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*"Rochester, N.Y. Charlotte high school*

Nathaniel C. West

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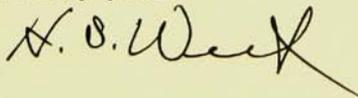
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Miss Violet E. Rentschler  
Editor-in-Chief, The Witan  
Charlotte High School  
Rochester, New York

My dear Miss Rentschler:

Let me extend to you and through you to the entire school my sincere congratulations upon the eminently successful ten year period of The Witan. Your celebration of this tenth anniversary can be held with the knowledge on the part of all that your paper, throughout the ten years of its history, has stood for the solid things in school life and has stood for them in such a manner as to be both charming and convincing. Mr. Butterfield brought in to me in person a copy of the first edition that was published. During the years that have passed since that time, I have seen enough of the paper to judge of its merit. There is no greater art in life than to stand for the things that are good and true and yet to do it in a way that commands both the affection and the respect of one's fellows. This is equally true of a school paper. I think your record in all this has been excellent and I do extend my heartiest congratulations.

Very sincerely yours



November  
Thirty  
1931

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NATHANIEL G. WEST, Principal

## Christmas Greeting!

Another Christmas draws near. This is a year of material depression. Each of us has learned through enforced economies that many seeming necessities are indeed luxuries after all.

It is most certainly true that Christmas this year will have unusual spiritual values, since our simpler living brings higher thinking on true values in life.

Therefore, may your spirit be deeply stirred by the true meaning and beauty of Christmas and may this be in very truth your happiest season of peace and good will!

Most sincerely yours,

*Nathaniel G. West*



MISS GRACE E. PAUL,  
acting Girls' Adviser during  
the sabbatical leave of  
Miss Margaret Miner



*Left to Right First Row*—MR. WOODMAN, MISS EMERSON, MR. BIRD, MISS SAGE, MR. TRACY, MR. DENISON, MR. WEST, MISS CHILDS, MR. LEE, MRS. DENISE, MRS. WARD, MR. TICHENOR, *Second Row*—MISS SHARER, MISS BROWN, MISS BOOTH, MISS LATHROP, MISS McHALE, MISS NEWMAN, MISS BITTER, MISS WATT, MISS DOEHLER, MISS CARACHER, MISS WHELEHAN, MISS STOWELL, MISS VAN-ALSTYNE, MISS CASHMAN, MISS PAUL. *Third Row*—MR. COURTNEY, MR. WALKER, MR. ERENSTONE, MR. TRUE, MR. OMANS, MR. BELL, MR. PINDER, MR. LACY, MR. MILLER, MR. ENRIGHT, MR. MARSH, MR. BENNETT, MR. WESTBURG.



MISS JOYCE E. SHARER  
*Class Adviser*

*Class Motto* . . . "KEEP THE BEACON BURNING!"

*Class Flower* . . . . . ROSE

*Class Colors* . . . . . RED AND WHITE



PERCY ANDREWS

12 Alonzo Street

*"Hold the fort!  
I am coming!"*

Candy Committee 4; Class President 4; Class Vice-President 2, 3; French Honor Society 2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3, President 4; Hi-Y 2, Treasurer 3,4; Inter-High School Chorus 4; Latin Honor Society 3,4; Poster Committee 3; Senior Play 4; Senior Male Quartette 4; Soccer 3; Social Committee 3,4; Student Council 1,2,3,4; Witan Staff 1,2, 3,4; Track 1,2,3.



RUTH F. PUNNETT

1776 Ridge Road, W.

*"A peace above all earthly dignities;  
A still and quiet conscience."*

Basketball 2,3,4; Bowling 4; Candy Committee, Chairman 4; Class Secretary 4; G.A.A. Secretary 3; Glee Club 4; Library Committee 3, 4; Press Club Secretary 4; Riding 2,3,4; Senior Play 4; Thrift Committee 3; Tri-Y 3; Witan Staff 4.



VIOLET E. RENTSCHLER

48 Atwell Street

*"E'en tho' vanquished, she  
could argue still."*

Class Vice-President 3; French Honor Society 3,4; Girls' Athletic Association 1; Guardian of the Flag 4; Latin Honor Society scribe 4; National Honor Society 3,4; Senior Play 4; Student Council 3, Secretary 4; Thrift Committee 1,2; Witan Staff 1,3; Editor-in-Chief 4.



ARTHUR GORDON

4717 Lake Avenue

*"Whence is thy learning?  
Hath thy toil o'er books  
consum'd the midnight oil?"*

French Honor Society 3,4; Latin Honor Society, President 3,4; Noon-Hour House Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Soccer 3,4; Standard Bearer 4; Student Council 4; Swimming 3; Tennis Manager 3,4; Witan Staff 2,3.



WILBERT J. BUCHIN

94 Lill Street

*"Deeds, not words."*

Book Exchange Committee 2,3, Manager 4; Class President 4; Class Vice-President 1; Commercial Honor Society 4; Northern Light Staff, Editor-in-Chief 4; Senior Play 4; Social Committee 3; Student Council 4; Thrift Committee 2,3; Witan Staff 4; Zeitgeist Club President 4.



BETTY ANNE BRIGGS

40 Tupper Street

*"She is pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

3½ years at Monroe High School.



FRANK CAMPBELL

88 Britton Road

*"This life, so far as I understand  
Is an enchanted fairy land,  
Where pleasure is the magic-wand."*

Assembly Committee 4; Basketball 2; Candy Committee 4; Chemistry Club 3; Class President 2; Hi-Y 2, Secretary 3, Vice-President 4; Northern Light 4; Student Council 2,4; 10-10 Plan Committee 4; Witan 3.



WILLIAM POMEROY CASS

3824 Lake Avenue

*"Step by step, we saw  
his steady gain."*

Assembly Committee 2,3,4; Baseball 2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Bowling 3; Hi-Y 2,3,4; Soccer 2,3,4; Student Council 3; Track 2; Social Committee 3; Witan Staff 4; Wrestling 2; Zeitgeist Club 4.



CAMPBELL B. CRITTENDEN

45 Kempthurst Road

*"They say a carpenter's  
known by his chips."*

Baseball 4; Basketball 3; Poster Committee 4; Riding 3.



SAMUEL DEMATO

85 Wyndham Road

*"You get the news—I'll print it."*

Baseball 2,3,4; Chemistry Club 3; Hi-Y 1, Secretary 3 and 4; Inter-Class Basketball 2,3; Northern Light 3,4; Soccer 3,4; Witan Staff 3; Zeitgeist Club 4.



JEAN DENISE ESTES

45 Strohm Street

*"Life is a jest, and all things  
show it;  
"I thought so once, but now I  
know it."*

Assembly Committee 4; Basketball 2,3; Candy Committee 4; Class Secretary 4; Class Prophet 4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Mixed Quartette 4; Operetta 3; Orchestra 1,2,3, President 4; Senior Play, Business Manager 4; Tennis 3,4; Thrift Committee 2, 3,4; Tri-Y 3; Witan Staff Secretary 4; Zeitgeist Club 4.



ERNEST V. EVE

821 Latta Road

*"There is a great ability in  
knowing how to conceal one's  
ability."*

Assembly Committee 4; Glee Club 4; Senior Quartette 4; 10-10 Plan Committee 4.



AXEL V. JOHNSON

31 Valley Street

*"Sure as his gun."*

Baseball 1,3; Basketball 1; Glee Club 2; Photography Club 3; Senior Play, Assistant Stage Manager 4; Soccer 1; Witan Staff 2.



GLADYS MAE GROTZINGER

4252 Lake Avenue

*"She needs not the foreign  
aid of ornament,  
But is when unadorn'd,  
adorn'd the most."*

Candy Committee 4; Class Secretary 1,2,3; Class Testator 4; Commercial Honor Society 4; G.A.A. 1,2, Council 3; Handbook Committee Chairman 4; Hockey 1; Publicity Committee 3, Chairman 4; Senior Play 4; Student Treasurer 4; Tennis 1,2, Manager 3; Thrift Committee 1,2, Secretary 3, Manager 3,4; Tri-Y 3; Witan Staff 1, 2; Zeitgeist Club 4.



WILLIAM E. FARRESS

74 Rand Street

*"Ready to follow when they  
lead the way."*

Candy Committee 4; Hi-Y 3,4; Orchestra 3,4; Safety and Order Committee 3; Senior Play 4; Soccer 4; Witan Staff Business Manager 3 and 4; 10-10 Plan Committee 4. 3 years at Tech. High.



AVERY LOCKNER

North Greece

*"Music—Moonlight"*

French Honor Society 3,4; Glee Club 2, President 3, Vice-President 4; Inter-High School Chorus 4; Latin Honor Society 3,4; Senior Play 4; Senior Quartette 4; Social Committee 4; Track 3; Witan Staff 4; Wrestling 3.



LOIS MARSH

117 Mason Street

*"Her air, her manners, all who  
saw admired."*

Assembly Committee 4; Candy Committee 4; French Honor Society 3; Glee Club 2,3,4; Latin Honor Society Secretary 4; Press Club 4; Senior Day Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Witan Staff 4.



CHARLES A. RICHARDSON

66 Cheltenham Road

*"Science, when well digested,  
is nothing but good sense  
and Reason."*

Assembly Committee 3,4; Basketball Manager 3; Chemistry Club 3,4; Glee Club 2,4; Inter-High School Chorus 4; Northern Light 2,3; Photography Club 2,3; Safety and Order Committee 2,3,4; Senior Day Committee Chairman 4; Senior Play 4; Senior Quartette 4; Witan Staff 3.



HAROLD SMITH

213 Beach Avenue

*"... the elements so mixed in him that nature  
might stand up and say to all the world,  
"This was a man!"*

Assembly Committee 2,3,4; Baseball 1,2,3, Captain 4; Basketball 1, Captain 2,3 and 4; Class President 1,2,3 and 4; French Honor Society 3,4; Hi-Y Secretary 2 and 4, President 4; Latin Honor Society 3, President 4; National Honor Society 4; Publicity Committee 3; Senior Play Stage Manager 4; Soccer 1, Captain 2,3 and 4; Student Council 1,2, Vice-President 3 and 4, President 4; Social Committee 3; Witan Staff 2,3; Tennis 2,3,4.



JAMES C. WEEKS

10 Frey Street

*"Helpfulness abides with him."*

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 2,3,4; Hi-Y 3,4; Noon-Hour House Committee 4; Mixed Quartette 4; Northern Light Staff 4; Publicity Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Senior Quartette 4; Soccer 4; Swimming 2,3; Wrestling 1,2,3, Manager 4.

## Class History

*"All the world's a stage*

*And all the men and women merely players."*

Charlotte High School was our stage and the class of 1932, the players. We made our entrance in January, 1928, our headquarters being Mr. Bennett's room, 207.

During our first year we dropped the role of students for awhile and held a party in the Assembly Hall, which was not successful as our male actors had not yet learned the art of dancing.

As time went on, we began to play our parts more expertly, more nonchalantly, and we gave a party in the Practice House which was a success.

But all companies must have stars. Harold Smith, Pomeroy Cass, Violet Rentschler and Gladys Grotzinger comprised the entire executive cast of the Student Council in their Junior year. Also we had musical fame. Jean Estes was one of the representatives from Charlotte, chosen to go to Detroit for the National High School Chorus. Then there was keener competition among our players for a part in the National Honor Society, than in any other class in school.

This year we took a trip to Cobourg with no resulting casualties, though Percy was nearly left in Canada when he couldn't find his ticket. He would have been there yet had not Miss Sharer rescued him.

In May, 1931, we played our parts professionally and presented "Seventeen," our senior play at Jefferson Junior High School.

Lovers of nature as well as actors in the role of students, we decided to have a picnic at Letchworth Park. Arthur forgot that the picnic was on Saturday and after collecting him and filling the gas tanks, we proceeded on our way. Everything was fine as Bill Farress had done a very good job of supervising the picnic, but when we came to eat the "hots," it was revealed that Gladys had forgotten—of all things, on a picnic, the mustard! Nevertheless everybody ate their fill and afterwards went sight-seeing in the park in spite of the heat.

Some of our actors went on the musical stage, forming a quartet and persuaded the Grange to send

them to the State Fair. Here they saw only sheds and sheds of cows, according to one of the members. Having sung their numbers they were asked to pay the outrageous sum of two dollars for checking their costumes. Their costumes were Scotch.

Once again we contributed to the real stage, but now being very professional, we went on the road and played four times being unable to meet a fifth engagement. This notable production was "The Florist Shop." By combining the presentation of the play and the musical talents of some of our members we gave an all senior program in assembly.

Outstanding as we players have been, we wanted to keep our good name by making a very dramatic contribution to our school. Therefore we are turning out the first Charlotte High School handbook as our class present to our Alma Mater.

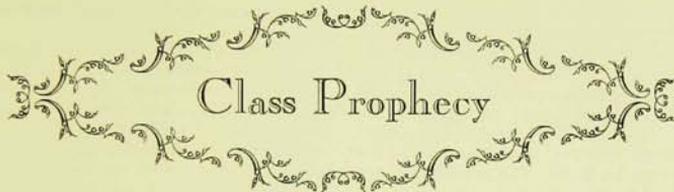
But now it is time for us to make our exits and leave to our successors a new stage, fully equipped, a new company and a new audience with plans for a brilliant future.

