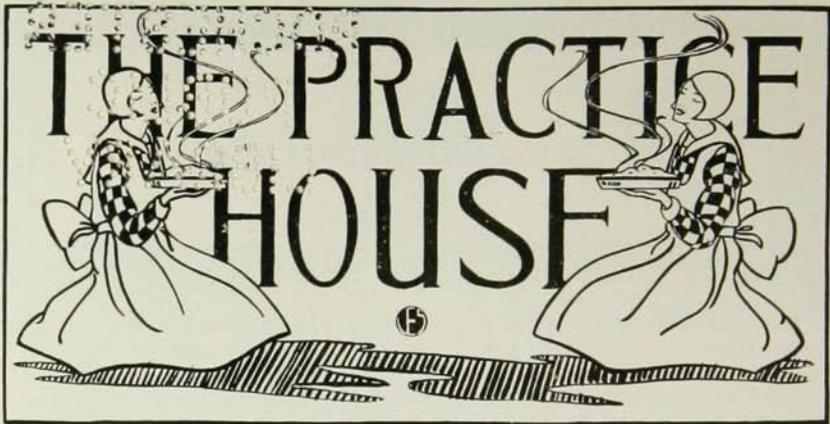
you must find someone who seems secretive about his or her business. Then when you have the curiosity and the victim, the fun begins.

You ask your victim what he or she has been doing lately, or something to start a personal conversation, such as "Where were you last night?" or "Someone told me you were out terribly late the other night and they heard you were seen doing scandalous things." Then you proceed to question the object of your wiles closely until you have received an inkling of the import of the victim's secret. Finally, when you know the whole secret, the next and last thing to do is to tell the community chatterbox the whole story. E. Lascell, '32.

TO BE A BUSYBODY

First, you must be endowed with an easily aroused curiosity. Second,

THE WITAN



The Practice House is like a bee hive with all the activities going on within its doors these busy autumn days. With Miss Childs in charge, everyone is hard at work housecleaning, canning, pickling and jelly-making. Miss Whiting and Miss Karges are assisting in the Junior High classes.

The first social event of the season was a reception held at the Practice House by the Tri-Y in honor of Mrs. Nathaniel G. West, the wife of our principal, and the new teachers, Miss Paul, Miss Booth, Miss Brown and Miss Sage. Margaret Kirby, president of the Tri-Y, was hostess. Punch and wafers, prepared by the homemaking girls, were served. June and Jean Estes and Grace Tupper partici-

pated in a brief musical program. After the reception, the guests inspected the Practice House model apartment under the guidance of several girls of the homemaking classes.

The Homemaking girls wish to announce that the requests for teachers' luncheons will be fulfilled in the near future.

The girls are now looking forward to a demonstration by Miss Emma L. Morrow, Supervisor of Domestic Science and formerly a teacher in Miss Farmer's cooking school in Boston.

The two senior girls who are now custodians of Charlotte High's rat families have renamed them Vera, Bucky and Marg. And still they live on!

ASSEMBLIES

(Continued from Page 36)

