

THE WITAN

JUBILATION NUMBER



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ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
APRIL 1931

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THE WITAN

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THE WITAN

Let Us Rejoice!

This is the Jubilee Number of our Witan. According to Noah Webster, a Jubilee is "a season or occasion of general joy."

What is the "occasion of general joy"? It is, of course, the assurance of our new building for which our community has waited so long.

You are interested in its every detail, but such items cannot be given here. You have already read our latest edition of the Northern Light, which tells something about it. The plans, however, are not entirely complete but are expected to be ready by April first. After that date it will be possible to give a complete and accurate description.

How long is our "season of general joy"? Our joy and happiness will be permanent. Looking into the future we see our new building erected within two years. Then, within a few years, a small addition, followed later by a large wing across the back. Its final capacity, several years from now, will be more than 2200 students. This building will undoubtedly be in service 75, possibly 100, years. Thus it is that our "season of general joy" will be permanent.

We must plan carefully and enthusiastically for specific "occasions of general joy." The first of these is our Jubilee Social on April 17. Plans for this Social are being made by the Charlotte High School Adult Club. Its officers are enlisting the cooperation of alumni, students and friends of the school. This will be an outstanding community event.

It is none too early to begin thinking about the dedication of the new building. Here again, careful planning and cordial cooperation will provide a red letter "occasion of general joy." The period of construction will be over before we realize it.

Thus far, I have spoken only of our new building. We must, however, constantly remind ourselves that the students and teachers of Charlotte High School have demonstrated that the building does not make the school, nor the lack of a suitable building destroy the school. Indeed, the Spirit of students and teachers is the school. But, a fine soul in a fine body is better than a fine soul in a decrepit body. We are to witness a miracle of reincarnation!

Most sincerely,
Nathaniel G. West.

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Jubilee Social

At last we are assured of a new building and, to celebrate this event, the Charlotte High School Adult Club, the Charlotte High Men and the Charlotte High Women will hold a Jubilee Social April 17, 1931, at the Abelard Reynolds School, No. 42.

The officers of the Charlotte High School Adult Club are: Mr. Archie L. Bubier, President; Mrs. Leigh Hunt, Secretary, and Mr. E. J. Ward, Treasurer. Of the Charlotte High Men, Mr. J. E. Lawson is President; Mr. J. Stubbs, Secretary, and Mr. G. H. Chase, Treasurer. The officers of the Charlotte High School Women are: Mrs. J. Dougherty, President; Mrs. W. H. Jackson, Vice-President; Mrs. L. J. Young, Secretary, and Mrs. F. Stowell, Treasurer.

Judging from the interest shown by the members of these three clubs, this social will be the biggest event of its kind ever undertaken by this community. Some of the world's greatest entertainers will be present to amuse you. Card playing and dancing will be provided for. For the sum of fifty cents, you will be allowed to partake of this evening's enjoyment. The money made at this affair will be used for the benefit of Charlotte High School.

The General Committee consists of Mr. Archie L. Bubier, Chairman, and the officers of the three clubs. In addition to these, the following have been asked to serve: Mrs. C. Meyers; Harold Smith, President of Charlotte High Students' Association; Bruce Bergener, Vice-President of Charlotte High Alumni Association; Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Harry W. Dreher.

The chairmen of the other committees are: Publicity, Mr. Clifford Hewins; Sales, Mrs. J. Dougherty; Tickets, Miss Hazel M. Stowell; Music and Floor, Miss Margaret Miner; Cards, Mrs. Harry Vick; Entertainment and Stunts, Mr. Walter Enright; Arrangements, Mr. Archie L. Bubier; Refreshments, Mr. Erwin J. Ward. Also students and alumni will be asked to serve on these various committees.

This is going to be a big affair and it needs the support of each and every student of Charlotte High School.

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Literary Department

THE AMERICAN NIGHTINGALE

Cheryl stood at the railing of the steamship "Baldwin" and gazed over the moonlit waters. Each wave was carrying her nearer to adventure, a career, and Life. What would the future on the other side of this great ocean hold for her? Would she be a success or a failure? Questions popped into her head and remained there—unanswered, each new question crowding the others back and back until her tired brain refused to function. Troubles slid from Cheryl's shoulders as she watched the prow of the ship cut the water, and she sighed lightly as she turned from the beauty of the night to her cabin. Let the future take care of itself, she thought.

Cheryl reached Paris on a balmy sunny day and, as a taxi carried her to the hotel, she felt that the brightness of the day was a good omen. Surely, nothing could go wrong in this beautiful country and glorious city. She reached the hotel and met Madame and Monsieur Dupre, as had been planned. Monsieur Dupre was a small, flustering, red-faced man who laughed loudly, with such a musical ring in his voice that Cheryl guessed it was a beautiful singing voice. This was true; Pierre Dupre was the greatest tenor in all Europe. Madame Dupre was a tiny, white haired creature, whose smile won everyone completely.

Cheryl smiled inwardly as they both rose to greet her, and thought how lucky she was to have Monsieur Dupre interested in her—plain, little Cheryl Ardin.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," sighed Dupre, "I feared that ze leetle Amereecan had been lost. Mademoiselle, my wife, is very happy to have you weeth us. We

would be very pleased also if you would make your home weeth us. Surely, the mademoiselle will consent to do thees leetle thing for us, yes?" Dupre gazed at Cheryl hopefully, fearing she might refuse.

"Oh, how nice of you both," Cheryl quavered; "I would be glad to stay with you, Monsieur. You make me very happy indeed. Are you sure that I am not going to be a great expense and bother though?" Cheryl's wistful face and faltering tone caused Monsieur Dupre to throw his hands above his head and to roll his eyes heavenward.

"She asks me if she will be a bother! You, a bother and expense, ma Cherie? Oh, no! Why, weeth your bee-eautiful voice and sweet face, you can not help but be a great sensation. Paris, London, Berlin, Venice, Vienna and Moscow have all been waiting for a great find like you, Mees Ardin. When I hear you singing in ze city of New York I know that you had a wonderful future before you. I would not have sent for you and promised to finance your career if I had not thought you had a beeg chance. Surely, ma Cherie, you will put Galli-Curci, Mary Garden, Schumann-Heink and Jenny Lind all in the background. The minute the people hear your voice they will love you." The little man's mustache quivered with excitement as he talked, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he chuckled his wife under the chin and laughed. "Your Pierre knows how to pick winners, does he not, little one?"

Life for Cheryl was one music lesson after another. Nothing was spared to give her the best of everything and she must, Madame Dupre

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warned, be careful not to get wet feet and catch cold and thereby ruin her voice. Days were filled with lessons and evenings with rest.

Then came the big night!

Cheryl was to sing in the greatest music hall in Paris. Every available seat was taken by people eager to see the American singer. No one had ever heard her sing except the great tenor, Pierre Dupre, and he had spent a great deal of time and money on her lessons, so, they concluded, she certainly must be good. The hall was packed with shining, smiling faces. Jewels flashed from the throats and wrists of the wealthy, and excitement surged through the blood of the peasants in the balconies. What was this little American like? Could she really sing? Was she just another "hope-to-be" singer? The hall rang with these questions. Paris was all agog.

In a vast flower-scented dressing room back stage sat eager little Cheryl. She was seated on a high-backed sofa, surrounded with beautiful flowers, and Monsieur strode up and down before her, happily giving her last minute instructions. Cheryl fingered her rose colored dress tenderly and smiled at her happy thoughts. Her night! The greatest evening of her life! She truly looked beautiful in her old-fashioned gown of lace with its tiny rosebuds.

"Remember, Mademoiselle," Dupre was explaining, "the first song and scene calls for a great deal of emotion. You must be sad, very sad; weep if you must, but don't forget—try to put that song across to the audience with tears in your voice. Now the second song in the second act must be very gay. You simply must be joyous. Make Paris smile; make it laugh and remember. Memory never hurts anyone, ma Cherie. Oh, this operetta I chose for you is beautiful, petite Cheryl, so make it so. We have every confidence in your ability to do it. I think that -----"

Suddenly the door burst open and a harrassed maid hurried to Dupre's side. She stuttered in French and

then managed to blurt out that a gentleman, accompanied by two gendarmes, wished to see Monsieur Dupre and Mademoiselle Ardin.

"The police!" gasped Cheryl, "what do they want of me?" Her eyes widened with amazement as the gentlemen referred to strode into the room.

"Just this, Mademoiselle," spoke an officer in civilian clothes; "you entered this country and have remained here without entrance papers. You will accompany me to the American consul and secure them or leave for the coast and prepare to leave France immediately."

"There must be some mistake. I secured Mademoiselle's papers and gave them to the consul and, besides, Monsieur, it is impossible for us to leave here," stormed Dupre. "She must appear here this evening. This is her debut. She is a singer. This is a beautiful operetta. I am Pierre Dupre. You can't do this to us. She must go on. We will be ruined. The house is full!" Dupre's choppy little sentences seemed to have no effect on the officer, so he changed his tactics. "Listen, there goes the bell; the curtain is up and ze mademoiselle must go on. Ah, Monsieur, wait till after ze performance for your arrest if you must arrest so bee-eautiful a woman." Monsieur Dupre was almost in tears and wrung his hands in despair. The officer glanced at Cheryl, where she sat silently, eyes bright with unshed tears.

"Mademoiselle may go on for her first act, but she must re-appear here immediately after," said the officer as his gruff voice softened a trifle.

Cheryl smiled her thanks and slipped to the wings, followed by Dupre, who was exploding with anger and relief at the same time.

As the curtains parted the hushed audience gasped. There stood Cheryl, as beautiful a picture in her quaint rose colored frock as Paris had ever seen. Throats contracted with little painful lumps and tender hearted women dabbed at their eyes with dainty wisps of handkerchiefs and

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men cleared their throats unashamed as the first notes of Cheryl's song broke the silence. Monsieur had told her to be sad. Sad? Had anyone ever had such a cloud over his head on such a night as she did? Would she be deported after all her planning and the kindness of Madame and Monsieur Dupre? Weep? Oh, yes, tears flowed easily as the sad words of the song came from Cheryl's trembling lips. The song was finally at an end and Cheryl's heart sank to the depths of anguish as she noticed the silence in the hall. Suddenly, the applause came like a clap of thunder. It was tremendous. It swept through the vast hall and shook the very rafters. Cheryl bent low time after time in acknowledgement of the ovation. She could see nothing but a blur of faces, because of her tears. They brought her back upon the stage several times. "Singer? Oh, yes indeed," were the loud exclamations. She was wonderful. She could force the tears from the eyes that had been dry for years. Oh—but Dupre had indeed found a voice with a great appeal.

"You see," said Dupre to the officers, who stood in the wings. "Isn't she wonderful? Wasn't I right?" He waved his hand toward the bowing figure on the stage. "Gentlemen, her future is at stake; it is in your hands. Allow her to finish the performance and success is hers. Her trouble can await till tomorrow. This is her evening. Let her have it. Her career depends upon this success.

The officer cleared his throat. "Sorry, Monsieur. I have my duty to perform."

"Duty—duty?" exploded Dupre. "You don't know what duty is. Here it is. It is your duty to the great art of Music, your duty to humanity, and your duty as a gentleman to give this young girl her chance in life. Take her away now and the people will turn against her, the work of many music masters and her own would be for naught. She belongs to this," he spread his hands toward the audience, "and this belongs to her. Take her

from it this evening and it will be like taking a nightingale from a tree. The music would be gone, and what is life without song? Why, you fool, life IS a song!"

A stagehand lightly tapped the officer on the shoulder as they watched Cheryl run past them to her dressing room. "Monsieur is wanted on the telephone. It is urgent." The officer left the scowling Dupre, who immediately departed for Cheryl's dressing room, where he found her ready for the second act. The officer soon returned and, bending low over Cheryl's hand, explained the call.

"The American consul just phoned me, Mademoiselle. Your papers had been mislaid and have just been found. The laws of France wronged you. A thousand pardons, Mademoiselle, and please forgive us. You were wonderful tonight and now you are free to go on with as many acts as you desire. I wish you many successes and again I ask your pardon. Adieu."

Cheryl went on with the rest of the operetta, which called for happiness. Who could be happier than she? Oh, the part wasn't hard to play now. The audience caught the spirit and they tried to remember. Yes, tried to remember when there had been such a great singer in Paris. The applause was gratifying after each act, and Cheryl Ardin was a success.

Yes, a success. The greatest success Europe had ever known. Of course, Cheryl Ardin, the great American soprano toured many, many countries, but always in her company were that little tenor with the big heart and his white haired wife and, oh, goodness yes—Cheryl's entrance papers! For never again, Cheryl vowed, would she let them bring her so close to the brink of failure as she was that evening, and I'm willing to wager that Cheryl Ardin will be sure to have her entrance papers ready for Saint Peter when she crosses the Great Ocean to the gates of Heaven.

Gertrude Rappold, '32

THE WITAN

FRIED CAKES TO THE RESCUE

There he was again, gazing into the window of "Anne's Fried Cake Shoppe." The same tall, goodlooking boy with the tired eyes.

Three or four times that afternoon, Anne had seen him walking past, each time hesitating in front of the window, gazing hungrily at the pans of fried cakes. If he hadn't been such a proud-looking boy, she would have called him in and offered him a bag of the fried cakes, but something told her that he would only have been offended.

Just as she finished packing fried cakes in boxes for the early morning trade, she stepped to the door, looking out curiously to see if he had gone, when she saw an officer talking to him. Then they walked over to an old green coupe parked by the curb.