RUTH PUNNETT  
*Class Historian*

### EVIDENCE

Here is the bower where she has lain  
Watching the reluctant feet of dawn  
Over the heavens, dim-lit with pearly rain  
Thru fleecy clouds unto the fragrant lawn.  
Here her own feet have hurried like the fawn  
Over the mystic carpet with nightingale and crane.  
A fairy figure that some hand has drawn  
Back to the unknown heavens whence she came.

Here is the wood that answered to her song  
Echoes cooler than dim note of bird.  
Here is the pathway that led her along  
Beauty unseen and song unheard.  
These are the tangled vines that blurred  
Her fairy figure, slim and swift and strong.  
This is the magic door whose mystery lured  
This is the mute oak who knows which way she's gone.



## Class Prophecy

I was walking, one bright spring day, in the more slummy part of our Flower (Flour) City, thinking about—nothing in particular, as usual, when a sign, a peculiar, odd sign, attracted my attention. It read, "Prince Ali Bendou, Crystal Gazer." I looked at it, thought, "now, maybe I'll go in." I changed my mind, started to walk away and then suddenly found myself half way up a steep pair of evil-smelling dark stairs leading to the Crystal Gazer's haunt. I had had in my mind, lately, the desire to see some of the members of my graduating class, the Class of '32 and down deep in my mind I had an idea that Ali Bendou might be the solution of my problem. Prince Ali Bendou astonished me by the way he resembled the stairs, evil looking, dark, dirty and odorous. I asked him his price to read the present, future and past in his crystal, and after a mental qualm over that price, sat down to watch him. I had explained to him that I had come to find out about my old classmates and as I watched him I too, seemed to pass under a spell so that I could see figures in the crystal.

Out of the clear glass seemed to appear a stage and on that stage, acting the memorable "Peter Pan" of Maude Adams times was—was I seeing things? Yes, no—it was Gladys Grotzinger. Of all things! But then she had been good in our senior play although I really thought "Grutzy" would eventually be married to some blonde young man who dances even better than a gigolo.

Oh, what's this? I see a smart, Fifth Avenue Barber Shop and Ernest Eve trimming the sideburns of an oil magnate. He should be very good at this particular form of hair cut.

My, what a beautiful picture that is appearing in the crystal. Blue sky, green trees, shrubs and birds and a beautiful blonde lying in the sunlight on a large cloistered porch. And the man? No other than Parrish, the artist, painting this beautiful picture. The girl, how exquisite. There, she turns around and oh my, oh my, why did I ever come here? It is my own sweet, demure, Violet Rentschler. Yes, it is!

There is no argument, and taking a model's place posing for Parrish.

Oh, I know that place, appearing, faintly at first, and then clear. It is Fifth Avenue, in New York City. But see the young man walking there with the flaming red locks—and—yes, those two girls he has on either arm have auburn hair too. It is—why—it really is Wilbert Buchin. I always knew something terrible would happen to him if he insisted on going with girls, girls and more girls decked with red hair. He even has gone to the extent of dyeing his own hair that bright red. Poor Wilbert!

Then, here's yes, myself. And what am I doing? Oh, yes, I have *kindly* consented to take the place of that deceased Maestro, Damerosh at his piano stool, giving daily lectures on music appreciation and theory over the National Broadcasting Net Work. My only regret is that I haven't two or three grandchildren to hold on my knee, or to have sit on the piano so that I can have our pictures taken for Newsreel.

Speaking of music, see that concert hall with the huge crowd and almost as large a piano sitting on the platform. (The piano, of course, sitting on the platform, not the crowd!) Thunderous applause and here comes the artist, with long curly hair, and large neck scarf. It is—Lois Marsh. I always thought she would be an artist.

Oh look! Where is Art Gordon going on that strange looking boat? His passport is in French. As he hands it to the authorities we see that it is made out to Arthur Gordon, Ph. D. He fades leaving our curiosity unsatisfied.

And who is that perfectly stunning girl in the leopard skin coat, leaning on the arm of—I don't recognize the man? Who is it? Oh, yes, Betty Briggs. But somehow I can't remember much about her. Oh, yes, she came in late from Monroe High School and her one great characteristic was her attraction for our male sex.

There's Bill Farress. I haven't seen him in ages. He seems to be talking an awful lot, doesn't he? What's he saying? Why that's a circus tent he is

standing in front of. And—yes—he is a ballyhoo talker for Fingling Brothers Circus. What a man! And I had always thought he was rather quiet, and bashful. Water please!

Burr—burr—just to look at that scene freezes me up. Snow, great lights in the sky and appearing in the distance a dog-sled. My, that man looks cold too. Why—Percy Andrews, so that is what he is doing. Exploring the Arctic. This is a good place for him to be, but even though he looks cold, I would bet my whole weeks' pay (\$,000) that he is sweating under all those bear-skins.

Speaking of the arctic regions, who is that going from igloo to igloo? Why, it's Jimmy Weeks, and what is he doing? Oh, he's a traveling salesman for Fanny Farmer's Candy. He always was good at selling candy in school. But somehow or other I thought Eskimos ate tallow or somepin and not candy. Maybe it's Jimmy's personality who knows?

Boy, after all that cold weather, this is the kind of place I would like to visit. A hula hula land from all the weather signs. Look at that girl dance. She looks like an American. Why she is! Suddenly, I feel faint. I never thought Ruth Punnett would come to this. . . . But there is an old saying, "Still water runs deep."

Well, if that isn't dear old Avery Lockner singing away. From the looks of things he must be vocalizing, as Mr. Marsh used to say. Oh, dear, I wish I had a voice like that, a voice that actually lulled people to sleep.

This looks like—yes, it is—good old New York City again. And by all appearances that is a newspaper building. It surely is. I always like to go through newspaper buildings (thanks to Miss Paul). Here's the Editor-in-Chief's office. It's marked private. But who cares? The Editor himself! Well, well, well, as I live and die! It is Axel Johnson succeeding in Art Brisbane's place as Editor of the New York Journal. What a class, that class of '32 was.

We seem to be traveling all over New York City today. Here we are at the Yankee Stadium appearing in the clear crystal. Everybody is all excited about something. My, look at that big handsome fellow batting. Hooray, it's a home run. And yes, you guessed it, it's Smitty! But here's a secret I learned. He can't run bases any better than he used to when playing on Charlotte's Champion (?) Baseball team.

Lookit that good-looking man stump-talking to a group of people right on Broadway. Why, it's Cam Crittenden, and he's a salesman for Ford Cars. That takes me right back to the good old days when Cam's mania was to remodel old cars. But I thought he

leaned toward the Essex. Well, the Ford *is* a good car.

The next scene that is being unfolded from the crystal is a football game at Notre Dame. Notre Dame and Northwestern. And who's sitting on that bench. As usual a good player from the side-lines is Sam DeMato. He always was a good player in that same position on the soccer team at Charlotte.

Oh, last but not least, I remember Pomeroy Cass. He always did seem to come in last even in the crystal. And here he is as an acrobat and tumbler, traveling under the assumed name of "Spigo" from town to town. A tumbler is good! The best part of Pomeroy is the way he falls down.

Suddenly, a long, slim Austin looms into view and we see Frank Campbell at the wheel. Now Frankie's Mamma and Papa can have the Buick.

The glass is becoming cloudy—strange zig-zag flashes of fire appear followed by a cloudy foamy looking substance which crystallizes into white specks violently agitated like flakes of snow in a blizzard. Ali Bendou, puzzled, reverses the ball and Charles Richardson momentarily appears succeeded by a violent crash as the crystal flies to pieces.

One look at Prince Ali convinces me that I have urgent business elsewhere.

JEAN ESTES  
*Class Prophet*



CREST

Long slow waves of memories come rolling,  
Slowly rolling over dark green trees and mist,  
And hills blurred gray with distance,  
Vines that climb in aimless wildness,  
And brown drooped sunflowers, too old to remember  
Even a namesake.

And long slow waves of memories come breaking,  
Breaking into colored specks of foam,  
Breaking into pictures, dreams and dust.  
Pictures of a purple plume of sunset color,  
And the glowing green purity of moss and dew;  
Dreams of afternoons, warm and tinted blue,  
Of hours and breaths too short to hold  
The infinitude of a rose or moon;  
And the dust of unforgettable sorrow  
Almost forgotten.

## Class Will

We, the exceptional class of January 1932 of Charlotte High School, Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York being of nervous, flighty, uncontrollable nature yet slightly intelligent and possessing some ability do, hereby, declare and print this our Will and Testament.

- I. We bequeath to Walter Smith a new list of girls' addresses and telephone numbers in case he runs out.
- II. We leave these three candidates Gertrude Rappold, Gertrude Wolff and Ruth Murphy as possible secretaries for Miss Sharer.
- III. We leave Mr. West time to eat his lunch at least once a week without interruption or delay.
- IV. We leave in the new school a smell proof building so that the occupants of the school will not have to suffer when cats with white stripes come around.
- V. We are going to take Walter Gunkler's persistence (particularly, in asking girls to dance) with us; we may need it at a future date.
- VI. We leave Gertrude Rappold a new manager of the Book Exchange in place of our dearly loved Wilbert.
- VII. We regret taking the biggest share of the athletic teams with us but we leave Everett Lockner, Billy Petroske, and Walter Fox as candidates for future teams.
- VIII. We bequeath to Mr. True a mail box to put outside his door to save the girls, bringing the slips around, the embarrassment of going into the boys' study hall.
- IX. We leave to the next candy committee a large supply of soft candy for Mr. Lacy so that he can keep the fillings in his teeth.
- X. We bequeath to the future Handbook Com-

mittee Saturday mornings for work; more can be accomplished.

- XI. We bequeath a glass case for the candy so that "Benny" the prize candy "feeler" can lose the habit—we're afraid he might make a mistake and embarrass himself in an uptown store.

### XII. Personal Bequests:

1. To Mr. Enright, a throne; it can be used to good advantage in girls' study hall.
  2. To Hermeana Prysock, "Vi" Rentschler's "style."
  3. To Grace Eve, Jean Estes' singing voice.
  4. To Rudy Wendt, Lois Marsh's burden of playing in assembly.
  5. To Dean Lawson, Pom Cass's special knack of making announcements.
  6. To Arol Weiser, Jimmie Smith's athletic ability.
  7. To Kenneth Hersey, "Cam," Crittenden's boldness.
  8. Art Gordon's grin to Frank Polka.
  9. We leave the school the much anticipated and long expected handbook.
- XIII. Lastly we appoint the class of June 1932 executors of this will. Should it prove too much for them we suggest the faculty as assistant executors.

*Class of January 1932*  
GLADYS M. GROTZINGER  
*Class Testator*

Witnesses:

*President, Percy Andrews*  
*Secretary, Ruth Punnett*



## Literary Department

### BEYOND THE FLOWERS

The sky was an imperturbable ocean of depthless blue; and as the crimson sun sank very slowly to the horizon it seemed to draw up, in the east, a little silver wisp of a moon. A few clouds were suspended peacefully in the west. Birds; the thrush and the lark, flitted over the fields, just clearing the tops of the grass and grain. A brown country road wound up the hills and down. And Old Tom trudged down into a valley, walked slowly toward the old house that was his home.

Tom was short and ruggedly built, his skin darkened by the sun and the wind and the rain. His clothes, as his body, were rugged, old, and worn. He seemed tired; his feet dragged a little; but there was a hopeful and an expectant gleam discernible in his dark eyes.

He had almost reached his house now. It was very small, built of large, flat pieces of stone and roofed with their pieces of slate. The windows were small and curtained with scant draperies of coarse cloth. And the house was situated in the center of a half acre of carefully kept land. The yard in front was merely a smooth, very green lawn; but in back many beds of blossoming flowers occupied the precious space. There were long beds of roses and straw flowers and hardy perennial plants. A single glance furnished assurance that it was the product of a careful and a skilled workman, and above all, a lover of flowers. This was Tom's garden; this was the cause of the hopeful gleam that escaped from beneath the shaggy brows of his large eyes; this was what Tom worked all day for; this was why he labored in a neighbor's field day in and day out. He was paying now the last fraction of the mortgage on that little plot of land; it would soon be his, all his own!

His wife stood in the doorway as he came into the yard. She was neither short nor rugged; she was thinner than Tom and seemed to be not quite well. Her face wore an expression of fatigue, an expression of endurance, endurance of a hopeless pain. Her hair was grey and long and a few strands vagrantly blew before her worn brow and her tired eyes. But Tom was not thinking of Hilda as he came up the door-path; he was thinking of his flowers, his garden,

and of the short month before he would have it all paid for. How he cherished that garden, those flowers, those perfect flowers! How he admired the absolute perfection of each of his marigolds! Sixty-two years had taught him the supremacy of nature, had taught him to find an everlasting joy in the admiration of its beauty. Those flowers and the trees and the grass represented to him a God, a God whom he had heard little of, a God whom he could not imagine, but a God who was sufficient for Old Tom in the mere evidence a rose's loveliness portrayed. No, he was not thinking of Hilda, or his supper, or his own weariness; he was thinking of his flowers. As he passed through the doorway he merely brushed by her, not even noticing her presence. And after he had passed, his wife drooped her head a little lower and softly sighed.

The supper was not ready and so Tom paused in the house merely long enough to wash the dust of the fields from his hands and face and then passed out again, this time into the back yard. He grasped his hoe, which was leaning against the wall of the house, and went to work in the garden. The profuse blossoming of his many colored flowers made him very happy and he whistled lightly as he hoed about the roots of the plants. This was his conception of a model occupation, this was the most pleasant thing a man could do. Such beauty, such colorful loveliness.

