

The WITAN

Graduate Number



June 1931
Charlotte High School
Rochester, New York

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THE WITAN



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THE WITAN



Nathaniel G. West, Principal

The Titan

Charlotte High School
Rochester
N. Y.

VOL. 10

JUNE 1931

No. 4

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Miss Bernice Doehler, Class Adviser

Handwritten: Kathleen G. West.
9-29-42

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THE WITAN

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CLASS OF JUNE 1931

Class Colors---Pink and Green.

Class Flower---Rose.

*Class Motto---"To strive, to seek, to
find, and not to yield."
Tennyson's "Ulysses"*

1- 719900

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George Gray 69 Hampton Boulevard
"None but himself can be his parallel"

Assembly Committee 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Class President 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, (President) 4; Senior Play 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Student Council (Vice-President) 3, (President) 4.



William V. Tarr 493 Beach Avenue
"Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm."

Assembly Committee 4; Book Exchange Committee 4; Class Vice-President 4; Senior Play (Assistant Manager) 4; Student Council 4; Swimming 4; Track 4; Traffic Committee (President) 4.



Dorothy H. Bubier 55 Britton Road
"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

Assembly Committee 4; Basketball 1, 2; Candy Committee 4; Class President 2; Class Secretary 4; French Honor Society (Vice-President) 3, (President) 4; Girls' Athletic Association 1, 2, 3; Glee Club (Treasurer) 4; Guardian of the Flag 4; Hiking 2, 4; Inter-Chapter Council of Babilards 4; National Honor Society 4; Operetta 2; Riding 3; Student Council 2; Swimming 2; Thrift Committee 1, 2, 3; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 4.



Edward I. Bush 65 Hannabs Terrace
"Knowledge is more than equivalent to force."

Assembly Committee 4; French Honor Society 3; Hi-Y 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 4; National Honor Society 3, 4; Standard Bearer 4.

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Josephine W. Bemish Latta Road

"For softness she and sweet attractive grace."

Basketball 1, 2; Candy Committee (Chairman) 4; Class Vice-President 2, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 4; Hiking 2; Operetta 2; Riding 2, 3, 4; Student Council 4; Tennis 2; Thrift Committee 1, 2, 3; Tri-Y (Vice-President) 3; Witan 4.

Spencer Bishop 21 Whittier Park

"Youth is full of sport."

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

C. Frank Campbell 88 Britton Road

"The ladies call him sweet."

Assembly Committee 3; Candy Committee 4; Chemistry Club 3; Class President 2; Hi-Y 2, (Secretary) 3, (Vice-President) 4; Student Council 2; Witan 2.

Virginia Couch 29 Cheltenham Rd.

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

Assembly Committee 4; Basketball 2; Girls' Athletic Association 1; Riding 4; Sign Committee 3; Tri-Y 3; Witan 3.



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Ida Diehl 49 Field Street

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 4; Chemistry Club 3; Girls' Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Operetta 2; Publicity Committee 4; Tennis 3; Thrift Committee 3, 4; Tri-Y 3; Witan 4.



Elsa England 36 Hampton Boulevard

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

Candy Committee 4; Hiking 4; Tennis 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 4.



Ernest Eve Latta Road

"What should a man do but be merry?"

Assembly Committee 4.



Esther Ferguson 44 Britton Road

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, (Captain) 3, 4; Class Vice-President 2; Class Secretary 2; French Honor Society 4; Girls' Athletic Association 1, 2, (President) 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Hiking 2, 3; Operetta 2; Orchestra 2; Senior Play 4; Soccer 2, 3; Tri-Y (President) 3, 4; Witan 3.

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Robert Hartman 42 Wendhurst Dr.

"Did nothing in particular,
But did it very well."

Baseball 3, 4; Bowling 4.



Alma Hubbell 1 Penhurst Street

"Wisdom, Beauty and Personality—
All things bow before these three."

Assembly Committee 4; Candy Committee 4; French Honor Society 3, 4; Glee Club 4; National Honor Society 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 4.



Natalya Ivanson 98 Washington Ave.

"The fairest garden in her looks
And in her mind the wisest books."

Assembly Committee 4; Baseball 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Hiking 3; Latin Honor Society 4; Library Committee 3, 4; Soccer 1, 2; Tri-Y 3.



Ethel Jones 617 Denise Road

"Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

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



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Oscar Judd 142 Parkview Terrace

"There is no good in arguing with the inevitable."

Assembly Committee 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Bowling 4; Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 2, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Witan 2, 4; Wrestling 3.



Rosemary Kaercher 1532 St. Paul St.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

Baseball 4; Riding 1, 2; Sign Committee 3; Swimming 2; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 3.



Rose Leary 322 Latta Road

"The sweetest flower that blows."

Baseball 2; Basketball 4; Soccer 4.



Betty LeClare 228 River Street

"Angels listen when she speaks;

She's my delight, all mankind's wonder."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Class Secretary 2, 3; French Honor Society 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Hiking 2; Inter-Chapter Council of Babillards 4; Library Committee 3, 4; National Honor Society 4; Riding 2, 3, 4; Tennis 1; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan 4.

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Marion Leonard 272 Lake Avenue

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the
view?"

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3,
4; Chemistry Club 2; Girls' Athletic
Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4;
Soccer 1, 2, 3; Swimming 1; Tennis 1,
2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Richard MacArthur 19 Dugan Place

"The mildest manners with the brav-
est mind."

Latin Honor Society 4.

Jean Marvin 232 Stonewood Avenue

"Whose face seems built around a
smile."

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; French
Honor Society 4; Girls' Athletic As-
sociation 3, 4; Soccer (Manager) 3, 4;
Tri-Y 3, 4.

Anna Messare 210 Seneca Parkway

"A little, tiny, pretty, witty, charm-
ing darling, she."

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Glee
Club 4.



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Frank O'Shaunecy 21 Atwell Street

"O, love is the soul of a true Irishman,
He loves all that's lovely, loves all
that he can."

Basketball 4; Hi-Y 4.



Gerard Purchase 19 Clio Street

"From place to place I wander by."

Entered late in his Senior year.
Former schooling at John Marshall
High School.



Doris Reagon 44 Afton Street

"She that was ever fair and never
proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never
loud."

Basketball 1; Chemistry Club 3;
Hiking 2; Tennis 2; Witan 2, 3, 4.



Ray Richens McCall Road

"Modesty becomes a young man."

Bowling 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4.

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Evelyn Robbins Bonesteel Street

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Candy Committee 4; French Honor Society 3.



Charles Schaad 2944 Lake Avenue

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like
me?"

Class President 3, 4; Class Vice-President 3; French Honor Society 3, (Vice-President) 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Latin Honor Society 4; Senior Play 4; Soccer (Manager) 4; Reserve team 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Traffic Committee 4; Witan 4.



Donald Thompson 24 Bardin Street

"The birds can fly, an' why can't I?"

Assembly Committee 4; Aviation Club 2; French Honor Society 3; Track 4; Traffic Committee 4; Wrestling 3, 4.



Nedra Tozier 121 Weston Road

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Aviation Club (Secretary) 2; Basketball 1; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Operetta 2; Swimming 4; Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4; Thrift Committee 2; Tri-Y 3, 4.



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Katherine Trayhern 183 Harding Rd.
"Blest with that charm, the certainty
to please."

Aviation Club 2; Basketball 1, 2, 4;
Class President 2, 3; Girls Athletic
Association 1, 2, (Treasurer) 4; Glee
Club (Secretary) 4; Hiking 2; Latin
Honor Society 4; Operetta 2; Safety
Order Committee 2; Sign Committee
3, 4; Soccer 2; Swimming 4; Tennis
3; Thrift Committee 2; Tri-Y 3;
Witan 3, 4.



Grace Tupper 206 Elmtree Road
"And heaven had wanted one im-
mortal song."

Basketball 1; Candy Committee 4;
French Honor Society 4; Glee Club 1,
2, 3, (President) 4; National High
School Chorus 4; Operetta 2.



Julia Van Dam 3781 Lake Avenue
"Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like jolly Julie."

Baseball 3, (Manager) 4; Basketball
1, 2, 3, 4; Chemistry Club 3; Girls'
Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee
Club 1, 2; National Honor Society 4;
Operetta 2; Student Council (Treas-
urer) 4; Thrift Committee 3, 4; Tri-
Y 3, 4; Witan 2, 3, (Editor-in-chief) 4.



Woodrow Waterhouse 66 Strohm St.
"What's the use of worrying?"

Assembly Committee 3; Baseball 4;
Basketball 3, 4; Book Exchange Com-
mittee 1, 4; Chemistry Club 3; Class
President 1; Class Vice-President 2, 3;
Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2; Publicity
Committee 2, 3; Soccer 4; Student
Council 1, 2, 3.

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William Wratten, who entered Charlotte High a member of the class of June 1931, died in the Spring of 1928, during his second term here. Though his life was short, he had much to be proud of. All who knew him will always remember him and his cheery smile.

“Forever honour’d, forever mourned.”

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September 1927, four short (or long) years ago, the class of June 1931 became officially installed at Charlotte High School, most of us having come from No. 42 School, No. 38 School, or Seneca School. Carrying brief-cases and other accessories, we tramped into room 206, our first home room, where we were greeted by Mr. Omans. Occupied by hunting for rooms, learning the new regime, and overawed by the teachers and upper-classmen, our Freshman year was very enjoyable, especially so, since we were the first class not to be initiated. Our first year was saddened only by the death of William Wratten, who, although his life was short, had much to be proud of. All who knew him will always remember his cheery smile.

So occupied were we with our studies that we gave no thought to social affairs. These began and ended with the annual Freshman Party. However, on May 17, 1928, half of us came near being wiped out when the sky fell on us during a play which was staged in Miss Donovan's I-2 English class. The play was Shakespeare's "As You Like It," but the sky wasn't quite as we liked it. The other half of the class had Mrs. Ward; it also had a more stationary and a better behaved sky.

No sooner were we acclimated, as it were, to Mr. Omans' room, and used to his menagerie, than we took up our

brief-cases (we still had them) and vacated to Room 103, where we took up residence with Mr. Ament. By this time we had decided that we should have a party all our own. It was an April Fool's Party and was a "howling" success, according to the weather that night. The wind blew, the hail fell, the lights went out, and the party, consisting of twelve girls, one boy and two teachers, ate the twelve cakes by the aid of candles.

The outstanding event of our sophomore year was the Operetta in which many members of our class took part. We captured the leading role, even, and gave it to Grace Tupper; Charles Schaad starred as "Porky". The others took part in the chorus and dances. All who saw the Operetta will remember it as a successful production.