"I wonder what the trouble is. Oh, the officer has asked to see his license. Gracious, I hope he has some money, as that new town law requires that a person have at least a dollar or be subject to arrest on a charge of vagrancy. Oh dear, I bet he hasn't any money. What can I do to help him?"

Anne suddenly ran to the counter, hastily put a dozen sugared fried cakes into a bag and then ran to the door, calling, "I've sugared your fried cakes, Mister, and you forgot your change."

A fleeting look of bewilderment came over the young man's face, quickly changing to one of understanding as he asked the officer if he would mind stepping into the shop to finish their conversation, while he got his fried cakes and change.

The officer, a big, surly looking man, grunted consent and followed the boy in as he went over to Anne's counter.

"30—40—50 and 50 makes one dollar, and one makes two. Here are your fried cakes, and thank you," said Anne sweetly.

"O. K.," said Dave, giving Anne an appreciative smile. "Do you want anything more of me, officer?" and he paused by the door.

"Naw, you have the required amount, but get going, and don't sleep in that car of yours again tonight, or I'll run you in."

"Officer Crandall, won't you have a fresh fried cake?" asked Anne sweetly as she pointed to the tray of fried cakes, and turning to Dave, said, "Come again."

"O. K., I will," answered Dave.

"No thanks; I don't like fried cakes," grunted the officer, ungraciously, as he banged the bakery door.

"Well," said Anne to herself, "I've done my one boy scout good deed for today. Guess I'll close shop and go home." So she put the tray of fried cakes in the case, added up the day's receipts, and started to put on her hat, when the bell above the door rang and in walked Dave.

"Oh, hello! Something wrong? Weren't the fried cakes all right or did I short change you?" laughed Anne.

"You were wonderful. The fried cakes were great and the change just perfect, and I don't know how I can ever thank you, although I'd be willing to try," answered Dave as he reached in his pocket and pulled out the \$1.70 and put it on the counter.

"Quick, pick it up; here comes Officer Crandall!" I don't have any more sugared fried cakes, but I have some plain ones," she went on as Officer Crandall stepped up to the counter.

"Well, of course, I wanted sugared fried cakes, but-----"

"Say, you're awful fond of fried cakes, ain't yer?" sneered the officer as he watched Dave pay Anne the thirty cents.

"Thank you; come again," said Anne, as they both left.

Later, Anne glanced at her watch. "My, it's 7:30, and an hour past closing time; too late for the early movies. Oh, well, I've been making my own movies tonight," she laughed.

"Wonder what that lad is doing here in Plainville, broke and hungry. He looks like a college boy to me, from a good family if I'm any judge

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of people. The kid's square, anyway; he wanted to pay back that money. Presume he doesn't dare try again, darn that snoopy flatfoot anyway!"

Ting-a-ling-a-ling. The door opened and in came Dave.

"Well, well, more fried cakes?" laughed Anne.

"Listen, guardian angel; I've just had a wire from home, money and everything, and I must be on my way, so let me pay you the \$1.70 while I have the chance. May I give you my card with the money, with hope that if you are ever stranded in my part of the country, you will call on me for help?" he asked, his eyes, twinkling.

Anne took the card with a smile, thanked him, and wished him luck on his journey.

Just as Dave took out his bill fold and started to give Anne the \$1.70, Anne glanced up and saw Officer Crandall looking in the window. She reached in the case, took out three fried cakes and put them in a bag, and handed them to Dave, who accepted them dazedly.

"Sh! our friend is watching us, and here he comes," she whispered.

"How much?" asked Dave as the officer stepped to his side.

"Ten cents, please," answered Anne.

"Say, young feller, what are you doing in here again?" growled the officer, as he grabbed Dave by the arm.

"Oh, I was just buying some fried cakes," replied Dave innocently.

By now Anne was nearly convulsed, and as she caught Dave's eye, he nearly strangled on the fried cake he was trying to choke down.

"I don't know your game, young feller, but one thing I do know, you're not going to kid an officer of the law, so perhaps you had better come down and explain this fried cake game to the chief. Personally, I think you're a nut and, as far as you're concerned, young lady, you have sold him the last fried cake he'll buy in this town."

By this time, both Anne and Dave were in hysterics, and as Officer Crandall took Dave by the arm, Dave said, "Officer, I'll go gladly to explain my fried cake spree to the chief, but first

may I ask is it against the law in this town to buy fried cakes or is there simply a limit to the number one may purchase?"

Officer Crandall ignored the question and asked, "Where is your car, young man?"

"On a side street, where one hour parking is allowed, with the lights on, and if you dont mind, I'll be on my way," he answered and, whistling gaily, he opened the door.

"Thank you; come again," Anne called after him.

"O. K. I will do that," and Dave closed the door.

"Say, young woman, how long have you owned this shop? I never remember seeing you before."

"Oh, not very long, officer, but I think I'm going to like it, as it's such exciting work," smiled Anne as she put on her coat.

"Well, you don't want to encourage any fellers like that to hang around. Just between you and me, I don't trust that one," and with a gruff, "Good night," he started to leave, but turned back as Dave stepped into the shop.

"If you don't mind, officer, before I leave I would like to place an order with this young lady."

"Well, all right, but make it snappy," growled Crandall as he watched him with an eagle eye.

Dave took out a card and, writing something on the back of it, he handed it with a bill to Anne, giving her a look full of meaning, and said, "Be sure my wishes are complied with."

"Thank you; I will," replied Anne.

"Just a minute, Smart Aleck, I'll take a look at that card and money," put in Officer Crandall.

"Surely, officer," and Anne held out the card and a five dollar bill.

With the money in one hand and the card in the other, he read:

"To the beautiful city of Plainville, I give five dollars, to be used for sugared fried cakes for weary travelers, and from this beautiful city I take nothing but pleasant memories."

(Continued on Page 43)

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FUTILITY

Like ants, that test some rushing stream,
So are we swept onwards to the sea:
Struggling in vain against the current
Of life.

What are we, daring unknown shores?
Atoms, specks in all eternity.
Clinging to unstable elements,
We fall.

Whirling chaotically, all unity denied,
Kept apart by things untried,
Unknowing, we tempt the flow,
Too late.

Oscar Judd, '31

AFTERWARDS

What is a rainbow to people,
But a promise of things to come?
A pledge of redemption o'er us,
The sign that someone has won.

A cluster of colors or spectrum,
Glowing like memories past,
A burst of glory e'erlasting,
Forgiveness for all things, at last.

O. D. J., '31

SOLILOQUY

Measured by the standards of a world,
Whose standards are but whims,
Whose songs of love change overnight
To sacrilegious hymns of hate and
blind destruction,
I am a traitor, doubly dyed
In the saffron of the coward
And the arrogance of pride.

TO A STAR

Unapproachable, distant far;
Gleaming, glancing star;
Symbolic of all earth's desire.

Leading, beckoning, calling;
Thru day, thru night, luring
A soul to higher places.

No greed or hate to mar the pace;
Life is too short to waste:
Look up, the world is yours:
Follow!

O. D. J., '31

JUST A DOOR

Doors: symbols of beginning; end,
Opening, shutting on enemy or friend.
A crash, meaning but the end,
A creak and one more day to spend.

Doors: separating loves long parted:
Opening; a rush, a kiss.
Doors: a symbol of ignorance or bliss,
Which?

O. D. J., '31

TRIBUTE

All songs I hear are but echoes of thy
voice;
All beauty I behold, thy grace,
And the golden glory of the dawn,
The soul-light in thy face.

Quiet-time and evening,
In the soft depths of thy eyes;
All my world is all thyself,
And more—my paradise.

G. N. W., P. G.

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THREE WISHES

"Give me jewels, maids and a car;
Give me trips to lands afar,
Give me romance, let me live
Among the luxuries life can give.
Give me comrades to love,
And blue sky above me,
Let no struggle mar my life,
Give me existence free of strife.

"Give me beauty of form and face,
Give me litheness and grace;
Give me charms and give me health,
Proper use will bring me wealth.
Let me be carefree, let me dance,
Let me smile and take life's chance.
To my charms let man be slave,
Give me beauty, all I crave.

"Let me be gay with the joy of living,
Let me return what life is giving;
Let me live to cheer the sad,
Give me power to reform the bad;
Let me help each wounded soul,
Let me help them reach their goal.
Riches, beauty, health, I'll find,
Lifting cares from troubled minds."

Marian DuVal, '34

MY EPITAPH

For my epitaph, place above me
A tall and stately tree,
A memorial far more lovely
Than ever verse could be.

DREAMER'S SONG

(A Symphony)

To close your drowsy eyes just now
should be
But to drift beyond the boundary
Of nearer star's immensity,
To dwell where gods are joy and
phantasy.

So sleep, child,
Slumber on,
For life comes
Again—
At dawn.

You may cast aside the chains of
earth,
Then soar above to freer birth,
And toss the moon in gleeful mirth,
And stand and laugh at Saturn's girth.

Here, child,
Look and see.

H. Ray Dudley, '33

THE GARDEN

I paused in the cool sweet twilight,
In a garden by the way,
Enclosed within a stony wall
Whose fastness seemed to say,
"Come, rest in me, abide in me,
Ere the close of Life's brief day."

A garden seems to me the place
Where peace is always found;
It has a separate, lovely grace
Within each waving frond
That few can find,
As this, entwined,
Where beauty so abounds.

The flowers' heads make beautiful
beds
Of deeper and richer hue
Than other things which Nature brings
That Man may misconstrue.

Beyond the bed of violets,
Beside the white shell path,
There is a grey stone fountain
(The flowers' epitaph),
Whose ceaseless play, both night and
day,

Seems like some merry laugh
Whose music rings as gentler things
In day's cool aftermath.

I wander on, as shadows fall,
To a tiny rustic seat
Within the shadow of the wall,
Where the twining vines compete;
Thereon I rest,
While o'er the way in the glowing
West,

The last faint gleams of day
(As if regretting the bright sun's
setting),

With the garden seem to say,
"Come, rest in me, abide in me,
Ere the close of Life's brief day."

G. N. W., P. G.

AFTER ALL

Leaves floating;
A squirrel whisking;
The tap of a woodpecker;
Silence.

A crow winging;
A twig falling;
A floating melody,
Ceasing.

A rustle of wind;
A wheeling hawk;
A swooping flash;
Requiem.

Oscar Judd, '31

THE WITAN

THESE HAVE I LOVED

These have I loved:
A lake, blue with the light of
An unclouded sky;
Woods, hidden behind a veil of
Mist;
Moths;
The ocean sparkling in the
Noonday sun;
Cherry blossoms, swaying in
Some garden far away;
Birds;
The warm, rich color of a dying
Fire;
The smell of leaves in an
October blaze;
Snow;
The mem'ry of a song heard
Long ago;
The pictures of a book, worn
Thru long use;
A dance;
A bedroom, cool with summer
Breeze;
A harvest moon to peep in
At my window;
Sleep.

Carolyn Carroll, '33

THE OCEAN BLUE

I wonder if that roaring sound
Came from out the sea;
The waves that roll, the waves that
splash,
The waves that call to me.

I often get the wanderlust
When near the ocean blue;
The ships they call, and shipmates too,
They beckon me from you.

But ah, I cannot do the same,
For you I'd surely pine;
But still, I hear that roaring sound
From off the deep blue brine.

Marjorie Webb, '34

THE WEB

I saw a spider on the wall,
And wondered why he did not fall.
He looked at me and seemed to say,
"Good morning, Miss, I've come to
stay."

Then, in the corner of the room
He wove a web with magic loom;
And when he finished, he sat near by
And waited for some stupid fly.

Bonita Rogers, 7B-1

AS THE YEAR GOES ON

January is here;
It is the beginning of the year.
February, and the snow
Is beginning to disappear.
March, and the wind doth blow,
And sometimes it brings snow.
April, and then we have showers.
May brings the pretty flowers.
June, oh; examinations are here,
Which we all do fear.
July, and the firecrackers snap;
August, and the leaves begin to
wrinkle and crack.
September, and the school bell rings.
October brings Hallowe'en, and then
the fun is seen.
November, and Thanksgiving is here.
December is the end of the year.

Zenobia Luckhurst, '34.

SPRING

Spring is near;
Winter's gone by.
The robin is here;
The flowers are nigh.

The trees are in bud;
The blue skies are clear.
So why not be happy,
When spring time is near?
Arline Kenyon, 7A-2

THE DERELICT

On this journey of Life he might have
gone far
Up the roadway of fortune and fame.
As the world measures men, he might
have achieved
And made for himself a name.

Perhaps on some path he stepped aside
And in Life's tangle lost his way.
Maybe the rest of the world went by,
I never heard him say.

But for some reason nobody knows
He just stepped out of his place
And accepted the verdict the world
always gives
To a man who quits the race.

He lives amid ruins of remembered
things
In a world that nobody shares,
A failure, an outcast, he deems him-
self,
And he wonders if anyone cares.
Alma Hubbell, '31

THE WITAN

BLOOD

Blood!
Dripping from the ceiling;
Blood!
Seeping through the floor.
Now the bleeding man is reeling,
Clutching, grasping at the door.

Blood!
Dripping from the ceiling;
Blood!
Seeping through the floor.
Now the dying man is kneeling;
And now he lives no more.

Blood!
Dripping from the ceiling;
Blood!
Seeping through the floor.
The dead man's past all feeling,
For his days on earth are o'er.

Blood!
Dripping from the ceiling;
Blood!
Seeping through the floor.
Fate has done her ghastly dealing,
He sleeps in drying pools of gore.
J. LeClare, '33

HOUSE OF MEMORY

On a lonely, stony roadway,
Hidden in weeds and trees,
Stands a house that is old and empty
And forsaken by birds and bees.

