

THE WITAN



Robert F. Read '74

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"Rochester, N.Y. Charlotte high school

The Witan

VOLUME XII.

DECEMBER, 1932

NUMBER I.

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THE WITAN



NATHANIEL G. WEST
Principal

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MISS RUTH A. WHELEHAN
Class Adviser

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JAMES LÉCLARE
228 River Street

Number 38
U. of R.

The mirror of all courtesy.

Banking Committee 3; Basketball (Manager) 3; Bowling Team 2, 3, 4; French Honor Society 2, 3; Galileo Science Club 1, 2; Hi-Y 4; Optimates 3; Senior Play 4; Soccer 1; Student Council 2, 4; Ten-Ten Committee 4; Tennis Team 3; "Witan" 1, 3.



WILLIAM L. REISS
20 Dugan Place

Aquinas
Dentistry

Let the world slide.

Hi-Y 2, (Vice-president) 3; Safety Order Committee 2; Senior Play 4; Soccer Reserve 2, 4; Ten-Ten Committee 3, 4; "Witan" 2; Wrestling 3.



RUTH FERGUSON
44 Britton Road

Number 42
Southern College

Modest, unassuming, kind—

Banking Committee 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramalots 4; Glee Club 2; Hiking 2; Girls' Athletic Association (Secretary) 2, 3, 4; Library Committee 2; Senior Play 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3; Student Council (Secretary) 4; Swimming 1, 2, 3; Ten-Ten Committee 3, 4; Tennis 2; Tri-Y 3, 4.



G. HARRINGTON CHASE
23 Alonzo Street

Number 38
U. of R.

I look upon indolence as a form of suicide.

Basketball 3; Class Vice-President 2; Secretary 3; Dramalots (Vice-President) 4; French Honor Society 3, (Directeur Social) 4; Galileo Science Club 1; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 4; Optimates 3, (President) 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Student Council (Secretary) 4; Standard Bearer 4; "Witan" 3, 4; Wrestling (Manager) 4.



B. GEHRING COOPER
160 Harding Road

Number 42
College

*True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun.*

Banking Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Book Exchange 4; Candy Committee 4; Class President 3; Vice-President 3; Historian 4; Dramalots (President) 4; French Honor Society 3, (Secrétaire) 4; Galileo Science Club (Secretary) 1; Girls' Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Guardian of the Flag 4; National Honor Society 3, (Secretary) 4; Optimates 3, 4; Publicity Committee 2; Safety Order Committee 2; Senior Play 4; Soccer 3; Student Council 2, 3, (President) 4; Swimming 2; Ten-Ten Committee 4; Tennis 2; Tri-Y 2, 3, 4; "Witan" 1, 2, 3.

GEORGE E. ALBERT
93 Pollard Avenue

St. Andrew's
Business

*I must be measured by my soul;
The mind alone's the measure of the man.*

Glee Club 4; Radio Club 4; Wrestling 4.



JULIA E. BAGCHUS
Washington Avenue

Irondequoit 4
Nursing

Be wise today—'tis madness to defer.

Basketball 1, 4; Girls' Athletic Association 1, 4; Tri-Y 4.



CAROLYN CARROLL
73 Boulevard Parkway

Jefferson Junior
Brockport Normal

Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am whole volumes.

Candy Committee 4; Dramalots 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Inter-high Chorus 4; Press Club 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Tri-Y 4; "Witan" 3, 4.



HENRIETTA CASS

Number 42
Undecided

*A heart to resolve, a head to contrive,
A hand to execute.*

Basketball 4; Dramalots 4; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Library Committee 3; Senior Play 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; "Witan" 4.



HOWARD W. DONOVAN
466 Stone Road

Business

A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

"Northern Light" 4; Zeitgeist Club 4.





RAY DUDLEY
189 Elmtree Road

Number 42
Undecided

My library is dukedom enough.

Banking Committee 4; Candy Committee 4; Dramalots 4;
French Honor Society 3, (Treasurer) 4; Galileo Science Club
1; Glee Club 3, 4; Optimates 3, (Nuntius) 4; Sign Committee
2; Student Council (Vice-President) 4; "Witan" 3, 4.



EMMA A. GROTH
23 Hughes Place

Number 38
Undecided

In life itself she was so still and fair.

Banking Committee 3; Tri-Y 4; "Witan" 4.



BERNICE GUTLAND
405 Beach Avenue

Number 38
Undecided

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Banking Committee 4; Basketball 2, 4; Dramalots 4; Galileo
Science Club 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Library Committee 1; Senior
Play 4; Soccer 3, 4; Swimming 4; Tennis 1, 2; Tri-Y 3, 4.



ROSAMUND HEATH
1817 St. Paul Street

Number 8
Southern College

And the cold marble leapt to life, a goddess.

Basketball 1; Dramalots 4; Senior Play 4; Ten-Ten Com-
mittee 4; Tri-Y 4.



DORIS KEMP
3440 Lake Avenue

Number 42
Undecided

*Modesty seldom resides in a breast that
is not enriched with nobler virtues.*

Baseball 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Swimming 2, 3; Tri-Y 3;
"Witan" 4.

