

*Senior  
Edition*

# THE WITAN



*Charlotte High School  
January 1930*

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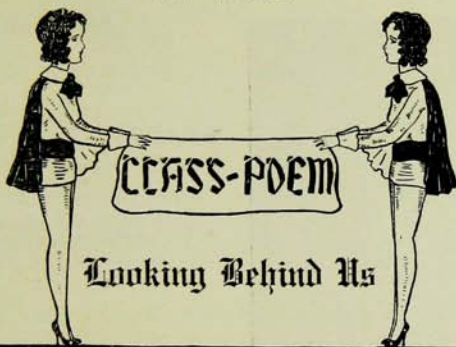
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*Miss Ruth Whelehan, Class Adviser*

THE WITAN



Looking Behind Us

30  
29

Four years ago Fate led us here  
To learn,  
And from this place of knowledge to derive  
A richer share of learning, for her sake  
In turn  
To go into the world and give.

30  
29

28

Those years, though few, have given  
Unto us  
A wealth of Wisdom's ample store.  
And we have also learned to scorn  
The fuss  
And folly of our early youth.

28

27

Each day within these honored walls  
Have stood  
Our teachers, while we sat and listened  
To a finer concept of the truth in being kind  
And good.  
To them our thanks are given.

27

26

Behind us is the glamor of it all;  
Ahead,  
The glory that the future holds  
And when we leave this school may it  
Be said  
We left it better than before.

26

Robert J. Trayhern



THE WITAN

SENIORS



Robert Paige                      Kodak High  
Latta Rd., Charlotte Sta.      U. of R.  
A well of perpetual good humor.  
Class President 3, 4; Class V-Pres. 3;  
Hi-Y Vice-Pres. 4; Senior Play 4.



Robert Barrett                      West High  
349 Birr Street      Mechanics Institute  
Quite satisfied with juggling  
formulas.  
Hi-Y 3, 4; Class President 4.



Lucille Speares                      No. 38  
27 Grassmere Park      Business School  
In whom sad thoughts can never  
dwell.  
Baseball 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4;  
G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, (Vice-President) 4;  
Senior Play 4; Tennis 3; Thrift  
(Cashier) 1; Tri-Y 3, (Vice-President)  
4; Witan 4; Candy Committee 4.



William Braam                      Jefferson Jr. High  
38 Kingsley Road                      U. of R.  
A scholar in the school of living.  
Baseball 4; Glee Club 2, 3; Hi-Y 3, 4.

THE WITAN

Marjorie Brown    Jefferson Jr. High  
61 Flower City Park    Undecided

"A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament."

Candy Committee 4; Class Vice-Pres-  
ident 4; Student Council (Secretary)  
4; Senior Play 4; Tri-Y (President) 4.



Roy DeForest    Kodak No. 41  
58 Cameron Street    Undecided

The sun upon his head doth rest.

Baseball 1; Soccer 1.



Gunnar Johnson    No. 38 School  
31 Valley Street    Syracuse University

His thoughts are deep, but not so  
noisily expressed.

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



Charles Hawes    No. 38  
30 Stutson Street    College

"Look for him where mischief  
holds its sway."

Band 4; Candy Committee 4; Class  
President 1; Class Vice-President 1;  
Glee Club 4; Hi-Y 4; Orchestra 3, 4;  
Thrift Committee 4.





# THE WITAN



Clarence Hogan                      Greece No. 2  
Latta Road                      Undecided  
He chuckled silently and thought  
the same.  
Candy Committee 4; Witan 4.



Hazel Isaac                      Jefferson Jr. High  
182 Elmtree Road                      U. of R.  
"To her let us garlands bring."  
Band (Vice-President) 4; Basketball  
3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Class Sec'y  
2, 3; Class President 3; Freshman  
Party Committee 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4;  
Guardian of Flag 4; National Honor  
Society 3, 4; Operetta 3; Orchestra 3,  
(President) 4; Senior Play 4; Thrift  
Committee 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan  
Staff 3, (Editor-in-Chief) 4.

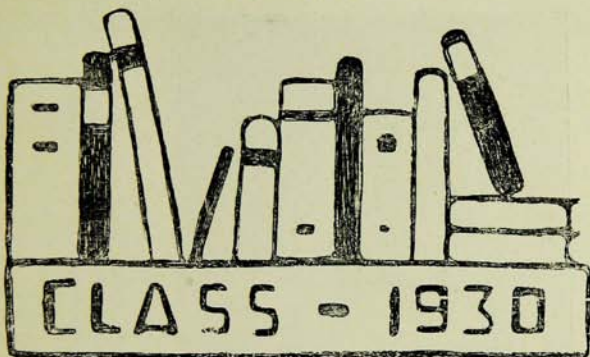


Eugene Francis Mater      No. 42 School  
Stone Road, Greece                      Undecided  
"Ever known to help, when help  
was needed."



R. J. Trayhern                      Jefferson Jr. High  
183 Harding Road                      R. B. I.  
"For he's a jolly good fellow."  
Band 4; Freshman Party Committee  
3, 4; Glee Club 3; President 4; Hi-Y  
3, 4; National Honor Society 4; Or-  
chestra 3, 4; Operetta 3; Senior Play  
3 (Business Manager) 4; Standard  
Bearer 4; Scholarship Committee 2;  
Tennis Team 3, (Captain) 4; Wash-  
ington Birthday Exercises 3; Witan  
3, 4.

## THE WITAN



A group of small innocent frosh sneaked into Room 103 one bitter cold morning in January 1926 and received instructions from Miss Abbott about the drill and grind of High School. We were labeled the Class of January 1930 and we gradually learned to act as freshmen should. A few weeks after we entered we elected officers: Charles Hawes, President; Margaret Leonard, Vice-president.

However, it seems, of a class of about twenty, only the freshman president remains to tell the tale of his own class. Gene Todd was graduated from this school last June but the rest of the original class has either left the school or fallen by the roadside.

Our class with the class of June 1930 enjoyed (?) the distinction of being the last freshmen to be initiated. After two days of torture, one of which we were garbed in childish attire, there was a flag rush in which the poor little frosh were defeated. Traditionally, this was an annual affair, but ours was the last one. We were then royally entertained at a party at Number 38 School by the upper classmen.

Later on, when we were freshmen finals, after many attempts at social affairs, we collaborated with the I-1's

and had a successful Hallowe'en party at the Practice House.

All records of social events in our sophomore year have disappeared. It was during this year that we lost many of our original members and gathered new ones.

Again, when we were III-2's, we had a party with the III-1's. It was during our junior year that some of our members began to find themselves in affairs. On the Witan Staff were found "Bob" Trayhern, Hazel Isaac and, yes, the author. In the Glee Club were Hazel Isaac and "Bob" Trayhern. In the orchestra and the band when it was formed were Hazel Isaac, "Bob" Trayhern and the author. Other members worked on various committees.

During our IV-1 term we sat back and let the aggressive seniors have their last full swing, having only one party with them at the Practice House. But we came back in September fully realizing that we were seniors. Our class members were found at the head of nearly all the organizations in school. So far our Senior term has been so busy that we have had time for only one progressive bridge party at Lucille Speares', Hazel Isaac's and "Bob" Trayhern's.

(Continued on Page 34)



#### SENIOR PLAY CAST

Hazel Reis, Nancy Prestcott; Wilbur Ahrns, Charlies Lawrence; Marjorie Brown, Loretta Harris; Bruce Berbener, Bob Mathews; Lucille Speares, Betty Ann Stewart; Florence Sparks, Mrs. Forrest; Mazel Isaac, Malvina Kurtz; Kenneth Marvin, Spud McClosky; Mary Tiernan, Polly Biddle; Robert Young, Mickey Maguire; Evelyn Hunt, Annabel Spriggins; Robert Paige, Cal Pickens; Mr. Ament, director.



THE WITAN

## Apple Blossom Time

Verily, it was one grand play, and if thou it didst miss, that is just too bad! Our orchestra played beautiful and melodious strains, holding the audience wrapt in wonder and delight. Mr. Marsh wielded a wicked baton directing his fiddlers and horns masterfully. The curtain rose on a scene in a dining-room of the Forest home. Bruce Bergener became quite efficient in the dual role of "daddy" and "beau." However, everyone was disappointed at his failure to kiss his beloved, for, you see, the whole cast had sought to persuade him to embrace her but he made the plea of shyness and inability. We do hope you learned your lesson in the technique and art of lovemaking from "Pete" Ahrns. Of course, being decidedly a "ladies' man," he needed no coaching in the correct way to go about it. "Nancy" Reis, moreover, really was shy, but unfortunately you missed the natural blushing (hidden by make-up) when Pete gazed adoringly into her eyes.