And then a soft, saddened voice called him to supper. He did not heed the summons immediately; but worked on until he had weeded out a little colony of plants and then he went into the house, washed again, and sat down at the small kitchen table. Hilda placed the victuals in front of him and finally sat down opposite him. The meal was a silent one. Old Tom ate hurriedly and spoke hardly a word. His wife ate very little and looked almost constantly at her husband. At the end of the meal he jumped up, gave a terse grunt of satisfaction, and darted immediately out of the door, determined to take full advantage of the scant half hour that remained before darkness. This he did, working steadily and diligently and when the darkness finally did arrive he put away his hoe reluctantly and before going indoors stood regarding with pride the beauty which

was the product of his work and God's. Long minutes he stood there, thinking, admiring, loving.

Inside the house he took off his shoes, put on a comfortable pair of slippers, dropped into the one easy chair of the household and read for an hour from a periodical of ancient date. Meanwhile Hilda sat near him and silently crocheted; she did not move except for the mechanical performance of her thin hands. And thus the evening passed. Sometimes she asked a simple question concerning his work and he invariably answered with a short "yes" or "no" or a nod of the head. Hilda was of no bother to him; she occupied none of his thoughts; he hardly knew she existed. His was a world of flowers and plants. And that was all that mattered to him—the flowers, their beauty, their superb loveliness, that was his world. And he went to bed thinking still of his flowers, quite oblivious of the process of undressing. He was tired and he went to sleep at once and slept soundly.

But the next morning, an hour before dawn, he awoke; he seemed cold and he sat up to find that the room was chilly. So he got up and looked at the stove; the fire was very low, almost out. He replenished it and caused it to burn energetically. Then he went back into the bedroom; but before getting into bed he happened to glance at his wife. She was still and very pale. He looked closer and could discern no breathing. He felt of her skin and found it cold. He placed his ear above her heart and heard no beating. She was dead.

Neither Hilda nor Tom had any living relatives and they had very little money. So there was no funeral service nor any waiting. Tom buried her a few hours later in a box he fashioned from crude boards; he buried her in the yard, behind the flower beds. And after he had thrown the last spadeful of dirt into the newly made grave he walked slowly, with bowed head and shuffling feet, back into the house. There he gathered up a few morsels of food and put them into a tin lunch pail. Then he returned to the yard.

He now looked at the flowers, which swayed gently in the slight breeze and glowed in the bright morning sun, with contempt, even with hatred. Had he not felt so morose and so sick at heart, he would have trampled on everyone of them, then and there. But he did not feel like moving; he stared, with eyes far too sad for tears, at the grave beyond the flowers. Where the evening before there was God he found nothing but a plot of grass beyond the flowers, he saw now the picture of a tired, beautiful face, a tender face, ever seeking compassion, a face more beautiful than a rose or a lily.

Finally Old Tom *did* move. He walked very slowly to the road and began to climb the brown ribbon that lead, this morning, only uphill, up a hill too

steep for tired feet and a heart that was aching to give compassion—but could not. H. RAY DUDLEY

#### TEAM WORK

A gentle wind wafted big white snow flakes onto the small upturned nose of Jean Crampton. She held her head a tiny bit higher as she passed through the gate, into her yard. Running up the steps she was soon heard slamming the door behind her. After throwing her sweater on a near-by chair, and her hat and gloves on the table, she curled up in the big Morris chair before the roaring fire.

Her broad, high forehead was furrowed in thought. She'd show those girls they'd lose the basket-ball game without the best center on the Sophomore team. They couldn't win without her. The game was Saturday, Sophs. vs. Juniors. They had told her her passes wouldn't work, they had made fun of her. Now she would watch the game, her black eyes snapped and she stared at the fire.

Saturday dawned clear and cold. The snow was piled high on each side of the walk as Jean walked slowly out into the street. She arrived at the school early. There were a few people scattered about the balcony. She selected a seat near the front and waited. The minutes passed quickly and the balcony was filled. This was a big game for the school as each team had excellent players and this was the final game to decide the winner of the tournament. The band was playing and the two teams marched solemnly out onto the floor. The whistle blew, the game started; The substitute for center on the Sophomore team was a girl called Leila. Jean knew her. She was considered clumsy, always fumbling the ball. The score stood six to nothing at the end of the first half. The game started again. Jean watched Leila's long arms shoot up for the ball. The other girl on the Junior team had seen the pass. Her foot went out—Leila fell—. Five minutes later a girl was pulling Jean's sleeve, "We've got to have you, explain later !!" she cried. Jean forgot she wasn't going to play, she forgot the girls had made fun of her, she forgot everything except that her team was losing the game. She didn't hesitate. After five anxious minutes for the audience, Jean Crampton ran out onto the floor to take her place. The whistle blew sharply, the game was in action. Jean was using her passwork, the girls responded. One basket—two baskets—the game was tied and one quarter more to play. Jean's expert passwork made a third basket just a minute before the whistle blew for the end of the game.

Jean was breathless and happy when the girls came to carry her triumphantly around the hall as their heroine. She knew now that the girls understood.

JANET FERGUSON, '34

## The WITAN

CHARLOTTE

### STEFANSSON STUPEFIES STUDENTS

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the noted explorer who honored us by a visit has proved a most interesting character. His parents were born in Iceland and he has inherited their love of the North, and, perhaps, their Swedish tenacity.

Mr. Stefansson has a most delightful personality and his eyes crinkle up at the corners when he laughs. His slight accent is odd at first, but not noticeable after a short time.

The great honors showered upon him by various societies and governments have not spoiled him and he appears a simple, kindly man.

Dr. Stefansson had an excellent education and a fine position on the faculty at Harvard University. He gave up his position to join the Leffingwell-Mippelsen expedition to the Arctic Ocean. He confided that he had had chances to go to Africa—"But," and a twinkle came into his blue eyes, "I would probably be dead by now—the fevers you know."

When asked how he became interested in anthropology he replied, "A long story, I don't have time now to tell it, but perhaps some other time—!" So that will remain a mystery to us.

Mr. Stefansson, when he left, turned and waving a friendly good-bye called:

"Make it up out of your head the way all good reporters do."

That is what I have done!

### IMPRESSIONS OF JUDGE ALLEN

A low murmur of disguised comment emphasized the otherwise unbroken silence, somewhat as the buzzing of the blue flies did in that famous court room scene a long time ago, as the distinguished Judge Florence E. Allen entered the room accompanied by several well-known citizens of Rochester. Ambition and success seemed to emanate from her whole being, but I was attracted especially by her facial expressions. Her eyes would laugh and her mouth would laugh in a wide grin which raised the corners at least an inch above the center. Then in a second the corners of her mouth would seem, by comparison, to drop an inch below the center, although her eyes were still smiling. Another change and she would be the serious judge of the court.

In Judge Allen's opinion it was highly beneficial to have women in community life because it aroused public feeling. However, if there were children in the home, the woman's duty was in the home. She also added that many did not realize the father's place in the home. He should have just as important a part in the home life as the mother. In referring to women on the juries, Miss Allen said that often they were not as moved in trials as some men. In one specific

case, a jurymen had wept aloud and the foreman who happened to be a woman reported the accused guilty of the charge in as composed a tone as possible.

All the Judge's statements were sandwiched between humorous reminiscences of her life. Altogether she was a very entertaining speaker and an inspiration to anyone. GEHRING COOPER, '33

### DESTRUCTION

Did you ever in the forest hear his music ring  
His low voice sing  
When in the stifling still of summer day  
He murmured, "Stay  
Life is too short to waste  
In fast and furious haste  
All things are worthless but unbroken rest  
And peace."

He whom you now bring low is mightier far  
Than steam and steel machines and engines are,  
He is monarch here whose tufted crown  
Lies in its green of glory on the ground.  
When you were sad his friendly arms did sweep  
Blue shadows down, and o'er your ears did creep  
His muffled melodies to lull you on to sleep  
And ease.

Cut down the trees with dirt and smoke and steel!  
One day will see you kneel  
Low in fear of a dryad's ire,  
In palaces of fire,  
Raising your pleading voice to cry  
Against the blind and bland gold sky  
For dew and wind and low melodious sigh  
Of trees. E. D.

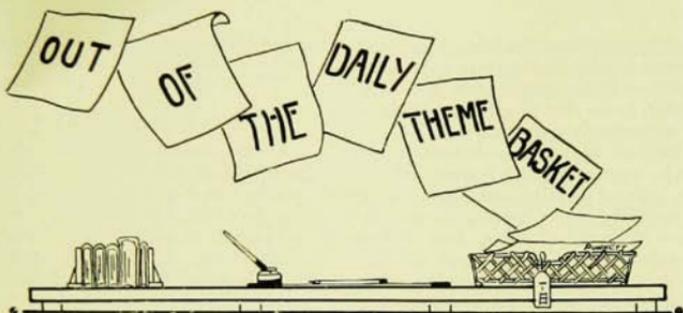
### SOLITUDE

It is before thy altars, mystically dim  
Fragrant with incense of the full-blown flower  
Melodious with the reverent breathing hymn  
Ripe with the still perfection of the hour,  
Men's souls arise in faint and smoke-like prayer  
Futile and fruitless on the fragrant air.

How can man be so mad and deaf and blind  
Confident in the strange delirium of his brain,  
Stumbling his way, perceiving in his mind  
Naught but himself, his folly and his pain  
While, in thy perfection, e'en his wrath and storm  
Partake a lonelier and a purer form?

Here is all beauty. Here all words and music are  
But the faint murmur of a far-off brook  
Alien as the image of a star  
Painful as the bird his song forsook.  
I shall go back to men's cordiality  
Only to return, more eagerly, to thee!

'32



PEACE

The nurse slowly drew the shade, softening the glare of the sunlight to a pleasant glow. She quietly rearranged the flowers, medicines, and linens on the small bedside table. Her patient glanced at her furtively and breathed a short sigh. Finally she looked about the room in silent self-approval and then left, closing the door quietly behind her.

The room was very still. A vagrant fly buzzed about near the shade and sought the source of light. Another insect crawled about below the flowers. The breath of the sick man pulsed against the stillness. He opened and closed his tired eyes. A watch ticked incessantly from the bureau-top. A faint wind stirred the curtain and then the shade. The sound of the breathing was drowned by the ticking of the watch. A petal fell from the flowers, wafted to the floor on the still air. The fly crept up the quilt and on to the sleeper's face. The watch stopped. The fly lay still on the forehead. The breathing was still drowned for the breather,

—tired of days and hours,  
Blown buds of barren flowers,  
Desires and dreams and powers,  
And everything but sleep,  
lay breathless.

RESPITE

The sun sinks slowly, gloriously down to the earth's horizon, pauses, when half concealed, to open her fan of golden light and spread it over the West. The birds, at this dismal signal, soften their songs but sing even more sweetly than before. Frogs, from the broad, level swamp, send up their singled calls to dominate the quiet evening atmosphere. Small butterflies and insects leave the flowers and grass to silhouette themselves against the perfectly graduated tint of amber that expires from the sunken sun like some divine perfume and fades upward into the heavenly blue, the delicate blue of

depthless air. From somewhere out of sight the regular, quiet dip of an oar is heard. More of nature comes to the aid of its own dominance as a lonely cricket causes a solo to pierce the stilled air, and the sound of the wings of intermittent June bugs vibrates thru the quietude. Then in the East a round orange moon rises from behind a hill of drooping pines and frames itself in their topmost branches. Another cricket's song echoes in the distance, a bird calls a last low salutation across the swamp. The bugs no longer stir. Dew falls; stars appear slowly, one by one; and all is hushed, hushed.

Do not stir now. Do not shatter this dream. Breathe softly. Warm the earth with the soft friction of your heartbeat. Lie still. Sleep.

H.R.D.

A LIFELESS SPOT

I seemed to be in a different world, one of pre-historic surroundings. Decayed trees, black with age, and only their largest branches hanging, jutted from the unruffled water. Stumps, rotted, perhaps, by centuries of soaking, appeared like ghosts in a long-dead world. Here and there pond lilies or clumps of slimy moss floated on the stagnant water. Then an occasional Blue Heron, a ghost in itself, would flap its lazy wings skyward.

On either side lay rock-like hills with no trace of life, barren, and laid waste by fire. Even the clouds above seemed to cease their drifting. All was lifeless. I was in the midst of a Canadian swamp.

HAROLD SMITH, '32

JUST IMAGINE

Latin is my greatest joy. Without Latin I should grow despondent and moody. If my Latin were taken from me, I would, in my dreams, see Caesar, Cicero, and Archias being foully murdered by Algebra fans. Poor Caesar would be thrown from a great height so that his fiendish assassins could devolve the speed of a falling body so weighted down by ponderous affairs of state.

And meanwhile poor Cicero has been entombed in the White House so that admiring history students can more easily visit his grave. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover are glad to be able to give something in behalf of the memory of a great man.

And poor Archias! He has been elected a citizen of Mars when he wants to reside in Jupiter. What a fate for poor, poetical Archias, and Cicero, being entombed in the White House, is unable to sway the multitudes with his oratorical genius. Poor Archias is doomed to an unhappy life. In Mars all the creatures are mathematically inclined. They do nothing but dig ditches at right angles and fly airplanes in straight lines. The inhabitants care not a fig for music, literature or poetry. And, since machines don't eat, they have no figs to care with.

