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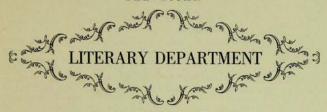
No. 4

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DAVY JONES' PUZZLE

Arms near Ludsy Lane and listen to Barb'ry jewel. The capt'n liked them the rare stories told there. One aft- and they liked him. ernoon a white headed sailor sat varn as if it were a favorite.

sighting man. Yes sir, he could see ahead as far as behind. He could tell a sail ten minutes afore the watch. He could read the sky like a book, he was afeard something'd happen He could predict a storm of half hour there afore it did. and it would last just that long, no

more, no less.

"One day we were haulin' along, fourteen knots or thereabouts. water shoaled 'round the bow and spray flew up as if we were making twenty. But the capt'n said fourteen and fourteen she was. The sky was as clear as drinking water from the mainland. I said 'Narry a storm today, mate'. But the captain overheard me and piped right off: 'There's wind to west o' southwest, 'bout fifteen. A yowler before three.' He was right.

"We had a crew o' twenty-eight, half white, t'others black. A good lot were they, the whites mostly beachcombers from Australia and India, the blacks from a tribe of natural sailors on Toulos, or something ahooing of dancing natives. o' sorts. Wal, as I was saying, they noises gradually died away. But the were uncommonly good men, not at boat leaked more. The captain had all stylish like these doodabs that turned toward the Caloos, but Fate dress up like Timbuctoo chieftans and

I often frequent the Buccaneer's handle the wheel as if it ware a

"Toward three the wind dropped. across from me. He had blue eyes. Cap'n gave orders to reef her down, Across his face ran a scar not more saying we'd have a rip snorter. We than two weeks old, I thought, but were glad of the change but later felt later found to have been made at quite diff'rent. The breeze picked up least thirty years ago. We chatted a bit, causing the sea to rise in short for several minutes about ships and chop. We waited like Carey's on the Then he commenced this yard arms at eight bells. An eternity passed; then six strokes sounded "Wal, Captain Splifins was a far- from the poop. The storm piled in on us. We were tight, but did not reckon on an old break in the boat's hull. After'ards skipper said as how

> "When the gale was at its topmost we felt a little lunge. The whole craft quivered. At first I thought we'd struck something, but not so.

> "The captain sent me below to investigate. I looked everywhere and finally, figuring from the direction of the lunge, I opened a small door that led into the little used fo'ard parts. Water poured in. After a short struggling I closed and locked it. Then I fastened the hatch.

"The captain already had the pumps set up. Two men got to work. But there seemed no stopping that sea, no sir, it just filled up hold after hold. The captain became alarmed, though he tried not to show it.

"The storm abated. Like the ball-



"Teacher," said I, "thing of evil! teacher still, if living being!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore, Desolate, yet all undaunted, in this edifice enchanted.

In this school by wisdom haunted, tell me truly, I implore,

Must we-must we do our homework? Tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the teacher, "Evermore."

Margaret Hersey, '28.

O pardon me, my English teacher, That I am slow and scrawly with my compositions;

That I don't stand in the center of the aisle

And that I whisper all the while. You are the best teacher I ever had, And I promise not once more will I make you mad, But "A's" shall deck my monthly re-

port

Like six-inch guns on Niagara fort; Good marks shall be so in use That you will but smile you behold My name on every Honor Roll And then you will be glad

You gave me one more chance when I was bad.

Frank Smith, 8A2.

Breathes there a stude with mind so dead

Who to himself has never said: "Darn those lessons, I'm off to bed!"

Burton Kirby, '29.

THE LADY OF CHARLOTTE

On western side the river grew, Its roofs emulsed in morning dew Or lapped in red as ev'ning drew Her chariot to the west anew.

The far-famed village of Charlotte. And in its midst like Pantheon's dome, Older than the oldest tome, Far from the madding crowd and

O'ertopped the school of old Char-

lotte.

Within its chambers high and low No fairer damsel could it show, Nor wiser maid of mortal glow, Whom wisdom taught its ways to know,

Than the lady of Charlotte; Her cheeks as rosy as the rose, Her nose as nosey as a nose, Her figure posy as a pose, She painted best in all Charlotte.

The only thing that spoiled her face ('Tis said it was a witch's grace That wished it there and wished apace In twenty years the spell replace

A smile) the frown of dear Charlotte;

And naught but he who rode the plane And bathed his soul in her sweet reign Could break a smile there once again, Yea, naght but he, Sir Laughalot.

The story goes, she sought a file And met with he whose winning wile Would force her face to crack a smile In Pepsodent's unheard of style;

She found straightway her Laughalot:

But he in sadness lost his mind, And she, meanwhile, essayed to find Her teeth—unfound, away she pined 'Till Genesee claimed her, Charlotte.

Philip Burgeon, '28.

JUST IN BETWEEN

(Continued from the Spring number)

utter with a hot potato in one's was all drawn and pinched on the top. mouth-very indistinct, but clearly a It looked just as the he'd put a French sign of distress. I hurried forward helmet on sideways. The limber'd evas quickly as I could with practically idently slipped down off the path and no light and greatly hampered by the the wheel had landed right square on treacherous footing. The driver of the the top of his helmet. He, drunk and battery had ceased his ready flow of tired, had probably fallen into the invective and apparently halted the ditch on the way down after mess, difficult progress. There was a great and gone to sleep. And I reckon it's running about and confusion of per- no joke to wake up suddenly with plexed calls. All this my ears told your war hat all pinched up on top me as I hurried to bring my eyes of your head, your chin strap so tight within range.

"A short flash from a lighted match blame gun limber. gave me my bearings and helped me tried to holler! Well, we cut his helmomentarily. It was followed by an met off and sent him up to the doctor even deeper, more oppressive dark- for general overhaul. The fellow we ness than before but this didn't last sent with him said he never saw a long, as the gunners managed to get man so scared before. At any rate, a lantern going. In the pale yellow the camp got a big laugh and Gifford light a strange sight was revealed.

"The two teams of the battery stood in half shadow steaming and dripping with sweat, sides blowing, long before camps were coming down and mouths wide with heavy breath- and most of the regiment on the road. ing. The gun was tipped high in the We were moving in. air, muzzle up, with its trail on the edge of the path, while the limber was pened on the way. half in the ditch where one wheel had kidding each other about what was slid. Bad stuff, that mud, especially going to happen in the morning and in the dark. Well, anyway, the gun about looking pretty because there'd squad was huddled around the off be a big crowd out watching. Some wheel of the limber and it was from of the light infantry passed thru; they somewhere among them that these were coming from farther back and muffled cries seemed to come. I stepping right along. Only men about hollered for the looey in charge, five feet, six inches can join this meanwhile managing to get some of branch because they have a regulathe stupid fools out of the way. The tion pace of thirty-six inches. That's looey stepped up as I stared at a a mighty hard job for a big fellow, vague heap in the ditch, and reported especially at better than five miles an that they'd had no light, the limber'd hour for a whole day's march. Try lost the path, slipped into the ditch, it sometime! and here was the result.

was so fagged that I had to tell them schedule with communication set and twice before they lifted the off side of support organized sometime before, the limber while I and the looey but extending a long distance back! dragged that heap on to its feet. Yes, I usually went over with the second it had feet, darn clumsy ones too! I wave in a big attack like this, sort of held the lantern up and looked into a clean-up gang, and so was detailed the face of one of the dumbest fools in charge of a four squad company of I knew, Gifford. His uniform was all marines in the second line.

"It was a cry such as one would wet and mud covered and his helmet you can't speak, and held down by a No wonder he a nickname-'Souee Jee'.

(Pass the pickles!)

"Well, tempus fidgets, and it wasn't

"Nothing much of importance hap-The men were

"We made it into the trenches with "I should say it was! The squad about an hour to spare. Right on

were used to. pretty close attention on a little hill to there wasn't any.

bother to watch the effect on the many grenades as we could carry enemy lines, it was an old story to safely, and started up. them. More interesting to talk about from a hill on the left flank. enemy weren't having went out of commission.