We were all sympathetic with poor "Cal" Paige when he was undeniably and quite emphatically refused. He really should have won "Polly" Tiernan, but he was compensated with a large slice of the delicious banana cake, donated and baked by "Annabel" Hunt. "Annabel," being an excellent cook, would have made some man an excellent wife but her looks stood in her way. There was one terrific foot-race when poor "Annabel" sought to embrace "Bob" Bergener. However, she appeared at school the next Monday as pretty as ever.

Mrs. Forest (F. Sparks) was a most capable "grouch." She was most

scornful and humiliating, yet no one was squelched.

We didn't blame "Bob" Bergener for falling for "Betty Ann" Speares. She was quite irresistible and bewitching in the role of an independent and spirited young woman. "Polly" Tiernan was a motherly old soul to "Betty Ann," but was quite the reverse with poor "Cal."

The big hit of the evening was the pair from Sunshine Alley, "Mickey" Young and "Spud" Marvin. "Spud" was extremely uncomfortable in the presence of a certain "Malvina" Isaac and in such pleasant surroundings. However, "Mickey" was very much at home and was on familiar terms with everyone, even calling the proud Mrs. Forest "Marie." "Malvina," being most anxious for a beau, was coy and flirtatious and finally succeeded in landing two proposals, of which "Spud's" was accepted most eagerly.

The one most to be pitied, next to "Cal," was the "poor 'ittle Loretta" Brown. A cute, helpless and clinging person, she nevertheless was beaules and luckless at the final showdown. The contest over "Bob" Bergener ended with "Betty Ann" victorious.

Those assisting in the production of the play were: Publicity, Roswell White, Charles Hawes; Stage Manager, Myron Kelly; Business Manager, Robert Trayhern; Property Manager, Phyllis Trayhern; Mistress of the Wardrobe, Helen Mater; Chairman of Ushers, Robert Barrett. Miss Whelahan and Miss Emerson, as class advisers, were most helpful in the matter of costumes. Mr. Ament was the efficient and cheering director and as a result of his cheerful guidance and pleasant supervision, the play was an artistic and financial triumph.

THE WITAN

# Class Will

We, the January class of 1930, of Charlotte High School, corner of Lake Avenue and River Street, Rochester, New York, do hereby execute our last Will and Testament while conscious and of sound mind.

To all school mates we leave our fond hopes of a new school and do promise to come back and visit them in their bliss.

To whoever may need it we bequeath Marjorie Brown's sweet, condescending smile.

To Susanne Bogorad we leave "Chuck" Hawes' trombone as a means of resting her vocal chords.

To slim girls we leave the seniors' recipe for gaining weight in order to grow in favor with the office.

To Miss Carter, the privilege of moving the piano weekly from the Practice House to Room 105 for assembly. We leave also the assistance of all the older boys who haven't just disappeared around the corner.

To Adele Pratt, the lower left hand corner of the locker room mirror for her exclusive use.

To Carl Pearson the right to remove chairs from Miss Sharer's room without returning them.

To boys' locker-room monitors, the non-go clock from study hall to pass the time away.

To Mr. Widener, Hazel Isaac's clarinet to sound retreat from Room 105 at the close of school.

Lucille Speares and Marjorie Brown wish to leave June Estes and Susanne Bogorad their exemption from gymnasium for the next term.

To Miss Cashman, the privilege of using the office adding machine to compute library fines.

To Mr. Tichenor, the suggestion that he organize a board-washing team, to promote muscular development for the athletic teams by cleaning boards for Miss Doehler.

To Jack Wagner, Bob Trayhern's influence with the teachers, in the hopes that he may use it successfully to obtain a diploma.

To Miss Whelehan, our adviser, a nice high chair, to assist her in avoiding nice, little mouses.

To "Gert" Rappold, the opportunity to be the Sheba of Charlotte High at our departure.

Witnesses:

Robert Paige

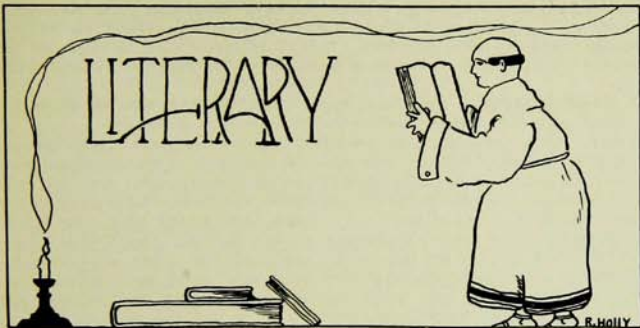
Lucille Speares

Hazel Isaac,

Testator.



# THE WITAN



## "SMOKE!"

"I think that I will skip school today," said John.

"You'd better not," answered Jane, his fifteen-year-old sister.

"I've made up my mind, and I am going to!"

"Say, is it necessary to do it today? You've skipped school ten times this term."

"Well, I can't see as it is any of your business if I skip school."

"Yes, it is. Every time you skip I have to answer some very embarrassing questions in each class I go into. I suppose you are going to practice with that whip of yours, or practice boxing. You've practiced so much you should be perfect by now."

"Pipe down and don't be so sarcastic. I am going to skip whether you like it or not! Stick that in your pipe and smoke it!"

As John said this, he remembered he had some tobacco and a pipe hidden away.

"Well," said Jane, "I'm going. But I think -----!"

"Horses," replied John. "Never mind what you think. I'll do the thinking for this family."

Bang! went the door, as Jane angrily went out.

"Just like a girl," said John to himself. "You can't say anything to them but they get mad. Well, I

might as well go down cellar and practice with my new whip, or push the leather around a bit."

John had been coached by his father in the act of boxing and using the whip. He had practiced for years.

Crack! Crack! went the whip, as John took the blossoms off his mother's plants. Snap! Snap! went the whip as he squashed two flies against the furnace.

"I'm getting pretty hot at this," thought John, when, plop! went the casing on the cellar light, as he sent the long lash back to chip another fly off the furnace.

"Whoop!" cried John, as he threw the whip to the other end of the cellar, knocking over a quart of boiled oil which spilled over some rags. "I guess I had better shadow-box for a while!"

About fifteen minutes later, by the old time clock which John used, he was sitting on a stool, puffing and blowing.

"I'm through with this," thought John, as he stopped smoking to run upstairs.

When he reached the upstairs, he started looking around for something.

"Where the Dickens is that sponge candy I bought yesterday? Why don't the people in this house leave I things where they belong, then I

## THE WITAN

could find them. Ah! here it is," John said to himself, as he picked the candy out from under the bed. "I thought it was here! Boy, this is the life!"

About ten minutes later John was sitting on a three-legged stool in the cellar, again smoking and eating candy. Suddenly John felt sleepy and dizzy. He would not give up, but kept on smoking. His head began to nod and soon he was fast asleep.

When he awoke he couldn't remember anything, and his eyes were misty. After his head cleared, he found that he was lying in a hut, bound up. When he looked at himself, he found to his surprise instead of his regular clothes, fine riding boots on his feet, with large cruel silver spurs; on his body were large baggy pants like plus-fours; he had a loose shirt, the sleeves drawn tight about each wrist; over this shirt was a highly decorated waistcoat; about his waist was a wide leather belt, and around his right wrist was a piece of rawhide to which was attached the longest whip John had ever seen. He was very much astonished at his dress and wondered where he was. Suddenly a grizzled-looking man came into the room and said to John:

"I know not who you are, signor, but you are on forbidden property."

John liked the countenance of this man, and by much questioning he found that he was in Argentine, South America. A band of outlaws had found him, unconscious and reeking with the smell of smoke, on the plains, and had changed his clothes and then taken him to the hut, where they had bound him. John wanted to get into this band for the adventure, but he was told that before any man could join the band he must fight and overcome the poorest whip-wielder in the band. After some thought, John decided that he would fight, and, having his arms untied, started to take off his waistcoat, but the old man cried:

"No, no, signor, not that way!" He took John outside. There in the center of a large circle drawn in the dust

stood a huge man, who was called Thec. This man swung his whip in such a manner as to endanger the hides of his fellows. John's guide said:

"Son, the first man to go out of that circle is defeated!"

Thec started going slowly around the outer part of the circle, swinging his whip menacingly; then he went faster and faster, John going at the same rate at the other side of the circle. Suddenly Thec's whip moved and John felt a hot sear down his cheek near his left eye. At this, John saw to his horror that the man was trying to flick his eyes out. Again and again the man's whip moved and hit John, but never again in the face for John dodged easily. John swung his whip. It caught Thec around the ankles, tangled in his spurs, and tripped him. Thec tried to get up from the ground where John's whip had thrown him, but could not, as John kept lashing all the time at his face. Finally Thec crawled out of the ring, thus acknowledging his defeat. John weakly walked back to the hut and sat down on the stool. His guide, the old man, came in and said, patting him on the shoulder:

"Good work, Son!" at the same time handing him a small weed-like cigar. John smoked this because he didn't want the old man to know he had a horror of all kinds of smoke. He grew dizzy and more dizzy, until at last he fell backwards off the stool.

