



W
R
O
T
T
E
N
I
N
N
O
V
E
M
B
E
R

THE WITAN

CHARLOTTE HIGH SCHOOL

THE CLASSES OF JUNE 'N JANUARY 1936

Rr
OVERSIZE
373
R676c
1936

ROCHESTER
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

—
THE GIFT OF

Nathaniel G. West



3 9077 04049158 4

Martin Trustee

Rochester, N.Y. Charlotte high school

The Witan

VOLUME XVI

NUMBER 1

THE WITAN STAFF

<i>Co-Editors</i>		ELLIS WOLZ
		BETTY WAGNER
<i>Associate Editor</i>		BERT WRIGHT
		JOHNSON
<i>Secretary</i>		NE TUPPER
		A WEEKS
<i>Staff Writers</i>		GILKESON
		T ALDRICH
		HAFFER
		HEPPLER
<i>Business Staff</i>	DEVINNEY	
	N	
	K	
	LEROY	
	SHEIM	
	RTU	
	AHAM	
<i>Cover Committee</i>	LAWSON	
	ARL	
	KLEMAN	
	CK	
	REY	
	LEE	
<i>Senior Photographers</i>	GAN	
	ICKMIRE	
	BREWSTER	
<i>Picture Committee</i>	ARDEAN MILLER	
	ESTHER ZEITLIN	
	ANDREW HALBLEIB	
<i>Advisers</i>	MR. LEE	
	MISS BITTER	
	MR. THAYER	
	MISS SHARER	
<i>Circulation Committee</i>	EVELYN LISSOW	FRANCES JACKSON
	FLORENCE GORDON	BEATRICE VAN KESTEREN
	ETHEL FALK	BETTY RAGAN
	HARRY LENNON	MARGARET SCHLENKER
	ROSALYN MILLER	GEORGE CLARK
	ROBERT POLAND	BARBARA BUDLONG
	DONALD BRAGG	



Nathaniel J. West

9-29-42

K
gn 373
R 676c
1936

ROCHESTER
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

In Memoriam

MORRIS EDWARD CONNER
September 25, 1917-March 23, 1935



gn 42 ch-7

*Death is but a magic door
Which, when this life is through,
Is opened wide for us to pass,
And we begin anew.*

*The life he led upon this earth,
(His joys, his dreams, his woes)
Was but the test he had to pass,
To gain his sweet repose.*

*But, can we say that he is gone?
He is with us every day;
His words ring on throughout our lives,
He has not gone away.*

*So, when at last we've run the race,
And that door opens wide,
I know that he'll be waiting there
To greet us . . . just inside.*

ROBERT WRIGHT, '36.

1-719907



First Row: Left to Right—Mr. Tracy, Miss Sharer, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Tichenor, Miss Miner, Mr. West, Mr. Denison, Mr. Woodman, Miss Cashman, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Miller, Mr. Marsh.

Second Row: Left to Right—Mr. Edgerton, Mr. Erenstone, Miss Emerson, Miss Booth, Miss Caragher, Miss Brown, Mrs. Crowley, Miss Doehler, Mrs. Ward, Miss Rubenstein, Miss Fleming, Mr. Westburg, Mr. Walker.

Third Row: Left to Right—Mr. Fulkerson, Miss Lathrop, Miss Childs, Mrs. Balcom, Mrs. Denise, Miss Goff, Mr. True, Miss Sage, Miss Donovan, Miss Newman, Mrs. Cowles, Miss O'Conner, Mr. Seidel.

Fourth Row: Left to Right—Mr. Omans, Mr. Bird, Mr. Lacy, Miss Stoll, Miss Van Alstyne, Mr. Jermyn, Miss Bitter, Mr. Bartholomew, Miss Watt, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Pinder, Mr. Lee, Mr. Zimmerli.

Absent from picture: Mr. Enright, Miss Stowell, Miss Fonda, Miss Kehrig, Miss Leary, Miss Skiff.

SENIORS

June 'n January

Its June 'n January

mp-mf

(b)

(b)

Detailed description: This is a musical score for three parts: vocal, piano, and bass. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a common time signature, followed by a double bar line and repeat sign. The lyrics 'Its June 'n January' are written below the notes. The piano part starts with a treble clef and a common time signature, followed by a double bar line and repeat sign. The dynamics 'mp-mf' are indicated below the first measure. The bass part starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, followed by a double bar line and repeat sign. The notes in the bass part include a flat sign '(b)' under the first measure and another '(b)' under the second measure.

MR. RALPH L. TICHENOR
Springfield, B. P. E.



MISS M. ELIZABETH BITTER
University of Rochester, B. A.



RICHARD MAWSON, Vice-President
172 Hager Road

The handsome man is never quite poor.



ROBERT WRIGHT, President and
Standard Bearer
91 Chippendale Road

His fastest move is toward a piano.



PHYLLIS WOLZ, Guardian of the
Flag
253 Harding Road

Intelligence and personality are the keynotes to Phyllis' success.



JAMES KRICKMIRE, Secretary
121 Grassmere Park

He's always announcing something.



DOROTHY BEBEE
12 Evergreen Street

*There's something about a ready
smile that's always so well
worth the while.*



CHARLES CARSON
567 Beach Avenue

*Red hair does not always conceal a
temper.*

HENRY BEISHIEM
46 Beverly Heights

*His first name should have been
"Art."*



JAMES CLARK
92 Penrose Street

His ambitions are on a high plane.

BETTY BLACK
4330 Lake Avenue

"In the silence of my lonely room."



FREDERICK DEMARSE
236 River Street

*From Freddie's pencil flows untold
wit.*

DONALD BRAGG
536 Seneca Parkway

*Speech is silver and Don seems to
be quite well to do.*



GORDON DEMATO
85 Wyndham Road

*The well-dressed man is DeMato of
our class.*

ELEANOR BROWN
163 Conrad Drive
Mistress of Terpsichore.



ALBERT DICKSON
4114 Lake Avenue

"What was yesterday's homework?"

GEORGE BROWN
16 Delmar Road

"I tried to be an athlete, anyway."



MARJORIE EUSTERMAN
1126 Dewey Avenue

*Valuable is one who thinks so
high.*

ETHEL MAE FALK
175 Wendhurst Drive

She is charmingly different and differently charming.



FRANCES JACKSON
4231 Lake Avenue

Smiling, beguiling, with very latest styling.

EDMUND GRABOWSKI
153 Stone Road

We hope "our Eddie" never gets lost in the woods.



LEROY JOHNSON
79 Cherry Road

His brush is our fortune.

ELIZABETH GRAHAM
Irene Street

"Women, be not afraid to talk!"



PAUL JUNGJOHAN
403 Melville Street

Built for comfort, not for speed.

MADÉLINE HARRIS
181 Lake Breeze Road

Though shy and retiring, where there's work she's untiring.



LYLE KLIER
30 Pearson Street

Like a piano, square, upright, and grand.

ELSIE HAYNES
346 Estall Road

There's a bit of heaven in her eyes, and a love of life that never dies.



EVELYN LISSOW
130 West Parkway

Willing, dependable, efficient, commendable.

RUTH HEWETT
140 Cheltenham Road

"I had the craziest dream last night."



SELMA MICHEL
101 LeRoy Street

Venus might well express a sigh to see our Selma passing by.

ARDEAN MILLER
576 Beach Avenue

Hold that pose, and smile, please.



LESLIE RAYMOND
156 Jones Road

The farmer is the foundation of our world.

ROSALYN MILLER
555 State Street

You just can't help liking her.



JOHN ROWE
229 Rogene Street

"Is there anything more to eat!"

JOHN MCSHEA
4950 Dewey Avenue

A silent man has no need to fear what he has said.



CLARA SHEA
184 Latta Road

A mischievous twinkle in her eye and a frank spoken word that does not lie.

ROSALYN PETERSEN
3995 Lake Avenue

Let no one silence me—I know what I want to say.



WILFRED SHEPLER
69 Stenewood Avenue

"Is that the Governor calling me on the phone?"

LEE PHILLIPS
177 Cherry Road

Apples and fritters may come and go, but Lee sells on forever.



HOWARD SPAFFORD
42 Holcroft Road

Just as Hollywood has its Gable, so Charlotte has its "Howie."

JACK POPLER
5358 St. Paul Boulevard

Silence is golden but be moderate in all things.



RAYMOND SPAFFORD
42 Holcroft Road

When Ray comes over the air, we'll all stop breathing.

MARLE TALBOT
150 Chelford Road
"What next?"



DAVID WAGNER
33 Pullman Avenue
He who sleeps dines, so Dave is a hearty eater.

JUNE TUPPER
98 Grassmere Park
All who saw, admired.



VERNA WEITZEL
239 Britton Road
Modesty is a lovely grace.

MARTIN TURTU
46 Fleming Street
Martin's smile is as broad as his mind.



RUTH WEMPLE
4488 Mt. Read Boulevard
The thoughtful member of our class; though quiet she's an ambitious lass.

BETTY VANKESTEREN
1139 Maiden Lane Road
Sweetness, neatness, insouciant completeness.



HIRAM ZUKER
Latta Road
An everyday fellow is often more interesting than a genius.

HARRY LENNON
5168 St. Paul Boulevard
When homework and pleasure clash just let the homework go to smash.

Class of January, 1936

Robert Wright, Pirates of Penzance 2; Apollo Choir 3; International Relations Club 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3; South in Sonora 3; Inter-high Chorus 4; National Honor Society 3, 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Service League 3; Senior Council 4; Executive Council 4; Witan 4; **Richard Mawson**, Service League 3; Soccer 3, 4; Witan 4; **James Krickmire**, Memorial Scholarship Drive 4; National Honor Society 4; Service League 2, 4; Ten-Ten Committee 4; Track Team 2, 3, 4; Witan 4; **Phyllis Wolz**, Baseball 2; French Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 2; Honor Bowling Team 2, 3, 4; Hit Pin Baseball 2; International Relations Club 4; National Honor Society 3, 4; Pilot Staff 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Senior Council 3, 4; Executive Council 4; Swimming 2; Ten-Ten Committee 4; Tennis 2, 3; Witan 4; **Dorothy M. Bebee**, Honor Baseball Team 2, 3, 4; Bowling 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Bowling Manager 4; Messiah 3; Honor Bowling Team 3, 4; Honor Soccer Team 3; Honor Volleyball Team 2, 3; **Henry Beisheim**, Radio Club 3; Witan 4; **Betty Black**, Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Candy Committee 4; French Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3; National Honor Society 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Service League 2, 3; Soccer 2, 3; Senior Council 3; Ten-Ten Committee 4; Tennis 2, 3; Witan 2, 3, 4; **Donald J. Bragg**, Witan 4; **Eleanor Brown**, Basketball 2; Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; Service League 4; **George Brown**, Leaders Group 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Officials Club 2, 3, 4; Our American Cousin 4; Service League 2; Witan 4; **James Clark**, Banking Committee 3; Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Hi-Y 3; Service League 3; Soccer 3, 4; **Frederick DeMarse**, Basketball (Manager) 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; **Gordon DeMato**, Northern Light 3; Service League 3; Witan 4; **Albert Dickson**, French Honor Society 3; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Soccer (Manager) 4; **Ethel Mae Falk**, International Relations Club 4; Optimates 3, 4; Service League 3; Witan 4; **Marjorie Eusterman**, Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Inter-high Pres.; Chorus 3; Service League 2, 3, 4; Ten-Ten Committee 4; Witan 4; **Edmund Grabowski**, Soccer 4; Swimming 2; Track Team 2; Wrestling 2, 3; **Elizabeth Graham**, Banking Committee 2; Soccer 3; Volleyball 2; Witan 4; **Madeline Harris**, Book Exchange 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Messiah 3; Service League 4; Executive Council 4; Tennis 4; Witan 4; **Elsie Louise Haynes**, Banking Committee 3, 4; Candy Committee 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; **Ruth Hewett**, Candy Com-

mittee 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; Optimates 3, 4; Service League 2; Witan 4; **Frances Jackson**, Chi-Y 2; Dramalots 3; Glee Club 2; Senior Council 2, 4; Ten-Ten Committee 3; **LeRoy Johnson**, Service League 4; Ten-Ten Committee 4; Track Team 4; Witan 4; **Lyle Klier**, Baseball 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Leaders Group 3, 4; Service League 3; Soccer 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3; Bowling 2, 3, 4; Motor Club 4; **Evelyn Lissow**, Candy Committee 4; Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; Service League 3, 4; Witan 4; **Selma Michel**, Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Leaders Group 3; Soccer 2, 3; Senior Council 3; Tennis 2; Volleyball 2, 3; **Rosalyn Miller**, Book Exchange 4; Commercial Honor Society 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Service League 4; Tennis 4; Witan 4; **Thelma Peterson**, Service League 3, 4; Soccer 3; Witan 4; **Lee Phillips**, Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Inter-high Chorus 4; Apollo Choir 2, 3; South in Sonora 2; Pirates of Penzance 3; **Jack Rowe**, Leaders Group 3, 4; Service League 4; Senior Council 2; Witan 4; **Clara Shea**, Banking Committee 2; Basketball 2, 3; Candy Committee 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Service League 3, 4; Soccer 3; Witan 4; **Wilfred Shepler**, Optimates 2, 3, 4; Witan 4; International Relations Club 4; **Howard Spafford**, Glee Club 4; Ghost of Lollypop Bay 4; Radio Club 3; Service League 4; Witan 4; **Raymond Spafford**, Northern Light 3; Memorial Scholarship Fund Committee 4; Radio Club 3; Soccer (Manager) 3; Track Team (Manager) 3; Witan 4; **June Tupper**, Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; International Relations Club 4; Leaders Group 3; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2; Soccer 2, 3; Witan 4; **Martin Turtu**, Bowling Team 4, Northern Light 2, 3; Witan 4; **Beatrice Van Kesteren**, Baseball 2, 3, 4; Chi-Y 2; Dramalots 2, 3; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Bowling Team 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Swimming 1, 2; Ten-Ten Committee 2, 3; Witan 2, 4; **David Wagner**, Baseball 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Leaders Group 3; Service League 3; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Motor Club 3; Soccer 3, 4; Senior Council 3; Swimming 2; Ten-Ten Committee 3; Witan 2; **Verna Weitzel**, Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3; Messiah 3; Service League 3, 4; Volleyball 2, 3; **Ruth Wemple**, Service League 4; Witan 4; **Hiram Zuker**, Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Service League 2, 3.