"A shrill whistle piped and a red him back. and white diagonal broke out from two hundred pounder! thing like. fire. A thick haze of smoke and dust lummox. The lucky dog!

special code semaphore gave my com- I last carried a man out. pany the job of backing a rush on an O. K.'d, and we went over. The squads big write-up in the paper." separated and deployed in skirmish order while we made it on the double.

were a lively lot of chaps and I had I had been noticing the trouble we a time holding them quiet and ready, were having with this certain nest on A long wait besides, not like what we the top of a little knoll ahead and was I managed to keep wishing for some tank support, but So, I ordered a our right, however. It was from here flanking movement which was rather that flag and whistle signals were go- easy with very little stray resisting to be given to our clean-up wave, ance on either side. Bombing didn't "About thirty minutes before the have a very marked effect and even time to rise and shine, the concen- when completely surrounded, the trated heavy batteries opened up sud- blame knoll was a good position, and denly from the woods and hills we'd those two machine guns they had left the night before. We couldn't there were letting us know about it. see any flashes from them but we There wasn't much cover and we'd settled down under the parapet, already lost about a third. A runner looked down a gap where a communi- reported a ravine on the far side howcation trench entered, and watched the ever, so I crawled around there and clouds, blast them, reflect the inter- organized a squad of fellows on whom mittent glow. The men didn't even I could depend. We armed with as

"The cover was pretty good until Squee Jee's accident! With about five the last twenty or thirty yards from minutes to go, however, the field bat- the top were reached. This was abteries started the old faithful barrage solutely bare except for the wire, from a ravine directly back of us and which was bad. We cleared quite a The stretch with the grenades, then at an beer and agreed signal, all of us spread out and pretzels either, and were certainly charged right in the face of one of helping to make the graying dawn all the machine guns. One of my men fired noisy. Men down the trench a dropped dead at the very start of the way got a bad one and a whole squad race and another, a big burly Marine My men weighing at least two hundred pounds, were rather pale and tight lipped, fell wounded right in front of me. waiting grimly, when suddenly____ Of course it meant that I had to carry Imagine me carrying a Well, he about half-way up the back side of turned his face up at me and had the the hill I'd been watching. I turned nerve to grin. Boy, I was mad! As in time to see the first line advance I knelt to pick him up, I could feel leap out on its way. This was some- the blame pellets just grazing my hel-The crashing confusion met; then they stopped and I knew of deafening explosions arose from all that my squad, or what was left of it, sides, broken only by the chattering had won thru. All I could think of of the Vickers and the rolling rifle tho was why I had to carry this drifted skyward as the sun finally couldn't they have picked me out for broke over the horizon. It had begun, a target instead of him. He might "A second flag was displayed and be bigger but I was an officer. Thus

"Anyway, it all happened during enemy nest about a quarter of a mile one of the annual military maneuvers straight forward. Orders were checked, near London, England, and we got a

(Pass the cheese!)

G. Lyroat, '28.

A REVIEW

I am a librarian. Each day I see before me many people, and each a type. These people's characters are mirrored by their words and actions. I believe it would be an interesting, yes a very interesting experiment to line these people up and to guess their character, then allow them to go unmolested to____say the library, and watch them. What a revelation there would be!

For example:

A woman drives up to the curb before the library in a long sleek car, gathers an armful of books and magazines, and comes to the door. see her there one would think she was a very nice lady, polite in all her actions and gracious in manner. But, wait, this very lady enters, and strews her armful of books over the desk and hurries on into the library.

I scratch my head (figuratively) and wonder what her name is, and if I am lucky I remember it, if not, I slip all the books and look up the black. It was the cutest thing, all the names by the numbers on the book girls said so. slip. Then I search through the files and probably find no cards. Then I make out a special slip, compute the fines on the magazines (which are two days overdue). After all this, I tell the fair lady that she can't take books without her card. She comes to the desk and asks if her sister-in-law's card is in. I ask the name and look was the dog next door. for the card; and nine chances to ten, it isn't in. I, then, tactfully mention nine lives, but I don't believe Stubby the fines, and seeing a questioning had that many. One day the dog look clouding her face, I hasten to chased him up the electric light pole. explain that the books were due Mon- Somehow he got in the wires and was day and here it is Wednesday with quite shocked. two cents per day for two days makes four cents due on each maga- experience.

zine of which there are nine, making in all a fine of thirty-six cents.

She remonstrates, and informs me that I should tell her when she has seven-day books. I reply that all periodicals may be taken for only seven days, and take the money which she reluctantly offers me.

Again I tell her that she is unable to draw the books she wishes without her card, and upon receiving her change she pouts out.

I heave a sigh and mentally sum her up as a slave driver and a nickel nurser.

People like this make nice statues. Irving G. Hanford.

STUBBY

One night about two years ago my father told me he had a present for me in his overcoat pocket. I put my hand in the pocket and pulled out a funny ball of a kitten. It was totally

One day curiosity got the better of him and he put his tail in a trap and lost it. That is why we called him Stubby.

He was always into something. One day we found him with his head in a bottle of jam. He was a likeable little thing and only had one enemy. This

I have always heard that cats have

Poor Stubby found this a killing B. Kirby.

SAFE?

Water, water, nothing but bluegreen water, stretched from horizon wave and down the next.

nationality huddled in the center of thought of my coming doom. and the expectant watchers.

The occupant of the raft was seen ing rapidity. to stand up and wave his hand as if to assure them of his safety. With a Cicero class left it more gladly than final effort, the sea summed up all its I did that morning. reserve strength and overturned the

raft.

Undertows are queer things. The body of the unfortunate sailor never washed in until nine days later.

C. Hogan, '29.

WEEDING GARDENS

scattered seeds. look so much alike.

paratus on the next day.

Florene Rich, '29.

THE FIRST WATCH BEING COMPLETED

I crouched lower in my weak, self-On the surface of the made fortress, the victim of almost wildly tossing sea, a raft floated unbearable circumstances. I was all shoreward, not in a straight line but alone in my misery, not a soul in all continually changing its course at the this cold, bleak world was able to least whim of the wind. The wind help me. My oppressor's eyes gleamed hurled the raft up one mountain-like through a huge aperture in my totally unprepared defense. A poorly dressed sailor of unknown shivers crept down my spine as I To the watchers on the watch, once in complete rhythm with beach, the raft seemed to be in danger my heart, now lagged far behind, tickof overturning but always it would ing off its minutes with such mechanright itself and stagger, in its un- ical exactness that I shuddered as if certain course, toward land and safety. with a chill. Ah, it had come at last! The raft approached nearer. It was I looked up bravely, prepared to meet within two hundred feet of the shore the end, when r - - i - - n - - g (!) interrupted my thoughts with startl-

I wager that not a person in my

THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP

I have never been so disappointed in a book as in the end of "The Haunted Bookshop," by Christopher Morley. It seems to me that a man ingenious enough to have created Mifflin, the I heard someone say, "Weed them book-seller with his multiplicity of and weep!" and certainly it is true, unusual ideas, could have developed The first weeding in the spring is per- something more unexpected than the fectly terrible. You can hardly tell plot he thrusts on Mifflin. I think the weeds from the tiny new plants the reason that this is noticeable is which are coming up from some wind- the extraordinary beginning. I wish There are violets, to meet Mifflin again to talk over his honeysuckles and baby's breath for philosophy of dishwashing and houseinstance, mixed in with rag-weed, hold duty, and his opinion of the readother weeds and grass. If you aren't ing world and of the rest of it too. careful you pull out the baby's breath I want to attend another meeting of and leave the rag-weed, because they the Corn-Cob Club and I desire to chuckle over the comically true signs However, the "weep" part is not which Mifflin was in the habit of only on account of the flowers you placing everywhere. I am going to have destroyed for weeds, but also meet him too, for I am going to refor the stiffiness of your bending ap- read the first half of the book and forget the rest of it, for it destroys him.

PAINTING

"Oh! how I love to paint!" spent part of my only day at home painting. Painting! As for the looks of the room, you may draw your own conclusions. Here is how I did it.

First I sanded the surface to be painted, then shellacked the knotholes and puttied the cracks and nail holes. Now comes the sad part of the story. I started to paint, actually spread white, sticky stuff on the wall with a brush. What fun! It ran and ran and I ran after it, catching some but missing most of it. Then my parents came to the rescue of the room and I quit, glad to be rid of the job. H. Frisbee, '39.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SCOUT

What does it mean to be a Scout? Many times people ask that question when they see a party of scouts hiking Being a scout does not mean that every little while the boy dresses up in a uniform and has a good time hiking or the like. It means that the boy has taken an oath "to do his duty to God and his country and to obey the scout law: to help other people at all times; to keep himself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

In the scout's regime, the boys are taught First Aid, signalling, and in the merit badge section there is work to take up in many branches.

"Well, whatever it is, I am not going to settle any arguments," replied Mother, "but please be quiet; I am trying to read."

"Well, I don't care; I__" said Dick. "Don't say another word about those ear-phones or you both will go to bed," interrupted Mother. And so the quarrel ended.

Doris Kemp, 8A2.

DAVY JONES' PUZZLE

(Continued from page 9) was unwilling to lose her prize. She poured more water into the holds.

"Captain Splifins ordered the men to line up. We were in regular form before you could say Davy Jones. He said: 'Men, today shall be the last day for some of you. The Heavens will it. I've hoped and prayed. I must lose some of you or all'. We stood breathless. 'We can only have half Every ninth man must the crew. walk the plank'.

"Only fourteen men remained and they were all white. But Davy Jones still wanted the ship. It never reached harbor."

I waited a moment for him to explain how the feat was accomplished. He merely shrugged his shoulders and became lost in reverie. I puzzled over the situation awhile, then left him to his dreams.

What was the original lineup? Philip Burgeon, '28.

BROADCASTING

"I don't care, you have those earphones all the time," cried Connie.

"O. I do not!" said Dick.

"You do!" "I don't!"

"You do!" cried Connie, and tried to snatch them.

"Mother, please!"

"Now, Mother, you know I never have them," whimpered Connie.

"Have what?" asked Mother.

"Oh, Mother," cried Connie.

SPRING

What makes folks feel glad and gay, And drives all their cares away?

When the first flowers of Spring peep out.

Old men forget their troublesome gout.

When boys forget to study their books, And take up rod, and line, and hook.

Pray tell! what is this magic thing? Why, to be sure, it is glad Spring! Bernice Gutland, '8B2,



In Memoriam

William Wratten

The I-2 Class mourns the loss of their dear classmate, William Wratten. Though his life was short, he had much to be proud of. All who knew him will always remember him and his cheery smile.

Enelyn Benderson

Sympathy is extended to Mrs. Walter Henderson on the death of her daughter, Evelyn, a former member of the 7A-1 grade.