The windows are cracked and dusty,
The steps of the porch are decaying,
Each hinge is broken and rusty
And signs of old age are displaying.

Long ago, I am told, in back of the
house
Was a garden just by the sea.
You can see where lovely flowers
grew
And where water ran happy and free.

On the porch is a rickety rocking
chair,
That is battered by wind and rain;
You can almost picture someone there
And hear them rocking again.

When the house was new and beauti-
ful,
It sheltered a man and his wife;
They lived there happily to the end,
With no child to bless their life.

Marian Du Val, '34

TO A CAGED BIRD

Did not he who pent thee thus
Behind those brazen bars
Know ought of God
Or beauty of the stars?

Did he not love thy sprightliness,
Thy lightness on the wing,
Or yet, thy jauntiness,
When thou wert wont to sing
Atop some tufted crest
Beside the spring whose murm-
'ring music
Thou didst put to shame?

Why, in the faint dawn's stillness,
When first thy voice was heard,
Did not his heart re-echo
Thy song, oh caged bird?

And why, in the cool sweet twilight
As shadows softly fell
And thy clear call echoed through
the dell,
Did he not bid thee, "Sing on,
And affectionate farewell"?

Oh thou who lovest freedom
And imprisoned, yet sing on
(Perhaps in dim remembrance
Of that same beautiful dawn)
Art braver, nobler, pent-one,
Than he who did thee wrong!

Oh caged one, my heart goes out
to thee
And I pay thee tribute now;
Open thy cage and set thee free;
Now, let thy sweet song flow
Unhampered by a troubled state,
In thy kingdom of the heavens
above
And all the earth below.

G. N. W., P. G.

THE WORLD

Breathless, I gaze
And wonder, why?
Across the sky
A seething blaze.

A falling star
To all who see.
And so may we
Look from afar.

A torch of war,
Flickering low.
So be it?
Better so.

O. D. J., '31

THE WITAN

WONDERING

I wonder how we'll feel
 When the bells begin to peal
 To tell the folks our school is well
 begun.
 We will all just shout for joy,
 Every teacher, girl and boy,
 And our parents all will join us in the
 fun.

I wonder how we'll feel
 When the bells begin to peal
 To tell the folks our school is really
 done.

Fond memories, sad and sweet,
 Will live across the street,
 And cross to our new school when it
 is done.

Frances Jackson

WISHING

How I wish that Spring were here
 So I could romp and play,
 And hear the birds sing sweet and
 clear;
 'Tis soon a holiday.

Then there'd be no coats to wear,
 They are such heavy things;
 And I wouldn't give a care,
 But just play and sing.

Now I've got to stay inside,
 Because it's freezing cold,
 Although I could go out and slide
 Upon the hill at Dold's.

Selma Michel, 7A

NATURE

These have I loved:
 A placid lake at night;
 Migrating birds in flight;
 The leafy trees;
 The hum of busy bees;
 A mossy nook;
 The murmur of a brook;
 And blue sky,
 With white clouds sailing by;
 The pale light of the moon;
 The fiery sun at noon;
 The bark of a dog;
 A turtle, basking on a log;
 A sparkling fountain;
 An awesome, snow-capped mountain;
 And the moaning of the wind.

J. LeClare, '33

DREAMS

If I might sleep forever and a day,
 I think that I should thread
 This maze of wondering that winds
 away,
 That ends not with the dead.

If I might think through
 All that spaceful night,
 I think I should awake
 With mind renewed and ancient truths
 grown light,
 And heart steeled not to break.

If I might dream through all eternity,
 I think I should complete
 These little fearful dreams that plain
 in me,
 One vision clear and sweet.

If I might love forever and beyond
 This fitful mortal glow,
 I should find words to tell that change-
 less fond
 Dead love of long ago.

C. Phillips.

DOMINANCE

Thoughts,
 I am your master
 When I stand
 With activity,
 Ready, in hand.
 I mold you then,
 Change you from the
 Diffident forms you knew
 Into ships with sails,
 And clouds and sea and sky,
 All blue.

But when I droop,
 To sleep a bit,
 You are there with pickets and ropes,
 Pulling and drawing,
 Shaping my hopes.

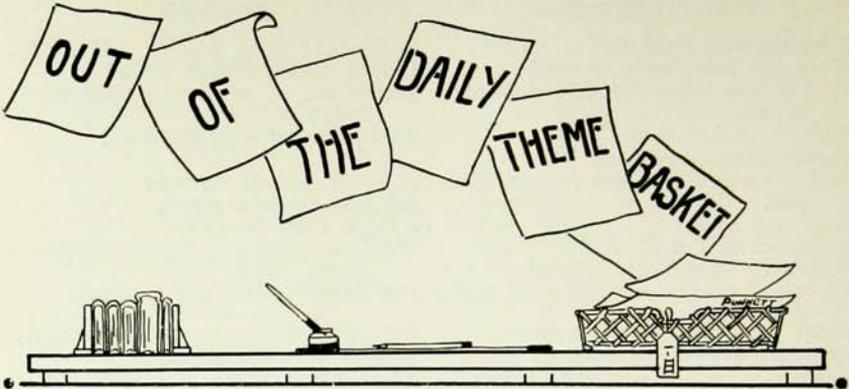
H. Ray Dudley, '33

MAYBE

Maybe, cold weather's gone,
 Maybe, March winds will blow,
 Maybe, again you will see your lawn,
 Maybe, I'm wrong, but I hope so.

Jack Brown, 7A-2

THE WITAN



WHY?

A few days ago, City Manager Stephen B. Story and Commissioner Dailey were seen trying to make a flat, round, wooden mechanism climb up and down a string.

At a glance one might think that the minds of two of Rochester's leading helmsmen had been not a little affected, (perhaps by their long, tedious and monotonous daily labor) but on further inquiry, it was found that they were "Yo-Yoing."

Now—what is a "Yo-Yo?" How do they work and why? Who knows? Just allow the "Yo-Yo" to roll down the string and it comes right back up again, by the aid of a slight jerk. It looks extremely simple, but just try it! It takes a considerable amount of practise to become adept.

Isn't it surprising that such a little, insignificant plaything, having originated in some ancient Filipino's whim can captivate and entrance so many thousands of people? So interested are they! Young, middle-aged and old, wealthy and poor alike, indoors and out, are all "Yo-Yoing." Why?

TWO BELLS

By name, nature, and hobby, I am a sailor. Of course, by a real old salt I would be considered in about the cabin-boy class, but at that, even though I had never seen the water, I have more right than they have to call myself a "tar." Therefore, I shall

consider myself the saltiest of salts, and speak my mind to the land-lubbers who persist in misusing the seaman's terms for telling the time.

On an average of once a week (I do not want to be accused of exaggerating) some one answers my request for the time by replying, "It's about two bells," or worse yet, "Just ten bells." It is things like that which make one realize just why sane people get themselves a ticket to watch the world from the electric chair. The reason for the anger is that when they say it is two bells, they mean two o'clock, not one, five, or nine o'clock, as the literal translation would have it mean, but the thing that must make poor sailors roll over in their watery graves is to have some one say, "It is ten bells." For one thing eight bells is the limit of the nautical time system and for another they mean ten o'clock.

May I impress upon the land-lubber that he learn just where and why he should use the term "two bells" before he throws it into the beard of a "tar."

William Tarr, '31.

NECKTIES

I don't know whether I have a necktie complex or not but some of the hideous creations that I received for Christmas make my blood run cold. I have considered using them as burnt-offerings to whatever god would be indiscriminate enough to take them, but I found that the kind

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givers have a way of inquiring into the effectiveness of their Greek gifts. After that, the only safe method is to be a martyr, wear them, and pray to all the gods there are, that they will have a short life, the shorter the better.

Of course, if you permitted them to lead a natural life you would probably die of mortification before they could safely be cast away, but by flaunting them before the greedy claws of fate, dogs, cats, and younger sisters, the period of torture can be appreciably diminished.

However, the trying part of the whole affair is encountered in the actual wearing of the things. They leave you open to countless insults to your good taste, such as your friend's saying, "What a gorgeous tie you have on!" or "I say, old bean, that tie is exceedingly becoming to you!" when the same tie makes you blush at every scanning look and hurry self-consciously by the officers of the law!

Donald Dow, '32.

A SHOE'S LIFE

A shoe has many and varied uses. Besides living up to the expectation that it serve as a conventional covering and protection for the foot, it finds its place again and again among the common although perhaps seldom mentioned household necessities.

When the neighborhood assembly of cats is staging a serenade on the back fence outside your bedroom window, your trusty shoe never fails—to produce more and lustier screeching from the feline chorus.

The resourcefulness of a shoe cannot be measured. Never let it be said that your shoe balked at anything with which it was confronted. It performs many lowly and undignified duties which would astonish and dismay any self-respecting hat or glove, or other article of wearing apparel.

Another instance of the great usefulness of a shoe is the time when the hammer is not in evidence, and here is a picture or a pennant which simply must be tacked up.

Toward the end of a long Sunday afternoon, when the youngsters are growing restless and unmanageable, has the soul of a shoe ever failed to silence the obstreperous children who quarrel over blocks, trains, or funny papers?

A long life to the shoe, and may it continue to serve us, as it has in the past, in all emergencies!

Alma Hubbell, '31.

OH! THESE NEW CONTRAPTIONS!

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard

To get her poor doggie a bone

But when she got there

The cupboard was bare

And so the poor doggie had none."

Old Mother Hubbard sat by the fire thinking of the days when Shep had been a nice fat dog. I was going to say a puppy but remembered that this unusual pair had never been young so far as the records show. Well, to get back aboard Mother's train of thought, she was trying very hard to solve the mystery of the missing bones. As the facts of the case rolled through her mind with a puff of smoke, she began to lose heart more and more. Of course, the baggage car was really the cupboard which had always held Shep's bones; next came the passenger cars which represented the trips made to the cupboard. The solution to the terrible problem of the missing bones must come quickly because the end of the train was in sight.

What! Look again! What kind of a car is that coming along in place of the caboose? Why, that is a refrigeration car and the problem is solved. The bones are not in the cupboard; they are in the new Frigidaire!

William Tarr, '31.

ONE OF MANY

A rasping noise suddenly fades, drowned by the insistent rattle of an alarm clock. The paper boy jumps

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out of bed into an icy room and proceeds to dress slowly (?). He rushes madly downstairs donning hat, coat and gloves as he slams the door behind him.

Arriving at the station he finds the papers there (*mirabile dictu*). Shocked at this unforeseen happening his fingers become thumbs and he nearly freezes getting the bundle open. Whistling "The Prisoners' Song" cheerily, his bag on his back, he goes down the deserted street, delivering to his satisfied customers their daily glimpse of the "World."

So it goes until later in the week the time comes for collections. Ah! how he loves that task. The feel of money, however, cannot compensate for the bickerings, the arguments, that thrifty housewives and Scotch husbands advance against paying last week's bill. The waiting outside in freezing weather, while the customer delves into various flower pots where the money has been hidden, teaches the paper boy patience and forbearance. Collecting is the most jovial part of a jovial winter's occupation. Yet it has its advantages; it brings him in contact with people, and if he carries a route long enough, he becomes either psychic or crazy (in extreme cases, both). Oscar Judd, 31

HINTS FROM THE ETHER

If a person were asked if the Radio is a profitable advertisement, he would probably say "Yes" and think about "Amos 'n Andy" and "Phil Cook." But just the most popular Radio programs as these are not all that should be taken into consideration when discussing the Radio as an advertising medium.

Take the morning broadcast. Mother has sent the children to school, gotten father off to work, and while she is doing the down-stairs work she turns on the Radio and listens to ways in which to keep her family's mouths clean and healthy; the best way to make Spanish and French dishes (which her family probably wouldn't know from Italian or Greek); how much things are at the

A. and P. (she doesn't buy at that store because she doesn't like the manager) and learns further details and interesting or uninteresting data about the betterment of her home and food (to all of which she says "poo! poo!" and she forgets it after a while.) She can also learn how much things are at the big department stores which she is either too busy to visit or doesn't have enough money to spend there; and the farm or country women can remember the cost of farm products, the weather reports, etc., to tell the farmer when he comes home at night. This may sound frivolous but I mean to show the real ways in which the Radio helps all of the women all over the country. Not that it always interests them, I mean that it helps them.

In the afternoon and evening the programs run more to dance orchestras, programs with good and bad jokes and ideas running more to the interest of a larger group of people and not to the woman who stays home and does the housework.

A stenographer, for instance likes to get home and eat her warmed up supper to the strains of "If I Could Be With You," or "He Was Her Man." Don't you agree with me? And then when the boy friend comes and he doesn't have much money, they can stay home and eat peanuts or ice cream, listen to the Arpeako Minstrels and make believe that they are at a real vaudeville show. And then the next time they go to the beach or to a light lunch shop they will ask for Arpeako hots. Then dad loves to listen to the jokes and tell how many times he has heard that one and how many years ago was the first time, and mother likes to sit and pretend that this was the many years ago when she was the "sweetheart" of all the boys in her home town and was dancing to the strains of some sweet little waltz.

Yes, the Radio is very good as an advertising medium and I am sure that in the near future with pictures along with it or something on that idea it will be even better.

Jean Estes, '32.