The Conquest

Now, boys and girls, since Caesar and his army have at last invaded Gaul let us trace their development and effect on this noble country. What a queer, shambling old place this country was. (the old building in 1930, if you haven't caught on yet) But they had to settle down, choose their rulers, and prepare to convert those hardened Gauls to their own customs. (the class of '36 for those of you still in the fog) So a great mass meeting was called and strange to say, in that great country, they really found the grandest lady to pilot them, a Miss Ethel Caragher. Caesar (James Clark) was then decided on as president, Roberta Hunt as vice-president, and Howard Edmondson as secretary.

What a grand time that army of people had during their first two years in the new country. Though looked down upon by natives it bothered them not, so engrossed were they in their daily business. A frequent habit was to "cut" a morning session to see some good entertainer in the native theatre and lunch room. (the old assembly hall, first lunch period for you still lost) They didn't like it so well but what of it! Well, after two years the country became reconciled to the invaders and when they reached the eighth division of intelligence the native assembly hall was given over to them for a party. And what a time they had! True Roman food such as that assembly hall had seldom seen, and dancing such as will never again be seen! Stanley Root, in the true style of our old Roman aedile, favored his public by running the old popular instrument, the victrola, for dancing. How thrilled all the young ladies were to dance with Mr. Miller, another native who had consented to show us around during the second year in our new country. Miss Bitter, a guest, aided by conducting a game of Truth or Consequences.

Finally came the time when we were entitled to join the ranks of the natives, our first year as important people. The ceremony, held in the assembly hall was an impressive one. At this time a group of people because of superior intelligence, were admitted into our rank to join in the first year. They were naturally resented at first but since that time have developed into part of the cream of the crop. At the ceremony, music occupied a large place on the program. Phyllis Wolz played *The Blue Bells of Scotland* (what a job, shipping those over) June Tupper played *Traumerei* on the flute and James Clark played *Chanson Triste* on the cello. (He was so noble strumming away high up on his toes) As a grand finale a chair which looked suspicious before-hand collapsed 'neath the weight of an enthusiastic spectator. But that was bound to happen.

At last they were building a new country. That old one had been used long enough. A few of the natives were allowed to spend part of their time in the new republic, (the new school to you). But in a few years the new city was complete and the entire country, natives and invaders passed into its noble halls. In the course of the four years there, the old army became steeled to the customs and passed into leadership in many fields. They felt at home and held more parties and picnics as a result. Now, though Caesar (Robert Wright, our president) and his army are ready to leave this great old place and conquer new worlds they will ever remember this place which first trained them in the technique of conquest.

CLASS HISTORIANS

Class Will

WE, the class of January 1936, do hereby publish our last will and testament!

1. To Miss Doehler, we leave the memory of "Bob" Wright.

2. To some ambitious chemistry student, we leave Donald Bragg's way with Mr. Bird.

3. To the coming senior class, we leave Lee Phillip's high pressure salesmanship. (You'll need it).

4. To Miss Cashman, we leave the rest of the Delta Beta Delta Fraternity.

5. To him who can best use it we leave Leroy Johnson's height.

6. To Judson Wagner, we leave our modesty.

7. To Charles Smail, we leave, with good intentions, George Brown's athletic prowess.

8. To future teams we leave some of Eddie Grabowski's, Jimmie Clark's, and Dick Mawson's ability.

9. To Howard Burrirt, we leave Gordon DeMato's knack of wearing clothes.

10. To Lucy Lyons, we leave Clara Shea's coquetry.

11. To future Memorial Scholarship drives we leave James Krickmire's persuasive pleas for support.

12. To Mr. Enright, we leave the perfect stage crew.

13. To the next class we leave our place in the front of the assembly where you can plainly hear the squeaks of the stage floor.

14. To little John Dey, we leave Charles Carson's physique.

15. To Miss Goff, we leave the hope for a perfect history class where everyone does his assignment.

We do hereby appoint Miss Bitter and Mr. Tichenor the sole executors of our last will. To them we leave our ever bountiful appreciation and the hope that they have still a few hairs not turned gray.

Class Testators.

MIXED IN VERSE

*Oh, I am a jolly bum, a jolly bum,
I live like a royal Turk;
I have good luck in bumming and "chuck"
And I never bother to work.*

*Along the railroad track one day
A piece of paper I spied;
It said, "If we draw your number next May,
Around the world you'll ride."*

*I hopped a freight to Albany
In hopes and dreams of luxury;
Of places filled with milk and honey,
To be mine as soon as I got my money.*

*I reached my destination
Full of hope and anticipation;
I hopped off at the station
And proceeded on my way.*

*The hall was bright and glare-y,
And I began to get bleary,
With cigar and cigarette smoke
Strong enough to make one choke.*

*The din was most unreal;
My limbs seemed made of steel,
As the number was drawn from the box;
I could hear the ticking of many clocks.*

*The number six, six, six, six, one was shouted
I started as if I had been clouted,
My number was six, six, six, six, one;
My legs seemed to weigh a ton.*

*My throat was dry, my chest a-heaving
I felt very dizzy and scarcely breathing,
I showed my ticket, for it was mine,
I heard one say its one, nine, nine, nine, nine,
nine.*

*My head stopped whirling,
My legs grew light,
Well, anyway it was one swell fight,
I had awakened as from a slumber
Only to find I had the **wrong number.***

LEROY JOHNSON, '36.

MR. L. CARLETON THAYER
University of Rochester, B. A.,
M. S.



MRS. MADELYN WALKER DENISE
University of Rochester, B. A.
Columbia, M. A.



DAVID GILKESON, *Secretary and
Standard Bearer*
57 Pollard Avenue
I'll do my best and forget the rest.



ANDREW HALBLEIB, *Vice-President*
3750 Lake Avenue
*He is a master in the art of
blushing.*

EUGENE IVANSON, *President*
436 Washington Avenue
Peter The Great was a reformer—



ALICE MAY JUSTICE, *Guardian of
the Flag*
30 Mill Road
The best girls make the least noise.

WILLIAM ALBERT
93 Pollard Avenue

His thoughts are deep, quietly expressed.



CAROLINE BREWER
417 Lake Avenue
"Steadfast, I stand—"

ROBERT ALDRICH
Beach Avenue

Navy, here I come!



BARBARA BUDLONG
57 Holcroft Road
Life is a song—!

MARGARET AMES
209 LeRoy Street

Quiet, courageous, shy, her aims are always high.



GEORGE CLARK
403 Stonewood Avenue
He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.

BERNADINE BARTHELMAN
1260 Windsor Road

She has a heart with room for every joy.



BERYL COREY
69 Boulevard Parkway
Always ready to serve when you have broken through her reserve.

SAGER BARTON
130 Castleford Road

"I like to do my homework after school."



BETTY COSTAIN
254 Haviland Park
The pearl is within the oyster.

VIRGINIA BOURBON
34 Revere Street
Pert and pretty.



AMELIA DANESI
34 Hughes Place
Not hoshtal, just reserved.

FLORENCE DEVINNEY
28 Beverly Heights

An efficient business woman.



FLORENCE GORDON
4717 Lake Avenue

She laughs, and we laugh with her.

PAULINE EARL
296 Conrad Drive

Look no further. You have found a friend.



DOROTHY GRAHAM
Irene Street

This Dot not only ends but begins things.

ELEANOR FEARENLEY
124 Hoover Road

She can't come back too soon.



GEORGE GRAHAM
47 Shepler Street

One doesn't have to talk loud to be important.

SUZANNE FISLER
133 Cherry Road

"I'd rather dance than eat or sleep."



DOROTHY GUGEL
15 Meriden Street

Dark, radiant beauty

GEORGE FOEHNER
22 Barnard Street

Eventually, why not now?



VINCENT HARDING
49 Worcester Road

Lessons are all right—in their place.

BEATRICE GOLDTHORPE
213 Hager Road

We know little of her, but that is good.



PAUL HAUSER
145 Rock Beach Road

Life is short so I must play.

KENNETH HENDERSON
129 Meridan Street

He is a practical man and an idealist.



IRMA KOLMEIER
570 Long Pond Road

A shy little lass with a quiet manner.

ELIZABETH JEFFERS
39 McEwen Road

Short and sweet.



VIOLET KRECCH
513 Stone Road

A good deal concentrated in a little.

JANE JUNGJOHAN
403 Melville Street

Jolly as the day is long



ROBERT LAFAYE
3951 Lake Avenue

Wit and personality have characterized many great men.

ARLINE KENYON
28 Wendhurst Drive

Fearless mirths climb first unto crowns.



ALBERTA LEE
15 River Heights Road

The best things come in small packages.

DAVID KINNEY
105 McEwen Road

He has the pluck and perseverance to win.



BERNADINE LEROY
98 Shady Way

The queen, not the king.

ARNOLD KOETH
81 Wendhurst Drive

I may be small, but I shall be heard.



HELEN LUFFMAN
24 Ontario View Street

Capable, conscientious, cute.

AGNES MCKNIGHT
133 Chalford Road

Noble in every thought and deed.



BETTY RAGAN
57 Brackton Street

"Sweet personality, full of rascality!"

ELOISE MITCHELL
22 Pollard Avenue

My wealth is my health.



JOSEPH REARDON
22 Belford Drive

A man of the world.

ALMA NATHAN
16 Ardmore Street

Wit and charm combined.



LILLIAN RIVEST
65 Alpha Street

A merry heart goes all the way.

STEPHEN O'BRIEN
86 Atwell Street

The answer to a maiden's prayer.



EVA MAE ROSS
972 Britton Road

A combination of sense and nonsense.

MARION PAULSEN
186 Wendhurst Drive

She's all our fancy would have her be.



HELEN SCHANTZ
655 Beach Avenue

You'll know her by her radiant smile.

ROBERT POLAND
91 Dorsey Road

Of course, I did my homework.



MARGARET SCHLENKER
505 Edgemere Drive

Her jovial manner makes you love her.

VERA SCHLENKER
156 California Drive

We think she is much too quiet.



GLADYS THOEPE
30 Barone Road

She may be little, but, oh my!

HAROLD SHAEFFER
45 Holemb Street

The spirit of Charlotte High School.



MARGARET WATT
198 Cheltenham Road

Our nominee for an ideal girl.

MARY SIMONDS
416 Stone Road

Red hair denotes a sunny disposition.



ELEANOR TRUESDALE
140 Wyndham Road

She has a humor all her own.

HERBERT SMITH
1099 Bernington Drive

He is not as common as his name.



RUTH TURK
4195 Lake Avenue

Quite true and steady; always ready.

LEON JAMES STONE
124 LeRoy Street

Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last you're found me.



ROBERTA VANVALKENBURGH
633 Lake Avenue

Charming, disarming, adorably alarming.

MARIAN THOMAS
4385 Lake Avenue

Why is life such a drudgery?



BETTY WAGNER
179 Stonewood Avenue

Tall and beautiful; liked by all

RHODA WEEKS
35 Beach Terrace

*You can fool some of the people
some of the time, but you
can't fool me.*



RALPH WILSON
4451 Lake Avenue

"I coast down to the sea again—"

WILLARD WEST
223 Warwick Avenue

Great things in life our Bill will do



BRUCE WYMAN
29 Boulevard Parkway

*There is nothing more interesting
than a radio.*

MAMIE WILLS
56 Estall Road

A lass with a bashful air.



ESTHER ZEITLIN
56 Alpha Street

Daughter of the gods, divinely tall.

THOMAS COLEMAN
64 Brocton Street

*Our representative from way out
West.*

FLOYD OATMAN
47 Hollywood Avenue

EUGENE KRAFT
249 Alpine Road

Life is work and play; why work?

RALPH WILSON
4451 Lake Avenue

In The Dim Dark Ages

Not many years ago we were just children, with but one ambition and that— to play. As children we entered high school, we had parties, we attended many interesting, though not to us, assemblies, we elected our classmates for various offices; we, ourselves, perhaps, served our school officially. In our third year a committee from our class arranged the senior party. One of our boys, David Gilkeson president of the executive council. Our class, as I suppose every class has, has artists. Among them are: machinists, Herb Smith, L. James Stone; artisans skilled in parliamentary law, R. Wilson, M. Schlenker, E. Ivanson; a French poet, Caroline Brewer; an English poet, Alma Nathan; sportsmen, Steve O'Brien, Paul

Hauser, Bill West, Dave Kinney; sportswomen, Dorothy Graham, Eloise Mitchell, et cetera into eternity; musicians, "Barb" Budlong, "Bob" Poland, and Alberta Lee.

Then, too, we have made the school what it is. (What is it?) As "freshies" we traveled between buildings on opposite sides of Lake Avenue until the new school was finally completed. Remember the pounding of workmen's hammers and the noisy machines? Our intelligent and carefree abilities were devoted to our new school. We continued our service by arranging the senior party in our third year; it was very successful.

In our first year we had to use the pools of other schools in order to swim. During this time Harold Shaffer was the school swimming champion. Our heads rose when we saw our own new pool, but soon lowered when the Board of Education added a prohibition amendment to the constitution of Rochester schools. We hope our followers will find water in it before they have to leave.

