

WITAN

Senior
Scotch

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—
THE GIFT OF

Nathaniel G. West



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Rochester, N.Y. Charlotte high school

The Witan

VOLUME XI.

JUNE 17, 1932

NUMBER II.

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"The Witan" is published semi-annually by the students of Charlotte Junior-Senior High School, Rochester, N. Y. Price, fifty cents. Advertising rates upon request.



On Bein' Scotch

OUR "Witan" Staff has chosen to call this issue "The Scotch Number." Why? I have not talked with the editor, but I can imagine the reasoning which led to this happy choice.

We are all suffering more or less from the effects of the depression, but a "Depression Number" sounds gloomy. All of us have had to economize: we have given up expensive amusements; we have worn our old clothes; we are spending less for food; some of us, I know, have at times gone hungry.

For several years now we have been amused by jokes about our Scotch friends. Every one of them centers upon their thriftiness. We laughed at Sandy who discarded his earmuffs after "the accident" when he failed to hear the invitation to dinner; at the Scot's ability to play golf because "it's a gift" and so on, ad infinitum. But now the joke is on us and we are all imitating the thriftiness of the Scotch. We wish we had started long ago.

But somehow we have managed to take our troubles calmly and have thought deeply about many prob-

lems. We have been drawn more closely to the other members of our family. We have found new values in life which will hereafter stand us in good stead.

Good luck to our "Scotch Number" which cheers us in our thrift! It worthily carries on the "Witan" tradition and merits our hearty support.

Sincerely,

Nathaniel G. West



Nathaniel G. West

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LIBRARY

Seniors
June, 1932

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VIOLA ABBOTT WARD
Class Advisor

Class Motto - - - - - CARUCHAN!
Class Flower - - - - - HEATHER
Class Colors - - - - - BURNS PLAID

1- 719902

1925



GORDON LEROY 44 Westwood Drive
He is not wrong; but the other fellow.

French Honor Society 3, 4; National Honor Society 4; Senior Play 4; Secretary of Executive Council 4; Tennis 3; Class President 4.



FREDA MITCHELL 435 Latta Road
Nothing ventured; nothing gained.

Baseball 1; Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 1; Student Council 4; Treasurer 4; Secretary of Class 4; Thrift Committee 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 2, 4; The "Witan" 4; Zeitgeist Club 4.



ELIZABETH DONOGHUE 80 Jackson Street
Red Hair and a Sunny Disposition.

Baseball 3; Candy Committee 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Latin Honor Society 3, 4; Guardian of the Flag 4; National Honor Society 3, 4; Riding 2, 3; Student Council 4; Tri-Y 4; The "Witan" 3, 4; Ten-Ten Plan 4.



WALTER GUNKLER 4222 St. Paul Boulevard
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Candy Committee 4; Cross Country 3; French Honor Society 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 3, 4; Tennis Team 3; Standard Bearer 4.



HENRY ALBERT 93 Pollard Avenue
*Our hopes, like towering falcons aim at objects
In an airy height.*

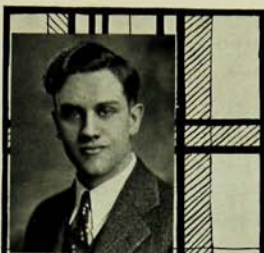
Glee Club 3, 4.

CARL BACKUS

41 Holcroft Road

"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Senior Play 2; Ten Ten Committee 4.



ETHEL BAGCHUS

Washington Avenue

*The thing that does the most and costs the least
In just a pleasant smile.*

Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Candy Committee 4; G. A. A. 1, 3; Library Committee 3, 4; Northern Light Staff (Practice House) 4; Tri-Y 3.



GERALDINE BISHOP

21 Whittier Park

*Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.*

Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, President 3, 4; Glee Club 1; National Honor Society 3, 4; Senior Play (Publicity Chairman) 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3; Tri-Y, Secretary 3, 4.



DORIS BULLOCK

266 Burley Road

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

Basketball 1, 2; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 3; Pulitzer Press Club 4; Senior Play, (Business Committee) 4; Soccer 2, 3; Tennis 1; Tri-Y 3, 4; The "Witan" 2, 3.



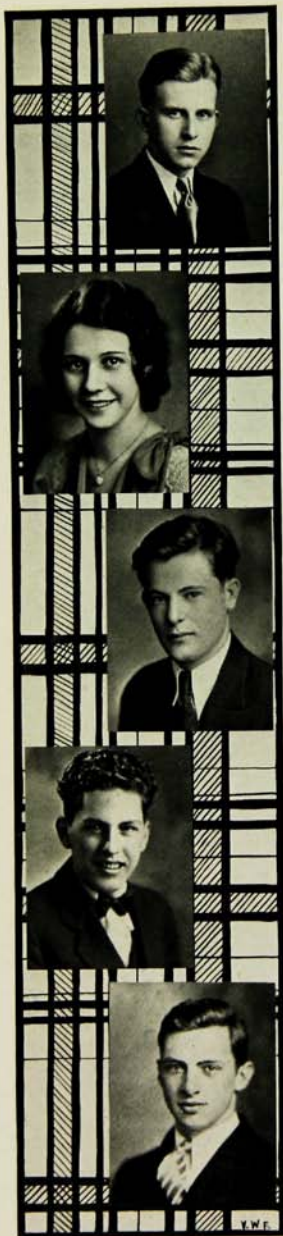
JACK BURGESS

104 McEwen Road

*Talk to him of Jacobs ladder and
he will ask the number of steps.*

Soccer Reserve 3; Wrestling 4.





JAMES CARROLL

83 River Street

Hic Vir, Hic est.

Aquinas Institute.

IRMA CHATLOS

34 Camden Street

*All that's best for dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.*

Basketball 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2; Glee Club 1; Soccer 2, 3; Tri-Y 2, 4; Zeitgest Club, Secretary 4.

JOHN CONNOLLY

45 Alpha Street

*In peace there is nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness.*

DAVID CROFT

3770 Mt. Read Boulevard

I loaf; and invite my soul.

Cross Country 3; Northern Light Staff 2, 4; Safety Order Committee 3; Thrift Committee 3; Wrestling 4; Zeitgest Club.

GILBERT DODD

282 Delmar Road

Every great scientist was once an amateur.

Assembly Committee 3.

DONALD C. DOW

30 Wildmere Road

Let satire be my song.

French Honor Society 3, 4; Safety Order Committee 4; Senior play 4; Thrift Committee 3, 4; Track Team 3; Wrestling 1, 2.



LILLIAN DURRANS

305 Selye Terrace

Brevity is the soul of wit; so I shall be brief.

Basketball 1; Baseball 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. A. 2; Publicity Committee 4; Soccer 1, 2; Tap Dancing 1, 2; Tennis 1; Tri-Y 4.



FRANK EIGABROADT

254 Bidewater Terrace

My mind to me a kingdom is.

Three and a half years at John Marshall High School.



GRACE EVE

Latta Road

"She has those happy feet—"

Baseball 2; Basketball 2; Glee Club 4; Speedball 3; Tap Dancing 2; Tri-Y 3; "Witan" 3.



VIOLET FISHER

87 Falleson Road

She is calm because she is mistress of her subject.

Memorial Scholarship Committee, Chairman 4; Senior Play 4.





AGNES FLEMING

Latta Road

How goodness heightens beauty!

Candy Committee 4; Dancing 1; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Latin Honor Society 4; Library Committee 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Swimming 3; Tri-Y 3, 4.



HELENA C. FLEMING

Latta Road

*She hath a natural, wise sincerity
A simple truthfulness.*

Basketball 2; Candy Committee 4; Dancing 1, 2; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Library Committee 3, 4; Senior Play, (Chairman of Ushers) 4; Swimming 3; Tri-Y 3, 4.



JAMES GALLERY

102 Pollard Avenue

*Not what we would, but what we must
Makes up the sum of living.*

Baseball 1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4.



WILLIAM GARGES

3824 Lake Avenue

*I strove with none; for none
Was worth my strife.*

Baseball 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Wrestling.



HARRY GREER

70 McEwen Road

*I'll be merry and free
I'll be sad for nae-body.*

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, Vice-President 3, 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; The "Witan" 4; Circulation Manager 4.

WILLIAM HANSON

42 Barons Road

For what I will, I will, and there is an end.



JOAN HARDING

4991 St. Paul Boulevard

*She carried about with her an undefinable
air of having been used to admiration.*

Irondequoit High



WILMA KUCERA

4144 St. Paul Boulevard

*There is no room for sadness
When we see a cheery smile.*

Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 3, 4; Bowling 4; G. A. A. 2, 3, 4;
Soccer 3; Tennis 2; Tri-Y 3, 4.



ROBERT LADD

89 Moncalm Drive

Action is eloquence.