There are my three great historical heroes, consigned to miserable fates.

Vaguely to my ears comes a familiar voice: "And if some people would stay awake and pay attention in Latin class, perhaps they would get a more agreeable mark."

And I find that I have been sleeping in Latin Class!

#### THE BUGLER

The evening was cool, the smell of new cut hay hung lightly on the air, and the brilliant stars of the Milky way shone coldly on the small shelter halves of the overnight camp.

Just at the brief space of time between twilight and night, there came the sound of a bugle, clear and sweet, and looking out of the back of the tent I saw the silhouette of the bugler against the cold, dark blue sky, as motionless as a rock, sounding, "Call to Quarters," and to the rear of him, lofty maples swung their gigantic, arm-like branches slowly in the breeze.

A little later I watched the same scene when he sounded "Taps", and the low buzz of the camp gradually grew silent while far away a lonely dog howled long and mournfully. Then the long-remembered scene was swiftly closed by slumber.

HARRY GREER, '32

#### SCRAMBOLA

To hear or see Scrambola anyone would think her useful days were over; that is unless he were acquainted with Scrambola. Despite its battered fenders and squeaky body, and the sad loss of its top during its younger days, Scrambola could still stand the wear and tear of the bumpy detour from Charlotte to Stone Road.

It's true one could never tell just when the old thing would, in a spiteful mood, refuse to run, or just when one of the tires would decide to blow out, but then a little tinkering will soon get it going again. It seems

a miracle that Scrambola even runs at all; but then who ever heard of a model T stopping for good?

MARGARET GOELLER, '33

#### ANNE HATHAWAY'S GARDEN

English gardens are said to be the most picturesque and the loveliest in the world; and one of the quaintest and truest to English traditions is the garden of Anne Hathaway. The charming thatched cottage with its gabled windows and diamond panes of glass forms a perfect setting for one of the prettiest and most talked-of gardens in the world. The English cottage and its garden still stand, as in the days of Anne Hathaway, and Will Shakespeare. In 1910 when the last descendant of the Hathaway family died in the little cottage, it was purchased by the government.

Both the cottage and the garden are in the same condition as they were in Anne Hathaway's time. The quaint little gate still swings inward, and a flagged walk leads to the door. The walk is bordered with rows of nodding hollyhocks, and beyond is the garden itself full of fragrant and bright flowers.

Anne's garden was not only ornamental, but it was the test of a good homemaker; for here she grew food for the table, medicine for times of sickness, and materials for perfume and sweet-meats. Close by the kitchen door is the salad-bed, and in another are the strewing herbs, formerly used for strewing church floors. Mint grown here in abundance was also used in churches. The flowers used for garnishing were nasturtiums, violets, marigolds, roses, and blue star-shaped flowers. Parsley, rosemary, and sage also grew here and horehound used in making cough sirups and tansy for cakes and puddings at Easter-time.

Most delicious confections were made from the roses. Candied rose-petals and rose water we still enjoy, but the rose syrup, conserve, and vinegar of Anne Hathaway's day are now only a tale that is told.

So the influence of this quiet, little English garden, its beauty, perfume and utility have reached around the world, thanks to the magic of Will Shakespeare's pen. Behind him stands the woman who made, tended, and loved that garden until he came to love it, and wove it into his immortal plays for countless generations to enjoy.

ETTA LOUISE RYAN, '33

#### A TRAVEL PICTURE

As I was coming home from Syracuse on the train, a picture flashed by my line of vision which I can still see in my mind.

At the particular spot where I saw this picture, the railing ran along one side of the Barge Canal, while

a concrete road wound its way along the other side. The train was speeding steadily homeward when there appeared on the canal a tug towing several barges, an automobile passed over the road, and an airplane zoomed overhead. Thus for a brief moment, four different means of transportation and communication presented themselves. The slow, puffing barge, the smoothly riding auto, rolling along the winding road, the screeching train, speeding relentlessly down the straight track, and the zooming airplane, speeding at a terrific speed through the unobstructed air above, showed the wonderful progress man has made in the development of transportation.

This picture seemed to me rather unusual, as four such widely different means of travel are seldom seen in operation at one time.

P. ANDREWS, '32

#### CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

The kettle singing on the hob, the hot, bright fire, the soft, crunching sound of feet on the snow outside, the gay expectancy of the morrow, all tend to make this Christmas Eve a merry one. Cheeses, pies, cakes, nuts, and beverages stand on the table ready for the feast to come. The deep easy chairs drawn invitingly close to the fire will soon be filled with happy occupants.

There is but one flaw in the whole of this contentment; I am not to be permitted to stay for the fun. Even now mother has come in and bundled me up and put me off to bed. As I lie awake I hear noises below. People are laughing and the constant pop of corks denotes that the party has begun. How to get downstairs! I hear the carollers singing below, who go from house to house singing about the new born Babe, but not a word about Santa Claus (or Daddy Christmas as he was known to me then). Where is the jolly old man? I go over to the fireplace and look up the chimney. A fire is not to be built in the grate tonight; Santa's whiskers might catch fire. I look on the mantel piece to see if mother has put the candy there which I am to get if I behave myself well until morning.

I get an idea! Going back to my bed I begin to cry very loud, in order to make myself heard above the others. After almost crying myself hoarse, mother comes running up the stairs and I tell her that I can see bogey men on the wall. Mother's powers of soothing me seem to be a little lacking tonight, so I gain my end and I am carried down stairs.

The living room which was so green, cozy, and quiet is now filled with laughing people, good things to eat, and Christmas hymns are being played by the guests who are gifted with the talent to play and

sing. But where is Santa Claus? After partaking of some of the sweets handed to me, I cuddle up in a very large green chair and fall asleep.

ANNIE RAWLINSON, '34

#### THE HOUSE I INHERITED

The wind blew fiercely. It was raining cats and dogs. I hastened up the steps slipping about a million times in the pitch black of the night because of my rubber soles.

After fumbling around under the mat about an hour I finally found the key to the front door. I turned it in the lock with a click and pushed the door open. Heavens, how musty it smelled in there. I hoped that I'd find a candle or an electric light switch, but after feeling over the walls and lighting seventy-five matches, I decided that no such thing existed. The floor creaked terribly and I nearly jumped out of my shoes as the lightning hit a tree near by with a crack.

Gosh, why had I gone to the country in such a dilapidated affair as my old tin-lizzie. I knew it would break down some day, but I hadn't expected it to fall completely to pieces so soon. My thoughts wandered for a second, but after knocking my head on a mantle I came back with a start.

I thought I'd remembered the house quite well. It seems I hadn't. My Uncle had died a year ago and left me this old place and this was the first time in years that I had seen it (rather felt it.)

Suddenly I felt myself shoot into space. Oh-h-h, had I stepped into an elevator shaft? There had been one I remembered. Well, if I had, I had come to the bottom, but no, it couldn't be unless it was a new kind of one.

I picked myself up, a bit stiffly to be sure, and stood upon the soft pile of clothes I had landed upon, trying to accustom myself to the darkness. Jumping off on to a cement floor I saw stairs winding upward. Being desperate by now, I decided to follow them whatever the cost.

I followed those steps that wound around in circles until I was ready to drop. Finally I reached a wiggly landing, off from which was a corridor. A cobweb brushed my face. Glory, if there was a spider at the end!

But I had worse things to worry about; a bat swooped down and seemed to take a chunk out of my arm. I screeched and ran pell-mell into the blackness until I was winded. Gee whiz, what would happen next? I sprawled full length over a pail of stagnant water spilling it over my legs. Picking myself up I began to cry like a baby. Then with a sob I looked into the distance and saw a light!

You can't know how I felt. I charged like a bull

to that light and pushing open the door, fell upon a woman there. She explained that she was the caretaker and I, drawing a weepy breath, asked for the phone. After calling my father, I was overjoyed to hear him say that he'd come and take me away from that house of horrors!

MARGARET SANDLE, '34

#### A TURPENTINE CAKE

When my mother was a small girl she was asked to make a cake for a church supper. Mother was very happy to think that she was asked to do this favor for the church.

It was Thursday, and Friday was the night of the church supper. Mother hurried home from school and after changing her clothes she hurried to the kitchen to mix the cake. When she removed it from the oven her mother told her that it looked eatable.

When Friday night came mother dressed in her very best and sat waiting for her escort. She told him of the cake she had made for the supper and that he should not tell anyone that it was her cake.

When the table was cleared and the cake and ice cream served, mother did not notice the expressions on the people's faces when they had tasted of her cake. It was her first cake for the public to sample. Her partner thinking it his place to praise her cake remarked how good it tasted and asked if he might have another piece. The church members looked at him in question. He did not wish mother to be disappointed but it was of no use for her Aunt Anna said, "Esther, is this your cake?"

Mother replied, "Yes, Aunt Anna. Why?"

"Why? Why my dear child it tastes like turpentine. We will all be very ill," she replied.

After many embarrassing moments and uneasiness, mother made her exit and ran home. Her mother met her at the door and asked her what the trouble was. Mother repeated her sad mishap. Together mother and grandmother went to the kitchen to look over the ingredients that mother used in her cake. When they came to the vanilla bottle they removed the cork and after smelling of it, they stood looking at one another. Even though mother was unhappy she could not resist laughing.

After a few minutes mother returned to the church supper happy and laughing. Mother tried to take it as a mere jest when people laughed at her. But to this very day mother is teased and laughed at about her turpentine cake.

ELAIN SOUTH, '34

#### A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

The night was cold; the stars against the dark blue sky made me shiver, and the moon with the

clouds passing over it now and then, as well as the shrill blood-curdling shrieks of the shriek owl produced a cold atmosphere, making chills go up and down my spine.

"Help! Help!" came the cry of someone, at midnight, over the hill. I left my camp and found near North Peak Cane, a man, with both legs snapped in the bear trap I had set!

He was almost frozen to death. I carried him to my fire, and tent, for he couldn't walk. I then covered him with my blankets and went out to get more wood for the fire.

When I returned, my dog was at the opening of the tent, howling, howling as dogs howl when someone is dead! !

ARTHUR HOGAN, 11B

#### CAT'S FOOD, M-m-m

One Sunday evening, as the family was gathered around the fireside, this is the story that mother told:

"When Adele was about one year old, I left her alone in the house to play with the kitty, while I hung out the clothes. When I returned, she was not in sight. I looked everywhere, but could not find her. Finally coming to the conclusion that she was kidnapped, I telephoned the police.

Just before the police arrived, I heard a whimper, coming from the direction of the stove. Looking under the stove, I found Adele eating the cat's food. After that, I never formed such hasty conclusions."

#### AN EDUCATIONAL TRIP

One day last summer I was invited to take a trip through Ithaca, New York. Ithaca is located in a valley; it is the home of Cornell University.

The day after our arrival we went through different buildings about the college. The museum was the first we entered. The structure was of two stories. On the first floor were relics, such as: weapons, Indian's tomahawks, different kinds of pottery and jewelry. The second floor consisted of a huge skeleton of a man-eating animal. Its structure resembled a giraffe, only many times bigger in size. In jars there were petrified animals and plants. We also saw stuffed tigers, lions, wild-cats, and a structure of a huge fish caught by a man living in Ithaca. After leaving this building we went to a Picture Gallery, a beautiful building inside and out. In this building they have beautiful paintings, costing millions of dollars; in one part of this building there are statues of famous people; the headless horseman and many other statues.

If you ever have the chance to go through some of these buildings, do so for they are both interesting and educational.

CORA PAPKE, 9B

## Editorials

### MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY

Ten years old! This year the *Witan* is celebrating its tenth anniversary. How proud we are of our school magazine.

Roger Butterfield was the first Editor-in-Chief. When it was first undertaken, the staff did not expect to be able to publish the book regularly. However, it met with great success and was published four times yearly after that.

Our magazine has been improving with age, and last year, in the Columbia Scholastic Press Contest, it won third place for schools of our class. Some day we hope to attain first place.

The *Witan* is interesting for its timely news events and for its literary merits. Also the *Witan* forms an accurate record of school activities for future years.

How interesting it is to look back upon the old numbers and read the accounts of various happenings. The pictures prove especially amusing after a few years, as the styles and manners change with every one.

The *Witan* needs the support of each and every student of our school. Are you doing your share by contributing money and material?

We offer the former staffs of the *Witan* our most hearty congratulations and hope for the future workers that it will have many more happy and successful birthdays.

### THOUGHTS ON THOUGHTS

Have you ever pondered upon the different types of thoughts which take hold of your brain, your spirit, your soul, and grip them relentlessly until you either are exhausted from the struggle and give up or you succeed and triumphantly flash your banner of victory over your opponent? In my mind there are four varieties of thoughts: first, those that astound you, that cause you to wonder how you ever received them and separated them from the maelstrom of your mind, that are altogether too sacred to be imparted to other humans; second, the thoughts you confidently launch upon the sea of conversation for discussion and comment by your

friends and await dubiously the outcome; third, the thoughts that come to you late at night or at moments of inspiration, that you put aside for a more urgent duty until, you say to yourself, you will have time to think; fourth and last, the small dark thoughts that you resolutely put from you as nonsensical, as impossible, as unworthy of you, but that bob up on the plane of your vision in the most inopportune moments when you are sure you have vanquished them. Often I wish that one might control his thinking faculties but then again I realize that thinking is really the most important ability one possesses. In truth, thinking should never be put aside for some other occupation seeming more worthwhile—for there is none!