Members of our class participated variously in radio broadcasts over station WHEC. Among them were George Graham, David Gilkeson, Robert LaFave, Robert Poland, and Kenneth Henderson.

Did you know:

1. That one of our homeooms had 100% in 10-10?
2. That D. Gilkeson and A. Halbleib won popularity contests in our sophomore year?
3. That our class was near the top, if not the top in donations to the Memorial scholarship Fund?
4. That D. Gilkeson won a trip through Southern Historical Battlefields?
5. That R. LeFave was toastmaster at the awards night supper?

Losses as well as additions pursue everyone through life, our two greatest losses were Eileen Guyett who has had a nervous breakdown, and Eleanor Fearnley who has been forced to leave Charlotte to attend Irondequoit because her parents purchased a home there. But our additions are not occasions for sorrow! We are very happy to have "Wee Willie" West, "Bob" LaFave, and "Bob" Aldrich with us.

There are those who say little, yet accomplish much; Margaret Ames. Ruth Turk, Gladys Thorpe, Beatrice Goldthorpe, etc. What could we do without Joe Reardon—or without Betty Wagner to help us on the *Witan*?

The most dominant factor in our class history is the TEACHERS, guiding us, advising us, and with parental cooperation they have made us in an indisputable sense.

We, the class imbeciles (historians to you) instigators of this document hope you will regard this as "senior" and forgive our making a class prophecy, more or less, of a class history. Of course, you can't tell what is going to happen to some, or what has already happened to others.

Hereby submitted but not for your approval,

CAROLINE BREWER,
DAVID GILKESON,
Historians.

*To some, histories are dull and dry
To them then, this will be null and wry.*

Class of June, 1936

Eugene Ivanson, French Honor Society 3, National Honor Society 3, 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Witan 4; **Andrew Halbleib**, Camera Club 4; French Honor Society 2; Hi-Y 4; Optimates 2, 3; Senior Council 2; Witan 4; **David Cabell Gilkeson**, French Honor Society 2; Glee Club 3, 4; Greenhouse Club 2, 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Golf Team 2; National Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Optimates 3, (Quaester) 4; Service League 2, 3, 4; Senior Council 2, 4; Executive Council 4; Ten-Ten Committee 2; Track-Team 3, 4; Witan 4; Inter-high Radio Program 3; Ghost of Lollypop Bay 4; Radio Representative from Charlotte for Radio Programs 3; **Alice May Justice**, Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Chi-Y 4; French Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Optimates 3, 4; Senior Council 2; **William Albert**, Service League 2; **Robert Aldrich**, Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Orchestra 3; Witan 4; **Margaret Ames**, Banking Committee 3, 4; Baseball 2; Basketball 2; Leaders Group 2; Service League 4; Volleyball 2; **Bernadine Barthelman**, Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 3; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Bowling Team 4; Soccer 4; **Sagar Barton**, Chess Club 4, French Honor Society 2, 3; Greenhouse Club 2, 3; Track Team 3; **Caroline Brewer**, Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2; Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; Dramalots 2, 3; French Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3; International Relations Club 4; Optimates 3, 4; Biology Club 4; Service League 2; Soccer 3; Senior Council 2; Tennis 3, 4; Operetta 2; Witan 4; Puppets 4; Apollo 2, 3; **Virginia Bourbon**, Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Hiking 2; **Barbara Budlong**, Basketball 3, 4; Chi-Y 3; French Honor Society 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Inter-high Chorus 2, 3, 4; Messiah 3; International Relations Club 4; Optimates 2, 3, (Nuntius) 4; Marionettes 4; Soccer 3; Witan 4; Apollo Choir 2, 3; Operetta 2, 4; **George Clarke**, Chess Club 4; Greenhouse Club 2; Radio Club 3; Service League 3; **Beryl Corey**, Baseball 2; Basketball 2, 3; Chi-Y 3; Dramalots 2; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Service League 2; Soccer 2, 3; Tennis 2; Volleyball 2; Witan 4; International Relations Club 4; **Betty Costain**, Service League 3; Soccer 4; **Amelia Dancsi**, Baseball 3, Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Soccer 4; **Florence DeViny**, Operetta 2; Messiah 3; Service League 3, 4; Witan 4; **Eleanor Fearnley**, Optimates 4; News Staff 2; Service League 2; International Relations Club 4; **Suzanne Fisler**, Baseball 2; Dramalots 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3; Gamma-Y 2; Soccer 2; Swimming 2; Volleyball 2; **George Foehner**, Greenhouse Club 2; Optimates 4; **Beatrice Goldthorpe**, Baseball 3; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Inter-high Chorus 3; Soccer 4; **Florence Gordon**, Baseball 2, (Honor Team) 3; Basketball 3; Dramalots 2, 3; Optimates 2, (Aedile) 3, 4; Service League 2, 3; Soccer 2; Tennis 3; Witan 4; Gamma-Y 2; **Dorothy Graham**, Banking Committee 2; Baseball (Honor Team) 2, 3; Basketball 2, (Honor Team) 3;

Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Volleyball (Honor Team) 2; **George Graham**, Camera Club 4; Northern Light 2, 3; Radio Club 3; Service League 3; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, (Chief-Projectionist) 4; **Vincent Harding**, Operetta 4; Messiah 4; Glee Club 3; Inter-high Prep Chorus 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Service League 2; Apollo Choir 4; **Kenneth W. Henderson**, Camera Club 4; Radio Club 2, 3; Golf 2; Visual Aid Corps 2, 3, 4; **Paul Hauser**, Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3; Leaders Group 3; Service League 3; Soccer 3; **Elizabeth Jeffers**, Glee Club 3; Service League 2; **David Kinney**, Baseball 4; Hi-Y 4; Leaders Club 2, 3, 4; **Arnold Koeth**, Glee Club 2, 3; **Irma Kohlmeier**, Banking Committee 4; Commercial Honor Society 4; Chi-Y 4; Service League 4; **Violet Krech**, Baseball 2, (Honor Team) 3; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Bowling Team 4; Service League 3, 4; Soccer 4; **Robert LaFave**, Dramalots 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Leaders Group 2, 3; National Honor Society 3, 4; Pilot Staff 4; Optimates 3, 4; News Staff 2, 3; Safety Patrol 2; Service League 2, 3. Executive Council 3, 4; Senior Council 2; Witan 2; Ghost of Lollypop Bay 4; Pirates of Penzance 2; South in Sonora 3; Iolanthe 3; Messiah 3; **Alberta Lee**, Basketball 2, 3; Gamma-Y 2; Chi-Y 3, 4; Messiah 3; Apollo Choir 2, 3; Inter-high Prep Chorus 3; Service League 2; Social Dancing 3, Tennis 3; Witan 2, 4; Leaders Group 3; **Bernadine LeRoy**, Messiah 3; Service League 3, 4; Witan 4; **Helen E. Luffman**, Banking Committee 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Inter-high Chorus 3; Optimates 2, 3, 4; South in Sonora 2; Senior Council 4; **Ardean Miller**, Camera Club 4; Golf Team 4; Tumbling 3, 4; Witan 4; **Eloise Mitchell**, Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Commercial Honor Society 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Service League 2; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Senior Council 4; **Alma Nathan**, Service League 3, 4; **Marian Paulsen**, Baseball 3; Basketball 3; Commercial Honor Society 3, 4; Service League 4; Soccer 4; Tennis 2; **Robert Poland**, French Honor Society 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Greenhouse Club 3; Inter-high Prep Chorus 3, 4; Operetta 2, 4; Dime Dance Committee 3; Pilot Staff 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; News Staff 2; Safety Patrol 2, 3, 4; Service League 2, 3, 4; Senior Council 2, 3; Ten-Ten Committee 3; Track Team 3; Visual Aid Corps 4; Witan 4; WHEC Broadcast 2, 3; Apollo Choir 2, 3; Senior Party Committee 3; **Betty Ragan**, Baseball 2; Dramalots 2; Leaders Group 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Service League 3; Tennis 3, 4; Witan 4; Gamma-Y 2; **Joe Reardon**, French Honor Society 3, 4; Greenhouse Club 2; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Witan 4; **Lillian Rivest**, Volleyball 3; **Eva Ross**, Baseball 2; Chi-Y 2, 3; Service League 4; **Helen Schantz**, Basketball 2; Gamma-Y 2; Glee Club 2; Optimates 2, 3; Service League 2; Volleyball 2; **Margaret Schlenker**, Baseball 2; Basketball 2, 3; Chi-Y 2;

Girls' Athletic Association 2; Service League 2, 3; Tennis 3; Witan 2, 3, 4; **Vera Schlenker**, Glee Club 3, 4; Service League 3; **Harold Shaffer**, Baseball 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Leaders Group 3, 4; Northern Light 2, 3, 4; Safety Patrol 3; Service League 4; Senior Council 3; Swimming 3; Track Team 2; Witan 4; Cheerleaders 3, 4; **Mary Simonds**, Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2; Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Leaders Group 3; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 2; **Herbert Smith**, Optimates 3, 4; **Leon James Stone**, Glee Club 3; Inter-high Chorus 4; **Gladys Thorpe**, Chi-Y 4; Optimates 4; Social Dancing 2; **Eleanor Truesdale**, Baseball; Chi-Y 3, 4; Gamma-Y 2; Glee Club 3; News Staff 2; Safety Patrol 3; Service League 3; Soccer 2; Volley Ball 2; **Ruth E. Turk**, Chi-Y 2, 3, 4; French Honor Society 4; Glee Club 2; Optimates 3, 4; Service League 2; Social Dancing 2; **Roberta VanValkenburgh**, Baseball 2; Basketball 2, 3; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3; Soccer 2; Tennis 2, 3; Witan 2; **Betty Wagner**, Glee Club 2, 3; South in Sonora 2; Service League 2; Witan 4; **Margaret Watt**, Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; Bowling Team 3; Service League 3; Soccer 3; Volleyball 3; **Rhoda Weeks**, Banking Committee 2; Chi-Y 2; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Witan 4; **Willard West**, Hi-Y 4; Service League 3; Track Team 2, 3, 4; **Mamie Wills**, Commercial Honor Society 3, 4; Chi-Y 4; **Bruce Wyman**, French Honor Society 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Inter-high Chorus 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Radio Club 3, 4; Wrestling 2; **Esther Zeitlin**, Basketball 2, Dramalots 3; Girls Athletic Association 4; Leaders Group 4; Optimates 2, 3, 4; Service League 2, 3; Tennis 3, 4; Witan 4; **Arline F. Kenyon**, Banking Committee 2; Baseball 2; Basketball 2; Chi-Y 3, 4; Gamma-Y 2; Hit Pin Baseball 2; Hiking 2; Leaders Group 2; Service League 2; Soccer 3; Tennis 2; Volleyball 2; Witan 4.

Conservation in the School

It is well known that an idea impressed firmly in one's mind early in life will remain there forever. We are taught early in life that it is wise to save and how wrong it is to destroy. Just so, the child in school should be taught the wickedness of destroying the wild life without regard for the future.

In school is the place to educate the child on the countless benefits received from our rapidly diminishing wild life and natural resources. If these facts were thoroughly impressed upon every child's mind after he had attained his growth he would be a better enlightened citizen.

H. A. NEVILLE, '38

Optimates

The Alpha Chapter of the citywide Latin Honor Society, the Optimates, was formed in 1930. Now there is a chapter in each of the Senior Academic High Schools with the exception of East, which has its own society.

In order to become a member of the Optimates, one must at the end of the I-2 or any other term thereafter, have at least an average of B in Latin.

This year at the first meeting the active members elected these officers for the September to January term: First Consul, Norman Jacobs; Second Consul, Wilfred Shepler; Scriba, Herbert Smith; Quaestor, David Gilkeson; Aedile, Robert LaFave; Nuntius, Newton Odell.

At the banquet to be held with the Gamma Chapter of John Marshall early in December, these new members will be inducted: Virginia Brace, Corrine Carroll, Robert Cluquenoi, George Fochner, June Griswold, William Howard, John Manhold, Helen Morrison, Virginia Orman, David Parr, Jean Rockcastle, Gladys Thorpe, Eleanor Fearnley.

Eleanor Fearnley has been forced to transfer to Irondequoit High School but we are keeping her name as one of our members.

NEWTON ODELL,

Nuntius.

In All Seriousness

The first essential elements of successful speaking are lies and a one-sided personality. A poor posture as well as a blank mind are next. Then comes the task of developing a squeaky voice and choppy tones, long windedness, weak projection. Never have an intense interest in your vocabulary, which should be very limited.

According to leading politicians, the principal qualities to be developed are undecided, a blank mind, laziness and un-naturalness.

A speaker should cultivate the habit of never knowing what he is talking about. The extemporaneous style of delivery should be the ultimate aim of every speaker. To this end the knack of forgetfulness should be attained in the highest possible degree.

Silence offers one of the best and most practical helps to the study of speaking.

