THE WITAN
Senior Year Book
Class of January 1931

Rochester, New York
Charlotte High School
December 1930
FURLONG-WHITE STUDIO

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Harold Smith
Mary Donaldson (8 A-1)

Josephine Bemish
Burtis Dougherty
Betty LeClare
Margaret Hewins (8 B-1)

Katherine Trayhern
Arthur Gordon
Doris Bullock
Delores Kohlmetz (8 B-2)
Phyllis Line (8A-2)

Dorothy Bubier
Maud Lancaster (8 A-2)

Rosemary Kaercher
Joseph Brickler
Mildred Lee

Ruth Gordon
Cecilia Quinlan
Doris Reagon

Gertrude Rappold.................................. Secretary

Louise Teetsel (8A-2)
Gehring Cooper
Frank Smith
James Williams (7 B-1)

Edna Michel
Alberta Lee (7 B-2)

Helen White
Esther Ferguson

(Continued on Page 61)
THE WITAN

Nathaniel G. West, Principal

Nathaniel G. West
9-29-42
My Christmas Wish For You!

In the Village no family had its own Christmas tree. The Big Tree was set up in the Little Church and on Christmas Eve all brought their presents to be distributed at the entertainment.

The Small Boy received one lone present, a piece of candy in a paper poke. He wondered why some received so much and he so little. “But then,” he mused, “my Mother has given me this gift, as generous as she can afford!” He thanked her for it and vowed that she should never know his first unworthy thought.

Christmas, 1930, is drawing near. We know that for all of us it will be different from former Christmases. Some of us, for the first time, will receive “a piece of candy in a paper poke;” others will refuse to be extravagant in gifts to relatives and friends in order to bring cheer into homes made cheerless by lack of work.

We shall remember that, in contrast to our friends across the sea, we, even in this time of stress, are more prosperous than they. We shall be grateful that this is so.

And so, this Christmas will be more serious than usual, but we shall feel its spirit of peace and good will.

We shall think lovingly of Tiny Tim, who “bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame,” whose Christmas prayer was for all,—“God bless us every one!”

“And thus he prayed, ‘God bless us every one’!
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.”
—James Whitcomb Riley.

May you, with Tiny Tim, discover the true spirit of Christmas!
May Christmas Day find you serene in your feeling of good will toward all mankind.

May your good will be symbolized by your deeds of sacrifice in observance of the Season.

Most sincerely,

Nathaniel G. West
THE WITAN

Mrs. Madelyn Denise, Class Adviser
C. Lawrence Kilmer No. 38 School
25 Frey Street Business
"Born for success, he seemed
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes."
Assembly committee (chairman) 3, 4; book exchange committee (manager) 2, 3, 4; candy committee 4; class president 2, 3, 4; glee club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; operetta 2, 3; publicity committee 2; school party (chairman) 4; senior play 4; student council 2, 3, 4; Witan 3, 4.

Margaret Elinor Kirby No. 38 School
693 Latta Road Genesee Hospital
The storm is over, the sun's come thru;
Without her sunshine, what would we do?
Assembly committee 4; baseball 4; basketball 3, 4; candy committee 4; chemistry club 3; class vice-president 3, 4; French honor society 4; girls' athletic association (vice-president) 3, 4, (cup winner) 4; glee club 1, 2, 3, 4; operetta 2, 3; safety order committee 3; soccer 4; student council 3, 4; tennis 3, 4; thrift committee 1, 2, 4; Tri-Y 3, (president) 4.

Carol E. Schmidt No. 38 School
6 Alonzo Street Business
"The office becomes a woman best."
Assembly committee (secretary) 3; book exchange committee (secretary) 2, 3, 4; class secretary 2, 4; girls' athletic association 3, 4; glee club 1; orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; school party refreshment committee (chairman) 4; student council (treasurer) 4; tap dancing 3, 4; thrift committee 1.

David H. Benham Seneca School
Dorvid Road Cornell
"E'en though vanquished, he can argue still."
Basketball (manager) 3; book exchange committee 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3; National Honor Society 4; publicity committee 4; senior day committee 4; senior play (manager) 4; standard bearer 4.
Susanne Bogorad  No. 38 School
4768 Lake Ave. Columbia University
"Do you not know I am a woman?
When I think, I must speak!"
Assembly committee 3, 4; basketball
1, 2, 3; class secretary 1; French
honor society 3, 4; girls' athletic as-
sociation 1, 2, 3, 4; glee club 1, 2, 3, 4;
hiking 2; hockey 1; National honor
society 3, 4; publicity committee 3,
(chairman) 4; riding 3; senior day
committee 4; swimming 1, 2, 3, 4;
tap dancing 3, (manager) 4; tennis 4;
Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 3, (editor-in-chief)
4; Guardian of the flag 4.

Charles Borgus  No. 38 School
120 Chalford Road  Business
"No woman may approach his silent
court."
Baseball 1; soccer 1; track 4.

Dorothy Ruth Collett  No. 38 School
6 Meech Park  U. of R.
What praise can we bestow upon a
deserving girl, indeed!
Assembly committee 4; candy commit-
tee 4; class secretary 1; class histor-
ian 4; French honor society 4; girls'
chorus 3; glee club 2, 3, 4; operetta
2, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 4; school re-
presentative in the National high school
chorus.

Frances L. Earl  No. 38 School
296 Conrad Drive  Business
Most unusually dignified.
Basketball 3; candy committee 4; class
prophet 4; glee club 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 3,
4; Witan 4.
June W. Estes  No. 38 School  
45 Strohm Street  Business  
“She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleam’d upon my sight”  
Assembly committee 3 (chairman) 4;  
class president 2; French honor society 4;  
girls’ athletic association 2;  
glee club 1, 2, 3, 4; orchestra 1;  
operetta 2, 4; senior day committee (chairman) 4;  
senior play 4; student council 2;  
thrift committee 2, 3, 4;  
Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 3, 4.

Frank Fuhrman  No. 38 School  
60 Rochelle Avenue  Undecided  
Who is this quick witted fellow?  
Baseball 1; basketball 1; chemistry club 3;  
Hi-Y 4; soccer 1.

Margaret E. Jackson  No. 38 School  
4231 Lake Avenue  Nursing  
“Thy housekeeping hath won the greatest favor.”  
Basketball 4; chemistry club (secretary) 4;  
girls’ athletic association 3, 4;  
girls’ chorus 3; glee club 1, 2, 3;  
Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 4.

Paul D. Lascell  No. 38 School  
122 Boxart Street  P. G.  
“He is a very proper young man.”  
Assembly committee 4; candy committee 4;  
class vice-president 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4;  
senior play (assistant stage manager) 4;  
soccer 1; tennis 3; track 3;  
Witan 4.
Donald D. Marvin  Monroe High
"I stood like a man at a mark with
a whole army shooting at me."
Basketball 4; chemistry club (president) 4; Hi-Y 4; senior play 4; soccer
4; track 4.

Vera M. MacMullen  No. 38 School
4329 Lake Avenue  Business
"There is no power in the tongue
of man to alter me."
Basketball 3; candy committee 4; girls'
athletic association 3, 4; glee club 2,
3, 4; operetta 2; senior day committee
4; senior play 4; tennis 2; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Edna Dorothy Michel  East High
101 LeRoy Street  Geneseo Normal
Teddy has not been with us long,
But her life at Charlotte has been a
song.
Assembly committee 3, 4; baseball 4;
basketball 4; French honor society 4;
girls’ athletic association 4; glee club
3, 4; soccer 4; student council (secretary) 4; tap dancing 4; tennis 4; Tri-
Y 4; Witan 4.

Marjorie E. Milne  West High School
234 Windsor Rd.  Roch. Gen. Hospital
She is cheerful, and thinks well
of each thing.
Baseball 2, 3, 4; candy committee
(chairman) 4; French honor society
4; girls’ athletic association 2, 3, 4;
Tri-Y 3, 4.
Mary Mitchell  No. 38 School
2649 Ridge Road West  Business

"Virtue was sufficient of herself
for happiness."
Basketball 2; chemistry club 3; girls' athletic association 2; girls' chorus 3; glee club 2, 3, 4; hiking 2; operetta 3; senior day committee 4; student council 1, (secretary) 4; swimming 2; Tri-Y (secretary) 3, 4; Witan 3.

Anona Lucretia Page  J. J. H. S.
86 Elmtree Road  Eastman School

"Deep violets, you liken to the
Kindest eyes that look on you,
Without a thought disloyal."
Candy committee 4; class president 4; class secretary 3; French honor society (secretary) 4, (president) 4; girls' athletic association 3, 4; girls' chorus 3; glee club 2, 3, 4; operetta 2, 3; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 4.

Carl Pearson  No. 38 School
34 Florence Avenue  Undecided

"Here comes a man of comfort."
Assembly committee 3, 4; basketball 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, (president) 4; school party committee 3; cross country 3; senior play 4; student council (vice-president) 4; track 2, 3.

Alma Lillian Raysor  No. 38 School
117 Duffern Drive  R. B. I.

"We like your silence, it the more
shows off your wonder; but yet
speak!"
Baseball 2, 3; basketball 2, (manager) 3, 4; candy committee 4; class secretary 4; girls' athletic association 1, 2, 3, 4; hiking 1; operetta 2; riding 2, 3; Tri-Y 3, 4.
Donald Ryan
No. 38 School
51 Wendhurst Drive
Undecided

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,—
And it was nothing more."

Track 4.

John G. Shenton
No. 38 School
18 Bloss Street
Business

"He is a great observer, and looks
quite through the deeds of men."

Assembly committee 4; baseball 1;
basketball 1; Hi-Y 3, (treasurer) 4;
publicity committee 4; safety and order
committee 2; soccer 1; Witan 4;
wrestling (manager) 4.

Esther E. Smith
No. 38 School
38 Fair Place
Business

"Then heigh-ho the holly, this life
is most jolly."

Baseball 1; basketball 2.

Helen Archer White
No. 38 School
Latta Road
U. of R.

Helen, whose manner is very jolly,
Has kept us happy with her folly.

Assembly committee 4; baseball 2, 3;
basketball (manager) 2, (captain) 3,
4; candy committee 4; class president
3; French honor society 4; girls' ath-
etic association 1, 2, 3, 4; glee club 1;
hiking 1; operetta 2; publicity com-
mittee 3; riding 2, 3; senior play (bus-
iness manager) 4; student council 3;
tennis 2; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 2, 4.
In nineteen-eighteen, that was the year
When our June and Laurie did somehow appear
In the room we now call one hundred nine,
To start their schooling with vigor so fine.

"Marg" Jackson, too, was also a member
Of the same kindergarten, as I can remember.
Then Helen and Dorothy made their debut,
The first in a year and the second in two.

Now Carol, "Marg" Kirby and Alma we know
Entered our class in the fourth grade or so;
While Vera and John had joined us too,
Thus making our class number twenty-two.

When we were graduated in twenty-six,
We found that our class had somehow been mixed,
But our only new members who are with us yet
Were Susanne and Esther whom we'll not forget.

As freshmen we found ourselves much afraid,
For fear that our teachers would us upbraid,
So we heeded them well and studied real hard
And "Sue" and "Dot" each had A's on her card.

Now this was the year when new friends did come;
They were Marjorie, Frances and Carl Pearson,
Charles Borgus, "Don" Ryan and Marvin, I guess;
They've all added to spirit and class success.

Anona, we find, according to record,
Came down from "Jeff" in rather cold weather.
"Bob" Hartman, too, did the very same thing,
But he fell behind, to be graduated next Spring.