VOCATIONAL DISPLAYS

this term.

The craft shop crew turned out are real "objets d'art!" some splendid articles, ranging all the duct could be made by an amateur displays of four-color printing. wood worker. Nevertheless, we are end tables and a lamp, the latter a work.

The boys of the craft shop and of product from the lathe. There are the print shop have been very busy also examples of pottery and metal work, other than the jewelry, which

In the printing display there are way from jewelry to furniture. Some the two large size sheets of the of these objects are on display in the school song, which were drawn by main office. There is one desk there Mr. Lee, the two reduced zinc plates which draws attention, and it seems of the same song, and the two pages almost unbelievable that such a pro- of the finished article. There are also

We are very much interested in the told that this is the second of its kind work of both these shops and like to be made by the boy. There are the novel method of introducing their

men."

Our orchestra is becoming really Don't miss the new weekly posters erudite. They are learning to play over the front hall stairs. They're "The Poet and Peasant" and "Car- worthwhile!

the new cosmopolitan spirit at Char- the concert given by the Music Delotte. Even dogs are invited to the partment at No. 38 School are to be assembly.

The four senior high pupils and We ought to be greatly pleased with seven junior high pupils who attended congratulated on their excellent taste. They will need no urging to attend again next year, we feel sure.

We have some budding cartoonists around here, but they never bloom.

Note the addition of six junior high school representatives to the Witan staff. The paper thus becomes more truly the voice of C. H. S.

We cannot help noticing the cleanliness of the Girls' Study Hall for the past term. We congratulate Mr. Tracy on his efforts.

SILHOUETTES

The Witan is indebted to the printing department for the worthwhile insert in the last issue. It was both 2 artistic and interesting.

The silhouettes which appear on page 55 are identified as follows: 1. E. Marsh 5. H. Josh

The whole school cannot but feel

O. Huber 6. E. Bergener J. Halbleib 7. E. Dawson H. Fraser 8. E. Fuhrman

great appreciation for the senior They are graduating.

WELL?

A Junior visited a Freshman class recently. He was impressed by the studious air. But oh, the sophs!

We are offering you a few statistics-you may do as you wish about them.

We notice that the Practice House lawn is beginning to resemble the gradually growing bald spot of a middle-aged man. The doctor prescribes a rest cure for the lawn and renewed activity for the sidewalk.

At the Glee Club-Orchestra concert, (which, by the way, was a very excellent concert), there was a disgustingly small audience, seventy-six in all. It appears that the teachers possess more of that well known virtue, "school spirit," than the pupils, for there were eleven teachers as opposed to four high school students, and seven junior high pupils. The remaining sixty were relatives and friends of the performers.

The school clocks of Charlotte resemble a Senate debate. They agree only when you don't want them to.

In the combined Glee Club and Orchestra there were about sixty students (two teachers in the orchestra). It was necessary to import seven boys to supplement the orchestra and to attempt to augment the base and Didn't you enjoy the last school tenor sections of the Glee Club. The needing any aid whatsoever,

party? We have had so many since girls showed their superiority by not the new president was elected.



HOMEMAKING

The girls of the homemaking class quickly donned their uniforms, all ready to prepare one of the several luncheons to be served. Soon the clatter of dishes and egg beaters broke the silence of the room. As the minutes passed quickly, delicious odors came creeping from the ovens. The two girls who were to serve assigned certain duties to others and then proceeded to set the table correctly.

The usual washing of dishes and the housekeeping duty for each girl ended the period, so those who had finished slipped quietly off to lunch, leaving the two girls to serve in a somewhat anxious state of mind. But in every respect the luncheon proved hibit in the assembly to show what successful.

The guests at the first luncheon were Miss Newman, Miss Stowell, Miss Keeffe and Miss Werner. Winifred Rabjohn and Irma Holverson served.

The guests of the second luncheon were Miss Traver, Mr. Butterfield, Miss Sharer, Mr. Lee, Miss Miner, and Mr. Chamberlain. Evelyn Gallery and Elsa Schmidt served.

The guests of the third luncheon were Mr. Woodman, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. True and Mr. King-Eleanor Bergerner and Elise ston. Tackabury served.

The guests of the fourth luncheon were Mrs. Stacy, Miss Sharer, Miss Curtis and Miss Harvey. Helen Josh and Elsa Schmidt served.

The senior homemaking girls have had the opportunity of serving the teachers, so the junior homemaking girls will serve the senior girls some time in the near future.

Beside the serving of luncheons, the girls are completing the making of various articles which will add a more home-like atmosphere to the apartment.

The girls held a homemaking exhad been accomplished this term.

Aside from these things, each week the homemaking girls have prepared something to be sold in the lunch room, such as: cream puffs, Scottish Fancies, Chocolate Eclaires, sponge cakes, lady fingers, sponge drops, fudge, and a variety of other things.

Myron Kelly, of Mr. Kingston's department, made a dressing table to go in the bedroom of the model apartment of the Practice House.





TRANSITION

In September's morning we came, Green as spring, And mellowed through a year Until summer's scarlet touched us, The scarlet of noon-day.

From rustics to warriors

We belligerent red sophomores had passed,
As ardent and sagacious
As Penelope's suitors.

We caught the cornucopia of those four years, Golden autumn,
From whose teeming embrace
Were gathered fruits and grain
Of three years cultivation,
The judicious harvest time
When everything is stored
Until the coming year.

Like a storekeeper taking inventory
When the snows set in,
So we reviewed our stock and filled
The vacancies. We sat back
And hurriedly enjoyed those things
That previously were barred.

Four pale arduous years thus gone We think of years to come.

How uncertain is our future
Whose configuration, unexplored,
Rests as an Everest,
The very foundation of which
May be moved by earthquake or storm;
And from whose top a Carbuncle gleams,
A hazy luminous goal where none
But deserving adventurers arrive.

Now we start our gem-ward journey.

ALLEN KING, Class Poet.



Howard V. R. Fraser 85 Birr St. J. J. H. S. Undecided

They call him sheik and lady's man And razz him about the girls. But just the same in the East High game That home-run had the whirls.

Baseball 4; Class President 2, 3, 4; Freshman Party Committee 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Publicity Committee 3; Senior Party Committee; Senior Pin Committee; Senior Play 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4.

Ray. Winegard, 260 Lexington Ave. J. J. H. S. Michigan State

What secret rules his turbulent ways What dreams fill his nights, what longings his days? We hear it from his own eager libs-

We hear it from his own eager lips— His heart is "Down to the sea in ships."

Class Vice-President 4; Senior Day Committee; Soccer (Reserve) 4; Student Council 4.

Isabel Harper J. J. H. S. 209 Harding Rd. Mechanics Institute

If we could paint her future Like the pictures which she draws, 'Twould be all joy and sunshine And free from any flaws.

Class Secretary 4; Orchestra 4; Tennis 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan Staff 4.

Frank Arioli No. 43 School 34 Stenson St. Undecided

Music and passion in his dark eyes gleam A frank, fine comradeship he offers

you.
Where others promise lightly—it does
seem

There is no "bunk" to Frank-his friendship's true.

Baseball 3; Glee Club 1, 2, (President) 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Music Committee 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2; Wrestling 1, 2.

C. Coleman Austin 72 Hopper Ter. Parma Dist. No. 3 School, Mech. Inst.

Sleep and be merry, Rest when you please, And at the month's end You'll have C's, D's and E's.

Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Glee Club 1; Soccer 1.

Thomas C. Baggan, Jr. 245 Birr St. Holy Rosary U. of R.

Baggan's quite the autocrat, At least that's what we hear; That he will be a pugilist Is what we really fear.

Baseball 1; Basketball 4, (Reserve) 2; Hi-Y 3, 4; Tennis (Manager) 4; Thrift Committee 1.

Eleanor Bergener 338 Glenwood Ave. West High School Mechanics Institute

Her voice is her character, Her smile her attraction; She's a friend of everyone And in every faction.

Riding 3; Swimming 3, 4; Tri-Y 3.



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THE WITAN



Roberta Bogart Charlotte Station Undecided Nazareth Academy

An arbutus recently came Within our friendly wood And now it must depart Little seen, but passing good.

Baseball 4; Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 4.

Alfred Caruana 347 Platt St. J. J. H. S. University of Rochester

He can strum on the ouitar On the mandolin he's great, But he kept his talents from us 'Till it is almost too late

Baseball (Reserve) 3; Basketball (Reserve) 4; Glee Club 4; Soccer (Reserve) 3, 4.

Wilbert Charity No. 38 School

27 Hewitt St. Undecided

Remember what a salesman Wilbert used to be? What happened to that art Which he had in English III?

Class President 3; Publicity Committee 3.

J. J. H. S.

Harold Conlin 55 Kingsley Rd. Undecided

If you're looking for "Butch" Conlin To the print shop go. For cleverness in printers' ink. He has much to show.

Baseball 3, 4, (Reserve) 2; Basketball 4; Hi-Y 4; Soccer 4; (Reserve) 3.

Arthur Dale M. J. H. S. Britton Rd. Undecided

Art has a car From which he gets much fun. But what is the magic That makes the blamed thing run?

Thrift Committee.

Elsie Dawson No. 41 School 193 Eastman Ave.

She won four blue ribbons In the Girls' Gymnastic Meet, Proving that our Elsie Is a true athlete.

Baseball 3; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Tennis 3.