ROLL CALL

NAME	WE CALL THEM	HOBBY	AMBITION	PET EXPRESSION
R. Aldrich	Bob	Rozzie	Head of U. S. N.	Can't Fool Me!
W. Albert	Willie	Travel	Engineer of 20th Century
M. Ames	Marge	Baseball	"Quins" Secretary	Hey! You know what?
B. Barthelman	Barky	Skating	Champion Knitter	You know it!
S. Barton	Sag	Being alone	Always having math done	Skip it!
V. Bourbon	Ginger	Souvenirs	Old maid with or-phanage	After all!
C. Brewer	Lynn	Souvenirs	Be a Lynn Fontaine	I'm choking with glee
B. Budlong	Barb	New York	Sing "Sextet" from Lucia alone	O. K. Dearie
G. Clarke	Georgie Porgie	Chemistry	L. D.	Oh gee!
T. Coleman	Kansas	Tennis	To be seen and not heard	Ain't it so, Gussie?
B. Costain	Bets	Skating	Be an opera singer	Oh, gosh!
B. Corey	Neb	Wisecracks	Be a Venus DeMilo	Anywhoo
A. Danesi	Me	Movie photos	Travel	For crying out loud
F. DeVimney	Toots	Souvenirs from boys	Be ideal secretary	Hello, Darling!
G. Foehmer	Georgie	Hunting	Fly in the clouds
F. Gordon	Florrie	Collecting pennies	Be able to sing	Listen!
G. Graham	Grahamy	Airplanes	Transport pilot	Oh, yeah!
D. Graham	Dot	Knitting	To join Ethiopian Army
D. Gilkeson	Dave	Photography	To usurp Roy Andrews	Most of an absurd cer-tainty
B. Goldthorpe	Bea	Roller Skating	Ambassador to Denmark	Aw-Nuts!
A. Halbleib	Andy	Being polite	Solve a perfect crime	Hey! Miss Doehler
K. Henderson	Ken	Radio	Editor of Bugle	Oh, yeah!
P. Hauser	Hugo	Swimming	Lady Killer	Oh, you!
V. Harding	Vin	Jazz Orchestra	Live on a desert island	Nuts!
E. Ivanson	Ivie	Ice Hockey	Soap Box Speaker	Down with Capitalism!
A. Justice	Alie	Collecting photos	Be a bachelor's wife	I only got 95
V. Krech	Vi	Sports	Make the boys' team	Gee whiz!
A. Kenyon	Scoop	Embalming	Hon
A. Koeth	Kootie	Dancing	To be a James Cagney	That's what I want to know
I. Koehlmeier	Irmie	Knitting	Be an old maid	Eek!
D. Kinney	Jummer	Photography	Manager of Red Wings	For goodness sakes!
H. Luffman	Hoppy	Music	Sing in Metropolitan	You know it!
A. Lee	Midge	Collecting Safety Pins	Happy Marriage	Got the Jitters!
R. LaFave	Bob	Tropical Fish	Speak German	Those Guys
B. LeRoy	Bernie	Reading Love Story Magazines	Be a school mam
A. McKnight	Aggie	Architecture	Get to school on time	Oh—I say!
E. Mitchell	Sally	Telling jokes	Loyal to the only one	Nuts to you!
A. Miller	Sardines	Photography	Take bigger and bet-ter pictures	I was taking pictures
A. Nathan	Peanuts	Writing	To do her job	No!!!
S. O'Brien	Steve	Sleeping	Be Rip Van Winkle	You dope!
R. Poland	Fluffy	Music	Bigger and better bluffer	Fluff!
M. Paulson	Mary	Tennis	Be a public speaker	Oh Chee!
E. Ross	Eva	Girl Scouts	Scout Leader	Sez you!
J. Reardon	Lilacs	Smoking cigarettes	Gigolo	Donovan, you're nuts!
L. Rivest	Lill	Music	Piano teacher	And how!
B. Ragan	Bets	Talking on telephone	Go to Porto Rico	You know?
M. Schlenker	Peggy	Knitting	Be a blues singer	And so-o-o
V. Schlenker	Pete	Skating	Cowgirl
H. Smith	Herb	Drumming	Travel	I don't know
H. Schantz	Schantzie	Books	Read a book	Oh say!
J. Stone	Stonic	Airplanes	Be on the Ethiopian Front	I can't see it
M. Simonds	Si	Raising China pigs	Head of Orphanage	Well gee
H. Shaffer	Moe	Girls	Marry a Rich Girl	I don't know
M. Thomas	Tommy	Drawing	Illustrate	I'll tell you tomorrow!
E. Truesdale	Truesey	Animals	To raise monkeys	My Sweet.
G. Thorpe	Glad	Dancing	Get a man	That's what you think
R. Turk	Turkey	Collecting poetry	Have a pet monkey	It gets me down
R. VanValkenburg	Eobbic	Spook Parties	Be an ideal wife	Just like Harold
B. Wyman	Dope	Radio	Sleep continually	Yowsah
M. Wills	Mame	Piano playing	I'll bite!
R. Weeks	Woda	Vic	Professional model	It's the smartest idea
M. Wagner	Betty	The Navy	Have fun	That's what you get
M. Watt	Marg	Sports	Big league baseball player
W. West	Bill	Sailing, sailing	Not to be picked on	You're not kidding
R. Wilson	Bost	Boating	To be a heart-breaker
E. Zeitlin	E-z	Collecting blank verse	To swim Lake Ontario	Got any gum?
S. Fisler	Susabella	Scrapbooks dancing	To be a heart breaker	Huh??
E. Jeffers	Betty	Giggling	To marry young	I wouldn't know



Cherrup!

First Prize

O PEN season has arrived for autumn hikes, tinted leaves, chilly evenings, scampering squirrels, harvest moons and—crickets.

To be quite frank, the cricket season is open all year 'round, but now is the time when all good little crickets, who do not wish to encounter any bad, bad snowstorms, seek the nice warm shelter of somebody's home. If you were unacquainted with the cricket problem, you would say, "My goodness! Why raise all this fuss over a poor little insect who is too big to be a bodily stowaway and too petite to bring tracks in on the kitchen floor?" Ah! but you know only too well that the cricket does not offend in the visual sense, but rather, it is an auditory disturbance that he (or she, as the case may be) causes.

In my study of etymology, I have found that the members of the order of *orthoptera* of the class *insecta* (under which the cricket is classified) have four wings; two with which to fly and two as ornaments or protections, like covers on spare tires. Efficiency is the cricket's main theme of life. But here he is with a pair of wings subtracting from his payload and no apparent use for them.

The cricket, thinking in line with civiliza-

tion, has learned to control his emotions somewhat; at the same time life has many trials and tribulations for the orthopter-ians as well as for humans. Drat it all! A cricket must have some outlet for his emotions.

The cricket (the following may be shocking but this text is written to show the true and uncensored facts about the cricket problem) puts his hind feet on the lower ridges of those extra flippers and rubbing them back and forth produces a high pitched sound. Some people believe this sound to be peaceful and consoling while others believe it to be a "confounded nuisance." It was found that this difficulty could not be remedied by the segregation of humans according to their likes and dislikes of the sound, because most humans who can tolerate each other's company cannot tolerate each other's views on the cricket's creak. Therefore it was pointed out that action must not be taken on the human side of the argument, but it was the cricket which would have to be worked on.

My only experiment was a failure, but perhaps someone in reading this may correct the flaw, thereby saving mankind from many nervous breakdowns. Working on the idea that

(Turn to Page Thirty-nine)

His Grand Day

First Prize

WILBUR PERCIVAL SMITH, known to his partners in mischief as Burr, turned his head to the left and informed his impatient mother that he was dressed, washed, and would be down to breakfast immediately. After five more minutes he climbed out of bed. At the same time that Burr had decided to reach for his first stocking, a juvenile whistle was heard in the front yard, directly beneath his window. To think was to act with the Smiths. In five minutes Burr was dressed, had washed his left ear, the tip of his nose, and three fingers of his right hand, the ones that held the wash cloth. With a clumsy bound he rushed out of the bathroom, leaving three towels and a tooth brush on the floor. He expertly dodged the dog as he skidded down the hall, hit every fifth step of the stairs and finally catapulted at full speed into the dining room table. His mother, in the kitchen, heard the uproar with an enduring and significant smile. As Wilbur Percival sauntered nonchalantly into his mother's presence, the cellar door opened and his father entered the room.

"Pa?" pleaded Burr.

"Now don't start that again, first thing in the morning," said his father fiercely. "Is that all you think of?"

"Mother, can'tcha tell 'im that all the boys got knickers?"

"Listen, son," his father started, "I think that Standard Oil Stock is—I mean you're not old enough to wear pants. Oh bah! What are you standing there for? Eat your breakfast! It's almost nine o'clock."

"No! I'm not going to school unless I kin have knickers like the rest of the fellows."

"I say you are. Who's boss around here? That's what I want to know," bellowed Mr. Smith belligerently.

"Now, father, please," said Mrs. Smith.

"That's how all you women are, always interfering an' trying to make your boy grow up a sissy. Don'tcha think I know how to handle boys?"

"Of course, I—"

"And furthermore, now that we've started. Why did you tell the storekeeper I'd pay him on Monday? You always commit me to my

business acquaintances. You're always naggin' and demandin' money. Do you think I'm made of money?"

But by this time Mort Flyn, Burr's friend, and Burr were on their way to school. They were trotting along in a grotesque fashion, one moment their legs stiff, the next moment they were wrapped chummily around the neckties, at the same time administering a severe jolt to the chin. Burr was riding his favorite steed, Lightning, and Mort bestrode his equally favorite charger, Mike. Just as Mort had run his lance through the villain and Burr had deftly loaded his deadly six gun, they pranced into a boy, resembling, somewhat, Mort's villain.

"Oh, I see. You're tryin' to put somethin' over on me, hey?" the villain remarked sarcastically.

Mort decided to do a little quick transforming, and became Mort again. Burr also decided to drop the cowboy act. They cringed back against the side of a building and turned dazzling, if somewhat toothless smiles on Jack Garner, the villain. Jack was big, poor, and a rather diffident bully. He was fourteen and had seen two boats and a soldier at the Fairport County Fair. He was, therefore, an admired and awing individual. Today Jack wore a commonplace, undistinguished shirt, a pair of shoes with a past, and a pair of bulgy, dirty, but gallant knickers. His uneducated eye, very shiftless, fell on Burr's shorts, a pair of invigorating pants, with French seams and a blue and yellow check.

"Gimme dem pants, kid, or I'll take 'em, he said, coming closer and poking a suggestive fist into Percival's face.

Burr started to refuse, and fight like a cowboy, six guns roaring, when suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Say, Jack! If I give ya these, will ya gimme them pants of yours?" he said with an ingratiating smile.

"Well—Okay, kid, it's a go." Jack immediately stepped behind an ash can and began to peel off his clothes.

Although Jack was anxious and excited at receiving a new pair of pants, our friend Burr

(Turn to Page Thirty-nine)

You're Telling Me

The Story of Two Boys Who Were Tired of School

Second Prize

BOB CARLSON threw open the door of his dormitory quarters and stamped in to find his room-mate, Sandy Payne, standing before the only window in the two-by-four compartment. Without a word he tossed his books upon the bed and flopped his lanky frame into a shabby old chair. He shuffled unconcernedly through a pile of soiled and torn magazines, but soon tired of it and sat back to think. The boy was in an ugly mood. This day had gone all wrong; in fact, the past week or two had been "off" with Bob.

Just now there was a problem on his mind that demanded a prompt solution: Is it the best way out to run away from school in search of adventure and a *natural* education? This was heavy upon Bob's mind when Sandy suddenly spun around and informed him, "I'm sick of this school, Bob, and of *all* schools! Some dark night I'm going to clear out!"

For a brief moment Bob stared blankly at his companion. Then his whole countenance brightened and he leaped across the room and clutched Sandy's hand in his own.

"And I'll be with you, pal," he ejaculated. "I feel the same as you do about this school stuff. Let's get out and hunt up *real* adventure!"

"Do you mean that?" Sandy demanded enthusiastically. "Gosh! That's swell! . . . Say, what are your reasons? They couldn't be as good as mine, whatever they are."

"That's what you think?" said Bob, flopping down upon the bed. "Why, ever since I came to this 'high class' education joint I've had nothing but bad luck. But the last couple of weeks have been terrible. First I got kicked out of geometry for not doing enough home work. Then I had a row with my English teacher and socked him. That almost got me expelled. Oh, lots of other things have happened. Today I flunked a Latin and a biology test. . . . Sounds darn sweet, doesn't it, Sandy?"

"Well," said Sandy, leaning against the wall, "here's a sample of my *good* fortune the past week or so: First comes the accusation that I've been taking books out of the library here

in school without having them stamped. Sure I was guilty, but I didn't like the idea of being called into the office about it. So I pleaded 'not guilty'—and got away with it. Then I was awarded four successive zeros on French tests. And today I was given fair—though it's really unfair—warning that I must show my note book for this term in Physics or drop the subject. Well, I haven't taken any notes. . . . The office told me to get somebody from class to help me—but I've got no stand-in with any of those guys.

"Let's beat it tonight," suggested Bob. "Not a chance of getting caught. It'll be a cinch."

"Suits me fine," Sandy said as he rushed to the clothes press and hauled forth a battered suit case. "I have thirty bucks saved up; and you said the other day that you had forty-five tucked away. Say! That'll be swell! We'll live like kings in—"

Sandy stopped short as the door was flung open and a bright-faced youth stepped hurriedly into the room.

"Hello fellows!" he greeted in a jolly tone. "Chuck Watson told me to tip you off that there's gonna be a swell dance at the Hollytune tomorrow night. Better get a Little Dainty piece to whirl around that swell floor they've got. . . . I'll-be-seein'-ya."

The door closed and the gay lad was gone.

Sandy turned to his room-mate and said sheepishly:

"I—I guess we'd better put off our departure until tomorrow, after the dance. Don't you think so, Bob?"

"We-I-I, I guess 'twouldn't be a b-a-d idea at that," Bob was hesitant to answer. Then he quickly continued. "I think I'll go right down and give Betty Dayton a ring. She'll have to do."

"I'll go with you," Sandy quickly said. "I suppose I'll have to ask Ruth Turner. Oh, well, can't always get the cream off the top."

* * *

As the last minute of the following day ticked slowly away, Bob Carlson and Sandy Payne entered their little room. The dance at the Hollytune was over, and the girls had been safely delivered to their homes.

"Ah, what a time!" Bob exclaimed. "What

a dance! What a dance hall! And what a girl!"

"And *what a sweet little kiss* she can give a fellow!"—my sweetheart, I mean," supplemented Sandy, wiping a bit of red from his lips with the back of his hand.