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DOGS

Every morning I leave the house at eight o'clock or thereabouts, mostly thereabouts. So far this sounds like a lesson in the first year French grammars, but I will eventually tell you about some dogs, three dogs to be exact. When I was about a hundred and fifty feet from the car stop, I heard a whirr and a clang and felt the slight tension in the air which is explained by the fact that that class of people commonly known as school children, or overworked students, has given up all hope of a ride with friendly teachers,—or others who might be overcome by the pathetic expression of grief, anxiety and too much knowledge on their time-worn visages,—because the motorman has patiently reined in his winged Pegasus and is impatiently awaiting the last groan of the turnstile.

The car passed beyond my vision without having caused any more effort on my part than the heaving of a sigh and the wishing of the improbabilities that I had a car of my own, lived nearer the institution of learning, which is also sometimes called a school, or finally that I belonged to some sort of an alate specie whereby I would be able to attain distant sites by a much smaller amount of physical effort than I am now utilizing,—to my sorrow.

As I reached the corner, I was riveted to the spot. Where before there had been several yards between automobiles, there now were three cars scarcely five feet apart. A dog, while running alongside the first car decided to cross the street. It was impossible. The second auto ran over his shoulder. I stood as though paralyzed. He withdrew his head, however, and, crazed with fright, dashed madly across the thoroughfare, yelping. Immediately two other canines appeared. I know not whence they came. They were not there previous to the accident, nor did I see them coming. They just were there. The first pup ran off, flanked by his comrades. But they may not have been comrades. I do not know. They were dogs, and that

is sufficient. Soon the self-appointed escorts returned to the scene of action. At intervals they looked over their shoulders towards the home of the wounded one, showing their anxiety in their expressive eyes.

The incident was very significant. Certainly we who call ourselves higher in intellect could not be more humane in our actions in like circumstances. Gehring Cooper, '33.

GUIDING STAR

The light-house on the Charlotte Pier, which has beckoned ships to its haven for more than thirty years, is to be replaced by a more modern and efficient brother.

The new guiding star is to be seventy-five feet above the water, just twice as high as the present occupant. The light will stand on a skeleton frame work and all of the machinery will be stationed on shore, to save the light-house keeper the dangerous journey over the ice incrustated pier every day through the winter just to light the light.

The mechanical features will be of the latest design. The lamp will be four times as strong as the present one. In place of the fog horn, the light station will be equipped with a radio beacon. There will also be a bell to warn ships of the presence of the pier.

The amount of money that the national government is willing to spend on the Port of Rochester shows that money furnished by the city itself for harbor development could not be more wisely expended.

W. T., '31.

PROOF

Although the snow still lies deep on the ground there is an air of silent activity at the Yacht Club. Owners, taking their families "out for a ride," head for the Yacht Club to discuss spring over-hauling with mechanics. Small groups stand talking about the good times they are going to have this summer. Already there is a faint odor of paint, and there are fresh

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Editorial Comment

A NEW CHARLOTTE HIGH

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success" they tell us, and we now have evidence of the truth of that statement. We are soon to have our new Charlotte High School! How the news warms our hearts!

There have been so many obstacles to overcome, so many obviously more urgent needs than ours that it seemed the realization of our dream must be aeons away. Now we are to watch it, step by step until it thrills us in its completeness.

Oh, the old school has been a joy and we have spent many pleasant hours there. Some of the happiest memories will cling about the old buildings, but we are happy for those who follow. Try to visualize an assembly hall equal to our numbers; a gym; a swimming pool and many other up-to-the-minute appurtenances. Oh, it's going to be great! A sigh perhaps, for the old, but three rousing cheers for the new!

JUBILATE! JUBILATE!

At last Charlotte is going to have a new High School. We can now have a gymnasium. I'm glad that I graduate soon because even though the room will be new, I never did like gym. I hear that the gymnasium instructors have already thought up plans for the new dominion which they will rule exclusively.

The Art Department is all planned also, and I have no doubt that the instructors in other departments have dreams, which will materialize (more and louder Jubilates) in about a year and a half, perhaps sooner, perhaps later—we all hope for the best. When I get this far in my resume I can almost wish that I were not going to graduate in January and could be

one of the first graduating class to be graduated from the new school. But I will be an old and revered alumna and sit perhaps in the balcony, (imagine a balcony in Charlotte High School!) and weep over the graduating class. Weep? And the balcony I will be sitting in will be in a new Assembly Hall, one where Miss Sharer won't have to worry about seats or whether the next person on the program will be through in the other assembly in time to arrive here on the specified minute.

Jean D. Estes, '32.

AT LEAST ONE PURPOSE

At last the "School with a Purpose" has a real purpose. I don't know who labeled our school with that name and I can safely bet that ninety-nine out of every hundred of our students don't know what the real purpose is; I confess I don't.

Well, we can at least make up a good purpose of our own and that is to start right now to form good habits for our new school. By good habits I don't mean just being polite and courteous—though we should always be—I mean being more thoughtful about school property. Some of our students have the tendency to mark up, and even break up, desks—a practice which is bad, very bad. Look at the desk at which you are sitting. Are there a lot of holes and grooves in it? There probably are. And how about that long list of names which starts somewhere in the upper left-hand corner? Some of the names are written in ink, some in pencil, and some are even scratched in. Isn't it nice to be writing along and all of a sudden have your pencil or pen fall into one of these pits and make a hole in your paper?

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When you march into the new school, which, let me remind you, will be across the street, you will see nice new shiny desks, in nice straight rows, without any names engraved upon their faces. What a temptation! But, don't forget that you're going to use those desks for a long time and if you carve them up, it's going to be your pencil that will fall into the holes, not mine, because they're going to give me my walking papers before then, I hope.

Underneath the top of the desk there is a compartment in which to keep books, though sometimes it's missing. If you look under there you will find not books, but old papers, pages from books and you might even find apple cores. As someone said, "A place for everything and everything in its place." Well, certainly the place for such refuse is not under the desk. The place for that kind of stuff is in that round receptacle in the front of the room.

So let's get this straight—we're all going to begin right now to form new habits so that we'll know just how to act when we get in the new building.

Wilbert Buchin, 32

THESE ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTIONS!

The many admirers of Rudy Vallee all have their own way of expressing their appreciation of his art, so it seems. While the Bostonians prefer grapefruit, of course the Chicagoans will have their eggs, but this is merely a matter of taste. Rudy has not as yet expressed his preference, so the two Harvard students don't know whether or not their grapefruit was superior in Rudy's mind, to the Chicago eggs, which found their final resting place in the laps of two of that city's most estimable young ladies.

Of course we know that Rudy is deserving of the best, and merits all the offerings of his public, but there are other worthy saxophone players and crooners in the United States to be considered so the Vallee fans ought

not to lavish all their affection on one idol.

Then, of course, tomatoes will soon be in season—but that is only a suggestion.

NOON RECREATION

In the past there has been a question of how to entertain the students who have finished their lunches and have nothing to do but roam around the halls disturbing the classes that are in session. Perhaps you have seen the answer to the question this term in the assembly hall where there is dancing for all those interested, or in Room 111 where special programs such as skits by Ray Dudley & Co., Amos & Andy by Jack Brown and Alton Fox, and Music Box game by Rudy Vallee are put on by the students with Mr. Tichenor and Mr. Erenstone in charge.

If you have any ideas to offer for improving these programs, tell someone who takes part in the program. With your cooperation we can provide better entertainment.

SCRAMBLED CAR CARDS

Coming home on the street car the other night, after I had grown tired of looking out of the window at the same old houses, and after I had minutely examined the chapeaux of the two women sitting in the seat ahead, my eyes, wandering around in search of further entertainment, lit on the ever-interesting car cards. This is what I saw: "Each package of Golden Hair Wash will develop the man your boy wants to be, made with sweet cream! Every teaspoon of confidence, cooperation, and civility, from fifteen vegetables, almost everywhere, stops coughs fast, with enjoyment all the way. The flavor of peppermint lingers in the finest of tuna fish. Use a full pint bottle of your Neighborhood Druggist for all woodwork. Use lemon juice in place of Service Storage Company—it hits the spot! Wannemacher's Whole Wheat Dairy—no two alike. Use Iodent Number 2 for plumbing and heating. I keep my hands lovely by using Campbell's

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Beans. Something you eat today will taste better because of Ivory Snow."

After this instructive information, I got off the car and walked dazedly home.

MORE PLEASE!

Being behind the counter in the lunch room is like trying to please a dog with a dish of milk. The pupils must eat, and these boys with their large appetites seem to want to eat everything. "Oh, don't be so stingy" or "Oh, put some more on there," and then orders from behind—"Oh, girls, not so much. You musn't be so generous." It's hard to tell whom to please, but when your lunch depends on your job, why you just naturally let your conscience be your guide and scrape a little off the plate, much to the chagrin and disappointment of the customer who wants to know if "you've got a grudge against him." You haven't but what good does it do to tell him so? Boys have large appetites and sometimes small pocketbooks and they want the most for their money. We try to slip a little more on, but that isn't appreciated sometimes, and we add one more pleasant (?) look to our already large collection.

Esther Ferguson

TEN CENTS A DANCE

During the noon hour some of the students dance by the aid of victrola records, played on a radio pick-up. It is surprising how the number of records has increased. When we first used this means of dancing there were about four records; now we have about twenty-five.

A few of the pieces such as "Sweet Jenny Lee" are too fast to be played at noon because of the crowded conditions. Why does the operator insist on playing such pieces to the dismay of the dancers and those sitting on the sidelines? It seems impossible to put your foot down during one of the record-breaking speed numbers, without hearing a cry of pain from behind you or a sarcastic remark from an injured one.

One day "Lonesome Lover" appeared on the scene. Some kind-hearted soul must have tired of "Blue Again" and "My Baby Just Cares for Me." We wish some one else would feel the need of a change.

We overheard this remark from one of the dancers, "When is he going to play 'Just a Gigolo'?" We tried to get the piece you wanted, too, but they didn't have it in the ten cent store.

How many of us would think of stopping in the Ten-Cent Store and buying several records to contribute to this noon-time pleasure? That's what we call school spirit.

CHARLOTTE—OLD AND NEW

It is necessary and proper that we, as students of Charlotte High School, should think, at this time, of that which is to come; a more fitting place in which to work and play; where many happy hours will be spent on the campus and in the classroom; where in future years our thoughts shall ramble back to places, things, fellow students, the teachers, the high ideals of Charlotte.

Our present building has served its purpose in many years of toil, strife, joy and wisdom. So let us not forget what old Charlotte has been to us and the knowledge that it has bestowed upon us.

Give your best workmanship while in old Charlotte, that she may, when her rickety stairs are no more, be something more than a memory.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

Another plague has suddenly swooped down upon us with unmerciful destruction. It has almost assumed as great proportions as the miniature golf plague of last summer. We refer to the Yo-Yo.

The Yo-Yo, imported from the Philippine Islands, is a very simple device, being composed of a piece of string tied to a wooden pulley. When the pulley is dropped, the law of inertia of moving bodies causes the pulley to climb right back up the

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string. It is a simple operation, yet, very interesting and amusing.

The Yo-Yo has a disastrous effect on the American public. People of sound mind and body forget themselves completely and play with the Yo-Yo, oblivious of all that goes on around them. Even our dignified teachers humble themselves by juggling this simple instrument of amusement. Though its power over the public is a mystery, may the Yo-Yo enjoy a long and prosperous career.

THE NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS

Tuesday night, February 24, was the third public appearance of the "National High School Chorus," conducted by Dr. Hollis Dann of the New York University. This year the chorus sang in Detroit, but in 1928 and 1930 the chorus met in Chicago.

The program was very well chosen because it contained a great deal of variety. The string section of the Detroit High School Orchestra accompanied the girls in a delicate lovely number. Dr. Dann chose two Christmas selections and two sacred selections, one of which was sung in Latin. Humorous numbers played a large part in the program as well as the old favorite songs and Negro spirituals. For the boys an "English Sea Chanty Suite" was chosen. The baritone solos, accompanied by the tympani section of the Detroit High School Orchestra, were sung by a leading English baritone who recently came to America.

The chorus was magnificent. It sounded like one beautiful organ. Every move of their beloved conductor had a meaning for the chorus, and they responded to his slightest touch. In all, it was a beautiful picture, the girls in their evening gowns of pastel shades, and the boys in their tuxedos. As one man expressed it, "It looked like a lovely garden of flowers of different colors."

Those who heard that glorious chorus of young people will never forget it. It seemed almost impossible that they, from different parts of the

country, could sing as they did and leave such a deep impression on their audience.

Grace Tupper, '31.

THE NEW HOME ROOM PLAN

A new plan which is very pleasing to most of the pupils, has recently been instituted in Charlotte High School. By this new plan each of the three groups attends assembly in one of the assembly halls twice every three weeks enabling everyone to see plays and programs which can not be presented in the home rooms. It is especially agreeable to the seniors who can use the home room period for one of the many very necessary senior meetings. The other classes enjoy this home room period because it offers an opportunity for originality in programs.

Only announcements of importance to the class or classes present are made and the new plan thus eliminates the uninteresting junior high news in senior high assemblies and senior high news in junior assemblies. By this plan the plays and programs are not too juvenile nor too mature for the audience, since only members of the classes present perform.

In the former assembly plan both assembly rooms were grievously overcrowded and many pupils were required to stand for fifty minutes, while the new plan has been arranged so that if each student follows directions carefully there will be enough seats for everyone.

With the cooperation of the entire student body this new and improved plan for assembly can be efficiently carried out.

CHARLOTTE—PAST AND PRESENT

Every one is looking forward to the new Charlotte High School, but let us turn back the pages and glance at the history of our Alma Mater.