CHARLES LABELLE
93 Falleson Road

Number 42
U. of R.

There's nothing serious in mortality.

Banking Committee 4; Candy Committee 4; Dramalots 4; French Honor Society 3, (President) 4; Galileo Science Club 1; Glee Club 3, 4; Optimates 3, (Scriba) 4; Senior Play 4; "Witan" 4.



RUTH A. LISSOW
130 West Parkway

Number 42
Undecided

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.

Baseball 2; Basketball 2, 3; Book Exchange (Manager) 4; Candy Committee 4; Commercial Honor Society 3, (Secretary) 4; Dramalots 4; Galileo Science Club 1; Senior Play 4; Student Council (Treasurer) 4; Swimming 1, 2, 3; Ten-Ten Committee 3; Tennis 2, 3; Tri-Y 3, 4; "Witan" 3, 4; Zeitgeist Club 4.



JUDITH JEAN POWNALL
69 Boulevard Parkway

Jefferson Junior
U. of R.

The thing done avails, not what is said about it.

Candy Committee (Chairman) 4; Dramalots 4; French Honor Society 3, (Treasurer) 4; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Glee Club 3, 4; National Honor Society 4; Optimates 3, (Consul) 4; Press Club (Vice-President) 3; Senior Play 4; Tri-Y 4; "Witan" 2, 3, 4.



ROBERT F. READ
107 Eastman Avenue

Edison Tech
Chicago School of Art

From the top of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth.

Assembly Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Sign Committee 4; Soccer 4; "Witan" 4; Wrestling 4.



EARL, RICH
3141 Lake Avenue

Number 42
U. of R.

My heart is true as steel.

Glee Club 3, 4; (Treasurer) 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; (Vice-president) 4.





VIRGINIA RUST
165 Cherry Road

Number 42
Business

*To sorrow
I bade good-morrow.*

Baseball 2; Basketball 1, 2; Senior Play 4; Soccer 2; Tennis 2; Tri-Y 3.



RICHARD SCHAAD
2944 Lake Avenue

Number 42
College

*'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it.*

Basketball 4; Galileo Science Club 1; Glee Club 1, 3, (Vice-president) 4; Inter-scholastic Bowling Team 3, 4; Senior Play 4; (Soccer (Manager) 1, 3.



ARTHUR SCHMITZ
321 Ravine Avenue

Aquinas
Undecided

Drew attention still at night.

Aquinas 3 years. "Witan" 4.



DOROTHY H. SPITZ
4779 St. Paul Boulevard

Irondequoit
Mechanics

Hail to thee, blithe spirit.

Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Candy Committee 4.



JOSEPH R. STENDARDO
127 Frankfort Street

Jefferson Junior
College

*If a man be endued with a generous mind,
this is the best kind of nobility.*

Baseball 1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, (Co-captain) 4; Glee Club 4; Honor Bowling Team 2, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; "Northern Light" 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Wrestling 2, 3.

AUDRA STONE
83 Clearview Road

Number 38
Undecided

Rather than be less, cared not to be at all.

Banking Committee 3; Senior Play 4; Tri-Y 4; "Witan" 4;
Zeitgeist Club 4.



MARTHA WATT
108 Cheltenham Road

Sacred Heart School
Undecided

Principle ever is my motto, not expediency.

Baseball 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Glee Club (Treasurer) 3;
Honor Bowling Team 4; Northern Light 4; Publicity Com-
mittee (Chairman) 4; Senior Play 4; Soccer 2; Student Coun-
cil 4; Service Club (Secretary) 4; Tri-Y (President) 4;
Zeitgeist Club 4.



JEAN WELLS
55 Suburban Avenue

Irondequoit
Undecided

*Our youth we can have but today;
We can always find time to grow old.*

Irondequoit 3 years; Candy Committee 4.



CLASS COLORS—*Blue and Yellow*

CLASS FLOWER—*Yellow Rose.*

CLASS MOTTO—*Virtue lies in the struggle
not the prize.*

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The Class of January 1933

THEY tell us that we were a rather scrawny-looking group 'way back in '29. We thought we were very important, as all freshmen do, but we've changed our ideas considerably.

Jack Marchant was our president that first year and Miss Carter our adviser. They are at Benjamin Franklin High School now and we miss them both. I indistinctly remember a freshman party in the old Practice House. We played games and danced. I have often wondered how the advisers could keep from laughing at this last sport. However, there was no victrola for us; we had an orchestra, which somehow managed to drone "I'd Love to Call You My Sweetheart." This orchestra was composed of, first and second violins, played by Leon Bonfield and Harrington Chase; soprano and tenor saxaphones, played by Jim Le Clare and Guy Reid; banjo, strummed by Charles La Belle; and piano, operated by Gehring Cooper. Needless to say, that orchestra earned a bit of publicity—I don't know whether it was notoriety or fame. There were several of that class in the Galileo Science Club and they enjoyed themselves while regarding the moon through Mr. Bennett's telescope on a few beautiful (shall we say romantic?) nights.

During our sophomore year we relaxed. A few girls made girls' teams in various sports and the rest of the class made good marks.