### GOOD OLD CHARLOTTE!

Charlotte isn't such a bad place, after all. When I see some of the new school buildings, Charlotte, in comparison, is a pitiful sight, but Charlotte has its past. These new schools are just plain buildings. They can't recall to one very intimate memories. In crowded quarters, one learns much more about one's friends. To me, roominess seems to create an atmosphere of coldness, of politeness. Intimacy, in such places, is strained. Even all of the inconveniences endured in Charlotte have only served to bring the teachers and the pupils closer together. As Burke said, "Public calamity is a mighty leveler." I'm glad to have gone to Charlotte.

MARION WRIGHT, '32

### CHRISTMAS

Do we all realize the true meaning of Christmas? Some think only of gifts and festive occasions and forget the true spirit of Christmas.

This spirit is typified by the Babe born in the manger of Bethlehem who brought the love of fellowmen into this world. We all know that His example is most needed in this time of depression. Let us forget ourselves and take care of the fellow who really needs some help and in this way we shall all realize the true meaning of Christmas.

HELP IN SIGHT

There is one problem which faces every girl in Charlotte, at least one time during the day. To the careless it appears when she gets up in the morning, to the more thoughtful, before she goes to bed. The first regrets her carelessness all day; the second spends a sleepless night. The cause of all this mental anguish is well known to every girl, "What will I wear tomorrow?"

It is a far more complicated question than it appears. The primary aim is to give indication of a larger, more expensive wardrobe than really exists. No one knows the reason for this condition, but all of us have to cope with its existence.

Some long-suffering parent has come to the rescue with the suggestion of a uniform. A uniform! Goodbye to the days of anxiety and the sleepless nights. Goodbye to envy and rivalry in dress.

And the models are not the sort we would expect to have been made by those who didn't have to wear them. There are attractive colors, and a distinctive design. The uniforms are not a punishment, but a blessing. Bad as the phrase may sound, they were intended for our own good.

We are in the best of company when we have uniforms. The best of private schools have them, the United States army and navy, the Marine Band, and several other honorable organizations. A uniform does not necessarily signify a term in prison.

Nor, as the saying goes, is our individuality to be crushed. If we have a uniform for every-day wear we will have more money to spend on our other clothes.

It seems an excellent suggestion, and, coming as it has from our parents, has been submitted to a careful examination. No catch has been found as yet.

PRISON OR PREP SCHOOL

Prisoners and high-school pupils are similar in many respects.

Both are under supervision.

The prisoner, up to now, has had the worst of the bargain, being continually under the eyes of some over-seer, while the high school pupils are terrorized by two entirely different authorities. Now the parents and teachers have combined for our good, and the first suggestion they have made is a startling one. We complete the comparison by wearing uniforms.

Their prime motive is the jealousy supposed to be rampant among girls. It is a tradition that we envy one another's clothes, but like many traditions it owes its existence to likelihood, rather than to actual fact.

If there were such envy, uniforms would not elimi-

nate it. It would only be transferred from school sessions, to the school functions, such as parties and teas, or to church affairs. It is obvious that uniforms could not be dragged into these social gatherings.

Other high schools with a far greater range of poverty, prosperity, and wealth, have continued very well without uniforms. Are we unworthy of the freedom even to choose our clothes?

"IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE"

What does Christmas mean to you? Christmas, to me, symbolizes a spirit of festivity. I like to think of it as a time when the fullness of our hearts at Thanksgiving bubbles over, and we express our feeling of well being by making others happy with some token of our friendship.

In our extreme youth, we believe in Santa Claus, and our main feeling at Christmas is one of the joy of receiving. In our later youth, we begin to more fully appreciate the spirit of Christmas, and we invariably experience as much, if not more, joy in giving as in receiving, and as we grow older, we are no longer the recipients of many gifts.

Our greatest joy comes from giving gifts and happiness to young people, and helping them to enter more fully into the Christmas spirit.

Christmas is a time when people forget their troubles and sorrows, and all nationalities and all sects unite in a universal feeling of good will.

And we may hope that Christ is pleased as he looks upon the celebration of his birthday.

PEACE

Peace is an almighty power which should govern all nations. This word peace means happiness, love and thanksgiving.

All through the ages War has been waged. What has been derived from this? Nothing—but death, sorrow and all the other disasters of War.

A new time is upon us. The terrible tale has been written and may it always stay written; a record of battling nations; of tottering thrones; of exiled people and devastated lands. The thunder of battles has drowned the chiming of Christmas bells; the whining of shells hushed the voices of Peace; the moaning of the wounded broke into the carols of Christmastide. As we look back what a strange sad Christmas for all Christian Nations. In the huge reconstruction that has followed the War the United State of Europe has been formed. Peace has descended upon us, at least for the time being.

Let us do all we can to forget the past and put down in the minds of all Nations for the Future, "Peace Everlasting Peace!"

LIVE OR EXIST

Happy? Yes, she's happy; that's what troubles me. It perplexes me. I'll admit she has a good home, a pleasant husband, and a little two year old daughter. Yet it puzzles me; she goes around chattering about sending her clothes to the laundry and about the fact that she has been reading some cheap magazine all day. Perhaps it is because of her simplicity. She and her husband are going to the theatre next week, they go every week; she talks about this innocently, happily. It really matters in her life. In her pantry she has mice; a while ago they consumed a portion of chicken lodged there; she has a waterless cooker and she talks about that. I can tell she's happy, extremely happy; I can tell by the way she talks and chatters and the way she moves about so lightly. Yes, she has been reading "True Story" magazine all day and her laundry came at eleven-ten this morning. I know not whether to laugh or weep for that woman. And she's a grown woman too, married; a grown woman so simple, so happy.

I'm wondering now, after seeing her, if I want to be happy. That must be happiness I saw in her. I could make up a definition of happiness that would not include that sort of thing. But no—I believe most people are happy when they have that same lightness, that same chattering gayer. And I cannot attempt to change facts. So I'm wondering—do I want to be happy? Is happiness happiness or just contentment?

Is she living or existing? I'm inclined to think the latter. She doesn't know how large the sun is, how far away it is, where it goes at night or a thousand other things; she doesn't care; she's going to the theatre next week, and she's going to leave about eight-thirty. Does she go to church? Sometimes—anyway what's the difference she hears a sermon over the radio. Does she ever read any books? Oh, yes, she has just finished "Sinning Simpletons" by John Jones.

You may think I'm prejudiced, or antagonistic; you may think I'm discontented with the world. No—I'm merely serious, I merely face the facts; I'm just wondering. And she's not an outstanding exception; thousands of people are like that.

Happy? No, I don't believe I want to be happy. I would rather live and rejoice in the fact that a few men have really lived before me. When some simple man declares war I am going to live on. They will have no trouble getting men to fight, men who would exist and sing and then die—forever.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NORTH

It took two hundred years to establish our American independence, seventy years to strengthen our Union, and more than one hundred and fifty years to establish a noteworthy school system. Now, I wonder how long it will take America to publish textbooks containing accurate facts about the Arctic and Alaska?

Dr. Viljhumar Stefansson, professor and explorer, gave sufficient evidence as to the misinformation found in our textbooks which deal with those regions in his illustrated lecture on the Arctic at the Abelard Reynolds school No. 42 Tuesday, December 1. According to the data gathered in his eleven years of intensive study of Arctic life, Dr. Stefansson says that our textbooks give us an entirely wrong impression of the Arctic and life in the Arctic. After listening to Stefansson's lecture I can fearlessly say that one can best obtain accurate facts about the Arctic by attending the lectures of some noteworthy explorer or by reading his books.

CO-OPERATION

In order to better our school we must have more co-operation. We must co-operate with our teachers and show we have the ability to work. We must co-operate with each other and make it more pleasant to work. We must take an interest in our studies and try each time to improve a little more. We must pull together and work for the good of the school. In other words we need more co-operation.

L. BAGCHUS, 9B

The Witan staff wishes to thank Gladys Grotzinger for all of the work she has done this year toward making our magazine a success. She was not included on the staff because she is chairman of the Handbook Committee which occupies very much of her time.

THREE ROADS

One road was curved and winding,  
Another was shaded by trees;  
Another was dusty and sunny  
And rang with the hum of bees.

The curved road led to the meadow,  
The shady one ran to a brook;  
The dusty road led to a cottage.  
That is the one that I took.

The first was the path of a gypsy,  
Or one who was joyous and free,  
The second a road for a dreamer;  
The last was the road for me.

MARIAN DUVAL, '34

Junior High Department

68 North East 45th Street  
Miami, Florida  
December 2, 1931

Dear Mrs. Mahoney and Class,

Our trip was very interesting and I wrote down everything that was worth knowing about. I will let you peek inside my diary.

With all the kisses and good-byes to say we didn't leave until Sunday afternoon. We went to the lake and our friends followed us there.

We finally left Monday morning at 8:10. The Morning was beautiful and driving over the roads was like flying in the air. At 10:30 we crossed the Pennsylvania border. The country there was beautiful but not different than New York. The Alleghany Mountains were very pretty. We drove through them for miles and passed through many small towns, reaching Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, at 3:30. We could have gone on to Washington but we didn't know how long it would take us.

Our hotel was near the capitol and that night we walked past it. It looked like the one at Washington except that it didn't have as many steps.

Tuesday at 7:30 we left for Gettysburg which is a very interesting place. We saw all the battlefields, "The Battle of Round Top Hill," and others. Maryland was a pretty state, too, with two beautiful colleges. It was 9:30 when we reached the border line. We finally saw the capitol at Washington standing so strong in the sunlight.

At 3:15 we arrived at Petersburg, Va. The soil is grey with peanuts growing everywhere. From Petersburg to Georgia we saw cotton fields for miles. We reached North Carolina at 5:20, staying all night at Henderson. Wednesday morning we arrived in Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina at 7:25.

At South Carolina the smoke was so thick that we had to stay in Charlestown. When driving we couldn't see the sides of the road and many cars came together. It was twelve o'clock when we crossed the Georgia border line.

I forgot to tell you about the negroes. They live in little log cabins along the road. Some are in the middle of the cotton or peanut fields. At Savannah we saw very few palm trees. Florida, our last state, we reached at quarter to five Thursday P. M. and stayed all night at Jacksonville. We left at five minutes to ten because of more smoke caused by the negroes who light the forest.

Friday night we stayed at Fort Pierce and left Saturday morning. We came to the end of our journey Saturday noon at five minutes to twelve with a mileage of 1,588 miles. What a beautiful place Miami is! Palms every place you look. I guess we will have a Palm tree for Christmas, while you will have a pine tree.

I go to Miami Edison Sr. High School, but it is nothing like Charlotte. There are no penmanship nor guidance classes, we haven't any assembly programs and we don't have any after school games. It seems as if we study and study and study. Our house is about two miles from school and my father takes me every day. We have seven pine trees, and orange, lime and grapefruit trees in our yard. Thanksgiving I was in the back yard and found two banana trees.

We all go swimming after school and sit on the beach and get tanned. I am sitting on the porch with the temperature at eighty-three.

The streets here are one way and we often make wrong turns.

I hope you all have a very joyful Christmas and a very happy New Year.

*Your former Student and Classmate,*

BETTY BAKER



#### THE JUNIOR HIGH ORCHESTRA

The Junior High Orchestra made its formal debut on December 7 when it played several selections at the Parent-Teachers' Association meeting. This orchestra under the direction of Miss Dorothea Smith, rehearses every Tuesday after school, and it has often played in assembly.

The following are members of this organization:  
 Elise Mazza, Elsie Haynes, Amy Pownall, Wilma Dale, Ealt Kalmbacher, Roberta Hunt, Leona Anderson, Grace Van Dam, James Clark, June Tupper, Robert Bowen, Margaret Hanna, Janice Hunt, Antoinette Cooper, Ruth Guyatt, Joe Gianforte, Janet Stripp, Margaret Giles, Helen Mcquay, Margaret Wright, Russell Evans, Charles Whetten, Robert Sickelco, George Frey, Charles Gilgert, Charles Onderdank, Kenneth Mothorp.

#### JUNIOR HIGH GLEE CLUB

The Junior High Glee Club is a musical organization which trains the members in chorus work which will enable them to be more efficient for the Senior Glee Club. They meet Friday after school for one hour.

The officers who were elected this semester are:

ROBERTA HUNT, *President*  
 GRACE VAN DAM, *Vice-President*  
 JAMES WILLIAMS, *Secretary*

At present there is a campaign for membership. The group is divided into two teams, the Red Team and the Blue Team; Bonita Rogers is the captain of the Reds and Albert Dixon of the Blues.

At the close of the contest Mr. Marsh, their director, will award a prize to the person who obtains the largest number of new members.

#### JUNIOR HIGH SOCCER

The Junior High has finished quite a successful soccer season under the leadership of Mr. Bell, their coach. These Junior High boys who have just now started their career through Charlotte are going to be the boys who will be Charlotte's future leaders.

Watch these Juniors of Charlotte climb to the Top.

#### JUNIOR HIGH SOCCER SUMMARY

Goal Jack Stakley  
 FB Ray Finlagson  
 FB Robert Godfrey  
 HB Fred Gray  
 HB Dan Kendall, Benjamin Spagnolia  
 HB Leonard Robinson, Edwin Scheck  
 LW Vernan Gibbie, Paul Hauser  
 LI Louis Mattil  
 C Jim Williams, *Captain*  
 RI Alfred Gray  
 RW Edwin Ward  
 Won 4 Lost 5 Tied 1

All the above men are insignia winners.  
 MR. BELL, *Coach*

#### BASKETBALL: JUNIOR HIGH

The Junior High has started its basketball season under the instruction of Mr. Bell. They practice at Jefferson Junior High School.