Bang! crash! John jumped up. He was back in his room at home. The room was filled with smoke. Through this smoke he distinguished a shape resembling that of his mother, who was standing glaring at him, with his whip in her hand.

"Skipped school again, eh?" she cried. "Broke the casing on the cellar light that I was going to give to the man next door; spilled boiled oil on some rags which started a fire by spontaneous combustion; ruined my plants, and smoked!! You wait until your father comes home!"

## THE WITAN

With this, she made a swipe at John with the whip, but John ducked and started running. Five minutes later something whizzed past Jane as she was coming home from school. She recognized the object as John.

"Hey, John," she called, "where are you going?"

"Canada, Mexico, China," called back John in a frightened voice. "Goodbye!"

Harry Greer, '32.

## FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH

On Maplewood Avenue stands a quaint, little house of old English style. The grounds around it are planted with beautiful shrubbery. The place is well kept, but there is no sign of life around it.

The owner of the house is said to have lived in England and travelled a great deal. His grandson has now fallen heir to the house and he was to arrive at Greenwood on the thirteenth of June. The butler, talking to the maid, said, "Oh, deah, H'I fear something will happen to the master h'if 'e is to h'arrive on Friday, the thirteenth."

Maggie, the maid, answered, "You superstitious old nut, nothing can happen to Master Thornton."

It was the night before Thornton's arrival and he had just cabled that he was bringing a friend, Roger Newbury, with him. Roger was eighteen and liked sports and parties. He hated dull places and didn't know whether he would like it or not.

The two boys arrived the next evening, and after having eaten a good dinner, were inspecting the house. Roger came upon the jade elephant on the mantelpiece and called to Thornton. Thornton came over and was leaning against the wall on the left side of the fireplace when, suddenly, the wall gave away. "What th-----!" exclaimed Thornton, as he fell backwards into a little anteroom.

"Whoa, there!" said Roger, "trying to stage a disappearing act? Look behind you, man alive! I never saw such a collection."

Thornton, having recovered himself, looked and saw a cabinet filled with

curios. "Why these are worth a fortune, Roger. Who said bad luck came on Friday, the thirteenth?"

In the cabinet were rows of carved elephants and other things of jade, ivory, ebony and, back in a corner was a Buddha carved from gold, with diamond eyes which sparkled in the light as Thornton turned it in his hand.

"Say, I'm going to get that letter," said Thornton, and rushed upstairs.

A few minutes later he returned with an unopened letter in his hand.

"Roger, remember in the will it said something about a letter I was supposed to open when I 'fell through'? Well, now's the time."

Thornton broke the seal and spread the letter out. He began reading it to Roger.

"Dear Grandson:

By this time you have discovered the cabinet of curios and, I hope, have seen the Buddha with the diamond eyes. This is worth about a hundred thousand dollars. I obtained it in India after much difficulty."

"What!" exclaimed Thornton, "why that's enough for us to work out that scheme."

"That's right, but go on," said Roger.

"All the rest, including the Buddha, are worth a million. My boy, if you ever have need, sell them, but do not sell them for less than they are worth. I collected most of them in Japan and China. They are priceless, especially the Buddha. Love,

Grandfather'."

"A million dollars, a million dollars!" yelled Thornton, and grabbed Roger and danced around the room.

"Eh, did h'I 'ear you calling me?"

(Continued on Page 37)



## THE WITAN

### Muse

#### THROUGH THE YEARS

When he begins his Freshman year,  
With things so new and sights so queer,  
He can not help feel a thrill of joy  
To think he's such a lucky boy.  
To think that he should be so smart  
Brings thoughts of gladness to his heart.  
And he vows now that he will be  
A scholar in all infinity.

One year, of course, must pass before  
That kid becomes a Sophomore.  
Now that thrill of joy has left no trace,  
He just wants to get out of the gosh darn place.  
No thoughts of the future enter his head,  
Just visions of staying all morning in bed.  
He forgets the vow that once made  
To reach his goal and make the grade.

Another year goes ambling by,  
With many a laugh and shout and sigh.  
The boy's a Junior final now,  
Yet he doesn't know why, and he doesn't care how.  
He only knows that he's almost through,  
The thought seems nearly too good to be true.

And then the Senior year at last,  
The Freshman, Sophomore and Junior passed.  
"Well, it won't be long," he says, "till I'm out of here,  
No lessons to study, no scoldings to fear."  
And yet there's a feeling he can't explain—  
That he'd sort of like to start over again.

Rosemary Kaercher, '31.

#### THE SNOW

It had begun to snow in the evening  
And had lasted all through the night,  
And when I awoke in the morning,  
I beheld a blanket of white.

It covered the hemlocks, the bushes,  
And the branches upon the trees;  
There was not a place for the bird's  
nest  
Or the honey combs of bees.

The wind was roaring and howling  
Around the house and the barn;  
The lake was covered with whitecaps,  
The trees were frozen and torn.

Carolyn Randall, '33

#### OUR NEW SCHOOL

Two score and ten long years ago,  
A school Charlotte did get,  
And though many a stormy wind did  
blow,  
That school is standing yet.

Now in this year of 'twenty-nine,  
A new school's plans were made;  
The pupils think it would be fine  
The old for the new to trade.

So here's to our new school!  
Though we don't see it yet;  
Here's to our new school,  
The school we hope to get.

Beatrice Killip, 8A1.

## THE WITAN

### SATISFIED

Dear Spring, with all your promisees  
Of grasses green and skies of blue,  
Trailing arbutus and bubbling brook,  
I would have no one else but you.

'Til Summer comes with violet and  
rose,  
Bringing breath of the pines to me,  
By a placid lake or mountain stream  
I would live, dear summer, with you.

Ah! but wondrous Fall, with leaves of  
brown,  
Has bidden me keep the pace  
Of the gypsy trail, and I've felt the  
sting  
Of the autumn wind in my face.

So I love you all, dear seasons,  
Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall,,  
And because you are here, dear Winter,  
Is why I love you best of all.

Alma Hubbell, '31.

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### SNOW

Snow on the housetops,  
Snow on the ground,  
Snow on the tree trunks,  
Snow all around.

The flakes are still falling,  
The children are shouting,  
Everyone's joyous,  
Glad to be out.

Lois Koster, 8A1.

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### CASINO

As I walked down the Marshy Way,  
I heard a mysterious whisper say  
Casino,

And as I was about to speak,  
I heard a murmur, then a shriek,  
Casino.

My hair it stood on end in fright,  
My heart it beat with all its might,  
Casino.

The voice kept on with awful spite;  
It was worse to hear than it is to  
write—

Casino.

It hints of magic things, my dear,  
And never again do I wish to hear  
Casino.

Dorothy Luffman, '33.

### THE ENCHANTED ARBOR

I love to visit great-grandmother's  
house,  
Way up in the land of pines,  
And follow a path thru a garden gate  
To a grape arbor covered with vines.

Long years ago, in courtly days  
Of crinoline, hoop skirts and curl,  
This arbor was used as a trysting  
place,  
When great-grandmother was a girl.

An air of enchantment is all about,  
Silvery laughter rings thru the pines,  
And ghostly figures in satin and lace  
One may see thru arbor vines.

They'd leave the stately old minuet,  
Run out to the arbor to gaze  
At the moon, the stars, each other  
perhaps,  
Those sweethearts of crinoline days.

You'll find them all there, those phan-  
tom folk,  
In the enchanted arbor of vines,  
Thru a garden gate at great-grand-  
mother's house,  
Way up in the land of pines.

Alma Hubbell, '31

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### SNOWFLAKES

Wishing never hurts us,  
So let's wish something nice.  
I wish I were a snowflake  
Sliding along on the ice.

If I were only a snowflake,  
How happy I could be,  
Frisking around in the wintry  
sky  
Or flying above a tree.

It's not much fun, I tell you,  
To sit in a school all day,  
To gaze out of the window  
And see the snowflakes at play.

I wish I were a snowflake,  
But only for a day,  
For after all the sun would shine  
And I would melt away.

Marian DuVal, 8B2.



## THE WITAN

### THE WITCHES' HOUSE

Oh! the Witches' House, the Witches' House,  
The house of childish fears,  
The little old house that stands in the wood,  
The house that's been empty for years.

The little old house with its pointed gables,  
Its crooked walk and tumbly stairs,  
The little old house with the diamond windows,  
It was a thing as frightful as bears.