In the first junior term both junior classes revived the ancient custom of the junior prom. This was fairly successful and we made so

much money that the members of the class were refunded. The next term we gave the Prom with the class of June '33.

Last term we gave the Senior Play, "Bab." The depression was felt strongly but we covered expenses. The cast had a good time at the rehearsals, anyway, at the expense of the director, however! Also we debated with the class of June 1932, on the subject of Communism. The team was composed of Ray Dudley, Harrington Chase, Charles La Belle, and Gehring Cooper. We succeeded in convincing ourselves but the judges pronounced the IV-2 class, the winners. This term we debated with the III-1 class on Capital Punishment. The team, Carolyn Carroll, Judith Pownall, Harrington Chase, and Gehring Cooper, believed as the opponents did as far as personal opinion went but they won the debate by a two to one decision. In our final term we had a class theatre party and we went to the home of Rosamond Heath afterwards. After four years of impersonal association, we became really acquainted and had a very good time.

Well, here we are at the end of four enjoyable years at Charlotte—six years for a few of us who entered at the seventh grade. I hope we all appreciate the distinction of being the last class to graduate from the old school. But don't mourn our departure too soon, friends. Several of us will remain for post graduate courses.

Good luck!

GEHRING COOPER,
Class Historian.



My Diary

I AM an old man now with nothing to do but sit and watch the world go past my windows in the pursuit of its daily tasks. I have done my share in this world's work and now I am relaxed, dreaming in the life I have led and the work I have accomplished. These dreams make my last days mellow and full of pleasure, like the golden-red of a fall sunset after a storm. I am happy.

Lately I have been re-reading my diaries, scattered bits, written at random as my time allowed. These bits of literature, if they may be so-called, are uninteresting and will never be called great, for they are full of details that are too technical in their scope to be understood by a layman. But, as I re-read these things, I recall vividly certain incidents in my life that would delight a novelist because of their variety.

Before I go further, it might be well if I acquainted the reader with this work that I have been calling my own. Thinking carefully you will recall, perhaps, my name as the head surgeon of the Mercer Hospital. There I worked and won my so-called fame. And there I met many people, strange and otherwise who have been the sources of my information for this bit of dreaming, wondering sadness that I now pen.

Several years ago, I was walking through a ward one day, looking over the patients, talking to them, and trying to cheer up their flagging spirits, when I came upon a face that seemed familiar. I stopped, looked intently at the figure upon the bed, and recognized an old friend of mine—Dick Schaad. Richard was in serious condition as the result of an automobile accident, but he could still talk. For a long time we talked about our happy days in Charlotte and from him I learned a little about a few of my schoolmates as Dick was a broker having many dealings with our old friends.

Herrietta Cass was an interior decorator, one of the best known in the country and connected with that firm, Stockton and Company. She had evidently made quite a success with her occupation for she was termed as an authority upon the subject. Ruth Ferguson, before her marriage to Mr. Snuff the tobacco king, was private secretary to Arthur

Schmitz, the internationally known maker of sporting equipment, and, I gathered that she practically conducted, by herself, the technical details of the organization, for Arthur interested himself for the most part with the practical factors of his vast concern. I also found out that George Albert was part owner and a captain on one of the world's largest steamships, the Persian, and was one of the guiding factors in the company that made it so large, so capable, and so efficient.

We talked on and on until I decided that so much exertion and waste of energy was hurting my patient and I arose to leave. At my sudden movement, Dick remembered that he had been in an accident and asked me to notify a certain Carolyn Carroll whom I dimly recollected. I looked rather puzzled for a moment until Dick laughed and told me that Carolyn, who had loved to talk in her high school days, had made a success as a talker and was now one of the best known women lawyers in the country. He added, apropos of nothing, that Emma Groth was her private secretary, a young lady very efficient in soothing irate clients whose cases had been lost.

Dick was discharged about a month later and, as he left, he promised to write to me occasionally to continue our renewed friendship, but, to this day, I haven't received the first of his letters—good old Dick.

This renewal of an old friendship accomplished a long-needed result in causing me to write two short and rather terse letters to Ray Dudley and Charles La Belle, the other two of the Three Musketeers, the three inseparable and rather notorious cynics of our class. Ray replied with a long, interestingly conversational letter, informing me that he was professor of English at Harvard University and that among other things, he had been one of the candidates for an international literary award. Chuck's letter continued the information that he was at the head of the Chemical Department of one of the well-known German technical Universities and that he had just discovered a new atomic theory in his experiments. These letters recommenced our high-school friendship and, as I write, I look over and re-read the generous pile of letters that constitute our correspondence through the ensuing years. The

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one regrettable thing that I find in our intercourse, however, is that thru all these years, I have seen the "garçons" only three times. The diversity of our work has kept us apart.

Several months after Dick's departure I was hailed in a rather undignified manner, by a familiar voice and I, with dignity ruffled, turned to greet James LeClare, now an Admiral in the United States Navy. My feeling of indignation immediately passed with the pleasure of our meeting and, needless to say, my round of the wards was completed by the house surgeon. We talked for a long time about the occurrences of our mature life, but after that topic was exhausted, Jimmy's trend of conversation turned towards several of my former classmates. Bill Reiss was the conductor of one of the best jazz orchestras of Paris and had made a considerable fortune writing popular songs. Jean Wells was, at the time, touring Europe under the managership of Dorothy Spitz as the American Spanish dancer. Her dancing was especially popular, it seems, in Vienna where she resided as the wife of one of the Austrian nobles. Gehring Cooper had risen to fame on Broadway as a character artist, but she, feeling the pride and the dignity of her profession, had refused several Hollywood contracts on the plea that the movies would destroy her individuality, achieved upon the stage.