The first school Charlotte ever had was a poor little frame building which was situated where Mr. Schwartz's residence now stands; this was used until 1837. Then a new brick build-

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ing, more comfortable than the first, was erected on Stutson Street. It consisted of only one large room which accommodated about seventy pupils. In 1869 the present building was erected on land given by Mr. Latta for educational purposes and in 1907 an addition was built.

Mr. Howard N. Tolman was the first principal of the present Charlotte High School. In 1910 Mr. Roy L. Butterfield came to Charlotte and remained with us for twenty years. Mr. Nathaniel G. West is his successor.

The old building has stood "strong and firm" for many years and has served its pupils well. May the new school have as fine a record!

WHAT WE DO AT NOON

How do the students of Charlotte High School spend their lunch period? Only a small fraction of the time is required for eating but the rest of the time the student may choose his own occupation.

Dancing attracts a large majority of people. This feature is especially popular with people who go home to lunch and thus get back rather late. One is allowed to enter the assembly and dance at any time during the lunch period. Since I am one of the people who go home to lunch I do not have the opportunity to see any of the programs put on in Room 111. I wish that I might do so but as soon as the program begins the doors are promptly closed to late-comers. Some of my class-mates tell me what interesting entertainments are given but it is not my good fortune to see them.

Many of the organizations are taking advantage of the long noon-hour and are functioning at this time. Already the banking staff does its work at noon. The Witan Staff and Assembly Committee have held meetings also and they have proved very successful. One program was devoted to the installation of the Student Council for the term.

For the more studious people, Room 110 is opened and, strange to say, it is usually filled. People do study

during a period that is their own to do with as they like. The library admits without a permit anyone who has definite reference work to do.

In a short time an extensive outdoor program will be carried out. Nevertheless, the dancing will be continued and provision for the more scholarly will always be maintained.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE

For many years the outstanding scholar of the graduating class at Charlotte High School has had the honor of having his name placed on a cup or shield so that it would be remembered.

The class of 1919 who originated the custom, presented the school with a large loving cup. When this cup had all the names engraved upon it that it would hold, the class of June 1926 kindly presented the school with a shield.

This June the last name will go into place on the shield and then without the help of the June graduating class this notable record will be broken.

We hope that the June class will furnish the school with some means of recording the future scholars.

W. Tarr.

We are all proud that two of Rochester's newspapers, in selecting an All-Scholastic Basketball Team, placed Harold Smith, captain of the Charlotte quintet, in an important position. Wish we had a hundred like him—but we'd be grateful for five.

Home Room programs have presented all phases of interest, local history, senior class meetings, stamp collection exhibits, moving pictures, radio programs, library visits, vocational talks, pantomimes and impromptu plays. Probably the extremes were represented on March 19 when Mr. Woodman's room had a super-modern Yo-Yo Contest and Mrs. Denise's a most old-fashioned spelling bee and both rooms most enthusiastic and happy.

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Mr. Whitney Makes His Bow



On March 1, Clarence I. Whitney was formally appointed head janitor of Charlotte High School. We are particularly fortunate in securing Mr. Whitney's services and many of us feel that each of us

should do everything possible to help make his work a success. The janitor's problem in our school is just as complicated and difficult as the students' problem or the teachers', and it is only by close cooperation that a satisfactory condition can be created. Many of the difficulties are mechanical and cannot be remedied at this time. The fact that there are three kinds of heating in the building, that the halls are narrow, and that the floors and blackboards are old and hard to clean persists in spite of any effort.

In a number of ways, however, we can appreciably improve conditions by a little forethought. We have asked Mr. Whitney to list the things which he would like to have teachers and pupils do in order that his work may give satisfaction. He suggests:

1. Do not throw papers on the floor, particularly in the locker rooms. There are cans placed there to receive such refuse and it requires little effort to put these papers in them. Papers torn into small pieces are particularly difficult to pick up.

2. Do not throw candy wrappers on the floor.

3. During the noon hour the house committee removes the chairs from the assembly hall and places them in a straight line close to the wall and

clear of the fire exits. Some pupils, not understanding the reason for this, push the chairs around or sit in them and thus block the passage through the corridor. This constitutes a serious fire hazard. Do your best to see that it does not happen, whether you are on the house committee or not.

4. Observe the rules which have been formulated by the traffic committee and the lunch period committee regarding the use of the building:

(a) Eat your lunch either at the Practice House or in the assembly hall. In good weather, of course, many of you wish to take your lunch outdoors. In either case, place your papers in receptacles provided for that purpose. There has been a marked improvement during the noon hour this term, but there are still a few thoughtless people, apparently.

(b) After lunch, stay out of the halls. Follow this room schedule after you have eaten your lunch:

- 115—Dancing
- 111—(4A) Visiting Party
- Library and Study Hall—Study.

If you are ever anywhere else in the building or in the halls, you are probably annoying some class in session.

(c) Leave the building at 3:15 unless you are meeting with some organized group with a teacher adviser.

(d) Senior High School pupils can help especially by setting an example for the Junior high and correcting wrong conditions which come to your attention.

(e) Mr. West is a good scout, fair and square with everyone. So let's be square with him by keeping the school in the best condition we possibly can, so that he may go through the building, alone or with visitors, with pride and not in shame. We shall be having many visitors now that we are to have a new school and this item is, therefore, of growing importance.

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Scholastic Press Convention

On March 12, 13 and 14, the seventh annual convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association was held in New York City. For six years the Witan has been a member of this association, and while no student representative has been sent to the convention, either the principal or the Witan adviser has attended the meetings. This year the program was particularly good. The metropolitan newspapers gave the convention their unqualified support and assistance, as can be seen by a glance at the program. Mr. William Haskell, assistant to the president of the New York Herald-Tribune, opened the convention with an address, "Making Your School Publication a Real Force in Your School and Community." Mr. Royal J. Davis of the New York Evening Post conducted an excellent and helpful section meeting devoted to editorial writing. Mrs. William Brown Meloney of the New York Herald-Tribune Magazine, addressed the general meeting on Friday morning, relating her experiences of a very long connection with the Sunday magazine section. Her definite suggestions for obtaining jobs in the newspaper world were sensible, practical and useful. Nineteen busy newspaper men of New York City devoted an hour or two of their time during the convention to the conduct of interesting and valuable section meetings. School advisers and student editors also contributed helpful and practical suggestions as did various professors of English and journalism in schools and colleges of New York City. Possibly one of the most outstanding and interesting addresses was made by Russell Owen of the New York Times on the subject "Reporting Experiences in Antarctica with the Byrd Expedition."

The faculty advisers had a luncheon in John Jay Hall at which brief speeches by the officers of the organization and of affiliated organizations constituted the program. The whole delegation including eighteen hundred members were entertained at lunch at the Mecca Temple on Saturday noon after which they were invited to a free performance of the Columbia Varsity Show, "Great Shakes."

Mr. Joseph M. Murphy, to whom the credit for the success of the meetings is due, presided at the general meetings and himself attended many of the section meetings. Mr. Murphy is assistant to the director of extensions at Columbia University. His ability to project his personality into his contact with both the larger and smaller groups tended to make the whole convention a delightful experience for those who attended.

The eighteen hundred members of the convention represented schools from all over the United States including Tacoma, Washington, two from Egbert, Wyoming, (whose total population is forty people), Portland, Maine, Raleigh, North Carolina, and several groups from other southern states. Eight hundred high school journals were rated in the merit test by an expert committee. These entries were classified into three groups according to the number of pupils registered in the school. Charlotte High School, having a registration slightly under eight hundred, the Witan belongs in class C, in which the third place for high school magazines was awarded to us. Other Rochester high schools receiving honors in the contest were: Monroe Life, Monroe High School, third place in senior high school newspapers; the Pathfinder, Washington Junior, first place in class A, Junior high magazines; Mercedes,

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Our Lady of Mercy High School, third place in private school magazines; and Ledger, Rochester Business Institute, third place in vocational magazines.

No written account can possibly convey the interest and activity which was manifested around Columbia Campus during the convention. A panoramic picture of the whole delegation was taken Friday morning on the library steps of Columbia University.

Two excellent exhibits, one of high school newspapers from the smallest mimeographed sheets to the large complete daily publication by various schools in the land, and one of school magazines with the same scope of

variety and interest, were outstanding features of the convention. A special exhibit of cartoons on educational subjects showed the interest which the schools are taking in this phase of publication. A special exhibit showing the foreign language papers, which had been sent to Mr. Murphy included papers from Persia, India, China and Japan. The stamps and wrappings were also included in this exhibit.

It is to be hoped that some time in the near future a student delegation may represent the Witan at this annual convention at Columbia University.

OUT OF THE DAILY THEME BASKET

(Continued from page 19)

shavings on the dirty snow. Inside the club house the schedule, announcing the launching dates and warning skippers to have their boats ready, has just been posted. Docks are being repaired and provision is being made for new boats. Packards are very much in evidence in the parking area beside the tiny Fords of the workmen. All this proves that Summer with her boating joys cannot be so very far away.

David Benham, P. G.

DRACULA!!

Ow-oo-oo-oo howled a dog (or a wolf). I jumped at least ten feet into the air. Then my imagination started its pranks! Being alone in the house with just a five year old slumbering child as a companion, after one had seen "Dracula" the night before, is not such a pleasant ordeal. I squirmed in the chair, laid down my book, and gave an apprehensive glance into the deep shadows outside my circle of light from the lamp. Two gleaming eyes appeared in the dark, and I almost collapsed. My knees shook a

run into my stocking; my teeth chattered a bite out of my tongue. Then summoning all my courage, I reached for a sofa pillow and, hurling it at the flaming orbs, was rewarded by a shrill "meow." Calling all my pluck to the rescue, I left my shelter in the light and proceeded into inky darkness. I crept upstairs into my bedroom where my sister was sleeping with a pleased smile on her face. I wondered if she were poking fun at me. But my thoughts did not dwell there long, for I heard a creaking sound not unlike the stealthy progress of some one up the stairs. I made a dash for my bed, crawled under the covers, and blocked my ears. In a few minutes I slowly, slowly, slowly, pulled down the covers from my face and there, to my horror, stood "Dracula," dimly outlined in the doorway. I sat up, fascinated with dread and fear. He beckoned to me and crawling out of bed, I walked with unseeing eyes toward him when my progress was impeded by the wall and I, wondering where the vampire had suddenly vanished to, was rubbing a bruised nose.

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Our New Library

Do you know the library has added 634 volumes since September 1930? How many have you read?

There are books to interest everyone; for the studious, there are many non-fiction books and for those who are love-sick, there is a special variety. Who said the Library didn't have love stories? Never let it be said that Charlotte has not offered books for the smitten. The Library has many, including the following list:

Aldrich—Lantern in Her Hand
 Cather—My Antonia
 Cather—O Pioneers
 Ferris—Love Comes Riding
 McNeely—Jumping Off Place
 Miller—Pran of Albania
 Parker—An American Idyll
 Singmaster—You Make Your Own Luck
 Snedeker—Beckoning Road
 Snedeker—Downright Dencey
 Tarkington—Seventeen.

They are all modern ones, too! This is only a partial list of the many good books of interest and enjoyment.

In January 1931, the Library was moved from its crowded conditions in Room 102 to the more comfortable quarters in Room 109. If you have not visited the Library recently, do come and inspect the new quarters. You will find it very attractive and the quiet inspires study. We are sure you will like the new location.

This year has been a very profitable one for the Library. In September 1930, we had a special order of new books, additional English, Science, Fiction and Social Science books. In January 1931, after the Library had moved to 109, deliveries immediately started for more new books which were ordered in the last few days of the old year. This time the order included the usual English, Science and Social Science studies, with emphasis on

Junior High and Vocational Guidance books. Our next good fortune was the double-faced book stock for the fiction collection. The collection is very large and the new book stock makes it more accessible for browsing. Then to facilitate the Librarian's work, a book truck was purchased, making it easier to work on new books through the mechanical processes of lettering, posting and shellacing.

The above information describes the past and present pictures of our library. The next picture is one and one-half or two years hence when we shall move again, this time to a new, modern, commodious library, not 4070 Lake Avenue but probably 4079 Lake Avenue.

We welcome visitors in 109 however until we move into our new quarters at 4079 Lake Avenue. We invite you before and after school and during the school day by "permits" signed by your subject teachers. Come one! Come all!

How many Librarians do you think Charlotte High School has? One? Ah no, you are only one-nineteenth correct. We have a very efficient Librarian in the person of Miss Cashman, and eighteen assistants eager to answer your requests. They are the people who keep the library so orderly and attractive. They make it possible for you to find just the book you want when you want it (?), only to find when you have it that you don't want it, proving the old theory "When you get what you want, you don't want it." It was through their efforts, time and ability that the new books were made available for you so soon after deliveries.

These Librarians, who had worked so hard, thought it was time they had

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some fun, so on Wednesday, March 18, long-armed people can play at one of fourteen of them had a St. Patrick's those tables). We think he would have learned several new uses for Supper Party in the Library.

If one of the studious patrons of the library could have peeped into it on that eventful night, he would have been surprised and perhaps shocked. He would have seen its precious serenity and calmness marred by the raucous tones of a Victrola. At one of the long tables, pulled from its accustomed place, he would have seen four long-armed bridge players (only

burnt cork. His mouth would have watered as he gazed longingly at the numerous delicacies spread on the joined tables. (Incidentally, he would have learned that Miss Cashman makes delicious coffee).

At the close of the party, he would have concluded wisely that all that hard work during the year was worth so much fun.