Baseball 2, 3; Bowling 3; Senior Play, Assistant Stage Man-
ager 4.



MARIETTA LAMBERT

531 Britton Road

In her tongue the law of kindness.

Book Exchange Committee 4; Candy Committee 4; G. A. A.
2; Tennis 2; Tri-Y 3, 4; Zeitgeist Club 4.





HELEN LANIGAN

Denise Road

"When Irish eyes are smiling—"

Zeitgest Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Tap Dancing 3; Assembly Committee 2, 3; Safety Patrol.



EMILY W. LASCELL

3239 Lake Avenue

A ripe wisdom and a ready wit.

Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Candy Committee Chairman 4; French Honor Society 3; Secretary 4; G. A. A. 1, 2; Glee Club 1; Hockey 1, 2; Latin Honor Society 3, Treasurer 4; Soccer 1, 2; Tennis 1, 2; Tri-Y 3, 4.



ELIZABETH N. LEE

101 Penrose Street

Wit was her weapon—untainted by malice.

Baseball 1, 2; Candy Committee 4; Bowling 4; G. A. A. 2; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Tri-Y 3, 4; Inter-High Chorus 4.



MURIEL V. LENZ

475 Stonewood Avenue

The magic of a face.

Baseball 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Candy Committee 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1; Library Committee 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Swimming 1; Tennis 1; Tri-Y 3, 4.



CATHERINE LEONARD

203 Lake Avenue

Beauty is power; its smile is its sword.

Baseball 2; Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 2; Class President 3; Senior Play 4; Soccer 3; Tri-Y 3, 4.

MAE MARTHAGE 139 Wyndham Road

Happy art thou whom God does bless.

Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 4; Banking 1; G. A. A. 3, 4; Soccer 3; Tap Dancing 2, 3; Tri-Y 4.



FRED MARTONE 412 McVaughton Street

*"By silence I view men's imperfections
and conceal my own."*

Basketball 1; Basketball 2, 3; French Honor Society 4; National Honor Society 4; Varsity Baseball 2, 3.



RUTH MCKEE 49 Pollard Avenue

*Some think the world is made for fun and frolic
And so do I.*

Assembly Committee 4; Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hiking 4; Operetta 2; Soccer 2; Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; The "Witan" 3.



ELEANOR MEADE 318 Thomas Avenue

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall.

Basketball 1, 2; Candy Committee 4; G. A. A. 1, 2; Library Committee 3, 4; Publicity Committee 3, 4; Class Secretary 1; Tennis 1; Tri-Y 4.



RUTH MURPHY 129 Pollard Avenue

*"Begone dull care
You and I shall never agree."*

Basketball 2; Candy Committee 4; Soccer 2; Student Council 4; Thrift Committee 2; Class Secretary 3; Tri-Y 2, 4; The "Witan" 4; Zeitgeist Club 4.





HELEN PAIGE

848 Latta Road

She laughs and the world laughs with her.

Baseball 2; Basketball 2; Candy Committee 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 4; Swimming 1; Sign Committee 2; Tri-Y 3, 4.

FRANK POLKA

88 Frederick Park

*It is much lamented; he has no mirrors as will turn
His worthiness into his eyes.*

Commercial Honor Society 4; Safety Order Committee 1
Swimming 3; Thrift Committee 3; Zeitgeist Club 4.

E. GERTRUDE RAPPOLD

69 Windsor Road

Her voice is a celestial melody

Assembly Committee 2; Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 2; Book
Exchange Committee 2, Secretary 3, 4; Candy Committee 4;
G. A. A. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Mixed Quarter 4; North-
ern Light Associate Editor 4, Assistant Editor 4; Publicity
Committee 1; Soccer 1, 2; Tap Dancing 1, 2; Tennis 2; Tri-Y
4; The "Witan" 2, Secretary 3, 4; Inter-High Chorus 4;
Swimming 2; Zeitgeist Club 4.

ELINORE RAYMOND

James Road

"Pale hands I loved—"

Book Exchange Committee 4; Candy Committee 4; G. A. A.
1, 2; Publicity Committee 4; Tennis 1, 2; Thrift Committee 3;
Tri-Y 3, 4; Class Vice-President 4; Zeitgeist Club 4.

HOMER SCHANTZ

3540 Lake Avenue

*There's nothing either good or bad
But thinking makes it so. Why think?*

Hi-Y Treasurer 3, 4; Soccer 3, 4; Student Council President
2, Vice-President 3, President Student Association 4; Thrift
Committee 2, 3; Wrestling 2.

MARION SCHELL

129 Stone Road

They that govern the most make the least noise.

Baseball 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, President 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3; Speedball 4; Student Council 4; Vice-President of Executive Council 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Class Secretary 1; Class Vice-President 2.



BERTHA SHANNON

Greenleaf Road

A lovely girl is beyond all rank.

Book Exchange Committee 4; Thrift Committee 3; Tri-Y 3; The "Witan" 3; Class Vice-President 3; Zeitgeist Club 4.



WILLIAM SHEEHAN

328 Thomas Avenue

He is a great observer and he sees quite through the deeds of men.

Basketball 2, 3; Assistant Stage Manager Senior Play 4; Ten-Ten Plan 4.



FRANK P. SMITH

213 Beach Avenue

A good loser, but he usually wins.

Baseball 1; Basketball 2, 3, 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Galileo Science Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 3, 4; Photography Club 3; Publicity Committee 3; Senior Play 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Student Council, Cheer Leader 2; Class President 3; President Executive Council 4; The "Witan" 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3; Golf 2, 3; Ten-Ten Committee 4; National Honor Society 4.



ANNE SPRAGUE

192 Delmar Road

*It is one thing to speak much,
And another to speak well. Anne does both.*

Baseball 3; Candy Committee 4; G. A. A. 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Soccer 4; Tri-Y 4; The "Witan" 3, 4; Tap Dancing 3.



v.w.f.



DONALD B. THOMSON

83 Fillingham Drive

*The cause is in my will,
I do it because I will it.*



WILLIAM TIERNAN

3888 Lake Avenue

Believe it or not.

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Soccer 3, 4.



RICHARD TUCKER

72 Wedgewood Park

*What has been done with my dreams
of sorrow and joy?*

Zeitgest Club 4.



HENRY WEDEL

45 Stonewood Avenue

*He only is a well-made man
who has a good determination.*

Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Senior Play 4; Soccer 1, 2, 4.



AROL WEISER

383 Britton Road

Great oaks from little acorns grow.

Candy Committee 4; Safety Order Committee 4; Zeitgest Club 4.

RUDOLPH WENDT 175 Stonewood Avenue

There is music in all things if men had ears.

Candy Committee 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Galileo Science Club 1; National Honor Society 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 3, 4.



GERTRUDE WOLFF Coldwater, N. Y.

They are only truly great who are truly good.

Candy Committee 4; G. A. A. 3; Glee Club 4; Thrift Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Honor Society Secretary 4; Zeitgeist Club 4.



IMOGENE WRIGHT 436 Windsor Road

The eternal years of God are hers.

Basketball 1, 2; Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Hiking 2, 3; Soccer 1, 2, 3; Tri-Y 3, 4.



MARION WRIGHT 62 Winchester Road

*Where is a maiden half so fair
So happy, blythe and debonair?*

Basketball 2, 3, 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3; Sign Committee 3; Soccer 1, 2; Tri-Y 3, 4; The "Witan" 4; Secretary of Class 2.



LEORA YOUNG 22 Lauderdale Park

Loud and hearty is her laugh.

Baseball 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; G. A. A. 4; Tap Dancing 3, 4; Bowling 3, 4.



THE WITAN

In Retrospect

By FRANK SMITH

IF one could have seen the seventy or eighty bonnie lads and lassies that sauntered into Charlotte High School in September, 1928—free transportation was not provided—one never would have thought that in four years, they would develop into the promising graduating class of June, 1932. I should say not! They wouldn't promise anything.

Being outwardly green, we appeared Irish, but at heart we were truly Scotch. At first we were shocked at what seemed an inefficient system of economics. But resolutely, and reconciled, we gradually adjusted ourselves to the prevailing conditions.

We hadn't been wrestling with Latin translations long before we heard that there was to be a freshman party. We felt highly honored, yet we hung our heads in sorrow because, even in those times, thirty-five cents was much money. Then came the announcement that the freshmen were to be admitted free. Hoot Mon! We all went—in fact, we were there before the janitor came.

At the end of our freshman year we decided to answer the call of the sea by taking a boat ride to Cobourg upon the "Ontario." Before we started, our adviser said to us: "Now, Canada is a country very much unlike the United States. I especially want you to analyze the Scotch element that you observe." The only Scotch element that we observed was in bottles. Whether we did more than "observe" is off the records. Suffice to say, we soon realized why Canada is so popular.