As our imagination ran,  
It was the haunt of a band of witches,  
Who could change your form as quick as a wink  
By the waving of their magic switches.

Oh! the Witches' House, the Witches' House,  
Through many years has stood;  
It is still a place of childish fears,  
In the dark and gloomy wood.

Etta Louise Ryden, '33.

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### VAGABOND TRAIL OR SUCCESS?

One morning when walking down the  
road,  
A picture of life came to me—  
The Vagabond trail and the path of  
Success—  
'Twas a wonderful sight to see.

The lazy, dreamy, beautiful path  
Was the Vagabond's trail, you may  
guess;  
The other a hard, stoney, roadway to  
school,  
And to me seemed the path of success.

The sun, just peeping over the hill,  
I thought, was trying to say,  
"Leave your home, your books, your  
school,  
And follow my path this day."

The big brick school seemed to call  
me away,  
The flag of our land waving high.  
Temptation is great for the Vagabond  
trail,  
The soft hills just touching the sky.

The Vagabond trail may look beauti-  
ful,  
Not a cloud in an azure sky;  
The hills may seem pretty, but what  
is beyond?

You'll do well to pass them all by.

Marian DuVal, '8B2.

### CHRISTMAS

The Christmas tree is glowing  
With candles shining bright,  
And all the little children  
Are shouting with delight.

There's holly in the windows  
And mistletoe by the light,  
For Santa Claus is coming  
To visit us tonight.

Their stockings by the fireplace,  
The children all will leave,  
And they'll scamper into bed,  
For this is Christmas eve.

8A.

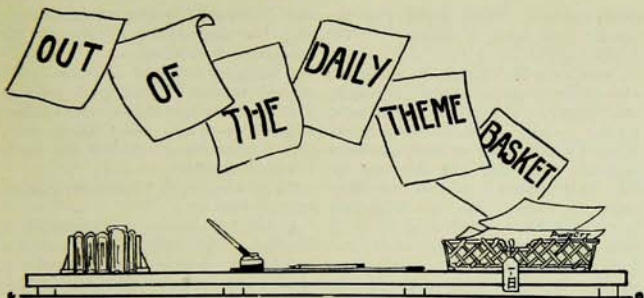
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### THE WORK I LIKE

Often in my dual time,  
I have thought to put in rime  
Many things so dear to me  
In the days that used to be.  
These I have loved: the morning,  
When the day is forming;  
Grassy meadows, babbling brooks,  
Reading many funny books;  
Studying bookkeeping for Mr. Tracy;  
Writing geography for Mr. Lacy;  
But setting type for Mr. Lee  
Is the type of work for me.

David Croft.

## THE WITAN



### STRANGER GLITTERING WITH DIAMOND RINGS PRESENTS AUTOMOBILE TO POOR CLERK

As Ralph Clark, a clerk in a large bank, stepped outside for a few minutes for a breath of fresh air, a large, florid-faced man with several large rings on his hands, stepped up to him, asked him his name, and calmly handed him the keys to a beautiful roadster which was standing at the curb. The man told Mr. Clark that he had seen that he was a hard-working man because he had watched him from the window. He also told him that his name was Mr. Henry Ford and that he was doing his daily good turn.

At that moment another quietly-dressed man stepped up to Mr. Ford and asked him if he would like to have tea with him at the White House. Mr. Ford told Mr. Hoover that he would be delighted to accept his invitation. Then he took the keys from the unresisting Mr. Clark and he and Mr. Hoover drove away in the roadster.

The clerk soon learned from his laughing fellow workers that Mr. Ford was an inmate of the Insane Asylum and that Mr. Hoover was his keeper.

### A DIALOGUE

"Why, Mrs. Jordan, how do you do?"

"Hello, Mrs. Ellis! I'm just fine, thanks, and how are you?"

"Oh, I'm not so well since my operation. I was just saying to my husband the other day, I says, 'Jim, I don't think I should have had that operation', and I do really believe I'd be much better off if I still had my appendix."

"Oh, I am very sorry, but you are looking well."

"Do you really think so? Well, that just goes to show how much one can tell about a person's appearance. I should really be in bed, but I'm not

the type who can stay in bed for long."

"Oh, by the way, have you heard about the Simpsons?"

"No, I haven't."

"Really now! Why, my dear, they're rich. Inherited quite a fortune. Oh, yes! Of course, there's a question as to the real source of the money. Now I haven't a thing against them, you understand, but I've always thought they were rather a mysterious family, don't you know?"

"Yes?"

"Now, I wouldn't say a word about them to anyone but you, but you know Mrs. Simpson and I have never been able to get along together. She's a

## THE WITAN

funny person. Talks about you the minute your back is turned."

"Really?"

"And then Mr. Simpson—well, he's always acted rather queer. So quiet, you know. They say these quiet people usually have a shady past. Why, I was talking to Mrs. Smithers just the other day and she told me that Mrs. Myers told her—confidentially, of course—that the Simpsons were in some crooked deal in Wall Street. Of course, I don't know, and I wouldn't think of saying anything about them, but it looks mighty funny to me."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and you know how that Mrs. Simpson shows off! Why, I don't know what we'll do with her now, since she's become so rich. Well, she'll never have any luck. That's all."

"No?"

"Of course not! Now you mustn't say a word about this to anyone. I'd hate to have people think I was a gossip. It's so -----Why, can you beat that? Here comes that snobbish Mrs. Simpson now----Hello, my dear, how are you? You're looking so well. Why not five minutes ago Mrs. McCann and myself were speaking about you."

"Nothing bad, I hope."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Simpson! You say such things. Ha! Ha! No, in fact, it was quite a compliment. Hm, hm, oh, yes!"

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### A JOKE ON ME

It was a cold, wintry night in December, and I was walking homeward. In order to reach home before twelve o'clock, I had to pass through a cemetery.

I had been told so many creepy tales about cemeteries at night that my heart was pounding furiously and my hands were ice cold. The wind was sighing through the trees, and the drifted snow made the tombstones look like grotesque people and ani-

mals. I looked behind me and saw—only the drifting snow, already obliterating my footsteps.

I thought I heard a moan, so I started to run. I had gone perhaps half-way through the cemetery when suddenly a large, white thing, with arms outstretched, blocked the path. I stood transfixed.

"Who are you?" I asked in a quavering voice.

It neither moved nor spoke. I stepped cautiously forward and touched it. It was hard and smooth under the snowy blanket. What could it be? Suddenly I remembered. A grave had been opened that day, and the tombstone with an image on top had been moved into the path.

I hurried the rest of the way home, thankful that the thing was nothing but a tombstone.

I laugh every time I think of it.

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### PIRATES

It was many and many years ago that it happened. It was in the time that big, bad, bold "pie-rats" roamed the seas.

Now no one knows these "pie-rats" as I do, because, you see, my pardner and I kept a bakery on the Spanish Main. There we had to make pies by the thousand for these horrible "pie-rats." I used to be chief cook and bottle washer and my pardner and I made pies out of the "pie-rats'" victims. These always made the best pies.

Our bakery had tables in it, just like a restaurant, and when a tribe of "pie-rats" came in, each one had to have eighty pies to eat. Sometimes the jazz orchestra would play "In a Kitchenette" as fast as they could, and the "pie-rats" would have a contest to see who could eat fifty pies before the music stopped. The only person who accomplished this feat and actually broke the record by sixty-five more pies was good ol' Captain Kidd.



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I shall never forget the night that the "pie-rats" raided our bakery. At twelve o'clock, one hundred ninety-nine "pie-rats" trooped in. They gagged and bound the manager and would have done the same to me, but I hid in the oven and wouldn't have been discovered if someone hadn't turned the heat on. When I came out, I weighed twenty pounds less. That oven had a Turkish bath beaten a million ways.

When the "pie-rats" finally left, my pardner and I counted our loss and found that they had eaten every pie in the place—200,461 pies.

I would have been sore about this raid, but one of the "pie-rats" forgot his raccoon coat. It was just what I needed, although I had to send it to the cleaners to get the raccoon bugs out of it. Virginia Couch, '31.

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### OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

He was such a little boy to be standing on the steps in the entrance of the Chinese-American Restaurant, selling Christmas cards and decorated paper. His feet kept time to the jazz piece that floated down the staircase from the cosily lighted room above. The girl and her mother were coming down the stair and the girl smiled at the little boy.

"Good music, Son?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered in a beautiful, full voice so characteristic of the people of his nation. "But business isn't so good."

The girl stopped to look at his wares. "Christmas cards," she said. "I bought mine in New York this summer, so I don't need any more. What is in the gold colored box?"

Off came the cover, disclosing four cards of gay Christmas ribbon, an envelope of tags and seals, and a glimpse of wrapping paper.