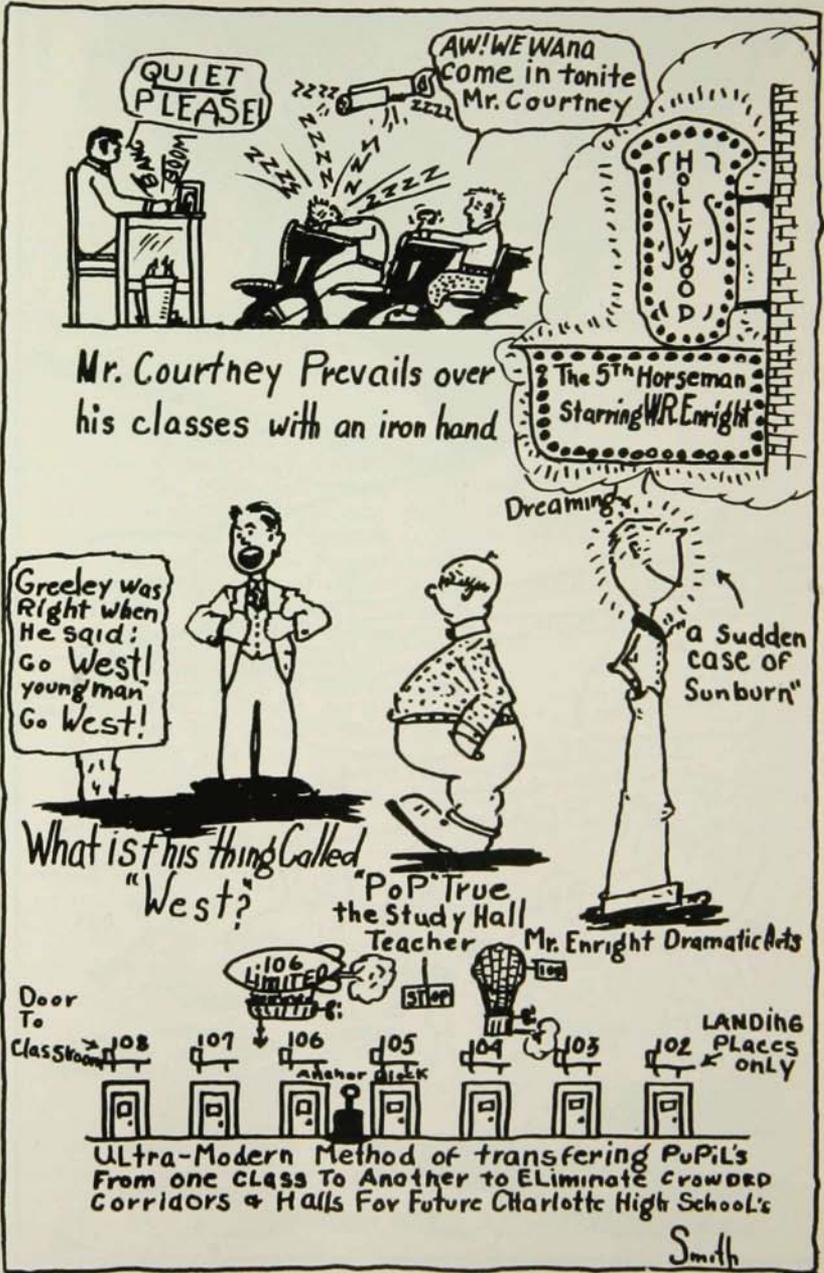
OCTOBER 2, 1930

The Charlotte High School assembly held on October 2, was unique in bly held October 2, featured an Inter-School program. Mr. Alfred Spouse, who has charge of vocal music at West High School, cooperated with Mr. Lewis J. Marsh, the director of music at Charlotte High School, in bringing to the assembly a representative soloist from East, West and Monroe High Schools, who were enthusiastically re-

ceived by the students of Charloote High School.

The following is the program as conducted: Anthony Turriano of West High School accompanied by Miss Sullivan sang "Could My Song With Birds by Vying" and "Calm as the Night." Oliver Vanas of East High School accompanied by Mrs. Conway sang "On the Road to Mandalay." James Robinson of Monroe High School accompanied by Miss Dobbin sang "Where My Caravan Has Rested." Mr. George Troup of Monroe High School and Mr. Kenneth Mook of East High School were guests of the assembly.





THE WITAN

POET'S CORNER

(Continued from Page 23)

LEAVES

In autumn, when the leaves come down,
They're splashed with colors gay;
They flutter safely to the ground,
To rest there for a day.

Robert Wright, 7B-2

GIRLS' CLUB

Why not join the Girls' Club?
It's more fun than you know;
Dont' be a snub,
Join us today; let's go!

Florence Rust, 8B-1

AT TWILIGHT

One night, 'twas just at twilight
When everything was still,
I saw a fairy maiden
Upon a fairy hill.

And once I looked upon the hill,
It was night when all was still,
I heard the faintest echo
From o'er the fairy hill.

Charles Reese, 7B-2

GOOD MEDICINE

If we sigh about our trouble,
It grows double every day;
If we sing about our trouble,
It's just a bubble blown away.

Elizabeth Sweeting, 7A-1

The girls of the 7th and 8th grades are practicing Hit Kick Pin Base Ball for girls' field day.

The new 7B from 42 school is a very large class of 43 pupils. The class from 38 school has about the same number, so that makes two very large 7B's.