About this time, Charlotte High School decided that she had better have some evidence that we had been part of her student body, so, while we posed gracefully on the soft bleachers on the athletic field, Mr. Furlong told us to "watch the birdie." This picture was duly printed in the Witan with the other class pictures.

The annual party of our Junior year was held March 7, 1930, at the Practice House. Fortunately, we had better weather and, as a result, better attendance. Toward the end of our Junior year we were disappointed to find that Mr. Butterfield, whom most

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of us had our whole school life, would not be with us for our graduation. We were greatly consoled, however, when we became acquainted with Mr. West.

By this time we had become seniors and had outgrown our shyness. We started the year right by having a picnic at Durand Eastman Park, Sept. 23, 1930. This time we again had a deficiency in the attendance of boys. George Gray was our only loyal supporter, but Oscar, Edward and Richard were welcomed by many open arms when they arrived just before the end of the perfect day. Anyway, the girls had a good time by themselves, serenading a newly married couple, and they certainly had plenty to eat.

"The Patsy," our senior play, was presented December 5, 1930. In this our class, combined with the January class of 1931, was given a chance to show its ability. Esther Ferguson and Marion Leonard had the leading feminine roles, and George Gray was allowed to peek in on the stage.

January 9, 1931, our class held a dinner party at the Practice House. Suffice it to say that the boys were attracted by the word "dinner."

Our last party was held May 2, 1931, in the Assembly Hall, to which

we invited the class of January 1931.

We have been very fortunate in having in our class certain talented students. Dorothy Bubier, Edward Bush, Julia Van Dam, Alma Hubbell and Betty Le Clare have been honor students through their four years of high school and have been elected to the National Honor Society. Grace Tupper has earned the name of Charlotte's prima donna by her willingness to entertain at Charlotte's social affairs with her beautiful singing. She went to Detroit as delegate from Charlotte High School to sing in the National Chorus, February 24, 1931. Rosemary Kaercher has, undoubtedly, earned the name of school artist. She has contributed to the illustration of school publications and the advertisement of school social affairs. George Gray has given much of his time and energy to school activities.

This has been the history of the class of June 1931. On June 22, 1931, our Commencement will close the doors of high school life of our class and open the doors to the future.

Respectfully submitted,

Betty Le Clare
Josephine Bemish
Nedra Tozier.



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In the Harbor of Charlotte High

By Alma Hubbell, '31

We have been anchored like little ships
In the harbor of Charlotte High,
Storing our cargo of knowledge,
As the happy years roll by.

Little green ships with little white
sails,
Our loyal colors we fly,
As we bask in the sunshine of friend-
ships
In the harbor of Charlotte High.

There are many kegs of liquid French,
Clear as crystal, mellow and old,
And Latin verbs, bottled and aged,
Stored away, down in the hold.

Boxes of puzzles to stimulate thought,
Such as plusses and X minus Y,
Circles and squares, triangles too,
Where A equals B and why.

Each little ship has a treasure chest,
Built of memories of days gone by,
Filled with courage, hope and loyalty,
In the harbor of Charlotte High.

There are beautiful tapestries woven
In threads of bright silver and gold,
Whose pattern and weave are friend-
ships,
In the treasure chest down in the hold.

New cargoes of knowledge await them
In harbors of commerce and art,
In medicine, law, and in teaching,
And also affairs of the heart.

May high ideals be their compass
Now that sailing time draws near;
May good sportsmanship and keen
humor
Journey with them through the years.

Out of the harbor, into the deep,
Where unchartered waters lie,
The little green ships with the little
white sails
Leave the harbor of Charlotte High.

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Charlotte High School
Dear Classmate:

For the third time in twenty years the class of June 1931 will hold a reunion. We are especially anxious to have a representative group present. Some of you who were unable to come to the last reunion missed a good time, so make a real effort to join us beneath Sam Patch's tree on June 6, 1951.

Gossip!

Eats!

Scandal!

And a Good Time For All!

Turn in your reservation by May 31 to George Gray, chairman of the Arrangements Committee.

* * * * *

"My Goodness!" I exclaimed to Ethel Jones, secretary of the Doepler Canning Company, "Do look at this! I'll admit I've not paid much attention to those other invitations, but this time we certainly must take our vacations and run up to meet all the old kids." Ethel heartily agreed and the next day found us on the Twentieth Century headed for Rochester. We had just seated ourselves when a familiar voice said, "So you're going back, too? Won't it seem great?"

We turned around. There sat Donald Thompson, grinning from ear to ear. And well he might, for we soon learned that this was his first real vacation since he had joined the Navy. He also told us that Bill Tarr, a great

chum of his, would be unable to come, as they were launching the "Principal West," the latest ship to be added to his steamship line, and that Rosemary Kaercher was studying modern art in Berlin and so, of course, couldn't make the trip.

At the station we were warmly welcomed by a committee, Josephine Bemish and Ray Richens, who immediately whisked us down to Charlotte in Ray's Rolls Royce. Indeed, he could afford to run one, for he was, Josephine soon told us, a prosperous banker in the Middle West, where both his bank account and family were steadily growing. As for Josephine, she had stayed on at Charlotte, where she was Miss Miner's able assistant and the friend of every girl in school.

Since the old building had been torn down and no one felt like meeting in the new one, we held our reunion across the street, under Sam Patch's tree. We had known this old place so well that it seemed familiar and inviting as we stepped from the car amid a chorus of "Well, well, look who's here" and "For heaven's sake, I certainly never expected to see you," and were escorted over to the tables by Anna Messare, a lithe and athletic member of the City Championship Basketball Team. We recalled her prowess on our school team. We were the last to arrive and already the hamburgs were turning a delicate brown under the watchful eye of

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Charles Schaad, who, arrayed in a white apron, jovially waved his fork at us.

Miss Doehler, over on a tombstone, was trying to settle an argument between Oscar Judd and Ed. Bush. In spite of the fact that they were both well-known men (Oscar a poet of some note and Edward a surgeon) and fast friends, they still liked to argue with each other as well as ever. Miss Doehler finally gave it up as a bad job, greeted us, and ordered refreshment to relieve her fagged brain. Merrily we gathered around the table, tastefully arranged by our one and only interior decorator, Betty LeClare. With a flourish, Chuck dished up his hamburgs and buns. Pickles and what not appeared from nowhere, under Evelyn Robbin's able supervision. (She was a caterer in Chicago).

I looked down the table. It did not seem possible that twenty years had passed. Katherine Trayhern, though a dramatist of some note, would probably never get over her gold-digging tendencies, for I heard, "Oh, that's just great! I'm so glad I can use your car after lunch. I know you don't mind."

What could Professor Richard MacArthur do? And Jean Marvin, happily married and settled down, was talking baby talk to Esther Ferguson, a gym teacher, as energetically as of old.

Down at the end of the table Spencer Bishop was enthusiastically discussing the fine points of his last golf match with Ernest Eve, a New York broker. At my side Miss Doehler poured the news into my ear. Frank Campbell and Nedra Tozier owned the Tozier and Campbell Candy Company. Their long and hard training on the Candy Committee probably had a lot to do with it. Marion Leonard had been a Follies girl, but at the height of her career had retired to marry Mr. Zeigfield's son, and, best of all, George Gray was Governor of the Philippines. I remembered his ability to discuss them in Miss Goff's history class.

Across from me Virginia Couch and Ida Diehl were talking about their

boss. Though married, they both had excellent positions in the W. Waterhouse and Company, Publishers. Undoubtedly Woodrow's long service in the Book Exchange got him the position. Beside them Grace Tupper was telling Julia Van Dam the way she felt when she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House some ten years ago. As for Julia herself, Miss Doehler told me, she ranked highest in the list of efficiency experts in the Treasury Department at Washington, near which Doris Reagon and Rose Leary worked as official dressmakers to the First Lady of the Land.

Farther down, Alma Hubbell had just launched into her latest short story, when suddenly somebody exclaimed, "What do I smell?" Everyone sniffed; everyone looked around, while Charles turned a deep red. One of his hamburgs had caught on fire and, spreading, had lighted the bun which lay nearby on a light wooden stand. Before anyone could make a move, that was on fire and burning briskly. It showed every tendency of spreading to the tables and, since we did not have enough pop to put it out with, one of the boys dashed to the corner to turn in the alarm.

That fire department certainly deserved commendation, for it was the quickest turnout I ever saw. Careening madly from side to side, the engine dashed down the street, Captain Frank O'Shannecy at the wheel and Jerry Purchase, hoseman, swaying on the back. It was only a matter of minutes before the fire was out, everybody having pitched in to help. (That didn't include Bob Hartman, who only exerted himself at a baseball game—he was Babe Ruth's only rival). After it was over, we plied Frank and Jerry with remains of the feast and questions, while Dorothy Bubier, a French teacher, took a turn around the block on the engine. She had finally learned to drive, and would tackle anything, even a horse and buggy!

By the time we had finished feeding the two boys, and Elsa England, a nurse, had bound up their burns, the

(Continued on Page 41)

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CLASS WILL

We, the class of June 1931 of Charlotte High School, Lake Avenue, Rochester, New York, being practically conscious and temporarily of sound mind, do hereby execute our last Will and Testament.

FIRST—To Miss Doehler, to take Charles Schaad's place, we leave Bruce Bergener's services for parking her car. In the event that the above-mentioned Bruce Bergener does not stay for another P2G2 Course, this duty will be transferred to Earl Freckleton.

SECOND—To the next Glee Club, we leave page 120 in the singing book.

THIRD—To Miss Goff, we leave bigger and better Beards.

FOURTH—For the coming "Gigalos," we have created a trust fund by placing in the bank at compound interest the sum of five cents, the income of which is to be used to buy new records for the noon dancing hour.

FIFTH—To Miss Cashman, we leave gaudier and more complicated library permits.

SIXTH—To the next senior Candy Committee, we leave a monopoly on the sale of Chocolate Milky Ways.

As Personal Bequests, we leave:

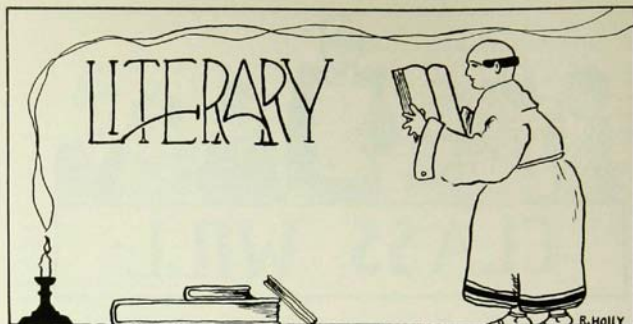
1. To Mr. West, the key to the city for his watch chain.