"How pretty!" said the girl, attracted by the glitter of it. "I

haven't either of these things. How much is it?"

The little boy raised his dark eyes to her blue ones with a little red mark of hope glowing in his pale cheeks, as he answered, "One dollar and twenty-five cents, Miss."

Scarcely thinking of the fact that any other place the same things could be purchased for almost half that price, the girl opened her purse.

"Wait a moment, Janice," said her mother. "That's too expensive. You haven't any too much money now to finish your shopping with. Better not buy that."

Janice didn't hear. Her tender heart had been deeply touched and the eyes of the little boy still burned into hers. Out of her own small allowance came the dollar and twenty-five cents. She pressed in into the small, dark hand of the little boy and, taking the box, started to withdraw. But the little boy caught her hand and kissed it.

"Thank you, Miss," he said brokenly, tears in his beautiful eyes. "You are good, and the most beautiful girl in this America!"

Some friend would have a much less expensive gift this year, but Janice's heart was light. She treasured the little bold, gold covered box that seemed to reflect its gold color in her smiling face. The happy eyes of a little Italian boy stayed in her memory all through the Christmas season, pressing the words, with a new significance on her heart, "Peace on earth, Good will toward men."

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### AFTER THE CONCERT

"Now, lemme see, which one of the pieces do I like best? The first one is very familiar, but I've heard it so often that I don't think I like it. The second selection has a rather catchy melody. Is that one better than the first? Uh huh.

"Well, here's the third. Gee, I can't remember the tune. Oh, yes!

## THE WITAN

Dum dee dee deedle dum. Why, that's cute. But what about the next two? I always enjoy 'Dance Masabre' and 'Waltze of the Flowers' is an old favorite of mine. For heaven's sake, everyone is passing in their slips and leaving. What'll I do? Oh, there's one more left. Do I like it? I can't remember, but I'll check it anyway, 'cause June's waiting for me.

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### THE BURDEN OF A MIRROR

I have to gaze on all these faces, whether or not I want to—pretty faces, homely faces (trying to be made beautiful by the owners), faces with turned-up noses, faces with reddened lips and reddened cheeks. Sometimes the owner needs advice as to the quantity which she has applied. But oh, fate! I cannot speak to these careless beings. Sometimes their wrath overcomes them if I do not help them to pluck their eyebrows straight or if I make their hand unsteady in applying eye lash tinting. Not only faces stare at me, but I see heads—heads of all shapes and sizes, heads covered with either curly brown hair, golden or black hair and straight hair of the same colors, hair with uneven parts; again here is where I bow my head under the lash of a tongue from a ruddy-faced lassie. They all think of their own faces and never a thought is given to mine, which, after a day's toil, is tear-stained from the sink faucets and gory with lipstick, left by the careless hand of one of my beauty laborers.

Alas! Alas! Fate is unkind to me always. Gertrude Altpeter, '32.

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### THE MENACE

Time hung heavy on their hands. The next raid wasn't to be started till dawn and the men smoked and talked as they waited orders from the head of the air forces. The hanger was filled with blue smoke and laughter.

The bleakness of the four walls and stuffiness did not daunt the boys. They were ever cheery, even in the face of death.

The thoughts of one, Captain Donald Brewster, undoubtedly flew over the seas to the anxious ones waiting at home. Were they safe? Did his allowance reach them every month? How was his wife? Did Junior miss his Dad? Was mother ill? The expression on his face showed plainly that he was deep in thought.

"To the air!" came the command.

Captain Brewster blew his whistle and his men were in their planes and ready for the conflict before the shrill notes of his whistle died away. Each one of the men had their orders and were expected to carry them out. Captain Brewster and his young aide, Edward Rogers, were the first hand. Soon Captain Brewster's plane went spinning toward the earth. Down, down, hurling through space. What were Brewsters' thoughts? What of his soon-to-be widow, his fatherless son, his business, his lonely old mother; would the remainder of the fleet be able to fight it out to the finish or would they lose their heads and fight blindly? Ah, such tormenting thoughts for a doomed man.

The plane righted itself as a loud voice boomed forth, "Cut!" Sorry, boys, that scene will have to be taken over again. The 'mike' didn't record it right."

Oh, these "talking" pictures. Such a menace to actors.

Gertrude Rappold, II-1.

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### WHAT THE SCHOOL CLOCK SEES

The clock looked down into the schoolroom. His faithful, battered face wore a sad expression. And why not? For confusion reigned in the room below him. There was a shouting hubbub, for it seemed as if all the pupils were trying to see who could make the most noise; and gracious! they surely were succeeding.



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The clock grinned to himself to see a very pretty, black-haired girl writing a lengthy love note to a good-looking Romeo across the aisle. Hark! a sudden silence has fallen on the room; someone is entering (you could actually hear a pin drop); a sudden outburst of laughter, for it was only the kindly, indulgent, old janitor, whom the clock considers his friend.

Another sudden silence; the teacher enters the room. My! but they are model pupils (according to the teacher, but the clock knows better). She'll surely let them out early if they continue their excellent behavior (this promise she immediately forgets). The clock calls the hour, four o'clock; there is a wild scramble for wraps, and whispering and giggles which are echoed all over the large building.

"Oh, my poor face," ticked the clock. He again looks down into the quiet schoolroom; it is receiving a thorough cleaning after the day's work. The janitor turns off the light and goes out. The day is ended for the tired, old clock.

Elizabeth Hill, 8A2.

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## THE "CROOCIAL" MOMENT

Slowly and with every nerve taut he started to turn the little knob. Suppose he should fail! The very thought sent a quiver through his whole being. He must banish such fancies. Failure must not be his! He turned the knob slowly to the right and then a little more to the left, holding his ear close to the object. Oh! he had lost it...no...he had won! He had at last been able to get station KDKA on his home-made radio.

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## BY THE FIRESIDE

In an antique rocker by the fireplace sits an old lady who has passed the middle-aged period and become aged. Her silvery-white hair is ar-

ranged neatly on her head, looking like a heavenly crown. Garbed in a black, modest dress, she sways to and fro in her chair, knitting rhythmically with the even movement. A song sounds from her lips, and we catch the words, "And when at last my journey here is o'er, I'll sing more joyfully than e'er before."

But one day we notice the fireside chair is empty. Its quaint inhabitant has left it alone and solitary. A strain of music breaks upon our ears, which reminds us of the lady who sat by the fireside but who now is singing "more joyfully than e'er before."

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## WHAT TIME IS IT?

In the age in which we are now living, it is very easy to find out what time it is. We all have at least one clock in our homes and if that stops we are fortunate in having telephones, radios, and other means of learning the time. If we think of all the trouble a family who lived out on a farm fifty years ago had when their grandfather's clock stopped, we can realize how fortunate we are.

One evening we forgot to wind the clocks and the next morning we are dismayed to find that the stubborn things have refused to tick. First, we call up Western Union and they very politely inform us that they have discontinued giving the correct time. Angrily, we jam down the receiver. (Poor phone! It is the innocent recipient of many of our ill-tempered spells). Next, we call the police station and they, too, are "very sorry, Madam, but we cannot do this because....." Without waiting to hear why, we again bang down the receiver. After thinking many things of all policemen, which they would not be particularly pleased to hear, we rush over to the radio, hoping that some station will give the time, but we hope in vain. While twirling the dial for the last time, amazedly we

(Continued on Page 37)

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## Editorials

### PLAYING THE GAME

Perhaps no finer example of school spirit and willingness to play the game can be had than that exhibited by our most unfortunate Charlotte soccer team. Throughout the series of league games which they have played, they have met their opponents in the keenest, cleanest, most sportsmanlike manner, which, although they were unavoidably defeated by other teams, has undoubtedly raised the opinion that others hold toward our school. Have they not shown a dogged and undaunted spirit that is worthy of our utmost praise? Time and time again, with a series of defeats behind them, they have entered a contest, always hoping that this would be a win, and always exhibiting an admirable willingness to play the game and play it right. Let us all take an example from them, remembering that, although defeat may stare us in the face, we should always, to the greatest degree of our ability, "play up and play the game."

Carol Schmidt, '31.

### EXCUSES

Are your excuses for tardiness good or bad? Poor excuses are those which can be avoided. Getting up too late is usually due to laziness or to forgetting to wind the alarm clock. Putting the blame on the clock for being slow is only trying to hide one's own thoughtlessness. Missing a car is not the cause of being late, but one of the misfortunes which result from starting late in the first place.

Good excuses, on the other hand, are those which cannot possibly be

helped. Sickness in the family is certainly a good excuse. A wreck on the car is very different from missing the car. Going to the dentist's is another necessary reason for being late. The trouble is, however, that some of us are late so many times that accidents and sickness could not possibly be to blame for much of our tardiness. Our favorite excuses are usually, "I overslept," or "I missed the car."