J. Wendell Fishbaugh 27 West Pkwy. No. 43 School R. B. I.

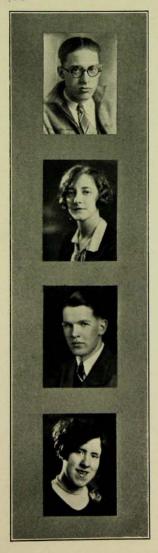
Wendell is quite friendly With all the banks in town, Keep him ever in your mind If your funds run down.

Book Exchange 2, 3, (Chairman) 4; Candy Committee 4; Senior Pin Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Thrift Committee 2; Witan Staff 4.

Marion Fleming No. 38 School 129 Clayton St. Business

She hurries home from school each night, She never wastes a minute, And when it comes to skipping Marion isn't in it.

Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Senior Play 4; Thrift Committee 2, 3; Tri-Y 4.



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THE WITAN









Edith L. Fuhrman 60 Rochelle Ave. No. 42 School Undecided

She's the girl who knows her Latin, Cicero's like pie, She thinks its wrong to punish men By causing them to die.

Class Vice-President 1; Swimming 4; Tennis 4; Thrift Committee 2; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Evelyn Gallery 102 Pollard Ave. Holy Cross Business

Nurse, poet or teacher Some say she ought to be But we will wenture, Evelyn Will be none of these three.

Baseball 4; Basketball 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Scholarship Committee 1; Tennis 4; Tri-Y (Treasurer) 3, (President) 4; Music Committee 1, 2, 3, 4.

Edward Gomm 194 Augustine St. J. J. H. S. Syracuse University

The solemn class is disturbed by a laugh

The teacher scolds for an hour and a half Only his face has a slight grin on it For Ed has a passion to pass as a wit.

Baseball 4; Basketball (Reserve) 4; Freshman Party Committee 1; Hi-Y 4; Publicity Committee 2; Soccer (Reserve) 4; Social Committee 1; Thrift Committee 2, 3, 4.

Ruby Habgood M. J. H. S.

Maiden Lane Business

Often we hear of opals, amethysts, and pearls But 'tis the jewel Ruby that outshines all our girls.

Basketball 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Senior Play 4; Student Council (Treasurer) 4; Tennis 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Josephine A. Halbleib 543 Sen. Pkwy. Nazareth Academy Nazareth College

Jo with her quaint and pleasing smile Took the school by storm. For her the boys would "walk a mile" To gain her friendship warm.

Class Secretary 4; Freshman Party Committee 4; Glee Club 4; Social Committee 4.

Margaret E. Hersey 342 Thomas Ave. Seneca School U. of R.

One time on the honor roll Her name did not appear. The moon was black and white that night For this was all so queer.

Baseball 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Class Vice-President 3; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Guardian of the Flag 4; Publicity Committee 4; Tennis 3, Tri-Y 3, 4,

Ottillie Huber 723 Harvard St. No. 38 School William and Mary Col.

A butterfly sips lightly from each flower

We would not blame its fragile wantoning.

So who would scold when Tillie starts to shower

Her arts upon each passing boy in Spring.

Basketball 1, 2, 3; Class Secretary 1, 3; Girl's Athletic Association 2; Riding 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Tri-Y 4.

George Humby 209 Curtis St. J. J. H. S. Plattsburg Normal

"Jigger" the athlete, scholar and sheik, But in class he's very meek.

Baseball (Reserve) 2, 3; Basketball 4, (Reserve) 3; Glee Club 4; Hi-Y 4; Soccer (Reserve) 2, 4; Thrift Committee 4; Track 3; Witan Staff 4.





Mildred Hyland 3187 St. Paul Blvd. J. J. H. S. Strong Memorial Hosp.

Its a good thing oral topics
Were not assigned each day,
Or soon we'd find poor Mildred's
hair
Was turning silver gray.

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association; Swimming 4; Tennis 2, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Helen B. Josh Greece No. 11 School Ridge Rd. Business

Helen is the manager In many school affairs, And she very gladly All her duties shares.

Baseball 4; Basketball 4; Book Exchange 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Swimming 3; Tennis 4; Thrift Committee 3; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan Staff 4.

Allen King M. J. H. S. 79 Estall Rd. Business

Give us of your philosophy And we will be at ease, Read to us your poetry Of nature and the trees.

Book Exchange 4; Constitution Revision Committee 4; Glee Club 4; Senior Play 4; Thrift Committee 3; Witan Staff 4.

Marguerite Leavitt No. 38 School Denise Rd. Normal

Bards and scholars have ripped up their bonnets To discover the "Dark Lady" of Shakepeare's Sonnets.

I've pondered the answer and now I hew' it
The mysterious lady is Marguerite

Leavitt.

Baseball 4; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Glee Club 4.

Walter Malcolm 4523 Lake Ave. No. 38 School Undecided

A quiet reserve that's hard to break May hide a will that nothing can shake.

Baseball (Reserve) 3, 4; Basketball 1, (Reserve) 3; Forum Committee 4; Hi-Y 4; Scholarship Committee 2, 3; Soccer (Reserve) 4; Thrift Committee 2.

Beth Manning 161 Alameda St. J. J. H. S. U. of R.

She would not a duty shirk, Nor would she say a thing To hurt a person's feelings Nor to them sorrow bring.

Candy Committee 4; Girls Athletic Association 4; Glee Club 4; Scholarship Committee 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Elinor Marsh 117 Mason St. J. J. H. S. U. of R.

Elinor's duties find their way To the book exchange we see. Now the question comes to us, Could it be a "He"?

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 2, 4; Senior Play 4; Social Committee 3; Traditions Committee 3; Witan Staff 4.

Marian Meyerhoff 41 Upton Pl. No. 38 School Mechanics Institute

In olden days before Maid Marion's charm And gentleness, the bold gay Robin

Bowed in allegiance. Nor is this fair

Less gentle, less appealing or less good.

Riding; Tri-Y.





Erwin Murphy 35 Lapham St. Sacred Heart

College

The excusing force will miss him When his face from them is kept. For they've filed and filed excuses With the same word "Overslept."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, (Captain) 4; Class President 2, 3; Class Vice-President 2, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3; Skating 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2; Wrestling 2.

Marjorie Napier 4820 St. Paul Blvd. Seneca School City Normal

Marjorie, the studious, Marjorie, the wise, Till her mind wanders, Off into the skies.

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 4; Girls' Athletic Association; Glee Club 3, 4; Tennis 4.

M. Dorothea Nolte 178 Stonewood Av. No. 42 School City Normal

She's a cheerful sort of girl, Never in a whirl As she trudges on her way Thru' her classes every day.

Baseball 4; Basketball 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Swimming 4; Tennis 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Lawrence Pennington 4763 St. Paul Blvd. Milford High School, Conn. Undecided

Amongst the girls, upon the team He's a regular avore. With his twisters, with his twirlers He's the cat's-and how!

Athletic Committee 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball (Manager) 4; Book Exchange 3, 4; Class President 3, 4; Hi- Y 3, 4; Scholarship Committee 2; Student Council 3, 4; Swimming 2; Thrift Committee 2, 3, 4; Wrestling (Manager) 3 (Manager) 3.

Winifred Rabjohn 551 Lexington Av. J. J. H. S. R. B. I.

A little star amid the skies Discernible and waxing bright Perhaps to be, we but surmise, Another star of worldly light.

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 4; Senior Day Committee 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Lloyd Sandholzer 30 Couchman Ave. No. 38 School College

Who sidles by in the hall as you pass All but his eyes looking innocent? Who strolls up to the desk after class? Only Lloyd on mischief bent.

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Hi-Y 4; Soccer 3, 4; Witan Staff 2, 3; Wrestling 2, 3, 4.

Mary Sayer Pine Grove Ave. Lincoln H. S. Jersey City Buffalo

In certain regal dignity she moves, Almost convincing us (we must confess) That her calm manner and ease and

soft repose Is poise and not just common laziness.

Basketball 4; Tennis 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Elsa M. Schmidt 108 Bryan St. J. J. H. S. R. B. I

'Tis said blondes are light-headed But it doesn't seem quite true, For here's our student secretary And she's serious thru and thru.

Candy Committee 4; Class Secretary 2, 3; Glee Club 4; Publicity Committee 4; Student Council (Secretary) 4; Tri-Y 3, (Secretary) 4.





Allan Snider 1691 Hudson Ave. Irondequoit H. S. U. of R.

The "old black Joe" of long ago Is not the "Jo" for whom he's strong; But "Jo, I'm coming, coming Jo" Is still the content of his song.

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Class President 3; Freshman Party Committee 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Soccer 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; Traditions Committee 4; Witan Staff 4.

Frank Stevensky 75 Lapham St. Sacred Heart College

If teachers figure that Frank cuts no

They should adjourn to some famed skating rink, And see him break all records in a

And see him break all records in a

Or watch him with his girls-well, I don't think!

Baseball 1, (Reserve) 3; Basketball 1, (Reserve) 2, 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Publicity Committee 2; Skating 2, 3, (Captain) 4; Soccer 1, (Reserve) 2, 3, 4; Tennis 4; Track 4.

Elsie E. Tackabury 7 Alonzo St. No. 38 School Business

Rush, dash—crash Typewriter, shorthand—hash! This is Elsie's menu for the day. Sharer, Ward—Newman

Race, Pace—Acumen— Aside from this she finds a time for play.