"Yeah!" Bob agreed. "But guess what luck I struck. Betty is going to let me take all of her geometry home work for two weeks back, so that I can get back in class. . . . She's *swell* all right!"

"That's nothing," boasted Sandy. "Ruth said I could take her physics note book and get my notes caught up. So now I won't get kicked out of that class."

With these happy words Sandy broke out whistling a gay tune. At the same time he spied his suit case laying open upon the bed, half full of clothes. He snatched it up, dumped the contents upon the bed, and slung it into the closet.

"Come on, pal," he then said, "let's get some sleep. You won't catch any teacher saying I look as if I'd been out all night. No, sir. . . . And wait till they come to marking my report card next. Won't they hate to put down those nice-looking marks I'll be deserving."

"*You're telling me!*" Bob exclaimed in a flash.

VOLNEY LACY, '37.

The First Day

Second Prize

The first thing I did when I entered Junior High School was to look up and down the long corridors for someone I knew. When I saw only strangers I went into the office where I found many of my old grammar school chums. The girl at the desk told us where to go and together we old friends went to our home rooms. When we finally arrived our teacher told us that there would be an assembly and school for only half a day. In the assembly the principal spoke and introduced new teachers. After the assembly the rest of the morning was spent going to classes, in getting acquainted with and meeting many new people. Altogether my first day in Junior High School was interesting and exciting.

LILLIAN LANG, 9B.

As the Milkman Sees the World

The milkman sees the world when it is first waking in the morning. When he goes out on his daily route everything is quiet, except for the "clippety clop clop" of the horse's shoes and the sound of the bottles. Then, at about five-thirty, as he goes along the street, a light pops on in some house. From a quiet world it slowly becomes noisier and noisier as the sun climbs higher into the heavens. Finally he is making his way back to the dairy with cars and trucks whizzing by him at breakneck speed on their way to business. I think you will agree with me that the milkman sees the world from an unusual point of view.

LLOYD CHASE, 9B.

Vain Kitty

Purr, purr, purr, purrs my little yellow kitten, who is sleeping before the fireplace, his smooth glossy, fine, fur, shining in the reflected firelight.

As you look at the happy, peaceful, little animal on the warm slabs of stone, you wonder if it is possible that this same cat was the one who tipped over his milk, jumped on the table, slept on mother's bed, and walked across the kitchen floor with muddy paws, making cute, little tracks on its smooth, clean surface. No, it couldn't be, for he now is so still and sweet, but it must have been him.

You wonder what he is dreaming. Perhaps he is dreaming of the tiny little mouse he caught this morning and proudly displayed as his first catch. He seemed to enjoy his little, black Scotty dog playmate this afternoon, perhaps his dreams are "doggy." Whatever it is, he is immensely contented, for now, he is smiling. The corners of his little mouth are curling up and his whiskers are moving a wee bit.

He is awakening. He rises, stretches, and yawns. He strides steadily and proudly across the room, while all eyes are fixed on him.

What a proud, vain, little creature he is, and so contented with life!

ELEANOR ALLEN, '37.

Diary of Kent Ward

(The World's Worst Liar)

I STARTED from Rochester in a Ford (Vintage of 1909) for the west coast, after reading a movie magazine. This trip was to see ho little it would cost to travel.

After my study of Physics in Charlotte, I evolved a plan by which I could travel without gasoline. I would coast the car down all hills. Next, I would take Don Bragg with me. When I came to a hill that the car would not coast up, Don would get out in front of the car and talk. This talk, being composed of hot air entirely, would rise, creating a vacuum in front of the car. The cold air behind the car would force it ahead. It would hit him and knock him down a few feet ahead where the process would be repeated.

There was only one thing wrong with that idea—it cost too much to feed Don. But I finally solved that problem by hypnotizing him and painting him black and white. He thought he was a cow and fell to grazing.

The best part of our trip was our lack of trouble. Gosh! I got so tired watching Don fix those sixteen flat tires we had! When we arrived at Chicago, our spare tire looked like a tennis net with the ends tied together.

One day we were going over the crest of a hill when a rear wheel came off and rolled down the hill for about six miles. I went to sleep waiting for Don to walk back and get it. We also burned out a bearing or two and Don got his face so greasy fixing them I had to wipe my face on my underwear for a week so I wouldn't have to use the oily towel.

I forgot to say that Dave Gilkeson went along too. You see, he slept all day and danced all night so we saw very little of him, except when money came from home, or at mealtime. That fellow has more girl-friends than the sailor with a girl in every port. He has 'em every ten miles (that's as far as Lizzie would go without a breakdown).

By leaps and jerks we reached Minneapolis, Dave's "ole home town." He is quite proud of that place and was showing us around one day when we came to the street he once lived on. "I know this street by heart," he boasted. "I'll walk to the house with my eyes closed."

He shut his eyes and darned if he didn't walk into an open manhole. We looked in, but things looked rather black. He was wobbly after that fall so we left the town for points South.

We wound up (or rather couldn't wind Lizzie up) near a little town where Dixon Cate is supposed to live. We asked a native how to reach the town. His answer: "Well, now I reckon it's just up the road a piece." Up the road a piece? Twenty-eight miles! I was certainly fagged out steering all that distance while Dave and Don pushed. We called at Cate's, but a negro "flunky" told us he was having his siesta. We called every day for a week, but were always told the same. I guess Dick must have sleeping sickness.

We slept on the ground at our camp grounds. One morning I awoke and started breakfast. I noticed a number of squirrels around but paid them no attention. When Dave and Don arose, I expected to hear a torrent of talk but—although their lips moved I heard nary a sound. I couldn't even hear myself. By that time we were nearly frantic and Dave wrote on a piece of paper—it's only throat trouble we'll go see a doctor and get repaired. We went to the nearest doctor and wrote our trouble to him. He looked at our throats and finally wrote back—your throats are all right. Then he began to laugh. He came over and did something to our ears and dismissed us. I'll be darned if the squirrels hadn't put nuts in our ears! But that isn't all. One morning we heard Don yelling at the top of his voice. We investigated and found that the squirrels had carried him half way up a tree. Figure that one out.

We didn't like that town so we left in good ole number 1909. After traveling about ten miles Lizzie stopped by the side of a dump where she fell apart. We buried her in the dump with an appropriate number of tears. The rest of our rides were received on the thumb system. Greeting was given us with due ceremony at home and we were hailed with flying colors—green apples, red, ripe tomatoes and black eyes.

KENT WARD, '36.

Jupiter's Cyclone

"Just twenty-five cents folks, one-quarter of a dollar! Do not miss this colossal, spectacular, thrilling ride on the world's largest and fastest ride of its kind! Minutes of breath taking thrills you'll never forget! Step right up and buy your tickets now!"

I looked up at the subject of the excited barker's description and stood transfixed. Like an enormous snake, coiling round and round, up and down, was the Cyclone. A small train of cars stood ready to accept the first group of thrill-seekers, but I was none too eager to be among the group. People around me whispered about the one hundred fifty foot drop, almost perpendicular. Others talked of the dangerous "square curves." I was, literally, scared stiff to be near the thing.

But the crowd I was with was, for some very obscure reason, thrilled and excited about the ride, and each was eager to go. Result: I had five supposed pals on my neck, trying to persuade me to go. I told them I had indigestion, I pleaded a headache, but to no avail. I knew, if I wanted any peace for the remainder of my visit at Crystal Beach, I would have to ride on the Cyclone, so I braced myself, gritted my teeth, and prepared to go through with the ordeal bravely.

I know I will never experience again the feeling I had when I got into the place reserved for me on the train of cars. I saw myself thrown miles in the air and finally landing in the midst of the great network of coils. I saw my softly lighted casket; I felt that death was stalking up and down that one hundred fifty foot drop.

After a few seconds of awful waiting, the little train began slowly, ominously, to creep forward. It barely crawled, on, on, on, each minute nearing the crest of that terrible drop, so slow, like a lion stalking its prey. And then, before I realized it, like a thunder-bolt hurled by the mighty Jupiter, we went crashing down, down into the very depths of the earth and then up again, around curves, under tunnels, down more hills, hurtling through the sky at a terrible speed, until the train began that slow homeward crawl. When we finally came to a stop at the gate I was too weak to move, too afraid to speak. I had a queer feeling I would never walk again, but with some assistance from my friends I got out of the car and into free air again.

The rest of the crowd turned back many times to look at the enormous structure which had carried them through the air as if on wings, but I never glanced at it again. That weak feeling in my stomach couldn't stand much more.

PHYLLIS WOLZ, '36.

WHAT IS MY FUTURE?

*What has the future in store for me?
If only I had the right to see.
Am I to work in a factory,
Or sit at a table and serve tea?
Perhaps I will travel far and wide
With a handsome prince at my side.
But, alas this is too far away
For even me to say.*

*Who knows just what there is in store
For me, a weakling on a desert shore?
Shall I cast my lot upon the sea,
And drift on aimlessly?
Or shall I smile and say,
Sail on, sail on, 'tis not far away,
Then perhaps I shall see the light
That makes me want to fight and fight.*

CLARA SHEA, '36.

YOUR CHARLOTTE TEAM

*Charlotte student,
Why don't you get out,
And know what your team is doing,
And what it's all about!*

*Don't you feel a thrill
When you see the green and white?
Don't you mean it when you say,
"Fight, team, fight?"*

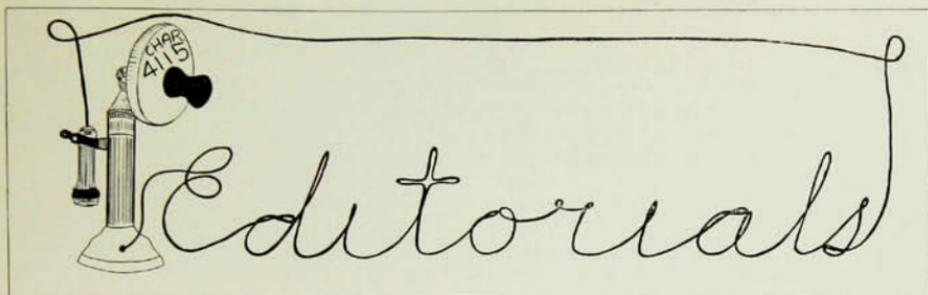
*Isn't it worth it to shout?
Isn't it worth it to cheer?
If it is, get out for your team,
And they'll win through the whole school
year.*

PRISCILLA THOMPSON, 9B

A FRIEND

*They say true friendship never fades
As night does into day;
That a friend is very precious
Who in your heart does stay.*

MARY SIMONDS, '36.



The Wrong Number

Charlotte High School calling for *Witan*, June'n January '36. I beg your pardon—you have the wrong number. But do not hang up so soon. You may find the number very useful.

The senior classes this year have attempted something original in their publication, and the Wrong Number is the result of this attempt. The June and January classes have cooperated in producing the combined issue.

The selection of an appropriate cover was very difficult. Many fine cover suggestions were turned in for approval, some very artistic, but the one was chosen which seemed most appropriately suited to the name and theme of the magazine.

Throughout the book there have been made intentional errors in keeping with the theme. The person who turns in the most complete list of errors (and they must be real errors) within twenty-four hours after the book is issued, will have the price of his *Witan* refunded. For obvious reasons, no intentional mistakes will be found on pages.

Before the idea of having a Wrong Number was adopted, the classes decide to depart from recent procedure and have less space devoted to activities and more to literary material.

After carefully considering the possibilities of the Wrong Number you may hang up. But isn't variety the spice of life, after all?

Members of the present IV-2 class entered Charlotte from fifteen different schools.

Members of the IV-1 class came from twenty-four different schools to find us, Thomas Coleman from Kansas City having come the farthest.

Responsibility

Meeting responsibility is one way in which we should individually show that we are not wrong numbers. It is perfectly all right to put out this Wrong Number of the WITAN, but for us to be that way? Never!

In just our own small community, the school, we have some personal responsibilities to carry. The failure to accept these inevitably results in dissension, disorganization and general unpleasantness. However if each and every one does his small part, the group can work in perfect harmony for an indefinite time.

Imagine a watch with one of those little wheels in the wrong place, or failing to revolve—

ROBERT LAFAYE, '36

Heroes

It is not necessary to subject the world to the terrors of war in order to develop heroes. Our doctors, nurses, and scientists prove that to us. With the minds that Hitler and Mussolini must have, it seems a shame that they have to display such ignorance just to develop heroes and gain a little land. How small we are in mind when compared to our real heroes, who work tirelessly for us in order to make us a happy healthy nation. They should be ashamed to mention war in order to develop heroes, when by declaring war we may lose the real heroes that count.

RHODA WEEKS, '36.

If the Pen Be Mightier Than the Sword

"To err is human" and as long as it continues thus there is one to whom all humans should pay homage.

Nations honor men who have done noble deeds, citizens salute the flag, songs praise the beauties of nature, memorials commemorate important battles, but nowhere in the annals of history does anyone pay due tribute to the Eraser.

When first the young boy enters school he is introduced to Friend Eraser on the end of his pencils to correct mistakes in his wobbly "A B C's." Soon Friend Eraser rubs out his errors on the slate or blackboard when his arithmetic problems just refuse to come out right. Next, with ink-stained fingers, he will welcome our ever-willing friend to remove his scrawling misspelled words. Perhaps he may later be initiated into the mysteries of the typewriter where the Eraser will be his constant servant.

Look at all the books lining the shelves of a library and consider how many erasers have been ground to death in the process of their composition and remember that nothing written cannot be changed and disastrous effects removed when you ask the aid of the conquerer of the pen.

If the pen be mightier than the sword, let us not forget the eraser.

MARGARET AMES, '36.