2. To Mr. Whitney, a box of electric light bulbs for the girls' locker room.
3. To Jerry Bishop, Nedra Tozier's winning way with the boys.
4. To Miss Whelehan, a class who can fully appreciate her.
5. To Charles Richardson, Spencer Bishop's crowning glory.
6. To Carolyn Carroll, Josephine Bemish's maidenly reserve.
7. To Violet Rentschler, Esther Ferguson's ability to blush at just the proper moment.
8. To Joe Stendarso, a six months' subscription to the Democrat and Chronicle, so he won't have to read Miss Sharer's.
9. To Miss Miner, one-half dozen divans to accommodate the waiting line outside her door.
10. To Mr. Bird, an adding machine for the heir to the Bird millions.
11. To Ruth Punnett, Katherine Trayhern's brilliant conversational ability.
12. To Miss Sharer, a class with none of "the rest of them kids" in it.

Lastly, the the Freshman class, we leave our exceptional class spirit and splendid sense of cooperation.

Witnesses: Alma D. Hubbell,
George Gray, Pres. Testator.
Dorothy Bubier, Sec.

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USEFUL BEAUTY

Marie hummed softly to herself as she bustled around her kitchen. Two steps were required between the stove and the table and two more between the table and the wall cupboard in the corner, and, although this might seem cluttered to some people, Marie was perfectly satisfied. She had enough money to live comfortably for the rest of her life, so she never bothered her tiny, white head about anything concerning financial difficulties. She was so quiet and reserved that no one was aware of her existence, so only her geraniums knew how loving she was.

A whole window-sill covered with pots of pink and white geraniums graced the front window. They peeped engagingly from behind the soft, tie-back curtains, out into the snowy street, upon which the sun cast a sparkle. Passers-by sometimes noticed the beautiful geraniums, but they never thought of the care that had been put into them.

Marie cried pitifully when one tiny plant wilted and died, but when a new bud appeared she did a fancy waltz about the room, stopping occasionally to kiss the baby blossom. Never was a person so devoted to any small child as Marie was to these geraniums.

* * * * *

Mr. Winks stood clapping his hands together to keep them warm and, as a lady passed who had bought a lunch

from him once before, he courteously tipped his fur bonnet, showing his snowy locks. He was short of stature, red and roughened of face from winter exposure, with plenty of wrinkles around his eyes and a smile hovering near his bearded lips.

Every morning at 9:00 o'clock, Mr. Winks walked briskly down Row Street, pausing only when he came to the white cottage with the geraniums in the window. After living in a dingy apartment house with no visible vegetation, his soul feasted on their beauty.

This morning, as he paused, Marie appeared in the window with a watering pot and proceeded to quench the everlasting thirst of the plants. Being unaware of a watcher, she unself-consciously chattered to the flowers, stooping to touch tenderly a small bud here or there. Mr. Winks was fascinated by the beauty of Marie bending over the flowers, for she was delicate and pink and white, as were the flowers. As he openly admired, something caused Marie to glance up. Strangely, she was not at all startled, but, as he gallantly tipped his hat, she smiled. Mr. Winks immediately was on his way with an animated feeling of warmth around his heart. Marie was so excited that her white hair fairly crackled. She wondered who the fine old gentleman was and

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where he lived. All day and far into the night she thought about him and early the next morning she hovered near her geraniums, glancing up and down the street. She was finally rewarded by the appearance of Mr. Winks around the corner, and she busied herself pushing the earth closer to the stems of the plants, which was not at all necessary. When he paused in the street as before, she glanced up and smiled, while he tipped his hat.

This went on each morning for some time and finally Marie decided she would sweep her tiny porch about 9:00 o'clock. When Mr. Winks arrived, instead of seeing her in the window, there she was right on the porch. Holding his hat in his hand, he ventured:

"A fine, cold mornin', isn't it?" Marie agreed by vigorously nodding her head, and said,

"It certainly is; I guess this cold snap is about over." Mr. Winks then began nodding his white thatch of hair, and again ventured,

"Quite fond of flowers, eh?"

"Yes, indeed! You are too, aren't you?"

"Um Hm, 'specially geraniums. How do you get yours to grow so nice?"

"Just by loving 'em, I guess. Wouldn't you like to come in and see 'em? It's warm inside, too." Marie had really longed for companionship without knowing it.

They went in together and as they chatted merrily over the tea Marie brewed a few minutes later, the geraniums looked on and smiled complacently.

Elinor Raymond, '32.

AN EXPERIENCE DURING MY BASEBALL CAREER

It was on the third of April that Joe McCarthy sent me my contract for \$85,000 a year. Seeing that Joe was the highest bidder, I thus belonged to him.

I was one of the greatest hitters of the league by breaking Babe Ruth's home run record. As for my fielding ability, I was not credited with an error in my whole career. Every team in the league was seeking me, but only in vain, because the Yankees outbid them.

During the season I stole more than Ty Cobb, hit more home runs than Babe Ruth, fielded better than Frankie Frisch, and was looked at as the one-man, super-human baseball team.

Our team had not lost a game and was twenty games ahead of the team holding the second position. All the papers were decorated with my pictures, and movie contracts were constantly coming in; even a multi-millionaire wished to adopt me as his son.

It was on a dark night, while going on a stroll, that I finally became conscious of seeing three men following me. They reminded me of gangsters, probably hired to bump me off; so I started on a faster pace, only to find them pursuing me also at a faster pace. Not wanting to start an argument, I started to run, only to trip over some darn thing, and fall. Not able to get up right away, they all pounced on me. Seeing the first bruiser coming towards me, I threw out a left hook and crossed over with a crashing right hand that fairly knocked him senseless.

Before I had a chance to defend myself against another bully, I was the victim of a black-jack, and only saw black.

It must have been about four days or so (I don't remember plainly; I am not expected to know) that I found myself in what appeared to me to be an old abandoned shack. I tried to get up and stretch my weary limbs, only to find myself bound, hand and

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foot. How can I get out of here? Is it too late to play in the World Series? What will Joe think of me? How far from the Yankee Stadium am I? All these questions rushed to my head at once. All of a sudden my thoughts were interrupted by the entering of one of my captors. By chance he was the one that I had felled by my blows. Probably he came to get revenge. He came toward me and gave me a brutal kick, which would have jolted an ox. Why, the yellow dog; if I had only been free, I would have batted his brains out!

"You're lucky I'm not burning you, you rat!" he said in a revengful tone, "we're keeping you for a hundred thousand dollars ransom." Before I was able to ask him a question concerning the Yankees, he went out. I was wondering how the Yanks were coming. I wondered what the newspapers were printing. I wondered these and a million other things before I was interrupted by shooting from outside. All of a sudden, to my surprise, three bluecoats unbound me and carried me to their patrol wagon.

"How did you ever find me, and where are you taking me?" I asked one of the bluecoats.

He responded, "A bunch of gangsters, headed by their famous gang-leader, Windy Wilson, held you for a large sum of money, which they almost received."

Then after an eighty-mile ride, we came in sight of the stadium. There was a crowd of a hundred thousand, and they were all in an uproar when I ran to Joe McCarthy in civilian clothes.

"Where have you been?" asked Joe very quickly.

"I have no time to explain; wait till after the game."

The score was three and nothing in favor of the Chicago Gangsters when Joe put me in as pinch hitter.

Three men on, two out. The crowd was yelling my name when I came to bat. The opposing pitcher was the cleverest pitcher in the game. I saw him wind up in his graceful style, and saw the old apple coming towards me. I closed my eyes and swung for all I

was worth. The result was the solid crash of ash against leather. The ball went soaring over the center-field barrier. The game was won.

The following day all the newspapers were adorned with my pictures and the accounts of the previous day.

I received my cut from the series and also other donations from millionaires. The winter I used as my vacation in Florida, waiting for the next season.

Dominic Arioli, II-2

HOMECOMING

Miss Martha Cutts sat placidly knitting on her front porch. She was a small, wrinkled old maid of sixty-four and, dressed in her out-of-date brown merino dress with the ribbons at her neck and the cat at her feet, she looked the very picture of contented placidity.

But she was not. There were, indeed, some misguided souls in Deerwood who thought that her vague and absent-minded smile was merely a trap to lure passers-by onto her porch, there to pour forth her tale of woe.

It is certain that she was always suffering from the inconsideration of someone, or something. Her cat, her garden, her butcher, the weather; even (but Miss Cutts never said this) God seemed to have some strange grudge against Martha Cutts.

The sun had set, and it was beginning to get colder. Martha was on the point of going in to fetch her shawl, when she saw a smart roadster, far smarter than those usually seen in Deerwood, draw up to the curb. A young man and a well-dressed, grey-haired woman stepped out. The woman stopped before the house next door.

"Like it, granny?" The young man's voice was teasing.

"George, it hasn't changed at all!" Her voice was rich and full, with a youthfulness that surprised Martha Cutts. Then, by the voice she recognized the lady.

It was Lavandar Walsh, the famous soprano, who had been born in Deer-

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wood and lived for a great many years there. The young man was evidently her grandson.

As she watched her old-time playmate walk up the steps, a thousand memories surged thru her mind. Lavandar and she, playing, as children. The one golden-headed and graceful, the other brown and awkward. Lavandar and she at school. Lavandar walking home with other girls, forgetting her, then remorseful afterwards. Lavandar dancing every dance at the church sociable, while she sat them out miserably. Lavandar singing in church at Christmas.

Then news had come less frequently. Lavandar was studying abroad. Lavandar married an Italian prince. Lavandar's daughter married an American millionaire. Lavandar's husband died and she returned to singing. Lavandar was now about to retire.

She felt bitterly envious, but somehow, remembering their former friendship and seeing her present success, Martha Cutts was inclined to forgive her her happiness. She probably would have if she had not heard a young man's voice floating through the window of the house next door.

"Who's the old dame on the porch?"

And a woman's mellow tone answering,

"I didn't see her. It's probably old Mrs. Cutts. I used to play with her daughter, Martha. She's probably a buxom matron now."

And two laughs, one old and one young, blending in the still night more clearly than the people knew.

* * * * *

Martha got up and walked into her house. She went upstairs, closed the windows, said her prayers and gave the cat a vicious kick.

Elizabeth Donoghue, 32.

REVENGE

Jackson stared, blinked and stared again, finally convinced. Sitting just a few feet from the orchestra stand was Jane Smith, whose ancestors had owned his ancestors, whose father had been his master, and, the girl who had struck him a smart blow across the

face with her riding whip because her horse had been hurt while he was in Jackson's care. Because of this he had lost his job at Smith's mansion and had been driven from home. Jackson had vowed that some day he would get his revenge—at last his chance had come.