#### LEAVES

The leaves are turning red and brown  
 They're making a carpet upon the ground  
 The wind blows them here, and the wind blows them there  
 They're hurrying and scurrying everywhere.  
 Some fall in grass that is cool and soft  
 Others keep wearily wandering aloft.

MELISSA CONER, 8A2

THE CHEST

Against the life line the breakers dash,  
Moving the rocks and stones, then crash!  
A chest is thrown upon the shore  
Emptied of water, but waiting for more.

The tide comes in just as before,  
With a crashing, dashing, bellowing roar  
The chest is washed again to sea  
There to stand and not to be  
Washed in again!

ANTIONETTE COOPER, 7B2

I AM GLAD

Glad that I live am I,  
That the sky is blue,  
Glad for the country lanes,  
And the fall of dew.

After the sun, the rain,  
After the rain, the sun,  
This is the way of life,  
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do  
Be we low or high,  
Is to see that we grow  
Nearer the sky.

JOSEPHINE CHELINI, 7A1

THE GREAT STONE FACE

*(Inspired by the story of Nathaniel Hawthorne)*

As I sit in the valley at twilight,  
And gaze at the Great Stone Face,  
A sense of wisdom creeps o'er me  
That all my thoughts embrace.

After a day of labor  
In the fields of corn and grain,  
I walk slowly homeward  
Along the narrow lane.

At evening come my lessons  
Not in the village school  
But watching the Man on the Mountain,  
In the dusky wood so cool.

Not an evening passed in the valley—  
That valley of Echo lake,—  
That on this lovely bench  
My place I would not take.

Not only the feeling of wisdom  
Comes from the Great Stone Face  
But a feeling of grateful kindness,—  
In the profile,—and of his grace.

CAROL WARD, 7A

WINTER SIGNS

The leaves are falling to the ground.  
The wind is blowing bitter.  
Soon Jack Frost will come around  
The symbol of old winter.

BERNADINE BARTHELMAN, 8B2

AUTUMN

When the leaves are turning yellow,  
And pumpkins get ripe and mellow,  
When our fireplace grows much dearer  
As the winter months come nearer.

And long before the night  
The sun has hid from sight;  
The trees will moan and sigh  
They know that Autumn time grows nigh.

MARGARET STEBBINS, 8B3

TREES IN AUTUMN

When Autumn comes  
The trees must all  
Change their raiment  
For the fall.

Some trees are bare,  
Some please the eye,  
No artist can paint them  
Against a fall sky.

JANET OTTO, 8A2

THE LEAVES

The leaves are turning red, gold and brown.  
They fall from trees and come drifting down.  
The wind takes them up and whirls them around  
Some of them never again to touch the ground.

MAE HENRY, 8B1

HARVEST TIME

Don't mourn for the summer  
It will come around soon,  
The harvest is gathered  
Can't you tell by the moon?

The leaves are all yellow  
With splashes of brown,  
The pumpkin is mellow  
On it there's a green crown.

The birds have all flown  
South to their nests,  
Leaving the trees  
To long winter's rest.

SELMA MICHEL, 8B3

AUTUMN

Autumn has come merrily at last,  
And summer has gone swiftly past.  
Master wind has made his rounds.  
He has blown the leaves all over the ground.  
Also Jack Frost has visited for a time  
We know when we look at the foliage line,  
When we see the Pumpkins for Hallow'en,  
I think Jack Frost has a very good scheme.  
But there are more leaves to tumble down.  
Snow brings a blanket to cover the ground.

MARY HUGHES, 7B1

## THE GREEN AND WHITE

Looking towards day's early sunrise,  
 Stands our own loved school,  
 Where we give life's early morning,  
 Learn life's safest rule.  
 Keep up your highest pride,  
 Be on the right side.  
 'Tis a lesson one must follow,  
 Would he live aright,  
 All it means lies in our colors,  
 The green and the white.

Green, rich in royal setting,  
 Speaks the royalty,  
 Of each teacher trusting ever  
 To our loyalty.  
 White proclaims the loyal student,  
 And sheds a radiant light  
 O'er a pathway 'neath our colors,  
 The green and the white.

## THE NORTH WIND

The north wind is beginning to blow  
 He's blowing with all his might  
 He's making progress rapidly  
 And we may have snow before night.

## JACK FROST

Jack Frost is getting busy  
 He'll be busy during the night  
 For he wants to paint your window  
 With pictures sharp and bright.

MARGARET AMES, 8B2

## AUTUMN AND WINTER

Clouds are turning gray  
 Snow begins to fall,  
 Autumn is here to stay  
 The best season of all.

Then comes winter cold and gray  
 Snow is falling fast  
 The winter later goes away,  
 And warm days come at last.

SELMA GILBERT, 8B1

## HARVEST

The golden crops are ready for store.  
 The farmer's can hardly ask for more.  
 The cribs are filled with winter's feed,  
 Storerooms with food and next spring's seed.

LILLIAN YANDOW, 8A

## THE AUTUMN LEAVES

The autumn leaves are falling,  
 Are falling everywhere.  
 And the autumn winds are calling,  
 To the trees that look so bare.

The autumn leaves are whirling,  
 Whirling through the air.  
 And the birds in flocks are swirling,  
 And their summer homes are bare.

CLARA SHEA, 8A

## HOW TO FORGET

If you were busy being kind  
 Before you knew it, you would find  
 You'd soon forget to think 'twas true  
 That someone had been unkind to you.

If you were busy being true  
 To what you know you ought to do,  
 You'd be so busy you'd forget  
 The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right  
 You'd find yourself too busy quite  
 To criticize your neighbor long  
 Because he's busy being wrong.

ELIZABETH A. SWEETING, 9B

## OUR COLORS

Western windows from your sunsets  
 Memory weaves a chain  
 Which shall reach from out this present  
 To return again.  
 Dearer then will seem Charlotte,  
 Brilliant shield alight  
 Dear old School, float your colors,  
 The green and the white.

When the purple rims life's twilight,  
 Calling to the night,  
 Then in fancy we'll keep twining  
 The green and the white.  
 So, Good Charlotte, float our emblem,  
 Keep it well on high,  
 That our thoughts may ever reach it  
 Thru the bye and bye.

ELIZABETH SWEETING, 9B

## SNOW

The snow is lying on the ground  
 The wind keeps blowing it 'round and 'round  
 It keeps the flowers all cozy and snug  
 In summer they rest in a soft green rug.

MARJORIE LOCKE, 7B2

## AUTUMN

Autumn has gone with its warm balmy days,  
 And left in its passing some frost on the way,  
 To tint all the trees with brown and gold,  
 And drive the flocks into their fold.

It is hard to compete with nature's hand,  
 When trying to paint its colors grand.  
 We should best be content with the lot that we find,  
 And all give thanks to our Maker so kind.

LOUIS DODGE, 8A2

## AUTUMN

The leaves are changing from green to gold,  
 The sweet summer breeze grows piercingly cold,  
 The flowers of summer are drooping their heads,  
 Soon snow flakes will cover them snugly in bed.

GRACE SAGER, 8A

AUTUMN LEAVES

When autumn leaves are turning  
We all have a yearning  
For the colors bright and new,  
That bring happy thoughts to you.

When autumn leaves turn red and gold,  
And November winds blow chill and cold,  
It is sad to think that soon you'll see  
Not one gay leaf on any tree.

FRANCES JACKSON, 8B3

SNOWFLAKES

Snow flurries! Snow flurries!  
All the flakes are in a hurry,  
Falling, falling down,  
Light and springy as a clown;  
Now the sleigh bells start to tinkle,  
Ice makes toes go tingle, tingle.

THELMA REDFERN, 8A2

THE HARVEST TIME

The harvest time is here,  
And Thanksgiving, too is near.  
Out in the fields are the pumpkins  
so yellow,  
Out in the orchard are the apples  
so mellow.

The harvest time is here,  
And Thanksgiving, too is near.  
The happy children are singing  
for glee,  
"Thanks be to God," so happy are we.

ALBERTA LEE

AUTUMN

The leaves are falling thick and fast  
In colors bright and gay,  
The squirrel is storing away his nuts,  
Preparing for another day.

The days are growing colder now,  
Soon the snow will fall;  
The bear is seeking a resting place,  
As the birds sing their farewell call.

The bobolink has ceased his singing  
The brook its rippling sound;  
The forest too has stopped its ringing  
With the bluebirds joyful song.

KENNETH CALLAGHAN

LEAVES

Leaves are like dwarf beings,  
When they dance and blow all day,  
It is then they are happy,  
And remind one of children at play.

But soon they must stop;  
They are gathered together in one huge pile,  
There they watch the other leaves drop.

JACK ROWE, 8A2

TENDING THE "KIDS"

On Saturday nights my mother and father, my brother and his wife, and my sister and her husband go to the show. Of course, I'm the one that has to take care of the "kids," Shirley, Jimmy, and Kathryn. (Kay for short).

They all come to my house and after the folks are gone I "chuck" them off to bed. I put the two littlest ones upstairs and the biggest one downstairs. Then I proceed to do my homework.

It goes all right for a little while, but all of a sudden, I hear a thud upstairs. Jimmy has dropped his bottle. Naturally he wakes up. I hurry upstairs so as to stop his crying before Shirley wakes up; but just as I get him settled she lets out a yell. I get her fixed and I hear a yell from downstairs. Kay has awakened.

Finally I get them settled and I get about two Mathematics problems done and the phone rings. It seems unusually loud. But I rush to stop its ringing and it's the wrong number. Of course the "kids" wake up. It sounds like the Charlotte High cheerleader at a soccer game.

Well, I have to go all through it again. But soon I get them settled down and then I hear the cars drive in. Boy! what a welcome sound that is. Now I can finish my homework and go to bed, and believe me I need all the rest I can get after that struggle. I get paid for it but it's worth it.

ROBERT WRIGHT, 8B

A REFLECTION

"Courage is a virtue that the young cannot spare. It is better to suffer a thousand reverses than to run away from the battle."

Have you ever considered that thought? It contains a lesson I think everyone should know. Courage—that alone should be an important part of everyone's life. There comes a time when everyone is called upon to show his courage.

I think we should keep this thought in mind.

K. HENDERSON, 8B-3

English Teacher: Joseph, please punctuate the sentence, "John said I am going to the store."  
Pupil: You put two of dem dare things in front-a the I, an you put the quotation marks behind the store.

CAROL WARD, 7A-1

TONGUE TWISTER

Cross crossings cautiously 'cause Carl caught Caroline crossing crossings carelessly.

JANET STRIPP, 7B-2

## Organizations

### LES BABILLARDS

The French Honor Society, "Les Babillards," had its first meeting in room 208 with a brief, but interesting program, and games following. On its second meeting, the new members were voted in. After this a supper meeting and dance for all the Babillards of Rochester was held at the Second Congregational Church. We also had a tea in honor of the new members. A final party is planned for December 16 at the Practice House. On account of the unusual number and variety of functions, the Babillards, once stammering and hesitant, are building up a wealth of vocabulary and repartee, which, it is hoped, they will not soon forget.

### OPTIMATES

The activities of the Latin Honor Society (or Optimates) for this term might be considered to be thoroughly successful, though few. They consist of a business meeting, entailing the election of officers; and a banquet at Maplewood Y.M.C.A. for the purpose of formally inducting the new members into the society or sending them "under the yoke." Each officer of the society spoke briefly at the banquet and Miss Van Alstyne wound up the program with an informal talk about the Latin State as it was in East High School a few years ago.

Another event is planned for the first part of January; it is to be a party in celebration of the Saturnalia.

### HI-Y NEWS

This term an entirely new Hi-Y was organized out of the same members. Certain members who were not keeping up to the standards of the club, were dropped.

The Hi-Y has had very great success in their supper meetings, having, at each of these meetings, a speaker, who spoke on topics planned by the boys. All of these speakers are very well-known men, such as Mr. Staines, a well-known authority on India, Mr. Corwin, a professor at the U. of R. and others.

When the club lost Mr. Enright, its advisor, it lost a very good friend but found another in Mr. Miller, the new advisor.

The Hi-Y is planning to have a dance in the near future.

### COMMERCIAL HONOR SOCIETY

A commercial Honor Society has been organized this term with the following students as Charter Members: Gladys Grotzinger, Wilbert Buchin, Gertrude Wolff, Frank Polka and Ruth Lissow. Miss Newman is the adviser. The purpose of the society is to promote excellence of character, high scholastic standing, service and loyalty to the school.

### GLEE CLUB DANCE

On Friday, November 6, the Senior High Glee Club sponsored a dance which took place in the assembly hall. The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. West, Miss Watt, Miss McHale, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Marsh.

For the first half of the evening everyone danced. Following this, there was a short program of entertainment which consisted of a piano solo played by Miss McHale, two tenor solos by Mr. Marsh, and two selections by the Charlotte Male Quartette.

A little later cider and doughnuts were served. The evening closed with the throwing of confetti which was left for Mr. Allen.

### HOMEMAKING

The homemaking classes have made great progress during their recent sewing period, especially in dresses. The week of December 1, however, found the girls preparing for the big banquet on December 4.