He Was All Wrong

Bill and I were riding out in the country on our bicycles. We were talking about safety rules. As we rode, Bill drifted out toward the center of the road. I warned him to be careful, and just after he came over to the side again a car whizzed by.

"You might have been hit, if you had been in the middle of the road," I warned him.

Farther down the road the same car with a reckless driver came to a curve. He tried to pass another car and had almost succeeded when "Bang"! it crashed into one going in the opposite direction. Both cars were badly smashed up, but no one was injured seriously. "That ought to teach him a lesson," said my companion.

However, some people never learn a lesson and it is always that kind of a person who eventually kills or injures someone. Bill was fortunate that day, and ever since he has

avoided the center of the road when riding his bicycle.

ObeY the safety officers at school and study the safety rules. Remember always that it is better to lose a minute crossing the street than to lose your life.

A. LANDRY, '39.

G. A. A. News

Soccer was the first major sport welcomed by the girls for the fall season. Four teams, a Junior Team, and a Senior team participated in an inter-class tournament. The juniors were victorious.

The highest honor that can be obtained by a girl in this sport is to be chosen for the Honor Team. The girls chosen this year were: Jean Mahaney, Marian Paulsen, Gertrude Carroll, Margaret Koehler, Mary Simonds, Julia Rodak, Betty Belmont, Ruth Boylan, Colleen Lavell. Substitutes were: Helen Dougherty, Beatrice Goldthorpe, June Bell, Pearl Her-ring, Edna Nicol, Irene Bollengier, June Rappiar.

Bowling was held this year at the Ridge Road Bowling Alleys, under the supervision of Miss O'Connor. No inter-class tournaments were held, but there was keen personal competition. The highest score of the season, 148, was made by Dorothy Beebe. Phyllis Wolz had the highest average, 116. An Honor Team was chosen, made up of the highest ranking bowlers. The girls chosen were: Phyllis Wolz, Margaret Watt, Dorothy Cox, Beatrice Van Kesteren, Dorothy Beebe.

During the fall season Thursday was Tennis day for Senior and Junior High students. Six senior high school girls received O.K.'s in attendance: Betty Ragan, Esther Zeitlin, Violet Reeves, Helen Ryan, Muriel Stallbaum, Marian Strebb.

On Wednesday, November thirteenth, twenty-four girls from Charlotte High School were invited to Jefferson High School to take part in a volleyball play-day. It was the first time the high schools had attempted anything of this sort and the experiment proved to be a great success. In the ninth grade games 55 points were scored by Charlotte. 131 points were scored by the Senior High School girls of Charlotte. Madison High School won the tournament with a score of 208.



Citizens Military Training Camp

Daily Routine

5:30 A. M.: Reveille awakens the sleeping camp. Shortly after roll call.

6:00 A. M.: The mess call. Some time, after mess, is used in cleaning up the company streets. Every piece of paper, every match stick, cigarette, and other unsightly article is picked up. Thank Heaven, nobody chewed tobacco.

7:30 A. M.: The company forms and marches to the drill field for its daily instruction in calisthenics.

8:00-11:00 A. M.: Drill with ten minute rest periods at fifty minute intervals.

11:00 A. M.: The battalion is marched to the stadium for the daily instruction in citizenship and personal hygiene.

12:00 A. M.: Mess call.

12:00 A. M. to 4:00 P. M.: There is no definite routine. This time is used for sports

and other means of recreation. Inter-company baseball is played and the championship team players are awarded small, gold baseballs.

4:00 P. M.: Everyone, appearing his neatest, turns out for parade.

4:45 P. M.: Retreat is sounded, followed by one round of cannon fire, the lowering of the colors, and the band playing "The Star Spangled Banner." To anyone who witnesses it, it is a very impressive scene. The battalion then passes in review before the commanding officer and his staff.

5:00 P. M.: Mess call. After mess, your time is your own. It can be spent in various ways, the Post Theater usually being filled to capacity.

10:00 P. M.: Taps. The camp "turns in" for the night.

HENRY BEISHEIM, '36.

There's Something About a Soldier

MILITARY service is something no lad should miss. We had a taste of it this summer at the Fort Niagara Citizens' Military Training Camp.

We were accompanied by the following fellows from the senior class: Howard Spafford, Henry Beisheim, Jack Pople, Ralph Wilson, and Edmund Grabowski.

"Fall out of bed! Fall out of the tents! Fall in formation for roll call!" were the commands that echoed in our ears to the tunes of reveille, sergeant's whistles, and the "loogie's" (lieutenants) harsh orders at five-thirty every morning. It was surprising how easily one could make profanity a habit. As a way of apology, mess was served. Then, to provoke

the apology, there was the policing of the company streets, tents, and officers' quarters, followed by four hours of the toughest, hardest drill with nine pound rifles, that I could ever imagine existed. To tote those guns was a difficult task, but when the temperature reached the hundred degree mark for double time marching it became almost unbearable. The ten-minute rest periods every hour seemed to tire us more, for it wasn't very hard to fall asleep.

It was a relief to sit on the hard, backless, wooden benches in the stadium for an hour and attempt to listen to a lecture on citizenship or personal hygiene. The stadium faced

(Turn to Page Forty)

Happy Days in the C. C. C.

TWO hundred boys from Rochester enrolled for the C. C. C. April 23, 1935, at the Armory. At the same time we received a physical examination. Those of us who passed were sent to Camp Dix, New Jersey, that night. When we arrived at Camp Dix, our life in the C. C. C. had begun. We received a more thorough physical examination and were assigned to companies. They gave us our clothing and other supplies and within three days we were on our way to the permanent camps.

Eighty-five of us were sent to Overt, Mississippi. The trip to Mississippi took us through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. We were quite disappointed when we saw Overt. We felt much better, though, when we learned that the camp was only sixteen miles from the city of Laurel.

Our camp in Mississippi consisted of five barracks, a mess hall, recreation hall, and an officers' quarters. We were up every morning at 4:45 and had finished work by 1:00. The work in Mississippi was, for the most part road construction, bridge building, three planting, and making fire lanes. The city of Laurel furnished us with recreation, in the form of three movies, a library, a Y. M. C. A., and an outdoor swimming pool. The people in Laurel were always friendly and hospitable toward us. The farmers, who lived near the camp were quite poor. Most of them raised only enough for themselves. They all raised a least a little cotton, sugar-cane, corn, and watermelon. A very few raised tobacco.

After three months in Mississippi an order came to us to move to Trude, Idaho. Our itinerary to Idaho was through Tennessee, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Wyoming. When we arrived at Trude, trucks met us and took us to Island Park, Idaho, where the camp was to be. At Island Park we found plenty of work ahead of us. We had to clear land for the camp, put up our tents and build a mess hall, shower room and officers' quarters. When the camp was completed, we settled down to our regular work. Our project was to clear 15,000 acres for an artificial lake.

The nearest town was fifty-six miles from camp, although Yellowstone National Park was

only twenty-five miles away. Each Sunday for a month the camp supplied trucks for trips through Yellowstone. When it came my turn to go they took us through a section of the park known as The Grand Loop. On this trip I saw several of the beautiful spots and many hot springs and pools. I was lucky enough to see "Old Faithful" when it erupted.

On October the 8th, those of us who did not re-enroll were sent by trucks to Pocatello Idaho, a distance of 140 miles, where we enrolled for Camp Dix. At Camp Dix we received a physical examination and our discharges.

I don't think I shall ever regret the six months I spent in the C. C. C. During that time I saw a great deal of our country, met many different kinds of people, and had a taste of real outdoor life. I shall always value it as a great experience.

KENNETH CALLAGHAN, '37.

AN EARTHQUAKE

*Now wasn't it an awful thing,
That happened the other night,
It made us scared of everything,
And then came the light—
An earthquake!!*

*We felt the bed move under us,
And jumped up in the dark;
It sounded like an old, old bus,
Trying to make a start—
The earthquake!!*

*The windows flew open in a flash,
And cries were sent about—
"Did you feel that awful crash,
That was,—without a doubt,
An earthquake?"*

*It was soon known round about,
That Mrs. X., the unbearable,
Had suddenly, in the night cried out—
"The house is moving! It's terrible!!
The earthquake!!"*

*But since 'twas only an earthquake,
And that in time subsided,
The people went back for sleep's sake,
To sleep till morn, they decided:
That earthquake!!*

SHIRLEY CHAMBERLAIN,
BARBARA ROBINSON, 9B.

Strange Interlude

As Kathleen Reynolds, assistant editor of *Homemaking*, was examining her mail one morning, she noticed a letter stamped Cincinnati, Ohio. She opened the letter and read the delightful news with great interest. The letter was written by a young girl, Lillian Rush, who had been shut in with tuberculosis for a year. Being inspired by Miss Reynolds' poems which were published in the monthly *Homemaking*, Lillian said that she had written the poem which was inclosed with her letter. Lillian asked Miss Reynolds to be kind enough to read it with criticism. Although the poem was not unusually fine in form or quality, Miss Reynolds, being a kind and sympathetic woman, decided to publish it in her magazine, and, in an answer to Lillian, informed her of her intention. The poet believed this would be the end of the correspondence, but within a short time she received another letter from the same girl, saying that she was very grateful for the editor's kindness. In spite of Miss Reynolds' busy schedule, she sent another letter to Cincinnati. This correspondence continued for about five months when one day Kathleen Reynolds received a short message from the same address but in different handwriting. Being greatly disturbed, she speedily read the sad news, which was signed by Mrs. Rush, Lillian's aunt. She said that Lillian had passed away suddenly but happily during the previous night. Lillian's aunt suggested that it would be most considerate of Miss Reynolds to see Lillian before the funeral as long as she had become so well acquainted with the girl through correspondence. Kathleen was very surprised, but decided to leave for Ohio that day. Having packed a few clothes, she hurriedly boarded an airplane and arrived at the specified address in a brief time. She was amazed to see the residence of her correspondent, a beautiful mansion. Everything seemed so different than she had expected—no shades were drawn and there was no wreath on the door. She thought that she must be confused in some way, but after ringing the doorbell Kathleen was assured that she had arrived at Lillian's home. A stout good-looking woman introduced herself as Mrs. Rush and invited Miss Reynolds into the living room. Being comfortably seated Kathleen noticed the disturbed appearance of Mrs. Rush. Then Mrs.

Rush blurted out the whole mysterious story. She told Kathleen that there never existed any girl by the name of Lillian Rush, but that she, Mrs. Rush, was a constant reader of Miss Reynolds' page devoted to poems and, desiring to be thrilled, chose this method of satisfying her desire.

RUTH SPUCK, '35.

Sounds

I sat up in bed, cold fingers of horror running up and down my spine, and stared into the pitch darkness trying in vain to locate the sound. I waited to see if I could hear it again. There it is a muffled pad—pad—pad. Oh! why had I ever agreed to let the family go off and leave me alone? Frantically I felt for the switch of my lamp. Crash! I had knocked the lamp onto the floor. I was just twice as bad off as I had been before, the light would at least have. . . . What was that? There it is again. The creak of a stair as if a heavy weight had stepped on it. Hastily I thought,—in the clothes closet? No, that is too obvious. Out the window? A two-story drop, and I am no acrobat. Well! pull yourself together old girl you will just have to face it. No choice. I listened,—no sounds. Perhaps it was all my imagination. Why of course,—just the wind. But there isn't any wind tonight. Whatever it is must have heard my teeth chattering before this. Hesitatingly I put one foot over the side of the bed,—and listened—then the other foot—still as quiet as the grave. Heavens! Why did I think of graves? Any way, I had covered half the space to the door, and was still alive, but my hair was standing straight up in the air. Just as my hand touched the door knob it came to my ears again, a soft, rhythmic, pad—pad—pad. I froze in my tracks. My hand clenched on the knob. (As I look back I wonder the glass handle didn't break.) Somewhere, sometime, I had heard it said that "God helps those who help themselves." Well, I certainly needed help badly enough. I murmured a prayer and pulled the door open, and switched the hall light on expecting to see,—I knew not what. The hall was absolutely empty. The flood of light took away some of my fright. I walked to the top of the stairs and looked down. Standing at the foot of the stairs gaping up at me stood. . . . Why on earth didn't they tell me they hadn't put the dog out?

MARIAN THOMAS, '36.



The Puppet Club

Among the new clubs started at school this past fall, the Puppet Club deserves mention. Divisions were made into groups such as: making puppets, dressing them, and assembling stage property. Some of the more ambitious pupils entered into the writing of stories. Each member had a chance to take up the work which best suited him.

The officers of the club are: president, Barbara Budlong; chairman of costumes, Lois Dodd; puppet-making, Ralph Wilson; plays Caroline Brewer; typist, Mable Sager.

Under the supervision of Mrs. Ward and Miss Donovan, the work has progressed from a mere model puppet to the present prospect of putting on a play. Meetings are held every Monday and are informal. Anyone interested from junior or senior high school is invited to "come up and see us some time."

THIRTY-SIX

MY GREATEST PLEASURE

*Always when I'm feeling lonely,
I find a treasure at night,
In walking along a country road
In the dusky and dim twilight.*

*It's then I wonder whether
Tomorrow will be as today,
Whether life will suddenly be dreary
Or continue to be gay.*

*Whether friends will learn the beauty
Of loyalty and care,
Whether suffering shall be aided
With sympathy and prayer.*

*And while returning homeward,
I can truthfully say:
There's nothing more pleasant than walking
At the close of a peaceful day.*

IRMA KOHLMIER, '36.

Candid Camera



Is she good looking?



Library Visions



One minute to go



"meetin' come to order"



Campus Daze



After Willie's Night



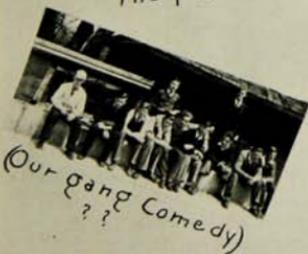
Really?