Jackson was the orchestra leader of the Apollo Night Club and it was time for the next dance. He would have his revenge now because Jane was rising to dance. He conducted the orchestra faster and Jane and the other dancers danced faster. Longer and faster the orchestra played. The dancers were beginning to sway crazily and Jane was beginning to look tired and pale. Still the orchestra played.

There was a sudden commotion—a woman had fainted—Jane was being carried from the room. Jackson's arms fell exhausted to his sides and those who were not too weak applauded. It had been a great dance, but greater still Jackson had had his revenge—Jane had been his slave for at least one dance!

Helen Lanigan, '32

THE AWAKENING

Everything lay clothed in silence and in darkness. Not even a breath stirred the trees, or bowed the flowers, or bent the reeds. The stillness and the loneliness seemed to mock me. The oppressing quiet seemed to smother me like the intense calm before a sudden summer storm. All nature held its breath awaiting the approach of dawn.

As night withdrew her blankets of dark and the light crept slowly back into the sky, so peace and understanding seemed to pass from the world above to the world below. The trees lifted their heads to the breeze; the flowers raised their faces to be kissed by the ardent morn; and the reeds bowed in salutation to the first faint glimmer of the dawn.

Slowly, steadily, the light grew till only a grey veil covered the sky. Then, suddenly the veil was rent and the
(Continued on Page 41)

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ISCARIOT

Does earth hold any rest for me?
No, tho I walk so furtively,
Every blade of forest grass
Would cry against me as I pass,
And water shrinking from the base
Would drive me from its cool embrace.

In trees no friendliness I find,
For I have murdered of their kind.
The angry seas that roar and roll
Would fain annihilate my soul.
The very flowers within my path
Shrink from my feet in futile wrath.

A coil of rope—no, would a tree
Be burdened with a wretch like me?
And after I am laid in sod
My soul will hurl itself toward God,
Fearless at last. Infinity
Must, even, hold a place for me.
Elizabeth Donoghue, 32.

CLANDESTINE

Her's was a frailty too delicate
To break
Between a sunset and a darkness;
Her's was a paleness
Invulnerable
To hidden craft,
They said.

Yet wisdom fails
When a wiser one
Looks within
Blue eyes,
And beyond
Smiles.

H. R. D.

DEPARTURE

She closed her eyes
Sighing
In the stillness of the morning,
In the cool gray mist of dawn.

Then,
In the warm after-glow of sunset,
When insects fly silently and birds
sing softly,
She stirred,
And died again.

H. R. D.

THE HUNT

The bay of hounds and hunters' horn
Is wafted abroad on a frosty morn;
The riders gather from hill and dale
To seek the prize—the fox's tail.

But sly Reynard with all his art
Of cunning and wile will play his part;
He'll lead them all a merry chase,
The hound at heel and riders apace.

He'll lead them all thru meadow and
brook,
Till he comes at last to a cozy nook
Deep in the woods and out of the way
Of rider and steed and hounds of prey.

The hunt is over and all are gay,
The fox is safe till another day,
The hunter and steed away to the
board
To eat and drink from some hunts-
man's hoard.

Burtis Dougherty, '34.

THE WITAN

JEALOUSY

A seething rush of feeling;
Blotting out reason;
A mist o'er mind;
Blackness.

An insatiable desire
To rend, to tear, to rip
The thing that caused it all:
Restraint.

A vision of blasted hopes,
A slag pile of despair
Rises, towers, topples:
And covers light.

O. Judd, '31.

VISION

"Friend," quoth Ammon, "thy gaze is
mournful,
Yet, on the world thy glance is scorn-
ful

And you sigh
As if in longing
For some unknown region lying
Far beyond the eastern sky.

Whence come you
That you seem so like the unrequited
lover,

Who is wont to haunt and hover
'Bout the sources of his choler;
Whose soul no drug can purge,
But, directed by some elemental urge
Only walks and vaguely shudders.

Why does your eye so raptly turn
On that which I discern
To be but a lone bird wheeling
'Neath the fair aeolian ceiling
Of the sky?

(Thy raiment were not kingly,
Were it taken singly,
Yet, in its many folds
It seems
A newer grace to hold,
Since it is worn by thee).

The shadows soft are falling
And the voice of eve is calling;
Let us go
Ere ebon night her sable curtain
Draweth low.

Why speak you not
You silent figure?
Are thy senses tightly bound
That you perceive not, or yet,
In silence nurse thy wound?

What sayest thou
Gone!
(Sun-madness, this,
Purveyor of Life
And betraying by kiss).

Kingly he seemed
Diaphonous vague,
A vision but then—
What this? On the rock!
"The Fisher of Men."

G. N. W.

We get to school at eight each morn,
In Winter, Spring and Fall,
And study hard, with a hope forlorn
And wait for vacation call.

We strive each day and do our best
Our lessons for to learn,
And during our vacation
For our classroom pals we yearn.

As we go on another year,
For knowledge we shall strive,
So you had better keep an eye on
The Class of '35.

And as through life we go along,
With a laugh, a tear, or sigh,
The happiest days of all of them
Were spent in Charlotte High.

Robert Godfrey, '8A-2.

REMINISCENCE

The happiest hours we spend
Are not those we regret,
And yet,
They fill us with discontent
For our present state.

Memories of laughter and pale chiffon
And the warmth of sunlight's gleam-
ing
How often they fill the train of
thought—
Giving rise to fruitless dreaming.

(Actuality has its subtlety
To woo the vagrant mind,
But, what is the efficacy
Of a changing wind?)

Ah to but find the median
'Twixt having and wanting to have,
To know the happiness of the past
And find it anew—today.

G. N. W.

THE WITAN

PARADOX

In the quiet heat of the morning
I sit and watch
An old lady pushing a lawn mower,
An old lady with a broad-rimmed hat
Pushing a lawn mower.

Youth in the sun
Watching,
And an old lady
Pushing a lawn mower.

The sun shoves up the grass,
An old lady cuts it down,
And youth sits watching
In the sun.

And youth sits watching
H. R. D.

SPRING

The dew was lighting on the flowers,
And the sun was peeping through;
This was indeed a glorious sight,
And the flowers were glorious, too.

The daffodils popped up their heads,
And the crocuses stirred in their
mossy beds;
A tiny voice of a pansy was heard,
"Spring is here! Spring is here!"

SUMMER'S COMING

Flowers are opening up each bud,
While little boys play in the mud.
School and Homework are passing by,
But June exams—oh me, oh my!
They're coming on without delay.
And oh! Do they know the way?

Here and there a bluebird is humming,
That's a sure sign that summer's com-
ing.

Mother, get out your summer hat;
Mary, brush off that muddy hat;
Baby, stop that annoying cry;
See, the summer sun is in the sky.

FLOWERS

Flowers are blooming everywhere,
The fragrance of them fills the air;
Each day it is the silvery rain
That helps to make them fresh again.

Every day in rain or shine
A little girl, who is only nine,
Picks a few of the blossoms rare,
And then her singing fills the air.
Madaline Harris, 7A.

ROMAN DEATH

The Spinner of Life
Bends,
Gathers,
And cuts a tangled skein.

Charon swings
His pole
Slowly;
A burden in his boat.
O. Judd, '31.

STORM

The moon scuds low;
A ship
Heeling
Before the blasts
Of Nature's wrath.

The flying clouds,
Rent and ripped,
Shudder on:
The shattered sails
Of Luna.

Now a fitful gleaming
Like a beacon light
On tossing waters,
Lights the riven trees
Below.

The sodden ground
Runs;
And quails beneath
The beat
Of coursing rain.

The storm goes on
Unquiet
And leaves behind
A scene
Of dustless desolation.
O. Judd, '31.

LAMENT

The smoke of time
Ascends,
And fills the mind
With clouds
Of Doubt and Fear,
For things once stable
Tremble
And shift in form
Like shadows
Cast by flickering lamps.
To hope for constancy
And happiness again
Is vain.

O. Judd, '31.

THE WITAN

THE OLD GARDEN GATE

In the midst of my garden
Of tulips, so gay,
By the Old Garden Gate
I desire to stay.
I sit there from morning
'Til night sometimes,
And listen to
The church bell's chimes.

I think of the days
Of my childhood past.
When I'd swing on that beautiful
Gate so fast,
And how in the winter
I could not play
On the beautiful, flowery
Gate that way.

I had to play
In the nursery small;
On every side
There was a wall.
I thought and thought
Of that beautiful Gate;
Oh! 'Twas long to wait!
Carol Ward, 7B-1.

ENGLISH

To English class we hasten,
To study little rhymes
About ships and seas, and then
We study all the climes.

We dream about the frozen north,
And the heat of tropical days;
And almost wish we were sailing forth
To the splendor of unknown bays.
Maude Lancaster.

SPRING

Now the brooks begin to ring,
And the birds begin to sing;
These are signs of joyous Spring.
And the pretty flowers it will bring.
Eleanor Marsh, II-1.

BOOK

Oh take time to look at me,
I may be bright and smart you see;
I'll tell you of the land and sea;
Oh take time to look at me.
June Burhans, 7A-2.

REJECTION

The trees retain their breath
As the sun slips slowly on,
On beyond the West.
The trees retain their breath
Standing motionless,
Stricken by a loveliness.

Men hurry on in high disdain;
Proudly they claim
Immunity
From this beauty's pain.

H. R. D.

TREES

Oh trees, do blow your gentle breeze,
So the children can laugh and dance
with glee;
Don't be stubborn, as we know you
can,
Just blow your breeze, oh please, for
me.

June Burhans, 7A-2.

STROLLING

I was strolling in the moonlight
With my little brother Bill,
We walked the whole evening, up and
down the country hills.

It was just about twilight, and every-
thing was still,
And we could hear very plainly
The song of the whip-poor-will.

The twilight shades were falling,
And the dew was settling down,
When brother Bill got tired and we
both returned to town.

QUEEN MAY

Winter ice and snow have gone
And birds sing all the day,
Bees and butterflies play at tag;
Now comes our dear Queen May.

You're full of laughter and of fun,
In colorful array;
Everybody, old and young,
Welcomes you, Queen May!

Lois Madison, 7A-1.

THE WITAN



On March 31, Mr. West held a reunion of the teachers from Number 9 School in the apartment of the Practice House. Those present were Miss Grace E. Paul, Ex-secretary of No. 9, Mr. G. Quinn, ex-assistant Principal, Miss Violet Baglin, ex-clerk, Miss Esther Beckler, secretary, Mr. N. G. West, former principal, Mr. Roy Pindar, ex-teacher, Mrs. Quinn, Mrs. Nathaniel G. West, Claribel Bruce, principal of No. 52 School and Mr. L. Erenstone, Health Education director. Luncheon was prepared by the Homemaking girls and served by Anona Page and Helen White.