This information pleased me very much for, increasingly, I was becoming curious and interested in the life and the professions of my classmates; their variety and varying successes enhanced by the contrast of the characteristics displayed in youth and in maturity.

The goddess Fortune made me her favorite, as it were, for the time being, for that evening, as I was putting on my overcoat, I paused to listen, the shrill voice of the floor nurse raised high in protest but overwhelmed by the strident tones of a determined male. I entered the hall just in time to see the nurse, still protesting, thrust firmly aside and to have my hand gripped in a firm clasp. My back was rather violently beaten by a joyous person until I came to realize that Bob Read was glad to see me. Still dazed by the hearty welcome but glad to see him, I invited him to dinner and he, bubbling over with information and fun, immediately accepted. At dinner, I'm afraid that the conversation rather bored my

wife, for Bob monopolized it with reminiscences of our school days. However, a little later, he began to talk about himself and his work. It seems that after a comparatively unsuccessful career as an artist, he had turned toward commercial art as an outlet for his artistic abilities and had built up a nationwide business with the main office in Chicago. He rather jokingly, for no apparent reason, told me that Audra Stone has joined the corporation in the capacity of financial manager and was one of his most valued advisers. Martha Watt and Julia Bagchus were co-managers of his district divisions, the former with her offices and large staff in San Francisco and the latter in New York. From these strategic positions, the two were able to direct the complicated work of Bob's huge and growing concern.

He was greatly interested in the limited information that I was able to furnish him about the members of the class with whom he had lost contact in the swiftness of this wandering world. He promised to attempt to meet as many of these as possible in his traveling and immediately began to make plans for a possible grand re-union—the latter, I'm sorry to state, was never accomplished, for, in the business world, little time can be found for frivolous pleasure. It was with regret that I shook his hand as he boarded his train the next day.

About a year later, my wife and I went to New York on a much needed pleasure trip—my nerves were frayed and raw from the incessant strain of my never-ending work. There, we stayed, as guests, with Ray, who had obtained a leave of absence for research work and study, and with his wife. Upon the first evening there, Ray, with a twinkle in his eye, introduced me to Judith Pownall who had become internationally known and famed in the English-speaking countries for the beauty and the grace of her translations of many of the great authors of Germany and France. I can assure you I spent a very delightful evening in the discussion of books, places, and people.

The next day Mrs. Dudley took my wife shopping and I prepared to spend an enjoyable holiday, doing nothing but lolling about, smoking, and keeping Ray from his work. But, about noon, I was rudely snatched from my day-dreams by the excited chatter of my wife

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and Mrs. Dudley; who had found some more friends of mine. We walked down Fifth Avenue until came to a large establishment with its windows full of the latest fashions in feminine apparel, bearing the name, Francois. We pushed through the crowded corridor until we came to the main salon. We stopped and glanced about until we were greeted by Rosamund Heath who owned the place of fashion that the rich frequented. She immediately led us to her office where I found Ruth Lissow industriously answering calls from the dozen or so phones placed upon her desk. Seated in one corner on a large soft sofa was Bernice Gutland who, I was told later, was the chief model "de la maison." After a little delay Doris Kemp, the firm's traveling buyer, arrived and we chatted far into the afternoon.

As we were walking home, we passed a tall and dignified figure resplendent in a gorgeous uniform trimmed with brass buttons, that caused me to falter in my steps. I had seen that person somewhere before but I couldn't remember where. I wheeled in my tracks and walked slowly back towards him, peering intently at him and striving to remember who he was. Finally I recognized him to be Earl Rich. I walked up to him, told him who I was, and shook hands with him. Earl was glad to see me and, with his customary generosity, offered to introduce me to the president of the bank. I declined the offer but Earl insisted, telling me that the president was an old friend of mine. I was curious, so I accepted and was surprised to find that the president was Howard Donovan, still as quiet and reserved in middle age as he had been in his student days. He told me with quiet dignity that Virginia Rust was one of his bank messengers but, unfortunately, could not see me because she was in Washington on business.

On my way home I tallied, in my mind, the number of classmates whom I had re-met and finally concluded that Joe Stendardo was the only one left unaccounted for. I despaired of ever finding out anything about Joe. But, as I entered the door of Ray's apartment, the aroma of an expensive cigar came to my nose, and I was greeted by Joe's broad and good-natured grin, more mature but still sincere. I

was overjoyed at seeing him and was pleased when he told me about himself. Somehow Joe had learned that Ray and I were in New York and he, without any delay, had paid us a visit. Joe told us, during the course of a long conversation, that he had entered politics in New York City and was now one of the most powerful ward bosses there. He gave us the key to the city.