The tap dancing class has started again. There are in the class 25 pupils. Miss Elizabeth Knapp is the teacher.

A TRIBUTE FROM NUMBER NINE

(Continued from Page 9)

of 1925 and 1926, the Eastman School of Music presented two series of civic concerts on Saturday evenings in the school auditorium.

Since 1921, the young boys of the district have had the rare opportunity of attending "The Boys' Recreation Center," the only one in the city. This was financed by the direct effort of Mr. West, and last year was opened three evenings a week, with four directors each evening. Fourteen nationalities were represented in these clubs.

The first Parental Education class conducted in the public schools was organized at Andrews School, November 4, 1929, and was attended by forty-four parents.

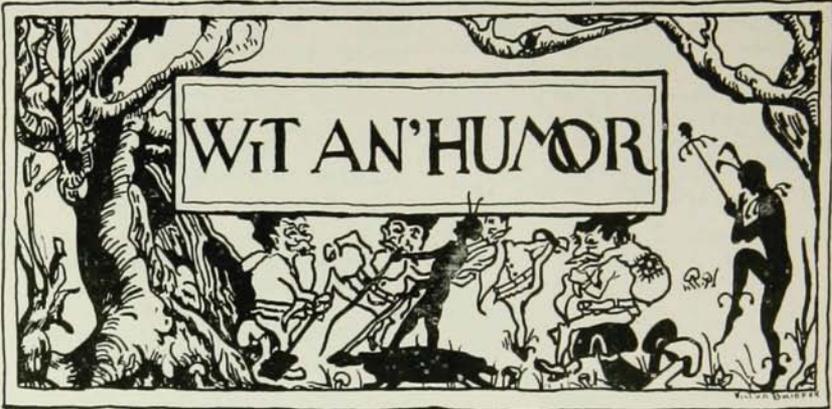
Owing to Mr. West's sympathy and keen interest in the unfortunates, all pupils, however handicapped, have been made happy at Number Nine School.

During the past ten years, five assistant principals of Andrews School have been promoted to principalships, four in Rochester and one in New Jersey. Mr. West was ever willing to aid, when an opportunity presented itself for one of his teachers to advance in the educational field. Andrews School is justly proud of this record.

We realized that we could not keep Mr. West at Number Nine forever and are only too happy to know that, while he has been promoted, he is still one of our co-workers. We appreciate the opportunity we have had of working with an educator of note for more than a decade. We rejoice in his promotion and congratulate Charlotte High School.

Josephine L. Williams,
Teacher of Manual Arts,
Andrews School, No. 9.

THE WITAN



A LAMENT

The halls, the halls of learning bright,
The halls, the halls with kids packed tight,
And so to class we veer and tack,
But then, alas, we can't get back.

When the hour for lunch arrives,
We're lucky to retain our lives,
As through the crowds we push and punch,
(We're slightly stouter after lunch).

Our only hope we find in gym,
We trust it will keep us slim,
That in the halls we'll not get stuck,
For that would surely be hard luck.

Lascell: "How do you use the word 'stabilized'?"

Andrews: "The horse was stabilized."

J. T.: "I'm first in Algebra."

A. S.: "I'm first in English."

J. T.: "What are you first in, Jack?"

J. M.: "I'm first in the hall."

Sounds Like Skipping

Miss Sharer: (discussing in class a previous assembly program) "Didn't you enjoy Alma Hubbell's essay?"

Ryan: "Yeah, and who was that good-looking freshman who told the 'Frog Story'?"

P. A.: "Did you see 'The Big House'?"

A. L.: "What big house?"

R. C. (reading report): "They were opposed to the Kellogg Peace Pack."

Miss C.: "Has anyone here heart trouble?"

M. J.: "Yes, I have."

L. D.: "I have too, but not that kind."

L. M.: "Did you read 'All Quiet on the Western Front'?"

C. R.: "No, I don't like western stories."

Miss Goff: (Amer. History) "Well, you know Brigham Young had about 18 wives and about 76 children."

J. S.: (from back of room) "Well, he must have been the father of his country."

Miss Cashman (explaining Reader's Guide): "A married woman might have her maiden name and her husband's name both. For instance, my name would be Helen M. Cashman but my husband's name would be a----- question mark."

Cass: "No, it would be an exclamation mark."

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