Economy limits our space, so let us hie to one of the most enjoyable and profitable occasions of our high school life—the Junior Prom. This was the party of parties! No expense was spared. Recklessly we threw away our money—a nickel here, a nickel there. We even gave Mr. West a discount on his ticket. Anyone who sold fifty tickets was given one for himself . . . at half price. As you may imagine, this lavishness attracted hundreds of people. In fact, so many came that we had to rent the other half of the dancing floor. After everyone had eaten the lunch that they had brought, since it was getting dark, we

decided to go home. The party had started in the afternoon to save electricity.

One fine day in January, 1932, we found ourselves having supreme command over the school. We did not abuse our privileges, but accepted them for what they were worth. As time went by, we became more and more conscious of the impending Senior Regents. It was necessary to give more attention to our studies even if a few did break down under the strain.

With the approach of graduation, we made preparations for our class will and gift. The former was well and simply taken care of; what we couldn't use, (or sell) we left to someone. But the latter proved to be a difficult problem. Of course, we had planned to give the school our hearty appreciation, but we felt that something else would be more welcome; such as a ball for the base-ball team, or a dozen lead pencils for the office. After days of wrangling and discussions of finances, an agreement was finally reached. It's still a heap big secret.

At last the great day of graduation arrived. The ceremonies proceeded without mishap; everything popped up at the right time—even the presents. With a great sigh of relief, Mr. West presented us our diplomas; and with a greater sigh of relief we made our way out into the night, chanting among ourselves, not "Not more teachers, no more books," but "We won't get home until mornin', we won't get home until mornin'—."

POTENCY

*Watch a pine tree grow.
Watch the delicacy of birth
Drip slowly back to earth
To seek again the natal depth.
Watch the filigree of youth
Drift on an eastern wind
To a star-net there.*

*Watch an old pine,
Bare and rugged and tall,
Lean against a deep blue sky
And whisper to an age-old moon
Of men and trees and strength.*

H. R. D.

A Glimpse Into The Future

BY WALTER GUNKLER

ON the bonny banks of the Clyde in 1950 two hilarious Scotchmen were singing "Auld Lang Syne" in astonishing harmony. I hopped upon this trio while on an air tour of Europe made possible by the death of a wealthy uncle whom I had never seen.

This song made me think of my former classmates, whom I had not seen for eighteen years, and I resolved to find them, to determine how they had progressed in this cold, cruel world. I thought that this should not be difficult, for ours was a class of exceptional ability. I bought a trans-Atlantic ticket for America, and began my research at once.

The pilot of our America-bound plane—I was surprised to find—was Gordon LeRoy. He told me that another of our classmates had climbed high in aviation. Kay Leonard—Catherine of blushing coyness in high school—now concealed her blushes in the clouds.

The ten hours for crossing the Atlantic soon were over and we landed in Boston. The fame of this great city had been heightened by Bishop's Boston Baked Beans; this product had been developed by Gerry, ably assisted by Agnes and Helena Fleming.

I promptly went to a railroad station and boarded a train for Rochester. Our conductor was Homer Schantz, resplendent in brass buttons. En route, I met Frank Smith, an author of great fame whose latest book was "Pearls of Passion." Who would have thought it of our Frank! Frank told me John Connelly owned a printing firm in Rochester, with Jack Burgess and Gilbert Dodd as assistants.

After arriving at the New York Central station I decided to look Rochester over, as I had not seen it for eleven years. While crossing Clinton Avenue, I saw a blue-coated, familiar looking figure. Harry Greer had

joined the police force, his feet being his main qualification. Harry said that Jimmy Gallery also was pounding pavements.

A little farther along I saw a huge sign, "Young and Sprague, Ladies' Apparel." In front of this store I met William Sheehan. Bill had become a successful stock broker. In his office, Eleanor Meade, Marion Schell, and Muriel Lenz worked as stenographers. Bill suggested that we go to a ball game and I agreed. Arriving there, after a hectic ride in a taxi driven by speed-mad Donald Dow, I thought the stalwart first baseman looked familiar. Bill Tiernan had capitalized upon his recreation, with the Red Wings now owned by David Croft.

After the game we went to the Elysium, a new theatre in Rochester. We saw Mademoiselle Nicky-Vin (Grace Eve) in her latest production, "Step-pes."

Leaving the Elysium we went down to Charlotte High School where Helen Paige, Doris Bullock, and Emily Lascell were teaching. Their discipline, I learned, was most rigorous. The school had outgrown the structure erected in 1932,

and was housed in a beautiful new building on the river bank. It had been designed by a noted architect, William Hanson. The tracks below had been removed and the hill graded by a famous landscape expert, Robert Ladd, assisted by Henry Wedel. In walking around the grounds I met Building Superintendent Eigabroadt. Frank was leading a dog bred in the famous Donoghue Kennels. While I was there, a water pipe burst; Superintendent Eigabroadt hastily called in Plumber Polka and a half hour later Bill Garges arrived with the tools. The break was soon repaired.

The lawns were kept in velvet-like condition by the gardener, Richard Tucker.

(Please turn to page 28)



THE WITAN

That Mon MacDonald

By BURTIS DOUGHERTY

JAMES Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson, both Scots by birth, today are bitter rivals in the politics of the British Empire and between them may determine John Bull's fate. MacDonald was bred a clansman, and, unlike Henderson, does not agree with Dr. Johnson that the most attractive scenery for a Scot is the road to England.

MacDonald as a Laborite, was the idealist, theologian and economist. He absorbed John Knox and Karl Marx together. He was an internationalist and his friends were Jouris of France, Bebel of Germany, Vandervelde of Belgium, and Branting of Sweden.

Henderson, also a Laborite, was the practical man. As an official he became a complete trade unionist. At Newcastle he was a member of the City Council and at Darling he served as mayor. His abilities developed, he began to work up in society, but this did not change his standing with his class.

Then a new movement began to spread and MacDonald, dark-eyed, black haired, loose-limbed, rich in voice, and with his pocket poetry, was the most picturesque figure in this movement. The steady, stolid, companionable Henderson was among the trade unionists who submitted to this new movement. In 1908, Henderson was elected leader of the party in the House of Commons with MacDonald as second in command. Eventually MacDonald was consulted only as a courtesy. Then MacDonald came back into power.

For twenty years this game of see-saw has continued, covering two great emergencies, the war starting in 1914 and the financial depression in 1931. In both cases the political issues were the same. Was it the duty of the independent Labor to join a National Government? In 1914 MacDonald said "no," Henderson, "yes." In 1931 the answers were

reversed. In these crises, MacDonald voiced the statesmanship which depends on the inner light, and Henderson carried the voice of the trade unions.

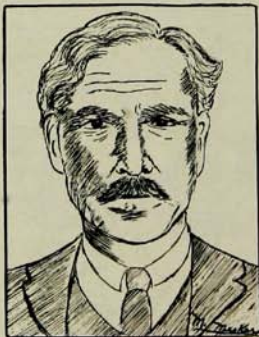
In the first of the Labor cabinets, MacDonald insisted on being not only Prime Minister but also at the Foreign Office. Therefore, Henderson became no more than Home Secretary, a post requiring great judgment but offering little chance for glory. Then Henderson was appointed in the second administration, to the office of the Foreign Secretary and in the opinion of many would not turn out successful and would be a tool in the hand of

MacDonald. They were very much mistaken, as Henderson proved to be a diplomat equal in every respect to his predecessor.

It was hinted that MacDonald did not like the trade unionist, Henderson, as much as in the earlier days. His clothes began to look like those of the peers and he risked two trips in an airplane to spend one day at Lossiemouth, his country estate. These actions brought much feeling (or opposition) concerning MacDonald and a split was inevitable. One

thing was not inevitable, however, that the split would leave Henderson with the entire Labor party solidly at his back.

For urgent reasons MacDonald joins the select company of those who, accused of being traitors, are cast out by their friends and applauded by their enemies. This is the disillusion that has rallied a stricken party to the leadership of his opponent, Henderson.



Premier MacDonald*

*This drawing was made from a photograph taken of Premier MacDonald when he visited Rochester in June, 1929.

Confessions Of A Bagpiper

By GEHRING COOPER

IT was May—that explained it. I had been ambling along the narrow dirt path that separates our grounds from the rest of the world, and I also had been thinking and murmuring—quite disconsolately, I now recall. Sudden and profuse precipitation had persuaded me to end my stroll and hasten to the nearest shelter, a hut of uncertain outline, time-worn and care-worn, but never-the-less welcome.