Basketball 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Publicity Committee 4; Thrift Committee 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, (Treasurer) 4; Witan Staff 4.

George Taylor 392 Augustine St. J. J. H. S. U. of R.

A voice like the waves of the ocean A mind like the depths of the seas, A character strong as a mountain And a firm desire to please.

Basketball (Reserve) 2; Glee Club 2, 3, (President) 4; Handbook Committee 4; Hi-Y (Secretary) 4; Orchestra 2, 3; Senior Day Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Soccer 3, 4; Standard Bearer 4; Student Council (Vice-President) 4; Track 3, 4; Witan Staff (Editor-inchief) 4.

Dorothy L. Thomas

J. J. H. S. 204 Kislingbury St.
Business

With cool assurance (perhaps because she's tall) he looks o'er our heads and smiles at us all.

Freshman Party Committee 2; Music Committee 3; Social Committee 3.

Lillian Vogt J. J. H. S

3, 4.

127 Argo Park City Normal

She's neat and she's modest. She's careful, she's gay.
What more can we say of a miss who's so formal?
If she has any faults she has hid them away,
E'en her plans for the future are

"perfectly normal."

Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic
Association 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Tri-Y

Carol Walker 168 Augustine St. J. J. H. S. Columbia University

Carol's generosity
And enterprising nature
Perfect her (unofficially)
An excusing teacher.

Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; Riding 2, 3; Senior Play 4; Swimming 3; Tri-Y 3, 4.

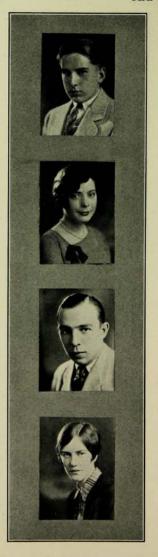
Robert C. Walker 127 Flower City Pk. Mad. Jun. H. S., New., N. J. College

Ray Winegard's other self, the sailor Bob, Makes up some long lost sleep when he's in school. But his keen mind, alert in honest look

Shows clearly that our Bob is no one's fool.

Hi-Y 4; Thrift Committee 2.





Edward Waterhouse 263 River St.
No. 38 School Business

Across the sky where Nurmi's blaze is spread His feet will never make a record track; But in the hall where Economics rules Ed's seat will never be the one in back.

Baseball 4; Basketball (Reserve) 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Soccer 4, (Reserve) 3; Wrestling 4.

Marion Weston 178 Alameda St. J. J. H. S. U. of R.

"Snapshots" is her hobby we hear She collects them by the score She put some in our "Witan" Now we're anxious to see more.

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan Staff 3, 4.

Harold Wharity 3862 Lake Ave.
No. 42 School Mechanics Institute

Pat is good natured Pat tries hard Pat, you're a loyal Good-hearted "pard."

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

Edythe Wratten No. 38 School 29 Camden St. Undecided

"Blessed are the peacemakers"
If I have my guess
Here's a lucky maiden
Who'll get her share of "bless."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; Safety and Order Committee 4; Tennis 3.



Cause of Demise

Attempting to please a Rochester

A drawn out illness after a brush

audience.

Occupation

Famed Musician

Name

FRANK ARIOLI

ISABELLE HARPER

Lack of breath while selling one of COLEMAN AUSTIN Salesman his articles. THOMAS BAGGAN Chemist Experimenting with nitro-glycerine. Withered as all wallflowers do. ELEANOR BERGENER Society Queen ROBERTA BOGART Dye Demonstrator Dyeing. French Professor Result of being crushed in the Dollar ALFRED CARUANA Day crowd in Paris. Grief when his wife cashed in. WILBERT CHARITY Banker Disappointment over results of the Business Man HAROLD CONLIN World Series. Fright when a Ford broke loose. ARTHUR DALE Mechanic EDYTHE WRATTEN Nurse Natural causes. Died with the business. Factory President WENDELL FISHBAUGH Exhaustion after a long run. MARION FLEMING Stocking Saleswoman Heart trouble when Murphy paid a Broker HOWARD FRASER back debt. Snow storm-found frozen. Frigidaire Agent EDITH FUHRMAN An illness of a long period. RUBY HABGOOD Stenographer A long case of vellow fever. JOSEPHINE HALBLEIB Lawver

with the critics. The result of a twelve-story fall. MARGARET HERSEY Book Agent Burns received when hot under the GEORGE HUMBY Laundry Owner collar. A beating. EDWARD GOMM Egg Dealer Bathing Beauty Sun stroke. OTTILLIE HUBER Dietician Indigestion. MILDRED HYLAND

Artist

EVELYN GALLERY Nurse Hardship of training three husbands

Helen Josh Secretary An infection caused by a file.

The state of the s

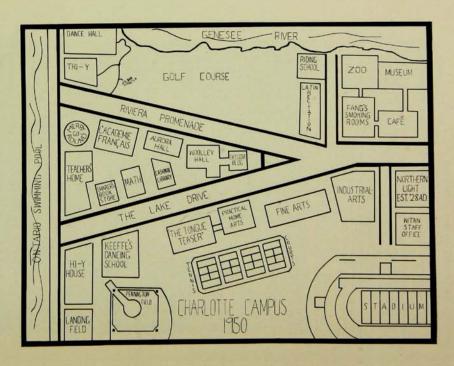
ALLAN KING Poet Existence went blank after a long stanza in life.

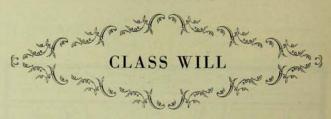
ERWIN MURPHY Big League Star Shock of a broken ankle; struck out for good.

WALTER MALCOLM Electrician Shock. Death has a stronger current than life.

Name	Occupation	Cause of Demise
MARGUERITE LEAVITT	Hairdresser	Drowning in a permanent wave.
BETH MANNING	Librarian	A book-worm infection—now shelv- ed away.
ELINOR MARSH	Writer	Disease of an unknown character.
MARIAN MEYERHOFF	Actress	Her foot lights on the stage no more.
DOROTHEA NOLTE	Missionary	Converted from something into nothing. Now in a foreign land.
Marjorie Napier	Manicurist	Nailed up for good in the files of time.
Winifred Rabjohn	French Pastry Cook	Sunk into her soggy grave.
LLOYD SANDHOLZER	Doctor	Lack of patience.
MARY SAYER	Cooking Teacher	Sifted into the ingredients of the soil.
Allan Snider	Engineer	Gone on a road of unknown con- struction.
ELSIE TACKABURY	Music Teacher	Called by the song of fate to a better land I know.
FRANK STEVENSKY	Tenor Singer	Perhaps pitched to the depths below or in harmony with those above.
George Taylor	Newspaper Editor	Pressed away for good far beyond the last edition.
DOROTHY THOMAS	Historian	Relation of the past and the future unknown.
LILLIAN VOGT	Mathematics Teacher	Now resting in a rectangular box with the roots below.
CAROL WALKER	Cave Woman	Rebound of rolling pin on husband's head, killing two birds with one stone.
ROBERT WALKER	Ship Owner	Sailing in strange waters with no compass to guide him.
Edward Waterhouse	Chiropodist	Reading "Pilgrim's Progress."
Marion Weston	Piano Teacher	The key notes of time played their part.
HAROLD WHARITY	Automobile Dealer	Lost his bearings, causing death; may he have a strong clutch on the life hereafter.
ELSIE SCHMIDT	Private Secretary	Her records were good, but her fate was not recorded.
RAYMOND WINEGARD	Navigator	Now resting peacefully in Davy Jones' locker.
Elsie Dawson	Star Athlete	Her life sprinted onward but her soul won the race.
Lawrence Pennington	Man of Leisure	Idled away from this earth and is still unoccupied.

LLOYD SANDHOLZER, Class Prophet.





We, the June class of 1928, of Charlotte High School, Rochester, New York, being of sound mind and body do hereby make our last will and testament:

To Mr. Butterfield we leave a football and tackling dummy with which to get in trim for the faculty versus varsity basketball game next fall.

To the Janitors we leave a new furnace.

To Roswell White we leave a face cream for actors, which is 99 44/100 pure glue, that he may maintain a constant serious expression.

To Harrison Grotzinger, the French class artist and female impersonator, we leave a burglar proof compact, a drawing pencil and a French book with blank pages.

As special personal bequests we leave:

Fraser's well-worn lungs to assist Warden's none-too-sound one. Sandholzer's nonsensical cheers and Gomm's smiling approval to "Noisy" Mel Kneeland.

Fishbaugh's studied courtesy, to Frisbez.

Harold Conlin's intense leadership of the "Common Cause" to "Bus" Warden,

"East Avenue" Bergener's love for Moser's, to Louise Schrader.

Elinor Marsh's cat and sarcasm, to our dear advisor.

Frank Stevensky's driving ability, to Miss Goff.

The Weston-Vogt scandal collection, to Misses Werner and Cashman.

We leave Mr. Erenstone to settle the age old argument over a measuring tape whose ownership is disputed by Mr. Bird and Mr. Chamberlain.

To those who are too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work and have made the mistake of letting their school work interfere with their education, we leave a comfortable looking bed which we have noticed on the second floor of the Practice House.

To Mr. Glenn Denison we leave a large pile of sand and request that he shall find the six trignometric functions of each grain in the terms of the other grains. It would be well when this is done to check by the Mollweide Formula and then place the sand in neat piles of fifty.

Mr. Baggan personally bequeaths his extensive knowledge of sailing to a brother yachtsman, Mr. Lawrence Hamilton Cooper.