Now here is a secret: When we were III-1,
We hiked over to Sea Breeze and had lots of fun;
Our dear friend and adviser, who accompanied us,
Was as enthusiastic about it as the rest of us.

'Twas during this year that Edna appeared
And took up her duties. We need not have feared
That she could not accustom herself to our school,
For as student secretary she's calm and cool.
In January, 1927
THE WITAN
OUT OF OUR PAST

What could we have done without our "Dave"?
Tho he always studies, he's not study's slave.
To the post of standard bearer he has risen
And of his services has freely given.

In the fourth year friends joined us, their names
I will tell;
They are Mary, Frank Fuhrman and Paul Lascel.  
So last but not least, we surely must say
That we're truly happy they came our way.

And to on-coming classes we leave their share
Of the seniors' hurry and scurry and care.

Dorothy Collett,
Class Historian

Class Motto:
"Carry on"

Class Colors: Orchid and Yellow

Class Flower: Yellow Tea Rose
A late model of the 1950 Limozine, carrying Ambassador John G. Shenton to his destination, glided smoothly over the wide, beautiful streets of Washington, and finally stopped in front of a large gray building.

"I’ll call you when I am ready, Donald," he said to his chauffeur, as he got out of the car. "And Donald, I think that you may have time to take Mrs. Marvin for a little ride before I need you. Give my love to her and the children."

Entering the apartment house, the ambassador was escorted into a magnificently furnished room on the first floor by a trim little maid whom he greeted familiarly.

"Alma, my dear, is His Honor, Judge Benham, in?"

"Most assuredly, ambassador," answered Alma Raysor, the maid, smiling prettily. "Come right into the drawing room. He will be glad to see you. He has been inquiring about you lately."

Soon, an extremely tall, slim man, about thirty-eight years of age, with steel-gray hair and silver-rimmed glasses, came into the room and hurriedly grasped the hand of the visitor, shaking it vigorously. "Well, if it isn't my old friend and classmate!"

"Greetings, old pal. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm feeling fine. You look as though the world were treating you pretty well!"

"Oh yes. As a matter of fact, I do feel much better since I've had my glasses changed.---'Hometown Days'---so you're reading this book, too, I have read it several times. It has been judged by authorities on novels to be one of the most successfully written this year. That setting is so familiar that it puzzles me. Doesn't it remind you of the good old days when we were going to Charlotte High School together? The publishers are Kilmer, Borgus and Fuhrman, and the author's pen name is Withington. Do you know, I'm anxious to know who that author really is, and I'm going to find out!"

"Don't trouble yourself. I became curious also, since the publishers' names seemed so familiar, so I wrote to them, and they informed me that Susanne Bogorad is the author's own name. You remember her, don't you?"

"Heavenly day! Susanne Bogorad, a famous novelist! And 'Red' Kilmer, Charles Borgus and Frank Fuhrman, publishers. Does it all seem possible?"

"But how is June—you know, that pretty little blonde, Susanne's chum?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? She has become a well known actress. However, recently she had a nervous breakdown, caused by over-work, and she is now convalescing. Margaret Kirby is her nurse."

"That's too bad. I'm glad to hear that she has made a success, but I'm sorry that she is ill."

"She will be well enough to open a new play next week, so it really isn't very serious. Have a cigar, David?"

"Thanks. By the way, let's turn on the radio; there are some very good programs on about this time," he answered, as he walked over to the radio and began to turn the dials. Suddenly he stopped and listened as a voice coming over the radio said, "The artist you have just heard was Anona Page, singing a French folk song. This is station WHAM at Rochester. Your announcer has been Carl Pearson."

"Anona Page a staff artist! I'll wager Mr. Marsh would be proud of his pupil."
"That reminds me of something that I was going to tell you. Donald Ryan is a mechanical engineer now. He was working on a construction job down by the court house the other day and I happened to see him. He looks the same as ever. His black hair still persists in falling over his eyes, and he reads a book during his spare time."

"I hope he has advanced from Zane Gray's stories. Don certainly had a warm spot in his heart for them."

"No, it wasn't a Zane Gray story, but it was some other western novel. Don told me that Paul Lascell made a very successful parachute jump at Roosevelt Field recently when the controls on his plane went out of order."

"By the way, do you know what Marjorie Milne is doing?"

"Marjorie is on the staff of a hospital in the Bronx, in New York. She seems to be very much interested in her work."

"Speaking of former classmates, reminds me that I met Helen White about a year ago in New York. She had just returned from an eight years' stay in Africa. You know she is a missionary and is very enthusiastic about her African converts. Margaret Jackson was at the boat to meet Helen and I learned that her last name is no longer Jackson. Margaret married a millionaire factory owner whose life she saved while he was a patient at the hospital where she was training. Esther Smith is her social secretary."

"That almost accounts for our entire senior class, doesn't it?"

"Oh, no! The last time I was in Rochester I visited the new Charlotte High School, directly across the street from where we attended, and I found several of our classmates on the teaching staff. Dorothy Collett is at the head of the Mathematics Department, Frances Earl teaches Latin, Mary Mitchell teaches commercial subjects, and Carol Schmidt, our class secretary, is now secretary to Mr. West and is very competent in her position."

"What about Edna Michel and Vera MacMullen?"

"Didn't you hear about Vera? She is a dentist's assistant and is working very hard now to perfect a new painless drill that she wishes to have patented. I wouldn't be surprised if she received world renown for it. As for Edna Michel, she is a very well recognized figure in politics in Rochester. Everyone feels sure that she will be elected congresswoman to represent her district at the next election."

"Isn't it amazing the way the careers of all of———"

"Tea is served, your Honor," said the pert little maid, who had just entered.

Frances Earl, Class Prophet.
Our Last Will and Testament

We, the class of January, 1931, Charlotte High School, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, declare this to be our last Will and Testament:

I. To Mrs. Denise we leave a quiet home room group, but for fear there will be some need for a megaphone and a gavel, we leave these in addition.

II. To Mr. Enright we leave a senior play cast that will do exactly as they are told.

III. To Mrs. Ward we leave three or four very choice apples to eat during class.

IV. To Miss Cashman we leave a Baby Grand step ladder so that she will not have to take lessons in contortion and in acrobatics in order that she may open the library windows.

V. To Mr. West we leave a beautiful picture of the new school, which may be hung over his desk in his office.

VI. To Miss Brown a sack of peanuts so that she may indulge in her pet hobby more often.

VII. We leave to Miss Sharer a pair of ball bearing roller skates so that she may make her connections between the two assemblies more easily. Also, we leave her an overgrown brief case to carry her numerous papers and knick-knacks around in.

As personal bequests we leave:

VIII. "Marg" Kirby's permanent wave to "Vi" Rentschler to relieve "Vi" of continually worrying about how horrid her hair looks.

IX. "Don" Marvin's height to Ray Grant for the sake of many of his feminine admirers.

X. "Tiny" White's "excess baggage" to Eleanor Rowe.

XI. The rats whose domicile may be found in Mr. Omans' room and who have been under the motherly care of "Ma" Jackson and "Ma" MacMullen to Dona Armstrong.

XII. "Dave" Benham's "drag" with Miss Goff to Charles Peters in the hopes that he will not be in the III-1 History class six years from now.

XIII. June Estes' "drag" with Miss Sharer to Jenne Marvin who, we think, needs it quite badly.

XIV. "Sue" Bogorad's elusive smile to those unfortunate students who have a hard time making their alibis "go over."

XV. To Carl Halbleib we leave Carl Pearson's athletic physique.

XVI. To Christopher Tierman we leave "Don" Ryan's innocent eloquence.

XVII. To Burtis Dougherty we leave Lawrence Kilmer's winning way with the girls.

XVIII. To Rosemary Kaercher, who, we hear, is quite often late, we leave Marjorie Milne's punctuality to school.

XIX. To Adreen Kirby, we leave Dorothy Collett's mathematical skill.

XX. Now a few suggestions:

1. That balconies be constructed at some of the various windows to aid some of Charlotte's numerous "Rom-eros" in their courtships.

2. That the wall space in the locker room be converted into mirrors.

3. That a bust of Richard Halliburton be placed in the library so that "a certain young lady" may be inspired to do her lessons better.

We hereby appoint the present IV-1 class executors of this our last Will and Testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, the first day of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty.

We, in the presence of each other, (Continued on page 63)
THE WITAN

THEOLOGY

Listen child: the world was made in seven days and on the eve of the seventh day there was born in the heart of China's forest, Moji, a great white elephant, the king of all beasts. And Moji grew till he was the largest and most powerful creature that stalked the jungles of China. He went about eating what he pleased, be-friending other animals and enjoying the greatest freedom ever given to living beings. He was worshipped by all creatures dwelling upon the earth; he was to rule eternally. And because of this he was made wisest of all beings.

Listen child: when the world was a thousand years old Moji was in the prime of his youth. He had lived when sages had passed away; he had ruled on when prophets died in shame and poverty. But there came a time when one of these determined to solve the mystery of Moji's eternal life. This creature was an elephant gray of hue, not the pure color of Moji's hide, but a color between the black of the common herd and the imperial white; he was blessed by a minor god in hope of earthly victory. So he challenged Moji to fight on the shore of the Lake of Peace and they fought, the gray one fighting hard to ward off the fatal blows of his huge opponent and the white one fighting harder than necessary but with a skill only to be given by the gods, themselves. Moji conquered swiftly and the little gray creature died valiantly.

Listen child: 'twas then that Moji discovered his great strength and might; never before had he realized this gift. And now he stood on the shore of the lake in the cooling wind and lifted his head to the heavens and blared forth a call of defiance; he was challenging the god who made him and all the lesser gods. Up above a bright star suddenly shone out midst the myriad of other asterisks. Down below a little black stone blew into Moji's eye and blinded him. The great beast was terrified and he ran about wildly, trampling on everything that happened to be in his path. But soon a huge tree blocked his mad rush; he struck it mightily and fell dead at its base. The king of beasts was king no more.

Listen child: even now when the full moon shines in the sky, shedding its white light, white as Moji's hide, upon the earth, it is warning you to remember the lesson Moji learned.

Ray Dudley, '33
“Get up, sleepyhead; it’s seven o’clock!” What a sweet sound falling upon my ear all on a frosty morning. I put my arms outside the quilt to stretch, but back they go in a twinkling.

“Br-r-r, it’s cold! Hey, somebody come and shut my windows!” Oh, dear, won’t they ever come? Oh—here comes Dad.

“Hey, Pop, what time is it? Well, I’ll have to step on the gas.”

“Say, do I have any clean stockings, Ma? These are dirty. Did anybody see my shoe? Never mind; here it is under the bed. Mother, will you turn the iron on? I want to press my dress.”

“Bill, for the love of Mike, can’t you move over? Got a lease on the sink or something? What’s that funny noise? Huh—Oh, the new alarm clock. I thought it sounded like the baby.”

“Guess I’ll have to hurry; there goes the twenty of eight whistle. Oatmeal again; can’t we have something different once in a while? Boy, but this is hot! Now look at that clock. Who’s been monkeyin’ with it? Can’t be late as that already.

“Got to go, I guess; don’t forget to give me some money, and a hanky, too, Mother.

“Well, good-by, folks; there goes the car. Oh dear (puff) well, I can’t be as late as I thought, ‘cause here comes Jerry.”

“Step on it, you, here comes the Schaads; we’ll get a ride down. Stop it, Dick, or I’ll slap your wrist!”