I approached this haven with celerity, heedless of the eerie, mournful sounds issuing from within. To my astonishment, therefore, I found that the hut also sheltered an aged Scotch bagpiper, with well-muscled bow-legs and a physiognomy comparable to Harry Lauder's, even to the red nose. "I'm Tammas MasTavish," he said, in rather squeaky voice. "Come in, lass. We'll defy yon rain with a bit o' music."

Now, bagpipes had always intrigued me, especially after I had seen that impressive war film, "The Black Watch." I welcomed the chance to force some explanations from this ancient piper.

I halted the martial air Tammas had diverted to upon my appearance, and demanded to know if it were true that the bag was made from a sheep's stomach—I had never been able to reconcile the thought of a sheep's bleat and the skirl of the bagpipes.

"Aye, it's true," admitted Tammas. "This ancient Scotch instrument—"

"Now, Tammas," I interrupted, "don't try to tell me this is a Scotch instrument. Isn't it true that the bagpipes were introduced into Scotland from the Hebrides, where they were used by Norsemen? And isn't it true that the Romans brought them into Britain?"

MacTavish paled, apparently in anger or embarrassment.

"Nae, lass," he squeaked, "I canna tell. But I doot it."

"Tell me how they work," I suggested, en-

couragingly.

"Inside this airtight bag are nests o' reeds of odd lengths, an' they are connected with the main-pipes, the drones, the blow-pipe which leads to my mouth here, and the melody pipe, or chanter. The current of air issuing from the bag pushes outward the cut flaps in the reeds and causes them to swing."

"The principle of the drone pipes is similar to that used in the common 'squeakers' made by children from points of course, hollow grass?" I asked.

"'Tis a disparagin' remark," said Tammas. "You canna appreciate the pipes. 'Tis true, a

body must be i' the mood for a 'Highland Fling' to enjoy 'em"

"Well, apparently I am not in that mood," I said, thoughtlessly.

"That bein' the case, I'll be goin'," snapped Tammas.

He stepped out of the hut, lifted his pipes and strutted down the road, his bow-legs miraculously passing each other, his plaid skirt flirting with the breeze and his chest so puffed out that it almost concealed his red nose and flashing eyes. And the skirl of the pipes, I thought, was more barbaric than ever.



Tammas MacTavish

PORTRAIT

*Her beauty is a shadowy thing
Like a cold, austere day of spring.*

*Her smile is rare, her voice is low
As the haunted murmurs the woodlands know.*

*Why is it such a peaceful life
Should rouse recollections of sound and strife?*

*Why do I fly from the peace I find
In the cloistered convent of her mind?*

E. D.

Magnificence

BY RAY DUDLEY

GES, it was difficult. Imagine yourself transferred suddenly from the rolling green hills of Scotland to the throbbing metropolis of Paris; from the peaceful, undisturbed tranquillity of a rural homestead to the noisy bustling, and the uncertain life of a large city. But Vern Merlin wanted very much to go, he had wanted to go for seven years now; and when Vern, with his typical Scotch determination, wanted to do a thing, he usually accomplished it, even if the accomplishment took seven long years.

It was an article in a magazine that he had borrowed during his fourteenth summer that provoked his desire; the article told of the glamour, romance, adventure, mystery of Paris, of the people who lived there, of the cafes, the theatres. And when Vern contrasted that glorious picture with the very ordinary existence that he led, he knew that only a lack of money could keep him separated from the city on the Seine. And now, seven years later, he had added the last dollar, bought his ticket, and gone. His parents had heard only vague hints of this passion of Vern's and consequently they were rather surprised when he announced, one very lovely morning, that he was going to Paris. But, even though the Merlins did consider that city to be a holocaust of sins, when a boy is twenty-one, he is twenty-one and there is nothing one can do about it. So Vern went.

Now, in the city he had so long dreamed of, he remembered how he used to picture the boulevards, the cathedrals, Eiffel Tower, the quaint restaurants, the old homes, the museums; and he set about to find them.

But, as I have said, it was difficult. Vern's knowledge of French consisted only of the rudiments furnished by three years study of the language in high school. His experience

in traveling was utterly nil. His resources were small. Consequently, he spent hours in palavering with the patient Frenchmen, and painful moments of embarrassment due to his inexperience. But courage, curiosity, and zeal conquered all. Nothing could weary the determined youth from Scotland.

He saw the cafes with their rhapsodic, rhythmic music, their dancers, their liling waiters, their singers, their obscenity, their stupid and elite patrons and patronesses, their drinking and their drunkards, their cursing and their jollity. He saw the narrow, crooked, old streets in the ancient quarter of the city;

the streets with their filth and garbage; the streets presented itself very graphically to Vern. He had gone hurriedly from place to place, for four days, seeing this and seeing that, visiting here and visiting there, and he was considerably exhausted—*Il n'en peut plus*. And at the end of the fourth day he was walking along a street, shaded with great, lovely trees that ran along the right bank of the Seine in the outskirts of the city. By his side was a young Frenchman, a new friend, Pierre Verlaine.

Pierre had lived all of his twenty-odd years in Paris and, to Vern's surprise and dismay, he hated the city of his birth. Vern, for whom he had served as guide on this fourth day of adventure and exploration, asked him why he disliked the city. Pierre briefly and simply pointed out some of the ugly things that Vern had seen, and, in his joy, had let pass without even a troubled thought. A turmoil stirred in the mind of the Scotch youth. Then both were silent.

The metropolis lay before them, bathed in the quiet, soft light of the setting sun, almost hushed in the calm that is essential to the sunset. Robins, and sparrows, and warblers all sung peacefully, contentedly on the branches

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Eiffel Tower

Whispering All The Time

BY ELIZABETH DONOGHUE

MARIA had hoped to visit a little with John, in the dusk, before her other son, Nick, came home.

But Nick was early tonight. So, murmuring over her shoulder a few words of regret, she left John, and began to prepare Nick's supper.

Nick was nervous and irritable this evening, like his immigrant father, and so unlike dear John. Nick was brutal, too, and did not respect his mother. Maria, having John to confide in and to comfort her, was not submissive, but defiantly silent, thinking of John—so much fairer, cleverer and more interesting than his broad-shouldered brother.

Nick's voice broke the silence.

"If a policeman comes, you say I'm not home."

"Why should I say that?" asked Maria.

"Because I say so."

"Then you have done a—" her English failed her,—what was the word?—"a crime?"

"That's none of your business."

Maria was angry. Silently she contrasted Nick and John. No, it was not her business if her son became a criminal. Ah, if John were not a cripple—fair, honest American John.

Nick was angry, too. He really loved his mother, and had expected her to sympathize with him, to help him—like other mothers; but no, she must linger there in the corner, whispering all the time.

John was back in the dim-lit corner when Maria went there. She told him about Nick and listened to his harsh disapproval of his twin. Then they dismissed Nick and his troubles, and discussed other things. A charming, almost girlish smile lit Maria's face as she spoke to her intelligent, appreciative son. Their deep friendship was the one consolation of Maria's life, a compensation for the disability which prevented her from ever leaving their stuffy tenement.

Heavy steps sounded on the stairs. Nick jumped up. "Help me—quick." Had it not been for the short, imperious "quick" Maria might have helped him. But, cautioned by John, she refused.

"It is not my business. You said so yourself. I am talking to John."

Nick's laugh was crueler than he meant.

"My brother? Well, where is he, my brother—if he ever did live—?"

Maria tried to forget the tiny coffin, years ago, and the death of John, but it was too late. Nick had put on the lights, stood pointing mockingly at the empty corner, while the heavy steps ascended.

No, it was too late. John was gone. Maria felt as she had felt years ago, at his death. For awhile there was only one twin; then, at night, John would come back and talk to her in the shadows.

Maria, in her rage, forgot Nick was her son. She jumped at him in wild rage, seeking to punish him for her irretrievable loss. Nick put up his arm; then, hearing the heavy steps again, he took a revolver from his back pocket and shot.

Maria swayed and collapsed, a wound above her eyes. She did not move. The heavy steps ceased, and the door of the flat below opened and closed.

* * * * *

For fear of John, Nick stayed where he was. Now, in the following night, he knew Maria was right, and that John, joined with Maria, would punish him. So he remained until he was arrested.

He had no defense. "I couldn't stand her whispering all the time," was all he said.

MERCY

*Visions are heavier,
Heavier even
Than air.*

*Visions drift downward,
Downward into
The air.*

*Space,
Shove away the earth
And the stars.*

*Space,
Cushion my visions
Lighten my dreams.*

H. R. D.

THE WITAN

"The Lady From Hell"

BY GERTRUDE RAPPOLD

SANDY MacPherson looked up at the sign over the doorway of the tiny French cafe and read aloud in very poor French—"Le Monarque." He had never devoted much time to the French language, but expressed all of his sentiments in slangy English that he had acquired from a Yankee doughboy.