Flowers for madam



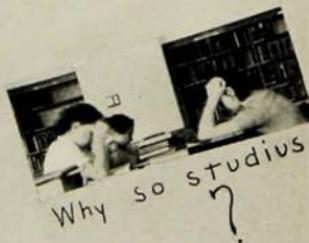
top of the pile



(Our gang Comedy) ??



Bound for Fang's



Why so studious ?



Report



Cards



Monday



"Candid" Pictures

About one hundred years have elapsed since the first pictures produced by photographic means brought to the world a method of reproducing an image. From the time of Daguerre, the inventor of the daguerreotype, to 1935 there has been a steady development by experimentation, research and discovery until now photography has been not only perfected but so simplified that a child may have a camera and know something of the thrill of recording, by photographic means, those events and scenes of greatest interest to him.

From a faint, nebulous picture requiring a time exposure of six hours in 1839, we have persistently moved forward to the point where we have today a clear, distinct, artistically conceived negative that may be shot in a fraction of a second.

Scientific research, the infinite patience of the artist and technician, discoveries of new methods and materials have perfected a process that began with cumbersome plates and evolved into today's cellulose film, superb color negatives, the lighting-swift moving picture machine and cameras which encompass views taken at a long distance and also microscopic enlargements.

About ten years ago Dr. Paul Wolff, a German, began to show what could be done with a fast lens, small film, and a camera no bigger than a man's hand. He tramped through Europe photographing workmen, children at play, ordinary men and women going about their business, but did comparatively little snapshotting of news personalities. It was Dr. Erich Solomon, one-time lawyer and banker, in 1928 connected with a great German publishing house, who conceived the idea of using the miniature camera to record history in the making. His first pictures appeared in the *London Graphic*, but soon the vogue for his photos spread to the *Illustrated London News* and *The Tatler*. A few years later Dr. Solomon was engaged to come to this country to photograph with his "Candid Camera" Washington celebrities for *Fortune*.

Since then "Candid" has been applied to all manners of photographs taken under difficult conditions without special lights, with the type of small high-speed camera used by Dr. Solomon. It has been used to describe pictures of night club performers and stage acrobats in action, interior of buses and Pullman cars, Broadway's lights at night. But in its original

conception candid photographs are pictures of individuals caught unaware.

BETTY BRADY, '37.

Initiations

The dictionary defines the word initiation as a "ceremonial admission, as into a society." Usually this "ceremonial admission" is applied to fraternities or similar organizations. Initiations into high organizations are for the most part not harmful, but some very uncomfortable moments are given the candidates.

Severe practical jokes have been inflicted on students, but mostly to the freshmen in college by the sophomores. This quite often results in bodily harm and kills any self-respect or dignity a person might have. The term applied to such an action is hazing.

Hazing has sometimes resulted in death because of fear and because of accidents. Fortunately most hazing has been done away with by students because of the heavy penalties afflicted on them. It is becoming more and more a thing of the past.

There are innumerable ways of initiating fellows, but one of the most effective is the wielding of the paddle. If this method of initiation is applied in a short time the victim will be partaking of his meals off the mantel, so to speak.

Another harmless but humiliating trick of the high school initiators is to paint the face of the victim with lipstick or a suitable substitute. This brings no end of discomfort for the victim.

You know many excellent methods of initiation and so do I, but they are too numerous to mention so as to give full justification to any one of them. Of course the victim of the initiation looks forward to the next installment of members in the organization and thinks he will make it even more difficult for them. In this way the new members of the organization go through initiation. To the new members goes the distinction of being able to take it, but heaven help the next candidates.

WILLIARD WEST, '36.

WINTER

*How glad I'll be when winter comes,
Winter snow and winter suns,
Glistening, gleaming, everywhere,
Like diamonds floating in the air,
That's what the snow reminds me of,
As it comes falling from above.*

VIRGINIA WOLF, 9B.

ROCHESTER
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



At the Games

His Grand Day

(From Page Twenty-six)

was perhaps more so, for Jack could always negotiate for another pair, while Burr was strictly limited to trousers bought by his parents.

After a few minor mishaps both boys edged furtively from behind the ash can, dressed in their new-found splendor. Burr's shorts fitted Jack like a size three slipper might fit an elephant. They had split down the right side already. As Burr appeared, Mort had a somewhat difficult task distinguishing his friend from the pair of large, gallant knickers. But both parties were satisfied and parted with many aimable compliments regarding each other's appearance. When Burr arrived at school he was greeted, as he thought later in the privacy of an early bed hour, much more satisfactorily than at home.

PADRAIC BOYLE, 9B.

Cherrup!

(From Page Twenty-five)

Lavidicus (my cricket) must have an emotional outlet and yet should not produce a noise, I put some soap on the bottoms of his spare wings as a lubricant, thereby squelching the squeek. But poor Lavidicus worked himself into such a lather trying to produce a noise that the shock of a bath before Saturday night stopped his heart.

It is evident that great attention must be given to the cricket's extra wings, but Dame Nature won't be trifled with. If there are any unemployed geniuses, the world will welcome them with open arms if they will only produce a cricket of the monoplane type.

JAMES KRICKMIRE, '36.

1-719907

THIRTY-NINE



Who Has the Most Fun?

During Child Care course in our eighth grade, we girls learn a few of the simple modern methods of child training. The purpose of the course, which meets twice weekly, is for us to understand and learn the need of good behavior and habits if we intend to teach them to children; and to develop judgment in the physical and mental care of young children.

The Care and Training of Children by Goodspeed and Johnson is the textbook we use for reference and discussion during the course. After class discussion of the best types of books and toys, a group of us accompanied by our teacher, went uptown and selected a few books and toys which we thought best represented the discussion back in the classroom.

Of all the activities the most interesting proved to be the visit to the nursery school at number seven public school. Several groups, in a school bus, visited the school for observation and explanation of its purpose.

A final project and a practical test of our information gained, is shown in the accompanying picture of one of the series of children's parties given by the girls at the end of our course. Each girl invited a pre-school child to attend the party under her supervision and care. Different committees arranged for the party: Dorothy Crisp, Dorothea Rookus, Betty Lancaster and Noreen O'Sullivan for the children's entertainment of games and stories; Joan Eden, Douise Buchinger and Dorothea Rookus for serving refreshments of ice cream and animal crackers. Miss Childs said afterward that it was hard at times, between laughter and the amount of interest shown, to know who was enjoying themselves the most, the guests or the hostesses.

In concluding, when I say that this was just about the most interesting way of ending the course, I am speaking not only for myself but for all of the girls in the class.

DOROTHEA ROOKUS, 9B.

There's Something About a Soldier

(Continued from Page Thirty-three)

the beautiful Niagara River at its junction with Lake Ontario.

Mail call and twelve o'clock mess followed. We were then free to swim in a bath-tub-like pool or play baseball. Incidentally, most of us slept.

At four o'clock we heard "Fall Out" again for parade. This was the most enjoyable of the marches for at this time we "showed off." It was about three-quarters of a mile march to the parade grounds and we perspired like a

wet sponge squeezed by a strong hand. This was a solemn occasion and the band music was very inspiring. Retreat was sounded and we marched back, tired and damp, to five o'clock mess. Weak punch, warm iced water, and bitter iced tea were served at this time. Pie every noon was a special treat, but it was very seldom that we had beans and horse-meat.

Our time was our own until ten o'clock, then to bed for a very short nap, for we arose at five thirty in the morning.

I had kitchen detail once and spilled a box of flour all over the floor. I laughed but the



In Appreciation of Service

CLARENCE ALLEN

Quiet, polite, kindly, always going about his work with a smile, and doing little helpful things for all. Never since he came to our school, sixteen years ago, has anyone heard from him an unpleasant word, or seen an impolite action on his part.

An orchid to you, Mr. Allen! May you be with Charlotte High School many, many years to come.

ROBERT LAFAYE,

President of the Student Association.



HONOR ROLL

PERIOD ENDING DECEMBER 9, 1935

P. G.

Lee, Mildred

12A

Eusterman, Marjorie

Wolz, Phyllis

Wright, Robert

12B

Brewer, Caroline

Gilkeson, David

Halbleib, Andrew

Ivanson, Eugene

Justice, Alice

Kohlmeier, Irma

Paulsen, Marion

Poland, Robert

Schlenker, Vera

West, Willard

11A

Allen, Eleanor

Bailey, Rose

Bright, Franklyn

DeLancy, Robert

Harper, Helen

Killip, Edith

Rodgers, Cornelius

Ward, Carol

11B

Brace, Virginia

Clicquemoi, Robert

Griswold, June

Kochler, Margaret

Manhold, John

Morrison, Helen

Odell, Newton

Orman, Virginia

10A

Bigger, Dorothy

Bogardus, Bruce

Brizius, Dorothy

Cooper, Arelene

Cranch, Vivian

Meech, Janet

Ryder, Doris

Tackabury, Phyllis

10B

Aldrich, Betty

Bovenzi, Virginia

Bruno, Cinderine

Clicquemoi, Rhea

DeMarco, Mamie

Graver, Marcia

Gutman, Eugenia

Heberger, Roy

June, Dorothy

McGary, Rita

Meyer, Ruth

Parr, David

Stone, Eleanor

Wagner, Richard

9A

Brown, Dorothy

Clark, Marian

Kohlmeier, Mary

Schell, Edward

Wood, Josephine

9B

Altpeter, Grace

Bedient, Erford

Buchinger, Marion

Cameron, Margaret

Chamberlain, Shirley

Cranch, John

Donoghue, William

Downhill, Jack

Gardner, Vivien L.

Graver, William J.

Hosley, Doris

Lammers, Robert

Lavell, Hazel

McElwain, June

Nuccitelli, Ella

Otto, John

Riley, William

Robinson, Barbara

Shaw, Dorothea

Thorpe, Doris M.

Wightman, Arthur

Wills, George

8B

Bareis, David

Bogardus, Barbara

Bushfield, David

Dettman, Paul

Devel, Robert

Fowler, Jack

Griswold, Paul

Kohn, Eleanor

Kolb, Betty

McChesney, Donna

Miller, Donald

Moyer, Jean

Pelligrini, Albert

Richmond, Harry

Stallman, William

Summers, Wayne

Thomson, Kenneth

Vick, Ervin

7B

Byrnes, Clinton

Couch, Chester

Moyer, Betty

Neitz, Shirley

O'Rorke, Jack

Renz, Frederick

Weidman, Reid



The Band

Left to right. First Row—Helen Perrins, Rhea Clicquenoï, Kenneth Knapp, Robert Ward, Robert Tutamore, Albert Baker.

Second Row—Harold Hanna, George Fry, Jeanne Bucher, Elizabeth Manchester, Franklyn Bright, Donald Springer, Harold Stone, Stanley Fox.

Third Row—Peter Rookus, Walter Leavitt, George Bird, Robert Cooke, George Wills, Richard Lewis, Ralph Wilson.

Absent from picture: Daniel Donovan.

There's Something About a Soldier

(Continued from Page Forty)

mess sergeant glowered and referred shadily to my ancestors, at the same time calling down the wrath of the heavens on my insignificant head. The rest of the day I had to work while the other detailed men apparently loitered. I blasted the mess "sarg" with every adjective in my secret vocabulary and he in turn bombarded me with his.

On Sunday we had chicken for dinner, went to church, and generally recuperated. This made Monday seem twice as hard. Occasionally we went to town about a mile away and gorged ourselves on sodas and sundaes. We also invested in a supply of bananas and melons and smiled on the girl in the meat market. The "girl-friends" from home and parents visited us on Sundays and they were very wel-

come. They were invited to mess which was worthy of kings.

Target practice was the incessant din of twenty rifles, three machine guns, six automatic rifles, and five pistols, but it wasn't hard for us to fall asleep in the midst of it.

Dress inspection on Saturday required us to stand in one position for over a half an hour and rifle inspection for an additional hour with the sun directly in our eyes.

Upon donning our "civies" (civilian clothes) after a month's diet of heavy wooden shirts and socks, khaki putties and breeches, topped with five pound shoes, we felt as nude as trees in February.

Taking a last glimpse at the beautiful Niagara, we regretfully departed for the close and confined city limits. It was truly the most enjoyable vacation we have ever spent.

RAYMOND SPAFFORD, LeROY JOHNSON, '36.

FURLONG STUDIO.
Portrait Photographer
27 CLINTON AVENUE SOUTH
Opposite Hotel Seneca
Phone, Stone 21
SUNDAY BY APPOINTMENT

IT'S MORE THAN MERE WARMTH — IT'S

AIR CONDITIONED HEAT!

★ What is your home like in winter? Dusty, dry, dead air? Hot, stuffy? The whole house overheated to 80° to get 70° comfort? That's what you get from ordinary warm-air furnaces.

But you don't have to put up with it any longer.

Instead, you can have live, fresh, *air-conditioned* heat! No cold spots. A circulating supply of purified, humidified clean, warm air; *completely changed* every 10 to 15 minutes.

Magic? You'll almost think so when you've experienced the automatic comfort and happy health of the newest achievement of Delco-Heat engineers—Delco-Heat Conditionair.

The air is first purified . . . destroying bacteria, removing dust; then humidified to the proper degree for comfort and health; automatically heated—and *circulated* throughout the entire house.

Completely automatic! No gadgets to watch; no work, fuss or bother of any kind. You simply forget winter entirely—and sit back in clean, healthful comfort.

Delco-Heat Conditionair, with all its new-day air conditioning features, operates at less cost than any other method of automatic heating. This is because of the unit construction, and the utilization of the famous Delco-Heat method of burning oil.

See Delco-Heat Conditionair demonstrated at any showroom listed below. Or write for full details—today!