“Thanks, loads, Mr. Schaad. Here we are in the halls of learning just as the clock strikes 8:30.”

“Ho hum, Latin sure is slow. Here is a sentence I know. Why, she actually called on me! Well, Carolyn, do your stuff. Sure glad that’s over. Will that ever get around to passing time. Wonder if she saw me throw that one? There goes the bell.”

“Bernice, did you get the 8th problem? Neither did I. We are having a test today. Gosh, I forgot all about it. What will I ever do? Oh, here comes Mr. Woodman. Harrington, will you please stop pulling my hair? Okay, Dan, I’ll tell Pauline. Harrington, this is rich. Jerry wants some more love advice. Guess I’ll have to start a column and call it ‘I’m Confessing’ or ‘Advice to the Love Lorn by Fairfacts’. Goodness! the period can’t be up already.

“Oh, there’s Pom. Hey, Pom, how is my kitty? He ran away! Why weren’t you more careful? Never mind the alibis now; it’s too late.

“French—more darn fun! Page 246; write Ex. I, III and V. Wonder what Ray and Jimmie are talking about. Carolyn, conjugate ‘avoir’ in the imperfect! Why does she always pick on Renee? Oh, here’s a note, and there goes the bell. I’ll answer it in English, Snooky.

“Hurray! Judy has the locker open. Race you to the lunch room! Yummy, this sure tastes good. Judith, let’s go to the library after lunch. I want to finish that article about Floyd Gibbons. Say, (whisper) do you know why she keeps it so quiet in here? It’s sickening. The clock strikes—I mean the bell rings.

“Good-bye, English. Let’s make Jack read his essay. Wow, that was funny! Jimmie, Chuck, and so on. Think I will turn poetic and say that time flies on swift white wings.

“Why does a person have to take gym anyway? And going outside at that; I shall certainly freeze. What I mean freeze! We are going to play speedball at that; I calls it adding insult to injury. Geraldine, will you please be more careful? You kicked my shin. There! I made a goal. (The winning touchdown). This game isn’t so bad after all, and there goes the whistle. Now to run for it.

“Look at my hair, and I have to go to voice. ‘Sing something simple’. I’ll try! But I really do enjoy it immensely.”

I heave a sigh of relief as I grab my coat and books and dash for the door. However, the rush is not over yet. I must do my home work and then dress for the concert.
THE WITAN

So be it. Another day! How many will there be before the last clock strikes? Carolyn Carroll, '32.

THE STOWAWAY

Jack stirred uneasily in the heavy and almost suffocating bag. Piles of clothing, tins of food and some steel emergency appliances were surrounding him, and seemed to absorb the air that was rightfully his. He heard voices, then footsteps. The footsteps passed and the voices died away. Others approached and died away. Jack fell into a doze and was awakened when the bag was lifted and dropped with a thud into something small and stuffy; He heard one voice.

"Seems sorta heavy. Shall we open it?"

"Naw, don't bother," answered another, "these fliers probably know their stuff."

"Maybe a stowaway." Jack caught his breath, but was reassured by the other's laugh. He listened for a while as the men performed several tasks about the ship, and caught his breath whenever their careless hands passed over the bag. Then, suddenly, he heard a great roar, felt a trembling go over the plane, and finally felt it rise into the air, making the piles of clothing and tins of food fall all around him. The motion of the ship made him feel dizzy and he sank into a deep sleep.

He was wandering somewhere where piles of clothing drifted about and tins of food dropped everywhere. He had no goal in mind, but wandered aimlessly about, with a dim, half-forgotten memory of a place that was firm and bright and clear. A faint hum of voices broke the monotony and he heard men say in unpleasantly suggestive tones:

"Maybe a stowaway." He suddenly felt very faint and disgusted with himself, longing to get away from this land of falling things. Something happened. The bag opened and a rush of light almost blinded him, while a man's strong, greasy hand clutched his neck. Fearfully Jack glanced up at him, watching the man's lips move, and hearing words of a strange tongue. The man laughed unpleasantly and said in the same tone, "Stowaway?"

Jack nodded, too frightened to speak.

"Trial flight," the man explained, with difficulty and frequent interruptions in that unfamiliar language. "We land in dark. You go. I not tell my master."

Jack began to express his gratitude in a hurried jumble of words. The man nodded. Then, grateful to be back, Jack felt the plane land. A little crowd welcomed it, walked around it, inspecting the wings and propellers. Jack slunk gratefully away into the darkness.

E. Donoghue, '32.

PUSSY IN THE WELL

Margot stole out of bed, crept down the stairs, slipped the bolt, opened the back door, and disappeared into the gloom, the door slowly shutting after her. The reeds in the marsh grew tall, six or seven feet, and they were so thick, the place resembled a forest. Fleet-footed and sure, Margot sped through this growth, finally arriving at what was, apparently, her destination.

Blackness surrounded the place, but in one particular spot the blackness was less impenetrable than elsewhere. A gurgling, sighing sound could be heard, with, now and then, a gentle 'swish.' It was here that Margot stopped. She stood gazing into this murmuring well of darkness without stirring.

"O wonder—do you suppose he's in there? No, he couldn't be!" She mumbled on for a few moments in this fashion. She roused herself, seeming to shake off a drowsy insensibility.

"Oh, why am I waiting here? I must go on! I can't stop now! On, on, go on!"

She circled wildly about the pool
and went running on. Hysterical sobs shook her.

"Where is he? He isn't gone for good! No, no, not for good! Are you, Peter? You're coming back, aren't you? You must, Peter; you must!" Faster and faster Margot ran. Her haste had produced a maniacal frenzy.

"Back, I must go back! He's at the 'Devil's Hole'. I know he is! Oh, Peter, I'm coming!"

Her flying feet soon brought her back to the whispering well. She leaned over the edge. As she clutched frantically for an object that eluded her grasp, she slipped, and sank from sight. The elusive object "meowed" faintly, and then, this sound too ceased. Elinore Raymond, '32.

THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

To make a speech, three things are essential: nervousness, no knowledge of the subject, and occasional blushes. When you begin, use this entrance: "Unaccustomed as I am in making public speeches...", then stop and sputter around for something else. This will keep your listeners in suspense, and also help to hold their attention. Next, tell them how glad you are to see them (although you're not). They'll feel the same way, so what's the difference. After you've unsuccessfully tried to explain what you're talking about, forget all about it and start on something new. (This will keep them wondering). Finally, make a dignified dash for your seat, and if someone starts throwing eggs, tomatoes and other delectable articles at you, you're a born speaker and a success. Anna Sprague, '32.

DOING THE RACCOON!

Wasn't that the name of a song which was once popular ages and ages ago? Yes, I believe it was. But now I have changed its meaning altogether.

The newest meaning is not found in Webster's, but I soon hope to have it put there for the special benefit of those who do not know the meaning of such words and phrases.

The explanation, which will appear in the next edition of that well loved book, the dictionary, is as follows: "Doing the Raccoon is the process of begging every day, for 3 years, for at least three hours a day for a huge, warm, cozy, raccoon coat, which is to be the radiator for the owner in the future." E. Lascell, '32.

THE WITAN

his family out for a joy ride), roll it, put it and mark it with "B" and put it in the attic for the winter.

Martha Watt, '33.

"THESE AUSTINS!"

The North wind doth blow and we shall have snow and what will the Austin do then, poor thing? If it had a couple of wings to hide under, I wouldn't worry so about it. But as it is, I do worry!

Every time I think of what might befall the Austins this winter, I shuddered! What if a snowflake happened to fall on one, covering it completely? Then, again, what if one happened to fall into a rut made by the wheels of some other car? Oh, what a sad fate for the poor Austin, who never did a bit of harm (for what chance would an Austin have against the mice in Father's barn?) The poor Austin's fate is something like the little boy (I forgot his name) who stuck his thumb in a pie and pulled out a plum; both due for a life of disappointments.

We could put the Austins on our sleds and pull them around, or else a pocket is a very good place to carry such articles. I imagine though, that these methods would become quite monotonous after a while.

I guess the best thing to do would be to wrap the Austin up in a box (making sure to sprinkle plenty of pepper on it so Mr. Moth won't take
TRY IT, IF YOU LIKE

Every so often the honorable Mater gets an idea to try another experiment on us kids. Her latest is Cod Liver Oil. I guess she heard from some respectable source, probably the little bird, that said oil will fatten and help towards the prevention of colds during the winter. Therefore, the well meaning parent brings a bottle of Olafsen’s best and purest. Cod Liver Oil as her everlasting, eternal, grievance is that not I (Heavens no), but my two kid sisters are too skinny, in other words, thin.

Well, on one certain day in my diurnal quest for chocolate, peanuts, raisins and marshmallows, I come across the bottle of Pure Extract of Cod Liver Oil. Being naturally curious and hoping that the cold prevention power (not the fattening one) will work on me. I remove the bottle from the shelf on which it rests and measure out a teaspoonful, as I have decided to be moderate with unknown matter, especially when it is to enter the solar plexus.

I swallow the ingredient and lick my chops—Blank, I will not say I did not like it. Nor will I try to dissuade anyone else from taking it. Oh, no! Far be it from me to discourage any healthful or beneficial remedies for anything! I will only say that I was disappointed.

OF SHOES AND SAILS

AND SEALING WAX

Four score and sixty years ago the world was going around the very same as it is today. Walruses were playing sea tag and snails were slowly creeping their slimy, silvery, slender trail to anywhere. George Washington was not yet the father of his country and the ocean water was full of salt. Little Tommy Tucker was still using his thumb to fish up dumpling out of the boiling caldron of South American revolutions, and Columbus had just purchased his first complete set of real false teeth.

It was at this time that dear old Lindy made his appearance in a daring solo cross country run for Charlotte. At any rate, Napoleon lost the battle of Salamis and Turkey was saved, etc, etc, and etc. And so in concluding, gentlemen of the jury, I wish to say that this essay may fool some of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but this essay cannot fool all of the people all of the time. Therefore, base your decisions upon that.

Gordon LeRoy, '32.
to him. When you see your chance, you swoop down and pull part of the paper out from under what he's reading.

We're hoping you'll get the part you wanted. Elinor Raymond, '32.

MOVIE FALES

At the last movie I went to, the heroine, a sweet girl with white powdered curls, was dumped from a covered wagon and sat up amidst the debris without a hair out of place. Brave, capable girl! How I wish I could keep my hair straight when I sit by a window—say nothing of a runaway!

One reason I am not so anxious to go to the movies is that those little discrepancies divert my attention. When I should be in a thrill of feverish excitement because the Indians are gaining on the heroine and the hero is ignorant of her dilemma, I am wondering what preparation she uses to keep her hair in place. I believe a good many people share my opinion. Who sees our hero run through underbrush and slide down mountainsides without wondering what tailor put that lasting crease in his pants?

I think that, if the movie companies paid more attention to details, they would have a larger attendance. Many people have reason enough to readily see where the movies “slip up” and it lowers their opinion of the picture. Really, who can blame the public if they read a book instead of attending a motion picture theatre? Their imaginations can construct a scene without these faults. Still, since many people have a greater power of concentration, I suppose the movies are in no great danger.

Judith Pownall, '33.

8A Group

Officers: President, Phyllis Line; Vice-president, Mary Donaldson; Secretary, Zenobia Luckhurst. Total membership 55.
OLD THINGS
I know a little shop where one can find
Such quaint old-fashioned things
That are truly a century old:
Frail spinnet desks and ladder-back chairs,
Tall, stately, old grandfather clocks,
And quaint mirrors of black and gold.