Sandy had served in the Great War with the Scotch troops of the "Black Watch," and because of their fighting ability and the customary kilts, they had been known as "The Ladies from Hell." Sandy, the colonel of his regiment, had been called the "Fighting Fool." If there was no battle on, Sandy saw to it that trouble was started some place, somehow, even if he had to start it himself.

Walking slowly down the street was a dapper young Frenchman who, on reaching the cafe, looked about, apparently searching for a satisfactory table. The one he evidently desired was occupied by a small, wizened American man. The Frenchman swaggered up to him and, after a sneering glance, spoke suavely in English, "Pardon, monsieur, but thees table, she ees one I occupy everye day."

Startled, and stroking a long goatee, the American looked at the Frenchman. "Eh? What did you say? Eh?"

"Come, come, monsieur, I weesh thees table." The angry Frenchman struck his cane against the leg of the old gentleman.

"Oh, ouch, ow!" screamed the American, jumping up and hopping about, holding the wounded leg in both hands.

"I told you to move, monsieur. You foreigners are a nuisance to—." His fiery speech was interrupted. He was jerked sharply around to gave into the red face of a brawny Scotch soldier.

"Sez you! Ye big ham, ye. I'll teach ye to strike an ol' mon, I will. Take off ye're coat, an' I'll teach ye a thing'er too." Sandy could not restrain himself from shaking his big fist under the nose of the surprised native.

"Monsieur, thees ees an outrage! How dare you speak to me like thees?"

"I dare anything, ye bit galoot. Cum on an' fight. Are ye agoin' to fight ere do I harf to knock ye doon first?"

The suave youth started to laugh heartily, but a moment later the laugh was changed to a groan of pain. Sandy had placed a neat uppercut upon the smooth shaven jaw. The surprised Frenchman lay stretched upon the cement walk, amid the wreckage of two chairs and a table.

Sandy grabbed him none too gently by the collar, jerked him to his feet, and propelled him some distance from the cafe.

Then the Scot brushed off the dirt from his skirts, straightened his socks and plaid, and picked his tam from the table.

The timid American hurried forward and with a limp hand grasped the calloused paw of the big Scotchman. "Thank you, sir, oh, thank you. You certainly did me a big favor. Can't I do something for you?"

Sandy blushed and turned away, then began to stammer like a bashful school boy. "Well, ah-um-er-I-I ere ye agoin' back to New York vera soon?" The old man nodded, surprised at the Scot's embarrassment. "Well, ye see, I'd like fer to have ye do somethin' fer me. I-er-ah-I'd like fer ye to deliver this letter to

(Please turn to page 28)

THE FLOWERS

Again there are flowers

Back from the endless time

Of snow and sun and the dead blue hours,

Of wintry still and frosty clime.

The flowers appear

On twig and branch and new greensheaf

Faint as a tear

At first, and deeper with each new-born leaf.

*From the faint flowers creeps a pale perfume
And, in man's heart, hope, new-released
from pain.*

*The gods are cruel to make the false hope
bloom*

*The gods are cruel to wake the spring again.
The flowers bloom with promise fair of fruit
And hope blooms on the flower-laden air;*

*Fruit will appear on each fair-burdened shoot
But hope must be despair.*

Despair

E. D.

Famine Takes Its Toll

BY ELEANORA IVANSON

MEMORIES of our escape from Russia still haunt me. Eleven years have passed, but this picture of famine remains, vivid and terrifying. Under the burning rays of the sun in the latter part of June, of the "starvation year" of 1921, eight freight cars and an engine could be seen creeping over the desolate steppes of the Donetz Region like a huge caterpillar.

As the days formed weeks and the drought of three months remained unbroken by any merciful rains, the forty co-operative families living in the freight cars saw no outlook except one of bleakness and despair.

Food was scarce. After having traded all their clothing for butter milk, the peasants began to eat the earth, mice, leather, and dung, and finally died in convulsions. For miles around there was a real grave yard, with yawning pits for graves. Everything has been prepared for the gradual brutalization of Russia, through starvation.

On the last evening of our stay, when darkness had spread its mantle over the cheerless plains, the piercing wail of a woman broke the stillness of the night like the cries of a mortally wounded animal. The pitifully emaciated body of her baby breathed its last, overcome by the monster "starvation." What a gruesome spectacle, to watch the loudly lamenting throng, carrying flickering torches, wending its way among the yawning holes until it reached its destination. I remember standing on the outer edge of the crowd which was forming a circle around the hole, and hearing the weird moans of the bereaved mother rise into shrieks, as the baby in a crude box was lowered into the gaping pit and dirt was shoveled on.

A more oppressing gloom settled on the

peasants, as they wove in and out among the pits to the freight cars. But the next morning the train moved on and our spirits rose as we left behind us this treeless prairie.

Scotland's Scenery

BY DOROTHY NICOL

The beautiful scenery of Scotland has inspired many poems, songs, and books. Perhaps one of the most famous poems is "The Lady of the Lake," by Sir Walter Scott. He described the beauty of Scotland so well that the region about the Lochs Katrin, Achray, and Venachar was made famous. In "The Lady of the Lake," Stirling, an actual city in Scotland, was the scene of games among the knights and soldiers.

We have also heard of Loch Lomond in songs and story, and many other famous Scotch scenes in "Rob Roy," by Sir Walter Scott. The same environment spurred Robert Burns to extol its glories. I feel that Scotland with its small lakes nestled between tall, rugged mountains, its great shipbuilding cities, and historical sites, is an inspiration for poems and historical romance.



The Witan Art Work

Attention of "The Witan" readers is called to the unusual amount of art work in this issue. All of this work, the cover, the panels for the Senior photographs, and the etchings, is by art students in the classes of Miss Brown. "The Witan" staff also expresses appreciation for the Art Department assistance on posters and announcements.

THE WITAN

In the Scotch Tradition

By CHARLES LABELLE

SCOTLAND throughout the centuries has provided a great stimulus to literary effort. This is no less true today than it was when Burns, Scott, Mackenzie and others were enjoying their most productive years. We still have Scots prominent in the literary world, and we are still being favored with books about Scots active in this and other periods.

SCOTT LETTERS EDITED

Henry James Forman recently edited a rare collection of the letters of Sir Walter Scott. These letters are personal documents written to friends and intimates, and mirroring, as no other literary work could, the rich and rare personality of their author.

Here Scott's almost incredible beneficence is portrayed authentically and unconsciously by himself in letters to debtors and friends in all classes. Besides the main portrait, we glimpse other literary personages of the day. Possibly, however, the chief value of these letters is that they reflect the immortal personality of the man who fell from wealth to poverty, then climbed laboriously back again to wealth, without losing his faith or perpetual good humor.

NEW SCOTT BIOGRAPHY

Donald Carlsson, author of "Scott and His Circle," pictures his subject as an absolute snob, a bad business man and a heartily-disliked person. Lockhart, an earlier biographer, put him on a pedestal, and almost worshipped him. Between these two extremes, probably, there is a picture of the true Scott, who thus far has escaped us.

BURNS LETTERS

In editing two volumes of the letters of Robert Burns, J. Le Lancy Ferguson has filled a long-felt need. Until his time, the few editors who undertook this task have been unsympathetic men, Victorians who eliminated all they felt was not inspiring. Because of this early tendency, there are over fifty formerly unpublished letters in this new

collection. The letters are, for the most part, like the poetry of Burns, simple and dignified one moment, simple and undignified the next. In his more formal letters, and sometimes in others, we find him using flowery phrases, poetical quotations and abstract terms like "Benevolence" and "Generosity," such as are rarely found in his poetry.

BURNS BIOGRAPHY

It has been claimed that Burns was a most intemperate man, but Franklin Bliss Snyder, in "The Life of Robert Burns," shows rather conclusively that, although he may have been a "wild fellow" at home, he had sufficient will-power to conceal all traces of intemperance while he was employed. Professor Snyder points out the inaccuracy of contemporary biography, explaining that it is frequently influenced by personal opinions, political views and prejudices.

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

Few autobiographies can reflect so truly and well the personality and sentiments of their author as does this of Harry Lauder.

Harry Lauder was born one of seven children, in a very poor family. His father died when the oldest child was twelve, and Harry had to work in coal pits while other boys were spending their time in school. The humor with which he tells almost pathetic incidents, and the faculty for making jokes about himself, enables him to gain and to keep the readers' interest and sympathy.

"HEIR TO KINGS"

"Bonnie Prince Charlie," otherwise known as Charles Edward Stuart, young pretender to the throne of England, is the subject of Winifred Duke's biographical novel, "Heir to Kings." His personal charm, adventures and companions of the prince fill the greater part of the book, and are themselves interesting enough to be subjects for novels. Many times, too, there is in the
(Please turn to page 31)



The Burns Cottage

The De'il

BY HARRINGTON CHASE

JACK never believed in the de'il. Oh, no! He laughed at people who wouldn't wander in the graveyard at night. With grand bravado he won feminine hearts in the country-side.