DELCO-HEAT CONDITIONAIR DOES THESE THINGS:

1. Purifies the air.
2. Humidifies the air.
3. Heats the air automatically.
4. *Circulates* the air, and provides a *complete change* every 10 to 15 minutes.
5. Provides clean, healthful, *conditioned* heat all fall, winter and spring — removes pollen, and provides complete circulation of freshened, purified air during the summer.

Delco · Heat Conditionair

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

OTHER DELCO-HEAT PRODUCTS

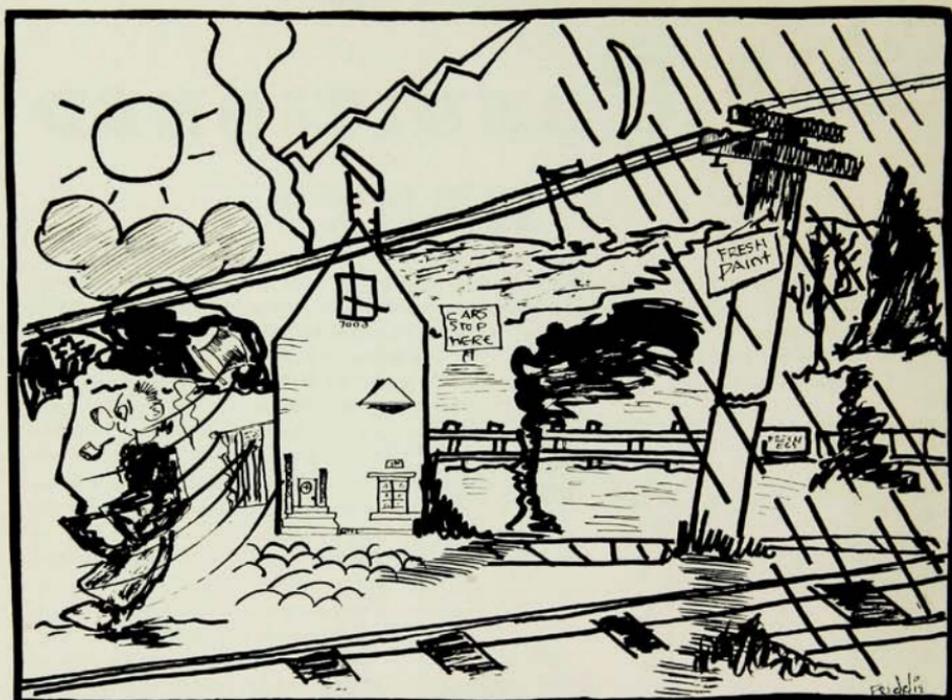
Harmonized Delco-Heat Boiler (steam, vapor, hot water) . . . Simplified Delco-Heat Oil Burner . . . for domestic and commercial applications.

DELCO APPLIANCE CORPORATION

187 East Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Stone 195

FORTY-FIVE



SOM'PINS WRONG HERE !

Win a Free Trip to Ethiopia

Can you see, or are you a Politican? The qualities of a good G-Man are Essential.

All you have to do is find the 117 mistakes (if there are that many) in the picture on this page.

Maybe there are only 300 mistakes. We really don't know.

The simple rules for this inspiring and educational contest are as follows:

Go, simply, to any grocery store and buy three cans of apricots, or get one dozen of old clothes pins from somewhere. Then find an old empty coffee can and fill it with used gasoline.

Send two 1912 pennies to any tall man or any senator whose initials are L. B.

Count the mistakes in the picture and write or paint them on a burnt shingle and send

them to Addis Awawa, somewhere in Ethiopia, or you better write to your congressman for the correct weight of a ton of feathers.

All contestants are urged to be prompt, as Valentines' Day will be the last day you may be able to send your "sweetie" real chocolates, because after that date it will be necessary for you to call her by telephone.

Please mail your incorrect list of answers to the committee of "Peaceful Points for Pacifists," Washington, D. C., or don't bother anymore, turn this page and go on and read the rest of this issue and wonder how or why such stuff is written.

Don't go away mad, however, as there might be a correct answer and you probably won't be the winner.

FREDDIE, '36.

George P. Burns Press, Inc.

Printers



Publishers

49-51 North Water Street
Stone 5316 Rochester, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS
of All Kinds
at

KLEIN'S
HARBORVIEW TERRACE
Phone, Char. 885

We deliver to any part of the city

Phone Char. 54-W

OPEN EVENINGS BY APPOINTMENT

Moore's Beauty Shoppe

It Pays to Look Well

PERMANENT WAVING A SPECIALTY

262 STONE ROAD

KEEP FOODS S-A-F-E

We have great confidence in all of the three refrigerators we sell. Our Engineers have tested and tried them out in our laboratories and are satisfied that any one of them will give you entire satisfaction.

This is the time of year when the matter of proper refrigeration must be considered. Don't take chances with the family foods. KNOW that at all times they are properly maintained at SAFE TEMPERATURES.

We Sell the
GENERAL ELECTRIC, FRIGIDAIRE,
AND THE ELECTROLUX (gas)
REFRIGERATORS



*New Low Cost Purchase Plan makes Automatic Refrigeration Possible
for people of Moderate Means*

IF——

It Is DRUGS
It Is CANDY
It Is KODAKS
It Is MAGAZINES
It Is STATIONERY
It Is PRESCRIPTIONS
It Is TOILET ARTICLES
It Is CIGARS or TOBACCO
It Is ICE CREAM for Every Occasion

GET IT AT COLE'S

4419 LAKE AVENUE

We Deliver

Phone, Charlotte 2

Prescription Department, Charlotte 3

Furnishings for Men, Women and Children

THE FRANK M. DECKER STORE

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS

4415 Lake Avenue

Rochester, New York

All Bills Due Rochester Gas and Electric Corp.

and

Rochester Telephone Corp.—Payable Here

QUALITY and SERVICE

PERFECTLY PASTEURIZED MILK and CREAM

Have You Tried Our Pasteurized Guernsey Milk?

BUTTERMILK

MacKENZIE BROS.

39 Stutson Street

Phone, Charlotte 234

**The Great Atlantic and Pacific
Tea Company**

Charlotte's Largest, Cleanest, and

Most Up-to-Date Food Market

T. R. FLANNIGAN, *Manager*

4391 Lake Avenue

Phone, Charlotte 1529

LESTER HARDWARE CO.

GROVER A. CLICQUENNOI, *Pres.-Treas.*

BUILDERS' HARDWARE SPECIALISTS

150 Main Street West

Main 1737-1738

Rugs and Bedding

JOSEPH A. SCHANTZ CO.

FINE FURNITURE

STOVES and RANGES

Theodore Roosevelt Said:

"Extravagance rots character; train youth away from it. On the other hand, the habit of saving money, while it stiffens the will, also brightens the energies. If you would be sure that you are right, 'SAVE'."

Follow the advice contained in this quotation,
Bank Every Monday—be sure that you are right

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK

TWO OFFICES

47 MAIN STREET WEST

40 FRANKLIN STREET

1831—Over 100 Years of Service—1935

Pat-a-Cake Shop

SOPHIA COUCH & SON

Lake Ave., at Stonewood

Phone, Char. 140

Let Us Make Your

QUALITY HOLIDAY DESSERTS

Mince and Pumpkin Pie

Plum Pudding

Dark and Light Fruit Cake

Special Honey Cookies

Stickles Pharmacy

PRESCRIPTIONS OUR SPECIALTY

A Drug Store as Near as your phone

WE DELIVER

3319 LAKE AVE. Phone, Char. 640

Olsen's Service Station

3230 LAKE AVENUE

Largest Assortment in the City

of

CAMPUS COATS

and

WINTER SPORTS APPAREL

CHAMPION KNITWEAR CO., INC.

71 St. Paul Street

Rochester, N. Y.

THE SIMONDS PRESS

PRINTERS - DESIGNERS - EMBOSSERS - ENGRAVERS

FORTY-NINE SOUTH AVENUE

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Congratulations to The Witan

DIRINGER MOTORS Inc.

4322 Lake Avenue

CHRYSLER - PLYMOUTH DEALERS

—Good Used Cars—

Call and see us when buying
your next car

“Eddie” Diringer

“Dick” Nesbitt

Engravings in June 'n January, 1936

W I T A N

Produced by

Empire Photo Engraving Co., Inc.

87 Franklin Street

Phone, Main 5756



Briggs & Company

FLORISTS

350 WASHINGTON AVENUE

Summerville Phone, Char. 1589-W

You'll enjoy using

Low Brothers
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Walters' Hardware

3313 Lake Ave. at Stonewood

Wagner and Associates, Inc.

INVESTMENTS

Stone

186

187

1214 Lincoln-Alliance Bank Bldg.

Mrs. M. Fang

CONFECTIONERY

SCHOOL LUNCHES

CIGARS

Corner ST. JOHN'S PARK and
LAKE AVENUE

Great Atlantic and Pacific
Tea Co.

3190 LAKE AVENUE
Next to Lake Theater

JOHN KELLY, *Mgr.*

ROCHESTER
STATIONERY CO., INC.

School Supplies
and
Office Equipment

108 Mill Street

Rochester, N. Y.

FOR A WARM HOME

Charlotte
Phone **80**

PEOPLES COAL & LUMBER CO.

4585 LAKE AVENUE

Phone, Main 506

F. H. DENNIS
WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERS
152 STATE STREET

Rochester, New York

Phone, Charlotte 1748

Howard V. Carey

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

FUNERAL HOME, 3673 LAKE AVE.

Rochester, N. Y.

Kliers Dry Goods

FOR BOYS

KHAKI and GRAY SHORTS...59c

SWEAT SHIRTS.....75c - \$1.00

SHOES -----\$1.00 - \$3.98

Permanent Waving

Under the direction of

MRS. EDNA BREWER, Operator,

women may feel assured of the best permanent wave to be had—not the dollar kind, but a wave that is worth while—at the

Clara Palmer Oliver
Hair and Beauty Store

45 CLINTON AVE. NORTH

Phone for appointment

MAIN 3632

Eleanor Brown

School of Dancing

TAP

ACROBATIC

DENISHAWN

SPANISH WITH CASTANETS

Class

Private

Special Children's

Classes

Char. 1756-R

163 CONRAD DR.

SEE

EDWARD D. SUTER

for

Accident Insurance

Life Insurance

Annuities

Phone, Main 616

920 Lincoln-Alliance Bldg.

REICHENBERGERS

MEATS and GROCERIES

2916 Dewey Avenue

Char. 1684

PLUMBING and HEATING

All Kinds Repairing and Remodeling

Call Charlotte 1008

C. J. J. Wagenaar

LICENSED PLUMBER

218 ROCENE AVENUE, *off Britton Rd.*

W. N. Kintz

CERTIFIED LUBRICATION

GAS and OILS

3885 LAKE AVENUE

Phone, Charlotte 1533

L. E. Pearse

Choice Meats and Groceries

3327 LAKE AVENUE

CHARLOTTE 335—Phones—CHARLOTTE 414

*You are always well-dressed
When your clothes are well pressed*

PAY US A VISIT

McKissock's

CLEANING and PRESSING

493 STONE ROAD

LIGHT LUNCHES ICE CREAM

Frank J. Heintz

United Cigar Agency

Magazines Athletic Supplies

4428 LAKE AVENUE

Charlotte 1552

Community Press

PRINTING — PUBLISHING

Bids a Specialty

SIGNS — SHO'CARDS

R. W. Bartlett 3351 LAKE AVE.

HARDWARE
PAINTS
GLASS

Phone, Main 6818

BEN MILLER

PLUMBING and
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

551 to 555 STATE STREET
Rochester, N. Y.

Matthews & Field

LUMBER

STORM SASH PAINT

Phone, Charlotte 69

120 STONEWOOD AVENUE

Martha's
Beauty Shoppe

All Types of Beauty Culture
Featuring Frederick's 50% Cooler
Method of Permanent Waving
FOR APPOINTMENT
Call Char. 68-R
MARTHA FOWLER
121 WESTWOOD DR.

Lakeside
Shoe Repair

While **U** Wait

4440 LAKE AVENUE

Agostinelli Bros.

MEATS, POULTRY and EGGS

FARM PRODUCE

59 LATTA ROAD Charlotte 540

Charles E. Foy

PLUMBING and HEATING

Charlotte 82

Cosman Service Station

GAS — OILS — ALEMING
TIRES — BATTERY SERVICE

4401 LAKE AVENUE

Phone, Charlotte 601

Dewey Ave. Pharmacy

2914 DEWEY AVENUE

Charlotte 1367 Free Delivery

Large Assortment of Christmas Cards

Golden Crest Ice Cream

Charles M. Rowe

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Makers of

Finer Commercial Photographs

203 MAIN STREET WEST Main 3242

Distributors of Char. 828
Vento Puttyless Steel Sash

Stonewood Builder's
Supply, Inc.

85 STONEWOOD AVENUE

Mason Supplies, Sand, Gravel

Manufacturers of

Concrete Block and Brick

Baker's
Market and Grocery

149 STONE RD.

Phone, Char. 79

FINE MEATS and GROCERIES

A. L. Proudfoot

CERTIFIED COAL

FUEL OIL

SOLVAY COKE

512 STONE RD. Char. 120

"Sam" Impiccini

QUALITY SHOE REBUILDER

Modern Equipment, Machinery

Men's and Boys' New Shoes, \$1.98

New and Used

BICYCLES and ACCESSORIES

3988 LAKE AVE. Char. 275-W

Great A. and P. Tea Store

for

MEATS

VEGETABLES

GROCERIES

2910 DEWEY AVE.

J. O'CONNOR, *Mgr.*

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

at

J. V. Stickles—Char. 552

497 STONE RD. near DEWEY

OPEN EVENINGS

DRY GOODS---SHOES---DRESSES