Hair-cloth sofas and bright Paisley shawls,
Bedspreads of homespun blue
Lie under film of cobweb lace;
Rare old highboys and four-poster beds,
Hooked rugs in gay patterns are there
In this dear little antique place.

When I browse among the old musty books
With covers warped and worn,
Whose every vital page still rings
With masterpieces of long ago,
'Tis there, amid the cobwebs and dust,
I fell in the presence of kings.

Alma Hubbell, June '31.

SNOW
Falling from the skies above,
Softly as a feather,
Tiny snowflakes, pure and clear,
Clustered all together.

Falling on the barren earth,
Covering all with white,
Making us a blanket soft,
So feathery, still and light.

Glistening brightly on the ground,
Sparkling in the light,
Making earth a fairyland,
So clean and soft and bright.

Now the misty curtain lifts,
The snowflakes cease to fall;
The earth is left in perfect peace,
A coverlet o'er all.

THE FATE OF A SNOWFLAKE
Tiny little snowflake, so white, so light,
Dancing and laughing, not caring a slight
For what might happen when the ground they meet,
And not thinking of being crushed by the many feet.

The flakes come from God knows where,
For the winds to play with, and they dare
To blow the tiny, unprotected things
Around and 'round, as if they had wings.

And others, old and rare away,
Of other sunny summer days,
And other boys in memory dim
Played soft, sweet melodies, just like him.

E. Donoghue, '32.

Rosamund Heath, '32.
THE WITAN

A WINTER EVENING

As I sit in my window this evening,  
I behold a number of things,  
The twinkling of lights thru the tree-tops  
And the snowbirds with fluttering wings.

The snowflakes are whirling and sailing  
Toward the blanketed earth,  
And inside the fire is roaring,  
With the kitten asleep on the hearth.

In the distance a tinkle of sleigh-bells  
Comes nearer and nearer in sound,  
And I press my nose to the window  
To see if St. Nick' is around.

Into view comes a sleigh full of children,  
All happy and carefree and gay;  
'Tis a wonderful winter's evening  
And the end of a perfect day.

I. L. Diehl '31.

CONTRAST

The rise of a jeweled king,  
A thundering army over the hilltop,  
The roar of a thousand guns,  
Gone oblivion, now stark reality.

Dawn—  
And life,

A princely babe in his cradle,  
The distant echo of death in a quiet vale,  
Fleeting souls to the land beyond,  
Again peace, a misty duskiness pervades.

Evening—  
And sleep.

Ray Dudley, '33.

THE FOG

It came with the morning's birth,  
Its denseness cloaking the earth,  
Its darkness every space would clog.  
And whistles on boats blew warning of fog.

Before me loomed a house; then a tree,  
But, looking behind, all was lost to me.  
A spreading elm outlined in the gray,  
'Twas lost again as I went on my way.

It seemed as tho I might be blind,  
For all was blurred in front, behind.  
When all around would seem to close,  
An outlined house the fog would disclose.

Then, as the sun climbed higher in the sky,  
Things were seen more clear by human eye;  
And as the graying clouds by winds were shifted,  
The sun shone through; behold! the fog had lifted.

Marion DuVal, '34.

INCONSISTENCY

They remember  
Two thousand years ago  
An eastern star's clear glow,  
A destined babe, crying low,  
And dawn.

They remember  
A cross against the sky,  
A woman's moaning cry,  
A man about to die,  
And darkness.

Yet, they forget,  
And in a foreign land  
Would murder hand to hand  
To perish, a helpless band  
In pain.  
Ray Dudley, '33.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Christmas is a jolly day,  
For all the children are at play,  
With candy, nuts, toys and sleds  
Santa left them while still in bed,  
It comes around but once a year,  
That's why to us it is so dear.

Elizabeth Jeffers, 7A-2.
THE WITAN

FUTILITY

Peace?
They cease to care,
And try to dare
To be brave.

On earth?
They would wait
For gods and fate
To descend.

And good will?
They shall not worry,
But hate and hurry
To the end.

Unto men?
When machines are here,
They should not fear
A God.

But I remember
The significance
Of December.

R. K. D.

SOUTHERN BEAUTY

Shades of night are falling
O'er the waters deep,
Southern palms are calling,
The sun just fell asleep.
Moonbeams scatter here and there
O'er the moonlit bay,
Birds fly silent to their nests
At the break of day.

Now the day is dawning
O'er the southern skies,
We must work and toil
E'er the sunlight dies.
How the waters glitter
With the new born day!
Orange blossoms scented
In their new array.

The beauty of the southland
Is a wond'rous sight to see,
With golden sun and palm trees
A-beckoning to me.

Dolores Kohlmetz, 8B-1.

MY DADDY

I took my first uncertain steps to daddy,
"My daddy" were the first words that I said;
I climbed upon his knee to hear a story,
His shoulder was a pillow for my head.

And when I bumped my head or broke my dolly,
He'd kiss the hurt and hold me on his knee,
And, no matter how busy or how weary,
Daddy always has had time to spend with me.

We've read and walked, sung and laughed together,
And oh, what jolly times we've always had!
He's been a pal so true and understanding,
I always know I can depend on Dad.

Alma Hubbell, June '31.

THIS BIT O' SOMETHING

Love is like a candle,
It may kindle at one moment
And die the next—
Not by a doubled force.

Love is also like a flower,
Growing with all the bloom of life,
And then to fade as does the sun;
Real love is not planned!

Out of pure sunshine it comes,
Unexpected, and yet welcomed.
Love is a pure and holy shrine
And does what is willed.

Ruth Murphy, '32.

CHRISTMAS DAY

The wind whirls fast on Christmas Day,
It sends the snow in clouds of spray,
It helps bring Santa on his sleigh
And makes for us a white Christmas Day.

Henry Minster and Harold Bubel, 7A-1
WINTER'S SNOW
Winter's heavy snows are here,
For this is near the end of the year;
The snow is whiter than the clouds above,
Or even whiter than a white dove.
The warm snow-blanket covers the earth
And always has done so since its birth,
Yet every year it will not stay,
But always melts and runs away.
Mildred Lee, 8B-2

CHRISTMAS TIME
Christmas time has come again,
Everyone is happy,
For then we know that tummies grow
From eating fruits and candy.
The bells are tinkling merrily
And many hearts are gay,
For then come all the presents
And surprises, Christmas Day.

Listen to the sleighbells!
I think Santa Claus is here.
Let us hurry! Get in bed
Before he comes too near.

Oh, watch him fill our stockings!
Look under the Christmas tree!
My, Santa must be very rich;
I'm glad we stayed to see.
Grace Van Dam, 7A-2

THE MANGER BABE
In a stable rough and crude
Upon a Christmas morn,
The long-looked-for Savior, Christ,
A little babe, was born.

Three Wise Men saw in the sky
A star so clear and bright
That led them to the little babe
With its clear and brilliant light.
Far away, in a distant land,
Some shepherds tending sheep
Heard the angels' joyful song
Which awoke them from their sleep.

And glory, glory be to God,
Who sent upon this Christmas morn
This little babe, who was the Christ,
In Bethlehem to be born.

AUTUMN
I'm sorry that the roses fade
And die, when summer is over,
And sorry too that Autumn takes
Each happy, laughing flower.

I miss them so when nights are cool
And a summer moon no longer shines;
'Tis sad that we shall hear no more
The songs of birds upon the vines.

It's sad to see an empty park,
Where lovers used to sit;
It seems too bad the courting's o'er
And they've no need for it.

I'm sorry when the grasses fade
And when all the trees are bare,
For on the grasses children played
When days were long and fair.

And yet I welcome Autumn days,
They too, bring happiness;
And tho I'll miss the summer days,
I love the Autumn best.
Marian DuVal, '34.

THE SNOW
The snow is falling fast, now slow,
It covers the world with a downy glow;
And all the children are happy and gay
To see the snow that has fallen today.
Mae Henry, 7B-1

CLAYTON KING, 7A-1
BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS NIGHT
'Tis wonderful on Christmas Night
To be thinking of the Christ Child,
When the ground's covered with snow,
The sky as blue as ocean waves,
Housetops striped with Jack Frost's work and play.
We're glad of all these things,
But being glad of all these things should never make us forget
That Christ first came on such a night as this.
Eileen Guyett, 7B-2

FALLING SNOW
The soft white snow is falling fast,
Another Autumn now is past,
And the merry children are playing around,
For the wintry snow is covering the ground.
The blue skies above are cool and clear;
We know that Spring is not even near.
The soft white clouds are cold and bright,
They travel far in the stormy night.
Alberta Lee, 7B-2

THE NIGHT
The night comes creeping slowly,
Slowly, with shadowy wings,
And spreads itself everywhere, lowly,
The night now holds full swing.
The night comes stealing softly,
Softly, so none may hear,
May know of its arrival 'Til all is cold and drear.
The night's commands are heeded,
The world in silence lies,
But only the sun's rays are needed To frighten the night away.
Janet Barry, '33.

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN
In my mother's garden are flowers sweet and rare,
Their lovely fragrance intermingled seems to fill the air.
The dahlias and the lilies,
The sunflowers tall and fair,
The marigolds and daffodils rejoice in her tender care.
It doesn't seem quite fair to me that when the summer's past,
My mother's lovely flowers should fade and wither like the rest.

THE FARM
I'm going on the farm today,
I'm going in the barnyard and play;
The horse and the cow are my good friends,
But the bull I hate, for his horns have sharp ends.
I like the sheep and the little lamb,
But of course I hate the ugly ram;
I like the mare and her little colt,
But its dad I hate, 'cause he's tough as a bolt.
I like the lady who owns the farm,
I like her hubby, for he won't do no harm;
They're not like the animals in the barnyard dark,
They're a good old couple and live like larks,
The lady can cook like you don't know,
She feeds 'em to me and don't charge no dough,
Cookies "mmm" bread are plenty nice,
But they "ain't" no good when in comes the mice.
Kenneth Callaghan, 7A-1
Insignia Significant in the life at Charlotte High School
The State law requires that the American flag shall be displayed, weather permitting, on a flag staff outside of the building on each day during the school session. To the public in general, then, our flag, so displayed, says "This school is open today."
Scholarship Shield

The *Excalibur Scholarship Shield* was left in this school by the class of June 1927. On the large shield in the center is engraved Excalibur (taken from the class legend) and the class motto, "Take thou and strike! the time to cast away is yet far-off."

On each small shield is engraved the name of the student of each of nine succeeding classes, who has attained the highest scholastic standing. The name of Dorothy Collett will be inscribed on the small January 1931 shield. Space still remains for the name of the honor student of the class of June 1931. This shield now hangs back of Miss Stowell's desk in Room 101.

Junior Safety Council

The button of the Junior Safety Council means the wearer is an officer of the Junior Safety Council of Rochester. These officers protect our pupils and enforce the rules of the traffic committee.
National Honor Society

The National Honor Society Key is the emblem of the National Honor Society. In the form of a keystone upon which is superimposed a flaming torch, it symbolizes education. The letters at the base of the torch stand for Scholarship, Service, Leadership and Character, the development of which constitutes the four-fold purpose of the society. Our standard, made by the boys in the Charlotte craft shop is used in part of our graduation formalities. At other times it belongs in Room 101.
The National Honor Society Creed

I BELIEVE in the joy of study, the delight of acquaintance with books, the discipline of diligent learning and the re-discovery of nature and of men through the open mind.