1930's MASTERPIECE

Have you heard of the wonderful Austin car
That was made to master every jar?
It starts and stops without delay
And then, of a sudden—ah, but say—
I'll tell you what happened one wint'ry day.

I was tired of studying all day through
And everything seemed to make me blue,
So I put on my hat and heavy coat too
And strolled out on the avenue;
Perhaps I could find an adventure or two.

I hadn't gone far when I heard a toot,
And I raised my eyes from the toe of my boot.
Along came a brand new Austin car,
About as big as a two-pint jar.
I was spied by the driver, who gave a hoot!

"Do you want a ride up?" I heard him cry,
And I made up my mind to do or die;
So I climbed in the seat—why shouldn't I?
If, in the near future, I'd sizzle and fry
I'd remember the ride I had to try.

Away we sped like a shot from a gun,
And I thought I was going to have lots of fun
As we rode along in the glittering sun
With never a worry, not even one,
That the Austin would or wouldn't run.

We had almost come to Avenue D
When, all of a sudden, we skid on a pea,
And the Austin was forced to climb a tree!
I picked myself up and rubbed my knee
While the driver sighed, "Oh, me! Oh, me!"

Now listen, my children, and take my advice,
When you're tempted to ride in an Austin device,
Remember my story. (I won't do it twice).
If it skids on a pea, what would happen on ice?
You'll agree a bruised body is not very nice!

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The Flag Transfer

Colonel Samuel C. Pierce, the sole survivor of the George H. Thomas Post, No. 4, Grand Army of the Republic, presided over the ceremony of the annual "Transfer of the Flags" for the last time, on February 22, 1931. In the auditorium of the Benjamin Franklin School, Colonel Pierce rendered his farewell address to the old and new Standard Bearers. In his address he cautioned the presiding Standard Bearers to remember that occasion especially, because it was to be the last ceremony in which a member of Thomas Post, which inaugurated this custom in 1889, was to participate. Colonel Pierce placed this custom in the hands of Captain Henry Lomb Post of the "Sons of Union Veterans," who he thought were capable of performing such service as should be carried out on such an occasion.

During Colonel Pierce's reign as presiding officer, many changes have taken place in Rochester. Many new schools have sprung up, which have annually added more members to this society. He has seen many Standard Bearers, who have taken their worth as members of this society by their good citizenship. During this time, he has been alert and active in the participation of the "Transfer of the Flags." He has never missed an occasion of this kind.

May the memory of this man and of the members of George H. Thomas Post be perpetually cherished by the Standard Bearers. May this ceremony be performed by the "Sons of Union Veterans" with the same interest as was shown by Colonel Pierce and his colleagues. May the annual "Transfer of the Flags" be an everlasting tribute to George H. Thomas Post so long as the Rochester Public Schools shall endure.

Edward Bush, Standard Bearer, June '31.

THE NEW AMERICAN LEGION FLAG

On Thursday, March 12, Colonel Montgomery Leary, chairman of the American Legion, and one who represents the members of this society in their public affairs, presented an American Legion Flag to the Charlotte Junior High School. Maude Lancaster, who was appointed guardian of this flag by Mr. West, because of her leadership character and scholarship, received this flag for the school from Colonel Leary. Previous to the presentation at Charlotte the Senior High School was the only possessor of an American Legion Flag.

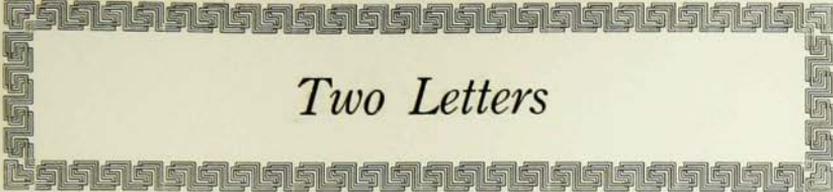
The purpose of the American

Legion Flag, which is distinguished from other flags by this society's insignia on the pole is to perpetuate the memory of those men, who served or gave their lives in the World War. This flag along with other memorial flags, should be continuously on display in some conspicuous place, so that, at all times there will be at least one of us, who may gaze upon it with the thought of these men.

May we serve these flags with the same purpose as those whom they commemorate. May we always cherish the thought of these men when we perceive these flags!

Edward Bush.

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Two Letters

The National Council of Teachers of English has issued a revised reading list for high schools. The pamphlet is exceedingly attractive, containing pictures, quotations, and an excellent title and author index. Two copies of this are available in the library, one in the book exchange and several in the rooms of the English teachers.

Miss Van Alstyne's II-2 English class made a study and analysis of the pamphlet when it first came out, writing letters of criticism about it as a class assignment. Several of the letters were so good that it was decided to forward them to the National Council of Teachers of English. A copy of the letter Lawrence Van Dam sent and the answer he received follow:

Gentlemen:

I think that your late issue of "Books for Home Reading" is a great improvement over your other issues. I have never enjoyed looking over a similar book as I have this one.

I especially enjoyed the illustrations. They are really what interested me in the books which they illustrate. They also make the issue more attractive, because they break the monotony.

The cover is certainly a decided improvement over the other issues. The colorful cover makes one want to look inside, whereas the other issues with black and white covers are rather unattractive.

In closing, I wish to assure you that the pupils of Charlotte High School are very much pleased with the changes.

Yours truly,

Lawrence Van Dam.

LV:TV

March 7, 1931

Dear Mr. Van Dam:

I thank you very much for your letter expressing the appreciation of the pupils of the Charlotte High School for the new List of "Books for Home Reading." Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall assume that you and your students will be willing for me to use all or part of this letter as publicity if this should seem desirable later.

Sincerely yours,

W. Wilbur Hatfield.

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Honor Roll

PERIOD ENDING FEBRUARY 27, 1931

P. G.	III-1	I-1
Benham, David Bogorad, Susanne White, Helen	Chase, Harrington Cooper, Gehring Dudley, Ray LaBelle, Charles LeClare, Jim Pownall, Judith	Lancaster, Maude Ward, Erwin Wilbur, Margaret
IV-2		8A
Bubier, Dorothy Bush, Edward Le Clare, Betty Tarr, William Van Dam, Julia	II-2	Fellers, Clark Hughes, Betty Kohlmetz, Dolores Thomas, Ruth
IV-1		8B
Andrews, Percy Buchin, Wilbert Gordon, Arthur Grotzinger, Gladys Marsh, Lois Rentschler, Violet	Botz, Pauline Brace, Milan Gardiner, Everett Gauthier, Blanche Mazza, Concetta Ryden, Etta Van Dam, Lawrence VanKesteren, Mary Wedel, Elizabeth	Otto, Janet Van Dam, Grace Wolz, Phyllis
III-2	II-1	7A
Donoghue, Elizabeth Dow, Donald Gunkler, Walter Smith, James Smith, Frank	Cranch, Edward Dougherty, Burtis Goodwin, Paul Nuccitelli, Agnes White, Jean	Pownall, Amy Spafford, Raymond Stebbins, Margaret
	I-2	7B
	Bowen, Robert Ivanson, Eleanora Kentner, Harold	Allen, Eleanor Blair, Clytrice Killip, Edith Ward, Carol

Fifty pupils of Charlotte High School were on the term honor roll in January, that is, they had received no mark in any major subject during the term less than B. Six of these people received all A's on their report cards: Arthur Gordon, Eleanora Ivanson, Judith Pownall, Beatrice Killip, Violet Rentschler.

The banking officers for this term are: Manager, Gladys Grotzinger; Secretary, Gertrude Wolff; Cashier, Bertha Shannon.

On March 16, every home room, without exception, banked. The total amount deposited by 165 pupils was \$64.68.

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Don't Leave

Have you ever had the idea that you did not fit in the school which you attend, and that you want to get out of it? A number of us have that feeling every year.

This question, if someone had asked it of me two years ago, would have been answered in the affirmative. School had become a bore to me. I had no interest in it and no one seemed to have any particular interest in me. It seemed a place where the teachers ruled with an iron hand. But later I found that this is far from the truth. Teachers are just as human as we are and have feelings which cannot be trampled on. They have to be stern for a purpose, and that purpose is to maintain a high standard of scholarship.

When work had occupied my attention for nearly a year, I found that an education was necessary to obtain any kind of position in life. If you will pull with others and are willing to help them, they will pull with you, and the results will be mutually helpful. After returning to school, I changed my idea of school entirely. Instead of making myself a burden to the class and the teacher, I tried to pull with them and help them. The results were much better than before I had left school. When the teachers found that I was willing to help them, they were as willing to aid me. Just try it and see for yourself.

Teachers are not here to drive us and make us do a lot of work. They are here to help us. We, the pupils, are the ones who are causing the work. Did you ever stop to think about the teacher? Her day of school does not end when the bell rings. She has just started her work then. There are all of the papers of the day's work which must be corrected, and

the next day's assignment which must be prepared. Then, there is that pupil who has disturbed the class. Harshness is a thing she does not want to use on him. She endeavors to make him see his wrong in a way which he will not forget easily. Then, there is the faculty meeting which must be attended. All of these things, and more too, tend to lengthen her day of school.

Do not entertain the mistaken idea that you are the only one for whom the teacher is in school. There are many more, and all of them require her attention as much as you do. Did you ever realize that by talking to your neighbor, or doing something else to distract your fellow classmates, you are causing your teacher more trouble and concern? Don't do it. You can help by being a good citizen and by not attempting to disturb your neighbors unnecessarily.

There is another consideration. So many boys are leaving school to go to work. Don't you join that unhappy throng. Too late do they realize what a blessing it would have been if they had only listened to some older persons' advice, and gone on to school. Think, if you leave school in your freshman, sophomore or junior year, it will mean that many more years of hard work ahead of you. Whereas, if you complete your high school years, school may have a different aspect for you. College or some other higher institution of learning may appeal to you then, and you will be prepared to go to it only by applying yourself to your studies and working hard.

Then, there is the unemployment situation. By leaving school to look for work, you are just joining the multitude of miserable people. As

(Continued on Page 36)

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Do You Measure Up

Those of us who, after being graduated from high school, intend to go into business, perhaps do not realize how important it is for us to fit ourselves in character as well as in ability for the business world.

There are many qualities which are essential to both the business woman and the student. The chief ones included in character are reliability, cooperativeness, loyalty, courtesy, neatness, punctuality and last, but certainly not least, ambition.

Every student should have ambition—the desire to advance and to get ahead. An ambitious student is one who studies hard and learns each and every lesson to prepare herself for the future. The business woman who gets ahead is one who has ambition—she is willing to work hard and perhaps even to sacrifice some of her own time in order to advance; this introduces cooperativeness.

Cooperativeness is the ability to work harmoniously with others—in school, with one's teachers, in business, with one's employer and associates. The student or business woman who is cooperative is the one who will be best liked and who will be willingly helped in her work by others.

Loyalty comes hand in hand with cooperativeness. The person who works well with others is usually loyal to them and her employer; she is ready to help in an emergency and is always reliable and trustworthy.

One cannot stress courtesy too much. We all know the fundamental rules but sometimes we forget to practice them. Courtesy includes not only politeness, but tact and consideration; thus the courteous person gets along well with her associates.

Neatness is essential to both the student and the business woman. If we do our work neatly, accurately and as best we can in high school we will be well-trained for the business world where neatness is demanded.

Punctuality, as well as neatness, is an important quality which every one should cultivate. The person who is habitually late is usually the one who forgets appointments and forgets to do some of the tasks assigned to her.

We are not all beautiful or attractive, so we must make the best of our looks by dressing neatly and correctly. Neither are we all rich or even well-to-do, but if we are neat and the clothes we do have are well-fitting and appropriate, quantity is of secondary importance. The well-dressed, carefully-groomed student will surely be the well-dressed, carefully-groomed business worker.

We, who soon will be entering business, should carefully consider the qualities we possess and try to improve ourselves so that we may be among those individuals who are welcome in any office.



THE WITAN

The **Poster Club Meets To-nite**



in the Art Room

ACTIVITIES

Those unfortunate students who come to school merely for the class work and do not pursue the after-school activities are missing most of the fun in school life. Not everyone can be an athletic star or a dramatic genius, but everyone has some talent if it only can be localized and developed. There are now various organizations to develop this talent and there is a chance for every student to do the work he enjoys. The poster club has been doing excellent work in keeping the school well informed about all events. Among our organizations are the Assembly Committee, Publicity Committee, Library Committee, Social Committee, Witan Staff, major and minor athletic teams.

ASSEMBLY DAY

To many of us Assembly Day was a day of crowding and jostling, a day to be feared. But by the efforts of Miss Sharer and a few assistants, this condition has been changed so that now one is able to go to the Assembly Hall without the usual fear of a sudden, violent death.

When the bell was rung for classes to pass to the Assembly Halls last term, there was a rush for the door, and then a fierce dash to see who could arrive at the Assembly Halls and get a seat first. If one walked to the hall, there would be no seats and usually no standing room.

The new term ushered in a new plan, perfected by the Assembly Committee. Under this plan the older students are in one hall and the younger groups in another hall. There are enough seats in each assembly hall if the students follow the directions and go to the right assembly. When one observes the procession to the halls now, one sees an orderly, single line of students, patrolled by ushers, instead of a usual mob scene as it was formerly. I think it is a very good plan and I hope it endures where others have failed.

Donald Thompson, '31.

THE WITAN



Musical Organizations

Mr. Marsh wishes all those students who have Monday afternoon free from 3:15 to 4:15 o'clock and who play an instrument to join the Orchestra. The opportunity of learning to play the bass viol is extended to anyone capable, physically, to handle it. The bass viol is at school and instruction is given free. There is a Beginners' Orchestra in the Practice House directly after school on Tuesday where those who are just starting orchestral work may go for experience preliminary to joining the School Orchestra. In the fall, a Charlotte High School Band will be organized.