RAYMOND WINEGARD, Class Testator.

HOWARD FRASER

ISABEL HARPER

Witnesses



"THE NORTHERN LIGHT"

This term the boys of the print shop, under Mr. Lee's direction, conceived the idea of a school newspaper which they carried out as an experiment. There have been three copies, the first being a free number and the other two sold at three cents a copy. The last was a patriotic number, issued just before Memorial Day. The two-colored print that was used, was decidedly attractive. Besides boosting all the school activities, the paper proved to be a welcome ally in the advertising campaign for the Witan.

We should like to see the print shop continue the work next term, perhaps establish a paper with regular date of issue and lift "The Northern Light" out of the experimental class.



Glee Club



A Glee Club is a lively organization, a workable part of the school, that promotes dramas, operettas, and group singing. It is a unit whose aid may be enlisted for entertainment at parties, in assemblies, at other school functions, or by the community. A school may be proud to have such a Club as that of Charlotte High School.

Since January the group has grown rapidly. By the time that Charlotte High School was asked to participate in the Community Festival it contained thirty-five members. Twenty more joined before May 1.

In the assembly of April 26 the chorus sang the three songs it was to sing the following week. At the Festival on Wednesday evening, May 2, the choruses of John Marshall, University Annex, and Charlotte High Schools gave their numbers, "The Miller's Wooing," "And the Glory of the Lord," and "A Border Ballad."

The second half of the Spring Concert, which occurred May 11, consisted of spirituals and other songs by the chorus, as well as solos, duets, quartets. Readings were given by Mrs. Slobbe. The Club hopes the concert will be an annual affair. It was well pleased with the remarkable representation of the student body.

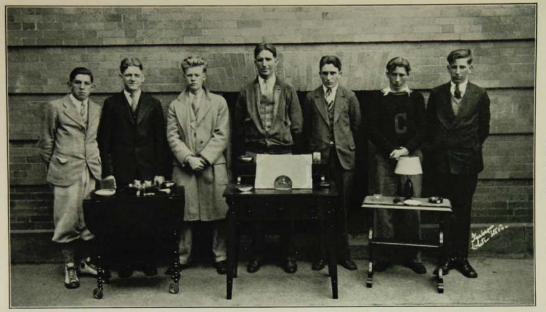
OFFICERS

MR. LEWIS MARSH—Conductor
GEORGE TAYLOR—President
MARGARET HERSEY—Vice-president
ELINOR MARSH—Secretary
GEORGE HUMBY—Treasurer
ALLEN KING, HAZEL ISAAC—Librarians





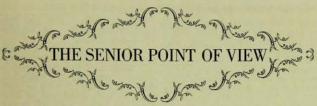
The Baseball Team



The Craft Shop



Hi-Y



ISN'T IT FUNNY?

All during the three, four or five years that we are in High School we complain about one thing or another. Everybody does it. We complain about the huge amount of home work, about the heartless teachers, about the car service, about the length of the class periods. Oh, what long periods they are at times, too! But when about the first of June in the Senior year comes, we seem to feel differently about things. We don't seem to mind the home work so much since we can't be doing it very much longer, we think all the teachers are wonderful; we like the uncertainty of the car service, and the periods!_well, WHY I COULD NOT really they aren't bad at all. begin to like school, now that we are about to leave it. Everybody at some time or other in his school career sighs, "If only I were out of school!" But, strangely enough, when the time comes to actually leave, we don't feel the same about it at all. Isn't it funny? Ask the Seniors-they know! Marion Weston, '28

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

"And they found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and lived happily ever after." That was a good he was not much help. He wouldn't fairy tale but it certainly is a Fairy be anyway, so he was not missed Story. It isn't true! It isn't true! much. It isn't true!

picion that there was a pot of gold at window. the end of the rainbow_but I am dis- milk and I need one after the recent illusioned.

Last night a sudden storm came up. It hailed and rained together and the sun came out. And there, high over the orchard across the road, was a rainbow. One end was behind the Big House up the street and the other end was in front of the tree opposite my window. There were the colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet, but there was no pot of gold. The end of the rainbow was right on the ground.

My pet belief is blasted! Mary Sayer, '28.

WRITE THIS ESSAY

Much ado about nothing might be a better title for this attempt, because that is the way it started. When my dear little boy friend suggested casually that I was not going to write, I suggested that I was.

After much deliberation started on the bed, continued on the floor and under the bed, we mutually decided that I would write the essay. The trouble was that nothing could be decided upon that would be appropriate for school. Many and varied were the topics, varying from Burns to Coolidge. None would suit the situation. Dear little friend did not know what exposition meant, so

The conclusion is near, because he I have always had a sneaking sus- is starting to throw books out the Also he wants a malted exercise. Robert C. Walker, '28,

ON BEING YOURSELF

As Robinson says, there has been for about two thousand years; what a few easy lessons. men thought at that time, we are look under the "cover."

day and see different to-morrow, say anyone: give vent to your ideas.

I often wondered if this world were to be destroyed completely, together with its men, women, children and ideas, and another world was created, just as this one was started, with anything like our world? Certainly thoughts, other than speaking them. not! If such a situation could be it would be!

We have had the misfortune of lis- that she wanted order. tening to someone speak of something ally if at some time you had pushed the end of it and are at the same time the same idea away from your mind exercising their real or false teeth. as something too obvious or too un-

a new idea publicly and you will al- home the teacher is a nervous wreck. ways be sure of getting credit for you! Alfred Caruana, '28.

HOW TO FALL

Falling is really a very easy thing no advancement in the mind of man to do. It may be accomplished after

If one backs up against a clothesthinking now. Like a train placed on line, not above the head, not knowing tracks, we must follow the tracks. it is there, the desired result may be Why must a train go on tracks? Why obtained. One may fall against an not let it fly? Don't accept anything obstacle as easily forward as backthat is taken for granted; revolt ward. A dog, broomstick, or other against it! Should the tall grass bend convenient piece of wood will do very before a strong wind? Why? The well. If one block of sidewalk is idea is to scorn all appearances and higher than the preceding, it is no effort at all to fall. If one's ankle sud-Do not be consistent for the sake of denly turns over, it is difficult to keep being consistent, but reject even your from falling. Standing on a chair too own ideas; if you say something to- near the edge is a good way to fall.

If all the above ways of falling are so; don't be afraid of disappointing not effective, a sure method is to walk off the roof of a house.

Roberta Bogart, '28.

THE PENCIL

What a simple object a pencil is, nothing to mould their civilization af- and yet what an important role it ter except on their own new ideas, plays in life. How lost a person can what would it be like? Would it be be with no means of expressing his

A teacher would lose the grip of created, how different and interesting her authority if she did not have a pencil to rap on the desk, to indicate

The pencil is a cheap contrivance to we already knew. You know how you keep hungry and nervous people quiet despised that person's ideas, especi- as they find much delight in chewing

Little children, who are generally real, that you would be laughed at if yelling, are stopped as if by magic you let anyone else know about it, when a pencil is put into their hands, but when you find that he is getting They delight in marking up beautiful credit for your idea, you feel like tell-wall paper, but most parents think ing him he had no right to think so, this is very cute, and are sure their When you have guests at home, let children have talent as artists. How them amuse you; don't you amuse the little school children delight in them because it's "the right and rolling their pencils down the desk so polite thing to do." Always express that by the time they are ready to go

What a handy tool a red lead pencil saying something different because is to high school students who have the public is not interested to hear the the weakness of skipping school. same ideas over and over again. When the excuse is handed in, a per-Break the habit of following along fect counterfeit is on it, thus saving wagging a tail of contentment behind a great deal of sadness and trouble. Probably the worst part a pencil

has to play is when it is compelled to Arthur Dale-In My Merry Oldsmoguide a student's mind on paper. bile What awful mistakes it is led on by Harold Conlin—My Man a guide that is unacquainted with the Elsa Schmidt-In Your Green Hat rules of the subject.

When the good old summer rolls Eleanor Bergener-Brown Eyes around the pencil is cast aside, and Marjorie Napier-Margie has a long rest of peaceful sleep, un- Josephine Halblieb) til it is compelled once more to return Elinor Marsh to the dreary halls of horror-school. Winifred Rabjohn-Laugh It Off Lloyd Sandholzer, '28.

LATEST SONG HITS

Dorothy Thomas-Sweetheart of Sigma Chi Geo. Humby-Stumbling All Around Erwin Murphy-Too Tired Ottillie Huber - She Knows Her Onions

Edward Gomm-Collegiate Roberta Bogart-Five Foot Two Eyes Dorothea Nolte-I'm Satisfied of Blue

Raymond Winegard-Sail On Robert Walker-Drifting and Dream-

Howard Fraser-Three O'clock in the Morning

Marion Fleming-Red Hair Thomas Baggan-Wobbly Walk Lillian Vogt-Let a Smile Be Your At many miles a minute; Umbrella

Frank Stevensky - When Francis Dances With Me Mary Sayer-O What a Pal Was

Mary Elsie Tackabury-Me Too Allan Snider-My Best Girl Frank Arioli-The Sheik of Araby Marion Weston-Among My Souven-

iers Alfred Caruana-Say It with Ukulele George Taylor-It All Depends on You

Allen King-Dream Pal Edythe Wratten-Is She My Girl Friend?