I BELIEVE in character as essential to the highest type of scholarship. I hold that no intellectual achievement, however keen or clever, is worthy of deep respect unless it goes hand in hand with accuracy, reliability, honor, humility, tolerance and truth.

I BELIEVE in service, that it is the privilege and responsibility of the enlightened member of any society to minister with kindness and understanding to the needs of the less fortunate in talent or in opportunity.

I REJOICE in the burden of leadership which scholarship, character and service lay upon me, for I believe that my torch should light others to lives of greater beauty, richer joy, and fuller service.
French Honor Society

The emblem of the French Honor Society, in the form of a shield, represents the nobility of the purpose of the society, that is, a determination to learn and to speak French. The capital "B" is the initial of the name of the society "Les Babillards" which means "The Chatterboxes." The cock signifies the courage to develop the cause of the society. Although each school has a large shield made up in its own colors, the pin of the society is bronze in all cases. Our large shield hangs in room 208 on the east wall, above the map of France.

Glee Club

Charlotte High School’s glee club pin stands for the music at Charlotte, the note for musical talent and the C for Charlotte. It was originated in September, 1928 during the presidency of Robert Trayhern.

G. A. A.

This is the emblem of the Girl’s Athletic Association and is presented to all girls who have had satisfactory attendance and participation in the after school sports.
The School Emblem

This C. H. S. emblem is a general school emblem. It was originally designed to represent the Alumni in the Alumni Issue of the Witan but it has since been used as a general symbol, on programs, Witan, folders, etc.

Hi-Y

The triangular emblem of the HI-Y club suggests the three principles for which the club stands: a sound body, an intelligent mind and a sacrificial spirit.

The cross apparent within the triangle challenges each member to unselfish service to Christ and organized religion.

The name indicates the fact that the organization is sponsored by both the Y. M. C. A. and the high school.

The Lighthouses

The lighthouses on the rings and pins of Charlotte High School depict the lighthouses on the pier at Charlotte Harbor. They symbolize the historical fact, fast becoming tradition, that Charlotte was the home of many sea-going men. They are emblematic also of education. Used at the head of our editorial page the lighthouses symbolize the light of public opinion.
Tho Charlotte High School was annexed to the city of Rochester in January 1916, it was not until February 1924 that the George H. Thomas post of the Grand Army of the Republic presented us a separate flag. Prior to that time, the flag which had been awarded in 1916 to Number Thirty-eight School, then an integral part of our organization, was considered sufficient for both schools.

At the annual ceremony of Transfer of Flags in 1924, however, our flag was received by Robert Critchell, the honor student of the class of June 1924, from the hand of Colonel Samuel C. Pierce, the officiating member of the post. This picture, taken after the ceremony, shows, center—Robert Critchell, our first high school standard-bearer; Walter Malcolm, standard-bearer of January 1924 of School No. 38 and Wilbert Charity standard-bearer of June 1924. This flag is transferred each year at our June graduation to the boy having the highest scholastic standing in the senior term class, and in February, at the annual Transfer of Flags ceremony at the Eastman theater.
MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!

The modern high school seems to be copying the new one-man street cars. There should be a sign on the door for the benefit of freshmen, reading, in large, red letters, "Pay as you leave!" The only difference between the street cars and the school is that one starts paying during all of the four years with a lump sum at the end of the aisle, while in a street car one pays but once.

The first day of high school life, the freshman arrives with empty brief case and full pocket-book. At the end of the first day, he leaves school with a full brief case and an empty pocket-book. Thus he remains for the next four years. Never again does that pocket-book remain full long enough to tell about it. He needs a fountain pen to use in classes when friend teacher firmly but kindly declares that no work will be accepted unless it is in ink. For the same reason, he requires reams of notebook paper. Then, too, pencils, erasers and scrap pads are an important essential to every brief case along with the many necessary books. Of course, he is sometimes lucky enough to be able to save books for a younger brother or sister, but more often they are "passe" before the year is out.

The first day he attends an assembly, he hears a "high-powered" speaker make an appeal for students to buy tickets to all games. In a burst of school spirit he gives to a thankful committee his hard earned fifteen cents and never again will he be left unmolested. After that he is bound to be asked to buy a ticket for every school game and, as likely as not, he will buy one to get rid of the salesman. Here is another drop in the bucket of high school expenses already full to the brim.

Next comes the school and class parties. Everyone expects him to support them and he usually feels honor bound to do so. Thus it goes on: Books, parties, games! Games, parties, books!

But he "hasn't seen anything yet." His senior year is on him before he realizes it. Then come expenses, expenses and more expenses. He feels that he must have more than one suit of clothes and his girl classmates feel that they must have four or five dresses at least. He must support the senior Candy Committee (not a chance of going on a diet, either for physical or economical reasons). He now eats at least one bar of candy a day. The school photographer charges for the pictures he takes of the senior, too, and counting up all the uncles, aunts and cousins and other miscellaneous relatives, he usually sells about a dozen to each student. Around Christmas, the senior annual comes out and the poor student must draw upon his meager savings for fifty cents to put toward this worthy cause. Then, in quick succession, follow senior day social expenses and who doesn't want to go with the rest of the class for dinner and theater party?—and then commencement with its new clothes and flowers, announcements and stamps.

"Pay as you leave!"
Dancing is supposed to be "moving with measured step to the measures of a tune." Therefore, when, after eating lunch, we go to the assembly hall to dance, we expect to do just that. But alas, can we?

Last year we were not allowed to use the radio during the noon hour. The piano could not be heard very well and we made repeated requests for the privilege of having the radio. This term, when we found that we would be permitted to, we looked forward with great joy to many pleasant lunch periods. But we did not anticipate the influx of younger pupils in the Junior High School. Consequently, our dismay was great when we began to "move with measured rhythm" or should I say attempted to?

The teacher in charge of the assembly twisted and turned the dials until, at last, a dance program was found. With smiles of enjoyment, the dancing began. But now the fun started! Several of the younger boys, thinking that in the assembly hall all the rules of the classroom did not apply, immediately put little pieces of paper in rubber bands and snapped them to see which one of them could hit the greatest number of dancers.

At once, confusion reigned. Cries of "ouch, who hit me?" "those abominable imps," and "the little snips" rose above the strains of the music. As the teacher left her place in front of the radio and tried to stop the boys, two of them "sneaked up" to the radio and turned to a station where some "squeaky" soprano was laboriously trilling Shubert’s "Serenade." No sooner did the teacher go back to her former place and change the station than several of the younger boys began to push chairs across the dance floor. Countless corns were bumped, many shins were scratched, and the number of knees that were bruised were beyond count.

If confusion had reigned before, pandemonium existed now! The teacher again left the radio and began to admonish the little culprits who ran up and down the corridor and beckoned to be chased. A few of them turned the volume on the radio until it fairly "shrieked." At this moment the bell rang, and, breathing heavily, we went to our respective classes with a deep sigh of relief.

There are many of us who enjoy a quiet noon hour of dancing. Why can't the younger pupils (especially the boys) be segregated and assigned to another room, where they can have a good time "slaughtering" themselves? Or else, why can't another teacher be put in charge of the assembly and assist the present one? One instructor certainly cannot curb the younger boys and see that order prevails alone. It would be very embarrassing if a visitor entered the assembly hall at noon and saw the condition it is now in!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR CHARLOTTE?

What's wrong with our Charlotte? We can't see anything wrong with it. Perhaps we don't have a swimming pool, a nice assembly, a good gymnasium, enough money to purchase suits for our boys' teams, and perhaps we don't have good heat and light, but we have a number of things that other schools have not.

For instance, we have holes in the walls so that if one class gets a good laugh, we all do. Can other schools do that? No! They must laugh alone!

We have a perfectly good excuse to show off our new winter coat if the furnace and stoves happen to go out. We have a marvelous excuse to admire our new Freshman, Mr. Enright, seeing that he leads assembly in room 105. While other schools must see their hero only in class or in the halls.

We have wiggly bleachers on our athletic field so that if Charlotte
makes a score we can show our appreciation by swaying, while other schools must sit quietly.

We have only a few ink wells in 105 so that we may sit and share our ink with our closest chum.

We have a piano in our study hall, too. How many other schools have that? I wonder!

Down in the girls' locker room the light is poor, which gives the vain girls a good excuse to lean closer to the mirror to survey their lovely reflections.

We haven't always soap and towels, so we can go with a dirty face and be excused.

After all, I wonder just how much fun we would have if we were to quit Charlotte for another school. How many from those other schools who laugh at us could laugh with us, were they in the same boat? I wonder!

Marion Du Val, '34.

SOCCER SEASON

Charlotte has finished another successful soccer season. Successful, not that we have won every game, but that we have gone through a season exhibiting fine sportsmanship and fair play. All teams played their hardest and knew they had been in a soccer game when they played the Lakesiders. Out of ten games, they have won four. Their opponents' total score was twenty-eight goals, while they scored a total of twenty-eight pointers, too.

A great deal of enthusiasm and support has been given to the team by the students. Record crowds have attended all the home games. Let's all hope the interest will not subside.

Coach Tichenor and Mr. West are both satisfied with the results of the season.

Charlotte has placed one regular man on the All-Scholastic Team. Harold Smith's playing, both offensive and defensive, at the fullback station has been the feature of many games.

Next year there will be ten soccer regulars left in school, as George Gray, valuable left inside, graduates in June. The boys, having profited by this year's experience, will undoubtedly be much better next season.

The soccer team has been well feted: first, a wonderful sausage roast at Mr. West's cottage at Canandaigua Lake, and then a fine reception given by Mr. Tichenor at his home.

THE STORY CONTEST

Stories that are submitted for the short story contest should contain about 800 words and not more than 1000 words. We cannot give too much space to one story and therefore will not be able to print any which exceed this length. Alma Hubbell's story, "Honor Among Thieves," won the first place in the story contest for this issue, but, due to the length, it could not be printed. There were four other stories submitted, "Onward," and "Faithful Stray," by Bertha Shannon; "For the Honor of the School," by Janet Ferguson, and "Poor George Brown," by Harrington Chase. The staff takes this opportunity to thank these pupils for their contribution, for, although they did not win, their stories showed hard work and a great improvement in plot and treatment over the October contributions. We especially want to thank Janet Ferguson, a freshman, and we hope that she will be a regular contributor to the Witan.
A communication from Miss Ashe to Charlotte High School calls attention to the very excellent work which Miss Caragher's classes have been doing in penmanship. A proficiency graph accompanying the letter indicates that our classes had the highest percentage of the Junior High Schools during the last term. We are proud of this record.

On November 26, a committee from the Chamber of Commerce made a thorough inspection of our building. This committee consisted of Mr. Robert B. Wicks, of the Abstract Guarantee Company; Mr. George E. Francis, President and Treasurer of the American Glass and Construction Company; Mr. Alfred Gates, of the Bureau of Municipal Research; Mr. Hazen C. Pratt; Mr. Clarence P. Crowell, of the Rochester Germicide Company, and Mr. Francis R. Scherer, Deputy Superintendent of Buildings of the Board of Education of Rochester. The committee made a report to the Chamber of Commerce, which covered many items, but one that should interest our students in particular was a criticism of the way in which paper and trash is thrown around the building. It is unfortunate that we should make a poor impression upon visitors at any time, but we are particularly sorry to have the business men of Rochester think that we are poor housekeepers. Let us each try in the future to help the school avoid this criticism.