On May 7, Mr. West held another luncheon in the apartment for three of his ex-pupils at No. 6, Miss Ella M. Bickford, artist, of B. Forman Co., Ella D. Troughton, assistant treasurer of the New York State Rail-

roads, and Florence D. Kemmler, osteopathic physician. The luncheon was prepared by the 8A2 Homemaking class and served by Helen White and Anona Page.

Provision is being made in the Practice House for the arrival of a school nurse. The furniture has been rearranged in order to use the dining room as a waiting room, the bedroom as a rest room and the kitchen as an office. Additional cots are to be put in the bedroom.

The junior high school homemaking classes have been having a series of graduation luncheons which they prepare themselves.

The senior homemaking girls have succeeded in turning out some excellent articles of clothing and are planning a class exhibit and, later, a picnic.



THE WITAN CHARLOTTE CHATTERS

We understand that the semi-annual war is being waged within the Senior Class as to the class colors. Several suggestions had been made, but the climax had not yet been reached until the vice-president helpfully suggested two shades of white! Why not carry lilies?

Four of Charlotte's stout-hearted warriors have come to the front and volunteered to uphold the honor of the school. These brave lads have made themselves known because of their singing and have become famous under the Nom-de-guerre, "The Agony Quartette." May their reign be long and full of glory.

We have just discovered that a C. H. S. pupil has an uncle who owns several Arizona copper mines. She is going to try to promote a wider use of pennies. Page Mr. Tracy. What a whale of a difference a few cents make!

One of our schoolmates tells of seeing two of the younger pupils of C. H. S. parading down the street, vigorously disharmonizing, "Charlotte High We Hail Thee!" It certainly gives one a feeling of satisfaction to know that this song means more to them than just the finishing touch to our assemblies. But wait until they hear our new one!

Just a suggestion to one of the belles of the schools that she see that her cousin "behaves himself" at school functions—especially with red-heads.

Boys, it's not time to retire, but time to get a canoe. A river nearby, fifty minutes for lunch—what more could be desired? With the coming of warm weather, may we hope that more of the boys will catch the spirit, because after all, girls will be girls, and what is more entertaining than—oh-er-well, fleet's in!

A. B. C.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Mr. Enright riding on a street car? | 10. Grace Tupper, Helen Kane's only rival? |
| 2. Alma Hubbell at a loss for a pun? | 11. Pop True in a hurry? |
| 3. Vi Rentschler with an inferiority complex? | 12. Miss Sharer a "horrible example"? |
| 4. Natalya Ivanson short and fat? | 13. Nedra Tozier with straight hair? |
| 5. Pom Cass a public orator? | 14. Rose Leary sarcastic? |
| 6. David Benham as a cheer leader? | 15. Bruce Bergener a wallflower? |
| 7. The IV-2 American History class prepared? | 16. Mrs. Ward sans blue smock? |
| 8. Dorothy Bubier anything but an Honor student? | 17. Ruth McKee without her lithp? |
| 9. Harry Greer as an aesthetic dancer? | 18. Norman Willsey using words of less than twelve syllables? |
| | 19. Charles LaBelle wearing a vest? |

THE WITAN

EXCALIBUR SCHOLARSHIP SHIELD



THE WITAN

The Scholarship Shield

When the name of Edward Bush becomes inscribed, in June 1931, on the Excalibur Scholarship Shield, the shield will be full.

This emblem was presented by the Class of June 1927 as an incentive to scholarship in Charlotte High School. It is rather interesting to note the achievements of those whose names it now bears. The record shows the following ten names:

January

- 1927—Teresa M. Rapp
- 1928—Dorothy A. Doell
- 1929—Truman O. Murrell
- 1930—Hazel Isaac
- 1931—Dorothy Ruth Collett

June

- 1927—John Heughes Donoghue
- 1928—Margaret C. Hersey
- 1929—Mary K. Heydweiller
- 1930—Betty June Reddy
- 1931—Edward Bush

Two of these were commercial pupils, Teresa Rapp, who has a respon-

sible position in the Costs Department of the Rochester Folding Box Company, and Dorothy Doell, who is clerk in the office of the new Benjamin Franklin Junior-Senior High School. John Donoghue, the member of the class of 1927, whose name appears on the shield, made a good record at the University of Rochester during the time that he was enrolled there, but left before completing his course to become a cadet at the West Point Military Academy where he is still in training. Margaret Hersey, Hazel Isaac, Mary Heydweiller and Betty Reddy are continuing their education at the University of Rochester. Dorothy Collett, who returned to Charlotte this term for a post graduate course, expects to enter college in the fall.

This is a very creditable record and the Witan expresses the hope that these people will be as successful in all their future undertakings.

THE WIND

The wind blows over the grassy plain
Where white hot sands for years have lain;
It blows over mountains that rise so high,
And over great oaks that look to the sky.

It snatches your hat and blows it away,
And blows in your face and seems to say,
"Don't follow here, for you can't catch me,
For I'll be off and over the sea."

Anthony Lombardo, '7A-2.

THE WITAN



Percy Andrews, Arthur Gordon, Harold Smith (President), Violet Rentschler, Frances Earl, Mrs. Denise (Adviser), Dolores Leadley, Richard MacArthur, Etta Ryden, Judith Pownall, Katherine Trayhern, Gehring Cooper, Emily Lascell, Edward Bush, Frank Smith, Ray Dudley, Charles LaBelle, Rudolph Wendt, Harrington Chase, Jim Le-Clare.

CONCURSUS OPTIMATIUM

From out of the dripping and dark night, on which Jupiter vent all of his wrath, a few noble and faithful humans could be seen making their way, bravely yet damply, to our assembly hall. Even the furore coeli could not hinder a Latin Honor Society party.

With the help of some ambitious boys and girls, the decorations for the hall were finally hung and the effect of a many-colored cobweb was successfully carried out. A few new records were quite acceptable to the dancers, and the "card table" seemed to be popular throughout the whole evening.

For special entertainment, Ruth Willis gave a delightful tap dance, and we wished there could have been more of them.

Then, of course, there were refreshments! After that, more danc-

ing and, finally, at eleven o'clock, we all dared to brave the raging storm once more.

Let's have more!

LATIN (AN IMPRESSION)

The sagas of the past
Told by other tongues;
Deeds of heroism, daring;
Tales of cities won.

Songs of the immortals,
Sung in age old rhythm;
Echo with former glory
Of long fallen powers.

The prophecies of Sybil;
The ghosts of battles gone,
The wanderings of heres
Afloat on voyages long.
Revealed in lasting medium;
A bond 'tween then and now;
A link in the chain of learning.
Let us profit.

O. Judd, '31

THE WITAN

Latin Honor Society

LATIN MADE EASIER

In his boyhood Thomas Edison, the great electrical genius, left school because, primarily, he was unable to decipher the elusive grounds and the Latin language as a whole.

Latin was extremely difficult in its days of compulsory study, for it was forced upon the students and as anything else, the students acted repugnantly toward this burden, and, childlike, refused to study, or more truthfully, did not desire to study a compulsory thing. Nothing but drudgery. Drill, drill and then drill some more.

At the present day Latin is made inviting and pleasing to the students. All cares are taken to make it as agreeable as possible. There are beautiful books and papers, colorfully and attractively illustrated. The teachers are trained more strictly and more exactly and can make the classroom an amiable place for the student.

Today, there are certainly no stable grounds for those bogies who are constantly crying, "Don't like Latin—you'll never pass it," they only discourage prospective Latin students, who would probably do well in the subject.

LATIN AS A LIVING TONGUE

Pope Pius XI recently broadcast a speech entirely in Latin. It was a surprise to most that the language was most forceful, the manner of delivery easy and fluent, and that it was marked by none of the pedantic characteristics of a dead language.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, on hearing the speech, says that it revives the hope that Latin may once more become a living tongue.

The few thousand school children in the United States, who agonize over their Caesar in Gallia may not receive it with the same amount of cheer that professors do. Gloomy pictures flit over their minds of going shopping in an "Autobus" or a "street-caribus" and vainly trying to remember whether a telephonis is masculine or feminine.

Of course, the professors do not hope that the Latin language will take the place of any so well-established a tongue as English, but both the Gaelic Revival and the rise of Esperanto make them think that Latin still may have a place in practical affairs.

It is the mother of the Romance language and it is in these countries probably that it is felt.

An Irish professor said that although Gaelic could not take the place of English in commerce, the rise of an older and less corrupted tongue would help save a modern language from decay. In our slang-ridden America we can appreciate this.

Perhaps this will serve as a warning to schools who intend to drop Latin from their curriculum and students who do not intend to include it in their courses.

DeMAGNITUDE

Viros magnos esse semper
Magnos dicit multitudo.
Sed quid de eis magister
Dixit tum in ludo?

Cum Cicero in ludo erat
Num erat fortis orator clarus
Et puer Caesar multis pugnis
Num erat semper devictor?

Viri magni semper sunt
Magni oculis populi
Sed semper parvi manent
In aspectu magistri.

THE WITAN

French Honor Society

On Tuesday, April 14, the Rochester chapters of the French Honor Society attended a dinner-meeting at Second Congregational Church. There it was decided to have an Inter-chapter Council with representatives from each chapter, to meet once a month. There, also, it was suggested that "Les Babillards" publish a French paper. At the Council meetings plans were made for the paper and it was found necessary to have a staff, consisting of two members from each chapter. The representatives from Epsilon Chapter are Elizabeth Donoghue and Frank Smith. The price of the paper which will not be published more often than once a term, will be ten cents. Any material for this paper will be welcomed, and should be turned over to either of the staff members. This material

must, of course, be written in French. The staff intends to publish an issue of the paper before the end of this term, and it is hoped that all the French classes, as well as any others interested in French, will heartily support this project.

A meeting of the Epsilon Chapter was held April 15, 1931, in Room 211. At this meeting lantern slides of France were shown. They were very interesting and were enjoyed by all those present.

On May 21, 1931, a meeting was held in the Practice House, followed by games and songs. "L'Ascenseur," a play, was given by Susanne Bogarad and Donald Dow, and Rudolph Wendt lead some new songs.

The final meeting of the term was a dinner-meeting at the Practice House, June 3.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

1. A new school building.
2. Judith Pownall in a boyish bob.
3. Doris Kemp and John Connolly separated.
4. Oscar Judd without a comeback.
5. Richard MacArthur in white flannels.
6. Norman Willsey as Liz Knapp's dancing partner.
7. Robert Hartman as a tight rope walker.
8. Miss Doehler driving an Austin.
9. Jeanne Marvin squelched.
10. Study hall clocks that run.
11. Miss Sharer with nothing to do.
12. Fountains one is able to get a drink of water from.