Evelyn Gallery-When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Margaret Hersey-I Love Me Marion Meyerhoff-Ain't She Sweet Wendell Fishbaugh-Freckles Carol Walker-Melancholy Baby

Isabel Harper-Just Like a Butterfly And I often wonder Harold Wharity-At Peace With the What makes you thunder?

World

Elsie Dawson-Don't Mind the Rain -Side by Side Beth Manning-Honest and Truly Edith Fuhrman-Bright Eyes Coleman Austin-Sleepy Head Wilbert Charity-Billy Boy Helen Josh-Who?

Marguerite Leavitt-I Never See Maggie Alone

Lawrence Pennington-Henry Made a Lady Out of Lizzie Edward Waterhouse-What Does It

Matter Lloyd Sandholzer-Hello, Sandy Ruby Habgood-That Certain Party

Walter Malcolm-Falling Mildred Hyland-My Hyland Lassie

MY SHIP

My ship goes floating thru the air It comes back home to me again With world wonders in it.

Whene'er I wish for Chinese dolls Or Scottish coats and breeches, My ship goes floating 'round the world, Then back to me it reaches.

It flies o'er fields of frozen snows, Soon passes the equator; It scares the pickannies, then It's home a little later. Florene Rich, '29.

TO A FORD

Oh, Ford! you camel of machines, Can run for months, to me it seems, Without a drop of oil, And ne'er give up your toil.

Gasoline you never need; On every road you keep your speed; Alfred Caruana, '28

GLIMPSES NEAR THE LAKE

There is a school, in the lake or near the lake (I can't remember which) that is called Charlotte High.

The teachers are ultra-typically They knit, embroider, garden, and what not. Some of them are even bold enough to drive vehicles to school. (They seem to prefer autos to bicycles).

Not long ago they recalled their memories of the fifties by a party at the Practice House. They are truly

quite frisky!

The students at Charlotte are very remarkable for their intelligence. They read such books as "Peter Rabbit." "Alice in Wonderland" and other deep stories. They seem to like this high type of literature better than mathematics, history, or the languages. Perhaps it is just a passing fancy.

But when the student body and the faculty clash! They battle together in many ways. One of these is basketball, in which their gay colors shouldn't be missed by anyone.

The inmates of this institution every now and then are presented by the instructors with little white cards which greatly excite these inmates. They are called either deport cards or report cards. How happy the students are when these deport cards are handed to them! They seem to think they are relics to be cherished.

It is amazing how these students puzzle over logs and other conserva-

tion problems.

Some of the benefactors of this school are very useful in their spare time. They either sell candy or eat it.

Although both the students and the faculty love the school, they love their homes more, and, at two-thirty, as the bell rings, are glad that just another day has wasted away.

Isabel Harper, '28.

A RECIPE

proves to be a delicious dessert, al- that Spirit within you.

First, find a place which is satis- rotten at the heart." factorily quiet and comfortable. Then

make sure that all of your ingredients are at hand: at least two well sharpened pencils, one filled fountain pen (perhaps a bottle of ink, too), three or four pads, all of your textbooks and a reasonable amount of brains.

Spend about ten minutes adjusting your chair, lamp, and self until you have a position which seems fairly permanent. Mix the above ingredients thoroughly for three hours. Sleep well, and by morning your lessons will be well forgotten.

Margaret Hersey, '28.

GILT

The shiny surface which appeals to the eyes has only to be scraped a little and the true worth of the object will be exposed. How much we achieve by affectation! But how undeniably worthless are these achievements to our true selves.

Some times you assume an air which, inwardly, you reject, yet think it necessary under the circumstances. You cover yourself with the Gilt that you may pass favorably, for other than you are.

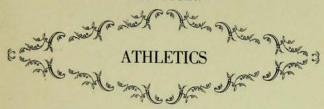
Everywhere it is the same; there come times when it is felt necessary to assume a situation, assume an attitude which is not true. It is merely affectation, yet is not affectation in a sense hypocrisy? Are we not more or less hypocrites when we affect? It seems so.

With the term hypocrite, I have not been well acquainted. My first access to it was by reading the Bible. and at that time I had no idea as to its meaning, therefore, the phrase "O, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" meant little to me.

The term "hypocrite" is harsh and condemning, but if by having it applied to us frequently, we would attempt to throw it off, it would have been used adequately.

Affectation! The Gilt that coats the After a day of idleness, study Truth. If used too long it will warp though it is rather difficult to make, being Shakespeare's "Goodly apple,

Elsie Dawson, '28.



BASEBALL

Baseball is again to the fore, riding the crest of popularity as in previous seasons.

"The first thing they ask for" reads one of our highway advertisements; likewise do sport fans of Rochester and vicinity ask about Charlotte's baseball team. Why shouldn't they? We had a team last season that was unequaled in high school circles for seasons back, and we have this reputation to maintain.

The first game of the season was played against St. Andrews Seminary. The game proved to be a very good work-out for Charlotte's bats and legs, and added to Manager Warden's worry of broken bats and lost balls. Warden and his harriers have quite worthily done their work and it is rumored that they will all make the track team next year. The end of the season will also find Warden a likely candidate for crier in the subway.

The East High game was our first league contest and it proved to be our first league victory. Charlotte proved itself a smart club by hitting when hits were needed and tightening their playing in the pinches. Naramore featured with his three-bagger, scoring three runners ahead of him. The final score was 11 to 6. Decisive as the score may look, the boys had to keep hustling, however.

Irondequoit next obliged us with another workout, the final verdict being a 15 to 5 victory for Charlotte.

The West High game proved a setback, the boys losing 6 to 2. Our boys Rochester and vicinity high schools played far below their usual standard. are anticipated and should prove good This by no means dims their hope, workouts for them.

and they are still fighting hard for

the championship.

John Marshall next came down to Charlotte for a game, and what a game it was! It waged for eleven innings, finally ending a seven-all draw. It was a wonderful exhibition on the part of both teams and it tightened the rivalry already existing between the two schools. Snider pitched superbly until the ninth inning, when he gave way in favor of "Larry" Pennington. Timely hitting by Charlotte was a feature.

Our next game brought us a victory against Canandaigua. This game was decidedly Charlotte's throughout, our pitchers, "Larry" and "Spike," never being in danger. The final score was

9 to 2.

TRACK

Coach Lacy and Manager Ferguson after much practice, both mental and physical, have rounded together a passable track team.

The first meet of the season was with John Marshall, this lasting two days. Our boys did not score a win, although they made a strong bid for it. Every event, except the 100 yard dash, was close. We were minus Captain Street, who is our best 100 yard and 220 yard man. His usual points were greatly missed. Kelly featured with a first in the 440 yard, second in the mile, first in the 220 yard, and second in pole vault. Humby, high jump and low hurdles; Ahrns, mile, and Taylor, half-mile.

Meets with Monroe, Tech and other



Swimming, hiking, dancing, tennis as follows: Posture, Mary King, 7B; and baseball.

and Billie Norton entered the swim- Mary King, 7B; Dorothy Durrans, ming meet for the advanced swim- 7A; Adreen Kirby, 8B; Louise mers which was held at the Y. W. Schrible, 8A. C. A. in April.

The hiking class was a new feature and proved a success. In the end, the hikes usually turned into picnics, having the highest individual score.

The dancing was changed from ballroom to aesthetic, by the vote of the girls. So you see they are really out for fame.

Almost everyone who tried to use the tennis courts on Tuesday nights found it impossible, for the simple reason that the courts were reserved for the girls who were learning to play. We will admit that they did look awkward, but some of you very good players had better look to your laurels, for there is good stuff in these beginners. Also for advanced players there was a tennis tournament.

Some girls from the wonderful basketball teams and others who said they had played "all their lives" made These some good baseball teams. ball teams did.

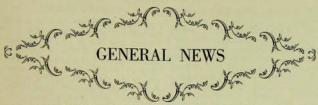
great success. In the Junior High year. Are you one of these?

The girls' spring sports were: School, the first places were awarded Inez Stubbs, 7A; Renee Herman, 8B; Mary Heydweiller, Betty LeClare Marian Wright, 8A. Floor Work, Dancing, Mary King, 7B; Dorothy Durrans, 7A; Adreen Kirby, 8B; Freda Mitchell, 8A. Mary King received the "good fairy" for

> The Senior High School opened their meet by singing "Charlotte High," and maybe you think they didn't sing and that they weren't glad to have "It" to sing. The first places were awarded as follows: Posture, Rosamund Heath, I; Ruth Manuel, II; Helen Sheehan, III; Elsie Dawson, IV. Floor Work, Rosamund Heath, I; Ruth Manuel, II; Mary Heydweiller, III; Elsie Dawson, IV. Dancing, Rosamund Heath, I; Verna Lawrence, II; Velma Kelly, III; Elsie Dawson, IV. Apparatus Work, Ruth Huck, I; Vera Porter, II; Florene Rich, III; Elsie Dawson, IV. Ruth Manuel won the small individual cup. The Sophomore class won the honor of having their numerals engraved on the large cup.

There are about thirty girls who brought as much fun as the basket- will have earned their G. A. A. emblems by the closing of school. This In April, there was a Girls' Gym- means that they have had satisfacnastic Meet, which was considered a tory attendance in some sport for a





A TRAGICAL COMEDY

Thursday morning, May 17, 1928, in room 104, the Freshman Play Producing Company of Charlotte High School released a new production. They are greatly relieved to have it off their minds. They staged Act Five of "As You Like It" by William Shakespeare. The audience consisted of Miss Whelehan, Miss Newman, and Miss Donovan, the class teacher. They were exceedingly amused by the com-

edy.