The invitation extended by John Marshall High School to our pupils to attend the performance of “Dido and Aeneas” given by the third and fourth year classes of that school on Saturday, November 10, was thoroughly appreciated by all of our pupils, even though only about thirty were able to attend. This inter-high School activity provides an excellent basis for friendship between two neighboring Rochester schools. To say that those that attended enjoyed the performance very much is to put it mildly.

If you think the Witan is expensive, yours, and see all the work that is put on it, come to room 110 some night after school, about ten days before you buy it.

If any of the Practice House girls have colds, you will know it is because of our beautiful new building which includes a housekeeping department.

The Senior Class wishes to take this opportunity to thank Sam De Moto for his very hard but successful work on the Witan cover. We appreciate it very much, Sam.

Elizabeth Sweeting, considered the third best writer of the 7A-1 Grade, has attended Fulton Street School at Auburn, N. Y., and there earned her seven certificates in one and one-half years. In 1927 she received an Improvement Certificate and in 1930 a Final Certificate of the Palmer Method.

Witan, Witan,—Think what the Witan is doing for you. It is giving you all the news of the school. It gives you a chance to write a story or a poem. It makes you work with all your might to get out a better and then a better issue of the Witan. Witan, Witan, Think! Next issue let’s have your name under a poem or a story.
The French Honor Society, "Les Babillards," a short account of which was given in the preceding issue of the Witan, has added ten new members to its number. They are: Geraldine Bishop, Elizabeth Donoghue, Donald Dow, Walter Gunkler, Gordon LeRoy, Frederick Martoni, Frank Smith, Rudolph Wendt, Marian Wright and Margaret Kirby.

A short while ago all the chapters in Rochester were invited by Alpha chapter of Monroe High School to a Hallowe’en soiree held at the Second Congregational Church. The presidents of John Marshall, Irondequoit, Charlotte and Benjamin Franklin (a chapter to be) addressed the gathering and all joined in singing French songs under the direction of Susanne Bogorad. After the supper (a very good one indeed), we adjourned to the social room for a very interesting program, in which each school participated, presenting a play, an anecdote, a short skit or a song.

Lecon d'arithmetique

LE MAITRE s'efforce d'inculquer a ses eleves les premieres regles de la soustraction:
—Si d'un nombre entier je retire un quart, et cela quatre fois de suite, que reste-t-il ?
—Personne ne repond. C'est difficile a faire entrer; il faut expliquer par un exemple:
—Voyons, je prends une peche, je la coupe en quatre parts. Vous les mangez toute quatre, que reste-t-il de la peche?
—Tous les enfants en choeur:
—Le noyau, m'sieu, le noyau!

Wife (at 2 a. m.): "If I only knew where you'd been!"
Husband: "Honi soit qui mal y pense."
Wife: "There you go. Whenever you come home intoxicated, you start using bad language."
—London Opinion.
One of the numerous duties of the library committee is that of preparing new books for use, and the recent celebration of "Book Week" has proved an excellent time for introducing some of these books to the pupils. Miss Cashman, with the aid of several members of the committee, arranged a very attractive and artistic table in the library with a few of the new books on display and here tells which ones were most interesting to the students.

"The Book of Airplanes," by Iseman, proved that many of our students are going to be future Lindberghs and Byrds. This book seemed the most popular, according to Miss Cashman. As it is one of the latest books out about airplanes, it will be worth reading for anyone interested in aeronautics.

Another popular book which stamp collectors should enjoy is "An Outline of Philately Stamps," by Steles.

Any freshman who is finding Homer's Odyssey tedious reading should examine the new "Odyssey of Homer." With its large print and beautiful colored illustrations, it certainly doesn't resemble the stiff copies used in the classroom.

For those who are planning to go to college, Halles' "Which College" should certainly be of interest. In it the author compares the advantages and disadvantages of various colleges and tells which types of college are the best.

Some of the other books which were examined with great interest by the boys and girls are: "Journey's End," by Sheriff; "Pere Marquette," by Reppplier; "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas; and "Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything," a book about the circus by Cooper.

Now that the cold of winter is upon us, why not try one of these new books?

N. Tvanson,
Chairman of the Library Comm.
An Appreciation

The class of January 1930 gave as a class gift to our school a camera and the equipment for developing pictures. This extremely thoughtful gift was prompted by the experience of the members of the class who had worked on the Witan staff and discovered the difficulty of finding, at the end of the year, snapshots representative of the school activities in general.

Mr. Erenstone, whose hobby has long been amateur photography, made the actual purchase of the equipment, and his interest in it has been unceasing. Taking and developing the pictures requires long hours of work and unlimited patience. Mr. Erenstone has been most cooperative with every group in the school which has desired his services. After school, between periods, indoors, outdoors, in fact under all circumstances, he has faithfully carried his camera and tripod to the scene of action. The three pages of excellent snapshots in this issue tell the story of his interest and loyalty to the cause.

It is his earnest desire that a group of pupils interested in amateur photography might be found who would wish to form a photography club and who would not be engaged in too many other activities at the same time. He would be glad to act as teacher adviser to such a group, and it is quite obvious that a club of this kind would meet a very real need in this school.

The senior class and the Witan staff take this occasion to extend to Mr. Erenstone their most hearty thanks.
ASSEMBLIES

CARRYING ON!  A.E.F.  LE MÉDICIN MYSTIFIE

A GUEST SPEAKER  LITERARY-CLUB  EAST-MEETS WEST  PORT ARMS!

TRAFFIC SQUAD  ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE

"BATTLE OF THE BOOKS"  "KNAVE OF HEARTS"
Do you like to sing? Do you like to be in on school affairs? Would you like to go on a free trip to Detroit? Would you like to participate in a Chorus Festival together with all the other High School glee clubs on January 10? Join the glee club! Get into school affairs and festivals!

Mr. Marsh, our able supervisor, has even added a special rehearsal on Thursday, sixth period, to the regular Wednesday and Thursday rehearsals, for the benefit of those pupils who have conflicts in after-school activities. Don’t think that the club only assembles for chorus; it also has social activities too. The annual glee club party will be held sometime near the first of the year. If it is possible, join the glee club now!

The officers of the club are as follows: Avery Lockner, President; Edna Michel, Vice-president; Gertrude Alt peter, Secretary; Martha Watt, Treasurer.

We also have a flourishing Junior High glee club, which boasts of thirty members. Here is a chance for the Junior High to come through also. Let’s have a rally in the Junior High now; then perhaps when the junior club becomes a senior one, there will be a bigger, better and more experienced high school representation in the glee club. Don’t forget! The Junior High glee club meets every Friday at 3:00, directly after school.

Who peps up the student body when entering and leaving the assembly hall each Thursday? The orchestra, of course!

Wouldn’t you also like to play with us? If you have any musical ability whatever, join the orchestra, now!

Here is another chance for the singer. Why not join a voice class and develop not only your singing ability, but your speaking and diction?

And now, you sheiks and shebas, who yearn for that famous “personality plus,” heed ye! Herein concealed is the secret. Join a voice class! Develop “p. p!” As has been wisely said before: “opportunity only knocks once.” So, hear ye, well!!
Charlotte High School was the first Rochester senior high school to adopt the Junior Traffic Patrol system of protecting students at street intersections near the school. The accompanying photograph of the squad was taken recently when they were installed before three assembly groups of students. Guests at the assembly shown in the photograph with the patrol officers are: Traffic Captain William R. Miller of the Police Department, Elmer K. Smith, health education supervisor for the Board of Education, and Fremont Chester, secretary of the Safety Council of the Chamber, which finances the safety work in Rochester schools.

We are indebted to the Chamber of Commerce for the cut at the top of this page.
THE SCHOOL PARTY

The outstanding social event of the term was held at 42 school November 26. The sophomores, juniors and seniors danced to the music of Wayne Barlow’s orchestra, which was aided on several occasions by Joe Stendardo. At nine-thirty, the boys on the basketball team left for home and bed, as they were to meet Canandaigua on the following day. They sang “Eye-Bye Blues,” and made their exits, much to the lamentation of the rest of us. Later in the evening, Lawrence Kilmer sang several popular selections and Betty Knapp did a few tap dances. At 10:30, refreshments, which consisted of fruit punch, were served. After that, principal, teachers, pupils, alumni and friends again appeared on the dance floor until eleven o’clock, when, pop! the whole thing was over.

THE SENIOR PARTY

Well, seniors, that was our last class party! How we’d love to be able to have just one more! The assembly hall was most beautifully decorated in the class colors, yellow and orchid. Brightly colored balloons hung from the ceiling and “bangs” were continually heard throughout the evening. Many of the dancers became entangled in the numerous streamers thrown about the hall. Frances Jackson gave several tap numbers to rest the weary dancers. About thirty of the latest dance records, played over the radio, served as music. Punch and cookies were served at ten o’clock and at eleven o’clock, exactly, all laughter and gaiety ceased. The place soon became deserted and the trimmings were roughly taken down. Our last class party.

THE FRESHMAN PARTY

On Friday, November 7, 1930, the Freshman Class held their Hallowe’en Party. After a grand march, in which everyone participated, Charles Onderdonk and Janet Ferguson were given prizes for the best costumes. Dancing and games constituted the program. The entertainment of the evening consisted of a tap dance by Irene Stowell and Jessie Lancaster, a highland tap dance by Mary Savage, and a mouth-organ selection by Ray Wagner. Near the end of the evening, a small lunch of cider, doughnuts, candy and peanuts was served and, after a few more dances, everyone went home, tired but happy.
THE WITAN PARTY

As we entered the door, Miss Sharer came forward to greet us with a happy smile on her face and a look in her eyes that seemed to show us that a good time was in store. She showed us where to leave our wraps and then left us to greet the next arrival. Passing the doors leading into the dining room, we could catch glimpses of white and yellow, and appetizing odors tempted us as we all sat talking. Soon after Mr. and Mrs. West arrived, Mr. West, with a twinkle in his eye and a knowing smile on his lips, was hiding something behind his back. Then we all entered the dining room and there we had to stop to admire the picture before us. It certainly looked beautiful and showed the hard work that had been done to obtain such results. The tables were arranged in the form of a U. At each place was an attractive place-card and a program, made by Mr. Lee and the print shop boys. There were candles and flowers on the table and beautiful palms made a very pretty background. After the fun of finding our places was over, we sang songs and got acquainted with our next-door neighbor. Mr. West even became so informal that he began calling people by their first names. Nobody seemed to mind. Thanks to Miss Childs and her homemaking class, the platters were all licked clean, and then Mr. Rowe, commanding us to put on our prettiest smiles, took our picture.

The formal program was under the direction of Susanne Bogorad, editor-in-chief, who acted as toastmistress. Louise Teetsel welcomed Mrs. West; Harold Smith explained the meaning of our title; Miss Emerson, one of the faculty judges of the prize story contest, discussed the type of material which the students had been submitting in their stories, and Paul Lascell discussed sales problems. The IV-1 girls put on a stunt. June Estes sang a solo and Mr. Lee played a cello solo accompanied by Esther Ferguson. Lois Speares and Gordon Howe, former members of the staff, discussed what the Witan means to the alumni, and pointed out some of the ways in which the Witan had developed since their day. Miss Julia M. Traver, educational editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel G. West were guests of the evening.

The home-making girls who served the dinner were: Alma Raysor, Helen Lannigan, Mae Marthage, Esther Smith, Eleanor Rowe, Vera MacMullen, Marietta Lambert and Lillian Durrans.

The following girls, under the supervision of Miss Brown, made the place-cards: Kathryn Trayhern, Natalya Ivanson, Alice Shrader and Rosemary Kaercher.