Alma Raysor, '31.

### WINTER

Whirling, swirling flakes of snow, then a serene, white world first tell us that winter has really arrived, if we are too much interested in the joys of the present to pay much attention to the calendar. I gaily wax my forgotten skis, borrow my brother's toboggan, attend my first skating party of the winter season—and everything is fine for awhile.

Then come those dark mornings when I dress sleepily and go unwillingly out into the bitter cold to which I am still unaccustomed. Waiting for a street car, never a popular pastime, becomes distinctly uncomfortable. Our old friend Winter seems to play with us as do the capricious gods of Hugh Walpole.

Winter nights, however, are more than a compensation for sunless mornings. They lie all about us, jet blue, silver, under the cold bright stars. These nights have a thrilling beauty, intangible yet strangely, impressively near.

Winter scenes offer a world of loveliness to the beauty-loving eyes,

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frozen beauty like sculpture, and, admiring the sculpture, I am not loath to think of the exquisite pictures in delicate and in glowing colors which are in store for me in later months.

### FOR SALE

The Book Exchange now carries a full line of gym supplies:

Sweat shirts -----	\$1.00
Gym shirts -----	.50
Gym pants -----	.50
Socks -----	.25
Athletic supporters ----	.40

If a purchase of both gym pants and shirt is made, they are sold for 90 cents, thus the buyer saves 10 cents.

Copies of the school song with music are available at 5c each.

## TOMORROW

The word "tomorrow" to most people means the remote future. It is not a measure of time to them; it is an expression that frames an excuse. Tomorrow is the refrain in the chorus of the failure fellows.

Let us contrast this thought with that of the shiftless students who come to school yawning and say, "I hope we don't do much today. I don't feel like studying."

Tomorrow is the day when we are going to write that theme, do that geometry, and fit ourselves for a higher position. But some day you will awaken suddenly, and then the door of opportunity will slam shut in your face.

H. J. Rowe, '31.

## LESSONS

We follow Caesar over Gaul,  
Learn Latin conjugations;  
We study Ancient History,  
The rise and fall of nations;  
We try the twists of parlez-vous,  
And algebra unravel;  
We wrestle with Geometry,  
And feast on books of travel,  
And yes, perhaps I ought to add,  
That fun and smiling faces  
Make of our schoolroom and its tasks  
One of the dearest places.

Alma Hubbell, '31.

## SOUNDS

There are many sounds that we love to hear:

Patter of rain on the roof,  
Rumble of thunder in the dark,  
And clatter of horses' hoofs.  
Music in ripples of a stream,  
And roar of waves of the lake,  
Singing of the birds at dawn,  
When the day is first awake.

I like the noisy bark of a dog,  
The screaming call of the crow,  
The sorrowful sighing of wind at night,  
Mournful and sad and low;  
The joyful sighing of wind at dawn,  
Confident, happy and gay.  
These are the sounds that seem to be  
More beautiful every day.

Elizabeth Donoghue, '32.



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# Athletics



## BASKETBALL

The most popular of all indoor sports has made its debut in the interscholastic basketball league this season. Mr. Woodman, a former college star in football and basketball, is again coaching the team. In the last few years, he has had difficulty in placing a winning team on the court, but judging from scores of the games played so far, it is hoped that Charlotte will have a few victories to their credit at the end of the season.

Two veterans, Wagner and Smith, left from last year's five, and Byers, a former Madison Junior High School player, have had previous experience, and with the aid of Schoove and Pier-son we hope that they will proudly

uphold our Alma Mater's record of several years ago.

In preparation for the opening game, Charlotte played Irondequoit on their court in a practice tilt. The contest helped to show us our mistakes and faults, which we are trying to correct. The reserves also held a practice game against the Bayside seconds.

For the opening contest, Charlotte played host to John Marshall, our neighboring rival, on the Armory court. The home boys were somewhat lost on the large court and as a result got off to a bad start, the first half ending 22-8 for the opponents. Then the heavy artillery of the fighting Irish came into action and the



## THE WITAN

Green and White hoopsters continually threatened Marshall's lead, but the number of points piled up in the first half was too great to overcome, in spite of the fact that we outscored the Marshallites in the last twenty minutes.

Our second game was played with the Rochester Shop School on their court. Charlotte got off to a good start and took the lead on a foul by Pier-son and two field goals by Smith near the end of the first quarter, the score being 5-4. In the second quarter the score was close and when the half-time whistle was blown, the score was 10-10. The last half opened to find Tech scoring a basket, but Schoove and Wagner again put us in the lead with a foul and basket respectively. The lead see-sawed back and forth, many points being scored on fouls, as Byers was inclined to be rather rough. After the dust of many mad scrambles for the ball had settled, at the end of the third quarter the Shopsters were ahead, 15-14, a small lead. From then on, Tech gradually moved on to victory, as they registered many long shots in the last few minutes of play, and so ended an exciting basketball game, 23-15 in favor of the Shop School.

### Marshall Faculty vs. Charlotte Old Men

The championship was at stake! This game would determine the winner of the trophy, the leadership of the faculties of all high schools south of Stutson Street and north of Ridge-way Avenue, providing that they were located not more than four blocks from Lake Avenue on either side. The two best teams, Charlotte and John Marshall, in this district would soon clash.

The opening whistle! A mad scramble! The fight was on! "Curley" Ament soon put Charlotte in the lead, but this did not last long, as "Sheik"

Wilder made many long gains through our line for occasional baskets. But then "Dazzling" Woodman or "Fancy" Tichenor would send one through the net while "Trusty" Denison held his own on the defense. Suddenly "Slippery" Bird or "Chubby" Lacy would catch a long pass or make a basket, but among them all they collected enough points to tie the score and finally win on a long shot by "Dazzling" Woodman in an extra period.

Thus the trophy comes to Charlotte, and we will be out to see them win the district title next year.

### Charlotte vs. Monroe

Charlotte played Monroe in its second home game of the season, but, since the green and white boys have no home court, the game was staged on the Pearl Streeters' battlefield. Both teams had been beaten twice and they were out to cut each other's neck off, and, judging from the final score, Monroe barely did the better job. The victor was completely unknown until the final whistle was blown, at which time the scoreboard showed 22-16 in favor of Monroe, a slight margin of but three baskets.

Monroe drew first blood as they tallied two field goals before Schove received a long pass for two points to break the ice for the Lakesiders. From then on, the score was close and a long lead was not had by either side, although Monroe had the better pass work. The first half ended 10-8 for the red and black boys, to whom Charlotte was gradually creeping up.

The green and white boys made their last attempt for victory during the first part of the last quarter when "Fritz" Byers, playing his last game, until next term at least, and Smith started breaking through the Monroe defense, Byers netting four points and the latter two, but the timer's whistle ended the game, preventing a possible victory for Charlotte.

(Continued on Page 42)

## THE WITAN



The members of the SA groups expect to register in January for the following High School courses:

### 8A1

#### ACADEMIC

Atkinson, Dorothy  
Bogorad, Sam  
Cranch, Edward  
Gallentine, Norma  
Gemming, Irene  
Goddard, George  
Horswell, Virginia  
Hutcherson, Morris  
Killip, Beatrice  
Marsh, Eleanor  
Meyerhoff, Muriel  
Prysock, Hermeana  
Rawlinson, Anne  
Springer, Walter  
Stubbs, Inez  
Wilkins, Beverly

#### COMMERCIAL

Allen, Catherine  
Fermeau, Catherine  
Halpin, Madlyn  
Jackson, Virginia  
Koster, Lois  
Mattil, Warren  
Sickelco, Manelta  
Starken, Viola  
Swanton, John  
Tiernan, Christopher

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#### TECHNICAL

Groth, Clarence  
Minster, Robert  
Sage, John

THE WITAN



8A2

ACADEMIC

Cook, Violet  
Dougherty, Burtis  
Grant, Raymond  
Gregerson, Ruth  
Helberg, George  
Hildredth, Lillian  
Lawson, Dean  
Lee, Frederick  
Murdock, Ruth  
Papke, Arthur  
Ross, Evelyn  
Taft, Harry  
White, Jean

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COMMERCIAL

De Mato, Fred  
Hill, Elizabeth

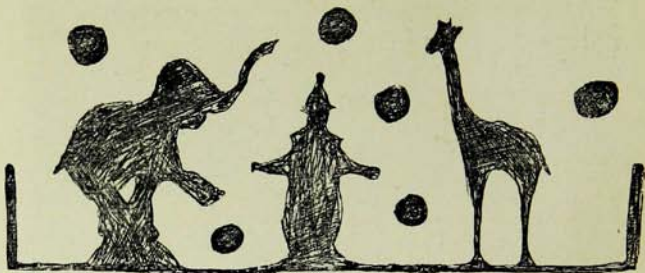
Irle, Julia  
King, Mary  
Fraterre, Jean  
Male, Florence  
Nolte, Elizabeth  
Papke, Cora  
Reddy, Jack  
South, Elaine  
Stevens, Gwendolyn  
Yarker, Phyllis

---

TECHNICAL

Kartes, Edward  
Kosel, Edward  
Shaffer, Harold  
Van Hooydonk, John

## THE WITAN



### INDOOR CIRCUS

The most outstanding event on last season's program was the Indoor Circus held in the Assembly on November 15, 1929. Judging from the noise that issued from the place on that day, about all the members of the "School With A Purpose" were there, bringing their mothers, brothers, sisters and friends with them. (No fathers were seen). Several teachers were also present, adding their bit to both the noise and the money box.