Gladys Lindsey as Rosalind and David Benham as Orlando were the star players. David, however, was absent, and, after much confusion, James Gallery was asked to take his part. The other characters were Norman Lathrop, Touchstone; Kathryn Trayhern, Audrey; Edward Bush, Oliver; Nedra Tozier, William; Virginia Rust, Phoebe; Donald LeSchander, Silvius; Grace Tupper, First Page; Helen Lang, Second Page; Betty Le-Clare, Hymen; Richard MacArthur, Duke Senior; Else England, Jacques; Billy Norton, Jacques Deboys, and Esther Ferguson, Cilia. Betty Le-Clare was stage manager. The only faults of the impersonators were that lando. Poor Oliver lacked his sar- Gables." casm and was strikingly tender in his sarcastic speeches. William was fem- of the Economics class, led by Boris inine instead of masculine, and the Warden, the affirmative, and Raymond melancholy Jacques was very happy. Winegard, the negative. The ques-

Forest of Arden was tacked to a black ions should be abolished." and green sky and the sunset on such a lovely morning was beautiful.

gressed marvelously, but scene three pictures on forestry. Several origintroduced tragedy. The Second Page inal essays were read on the some sub-

upon entering was dismayed at finding himself enveloped by the sky, which had partly fallen. The First Page, preceding the Second, was star gazing upon the green sky and nearly fell over himself. The Second Page, however, finally extricated himself from the numerous folds of the curtain and, with a very red face, proceeded to talk. He was entirely ignorant of the fact that he was to sing a song and, after much stage whispering and a few giggles from the cloak room, he read the song with a still redder face. Poor Touchstone didn't know that he was possessed of such a large vocabulary, and tripped over a few of his words. Gentle Phoebe, bestowing vows upon her lover, was dismayed to find him absent, but nevertheless proceeded. The players were so relieved at the end that they left the poor epilogue to address the trees; nevertheless, all's well that ends well and you may take this saying As You Like It.

Helen Lang, '31.

ASSEMBLY

April 12-The III-2 English classes Rosalind lacked her stature and also presented two original dramatizations had to look down upon beloved Or- from "The House of the Seven

April 19-A debate by the members The scenery was amazing! The tion was "Resolved-That labor un-

April 26-The annual Arbor Day program. Mr. Bennett and The first two scenes of the play pro- Omans showed slides and moving

ject. The Glee Club sang three selections.

May 9-Mr. Kingsbury, a professional typist, visited the Freshman typing class for speed demonstration.

May 17—Mr. Duffy and Mr. Folsom, from the Harvard Club of Rochester, spoke about the Harvard Scholarships and the new policy of the Rochester branch of awarding their scholarship to a member of the junior class instead of to a senior as heretofore.

NAMES

There are lots of dancing Doras, And sentimental Sues; There are lots of flirting Floras, And laughing Mary Lous.

There are Helens by the cartload, And Mabels by the score; You hear the cry of Betty Jane A hundred times or more.

The lonely name that's seldom heard, And just as seldom seen, Is that queer one they gave to me, The name that is Florene. Florene Rich, '29

HONORS IN ART

Our Art Department had several specimens of work in the Eastern Arts Exhibit this Spring. As the Rochester exhibit was chosen as one to be sent to Czecko-Slovakia for the International Arts Conference, this work will be on exhibition in Prague during the coming summer. The following pupils' work was included:

Marion Meyerhoff—Glazed Book Ends.

Harrison Grotzinger-Metal Book Ends.

Virginia Smith—Christmas Cards, Enameled Flower Box.

Arthur Newcomb—Wall Hanging. Strohn Bliven—Bracelet. Josephine Chapell—Pin. Marguerite Leavitt—Pottery.

The Three Acyteers

We have a Stacy, and a Lacy, and a Tracy;
Now Mr. Lacy's sort of racy—
and a bit too thin;
Our Mr. Tracy is not quite lazy—
so he drives a car of tin;
Dear Mrs. Stacy is very lacy—
and she will have her little whim.

"IDLE" OF ROOM 105

And there is no room like it under heaven, For stern behind the desk, which is dusty And covered with much ever-moving paper, The Study Hall teacher stands: both her hands Rapping the desk, as attention's being called; Then like the cross, her great and goodly arms Stretch over all the heads and silence call: And scraps of paper fall from every desk. And down from one a box does drop, from one A wrapper, either worn by hands or feet: And across the floor are many blots of ink; And on all the desks to left of us, and right, Are initials in weird devices done, New ones and old co-twisted as if Time Were nothing, so artistically that girls Are giddy gazing there, and over all High on the top, are swarms of flies, the friends of no one.

That should bite us if they could.

Mary Heydweiller, '29.

Miss Emerson: "Does he know you?"

anything."

Mr. Lacy: "Pat, name a commodity that has elastic demand."

Pat: "Clothing."

Mr. Lacy: "What for instance?" Pat: "Bare necessities."

No Means Yes?

Miss Doehler: "Robert, were you used to run it." very sick?"

R. D.: "Yes."

Miss D.: "Did you have to go to bed?"

R. D.: "No, I had a cold."

Miss D.: "Did you go over to see Gunnar?"

R. D.: "No."

Miss D.: "Did Gunnar come over to see you?"

R. D.: "No."

Miss D.: "Did you go to the Doctor's together?"

R. D.: "No."

Miss D.: "Then maybe a movie?" R. D. (No answer).

Miss D.: "Aha! Did you go to the down on his chest."

Victoria?"

Both Boys: "No!"

Miss D.: "Fays? That seems to be a popular place for boys." Both: "No!"

Miss D.: "Who's the friend in the family who wrote the excuse?"

Both: "No one."

Miss D.: "Well! Did Gunnar write yours and you write Gunnar's?"

Both: "No."

Miss D. (at end of period) "Better be careful, boys, I know your tricks (eyebrows go up). Was "The Black Pirate" good?" Both: "Yes."

At the dawn of darkness When owls sing their good-day

And shadows in starkness Lay unnaturally long, I feel a funny feeling Where my mid-ribs come apart, It seems some love goes stealing The heart-strings from my heart.

Father: "That candy you ate last Friday is probably what's making Darrow: "No, he doesn't know any- you sick."

Me: "Why Dad, today is Tuesday!" Father: "And you caught your cold a week ago Saturday on that old hike of yours to Ellison Park."

Me: "Say, Dad, evidently you think I catch a cold and stow it away in my pocket book for a couple of weeks!

E. G.: "Where is Harper's Ferry?" A. K.: "In Virginia. My Father

H. P.: "I don't think I'll wear my hat to school tomorrow.

J. G.: "Better look out! The wood-peckers are out in Charlotte!"

Miss Emerson: "Mr. Paige, what are you doing in that seat?"
"Mr." Paige: "Sittin' here."

Try This

Boy: "Robinson Crusoe must have been an acrobat." Girl: "Why?"

Boy: "Because I read in a book that after his evening meal he always sat

Ad Maniac America

An ode to Horace, with apologies to Fragments found in a silver him. flask bearing the initials, "C. J. C." (With all probability Caius Julius Caesar).

Lux carbona texaco simplex, Helium, congoleum rinso speedex, Opium tuxedo gymnasium aratex, Delco castoria jello galtex.

Bakelite rem, radio ansco, Rebus anditorium naphtha filmo, Sunrae linoleum lax tobacco, Onomotopia montezuma cello.

Mazda dolomite omnibus crustaceae Frigidaire tromite sluco coco radio, Phyorrhea ditto prophilactic aetnae Stucco tempo banditti alumnae.

Octopus fatima argo reo, Halitosis domino pax oleo, Circulum mulatto quorum sapolio, Fyrax salada phoenix folio. Finis

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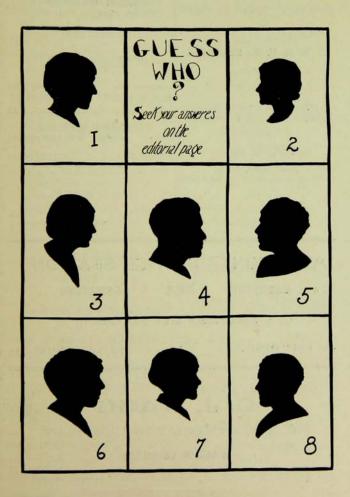
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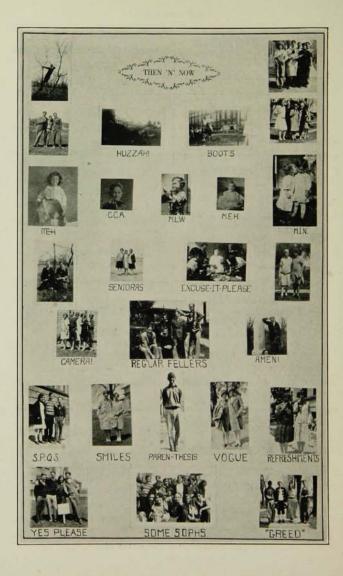
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What Others Are Saying

Here's another excerpt from a Herbert Hoover speech that's well worth pondering over.

"Some talk glibly of abolishing all government regulations, others want to nationalize or socialize our industries and run them with a bureaucracy. They are surely far from the instinct of American individualism. Both of them would breed the domination of the individual by a group."

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