He had been born in the countryside, but a loving aunt had reared him in a big city. There, he had been taught that there was only a God of love and that the de'il had no power over human lives. He had been taught, by his living aunt, that superstition was wrong and foolish, especially in regard to religion.

When he went to his native countryside again, he carried his teachings with him. In vain did the worthy pastor of the kirk try to dissuade him from his ideas; he was urged and commanded to fear the de'il for his soul's good; some day a great harm would befall him—but he would not listen.

One day, Jack came to me with a haggard look on his usually ruddy face: "I'm afeared that the father was right. The de'il's after me." With a great deal of effort I managed to quiet him. Finally he became calm enough to relate to me, through gasps of fear, a rather fantastic story.

"Yester e'en I went to visit Mary Duff. When I was coming home a' neve o' the clock, the moon was just o'er the horizon. I was walkin' along right merrily, whistlin' an' singin' at the top of my voice. The road, ye know, leads by the graveyard wi' the old, haunted kirk. Nearin' the big, red headstone a' the corner, I heard a sound, a sort of forced groan. I dinna ken wha' caused i' bu' I stopped an' listened. The wind whistled thru the trees an' an owl hooted—no'en else. I began whistlin' again an' started down the road. I wasn't afeard but I hurried a wee bit faster. Whan I got by the MacKenzie tomb, I heard an icy scream. It made me a wee bi' nervous an' I started to trot. Bu' I only went three steps whan hundreds o' tiny, shrieking things jumped round me an' a big red thing, big as a hill humper me an' burned me wi' its flamin' eyes. It said in a voice of thunder: "Be afeared of the de'il or ye shall be tortured in the flame-fires o' Hell." Then the things

all ran away an' hid behind the stones, and I went home. I'm so afeared."

* * * * *

"Of course," said the pastor of the kirk, when he heard the story, "Jack had to be afeard o' the de'il for the good o' his soul."

* * * * *

"Paranoia," said the psychologist at the institution where they took Jack. "Delusions of persecution. Incurable."

* * * * *

"The de'il!" said Jack, when he heard his fate.

NOCTURNE

Nymph or nun—

which is the moon?

as, hair undone

and path star-strewn

she flits thru the night

in her torn veil of white

fleeing her fold—

is she young, or old?

The trees in the wind

do a witches' dance;

shy leaves, unpinned

flit down, entranced,

over the deep

world sunk in sleep.

Dark, dead things creep

and dreams unfold—

new, or old?

The odor of flowers

from the garden like frost,

from the arbors and bowers

brings with it a host

of other blooms, other years

another moon, other tears,

other hopes, and other fears,

memories, on the flowers, scent rolled—

are they new, or old?

E. D.

THE WITAN

A Glimpse Into the Future

(Continued from page 19)

I could not find Rudolph Wendt, because he was then on a musical tour. Rudy was now known as "The Enchanter of the Ivory Keys."

That evening I went to a reception at the home of a prominent society matron, Joan Harding. Upon the arms of debonair gentleman in evening dress, under the rosy glow of discreetly shaded lights, I met those whom I had known as shy, adolescent maidens. Marion Wright was there, the wife of a famous criminal lawyer; Imogene Wright, married to the owner of a chain of drug stores; Wilma Kucera and Irma Chatlos, noted psychiatrists. In a corner I saw Lillian Durrans and Marietta Lambert, heatedly discussing the degeneration of the modern youth. Joan, or rather Madame Fitzroy-Eustace-Clavering-Chantillon-Smithe, pointed out to me Ethel Bagchus and Gertrude

Rappold, seductive sirens of the silver screen; Mae Marthage and Ruth McKee of the House of Representatives; Elinore Raymond, a sedate matron with a meek husband and large family; Ruth Murphy, owner of a business school; Freda Mitchell and Bertha Shannon, co-workers in the city library; Violet Fisher and Gertrude Wolff, telephone operators, and Elizabeth Lee, of Avon, N. Y.

How that class had changed from joyful, light-hearted persons to sedate quiet individuals. It had, moreover, achieved a measure of success seldom attained by any class. I resumed my world tour, proud of the versatility of class-mates and determined to arrange more reunions.

"Auld acquaintance," I said, "must not be forgotten."

Magnificence

(Continued from page 22)

of the shading trees. A dirty, begging child passed them and wandered aimlessly in the direction of the country. From far down the river a boat whistle was heard. Someone, somewhere, was singing softly.

The two came, at length, to the bridge at the edge of the city; and, crossing it, they paused to watch the sun sink behind the city's buildings. Vern, possessed by the strong quietude of the scene, spoke softly:

"Isn't it all too beautiful, Pierre—the sun, the building, the river, the birds, everything?"

After a pause the Parisian replied; "Yes—it is beautiful now; but think—the same sun is sinking, in the same sky—in Scotland."

The final crimson inch of sun disappeared and the two youths went on, Vern taking his last walk into the city he had so dreamed of and Pierre wishing that it might be his last.

"The Lady from Hell"

(Continued from page 24)

a certain lassie that is alivin' in the Bronx. Her name is Heather Campbell, an' a right smart lass she be. Here 'tis, with the address an' all." MacPherson handed the letter to the American murmuring, "That'll save me trans-Atlantic postage."

Sandy strode off with a happy smile on his

NIRVANA

*In town and misty wood,
In crowds and solitude,
In mart and hidden hills,
Where shouting droovns and silence stills—
Search we
Endlessly
Nirvana.*

*Where shadowy, formless things take flight
In poetry, the soul's delight
In wordy strife and silent dream,
Elysive and eternal theme—
Ceaselessly
Ponder we
Nirvana.*

*Thoughts weary, minds tire,
In our unified desire;
Visions flee and dreams as fair
Of thee, our hope and our despair—
Search we
Hopelessly
Nirvana.*

E. D.

red face, and the little American gazed wonderingly after him, with the letter still held in his thin hand.

"God bless you, Heather Campbell," he said. "Your laddie may wear skirts, but what a 'mon'!"

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Editorial

Our Dear Old Alma Mater

As we gaze out of the good old cracked windows, we see the new building rising higher and higher in its splendor. Then we think of all the good times we've had in this beloved school we call our own, which will eventually be gone, but *not forgotten*.

Now—we “tear” down the narrow halls at full speed and unceremoniously burst in upon the teacher with an excuse and a bang of the door; soon—we shall be walking sedately down long, perfect corridors in single file, entering the room with care and sliding into unscratched seats instead of slumping into nearly wrecked ones.

But, don't we have a good time, after all, in the rickety old building? Much better than we may expect in the new. Why? Because, now we go around in ease and in a carefree manner. Could we in the new school? I should say not! We'll be filled with a thousand worries for fear we may misuse some school property.

None of the familiar scratches, criss-crosses, or holes will decorate those firm, shiny new walls. No more lunch periods with people hopping around, trying to dance while the good old victrola screeches forth its music. It will take years and years for us to puzzle out where each room is and what it is for, hours to travel the miles from one end of the long building to the other. No more cool raindrops will splash down upon our heads on rainy days as they do in the good old portables. And how can we get along without the long staircase by the portable for someone to take a tumble down, every other day? Cannot some of these old associations be preserved?—Marjorie Webb.

Sang or Sermon

A wee word to the wise is sufficient. Aye, but sufficient for what? Sufficient to get folks talking too much to listen to the words of a kindly neighbor.

A man who is really canny kens whether or no he should spend. A man who is Scotch kens he should never spend. Weel, weel, if there were more canny folk in the world there would be more folk thrifty of their siller. If there were more thrifty folk there would be more siller, less depression.

Anti-hoarding campaign—Shiver my bagpipes!

For a' that and a' that a little less spending, a wee bit more thrift, a little less depression—'twould be pretty guid.

THE WITAN

Senior High Organizations



MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR AND EXECUTIVE COUNCILS

First row, left to right: Elise Mazza, Mary VanKesteren, Ray Dudley, Ruth Lissow, Frank Smith, Harrington Chase, Marion Schell, Alfred Gray, Grace VanDam.

Second row: Mr. Woodman, Robert Bowen, Virginia Jackson, Beatrice Killip, Kenneth Hersey, Gehring Cooper, Mr. West, Miss Paul, Elizabeth Donoghue, Mr. Tracy, Mr. Denison.