The famous animals, which were brought all the way from Africa, proved a tremendous success, especially the clogging camel. Of the side show celebrities, Foo, Foo, the dwarf, was the favorite, and some of his (?) audience actually paid the large admission price two or three times to see him again. Zazara, the mystic fortune teller, brought at a great expense from her native land of -----, enlightened her audience as to their Past, Present and Future.

So hungry was the mob that the refreshment stand ran out of refreshments and so vain were the patrons, the Famous Fixigan Camera ran out of film. If these catastrophes hadn't happened, there might have been a few more pennies to add to the \$36.38 which was the total, 20 per cent of which the G. A. A. presented to the general athletic fund.

### G. A. A.

After a very successful termination to last season's sports, the new season has begun. The sports offered are: Monday, Swimming, in charge of Betty LeClare; Tuesday and Thursday, Basketball, in charge of Gehring Cooper and Esther Ferguson; Wednesday, Riding, in charge of Josephine Bemish; Friday, Dancing, in charge of Hazel Reis.

Josephine Bemish, Natalya Ivanson, Marian Leonard, Kathryn Trayhern and Margaret Goeller will receive G. A. A. emblems for attending sports for three successive seasons.

Esther Ferguson, the president of the G. A. A. council, will receive a three-inch old English "C" for receiving two G. A. A. emblems.

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### CLASS OF 1930

(Continued from Page 13)

Together with the June Seniors, we presented the Senior play, "Apple Blossom Time." After the excitement of it, we hope to have many and enjoyable doings, culminating in our senior day program and eventually in graduation.

Charles Hawes,  
Class Historian.



## THE WITAN

# News

### ASSEMBLIES

In the assembly of October 31, Mary King, Ruth Willis, Virginia Dickson, Jessie Lancaster, Marie Jewell and Florence MacArthur danced a waltz clog. You didn't know of all the talent we have, did you? The Glee Club, led by Mr. Marsh, sang a few selections.

Several students of the French classes sang "La Marseillaise" and "Au Claire de la Luna" in the assembly of November 6. June Estes sang "La Poupee Cassee" as a solo. These were quite appropriate, as Mr. Kingston, who has recently returned from abroad, spoke on conditions in France. Myron Kelly announced the names of boys who had been accepted as honorary members of the Hi-Y. As each name was read, the boy stood up, and it was amusing to discover that the art of blushing is still common among them.

Lawrence Kilmer, the newly appointed student song leader, led the pupils in a few numbers in the assembly of November 21. Miss Newman told about the various awards given to 100% banking rooms. Esther Ferguson announced the various new sports that would begin the next week. She also presented Mr. Tracy twenty per cent of the profits of the G. A. A. circus, for the general athletic fund, of which Mr. Tracy (our famous nickel-a-week man) is treasurer.

Mrs. Torrence's II-1 English class presented "The Diabolical Circle" in the assembly of November 27. Alfred Butterfield, Robert Jackson, Richard Legg and Thelma Moore were the members of the cast. Frank Smith was the property man. It is interesting to note that all the properties were made by the members of the

class. The clock which was used was particularly clever and was constructed by some of the boys, with the aid of Mr. Kingston. This sketch was so well done that we would like to see many more of them. In the overflow assembly Mr. Lee led a special orchestra, consisting of Carol Schmidt, Howard Rowe and Evelyn Hunt, which is known by the name, "The Northern Light Orchestra," because of connection with that paper.

Several scenes from "Apple Blossom Time," the senior play, were presented in the assembly of December 5. By the way these scenes were received, it was evident that the student body enjoyed them. Mr. Butterfield spoke on the re-registration which occurred on Wednesday, December 11.

Mrs. Morton, who has lived in India, spoke to the upper classes in the overflow assembly on December 12. Her talk was exceedingly interesting and she illustrated various facts by showing pictures and paintings. The poor lower classmen were deprived of this delight, but, never mind, they'll "get even" some day! In the regular assembly, Mr. Marsh led the pupils in several songs. Helen White announced that Christmas baskets would be given by the school and James LeClare informed us of forthcoming games. Mr. Butterfield spoke to the pupils about the Christmas vacation and the attendance of the student body.

### THE SCHOOL PARTY

The Freshman party, which was held on November 8, was both a financial and social success. The Freshmen were admitted free, and did they come? They all turned out in splendor. (A few were there at 7:30, but

## THE WITAN

we won't tell on them.) Charles La Belle, Margaret Kirby, Ruth Willis, Susanne Bogorad, Ruth Gordon, Jean Estes, Carol Tupper and Jack Marchant put on various acts. After a short movie, "Down on the Farm," was shown, the dancing began. And if you think that freshmen don't dance, you should have seen them!

---

### PRACTICE HOUSE

An Indian wall hanging has recently been hung over the fireplace in the lunch room at the Practice House.

The commercial teachers held a conference with Mr. Cook, head of the city commercial department, in the living room at the Practice House. Refreshments were served by the Homemaking class.

Tri-Y girls have held several supper meetings at the Practice House. Mrs. Danforth, president of the Board of Education, spoke.

The Homemaking class has for the past week been making costumes for the girls who take part in the Glee Club Concert.

Miss Stewart was hostess at a tea in the model apartment for the English department on one of their recent regular meeting days.

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### TRI-Y

The Tri-Y has had a very busy season. We have met three times and have held one meeting together with the Hi-Y. Miss Stewart, Miss Childs and Mrs. Henry Danforth, of the Board of Education, have been our guests and speakers. The large attendance which we have had and the way the food quickly disappears are very good signs of the success of these gatherings. We are sponsoring the long-sought after-school dancing, which is becoming very popular, and our next undertaking will be to sing Christmas carols to the children at the Infants Summer Hospital.

### HONOR ROLL

The following are on the Honor Roll for the period ending December 13, 1929:

IV-2—Hazel Isaac, Robert Trayhern.

III-2—Dorothy Collett, June Estes.

III-1—Dorothy Bubier, Edward Bush, Rosemary Kaercher, Betty LeClare, Ruth Manuel.

II-2—Wilbert Buchin, Jean Estes, Gladys Grotzinger, Percy Andrews, Arthur Gordon, Lois Marsh, Violet Rentschler, Harold Smith.

II-1—Geraldine Bishop, Elizabeth Donoghue, Walter Gunkler, Frederick Martone, Frank Smith, Robert Walters.

I-2—Harrington Chase, Gehring Cooper, Roy Dudley, Ruth Lissow, Jack Marchant, Earl Rich.

I-1—Janet Barry, Pauline Bott, Milan Brace, Blanche Gauthier, Robert Grabenstetter, Rena Parratt, Etta Ryden, Walter Smith, Mary VanKesteren, James Walters, Elizabeth Wedel.

8A—Dorothy Atkinson, Edward Cranch, Burtis Dougherty, Elizabeth Hill, Beatrice Killip, Jean White, Beverly Wilkins.

8B—Robert Bowen, Margaret Hanna, Edward Heiligenthaler, Dorothea Killip.

7A—Royce Cody, Mary Donaldson, Dolores Hitchcock, Maude Lancaster, Phyllis Line, Erwin Ward.

7B—Clark Fellers, Betty Hughes, Dolores Kohlmetz, Ruth Thomas.

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Robert Trayhern has been appointed by the Harvard Club of Rochester to the Harvard four-year scholarship endowed by that club. Charlotte is very proud of the fact that this is the second time in succession that the scholarship has been awarded to our school. Lyman Butterfield of the class of June 1926, who will be graduated this June from Harvard University, is the present holder of the scholarship, and was awarded a Phi Beta Kappa key at the beginning of this term.

## THE WITAN

### BAND AND ORCHESTRA

Our band and orchestra have rendered our assemblies much more enjoyable. They have played alternate weeks all fall. Much credit is due Mr. Marsh for his hearty cooperation and leadership.