A celebration is given each year by the homemaking classes in honor of the Witan's anniversaries; this being the 10th anniversary. All the present Witan staff members, as well as former members attended. Judging from the response this banquet is an important date in the lives of old and new members.

Miss Emma L. Morrow, Supervisor of Home Economics, had recently given cooking demonstrations for the benefit of the girls.

On December 14, the homemaking girls are going to have a Christmas party for themselves.



*Seated:* HOWARD FRASER, MR. LEE, ADVISER, FRANK FUHRMAN  
*Standing:* HENRY WEDEL, SAM DE MATO, HENRY ALBERT,  
 PAUL LASCELL, GILBERT DODD

### NORTHERN LIGHT

In the spring term of 1928 the boys of the print shop under the direction of Mr. Lee, conceived the idea of a school newspaper which they carried out as an experiment. The idea was popular but the paper was not published with any degree of regularity as it was mainly a print shop project.

In the two years that followed, as the enrollment of the print shop grew it became possible to publish the paper with greater regularity.

In the fall of 1931 after a council of all the people concerned with school publications it was decided to discontinue the mid-term issue of the Witan, thus leaving a greater need for the type of paper which the Northern Light represented. At first the boys attempted a monthly publication but material was so extensive that it was decided to make the paper a

bi-weekly affair. The Student Council approved the plan and today we find the Northern Light well launched as a student publication interesting to every one in school, by no means confined to the members of the print shop classes.

As a promotor of student activities including the Witan, the Northern Light in its newest form is a very real contribution to our school program.

The above picture represents the original staff, five of whom are still in school and active on the Northern Light.

### THE PRESS CLUB

At the beginning of the semester, a small group of pupils interested in newspaper work met with Mr. Miller for the purpose of establishing a press club. As a result of their meeting, they formed a group which is now known as the Pulitzer Press Club of

(Continued on Page 38)

# EXTRA! EXTRA!

Found: something everyone's been looking for! The easy and sure-fire way of getting an A. This is inside dope from the teachers themselves. Guaranteed not to fail.

See the French Department about this:

$$\sqrt[n]{S} + \sqrt[n]{G} = A$$

Peu de savon plus beaucoup de gomme font un A. (Note du professeur—A veut dire affreux.)

The English Department helps you out with this:

Rise at 5:30 A.M. Brush your hair with rotary-Einstein movement—remove all pieces of lint and dead twigs from the hairbrush—bury the collection under six feet of sea water.

With a high powered spectroscope locate a 12 foot tree within a radius of four miles. Attired in approved Grecian style, sprint to the tree (Olympian running rules), climb to the second topmost branch, and recite, loudly, clearly, and with good posture, Keat's *Ode to a Skylark*.

Several hours later, clothed in your right mind and a disarming smile, explain to your English teacher that you need an A in order to complete your statistical study of high school marks. Make no mention of your morning activities.

Repeat this procedure before and after meals.

If this fails, try juxtoposing your own report card. Three straight lines, juxtaposed in this manner, A, will produce the desired effect.

And likewise

*Preface*—Don't study!: people who can get "A's" don't have to study—people who waste their time studying won't have any time to make their plans to get an "A" without studying.

*The Plan*—Before the little red schoolhouse graduated into the palace class, ambitious pupils solicited teacher's graces by bringing her well-shined, rosy-cheeked apples.—well?

If—every pupil brought every teacher an apple every day in the school year, the surplus of the apple crop would be eliminated, the farmers would have money and could buy merchandise, the merchants of the towns could pay higher taxes, the "depression" would be over, teachers would get more pay and would be healthier too (an apple a day etc.) and for these two reasons would become more amiable, and as a result of being more amiable would give more "A's" and the more "A's" the teacher gave, the more amiable the pupils would be towards the teacher, thus making the teacher more amiable and more likely to give more and more "A's" until everyone

had all "A's" which would cause the manufacturers of standard "A's" (high school size) to go back to work to supply the growing demand and so on and on until the whole world becomes A-1 again.

The mathematic department asserts:

Five men and a monkey are shipwrecked on an island. The only things to eat are coconuts which the men proceed to gather in a pile. During the night, one of the men wakes up, deciding that he will hide his share of the coconuts. He divides the pile into five equal parts with one over which he gives to the monkey. He takes his share, hides them, and piles the rest back. A little later another man gets up and divides the pile into five parts with one over for the monkey; he takes his share and piles the rest back. The third man divides the pile, giving the monkey the one over, takes his fifth, and piles the rest together; the fourth does the same as the third; the fifth goes through the same procedure. In the morning they divide what is left and find that there are five equal piles. How many coconuts were there in the original pile?

The Latin Department tells us this is so! The Gradus Primus toward getting an "A" in Latin would be to create a classical atmosphere by donning the Roman toga, especially when the class recites apud permultos fumos and gases of the Science Laboratory. It will look as if you had entered "into the spirit of the thing" and also make an impression on the teacher.

Deinde, the Gradus Secundus would be ferre poma et flores ad magistrum.

Nolite to burden your mentem with too extensive a vocabulary. It might cause confusion. If, autem, you happen videre veridum now and again that appeals to you, concentrate on that and learn it bene.

Learn only one ablative (and that well.) The reliqui will take care of themselves. (Maybe)

If in doubt, send a nuntium to consult the Oracle. If the fates are willing, the gods will help you. If not, you will have to resign yourself to your fate, and, hard though it may be, do your own studying.

This is called a Biographical "A"

Concentrate upon the idiosyncrasies of the morphology, ecology, and physiology of the numerous families of both the plant and animal kingdoms. If you then are properly adapted to your environment so that all inhibition reflexes are absorbed within the innermost recesses of the thalamencephalon of your brain you will deserve an "A" but will probably receive an "E".

## Athletics



## FIRST TEAM

## SOCCER SUMMARY:

Goal	Homer Schantz	
FB	Harold Smith, <i>Captain</i>	
FB	Harry Greer	
LH	Danny Fowler	
CH	Pom Cass	
RH	Ray Wagner	
LW	Al Cason	
LI	Jim Gallery	
C	Art Gordon	
RI	Hank Wedel	
RW	Tiny Smith	
Won 2	Lost 4	Tied 1

MR. TICHENOR, *Coach*

## ATHLETICS

*Soccer*

Charlotte High had a somewhat unsuccessful soccer season from the spectators' point of view. For the fellows on the team it can be said that they at least tried.

It is easy to lose but when you try, and do your best it is not so easy. Constant losses would in most cases breed discouragement and break up a team.

Charlotte, however, did not lose courage. The team fought hard to the end and was rewarded with wins over Marshall and Monroe. Every man on the team deserves a big hand and probably has a deep personal satisfaction down in his heart. Each has said to himself, "I tried but the other fellow was just a little better."

*Yours for a better season next year*

BILL HANSON

## RESERVE TEAM

## SOCCER:

Goal	John Garret	
FB	Bill Tiernan	
FB	Sam DaMato	
HB	Jim Eye	
HB	Willie Wright	
HB	Bill Farris	
LW	Jack Marchant	
LI	Jack Burges	
C	Lloyd Roberts	
RI	Leon Bonfield	
RW	Bill Finucane	
Won 4	Lost 3	Tied 3

MR. BIRD, *Coach*

G. A. A. NEWS

The number registered for winter sports is as follows:

Bowling . . . . .	41
Basketball . . . . .	81
Tap Dancing . . . . .	68
Swimming . . . . .	48
<b>Total</b>	<b>238</b>

This year the girls have attended sports with more enthusiasm than in previous years. A new sport has been added, bowling. The girls meet at the Ridge Road Amusement Corporation every Tuesday afternoon with the girls from John Marshall High. An account of the scores is being kept for two reasons. One reason is that our girls are competing with the John Marshall girls, and the other reason is that the honor team of bowling is to be chosen from the girls with the highest scores. The award for the honor bowling team is the large letter C with a small letter B. Ten points are also given toward the highest award, the CHS emblem. The class team winning the interclass tournament will also receive their numerals plus ten points. So far our girls have exceeded the Marshall girls with these scores:

CHARLOTTE HIGH SCORE
103
117

JOHN MARSHALL HIGH SCORE
94
101

We hope our girls will keep up their scores. Although the girls are still undergoing the hardship of practicing basketball at No. 42 and No. 38 schools, the attendance has been slightly increased since last year. The rules of the game have been changed so the experienced players are also learning along with the beginners. As usual, this year there will be a tournament and the cup will be awarded to the winning class team.

Tap dancing is under the management of Miss Knapp. A number of girls to whom athletics do not appeal, participate in this activity. The attendance has shown an increase over last year.

Swimming has lured many of our girls to Benjamin Franklin during the fall season and since the completion of the pool at Jefferson Junior High, swimming has brought the girls here. Miss Booth is the instructor. Most of the girls have passed their beginners' tests and are now working on their intermediate tests.

The total attendance for each sport for the fall season was as follows:



First Row—BLANCHE GAUTHIER, MARION SCHELL, RUTH FERGUSON. Second Row—GERALDINE BISHOP, JESSIE LANCASTER, MISS BOOTH, MARY VANKESTEREN, PAULINE BOTT. Third Row—JEAN WHITE, JANET FERGUSON.

Hiking with 11 O.K.'S in attendance 156  
 Swimming with 11 O. K.'s in attendance 251  
 Riding with 0 O.K.'s in attendance 40  
 Speedball with 29 O.K.'s in attendance 410

An O.K. is eighty per cent in attendance in any one sport. A double O.K. is eighty per cent attendance in any sport occurring twice a week.

The junior class won the speedball tournament and the sophomores were second. Both teams had each won two games, but when they played the final game, the juniors proved to be the better.

About five dollars was made by the G. A. A. girls by selling hots at our home soccer games. Our plan was adopted by the Sports Club of Irondequoit High. It has proved a success.

If there is any sport which any G. A. A. member believes would be a success, the G. A. A. council wishes that she would notify Miss Booth or any council member, for remember our slogan:

"A sport for every girl, and every girl in a sport."



First Row—DOROTHY NICOL, MARY SEARCHFIELD, PHYLLIS YARKER, JEAN FRATTARE, ELINORE IVANSON. Second Row—JEAN WHITE, LEDRA YOUNG, MISS BOOTH, ANNA SPRAGUE, BEATRICE KILLIP. Third Row—ESTHER REITZER, RUTH GREGERSON, RUTH THOMAS, ANGELINA ROMAN.

**BASKETBALL**

Charlotte High's Basketball season was opened at Canandaigua on Thanksgiving. The Reserve team was composed of the following players: Harry Greer, Leon Bonfield, Edward Goodrich, Lloyd Roberts, Freddy Martone, Raymond Sewell, Bill Sheehan and Dick Schaad and lost a hard game to the Canandaigua Reserves 6 to 16.

The first team made up of five veterans Jimmy Smith, George Beane, Bill Tiernan, Ebby Roberts, and Pom Cass with a former player of Tech, Ed Beane, met the Cans' first team in the feature game of the evening before a large number of spectators. Our boys played well but lost in the final seconds of play by 2 points.

D. Murray who refereed remarked that Charlotte would cause a lot of trouble in the city loop.

**THE DESERTED HOUSE**

It stood alone upon the hill,  
 So bleak, so cold, and deathly still.  
 With sagging roof and crumbling wall,  
 And ivy growing over all.

Its broken windows, bleak and bare,  
 Looked on the world with vacant stare.  
 Neglected grounds, with weeds so dense,  
 And 'round it all a broken fence.

BONITA ROGERS, 7A

**"REASON"**

The fall is here, the air is chill;  
 I think that is the reason—  
 The trees put on their autumn dress,  
 They feel the change of season.

The sun sets early in the West  
 And what I think's the reason;  
 He sees the moonbeams shining  
 And cannot stand their teasin'.

JOAN MARCHANT, 8A

**MY DREAM CLOUD**

My dream cloud,  
 So light and airy  
 Now it is flying  
 Like a fairy.

My dream cloud  
 Dreaming all day long  
 Of sweet and wonderful  
 Words from a love song.

My dream cloud  
 Soaring through the air  
 Longing for the sunshine  
 To blot out every care

ELLA POWELL, 9B

**DOES EVERY ONE KNOW THAT?**

1. Mr. Enright's middle name is Timothy?
2. Margaret Wilbur is only twelve years old?
3. Phyllis Yarker still believes in Santa Claus?
4. Sam Bogorad's car is called Geraldine?
5. Chrisy Tiernan flirts with all the 11-2 girls in the French class?
6. The new Charlotte High School is actually under construction?
7. The Sophomore girls are going to win the silver cup in the G. A. A. tournament this year?



BOYS' QUARTET

Avery Lockner, Charles Schaad, Norman Willsey, Percy Andrews

### THE ORIGINAL QUARTET

They came, they sang, they triumphed!! From the time-honored halls of Charlotte High to the luxurious surroundings of a radio station, in a few short months, reads the meteoric trail of the former Charlotte High School Male Quartet.

During the past summer, the quartet composed of Avery Lockner, first tenor, Charles Schaad, second tenor, Norman Willsey, baritone, Percy Andrews, bass, with Rudolph Wendt at the piano, took part in a state wide singing contest sponsored by the New York State Grange. The boys first joined the Parma Grange, representing it as the "Parma Harmony Four." After Rudy Wendt left with his parents for a summer resort, Miss Carol Tupper very ably took his place at the piano.