THE WITAN

National Honor Society

The National Honor Society has again widened its ranks by introducing six persons into its membership. The National Honor Society committee has elected the following members to the Charlotte Chapter of that organization: IV-2—Betty Le Clare, Alma Hubbell; IV-1—Harold Smith; III-2—Elizabeth Donoghue, Geraldine Bishop. The committee consists of Nathaniel G. West, principal; Miss Carolyn Emerson, chairman; Miss Ethel L. Newman, Miss Mary R. Goff, Miss Margaret R. Miner and Miss Joyce E. Sharer. These new members will be formally inducted at the graduation exercises on June 23.

On May 20, a joint banquet of all the chapters in the city was held at Todd Union in the University of Roch-

ester River Campus. The Charlotte High Chapter was well represented on the program and it was very proud of its president, Suzanne Bogorad, who delivered a fine address of welcome. Mr. West also was one of the speakers of the evening and reminded those present that while scholarship must be considered as the center of importance, character, service and leadership are valuable qualities of youth and maturity. Dorothy Collett and Lawrence Kilmer entertained with the "Quilting Party" and "Reuben and Rachel" in costume.

Violet Rentschler of the class of January 1932 was appointed guardian of the flag for the coming semester and Arthur Gordon, standard bearer.

JEWELS OF REMEMBRANCE

You have given me something I will treasure,
To remind me of you long hereafter.
A jewel in a velvet casket of remembrance:
The priceless ring of your laughter.

You have left a chain of golden memories,
Whose links will hold fast all the while.
The wonderful hours of friendship,
Set with the bright gem of your smile.

A. H.

THAT DAY AT THE LAKE

That flaming vivid sunset that we watched together
I have pressed between the leaves of remembrance
In my book of all wonderful things.
I have memorized the vibrant music of your laughter
Accompanied by the rhythm of the waves against the shore,
And memory plays the tune upon my heartstrings.

Alma Hubbell

THE WITAN

G. A. A.

The campaign for sports for the season from April through June was very successful. A banner has been in circulation in the four home rooms that had one hundred percent registration in the campaign. The four home rooms were:

- 201—Phyllis Yarker, representative
- 200—Snooky Reimer, representative
- 208—Jean White, representative
- 105—Janet Ferguson, representative

The schedule of sports for this season was: tennis on Tuesday and Friday, swimming on Monday, baseball on Tuesday and Thursday, hiking on Wednesday, and tap dancing and horseback riding on Wednesday.

Tennis has proven a most popular sport at Charlotte this season. Snooky Reimer is manager of tennis and we are happy to say that Mr. Enright is teacher of tennis on Tuesday. The final game of the tournament was played on Field Day.

Swimming was more successful this last season than heretofore. Mac Marthage is manager of swimming. Miss Booth has a chart on which records are kept for tests passed in swimming. Is your name on it? The girls feel that Florence Gordon should be greatly honored, as she is the first girl at Charlotte to obtain a Junior Life Saver's badge. We are all very proud of her.

Baseball held second place in sport popularity this season. Miss Evershed assisted Miss Booth as referee in some of the tournament games. Although the games interfered with other activities, there were always enough girls for a class team. Julia Van Dam is manager.

This year the girls have taken a more active interest in hiking. Miss Van Alstyne is the director. The girls have elected the following officers:

President, Phyllis Yarker; Vice-President, Helen Hushard; Secretary, Etta Kyden.

Tap dancing has retained its former record with Blanche Gauthier as manager. Some of the girls have entertained at various school activities with their dancing.

Although the attendance for riding is very small, the girls attending have a very good time. The manager for riding is Betty Le Clare.

The number enrolled for the sports this season are:

Swimming	40
Beginners' Tennis	53
Advanced Tennis	31
Baseball	95
Tap Dancing	55
Horseback Riding	4
Hiking	32

Grand Total.....310

Another achievement of the council is the adoption of the new C. H. S. emblem. This emblem was designed by Gehring Cooper. The first to be awarded the new emblem was Esther Ferguson. In order to obtain this C. H. S. emblem, a girl must have a G. A. A. emblem and fifty points.

The election of officers for the G. A. A. council for the coming year was held during the latter part of May. Because this number of the Witan was published before the election, the results are not given. The nominating committee, consisting of Chairman Geraldine Bishop, Blanche Gauthier, Janet Ferguson and Jean White, was appointed by the president, Geraldine Bishop. We all hope that the coming council will be as successful in their work as the council of the past year has been.

The G. A. A. hopes that next year there will be "A sport for every girl and every girl in a sport."

THE WITAN

GIRLS' INTERSCHOOL SPORTS

The boys in high school are trained thoroughly in all sports offered. They play each school in each sport. They become enthusiastic over watching and comparing scores and ability of players. They have an audience made up of students to cheer them on and help them to buy uniforms. They visit each school to play the teams and become acquainted with the students. They keep up their scholastic work so they can make the teams and develop their bodies and health. These boys become popular and later on some make sports their careers. They like sports and always have and probably always will continue to enjoy them.

Not so for high school girls. They play with their class mates against each other class, wearing the official gym suit, with no audience to urge them to better playing, no interesting scores to compare and no meeting of other high school students, no contact with them. They lose their enthusiasm and often let their studies and health be neglected. Quite often they do not care whether they play or not for they want to compete against other players that are trained a little differently and so do not know each one's abilities and weakness. Playing each class over and over causes the game to grow stale and uninteresting.

If the high school girls could play interschool sports and have leagues they would become as good players as the boys and interest would be

aroused both in the participants and audience.

Girls have never seemed to have a fair chance in this field to show their abilities and for no apparent reason. It has been this way for years. Must it continue?

Gertrude Rappold, '32

CLASS PROPHECY

(Continued from Page 22)

mosquitoes were beginning to make their appearance. We had lingered so long over our supper that dusk had already fallen, bringing with it the dew and chill. A silence fell over the group, each wrapped up in the memories of his own school days, and I, looking around, thought, "Everyone here or accounted for. Wouldn't Miss Sharer be surprised at our spirit of cooperation!"

Natalya Ivanson,
Class Prophet.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

(Continued from Page 27)

sky was suffused with the hues of dawn. Somewhere a bird lifted its voice in song and the valley echoed back the song till all nature seemed to be carolling the dawn.

As the sun arose and the world awoke from its dreams and pleasant sleep to carry on its busy activities, the world sent a challenge to me. It had soothed and quieted my despondency. It had aroused an answering hope in me; I recognized the challenge and accepted it.

Doris Bullock

TWILIGHT

Twilight, and the lights go twinkling on;
Here and there a fire burns red against the sky.
The clouds march somberly across the blue-gray heavens,
And a breeze rustles the leaves of the birch close by.

Later the clouds have turned into mountains
With only their crests pink-tipped
Like dawn over the Alps,
And the tall pine waves its plume to the setting sun.

Carolyn Carroll, '33.

THE WITAN

Alumni Notes

Gordon Schlegel, June '25, recently returned from a trip abroad and intends to begin working on a Buffalo newspaper very soon.

The Gordon brothers, Phil and Louis, June '25 and '27, have opened a refreshment stand in Sea Breeze, where they will spend the summer frying "hot dogs."

Coleman Austin, June '28, recently left St. Lawrence University to return to his former job at the Eastman Kodak Company. By the way, someone saw Austin with a black eye a short time ago. Where did you get it, Austin?

If you have trouble renewing your driver's license, try to get Dorothy Thomas, June '28, to help you out. Dorothy is working at the Motor Vehicle Bureau.

Harrison Grotzinger, June '29, is working for the Hunting Company and is very often seen riding around in his new car.

Many of the members of the class of June '29 attended a party at Florence Rich's home several weeks ago. Florene is attending Normal School.

"Bill" Pepper, June '29, came back to Charlotte for a visit one day this term. He is working in the Research Department at the Eastman Kodak Company.

The Rochester Gas and Electric Corporation makes out one of its pay checks to a member of the June '29 class. Eunice Pitcher is the party.

Lucille Speares, Jan. '30, and Helen Tozier, June '30, are both at the R. B. I., preparing to "stenog it" after they are graduated.

Florence Sparks, June '30, who is attending Mechanics Institute, was in the hospital a few months ago, because of mastoids.

Fred Rohr, June '30, is also answering "present" at Mechanics. Fred has a "snappy" new roadster and spends a great deal of his leisure at Charlotte. Why? "Cherchez la femme!"

What is the former pianist of that famous Hi-Y orchestra doing? Robert Dorgan, June '30, the boy who used to play for dancing in the assembly hall, is now playing with the Silver Moon Dance Orchestra.

Suzanne Bogorad, P. G.

JOAN OF ARC IN PRISON

I cannot understand it all. There was a time
Before this dread monotony of death,
I fought in battle. Battle at least was keen
And sharp as a new bugle's piercing breath.

And then, long, long ago, I heard a Voice
That urged me on to battle, and I went.
That was before I knew men's souls could be
War-wearied, tortured and in battle spent.

Then, before that, the pleasant, vine-clad hills,
Deep pools inlaid with summer skies, and then
Promise that April made and June fulfilled.
Oh God! to see those vine-clad hills again!

Elizabeth Donoghue, '32.

THE WITAN

Charlotte

Southward of old Lake Ontario,
Near the river, Genesee,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Splendid in her dignity.
Twelve decades of best tradition
Now enhance her storied fame;
Treasured heritage of honor,
Unsurpassed, doth bless her name.

Brown and Porter's band resisted
During Eighteen Twelve's stern fight;
Yeo's coward fleet, inglorious,
Feared to trust its vaunted might;
Troup and Latta with the others
Settled here with courage high,
And nearby on sheltered hillside
Sam Patch in peace doth lie.

Through the busy years of high school
When youth's hopes so brightly burn,
And we work with strong endeavor
All the rules of life to learn;
As we read the words of wisdom
Of the sages gone before,
Then, Charlotte, dear Alma Mater,
We esteem thee more and more.

When our school days here are ended,
And our paths through Life divide;
When the promise of the morrow
Wafts us outward with its tide;
As we meet success or failure,
Thine ideals we still shall see,
And our thoughts with wistful yearning
Shall turn back, Charlotte, to thee.

—Lewis J. Marsh.

THE WITAN

Personal Interviews

ରମା କାନ୍ତ ସାହୁ

Roma Kanta Sahu

On May the fourth, Charlotte High entertained Roma Kanta Sahu, from India. He is the principal of an Indian boys' school and a very charming man.

Mr. Sahu says that about the only difference between Indian and American schools is that in India there is no co-education and there are no vocational subjects taught. School commences about 10:30 a. m. and dismisses at 4. The periods are forty minutes long and there are, as a rule, seven periods to the day, with a noon recess of forty minutes. There are 38,000,000 children, between the ages of six and eleven, in India and only 8,000,000 go to school. This means that about one out of one hundred knows how to read and write. Mr. Sahu, being a school principal, understands boys and girls and their problems.