All this happened many years ago. The thought of the loss of so many enjoyable friendships causes me pangs of sorrow, for life is made for friendships. In that, and only that do I call my life a failure. But it gives my mind some rest to be able to pen this, a manuscript that will never be printed or possibly will never be seen by any other human but myself. But the vanity and the self-respect of an old man must be appeased, and this, as my offering upon the altars of human comradeship, is dedicated to the class of '33. God bless them!

HARRINGTON CHASE,

Class Prophet.

Class Characteristics

C—heerful

L—ively

A—ble

S—tudious

S—incere

O—ptimistic

F—riendly

T—hrifty

H—elpful

I—ntelligent

R—eserved

T—rustful

Y—outhful

T—imely

H—onorable

R—esourceful

E—arrest

E—ducated.

THE WITAN

Class Will

WE, the graduating class of Charlotte High School, City of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, being feeble minded, extinct, mortified, and otherwise bored of education, to make and publish this to be our Last Will and Testament. That is to say:

First: To Charlotte High School we leave certainty that every last member of this class of '33 has been benefited by the high ideals upheld by this school;

Second: To the faculty we leave furrowed brows and graying hair;

Third: To Mr. Denison we leave a "lie detector" which should prove most useful in ascertaining the authenticity of certain excuses;

Fourth: To the office girls we leave the best looking (?) boys in the school;

Fifth: To Mr. Bennett we leave the question of "Why black cows eat green grass and give white milk?";

Sixth: To Blanche Gauthier we leave Carolyn Carroll's forwardness;

Seventh: To the soccer team, Bob Read's Ford, to use for squad-car on trips to Canandaigua;

Eighth: To George Beane we leave Chuck La Belle's feet to enable George to play soccer next year;

Ninth: To Bob Brady we leave Harrington Chase's secret formula for the right answers;

Tenth: To Glenn Spoor we leave Ray Dudley's modesty;

Eleventh: To Jim Smith we leave Richard Schaad's punctuality;

Twelfth: To Mr. Walker we leave tools that cry "help" when they are being carried from shop;

Thirteenth: To Mr. Enright we leave a book on "Expertness in Back-seat Driving."

Given and sealed on this day of remorse and extreme happiness in the good grace of God. December 10, 1932.

Duly and legally signed by

ROBERT READ,
Class Testator.

Junior High Verse

THE TIME FOR FUN

*When the little stars of snow,
The cold north winds do blow,
That's the time for fun!*

*When the children all make snowmen,
You will know by this good omen
That it's time for fun!*

*When the trees are found all bare,
And the sight of leaves is rare,
That's the time for fun!*

Phyllis Koester, 7A8.

JACK FROST

*Jack Frost, Jack Frost, oh dear Jack Frost
We know you're on your way;
We've seen your signs along the trails
And hope you've come to stay.*

*We love your diamonds in the snow
That sparkle in the night,
We hope that you're contented here
And find it quite all right.*

Antoinette Cooper, 8B.

PIES

*Some pies are sour
Some pies are sweet,
But this here pie
Ain't fit to eat!*

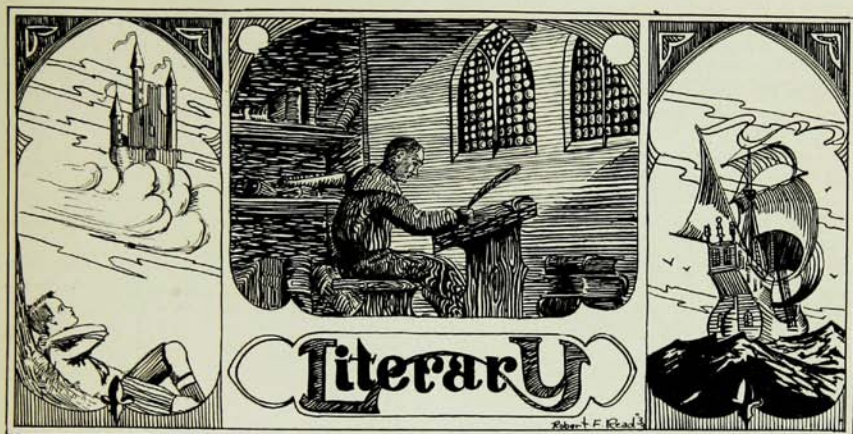
*I worked so hard,
I tried and tried,
But still the dough,
Is all inside.*

D. Brizius, 7A8.

A BIT OF ADVICE

*Look in the looking glass,
But don't act sedate;
Just be yourself,
Don't imitate.*

Carol Minster, 7A8.



A Thought on Armistice

THE observance of the Armistice, annually, is a beautiful and worthy custom of remembrance for the men, ordinary citizens and subjects of the great countries of the world, who gave their lives for the cause that they thought was just. It is a world-wide observance with the dead of all countries that participated in the war receiving equal homage from friend and foe. It shows the great spirit of forgiveness that the human race really possesses but fails to show for any length of time because of a false sense of shame. It is a ceremony which shows that mankind appreciates sacrifices and is not unaffected by devotion to ideals, though they may be blind and directed toward false ends.