The members of these organizations deserve a vote of thanks also for their loyal support. They are performing a great service to us by appearing weekly at 8:30, all ready to play. Our assemblies have profited and the students thoroughly enjoy the musical contribution.

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Much credit is due the Poster Committee and especially the chairman, Ray Dudley, for the excellence of the poster advertising for the senior play, the operetta, the Witan and various games.

---

The Regents Festival approaches apace.

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The Christmas number of the Northern Light was an excellent issue. It covered the school activities of the preceding weeks in an interesting and live manner. We particularly enjoyed the Trip to Washington feature article.

---

The Witan staff and the senior class thank the Print Shop boys for their cooperation in setting the headings and the cover of this issue.

---

'Tis evident that the Senior girls are not reducing.

---

The cutest, tiniest and most lovable little mouse made his appearance in Room 200 on December 9. He made many friendly advances to Miss Wuelchan, but she gave him the cold shoulder and rapidly perched upon her stool. However, "Pete" Ahrns cruelly conquered him and relentlessly handed him to a bloody faculty member.

### FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH

(Continued from Page 19)

asked the butler, and then, seeing the open space in the wall, stood staring with his mouth and eyes wide open. "Oh, Maggie, come quick!" he shouted, and Maggie, thinking something terrible had happened, came rushing in.

"Look, look Maggie!" cried the butler, shaking with excitement, "at h'all them queer lookin' things!"

"Why, they're curios. Oh, I've always dreamed of getting rich by finding jewels or something," Maggie said wistfully.

"Well, they're not yours," reminded the butler, "they're Master Thornton's, willed to him by 'is grandpa."

Maggie looked at them and then went out sobbing, and dragging the butler with her.

After the noise had ceased, Thornton became serious and said, "Roger, do you think we could sell some and put our invention on the market? I rather hate to, but I suppose we must."

"Why, that little airship will get the money back in no time, Sure, go ahead and use it. 'Opportunity knocks but once'."

Back in the hall, the butler burst out laughing. "Well, Maggie," he said, "h'it's Friday, the thirteenth, and look what 'appened. Who said something about things 'appening on Friday, the thirteenth? H'I told you so!"

"Aw, keep still," retorted Maggie.

Ruth Punnett, '32

### WHAT TIME IS IT?

(Continued from Page 27)

hear, "When the gong strikes, it will be exactly ----- sqwak ----- sqweek -----plunk ----- Static!

Brrrr. A friend phones and, after finding out the time from her, we set and wind all the clocks. How thankful we should be that we are living in such a modern age and that we are blessed with so many conveniences.





CAST OF "DOWN ON YE OLDE HOMESTEAD"



THE WITAN

# Down on Ye Olde Homestead

The Glee Club presented "Down On Ye Olde Homestead," a musical fantasy of post-colonial days, at No. 42 School on Friday, December 20. Mr. Marsh not only wrote the continuity of the production but also directed all the musical numbers, played an important part and conducted the orchestra which played several old-fashioned selections between the acts. A great deal of the success of the production was due to him. Mr. Ament also gave many helpful suggestions on the dramatic part.

Although the auditorium was not over-crowded, there was a fairly large audience who braved the stormy weather. They seemed to enjoy the beautiful old time numbers that the chorus sang and all the specialties which were presented. Those that did not attend certainly missed a touching scene as Margaret Kirby sang her baby sister (a fourteen-inch, talking walking and sleeping doll, guaranteed to say "Mama" for one year) to sleep. Then, too, imagine "Laurie" Kilmer telling everyone in song about the "daringness" of "Josiah's Courtship." This number was one of the highlights of the program. Another specialty was a recitation by Mrs. Slobbe, who

was once a professional reader. Do the pupils who missed this begin to realize how bad off they are now?

A group of girls gave several old-fashioned dances between the acts which were very picturesque. Their powdered hair (we certainly sympathize with them when they try to remove it) made a striking picture. Miss Keefe supervised these dances and incidentally assisted in transforming blondes and brunettes (there were also some redheads) into white-haired damsels. Mrs. Staines played the accompaniment for the dancing.

The cast of the old-fashioned concert consisted of: Mrs. W. B. Slobbe, Mr. Marsh, Robert Trayhern, Susanne Bogorad, Charles Schaad, June Estes, Lawrence Kilmer, Dorothy Collett, Percy Andrews, Charles Hawes, Richard Schaad, Grace Tupper, Mary Mitchell, Hazel Isaac, Anona Page, Frank Smith, John Crane, Margaret Kirby, Raymond Richens, Lillian Durans, Fred Gray and Dorothy Marsh. And last, but far from least, we must not forget Lois Marsh, who played all the accompaniment. Without her the production certainly could not have been "put over."

---

Miss Keefe (reporting to office):  
"Miss Stowell, I'm going down to 38 after an elephant if you are looking for me."

Miss Carter (to IV-2 English class):  
"This book is anonymous."  
C. A.: "Who's it by?"

---

C. M.: "Ow!"

Teacher: "What was that?"

C. M.: "A tack."

Mr. Marsh: "This composition was written by Handel."

Bob: "The fellow that comes on tea kettles?"



## THE WITAN

# Hi-Y

To belong to the Charlotte Chapter of the Hi-Y organization, one must excel in athletics, in scholarship and one must be a worthy and able member of the student body of Charlotte High School.

The officers of the organization are: Frederick Rohr, president; Robert Paige, vice-president; Harold Smith, secretary; Dayton Frisbee, treasurer; and Pomeroy Cass, master-at-arms.

The Hi-Y has had the difficult problem of keeping the boys' locker room in a respectable condition. The re-

sults of the boys' efforts have been very satisfactory to all.

If the younger boys distinguish themselves in Charlotte High, not only athletically, scholarly and socially, but also morally, they become a candidate for future membership in the Hi-Y.

The faculty adviser is Mr. Ament, and Mr. Gardiner, Boys' Work Secretary of the Maplewood Branch of the Y. M. C. A., is the representative of the Young Men's Christian Association.

---

### HI-Y PICTURE

(Opposite Page—reading left to right)

Upper Row—Percy Andrews, Samuel DeMato, Carl Pearson, Robert Barrett, William Braam, Paul Lascell, Wilbur Ahrens.

Middle Row—Myron Kelly, Dayton Frisbee, Treasurer; Jack Wagner, Charles Hawes, Bruce Bergener, Robert Trayhern, Walter Fleming, Paul Graden.

Front Row—Frank Campbell, Howard Rowe, Lawrence Kilmer, Robert Paige, Vice-Pres.; Fred Rohr, President; James Smith, Sec'y; Joseph Arioli.

Absent—Eugene Mater, Pomeroy Cass, David Benham, Woodrow Waterhouse, Gunnar Johnson.

---

### What Price Noise Abatement

From IV-1 theme: "Then I had my tonsils and adnoise removed."

Editor's Comment: "If that is the cause of some of our 'loud speakers', we're in favor of universal and compulsory tonsillotomy."

Mr. Marsh (to Charles S.): "We should have some special numbers in this scene. Do you and your brother do anything together?"

Charles S.: "Yes, we fight."

---

D. D.: "Miss Doehler, I can't do these examples; I must have been absent when we had them."

Miss Doehler: "Yes, Dick, you must have been absent-minded."

Mr. Denison (illustrating problem): "Harry, if you had four quarts with you and four quarts at home, how many would you have?"

H. S.: "That would be a whole speakeasy."



**THE WITAN**  
**ATHLETICS**  
(Continued from Page 31)

**WRESTLING**

The wrestling team is off at a fast clip this season, under the steady coaching of Mr. Erenstone, a former representative of the United States in the Olympic games. There have been from fifteen to twenty students out to each practice, among whom are some of the city's best wrestlers, "Red" Kelly, who won the district championship, and "Lennie" Roberts being the runners-up in their respective classes. There are also three other veterans, Graden, Bishop and Sayer, who will help compose the best wrestling team Charlotte has put out in years.

This sport has never received very much support from the student body, but it is especially desired this season, as we have a great chance of winning the championship.

**BOWLING**

Ye thunder makers have your chance. Bowling has been started under the direction of Mr. Tichenor. This sport is rapidly becoming popular in high schools, with most schools having a league and a first team. If enough interest is shown in this new sport, a team will be picked from the league which is already formed.

Every Tuesday afternoon from three to six o'clock, alleys are reserved at the Central Y. M. C. A. at the small cost of \$.45. This price includes the games and twenty minutes of practice.

Any newcomers into this league will be welcomed, regardless of ability to play, as one of the main purposes of the competition is to teach the game.

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January 1930 Class, the printers of  
The Witan extend to them and also  
to the other classes best wishes for  
success during the year.

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