On Saturday, June 24, the boys took part in the first district elimination contest at Spencerport, where they emerged victorious. The following month, August 15, they sang at the semi-finals in Irondequoit and again captured first place, entitling them to a free trip to Syracuse to sing at the State Fair.

Finally the second week of September arrived and the boys found themselves in the Fair Grounds at Syracuse, where they had a wonderful time. They sang "Annie Laurie" and, appropriately attired in Scotch kilts to add atmosphere to the song, won great applause from a huge audience in the Grange Building. Of the two quartets which sang at the fair that day, the Parma Harmony Four was judged the best and, as a reward was given the privilege of singing over Station WSYR, one of the prominent broadcasting stations of Syracuse. The group was

taken from the fair grounds to the studio in a new 1931, twelve cylinder Pierce Arrow car. The memory of the thrill the boys experienced while singing before the microphone still lingers on.

At the beginning of this school year, the boys were reluctantly forced to disband, since two of their number continued their studies at other schools.

Thus ended the brilliant career of the Charlotte High Male Quartet or the Parma Harmony Four during which they brought honor to their Alma Mater and to their Grange.

### THE MALE QUARTET

After being successful in Syracuse two members of the original Charlotte High School Male Quartet returned and after investigating, selected several boys to try out for another quartet. Two boys, Ernest Eve and Charles Richardson, the former being selected as first tenor and the other as baritone, were given positions; rehearsals started immediately.

To reward this diligent labor they were given a chance to sing at the glee club party. There they were greeted with astounding success, the songs "Marchita" and "The Winter's Song" being very well suited to their voices.

Immediately the boys received many requests to sing at various activities of the school. Finally they accepted one to sing in the Armistice Day Assembly. They prepared three songs, "Tenting Tonight," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and "Long, Long Trail," and dressed in soldiers' uniforms, made a very neat appearance.

The next important opportunity they have is at the graduation. They are practicing under Mr. Marsh's direction every chance they have, filling spare moments with music, in hopes of making this also an outstanding success.

### THE CHARLOTTE HIGH MIXED QUARTET

On Thursday, November 19, four Senior High students met in Room 114 and formed a Mixed Quartet. They meet three times a week and are making rapid progress toward a finer harmonization than was at first expected. The personnel of the Quartet is as follows: Gertrude Rappold, *Soprano*; Jean Estes, *Contralto*; James Weeks, *Tenor*; C. Kenneth Hersey, *Bass*.

With a little backing this fine organization will be a credit to Charlotte High. More power to them!



#### OFFICE PRACTICE

Office Practice is a subject offered in the fourth year of the Commercial Course. It sums up the various commercial subjects taken in the preceding three years and provides practice in their use. In addition to this it teaches the operation and care of the mimeograph, ditto, adding and calculating machines and other office equipment; filing; reference books; operation of the PBX Switchboard and general office routine.

The switchboard lesson is one of the most interesting. The student learns first the use of the telephone book and the telephone. Then, he listens in on telephone conversations, writes and delivers messages. When he becomes familiar with ways of handling telephone business he becomes a switchboard operator in the main office of the school. This is a great lesson in initiative and dependability.

The Office Practice Class is a busy one—one upon which the entire school depends for help in many enterprises. It prepares mimeographed copies of tests and lesson outlines for all classes; writes notices for teachers and pupils; sends out letters; prepares and types various reports, etc.

The training received is very valuable to the pupil who plans to go into a business office. It develops personality and poise in meeting callers. It teaches him to be courteous and trustworthy so that he will not discuss outside, information heard in the office.

The class this term consists of the following members: Wilbert Buchin, Pomeroy Cass, Irma Chatlos, Elsa England, Jean Estes, Gladys Grotzinger, Ethel Jones, Marietta Lambert, Freda Mitchell, Ruth Murphy, Bertha Shannon, and Gertrude Wolff.

#### PRESS CLUB *(Continued from page 32)*

Charlotte High School.

Their choice of an adviser is an excellent one since Mr. Miller has had five years experience as a reporter with the Rochester Times-Union.

As soon as the council granted permission for organization, the club nominated a committee consisting of Judith Pownall, Lois Marsh, and James Weeks, to draw up a constitution which was adopted a few weeks later.

The following officers were elected: James Weeks, *President*; Judith Pownall, *Vice-President*; Ruth Punnett, *Secretary*; Carolyn Carroll, *Treasurer*.

The purpose of the club, in general, is to promote interest in journalism and to study newspaper mechanics. Mr. Miller relates many interesting events in his experience as a reporter and, also, corrects the articles, written by the members, portraying some event which has occurred the previous week.

November 9, the club visited the offices of the Rochester Times-Union. The only requirement necessary for membership is a definite interest in the purpose of the Pulitzer Press Club. LOIS MARSH, '32



*Editor-in-Chief*  
VIOLET RENTSCHLER

*Associate Editors*  
LOIS MARSH  
GEHRING COOPER  
FRANK SMITH  
ELIZABETH DONOGHUE

*Literary Editors*  
JUDITH POWNALL  
RAY DUDLEY  
RUTH GREGERSON  
*Associate Literary Editors*

ANNA SPRAGUE  
JAMES LECLARE  
BURTIS DOUGHERTY

*Art Editors*  
JOE SMITH  
AVERY LOCKNER  
MILDRED LEE  
*Joke Editor*  
SAM BOGORAD

*Feature Writers*  
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CAROLYN CARROLL

*Circulation Managers*  
PERCY ANDREWS  
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*Practice House Editor*  
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WALTER SMITH  
WILLIAM FARRISS  
RUTH PUNNETT

*Typists*  
RUTH GORDON  
AGNES NUCCITELLI  
RUTH LISSOW

*Secretary*  
JEAN ESTES  
*Athletic Editor*  
POMEROY CASS

*G. A. A. Reporter*  
JEAN WHITE

*Junior High Representatives*

8A1 JANET OTTO  
8B1 EILEEN GUYETTE  
8B2 KENNETH CALLAGHAN  
8B2 CLARE SHEA  
7A1 CAROL WARD  
7A2 HELEN HARPER  
7B1 HELEN BURRITT  
7B2 ANNA JOHANNSSON  
9B DOLORES KOHLMETZ

*Faculty Advisers*  
MR. LEE  
MISS SHARER  
MRS. MAHONEY

*Judges*  
MISS EMERSON  
MISS CASHMAN  
MR. MILLER

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## Witan Staff Banquet

On December 4, the Witan staff held its tenth anniversary party. Dinner was served in the Practice House at seven o'clock. A program of cheers, songs, and speeches followed. The dinner was prepared under Miss Childs' direction by the following committee: *Chairman*, Marietta Lambert, Julia Bagchus, Jean Frattare, Gladys Kraus, Angelina Roman, Gertrude Wolff, Irma Chatlos, Rosamond Heath, Eleanor Raymond, Bertha Shannon. The boys of the print shop under Mr. Lee's direction made a very attractive place card and program. The entertainment committee consisted of: *Chairman*, Gehring Cooper, Carolyn Carrol,

Burtis Dougherty, James LeClare, Elizabeth Donoghue, and Pomeroy Cass.

After dinner Violet Rentschler, editor-in-chief acted as toastmistress and John Maher, '26, as cheerleader. William Wegman, the first business manager who ten years ago was responsible for the financial success of the paper, responded to the toast "How It All Began." Percy Andrews sang a bass solo. Elizabeth Brown of 1926 recalled the experiences of her year including the presentation of the Witan file. Mary Heydweiller extended "Greetings from Two Editors" speaking for herself and her

(Continued on Page 40)

1-719901



*First Row*—Mr. WOODMAN, ROBERTA HUNT, PERCY ANDREWS, FREDA MITCHELL, HAROLD SMITH, HOMER SCHANTZ, ROBERT GODFREY, GORDON LEROY, VIOLET RENTSCHLER, ALFRED GRAY, MISS PAUL. *Second Row*—GRACE VAN DAM, RUTH MURPHY, BEATRICE KILLIP, MARIAN SCHELL, Mr. TRACY, Mr. DENISON, MISS SHARER, Mr. WEST, PAULINE ZENKAR, AMY POWNAL, MILDRED LEE, ANNA JOHANNESON, LUCY LYONS, FERN WENDLING. *Third Row*—DAVID WAGNER, JOHN HERMAN, PAUL HAUSER, WALTER SMITH, AVERY LOCKNER, FRANK CAMPBELL, HAROLD KENTNER, ANTHONY GIANFORTE, ROBERT DREHER, BILLY PETROSKE.

## Student Council

With the inauguration this year of the new Students' Association constitution, the student council has been radically changed in two respects, organization and membership. There is a senior council, to which belong elected senior home-room delegates and appointed representatives of the senior major activities;

a junior council consisting of elected junior home-room delegates and representatives of the major junior activities; and an executive council formed by the officers of the other two groups.

Student Association officers will now be elected in the term preceding that in which they are to serve.

WITAN STAFF BANQUET (Continued from page 39)  
 sister Marguerite who is at present studying for her master's degree at Cornell University. Lois Marsh and Mr. Lee played a piano and cello duet. Henry Marks and Milton Punnett, known in their high school days as the PunMar Company, spent part of the day in the print shop preparing a special edition of the Bally-Ho Bugle, a humorous paper which was distributed at the party. Messages were read from many former members of the staff including Roger Butterfield, the first editor-in-chief, Charlton Hetzler, one of our most successful business managers and Marguerite Heydweiller. Violet Rentschler

read Mr. Weet's letter wishing us many happy returns of the day.

Most of the program consisted of reminiscences. Mr. West in his remarks, however, struck a forward looking note when he announced that tradition was interesting in its way, but growth and progress more important. Miss Sharer introduced the new faculty adviser, Mr. William Miller who will have charge of the Witan next term. Many former members of the staff were present, Philip Gordon, Raymond Savage, Tessie Lighthart, Dorothy Doell, Allen King, and Susanne Bogorad.

## Red Letter Days

- October 16 Good grief! It would rain today! Could have rained all week and nothing would have been spoiled, but today we play Canandaigua and it's a home game—Well, I guess Charlotte's spirit couldn't be dampened even by the rain. The cold, steady drizzle tried very hard to be depressing, but the only things that suffered were a few heads, which are not important from the utility standpoint. The bleachers were used, not to sit on, but under,—which, from the outside point of view, gave the students the appearance of stalled quadrupeds; shall we be so blunt as to say donkey? Enthusiasm sometimes led to unpleasant bumps and blistered crowns, but what of that? Charlotte played a great game resulting in the tie score 2-2.
- October 22 The combined Junior classes had a meeting this noon where they discussed plans for their future party.
- The banking committee had a short meeting and Mr. Lacy, the advisor this year, gave instructions to the representatives.
- The French Honor Society also had a meeting and voted on the new members to be taken in this year.
- At the Maplewood Y. M. C. A. The Latin Honor Society had its banquet and initiated its new members. Miss Van Alstyne entertained us with some of her reminiscences about Dr. Gray and the Roman State at East High School.
- October 22 We had assembly today when the officers of the Student Association took oath of office.
- October 23 We played a very exciting home game with East High. The score was 2-0 in their favor.
- October 28 The Board of Health came down to inspect us but personally I think they were just enjoying themselves shoving us students around. To say they were rough would be rather mild.
- October 29 The Junior Class held a meeting and appointed the committees necessary to make their Prom a success.
- October 30 The 11-1's held their class party in the assembly hall where they danced and played games.
- November 4 The Witan staff met for the first time. Our advisor, Miss Sharer, discussed the position of the staff and the work of the year.
- November 5 In assembly today, Miss Newman spoke about service flags and pins and their part in affecting community feeling during the World War. The Glee Club made its first appearance on this day and was well received.
- November 6 The Glee Club had its party as a reward for its great efforts the day before. Due to the depression, cider and doughnuts were served in three courses and the club danced to the strains of our own victrola.
- November 7 The 11-2's held their party in the assembly hall and generally enjoyed themselves from all reports.
- November 9 The Press Club, a new activity this year under the advisorship of Mr. Miller, today went to the Times-Union offices to observe that great organization in action.
- November 11 In assembly today Mr. West reminded us of our obligation to the Memorial Scholarship Fund. Pamphlets were distributed so that we might make our individual pledges.
- November 17 The G. A. A. opened its winter season of sports. Bowling started today at the Ridge Road Amusement Corporation. Its promises are good as there is strong competition among the girls.
- November 18 Basketball practice for the girls was begun at No. 42 school. The attendance was good and the girls are looking forward to some exciting tournament games at the end of the season.
- November 19 Those girls who are unable to attend basketball practice at No. 42 school go to No. 38 school on Thursdays. Also Miss Elizabeth Knapp commenced her tap dancing lessons today. So many girls are taking this up that it was necessary to have two classes, the advanced and the beginners.
- November 20 First day of swimming for girls! As there are many interested in this sport we expect a profitable season ending with an exciting meet.
- November 21 The Junior Prom, featuring Bill Geder's Orchestra, was given at No. 42 school. Everyone enjoyed himself exceedingly, regardless of being tangled up in several miles of confetti. The proceeds of the dance, twelve dollars was pledged to the Children's Memorial Scholarship Fund, which, in Mr. West's words "helped quite a bit."
- December 4 The Witan staff gave its party at the Practice House. Alumni members of previous staffs were guests. The dinner was delicious, thanks to Miss Childs' Homemaking Class and the entertainment consisted of games and dancing.
- December 11 The Senior play was a great success.

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OPTIMATES



BOOK WEEK



THE NEW QUARTET



9 B



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