Mr. Sahu discussed the political situation in India at some length, saying that although it was serious, he did not expect a revolution. He knows Mr. Gandhi personally and admires him very much.

Many of our pupils obtained Mr. Sahu's autograph. The one at the head of this page is written in his own language, as well as in English.

Henry Clune

At approximately 4:10 p. m. one Thursday afternoon, I entered the elevator at the Democrat and Chronicle office and was whisked to the fifth floor. When I asked a rather nice looking young lady if Mr. Clune was in, she replied in the negative, and

offered me a chair. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes, I came to the conclusion that Mr. Clune was a more important man than I thought (because only important men can afford to be late at interviews). Another five minutes ticked past while I examined more closely the stoutish old lady with long ear drops and the rotund gentleman seated almost directly back of me. Just when the noise of the typewriters was becoming painfully evident, I was informed that Mr. Clune had come in. As I went over to his desk, he rose and placed a chair for me.

Mr. Clune has very broad shoulders and iron gray hair—and he is getting rather bald. He has very nice blue eyes, and asked me naively why I should want to interview him.

When asked his opinion of Heywood Brown, Mr. Clune replied that he enjoyed him very much, but considers George Bernard Shaw the greatest man in that field.

Knowing that Henry Clune had met and talked with Rudy Vallee, I asked him what he thought of Rudy.

"Well," he said, "He's so stuck on himself that if you could see him he would talk about himself from now until Doomsday." And that is that.

I questioned Mr. Clune as to whether the newspaper profession was too crowded to be seriously considered as a career, but he said no, not for a really good reporter. It's like any other profession—there's always room at the top for those capable of attaining such heights.

THE WITAN

As we all know, Mr. Clune broadcasts over WHAM on Wednesday nights at 8:00 p. m. He says that the part he enjoys most of all in this radio work is getting paid.

I was curious to learn from a humorist his opinion of the place of humor in the modern newspaper, so I asked Mr. Clune. He answered me thus:

"I think humor plays a great part in the newspaper of today, both from the reader's point of view and from the publisher's. As to the type of humor, that depends on the reader, but the majority of people enjoy homely episodes of everyday life."

Rudy Vallee

Some time ago, "America's Boy-friend," in the person of Rudy Vallee, spent a week in Rochester entertaining the populace.

A great many of my acquaintances went to see him at the Eastman Theater, but I thought of a better idea. "Why not interview this famous individual and meet him personally?" I asked myself. "Why not find out for myself the secret of this man's tremendous popularity?" So with that thought in mind, I hied me hence to the stage door of the Eastman Theater and encountered eight or ten girls trying to get his autograph. The audacity of my own idea appealed to these girls, and one who knew his personal manager offered to get me in pronto.

"Sure," she said, "I'll get you in in a minute." But she hadn't counted on the stage manager, who had his den at the top of the stairs. He was one of those real hard guys—they have to be in his profession—and he asked me gruffly,

"Got an appointment?" Of course, in my haste I hadn't stopped for such a small detail as an appointment, so when he said that, my heart sank the conventional distance and I stammered, "Why, no."

Through the sound of the crashing of my dreams about my ears, I heard as from a great distance the words, "Well, you can't see him unless you have."

Dumbly I turned and stumbled down the iron stairs. Dumbly I waved adieu to my newly found acquaintances, and walked out into the cold drizzle of an April twilight. Suddenly my brain cleared, and I again held up my head and threw out my chest and started to run for the street car.

When I reached home I tossed my coat on a nearby chair, threw my beret on the rack, parked my wet shoes under a friendly radiator and dropped my books on the dining room table. Ignoring all questions, I raced for the telephone. Ensnconced before this instrument of communication, I called the theater and asked for Mr. Vallee's personal manager. After a short wait, a man's voice said, "Hello?"

"Is this Mr. Vallee's personal manager?" I asked with a noticeable tremble in my voice.

"Yes," answered the voice, a bored note coming into it. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I would like an interview with Mr. Vallee," I said. "I represent the Witan, the Charlotte High School magazine."

"I'm very sorry, but we only grant interviews to professional newspaper people." With these words my last hope fled, and I slowly hung up the receiver. Carolyn Carroll, '33.





THE TEACHING STAFF

THE WITAN

THE LIBRARY

This is the season of the year when the Librarian and her staff begin the annual inventory. Every book in the library has to be handled and examined, not only for the record but the condition of the volume. Worn, torn, and soiled books are removed from circulation.

The Library has been particularly fortunate this year in the many new books we have added and in our move to larger quarters.

Unfortunately we have had more books lost than ever before. Ten students have, through carelessness on their own part, or stealing on the part of other students, lost and paid for these which have mysteriously disappeared. We have more than a dozen other pupils who still owe for missing books. The borrower, of course, is responsible.

The entire student body could aid in this inventory by cleaning his or her locker and by returning immediately any Library book you may see about the building. Cultivate the habit of being thoughtful and courteous for your classmates. Apply the golden rule.

To aid our Junior High School pupils in writing their essays on aviation, the library has given a special table to books on aviation. The pupils surely are taking advantage of the opportunity offered.

As usual, after June 1st no more books may be borrowed for home use, except "overnight reserves." The Library will be open for reading, but not circulation.

Helen M. Cashman,
Librarian.

THE WITAN STAFF

(Continued from Page 5)

Harry Greer	Hi-Y Reporter
Elsa England	Noon Recreation
Ida Diehl	Practice House
Jean White	G. A. A.
Wilbert Buchin	Book Exchange
Oscar Judd	Music Organizations
Suzanne Bogorad	Alumni News
Carolyn Carroll	Interviews

JUNIOR HIGH DIVISION

Jean Paddon 8A-2	Circulation
David Wagner 8A-2	Literary
Mildred Lee 8A-2	Poetry
Delores Kohlmetz 8A-2	Poetry
June Tupper 8B-1	Literary
Eleanor Brown 8B-1	Poetry
Susie Billings 8B-2	News
James Clark 8B-2	Athletic Editor
Billy Petroske 8A-1	Reporter
Frances Jackson 8A-1	Poetry
Jack Brown 7A-2	Circulation
Leroy Johnson 7A-2	Cartoons
Suzanne Fisler 7A-2	News
Eleanor Allen 7B-1	Literary
Olive Dunk 7B-2	Literary
Alberta Lee 7B-2	Literary
Florence Gordon 7B-2	Literary
Margaret Stebbins 7B-2	Literary



THE GLEE CLUB

Manelta Sickelco, Ruth Gregerson, Norma Galentine, Katherine Trayhern, Miss McHale, Mr. Marsh, Grace Tupper, Oscar Judd, Dorothy Bubier, Gertrude Rappold, Alma Hubbell, Gehring Cooper, Adreen Kirby, Bernice Gutland, Eleanor Marsh, Dorothea Killip, Elizabeth Lee, Hermeana Prysock, Imogene Wright, Josephine Bemish, Carolyn Carroll, Adeline Truesdale, Dorothy Nicol, Eleanor Ivanson, Margaret Hanna, Ruth McKee, Ruth Punnett, Anna Messare, Helen Lanigan, Martha Watt, Anna Sprague, Henry Albert, Charles Onderdonk, Daniel Fowler, Kenneth Hersey, Norman Willsey, Raymond Richens, John Crane, Edward Cranch.

THE WITAN

DEVELOPMENTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS IN AVIATION

Editor's Note:—The 8A classes chose the subject "Aviation" as the theme of their commencement program. Several of these essays will be presented at that time. This one seemed the most interesting that was handed in time for publication for the Witan.

There were many airplane developments during the World War which were dangerous for the enemy. The airplane was used for locating enemy artillery, photography, map making, bombing, firing on enemy troops with machine guns and transporting staff officers.

A pilot was an ace when he had defeated five or more enemy planes. Germany had 88 aces, England 85, United States 63, France 49, Italy 14 and Russia 3. In 1908 the United States Army had purchased the first plane. In the same year Congress appropriated \$125,000 to develop an aviation section of the Signal Corps. When war was declared, the United States had 68 officers and 1100 men.

Up to this time there were no planes built in America and in 1918 the United States had the largest air force ever assembled for battle. It had 701 pursuit planes, 366 observation planes, 323 day bombers, 91 night bombers, a total of 1481 aircraft. During 1918 the United States pilots had gained 781 official victories over enemy planes and 73 over enemy balloons. While the United States lost 289 planes and 49 balloons of their own. In 1919 three navy fliers started out to go across the Atlantic ocean, one of them crossed without trouble while the second one was lost at sea but was picked up by a vessel. The third one was lost at sea but did not have the luck to be picked up. When

the wind was right it sailed with the wind and covered 205 miles to the coast. On November 12, 1919, an airplane started for Australia with food for a week and 500 gallons of gas with a schedule of stops to refuel and to get provisions. In 1925 Byrd left for the North Pole, but this expedition was a failure. Byrd was determined to go again. He wanted to be the first man to travel over the axis of the earth. In May 1926, Byrd started for the North Pole. One of the motors had started a bad oil leak and Bennett, a companion, wanted to land for repairs but Byrd thinking of some trouble they had in the morning, said that it would be best not to. In a little while the leak stopped. At 9:04 a. m. Greenwich time, the sun compass indicated that they had reached the top of the world. They circled several times and took some pictures and returned.

In 1927 Lindbergh made a trans-Atlantic flight to be the first lone pilot to fly across the Atlantic.

Another great feat was Byrd's expedition to the South Pole. It started from Dunedin, New Zealand. December 1928. Two ships started, "The City of New York" and "The Eleanor Bolling." A little later another ship joined them, but when it did the "Eleanor Bolling" transferred 87 tons of coal to the "City of New York" and went back to New Zealand. In the latter part of December the ships sighted the ice barrier. One day in November 1929, Commander Byrd set out to fly over the South Pole. The next day the South Pole was reached and the flyers returned to Little America and later to New Zealand.

Walter Lascell, 8A-2.

SPRING

Daffodils and crocuses are blooming in splendor;
Rains are softly bringing refreshing smells of spring,
The grass is growing with its shoots so tender,
The birds in the treetops are beginning to sing.

Trees are sending refreshing odors from their blossoms;
Frogs are joyously chirping their song,
People are happily thinking of their gardens.
Hail to spring! Let us join the throng.

THE WITAN
ASSEMBLY ANN TO ALUMNA ALICE

Dear Al:

You ask me for news of the dear old school. After due consideration, etc., it seems to me I can tell you best by means of Assemblies. Here goes:

March 26—Contrary to the usual custom, we girls filed into 115 to listen to a talk about coming fashions, by Miss Harvey. I learned that tri-colors are out and all the newer dresses will be tri-color. The Charlotte quartet, composed of Avery Lockner, Charles Schaad, Norman Willsey and Percy Andrews, sang several songs and surely give promise of becoming as famous as the quartet we used to have.