The Glee Club meets the sixth period on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. All singers who have that period free on those days are invited to join the club. Altos and tenors are particularly in demand but all others are welcome.

The Junior High has recently started a Glee Club and elected the following girls as officers: President,

Elizabeth Graham; Vice-President, Thelma Kinnius and Treasurer and Secretary, Alice Mattil.

School credit is given for Orchestra, Band and Glee Club work so if you haven't quite enough credits, here's an opportunity to make them up.

The Glee Club party, held in the Assembly Hall on Friday evening, March 13, was a great success. Representatives from other musical organizations of the school were present besides Glee Club members. Although the ordered punch did not arrive, Mrs. Fang made some which took its place so every one was satisfied. Cookies were served with the punch. Mr. Marsh sang two numbers, Miss McHale played several selections on the piano and Oscar Judd played a trumpet solo. Henry Albert brought records for the radio and dancing was done to the music of that instrument. The party was over at eleven o'clock, the usual time for leaving any school function.

DON'T LEAVE!

(Continued from Page 33)

long as you cannot get work, you will be discontented. Don't do anything on the spur of the moment; give it some consideration. It took me a whole year to change my mind, but I am very glad to be here to say it. Do not take my word for it. Speak to some of the teachers; they will tell you. My one aim is to prevent others from going through the same experience that I have. So, if you wish to leave school, talk it over with Mr. West, or some of the teachers. Take heed of what they are saying. Then with determination make up your mind to stay in school and make a success of it. James C. Weeks

DESTRUCTION

Slowly,
The age-gruffed words
Build up.

Broadly,
The rocks of words
Construct themselves.

Then,
A leadened drop,
A wise man's pebble,
Falls to sunder
Solidity.

H. Ray Dudley, '33

THE WITAN



Charlotte Chatters

"Snooky" Reimer came to school one morning with a stiff neck. We wonder, Dolores Leadley and Burt Dougherty exchanged pins. How long has this gone on?

We'd like to know if Bob Jackson is a good dancer. Ask Gladys.

Who is this "Angel" who seems to have captured "Red" Kirby's heart?

Why do they call Clint Phillips the "horizontal dancer"?

"Pete" Gutland believes in keeping HIM all to herself.

Was Burtis Dougherty removed from the Witan staff because he suggested the Jubilation number?

Does Bruce Bergener thrill the girls to whom he sings while dancing at noon?

Helen Lanigan's vision seems to be limited to Jack Burgess and—vice versa.

Why is Molly Durrans so reserved in school? Oh, steady?

Want to get Betty Le Clare red-headed with rage? Call her "Lizzie."

Has anyone seen Mr. West Yo-Yo-ing yet?

What has happened to Oscar Judd?

What is the attraction at the office lately?

Will Betty Clark please tell us who "Curly" is?

How much instruction for the faculty play did Miss Paul need?

Why won't Miss Doehler let Earl Freckleton park her car for her?

It was suggested that the Glee Club's "extra punch" be passed around instead of candy at faculty meeting.

Does anyone know why Gehring Cooper wears her "sideburns" backwards?

Practice makes perfect. The plan of removing chairs from the assembly hall at noon is a fearful and wonderful system.

Will Bob Jackson please let the girls finish eating their lunch before removing their chairs for the dancing?

Is there a tenth period at Charlotte? Helen Thomas stays at school long enough for it, anyway.

Chuck La Belle is sometimes called "Mr. Heinz," because he has fifty-seven varieties.

We wonder if Art Gordon uses windshield wipers when he eats grapefruit.

The girls around and about school would like to know where Jimmie Smith got his permanent wave.

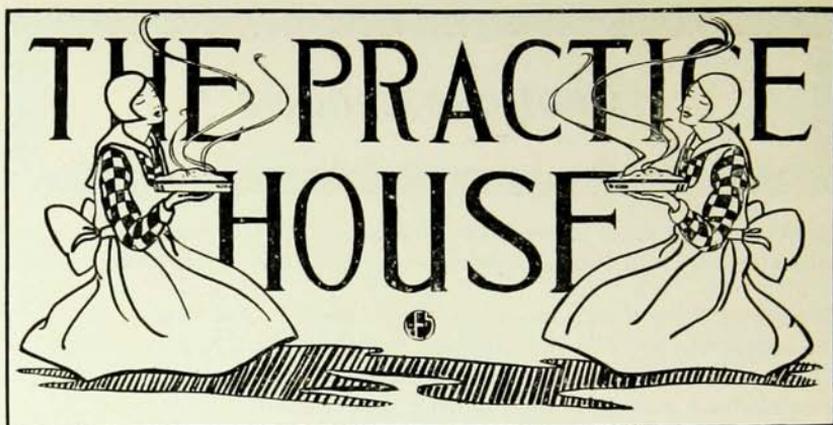
What is the attraction on the Witan staff for Charlie Schuchart?

Those after-school "bridge players" are requested to arrive early and park their cars in the back row. "Show consideration for others," etc., etc.

Do Lois Marsh and Miss McHale prefer wings, roller skates, bicycles or Austins on assembly days?

Claire Voyant.

THE WITAN



In discussing the building of the new school, it has not been clearly pointed out that there will be "no more Practice House." This will have to be torn down in order to make room for the campus of the new school. However, the old Practice House has served its purpose and we shall certainly miss it.

On February 23rd, Mr. West (he's our principal, in case you've forgotten) held a Junior High School Principals' Luncheon in the dining room. Jean Marvin and Anona Page served with such success, that Mr. West personally requested them to serve again. Guests present at this luncheon were: Mr. A. C. Simmons, of Jefferson Junior High School; Mr. M. Zornow, of Madison Junior High School; Mr. W. E. Hawley, of Monroe Junior High School; Mr. R. L. Butterfield, of Benjamin Franklin Junior-Senior High School; Mr. George E. Eddy, of Washington Junior High School and Mr. Elmer W. Snyder, of John Marshall Junior High School. The luncheon, prepared by the Senior Girls' Homemaking Class, was reported as a tempting and appetizing meal.

On March 4, the Senior Girls' Homemaking Class went on a short trip across the street to Mr. E. W. Stowell's meat market. Here they learned all about the kinds and cuts of different meats. Mr. Stowell sure knows his meat! In the afternoon of this same eventful day, Miss Miner

held a meeting of the 23rd Ward Welfare Committee in the living room. I wonder how many stories the walls of that room could tell if speech were possible!

The Senior Homemaking Class has recently been preparing and serving a series of delicious faculty luncheons. The first two were given on March 18 and 19. On March 18, Miss Sage was hostess to Miss Childs, Mrs. Mahoney, Miss Miner, Miss Goff, Miss Brown and Miss Booth. Lorraine Meier and Evelyn Robbins served. On March 19, Miss O'Neil was hostess to Miss McHale, Miss Lathrop, Mrs. Mahoney, Miss Cashman, Miss Stowell, Miss Goff and Miss Caragher. Nedra Tozier and Eleanor Rowe served. The teachers thoroughly enjoyed the luncheons, judging from the many compliments received by Miss Childs and the girls themselves.

On March 24 and 25, Miss E. L. Morrow, Supervisor of Foods of the Board of Education, demonstrated different kinds of baking powder biscuits to the Senior Girls' group in Homemaking. She certainly succeeded in making mouths water! It is indeed a privilege to have Miss Morrow demonstrate different foods; and, too, it is nice to watch someone else work, for a change.

The G. A. A. Basketball supper was held on March 27. The Senior Homemaking class again scored with a

(Continued on Page 43)

THE WITAN

Girl's Athletic Association.

The G. A. A. council members this year have done much to their credit. A new constitution has been adopted and also a new system of awards. Natalyn Ivanson, Ruth Punnett, Geraldine Bishop and Gladys Grotzinger composed the constitution which the G. A. A. has adopted. Miss Booth, adviser of the council, made up the system of awards which was also adopted by the council. Marion Wright, a council member, has very kindly made us a new C. H. S. emblem to be given as an award. Also each class representative was responsible for the organization of the basketball teams.

This winter, after-school sports have not received the attention they should have. Tap-dancing rated highest in attendance. Ninety-two were enrolled and between sixty and seventy have turned out each week. This large attendance was due, principally, to the fact that the class was held in our own building.

Basket ball had the next highest attendance. Class teams were elected and the tournament began. At first practice was to have been held at No. 42 and 38 Schools, but because there were no baskets at No. 38, all practice was held at No. 42. Even though it was a long way for some, the girls attended quite faithfully. Our basketball supper was held Friday,

March 27 at the Practice House. It was a great success. During the banquet, songs and cheers were given. The cup was presented to the winning team and awards were presented by Miss Booth. Mr. West gave a very impressive talk to the girls. After the banquet the Alumnae and the honor team played an exciting game at No. 42 School.

The G. A. A. wishes to extend their thanks to Miss Childs for planning the menu for our banquet and also to Mr. Lee or printing our programs.

Swimming is held every Monday at Monroe High School and will be held up to the closing of school in June. Because of the cold weather and illness the attendance was very small, but now it is increasing.

Our sports for the coming season are: swimming, baseball, tennis, hiking, riding and tap-dancing. Registration for these sports will be held during the week of April the thirteenth.

Any girl in high school who participates in any one or more of these sports is automatically made a member of the G. A. A.

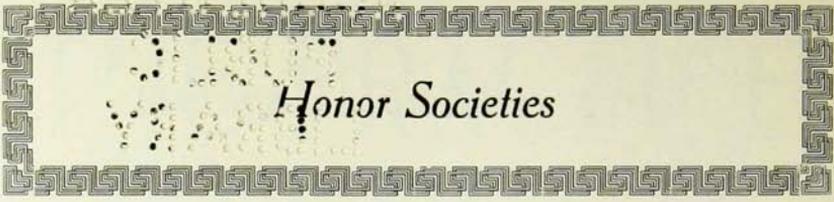
Let us try to make this coming season a "Red Letter" season. In order to do this the council needs the support of each and every girl.

The G. A. A. aims to have a sport for every girl, and every girl in a sport.



1-719899

THE WITAN



Honor Societies

The Latin Honor Society, which was formed last term, initiated its new members Friday, March 20, at the Maplewood Y. M. C. A. After eating a delicious dinner at a very nicely decorated table, the new members were made to march under the yoke, the Romans' way of showing submission. In this case, however, the yoke was formed by two swords which had caused much discussion and commotion before the performance. When we were seated again at the table, several speeches were made by the officers of the society and a beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented to Mrs. Denise by the older members as a token of their appreciation of her interest and cooperation. Mr. West commented briefly about a Latin Honor Society. This proved exceedingly interesting, as he related a few anecdotes of his school days.

The agony quartette, with no replacement, rendered a few selections and Mr. West voluntarily sang two solos. The party became quite riotous as the Virginia Reel and the Paul Jones were started and directed by our principal. When everyone was exhausted, we danced the staid modern method until the party broke up.

The Epsilon Chapter of the French Honor Society has been quite active so far this term, and intends to continue so, if one may judge by its plans for the future. At a meeting in the French Room on February 23, twelve new members were chosen, by virtue of their standings in French. They were: Emily Lascell, Judith Pownall, Grace Tupper, Jeanne Marvin, Esther Ferguson, David Benham, Harrington Chase, Ray Dudley, Charles LaBelle, James LeClare.

The induction ceremony was conducted on March 4, at the Practice House, followed by a tea in honor of the new members.

The French Honor Society members wanted the other pupils of the school to know about them, so they presented a French Assembly on March 19, which was very entertaining.

On March 25, in Room 211, lantern slides of France were shown.

The members plan to hold two meetings a month—one in the Practice House, and one in Room 208.

THE GREAT LOVER

These have I loved, in summertime when the winds are soft and cool:
 A quiet nook, an easy book, a seat beside a pool.
 It might be well to have trees around, their shade would come in good;
 Then bring me a glass of lemonade that by some ice has stood.
 Naught have I loved in winter drear, the cold air makes me ill;
 I've always shook and shook and shook; I never could keep still.
 The ice and snow might appeal to some, they're welcome to it all.
 Give me the pleasant summer sun and the happy song bird's call.

By the little Marchant boy.

THE WITAN

STUDENT COUNCIL

The new Student Council held its first meeting March 11, 1931. The council moved to have Penny Days on March 24 and 25 to raise money to pay for the books and supplies of needy students. Harold Smith is chairman of the Penny Day committee and he is assisted by Fred DeMato, Gladys Grotzinger and Pomeroy Cass.

The council felt the need of awards for activities other than athletics, such as, Witan Staff, Glee Club or Traffic committee. The President, Harold Smith, appointed Gehring Cooper and Homer Schantz to investigate such systems in other schools and thus find out how it may best be done in Charlotte High School.

Because of the building of the new school, our athletic field will be destroyed. Harold Smith and Pomeroy Cass were elected to see Mr. Smith of the Health Education Department, and Mr. Sherer of the Building Department of the Board of Education about obtaining a field for this Spring. The boys were assured of a field if ours is taken away.

HI-Y NEWS

The Hi-Y started this term with a bang with the election of officers. The new officers are, Harold Smith, president; Frank Campbell, vice-president; Samuel DeMato, secretary; and Homer Schantz, treasurer; Pomeroy Cass, sergeant at arms; and Mr. Enwright was unanimously elected advisor.

The Hi-Y has had great success in using the bi-monthly supper plan, and the programs at these suppers have been very good, having speeches, and debates contributed by members of the club.