With the solemn observance of the day that slaughter stopped, there comes the usual stories of the heroes and the great deeds that were done when the bullets and the shells were flying the thickest and in the midst of the greatest possible dangers. Such stories cause great excitement: the narrator thrills with the remembrance of the danger, now safely passed, to which he had been subjected, and his audience's emotions are aroused to the pitch that they regard all soldiers, all fighting units, as heroes or near-gods and wish that they, too, might someday realize their present day-dreams—to be heroes in the eyes of the world even

tho they pay the price of their limited glory with their lives. Feeling runs high; delightful shivers pass up and down the backs of those who take the greatest delight in the significance of the day; and all envy those who may rightly be called a part.

But

Was is not justice; war is not right; war is not human; war is not civilization. The burly truck-driver, who has almost killed the smaller man for making a wrong turn, is not doing justice when he knocks the man down in his rage and nervousness. His brute strength makes him the stronger but does not make him right. War between countries is like the truck driver and the smaller man: the weaker country makes a mistake and the larger one uses the blunder as an excuse to carry out what it calls justice but, in reality, is nothing but greed. The stronger nation always declares war upon the weaker one because it realized that it can overcome the defenseless whereas the one better armed and prepared might prove too much for it to handle. Brute strength, since the world began until now, has never determined right. Real truth is revealed more readily by a quiet, calm, and peaceful discussion of the causes and the reasons for the causes of conflicts. In this way, blind strife—hysteria and undue and unjust punishment are avoided with an agree-

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ment, in the end, as acceptable, possibly more so, to the dissenters than if physical contact and material damage had been used as a means towards a settlement. Such are the methods used in the courts of law; such should be the methods employed among nations.

The thought has often occurred to me that, unfortunately for the intention of the idea, the observance of the Armistice arouses an unnecessary spirit of admiration for the usages of war and ultimately for war itself. Its vagueness and charm and its dim actual significance radiates a false sense of goodness and nobleness to war that permeates the soul of those who stand within its beams. They desire war in its glory and disregard or fail to see its suffering and its utter uselessness. They fail to understand that the causes for which they fight are caused by humans, are therefore imperfect, and can as well be settled peacefully.

Therefore it is desirable that the spirit of the Armistice be changed to one of loathing for war or banished altogether. Yearly, the spirit of war is brought to our minds as we attempt to conduct a ceremony designed to do honor to the spirits of men who followed a cause. If the people of the world are truly grateful for what has been done for them, they are stirred with an unexplainable sense of love toward these men, and external and ceremonial projects are not necessary to show the feeling. If God, who knows our spirits, sees it in our minds, it is not necessary to conduct mock ceremonies for unnecessary lengths of time. People do not mourn the death of their beloved ones for many years, because they cherish the memory of the good that each loved one did and forget the sorrows.

The observation of the Armistice is good and noble in its purpose but the fickle minds of human beings corrupt its true significance and introduce evils that far transcend the good intended. It is unfortunate for the spirit of the day.

Harrington Chase, '33.

Etc.

Do words have spirits? I wonder what a word feels like when it is being just a word alone. I think it would rather be in a sentence where it knows it has some purpose. Maybe words feel hurt when they are badly treated, misused. Oh, please, people, don't harm the poor, little words. They are helpless when alone, but put them together correctly and they can fight, better than any type of arms.

I wonder if the dancing words have merry spirits. Or do they whirl and whirl, not knowing and not caring what it is all about? Do the sad words grieve something or don't they know what it is to laugh?

If I were a word, or rather, the symbol of a word, I would prefer to be "etc." Just think of all the different types of material I would personify. From cabbage to kings would be a mere jaunt in the span of my available subjects.

B. Gehring Cooper, '33.

THE WIND

*I hear the wind tonight among the trees;
It tells of gypsy fires, and storm-tossed seas,
In sings of rolling moors,
Of snowy mountain tops,
Of all things wild and beautiful.
And fills me with a longing to be free.*

*It whispers to me of those long dead loves
Which in their time had filled all those who
knew
With awe and wonder at so beautiful a thing,
And have lived down the years
To touch with sweet tenderness
Our hearts today.*

*And now the wind is leaving me,
It lays its gentle fingers 'cross my eyes;
Flutters the pages of my book,
And as it trails across the grass,
To me it breathes its fond good-byes.*

C. C.

THE WITAN

Ideas

One Saturday night in October a boy sat before an old desk in his room. In his hand was a pencil; before him on the desk a pad of paper; and at his side a waste paper basket. In this waste paper basket were twenty-eight sheets of crumpled paper, each having but a few lines of writing on it. These were the only fruits of several hours of painful labor.

As you have probably guessed, this boy was attempting to write something. In fact, he was attempting to write a short story. You ask, "What kind of a short story?" Why, any kind, as long as it was a brief narrative having a simple plot.

At last this discouraged young author threw down his pencil, stood up (overturning his chair), and disgustedly strode to the telephone. He had decided to phone someone for some ideas.

"Charlotte 1000.—Hallo! Ruth! I called to see if you could give me any ideas for that darned short story. You say you have your own finished? Well, you are lucky; but certainly you have some other ideas. Sure you have. Let's have it. I won't laugh. Please! This sounds great. Just a second, until I get a pencil."