Mr. West disclosed his secret, which was a large architect's drawing of the new Charlotte High School.

In the games that followed a lot of school scandal was exposed and (Continued on Page 61)
THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

In the history of the Practice House, which is a unit of the present Charlotte High School system, I can see the march of progress.

When I was very small, this building was an old-fashioned, square-roofed farm house. There were, just back of the house, a barn, corn-crib and all the various buildings found on other farms. On the ground, just north of the Practice House, facing Lake Avenue, I have seen a large field of oats planted and harvested, and the rest of the farm under cultivation.

Later, Mrs. Clark, an old woman, was left with this large mansion. She had the house built over into a two-family apartment. Her son and his family lived in the upper flat and she lived alone in the lower one and rented the land for farming. After a few years, the old lady died, leaving the farm to her heirs.

The Board of Education, seeing that it would be a splendid place for a future school, purchased the entire estate. They took the house and remodeled it into what is now the Practice House and made the land into a playground.

For the past two years, the Practice House has been used during the summer as a Health Center, where many children have received examinations, medical attention, and even had tonsil and minor operations.

Soon we will see the old house torn down to make way for one of Rochester's most beautiful schools.

To the older residents of this part of the city, the passing of this old landmark will be observed with a touch of sadness, but to the younger generation it is just the march of progress.

Margaret Jackson.

Dona Armstrong, one of our home-making girls, induced her father to come and talk to us on safety in the home, October 9. He especially emphasized the point that cleaning with gasoline is not safe under any circumstances.

After listening to his interesting and instructive talk, we should follow his advice and send our soiled clothing to a dry cleaning place, thus avoiding possible fatal damages to ourselves and to our property.
THE WITAN

TYPICAL HOME IN PANAMA

On Monday, October 20, Miss Sharer, one of our English teachers, who has recently returned from a trip to Panama, gave the homemaking class an interesting, illustrated talk on home life in Panama.

Miss Sharer told the girls that in Panama many different languages are spoken, but that the Spanish language predominates.

Because a very rainy season floods the streets, the curbing in some places is built twice as high as in our country. The houses are built on a terrace or high above the ground, to obtain all the air possible. She described the home of the family with whom she stayed.

Through the center of the residence runs a hall from which the rooms branch. The furniture is wicker; the floors are covered by small rugs or oriental rugs. Large rugs are uncommon, except linoleum. The plan of the house is somewhat similar to ours, but the furniture is very plain. In the parlor, the furniture is arranged in a circle. In the dining room, tables, chairs, buffet and a side table are of heavy mahogany.

The shops are open, so that you can look in and see all of a merchant's wares. The dresses are made for each individual, not ready-made as they are in our shops.

WITAN BANQUET

The sixth annual banquet of the Witan staff was held at the Practice House, November 19.

It was the greatest event of the term for the Homemaking girls. They started Wednesday morning on the dinner and right up to ten-thirty Friday night, when the last dish was put away, every girl worked hard. It was their chance to show how worthwhile the Homemaking course is. Like real good housewives, many worked Monday and Tuesday, washing and ironing and putting the whole house in order.

As a reward, Miss Childs and the Homemakers have received many compliments.

Thursday morning, October 30, Miss Jessie A. Winchell and Miss Ruth J. Young, from the Board of Education, visited the Practice House.

They took a trip around the apartment and learned many new ideas from several of the girls for future plans to be included in their Homemaking Course.

The Homemaking girls also took part in the luncheon given to the Lions Club, who were guests of the school Tuesday noon, November 11. The Home Economics girls made salads and set the tables. The following girls helped with the luncheon: Vera MacMullen, Ida Diehl, Lillian Durrans, Helen Lanagan and Doris Reagon.

Miss Morrow, supervisor of Home Economics in the Elementary Schools, is presenting the following food demonstrations to Eighth Grade and Senior High Homemaking classes:

Oct. 30—Home entertaining.
Dec. 1—Cake decorations.
Dec. 10—Fancy garnishes.
Dec. 16—Unusual sandwiches and menus for bridge parties and informal occasions.

FIELD TRIPS

Friday, November 21, Miss Childs took the class to visit MacKenzie Brothers' Dairy.

Other trips planned for us will be:
To Monroe High School, to visit a Nursery School for children of preschool age in connection with the Home Economics department.
To the Fannie Farmer Candy studio, where we will see their products in the making.

After Christmas, Mr. Stowell will give the class a demonstration of meat cutting, to teach the location and the value of the different cuts of meat.
CATALINE EXPOSED BY CICERO

Cicero Reveals Cataline As Plotter Against State

MAN RUN DOWN BY CHARIOT

Hit and Run Driver Sought. Thought Victim Will Survive.

RESOLUTION FOR EXTENSION OF APPIA VIA ADOPTED

An Assembly of the citizens was held last night at the Basilica Semprona to take action on the proposed extension of the Appia Via. The resolution was unanimously adopted by those present. Alluisus Costalotus presided over the meeting and reported that construction on the road will begin soon.

According to Marcus Cato, Quaestor of Rome, the job will cost about thirty-five hundred sesterces, but the quality of the road will be such that it will undoubtedly last for centuries.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Important scroll, in Forum, valuable only to owner. Large reward. Call at Senator Lotta Bunkus’ villa at Quintus Road.

LOST—In vicinity of Senate house, a fasces belonging to Senator Legis Latus. Please return to Senate House. Reward.

WANT ADS

PAEDAGOGUS WANTED to conduct young boy to and from school. Must be honest and upright. References required. Apply XLV Augustus Dr.

WANTED—IV oven to work on Appia Via construction. Must be strong and well fed. See Eeta Lotta Grassus for information; LXXVII Marius Dr.

Catalines’ True Character Revealed in Great Oration.

Rome, Italy (By Roman Press): Marcus Julius Cicero, the eminent orator, yesterday, in the senate house, exposed Cataline and his accomplices as the participants in a plot to overthrow the Republic. The entire Senate was present, even Cataline himself and the Senators implicated in the conspiracy.

With wonderful oratory, Cicero brought out the true character of Cataline as a schemer, a criminal, a traitor and a degenerate. His guilt was proven by written evidence from the Gauls and the Allobroges. Cicero advocated capital punishment for all the conspirators.

The plot was uncovered when the wife of one of the conspirators informed Cicero of the impending danger to the state and he in turn made it known to the Senate.

All Rome is shocked at this sensational news, and it is the main topic of discussion, for the moment, by everyone. Developments in the case are awaited with extreme interest.
VOX ROMAE

SATURNALIA CELEBRATION TO BE GIVEN BY HORTENSIUS

On December 17, Aedile Hortensius will hold a celebration of the Saturnalia at the Circus Maximus. The games will start promptly at the IId hour. It is rumored that about LM sesterces have been spent in preparation for the Ludi and that D slaves and gladiators will participate. Champions and victors will be awarded an extra floral head wreath. In all, the Ludi Saturnaliae promise to afford an abundance of amusement and entertainment.

SOCIETY NEWS

Tuber Closus and his wife, Calpurnia, have recently returned from a week-end chariot trip to Ostia.

Publius Lucullus has been spending a few days with his parents, the Luculli. He will soon return to Rhodes, where he is studying Philosophy, Rhetoric and Greek.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD

Miss Cashman say, “Excellent”?
Mr. Enright say, “Good enuf”?
Miss Doehler say, “How was the Palace”?
Miss Sharer say, “This is neither here, there, nor yonder”?
Mrs. Denise say, “Nothing personal”?
Mr. West say, “Now, seriously”?
Miss O’Neil say, “Your work is not adequate”?
Mr. Courtney say, “S’posin’”?
Miss Emerson say, “Dites-quelque chose”?
Mr. Bird say, “Extree”?
Mr. Tichenor say, “Nonsense” or “That’s baad!”?
Mrs. Ward say, “Prinstance”?
Miss Sage say, “Any time”?
Mr. Omans say, “I see your point”?
Mr. Tracy say, “You wouldn’t fool me, would you”?
Miss Booth say, “Right about face; one, two”?
Miss Goff say, “Do you agree?”
Mr. Lee say, “Just this”?

The Marcelli will entertain in honor of their daughter, Helena, next Friday evening at the Triumphus Club on West Sacra Via.

FOR SALE

New twelve room villa, with all modern conveniences, beautiful peristyle; beautiful surroundings on Nova Via; easy terms. Inquire XXXVII Appia Via.

Latest style togas and praetexti for sale; all sizes and designs. See Cutum N. Sowum, tailor.

Visit our shop on East Appia Via, where we have finest quality baked goods. Cooki Bros., Confectioners.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Helen White writing legibly?
Lawrence Kilmer playing football?
Alma Raysor not noticeable?
Paul Lascell without Marjorie?
David Benham short and fat?
Margaret Jackson feeding rats?
Susanne Bogorad quiet?
John Shenton dumb in history?
Frank Fuhrman without a wise-crack?
Anona Page isolated?
Edna Michel on time?
Charles Borgus noisy?
Donald Marvin wearing knickers?
Dorothy Collett being the only girl in “Solid”?
Frances Earl swearing?
Carl Pearson without that smile?
Don Ryan playing a mouth organ?
Carol Schmidt with black hair?
Vera MacMullen without a temper?
Marjorie Milne without candy?
Esther Smith writing right handed?
June Estes without “Cam”?
Marg Mitchell making a lot of noise?
Marg Kirby with straight, black hair?
SOCCER

Marshall 2—Charlotte 0

Perhaps Charlotte's hardest battle of the year was played on Marshall's wet and muddy field. Several times the ball landed in a large puddle and it was just a matter of who was the best water dog. There was a great deal of discussion about one play; the Charlotte team claimed the ball went through the goalposts, while the Marshallites said that their goalie stopped the ball right on the line. From where the referee was wading, the play was not totally visible and so he was unable to make a decision.

The scoring efforts of the Green and White were many times thwarted by the Marshall backs. In the second half, the Lakesiders seemed to be just getting their stride and had it all over their opponents. For a while it seemed that Charlotte was going to rally and take the lead, but the forward line lacked the final punch and drive to boot the ball through the goalposts.

Canandaigua 5—Charlotte 4

When the half time whistle blew, Charlotte had piled up a leading 2-1 score and was going strong, but for some unknown reason, they slowed down, and the Cans went right thru them in the unlucky third quarter. Oh what a fight that last section was! Each team was doing its darndest to punch thru a winning goal. Finally, the academy boys, thru some slip in a Charlotte play, gained possession of the ball and sent it through the uprights, gaining a hard fought victory.

East 4—Charlotte 1

In less than 60 seconds after the game had started, East perfected a lucky play and sent the pigskin sailing into the net. Then Charlotte, after a close fight, put that round, elusive article through East’s goalposts for its only score. In the last quarter, the green and white fought hard to break through East's defense, and perhaps, if there had been a few more quarters left to play, Charlotte would have brought home the bacon. Quite often, Charlotte waits until the game is almost over before they swing into real action. Although the game was a close one, many said that our team out-played East, even though we did not score the most points.

West 4—Charlotte 0

After a bitter upset from Canandaigua, West was fighting hard to beat Charlotte and to win the pennant. The Occidents performed very much like a championship team, although Charlotte gave them a hard battle. West High is always welcome at Charlotte, for they exhibit, at all times, fine sportsmanship.
Monroe 0—Charlotte 4

Ah, victory once more rests within the portals of Charlotte High, and how good it seems! Our team found very little trouble in taking Monroe into camp, although the Monroe gang put up a good fight. Charlotte's goals were evenly apportioned, one in each frame. Once during the game it looked as though Monroe was going to score, but Greer, fullback, took a hard heavy swing at the ball and sent it flying high, wide, and handsome, into the opponents' territory. Let's hope that our team has started a real winning streak and comes through somewhere at the top. This victory raises Charlotte to fifth place.