April 2—Due to crowded conditions, we had a home room period. I don't know about all the programs, but 211 listened to a talk about the history of early Rochester and 110 had a talk about Italy by Joe Stendardo.

April 9—Today we had a French Assembly. I don't know much French, but enjoyed it anyway. Dorothy Bubier presided. The II-2 French class presented a play in very glib and unintelligible French. M. Holzwarth, director of modern languages in Rochester, spoke in English. The new quartet sang some French songs.

April 18—Today I began to wish I hadn't been so determined not to let studies interfere with my high school education, as Mr. West explained the conditions of scholarships that go to some other lucky person. Ah, me! Someone advertised "East Lynne Gone West." I hope I can see it.

April 23—Another home room period. Joe Stendardo talked about the other side of life in Italy.

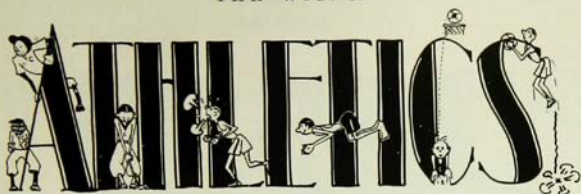
April 30—One of the good old-fashioned assemblies, full of fun. Harold Smith began it by announcing Mr. West's "orations." Mr. Tichenor then told the heart-breaking tale of the baseball team with its inadequate supply of uniforms. Jean Estes played "Renseuse" by Godard, and Grace Tupper, Charlotte's prima donna, sang "Trees" by Robash. The Glee Club then sang three songs.

May 7—This was an assembly more serious in tone than that of last week. The IV-1 English Class sponsored the Community Chest program. The male quartet (which is getting better and better) sang some Community Chest songs and introduced the new Alma Mater, written by Mr. Marsh. In this respect at least, we compare favorably to other city schools, since we have four school songs, two athletic and two otherwise. Miss Urban spoke about the desirability of maintaining and enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment. I, and I suppose a great many others, learned a few interesting things that I had not known before. Mr. West presented to the assembly the new members of the National Honor Society, who will be inducted at the June graduation exercises.

That's about all. A great many difficulties have arisen since your time, due to the more crowded conditions, but I don't believe you will think we're going to the dogs. Here's hoping!

Yours sincerely,
Ann.

THE WITAN



BASEBALL

The national pastime of our great country was suitably ushered in at the "School with a Purpose" after much pompous ritual. In keeping with the custom of the major leagues, the president, this time in the person of Mr. Nathaniel G. West, tossed in the first ball. After it was thrown, the "president" kindly thanked the batter for missing the ball. Photographer Erenstone was on hand and took a picture of the spectacle and, from what I have heard, he has turned down several offers from such magazines as *Life*, *Judge* and others of that kind, for the one-man circus picture. The camera can't lie, so they say, but I know one who says it did then. Now, let's hear a little about the ball game played between Charlotte and Canandaigua.

For the first three innings neither team was hitting to any advantage. Charlotte had placed several men in a scoring position, but a slip in signals usually broke their chance to tally.

The first half of the fourth inning saw the "Cans" at bat trying hard to score, and sure enough they did. However, it was not scored in the way runs should be scored. One of their batters, the second man at bat, hit the ball on a line into left-center field and, due to a mix-up in the outfielders' judgment, the ball flew past them and before it could be thrown in, the runner had scored. The ball was labeled as an error, but they all count to win. The side was then easily put out, and the Lakesiders came in, eager to regain their lost blood. They were bound to get it back, but not that inning.

In Charlotte's half of the fifth frame, Gray was given a base on balls and advanced to second on an infield out. The next batter flied out, but Gray scored on a line drive over second base. That tied the score. The next real action took place in the last half of the last inning; Charlotte was at bat and they had a man on second base. Then a safe hit; the runner scored to break the tie and for a while anyway, Charlotte was at the top of the league with a percentage of one thousand—one game won and none lost. What a grand and glorious feeling!

CHARLOTTE vs. TECH.

Charlotte met its first defeat of the season at the hands of Tech by a score of 10 to 4. Carelessness on the part of our boys in the first inning gave Tech a lead which they maintained throughout the game. Nevertheless, Charlotte made a desperate effort to gain the lead in the next two innings, and they sent Morrison, Tech hurler, to the showers when they tallied three runs in the third and one in the fourth. This rally brought the score up to 5 and 4 in favor of Tech. Then Kuczewitz, Tech's star hurler, was rushed to the rescue and he held Charlotte to two hits during the remainder of the game. George Gray, who did the pitching for Charlotte, held the Tech boys well in check during the entire game. However, these are just some of the tough breaks that happen in a ball game. So, if it's support that our team needs, let's give it to them.



THE BASEBALL TEAM

Axel Johnson, Woodrow Waterhouse, George Gray, Pomeroy Cass, Harry Greer, Robert Hartman, Frederick Martone, Harold Shaffer, Angelo Vincelli, Mr. Bird, Harold Smith, William Tiernan, George Beane, William Finucane, Gardiner Mason, Joe Stendardo.

THE WITAN

OUR TEAM

"Play ball!" the cry rang out,
And the game was thus begun,
And scarcely interrupted was its course
Till the sinking of the sun.

First to bat, the mighty Tiernan, strode
Fastening on the opposing pitcher
A look of such foreboding
That he walked our William instant!

As to the base he gaily strolled,
His worthy name was much extolled.
And now to bat came Georgie Gray,
To further aid our cause that day.
Once, twice he swung his bat,
And tho he did so with eclat,
His efforts fruitless seemed to be;
Oh George, bow not in ignomy!

A moment tense—oh great suspense—
The wind-up, the pitch, the ball!
Crack! And high and far—
A homer! Over the wall! (what wall?)

Amid the din, two runs came in,
And now, a man of reputed brawn,
With a batting stance quite "nifty,"
No other than the "chestnut man," the
Smithy.

* * * *

'Tis the last of the eighth,
The score is tie;
Now must our fate
Be do or die!

Bases full and two men out,
Sighs and cries and many a shout—
"Just a single—a little bingle,
Their prowess now to flout!"

But alas and alack, we are undone,
For Joe Stendardo's brawny
Got in the way twixt bat and ball
And caused a measly bunt to fall.

And now the game is much extended,
Our honor has been well defended;
One more time at bat to take;
Oh what! Oh what shall be our fate?

A man on third and two men out,
The count is three and two;
Now what—yes, what, is the general tho't,
Are our players going to do?

On third the wary Cass now stands
With a canny glint in his eye;
He's coming! He's stealing home—
Delerium! Pandemonium—and joy!

The game is over—Charlotte has won,
And as the last faint rays of the glowing
sun
Shone on the field, we raised a song;
Charlotte—Her team goes marching on!

THE WITAN



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

- 1st Row—William Tiernan, George Gray, Harold Smith (Captain), Joe Stendardo, James Gallery.
2nd Row—Mr. Woodman, Pomeroy Cass, James Eve, Campbell Crittenden, Charles Richardson.
-

JUNIOR HIGH TRACK

Few in numbers, but strong in spirit, the members of the Junior High track team have been reporting regularly on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday each week for practice.

The first track meet is scheduled for June 6. Unless more pupils from the junior high come out for practice, Charlotte will find it a hard job to place any winners.

Jack Stapley, Bill Hargreaves and Royce Cody are showing to good advantage at practices. Stapley is a veteran high-jumper, who looks fit to win that event. Hargreaves is right on Jack's heels, however.

Erwin Ward is plugging away with the shot, and it will be no great surprise if he learns to throw (put) it away for a record one of these days.

The faithful dash men who show promise are Bob Godfrey, Jim Clark and Alfred Gray. Jack Randall is faster than a rabbit. Don Lee, manager, is an expert with a pick and shovel.

More than twenty boys have reported once, but not more than eight are appearing regularly. The future of Junior High Track depends on a large turnout this season. It's not too late yet!

SNAPSHOTS





THE HI-Y

(Mr. Guyton, Pomeroy Cass, Frank Campbell, Harold Smith, Homer Schantz, Sam DeMato, George Gray, Mr. Enright (Adviser), Lloyd Roberts, Percy Andrews, William Reiss, Frederick Martone, Frank Smith, Edward Bush, James Gallery, Frank O'Shaunecy, Woodrow Waterhouse, Edwin Roberts, Jack Reid, Harry Greer, Herbert Speares, Austin Perry, Joe Smith, Jack Marchant, Herbert Sayer.

THE WITAN

Hi-Y News

The suppers sponsored by the Hi-Y have been very successful until the cook had to pack up to go to Camp Cory, the Y. M. C. A. summer camp. The programs at these suppers have been very good, the best being a talk by Mr. Staines, a world traveler and a brilliant lecturer, who spoke on India and Africa. He presented the British side of the controversy in India in such a manner that the audience was all in favor of the English. He perfectly astounded the members when he told of the flies that like you

so much they lay their eggs in your skin, and two or three weeks later they come to a head, break open, the fly jumps out, takes wing to find some other luckless human.

The Hi-Y surely did some very good work in sponsoring the school dance and in selling the baseball tickets. A dance at the Maplewood "Y" will be held very soon.

The Hi-Y recently formed two indoor baseball teams in which they plan to play teams in other Hi-Ys.

THE SCHOOL DURING VACATION

I wonder what this school will do
When vacation comes around
Without the kids in the corridors.
Bouncing "Yo Yos" up and down.

Without the wails of the stupid ones,
Grieving the marks on their card,
Those marks of "D" or "E" or less
In the subjects they say are hard.

Without the shouts of victory
When our team has won a game,
Or the merry meetings at lunch time
In our study hall of fame.

In vacation time the din is gone,
You can't even see a face,
Except the janitors going around
Keeping up the place.

Edward Cranch, '34.

LET'S COOPERATE

The barren, grassless plot on the front lawn of the Practice House has long been an eyesore to all. But now, at Miss VanAlstyne's suggestion, pupils in Charlotte High have bought enough grass seed to sow the bare places. The biology classes of Mr. Omans, under his supervision, are going to sow the grass seed and take care of it. Soon, we hope, the ugly brown plot will be a beautiful green.

Helen Lanigan and Martha Watt:
"Here, Mr. Marsh, take this book but don't touch it."

D. C. D. (telling about a Turkish battle): "What do they call the people of Turkey—Turkeys?"

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The Past (A Few Months) The Present



Front View Of C.H.S.



Front View Of C.H. *extended*



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THE WITAN

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