After racing upstairs to get his pencil and his diminished pad our young author again took up the phone.

"O. K. Shoot!—Who? Oh, nobody. I only meant to continue with your idea."

After several minutes of listening and taking short notes our author interrupted to ask:

"Two people in the middle of the road. That's a poor place for them. Why aren't they run over. Oh, I see, it's a deserted road. Go ahead. What made them all wet? Have they been swimming? Oh it's a stormy night. Go ahead. What's wrong with the windows that they must peep in the keyhole? So the windows are boarded up are they? It must be a speakeasy. No? Only a deserted house. My mistake. Go ahead. Whose will?—Oh, of course, the dead man's will. But how do you know he's dead? Who stabbed him? Oh, all right. I won't say a word. Continue. Is that all? Thanks a lot. I think this is a great idea. You're a great help. I mean it, but so long, I must get busy and write this up before I forget it."

After hanging up the phone the discouraged author returned to his room, dropped the twenty-ninth idea into the waste paper basket and wrote in desperation a story about the life of a polar bear.

Erwin Ward, '35.

Unanimity

People say that the radio is one of the greatest instruments in the advancement of living conditions which has been developed in the past twenty years. That may be true, but on the other hand, it has brought more strife into formerly happy families than any other development.

For example, mother seats herself to listen to a program entitled *Seven Ways To Be Beautiful*. Father enters.

"There you are. They clutter up the radio with some of the worst, most inane, programs that were ever thought of. I don't see why they allow them on the air."

Father seizes the dial and twists it savagely. It stops at a stock quotation.

"I wonder what Zietler Common is doing today." The quotations are now in the 'B's'.

He settles down to listen, when Junior rushes in. "Hello, folks. Say, the Army-Navy game is on now." He turns the dial to the football game.

Mother has been attempting to look injured during the past episode, but her efforts have been wasted; no one has seen her. She changes her tactics and makes preparation for a descent on the radio, when Father calmly moves the dial back to the stock quotations. Junior shouts, "Hey," and mother at last says acidly.

"In case you didn't notice, I was listening to a program before either of you came in."

Mother at last reaches the radio and returns to the *Seven Ways To Be Beautiful*. Father is riled.

"Now listen. If I didn't spend any time keeping track of the market, what do you think we'd use for money?"

"Oh, all right,"—savagely. She throws herself into a chair and is silent. Junior now feels himself called upon to speak.

"Hey, let's have the football game. Gee!" Father explodes into a single "No," and

THE WITAN

switches the radio off. For some minutes he is silent, and then . . .

Sister rushes in. "What time is it? Oh, I'm just in time. The True Romance program is on."

As she starts toward the radio, all three contestants rise.

(Editor's note: The remainder of this article has been purchased and copyrighted by the editor of *War and Battle Stories*.)

All on a Dark and Stormy Night

AS a was jerked roughly off the sidewalk and slammed into a waiting car, on a certain dark and stormy night, I uttered a piercing scream and kicked with all my might, but to no avail. I was born swiftly through the impenetrable darkness in an old "tin-can" (I could tell because the engine sounded ready to fall to pieces any minute) which bumped over endless roads and the roof of which I hit with my tender skull countless agonizing times. I was just preparing my vocal organs to again let out a lusty yell when the car came to an abrupt halt and I was yanked unmercifully out (by my ear) and pulled into a house (a terrible spooky looking old house) which seemed to leap out of the darkness at me. As the door clammed behind my captors and me, one of them lit a lamp which immediately filled the room with an unearthly glow. I looked around hesitantly, to see who my captors were, and stared aghast . . . no one was in the room! yet an unseen force grabbed my arm and planked me down in a chair so hard that my ribs rattled. I sat there just as stunned as could be for a minute then to my unbounded astonishment I was lifted up and propelled through the air and, feeling where my shoulder blades should have been, I discovered the frightening fact that I had sprouted wings! Not pretty ones though—not on your life, but nice hairy things. They were simply awful! I all but fainted, but decided not to when I saw a window through which I thought I could escape. So I fluttered (yes, fluttered) over there like a butterfly, on those homely hairy wings of mine, and began to beat upon the window fruitlessly. I gave up finally, as nothing happened and began to weep and let

me tell you when I weep there's a flood and no mistake) so I cried and cried, and cried some more. I saw a mirror and went over to look at myself—then I *did* shriek. I hollered and squawked something terrible! My nose wasn't a nose anymore—it was beak! And my eyes—horrors! Little black popping things! My face was all hairy and I was a perfect mess of a bat! The tears ran down my beak and dripped off forming a pool on the floor, then a lake, then the lake overflowed and I had to swim for my life, I swam and swam and swam. Then I went under and gasped for air, but none was forthcoming. I was slipping—slipping—

I awoke and opened my eyes—I was in the bath tub, the water was ice cold, I had been there for so long and my head was slipping farther and farther down into it. I rescued myself and knew that when New Year's came around I was going to put a resolution in black and white—never to fall asleep in the bath tub again.

Margaret L. Sandle, '34.