OUR COUNCILS

As its "Power Behind the Throne," almost every organization has some such body. In other cases it regulates, but in ours it merely suggests and influences. At Charlotte, there are two councils—the Senior and Junior High—made up of representatives of the home rooms, and the Executive, made up of the officers of these two. They decide questions such as noon dancing, and programs, and spending and amassing funds for the treasury. As they are nominated by popular ballot, and make suggestions and regulations, they are the most representative and directly powerful group of students in the school.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

This society is a high school parallel of Phi Beta Kappa, the highest scholastic group existing in college. Members are chosen from the upper third of the class, on the basis of character, scholarship, leadership and service. The society is merely honorary. No attendance at social functions is necessary. Violet Rentschler is president and Gehring Cooper secretary.

OPTIMATES

High School students are realizing that with things as they are and depressions so probable, a business course may not give them a job, and certainly does not afford them the intellectual enjoyment that a study of the classics does. A student of Latin soon realizes that the classics, though "dead," are not dry, and have more lasting value than some modern literature. The Optimates is a society made of just such students, a society whose prime aim is to foster a love and study of Latin. They have several meetings and social events during the year at which, however, they are extremely lenient and conversation in Latin is not obligatory. Judith Pownall is president.

ZEITGEST CLUB

The Zeitgest Club was originated by the members of the Business English Class in 1931. The name is Greek and means "Spirit of the Times." The club is for Business English students only and was organized for the purpose of visiting places of interest, discussion group and to hear speakers of the business world. Meetings are held every Friday.

THE WITAN

LES BABILLARDS

When a student begins his second year of French and shows promise of one day learning the difference between "un grand faim" and "une grande femme" and has the courage to trill his r's and pronounce correctly the vowel "u", it is certain that the Babillards are considering him for membership. Each term there are several of these. Some do and some do not fulfill these expectations. In addition to the educating features, the group has had several social events, under the direction of its president, Donald Dow. The first, this year, was a concert, consisting of French music, given by Lois Marsh and Rudolph Wendt. Although the telephone rang, interrupting Rudy's rendition of Debussy's "Reverie," and the janitor come in to fill the stove while Lois played "Au Matin" by Godard, the concert was a success. There was also, this year, a dinner and dance for all the chapters in the city and under the particular charge of the Charlotte Chapter. Success to Les Babillards! Long may they rave!

COMMERCIAL HONOR SOCIETY

The Commercial Honor Society held a social meeting for the benefit of the new members on April 8, at the home of Gertrude Wolff. An election of officers was held. The following new members were taken in: Angelina Roman, Rena Mae Parrott, and Concetta Mazza. The following officers were elected: Gertrude Wolff, president; Rena Mae Parrott, vice-president; and Ruth Lissow, secretary. Of this June's graduating class, Frank Polka and Gertrude Wolff are Honor Society members.

DRAMATICS

Two Dramatic classes were started this term and have been taught by Mr. Enright. These classes are new but have proved very interesting and useful. Assemblies have been pepped up by them with playlets and pantomines and the course has helped greatly in diction and elocution. The greatest lament is that it was not started sooner.

* * * * *

"Bab," a four-act play by Edward Carpenter, from the novel by Mary Roberts Rine-

hart, was presented by the January 1933 class, at Jefferson Junior High School, May 13, and was directed by Walter T. Enright.

The cast included: Carolyn Carroll, Gehring Cooper, Gertrude Altpeter, Audra Stone, Judith Pownall, Robert Read, Charles LaBelle, James LeClare, Harrington Chase, William Reiss, and Richard Schaad.

INTER-HIGH CHOIR

The Inter High Choir was organized in the fall of 1931. It is ably conducted by Mr. Alfred Spouse, Supervisor of Music of Rochester schools. Ten members were selected from each High School by the directors and approved by Mr. Spouse. The number of present members is approximately 65.

Engagements have kept the choir busy, among them were: The Inter-High School Concert at Monroe, the Male Choir at the Washington Bicentennial Program at Benjamin Franklin; Male Choir over the air; entire Choir in cantata with Rochester Civic Orchestra, directed by Guy Fraser Harrison at Columbus Civic Hall; the Penmanship Teachers Convention at the Seneca Hotel; the Rochester Teachers meeting at Monroe and over WHAM, May 20.

Charlotte High's present members are: alto—Elizabeth Lee, Dorothy Durrans; soprano—Margaret Hanna, Carolyn Carroll, Gertrude Rappold; tenor—Avery Lockner; bass—Percy Andrews and Kenneth Hersey.

In the Scotch Tradition

(Continued from page 26)

background of the picture the strikingly similar career and fate of his ancestor, Mary Queen of Scots, born likewise in a French family and doomed to die by English hands.

"INCREDIBLE CARNEGIE"

John K. Winkler, biographer of J. P. Morgan, has taken for his latest subject the Scotch immigrant who became one of America's greatest philanthropists—Andrew Carnegie. Although he criticizes him unfavorably, he aims at entertainment and portraiture rather than at bald statement of fact. Moreover, the facts, however damaging, are sprinkled in, to make the book delightful reading.

THE WITAN

Senior High Sports



CHARLOTTE'S BASEBALL TEAM

First row, left to right: John White, manager; James Gallery, William Garges, Dan Fowler, Harold Smith, Robert Ladd, Albert Frattare, Joseph Stendaro, Mr. Bird, coach. Second row: William Tiernan, Pomeroy Cass, George Beane, Edward Beane, Robert Santucci, Robert Connor, Claude Swigert.

The team opened away, with a discouraging 4 to 3 loss to Canandaigua. Gallery pitched a four-hit game for Charlotte, but one of the hits was a devastating homerun. The line-up was as follows: Swigert, catcher; Gallery, pitcher; George Beane, first; Finucance, second; Smith, short; Stendaro, third; Cass, Johnson and Mason, fielders.

The opening home game, against Edison Tech, showed a drastically changed lineup, as follows: Swigert, catcher; Gallery, Tiernan, Ed. Beane and Santucci, pitchers; George Beane, first; Stendaro, second; Smith, short; Tiernan and Gallery, third; Cass, Wegner, and Fowler, in the field. Tech showed great batting power until Santucci relieved Beane, late in the game. Tech won, 15 to 3.

Marshall next defeated Charlotte, 6 to 4, but the Green and White achieved a small measure of satisfaction by trouncing the School of Commerce nine, in a non-league game, 16 to 6. Inasmuch as the Commerce nine had defeated several league teams, Charlotte's victory revived prospects for wins in league competition.

Charlotte Reserves opened with a loss, being defeated by Madison, 12 to 9. Two victories,

one over Franklin, 10 to 7, and one over East High, 6 to 4, followed. West High, however, pulled the Charlotte average down again, winning 13 to 4. The Reserve line-up includes Beane, Greer, Frattare, Dougherty, Adams, Reusel, Perry, Wegner, and Conner.

SENIOR HIGH INDOOR LEAGUE

Six Senior High indoor teams organized by Mr. Tichenor and Mr. Erenstone are competing for the title which last season was won by the Print Shop stars of Mr. Lee. To date, the Technical team is leading with four wins, the Craft Shop, Commercial, Generals and Print Shop are tied, with three, and the Academics have not yet won. All have played five games.

TENNIS

Charlotte's tennis team, coached by Mr. Omans, opened its season with a 3 to 1 victory over Edison Tech, and a 2 to 2 tie with Monroe. Members of the team are Harold Smith, James Gallery, Frank Smith, George Helberg and Gordon LeRoy. Matches remaining on the schedule are with Marshall, West, Benjamin Franklin.

Girls' Athletics



Left, Junior Winners in Inter-class Basketball—front: Phyllis Yarker, Blanche Gauthier, Marjorie Willis. Second: Jean White, Manager; Ruth Gregorson, captain; Beatrice Killip.

Center, Honor Basketball Team—front: Phyllis Yarker, Eleanora Ivanson, Beatrice Killip, Bernice Gutland, Blanche Gauthier. Rear: Roberta Hunt, Jean White, Ruth Gregorson, Ruth Ferguson, Marjorie Willis.

Right, Honor Bowling Team—front: Leora Young, Martha Watt, Wilma Kucera. Rear: Gertrude Wolff, Dorothy Baxter, Dorothy Clicquennoi, Dorothy Durrans.

Charlotte's winter season of girls' athletics was unusually successful.

Basketball season was concluded with a basketball supper in the Practice House. The guest speaker was Merle Spurrier, professor of physical education at the University of Rochester. The girls were favored with a duet by Mary and Loretta Greenwell and a solo by Gertrude Rappold. Principal West also greeted the girls. Marion Schell, president of G. A. A., was toastmistress. A prize was given to the sophomores for having the best decorated table. Miss Booth presented the basketball awards, consisting of numerals to the winning junior team, five points to the sophomore team, which was runner-up in the tournament, and certificates to the girls on the honor team.