The informal initiation of the new members of the Hi-Y was attended by the usual good humored fun, of all, except the new members who had to furnish the fun. The formal initiation was put over very seriously and impressively.

The most important business transacted by the Hi-Y was the sponsoring of the Charlotte versus Faculty basketball game. The Hi-Y did all the work concerned, and the money gained in this game is to be used in a very worthy way.

The Hi-Y intends to have a father and son banquet, in the very near future.

FACULTY GAME

The Faculty were "rarin' to go." Arrayed in their hilarious costumes, they romped out on the court, amid the cries of the hysterical spectators. There was "General" West in a monk's cloak; "Shifty" Enright had his football togs on and "Steady" Erenstone's "B. V. D's" shyly peeked from the edge of his trunks.

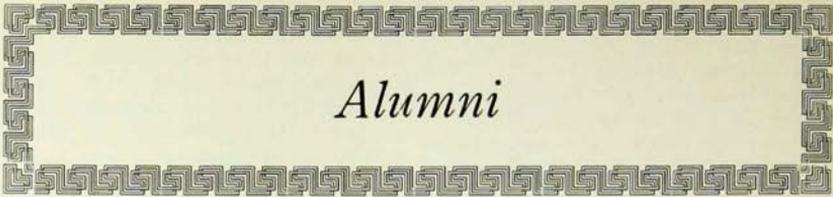
The whistle blew and then the fun began. "Fancy" Tichenor and "Coach" Woodman got started on a shooting spree and tallied up eight points before the varsity had their eyes open. Then the students got started and sank a few baskets.

At half time the "old men" were ahead, (thanks to the great Goddess of Luck). In the third quarter the faculty were gasping for air and slacking up. Finally the varsity surged to the front and maintained their lead even through the "fighting finish."

The dancing after the game proved quite an attraction. One of the largest crowds in history helped to enrich the Athletic fund and assure the existence of faculty games. The Hi-Y deserves a lot of credit for putting the game across in so fine a manner.

In his famous "Believe It or Not" column, Ripley tells of a man who wore the same collar button for 37 years. When you really think about it, that's nothing to get excited about. If the present business depression keeps on much longer, people will be wearing the same collar button for 37 years—in the same shirt!

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Alumni

The Charlotte High School Alumni held a dance recently and it was very successful. Many of the "Alums" who were in the city at the time attended, and a few of the older ones came with the little "Alumni Juniors." During the intermission the officers of the Alumni Association for the following year were elected. They are: President, Mrs. Harry Hedditch, June '10; Vice-President, Bruce Bergener, June '30; Secretary, Elva Perkins, June '20; Treasurer, Joseph McShea, June '19. The other member of the executive committee is Edward Kimmel, June '17. Mrs. Hedditch attended Charlotte under the name of Ruth Kintz.

Paul Graden, June '30, and Bruce Bergener certainly like their Alma Mater. They are back again this term taking a P. G. course.

Norman Willsey, who graduated from John Marshall with the class of Jan. '31 is taking a post graduate course at Charlotte this term.

If you see someone creeping around the scenes of all the recent crimes and searching for possible clues, do not be alarmed. It's probably Phil Gordon, June '25, a former editor of the Witan. Phil is writing "thrillers" for a popular detective magazine.

When asked to name the present members of the faculty who received their diplomas from dear old C. H. S., could you do so? Miss Stowell and Mrs. Denise are the two guilty parties. Mrs. Denise, however, received her diploma under the name of Madelyn Walker.

CLASS OF JANUARY 1931

Frances Earl, Anona Page, Helen White, Margaret Kirby, Dorothy Collett, Paul Lascell, David Benham and Donald Ryan are answering the roll call in Mr. Tracy's room this term. Yes, they are all taking post graduate courses. Vera MacMullen and Lawrence Kilmer are also back, but they want it known that they are P. G.-ing in the afternoon only.

June Estes is punching the time clock at the R. B. I. (yes, that's what they do, instead of having roll call) and she likes it very much.

Alma Raysor is "keeping the home fires burning." How does it feel to be able to go to bed without worrying about homework, Al?

The class is well represented at Eastman Kodak Company. Carl Pear-

son is working in the chemical laboratory and Edna Michel is pounding the keys of a typewriter in the office.

And who do you suppose is the secretary of the town clerk of Greece? None other than Mary Mitchell! Congratulations, Mary.

Carol Schmidt is back at school doing secretarial work for Miss Sharer. Esther Smith is working for the Rochester Art in Buttons Company.

When in need of a nurse, keep Marjorie Milne and Margaret Jackson in mind. Marjorie is training at the General Hospital and Margaret is at the Park.

John Shenton, Donald Marvin, Charles Borgus and Frank Fuhrman are unoccupied at present. Well, af-

THE WITAN

ter four years of hard work, one needs a little time to recuperate.

Let's see, there is one more person unaccounted for. Oh, yes, myself. Well, I have joined the brigade who say, "present" to Mr. Tracy at 8:30 each morning.

Susanne Bogorad, P. G.

FRIED CAKES TO THE RESCUE (Continued from Page 10)

Officer Crandall drew down one corner of his mouth, heaved a sigh and started toward the door.

"Well, now I know you're a nut and, as we don't have no asylums here, just be on your way."

"Thank you; come again," called Anne as Dave waved good bye.

"O. K. I'll do that," laughed Dave as he left.

"You're one fine chap, David Harmon Hall," sighed Anne as she read the card again.

"Just about the finest girl I ever met," mused Dave as he drove away from the beautiful city of Plainsville, "but have I had enough fried cakes! Oh boy!"

Alma D. Hubbell, June '31.

EDITORIAL COMMENT (Continued from Page 24)

2891 pupils in the aggregate attended the noon hour programs from March 1 to March 20.

The noon-hour recreation committee consisting of Frank Smith, Joe Smith, Joe Stendardo, Homer Schantz, Herbert Spears, Harry Greer, Charles Hillis, Harold Schafer, Fred Vollmer, Eleanor Brown, Wayne Davenport, Lee Frederick and Betty Baker and sponsored by Mr. Tichenor and Mr. Erenstone, is to be commended upon the excellence and variety of the informal programs which they have prepared for our entertainment.

Probably after the spring vacation this program will be carried on outdoors as it was in the fall. The fact that in the month of October 2488 boys and 1246 girls, a total of 3734

in the aggregate, participated in the organized out-door program at noon seems to indicate that it is no less popular than the one we have held in-doors.

THE PRACTICE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 38)

tempting meal. A silver loving cup was awarded to the winners of the basketball tournament.

The money taken in by the Home-making Classes, from the sale of cooked foods, has been used to purchase two Chinese end-table runners, a picture and some books for the living room. All are invited to inspect these new additions.

Miss Pearl Van Gonten, a graduate of the Buffalo State Teachers' College is now assisting with the Junior girls' clothing classes on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Miss Miner has changed her staff of workers in the lunch room. She, by the way, is still offering delicious and tempting meals.

Plans have been made to reserve a part of the Practice House for the headquarters of a school nurse. We are sure that she will be most welcome and useful in more ways than one.

With all the wonderful "goings-on," in the Practice House, I am sure we will all be sorry to see it torn down. Let's give it a big cheer in farewell! It has served its purpose.

MR. WHITNEY MAKES HIS BOW (Continued from Page 25)

Now, what do you say, is it yes or no? (C. I. W.)"

Mr. Whitney was surprised to learn through an accidental outside contact, that Charlotte High School and her organizations have a specially good record over a period of years at the photographic studio where the school pictures are taken. If this is possible, he feels that all we need in our own school is just the best cooperation of everybody concerned. That is what he is asking for.

THE WITAN

Jokes

OUR SCHOOL

Our school may look shabby, and worn
and bare,
But we all have school spirit, so what
do we care?
We fight for our games and our green
and our white,
So who cares for the building?—the
kids are all right.

Yes, our school sure is old, and we
sure have it tough!
The desks are all shaky and there
aren't half enough,
But if we all wear a smile, things are
bound to look bright,
So who cares for the school—the kids
are all right.

Ella Reagon

COD LIVER OIL

Gee, I have to take Cod Liver Oil
Every morning, noon and nite.
Gol darn the old stuff, it makes me
boil.
Ma says it'll fill me in—she may be
right;
Just the same, I hate the old stuff,
Tho' I have to take it or Dad'll get
rough.
Sister says it'll take badness out of
my blood,
So I told her to go jump in the mud.
If she knows so much about the old
stuff,
Why doesn't she try it,
The great big bluff?

Leroy Johnson, 7A-2

Miss S.: "I never talk when I'm excited. You've never seen me excited, have you?"

D. L.: "What is the COO for, in that formula?"

Mr. B.: "Oh, now you're getting romantic."

LAMENT

(Before I heard about the new school)
In winter at oid Charlotte High
It's cold—we freeze and almost die;
In summer—quite the other way—
It's hot and not a single ray
Of hope there is for us to see.
From the hard seats we'd like to flee
To a new school, so clean and neat,
Beside our well-paved, smooth, wide
street.
And does it seem quite fair to you,
When other schools are large and new,
That to Charlotte we wend our way
And sit in ruins day by day?

A little Irish girl was taken to the
doctor because her mother thought she
was going to have jaundice.

Doctor: "You look a little yellow."

Girl: "Well, I'm not. I'll fight!"

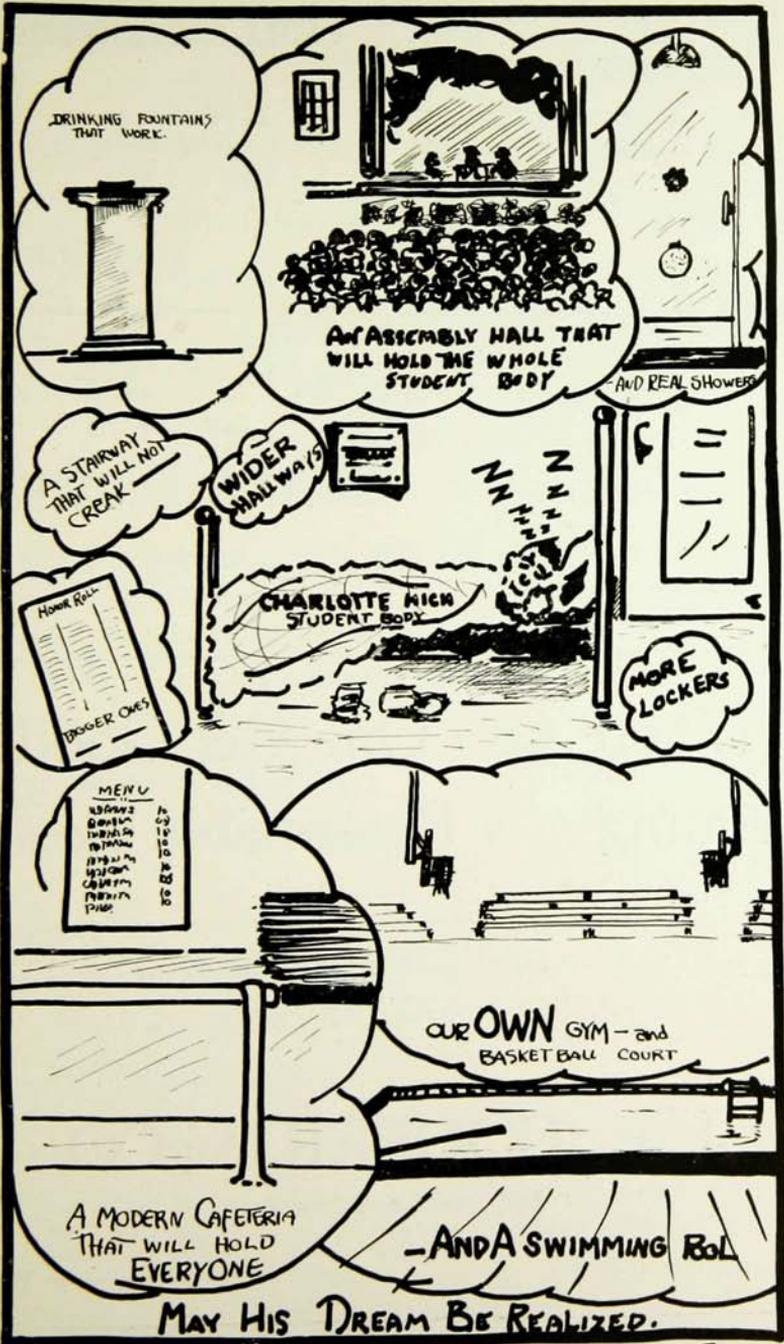
RHAPSODY IN P

Source: Peter Piper picked a peck
of pickled peppers; if Peter Piper
picked a peck of pickled peppers, how
many peppers did Peter Piper pick?

Please, pupils, perhaps Peter's parents
provided Peter practical picking
paraphernalia. Possibly Peter proposed
picking pints; providentially a peck
prevailed. Peppers, peppery
pickled peppers, placed in a peck pre-
suppose plentous space.

Problem: Peter picked pickled pep-
pers, a peck of peppers. Let p equal
peppers picked and p prime equal por-
tion of peck displaced by each pepper;
therefore p p prime provides possible
equation for proof. Peter Piper's
posture while picking permitted pack-
ing the peppers. Packed peppers dis-
place—possibly—pp prime plus pres-
sure plus p pi. Prove perimeter plus
pp prime times pi equals probable so-
lution.

Phew! Peter's parents should have
provided pineapples.



Fred DeMarco

THE WITAN

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