Tech 3—Charlotte 1

With Irondequoit's scalp dangling at its belt, the Charlotte eleven was determined to whip the shopsters. They were quite lost on the huge Edgerton field, however, and neither team was playing in its best form. Charlotte just didn't get the breaks, and Tech did.

Franklin 7—Charlotte 1

A crowd of 600, including a delegation from Franklin High, witnessed the hard fought battle between the Norton Street aggregation and the Charlottians. The contest was started when Mr. West kicked the ball to Mr. Butterfield, who dribbled the leather down the field and vainly attempted to score for his own school. Coach Tichenor's machine started off perfectly and tallied two goals in the first half. The Franklin eleven, however, amazed at the unexpected opposition, commenced fighting for victory and tied the score in the third quarter. The heavy rain in the last quarter seemed to cool Charlotte's spirit, for Franklin scored 5 points to Charlotte's 2. Captain Harold Smith scored three of Charlotte's goals, an unusual record for a fullback.
ADVENTURE AHoy!

A weary caravan of seven automobiles slowly crawled along a dark, dismal trail through the acres and acres of sweet smelling grape vines. Finally, after almost giving up in despair, the occupants of the first car sighted, on the lower right, a spot that truly resembled a heavenly oasis. After everyone had realized that the goal was won and the fearful trip was done, the air was rent asunder by thunderous cheers and toot, toots, of auto horns.

Mr. Tichenor and Mr. West had come ahead to get the cooking started and, oh boy, how good those mellowed moonbeams (hot dogs) smelt. After the smoke had passed away, we could see Mr. West bent over a fire coaxing the sausages along. Soon the eats were ready and it certainly was fun to see the fellows go after them. There were fried sweet potatoes (a la Tichenor), jugs of sweet cider and doughnuts, besides the hot dogs and accessories.

When almost everything had been devoured, very mysteriously out of the darkness came the inspiring strains of Charlotte High's Alma Mater, followed by a carful of Charlotte boys. There were a few lone dogs left, which were taken care of by the unexpected, ambitious guests.

After everybody was about as full as a stuffed turkey, it was just a case of one joke after another. There were cheers for the cooks and all sorts of amusing occurrences.

"Let's go in swimming!" cried some misled person. And soon, a half dozen fellows were seen standing ankle-deep in the cold, black waters of Canandaigua Lake. At last, one brave person totally submerged (I really think he accidentally slipped), and the rest soon followed suit. The swimmers must have remembered that they had appointments with the dentist, for they hurriedly emerged from the cool, refreshing water. And was it funny to see those slightly dampened but otherwise hot-headed boys looking for their clothes? There was something rancid in Copenhagen, for their wearing apparel had been tampered with. It was one grand hilarious scramble. The result was that one of the practical jokers paid for his amusement with a primitive ducking in the lake, minus the Chair.

A group of boys formed an exploration party and set out in search of some luscious, red grapes. A monstrous success was experienced by all: a grand total of six grapes was collected.

After the return of the famous grape expedition, Mr. West looked so sleepy and most of the boys appeared so worn out, that it was decided to break up camp and begin the crusade for Charlotte.

"Au Revoir," (or maybe it was "So Long"), said we departing ones to beautiful Miss West Point, as we hit the trail for home.

BASKETBALL

The basketball team has been furnished with twelve beautiful new suits. This will improve the outward appearance of Charlotte's representation and undoubtedly will arouse the interest of candidates. With the support of the school, the team is bound to win several games and finish the season way up in the league.
The fall season for girls' after-school sports has been completed and it was very successful. The tennis singles tournament was played and Adreen Kirby, the winner, will receive the letter "C". Margaret Reimer, second place, will receive her numerals.

In speedball, after seven weeks of practice, the girls who participated in the majority of the practices were divided into a Green and a White team, which contested against each other for two out of three games. However, as the G. A. A. Council did not think it fair to award just the winning team, an honor team was chosen from both sides. This was composed of the following: Margaret Kirby, Grace Eve, Eleanor Ivanson, Beatrice Killip, Dorothy Nicol, Jeanne Marvin, Blanche Gauthier, Gehring Cooper, Angelina Roman, Margaret Reimer, and Jean White. These girls will be given their "C"s in speedball and twenty-one girls will receive credit toward their G. A. A. emblems. Of these, Jean Frattare, Ruth Gregerson, Eleanor Ivanson, Jeanne Marvin, Dorothy Nicol, Angelina Roman and Helen Thomas had perfect attendance.

In horseback riding, a considerable amount of interest was shown. The girls who came out for this became quite proficient in performing such feats as jumping over logs, brooks and like obstacles which might confront one on a cross-country ride. Josephine Bemish, Betty Le Clare and Elizabeth Donoghue will receive credit toward their G. A. A. emblems with this, as they had only one absence.

Hiking was also outstanding this season. The girls were in charge of Mrs. Clary and met every Thursday. On all of their various hikes they cooked something, having either a sausage or a marshmallow roast. Beatrice Marvin, who had perfect attendance, and Natalya Ivanson, Hazel Lemcke and Beatrice Knab, who missed only one week, will be given credit toward their G. A. A. emblems.

And, of course, tap-dancing! The following ten girls had perfect attendance: Lois Koster, Mae Marthage, Ella Reagon, Carol Schmidt, Marion Kemp, Stubbs, and Leora Young. Eight girls had only one absence and five had only two. These twenty-two girls will receive their O. K.'s for credit toward the G. A. A. emblem.

We also had swimming every Monday at Monroe Junior-Senior High School. Of the Junior High girls, Florence Gordon had the best record for attendance, having missed only once. In the Senior High, Ruth Lis- sow missed only one time and Mae Marthage, Anona Page, June Ryan and Mildred Vollmer had two absences. Thirteen girls will receive credit in this sport.

Our winter season is well started now, and with very good results. We have swimming on Monday, basketball on Tuesday and Wednesday, and tap-dancing on Friday. Fifty-seven beginners, freshmen and sophomores, have registered for basketball on Tuesdays and thirty-one juniors and seniors have been listed for Wednesdays. This is a very good record, and we hope to be able to maintain it throughout the term.

In the Junior High in tap-dancing, Bernadine Barthelman, Evelyn Fricke, Freda King and Louise King had perfect attendance, and Goldie Bacon, Zenobia Luckhurst and Lois Mateson had only one absence. However, this...
It was unfortunate that we were unable to find a satisfactory time for the taking of the Hi-Y picture and, as a result, many of the members were not able to be present. Those who are absent are: George Gray, Edward Bush, Woodrow Waterhouse, Spencer Bishop, Frank Marton, Pomroy Cass, Frank Forman, Jack Reid, John Shenton, Leon Bonfield, Edwin Roberts, Robert Dorgan and Bruce Bergener. The club has been active this year holding its regular meetings every Tuesday at the Maplewood Y and having supper meetings every two weeks.

A combined Tri-Y and Hi-Y Dinner Dance was held December 13 at the Maplewood Y. M. C. A. Supper was served by the well known Gus Bones, and the process of digestion was aided by a familiar amusement known as dancing.

The Hi-Y is enjoying a new faculty adviser in the person of Mr. Enright.

Officers of the Hi-Y are: President, Carl Pearson; Vice President, Paul Lascell; Secretary, Frank Campbell; Treasurer, Percy Andrews; Sgt. at Arms, Sam DeMato.

GIRLS’ ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
(Continued from Page 55)

does not give them G. A. A. credit, as the Girls’ Athletic Association is a Senior High organization.

The following girls had perfect attendance in Girls’ Club: Margaret Ames, Mae Henry, Elizabeth Sweeiting, Thelma Schnurr, Janet Otto, Marion Kemp, Freda King, Louise King, Zenobia Luckhurst, Selma Michel, Roslyn Miller, Jean Hanse and Grace Van Dam.
Senior Play
The Faculty. Absent: Mr. Bird, Mr. Enright, Mrs. Mahoney, Mr. Omans, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Westburg
When Basketball is King!

"Oh! Whata Man"

Charlotte High School

The ol' Saint himself

lots of silly stuff

ol' man Basketball himself

Student for the Faculty

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SANTA

Do you believe in Santa,
Who from the Northland comes
And brings nice toys
To girls and boys
Who've been good all year long?

Who have willingly helped their
mothers,
Not teased their sisters nor brothers.
Well, I think you'd better believe in
him,
Or on some early Christmas morn
You will find your stockings hanging
empty,
All in tatters and sadly torn.

Ruth Thomas, 8B-2

THE WITAN PARTY

(Continued from Page 47)
later the teachers all entered merrily
into an informal "lap" party. The
walls of the practice house rang with
the merriment and it certainly was
"one good party."

During the evening, a lot of interest-
ing material leaked out, a sample
of which is the following:

When Jim Smith met Julia Van
Dam in the kitchen, he said to her,
"Evaporate."

She answered, "I'd love to."

General comment was that this is
getting serious. The consequences
were that he lost all his money.

WITAN STAFF

(Continued from page 7)

Margaret Jackson----------------------------------------Practice House
Joseph Smith
Edmund Campbell------------------------------------------Cartoonists
Anona Page---------------------------------------------Exchange Editor
Frances Earl
William Farress
Sam Bogorad
John Shenton-------------------------------------------Business Managers
Paul Lascell
Raymond Grant
Grace Eve
Billy Petroske (7 A-2)
David Bishop (8 A-1)
Miss Emerson
Miss Cashman
Miss O'Neill
Mrs. Mahoney
Miss Sharer
Mr. Lee-------------------------------------------Story Contest Judges
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TROOP 39, BOY SCOUTS

Under the Scoutmastership of a Mr. Gould, the boys in this troop have been making steady progress. Most of the boys in Troop 39 are students in Charlotte High School.

Friday night, November 21, 1930, the troop had a Court of Honor. Mr. Raymond Grant presided over the meeting. Mr. Clarence Robinson, an important official in scouting, was present, and presented the merit badges and awards to the Scouts. Quite a large number of parents were present, but still, not so many as there should have been.

Those badges which were presented are as follows:

Life Scout—Ray Grant.

Star Scouts—Burtis Dougherty, Francis Dougherty, Robert Rowen, Lawrence Van Dam, Willard Dudley, Robert Hoppe and Ray Grant.

Merit Badges—Agriculture, Eric Stevens; Bird Study, Willard Dudley; Civics, Ray Grant; Conservation, Eric Stevens; Cooking, David Bishop; First Aid, Lawrence Van Dam, Willard Dudley, Earl Freckleton; Handicraft, Willard Dudley, Richard Kemp, Lawrence Van Dam; Pioneering, Earl Freckleton, Robert Hoppe, Ellsworth Kehoe.

Second Class—Albert Dickson.

Tenderfoot—Gus Jougles, LeRoy Johnson, Lloyd Clark, Albert Wood.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

(Continued from Page 22)

have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses on the day above mentioned.

Lawrence Kilmer, Anona L. Page, Class President. Class Testator.

Carol Schmidt, Class Secretary.
Theodore Roosevelt said:

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

Bank Every Monday. Be sure you are right. Follow the advice contained in this quotation.

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Congratulations

To the Class of January 1931, we offer congratulations upon the successful completion of your High School Studies.

To you and to the rest of the student body we wish a very

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

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