Bowling, the newest sport in our curriculum, had an above-average attendance. At the conclusion of the season an honor team was chosen

from the girls with the highest average. The highest was obtained by Leora Young, who averaged 103.

The G. A. A. emblem was awarded to Leora Young and Beatrice Killip; and the C. H. S. emblem was awarded to Beatrice Killip '34, Leora Young '32, Jean White '34.

The spring season for sports has the following managers and numbers enrolled:

Sport	Manager	No. Enr'd
Baseball (Mon.)	Mary Van Kesteren	42
Volleyball	Leora Young	35
Hiking (Wed.)	Beatrice Killip	35
Baseball (Wed.)	Pauline Bott	24
Volleyball	Leora Young	35
Swimming (Thur.)	Beatrice Killip	35

The following officers have been elected for the G. A. A. Council for the next year: President, Blanche Gauthier; vice-president, Eleanora Ivanson; secretary, Beatrice Killip; assistant secretary, Jean Stubbs; Freshman representative, Grace VanDam.

THE WITAN

Junior High Organizations



MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR HIGH COUNCIL

First row: Doris Trowbridge, Robert Sichelco, Elise Mazza, Alfred Gray, Grace VanDam, Jack Rowe, Janet Meech.

Second row: Bonita Rogers, Eileen Guyett, Louis Dodge, Fred Gray, Mr. Woodman, Lucy Lyon, Lois Madison, Richard Harradine, Charles Whetan, Clara Shea.

JUNIOR HIGH COUNCIL

The Junior High Council consists of representatives from each home-room, the Annex, "The Witan," boys' athletics, girls' athletics, and Junior High music. The members meet at noon, on alternate Wednesdays, and try to solve the many problems of the Junior High. This semester the Council has tried to solve the traffic problem in the corridors during the lunch hour. Another outstanding accomplishment has been the outfitting and training of the three new Junior High cheer-leaders, all of the 7A class.

The officers of the Council are: Alfred Gray, president; Grace VanDam, vice-president, and Elise Mazza, secretary. The other members are Stanley Root, Frederick Gray, Lois Harper, Richard Harradine, Lucy Lyon, Lois Madison, Bonita Rogers, Jack Rowe, Clara Shea, Robert Sichelco, Doris Trowbridge, Charles Whetan, James Wright, Louis Dodge, Janet Meech, and Eileen Guyette.

JUNIOR HIGH GLEE CLUB

The Junior High Glee Club has been heard in several assemblies, under the direction of Mr. Marsh. The members are: Doris Bartlett, Anne Bohacket, Helen Cleveland, Antoinette Cooper, Lois Dodd, Selma Gilbert, June Griswold, Janis Hunt, Roberta Hunt, Dorothy Jones, Clara Leckner, Alberta Lee, Helen McQuay, Helen Morrison, Doris Ryder, Helen Schantz, Montrose Shea, Doris Trowbridge, Marjorie Weiser, Fern Wendling, Mammie Wills, Dolores Madison, Jean Starkens, Margaret Brightman, Helen Cass, Betty Hillis, Julia Hoysic, Margaret Mattil, Edward Shartle, Robert Sichelco, Albert Wood, Ralph Bohrer, Sidney Auerbach, Franklin Bright, Jack Brown, Alfred Coman, Jack Rowe, Louis Dodge, Earl Hillis, Charles Gilbert, Vincent Harding, and William Marion.

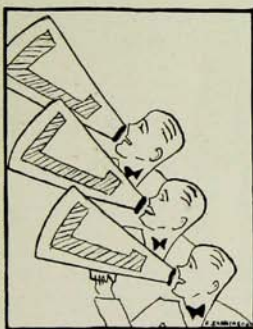
JUNIOR HIGH ORCHESTRA

Members of the Junior High Orchestra, recently organized at Charlotte, have played in several assemblies and for school events. They

are: Ethel Appleton, Leona Anderson, Bruce Bogardus, Franklin Bright, Antoinette Cooper, Clayton Cosman, Wilma Dale, Dorothy Ferguson, George Frey, Joseph Gianforte, Ruth Guyatt, Charles Gilbert, Elsie Haynes, Margaret Hanna, Janis Hunt, Dorothy Jones, Earl Kalmbacher, Margaret Mattil, Kenneth Mothorp, Amy Pownall, Mortimer Randall, Janet Stripp, Robert Sickelco, Fern Wendling, Chrls Wheton, and Joan McKnight.

BASKETBALL

As part of the transition of Charlotte to the new Junior-Senior High basis, separate teams have been organized within the last year, and entered in the city junior high league. One of the first of these was the basketball team. Although the number of games lost was in excess of the number won, yet the season was called successful. The Charlotte players found it necessary to use the Jefferson Junior High court for all games and practices. The league teams with which Charlotte competed were Benjamin Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Washington. Several games were played with non-league schools, with much success. Mr. Bell was coach.



Those awarded the standard Junior High insignia for playing in the required number of games were: Albert Frattare, captain; Karl Kingsley, George White, Howard Stahl, Raymond Finlayson, Louis Mattil, Harry Colby, Erwin Ward, Royce Cody, Claude Van Valkenburg.

JUNIOR HIGH BASEBALL

Forty-three boys have been competing for positions on the Junior High baseball team this semester, according to Mr. Bell.

This is regarded as an excellent squad, and, with the enthusiasm of the boys, should bring worthwhile results. Charlotte is entered in the

regular Junior High Inter-Scholastic League with Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Washington, and Benjamin Franklin. Such competition will call for Charlotte's best efforts.

Raymond Finlayson captains the team, of which Ray Dudley is manager. The squad consists of the following candidates:

Pitchers, Frederick Gray, Claude Van Valkenburg, Robert Godfrey, and William Petroske; catcher, William Marion; first, Paul Hauser; second, Howard Behrens, Orlo Briggs, Howard Stahl; third, Louis Mattil; left field, Alfred Gray; center field, Raymond Finlayson; right field, Howard Gibbie; utility infielders, Willard Dudley, Edwin White, Victor Anderson, Edwin Scheck; utility outfielders, James Clark, Bernard Stong, Charles Gilbert, Leonard Robinson, Frank Gallery.

GOOD OLD CHARLOTTE

BY GRACE VANDAM

*In our old school
The floors all creak.
The bells don't ring,
The doors all squeak.*

*No water runs
Most of the time;
And when it does,
It tastes like lime.*

*The clocks don't go,
The ink runs dry;
It seems the teachers
Always sigh.*

*To think that just
Across the street,
Our new school will
Be large and neat.*

*In this new school
The floors wout creak.
The bells will ring,
The doors wout squeak.*

*Water will run
All of the time;
And it will never
Taste like lime.*

*The clocks will keep
In perfect time,
And Charlotte High
Will be sublime.*

THE WITAN

Scotch Ancestors



WIBBLA



Scotland HAD ITS BUSINESS WOMEN (LEFT) (MISS FRANKS GETS AUNT)



MISS FRANKS



ALL THE WAYS GO DOWN IN HISTORY



HART MARY



GENERAL WEST



MISS OLIVE

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE OF THE GREENWELL FAMILY TO TAKE THAT SHE LOST HER HEAD OVER HER WORK. LORETTA'S FEMALE SOMETIMES GETS THE BEST OF HER



PAHLETA LOVES HER GRANDFATHER'S RED HAIR



DID YOU EVER NOTICE WHAT DANCE BOTH ANCESTORS WERE ALL SUFFICIENT DANCERS



TWO AMERICAN TOURISTS TO OLD SCOTLAND



WIFE WITH ALWAYS THE BEST OF HER



CAN YOU BLAME BILL FOR NOT BEING A MONTAGNY HIS DAILY WORK



MISS BROWN CAN FOLLOW HER ANCESTOR BACK TO THE ORIGINATORS OF OUR MODERNISTIC ART WHICH DEVELOPED IN SCOTLAND



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In the following pages, we present advertisements of friends of Charlotte High School. They have said, "Hoot Mon!" to Old Man Depression, and advertised in "The Witan." Some of them are with us for the first time. Let's give them a hand—and our faithful patronage.

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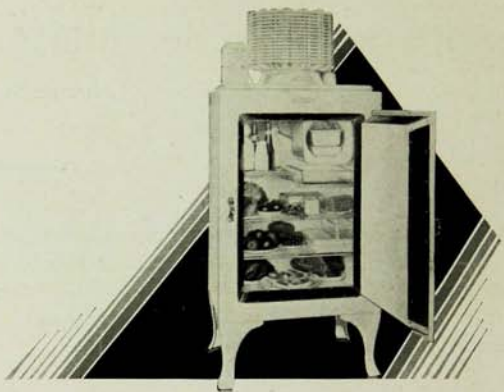
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