We Should Like to Know—

- Why Phyllis Yarker is afraid of Publicity?
- Why Carolyn Carroll has stopped wearing those large green earrings?
- Why Jean Stubbs gets jealous when Miss Doehler speaks to John Crane?
- Why Ray Dudley doesn't shave?
- Why Jim LeClare looks so worried lately?
- Why Jimmy Peachy is in such good spirits lately?
- Why Wyy Harrington Chase is so cynical?
- Why Janet Ferguson is keeping an eye on Monroe?
- Why Gehring Cooper becomes enraged when a certain P. G. is calumniated?
- Why Gerry Bishop has been playing widow's roles?
- Why Henrietta sends so much time in church?
- Why Pete Gutland wants to go to Union Hill?
- Why the wrestling team wants better service from their manager?
- Why Burtis Dougherty doesn't join the foreign legion?

Sniff and Snoop.

THE WITAN

Worthy Citizen of the Kingdom of Catdom Dies

While glancing through the papers of one Blackie, a coal black cat, also an august member of that great organization, the World Wide Cat Guild, I came upon his diary which I am sure he would wish to have published.

He was kind and good but not overly virtuous. His only vices, however, were LIVER and MICE.

Parts of his diary follow. Entries duplicated are not consecutive.

(1) Woke up early and, with difficulty, awoke the family so that I could eat with at little delay as possible. (Just an instance showing the variety of duties, which depend upon the household cat.)

(2) I didn't sleep very well last night. Whistles and silly people made so much noise. My family said it was a new year but there doesn't seem to be anything new and I don't feel any different.

(3) The weather up to this date has been ideal for catching mice. Today, when I went out the ground was covered with white chicken feathers. They are lots of fun to turn somersaults in. At first, I didn't like the feeling of it, but, after I heard someone say I looked cute, it was different.

(4) My family went to the show. They left me behind. I was plain ordinary mad!! I said to myself, "Well, I can have a good time too!" I got up on the table and, while trying to imitate a cat that is dizzy, I lurched against the lamp. It fell with a frightening, yet somehow satisfying, bang. Next, I tried to pick a fight with the police dog that sits

on the table. He has plaster of Paris for a heart and I *could not* make him lose his temper. Something happened. The next thing I knew, he was on the floor barking and snarling at me because I pushed him off and broke his leg. Now I ask you!! How could a cat break a dog's leg?

(5) I am not quite forgiven yet for the damage sustained on the living room table.

(6) Mother left a dish of sauerkraut on the table last night. I liked it better than I thought I would. Today she made pumpkin pies. I liked them at first but after eating six dishes in succession I never want to see a pumpkin pie custard again.

(7) Why do we have to have fleas? With an itch, itch here, and an itch, itch there, I nearly go crazy. But itching isn't half as bad as those dratted flea baths they are always giving me.

(8) I had an injury to my back. It is very difficult to get around. I am fortunate, however, in the family that I blindly picked out. When I want to get up on the davenport or chair, all I have to do is to put my front feet on the edge and they hitch me up at the hind end. It is very uncomfortable to sit down these days.

There was no more entries after the eight. His back injury was more serious than was at first believed and he went into a rapid decline from which he never recovered.

His burial took place in the back yard where he had lived his short but happy life. Those who knew him mourn his loss. He is survived by one human family and a brother Frisky.

"Gone But Not Forgotten."

Elizabeth Hill, '34.

SATISFACTION

*Solace lies in quieter things
than happiness can claim;
and we who live to hear the flight
of noiseless butterflies
and rain,
find peace through clouded skies
and pain.*

THE WITAN

Sleeping Out

IT was a hot Saturday afternoon in July and all the boys in the neighborhood were in a vacant lot at the end of the street, playing baseball. At the end of the street, there was a small wood with which the boys were familiar. Harry, the oldest boy of the group, suggested that it was too hot for baseball and the boys decided to find something else to do. They finally went over to Harry's backyard, which was across the road from the baseball lot, and sat down trying to think of what they might do next.

"Let's go swimming down to the lake. We haven't been down in a long time," said George, one of the noisiest boys in the group.

"Aw nertz, it's too far to walk," said Eddie, one of the smaller boys.

"Say, listen guys," said Harry, "let's ask Bob if he will get his father's tent, and we will go up in the woods and sleep out tonight."

"Yeah, but how do you know Bob will let us take it?" required Dave, who was generally looking on the pessimistic side of things.

"Well, the least we can do is ask him," replied Harry.

Eddie went up to see Bob and asked him if he would go camping with them and bring along his tent. After a little discussion Bob decided that he would.

All of the boys went home to find out if they could go. In about a half hour the boys returned, and the ones that could go were Harry, George, Bob, and Dave. Harry gave each of the boys a piece of paper on which was written a list of the food and materials they were supposed to bring. The boys went home to pack their baggage and the first one to return was George.

"Well, for crying out loud," said Harry, "you look as if you were going to the north pole."

"I brought what you told me to," said George walking down the street with a suitcase full of blankets in one hand and an armful of food under his other arm.

"Are the rest of the kids coming?" asked Harry.

"Oh, they will be along all right," responded George.

"Look! Here comes Bob with his tent now. Go up and help him. It's quite heavy and he can't carry it very well alone."

At 4:30 the boys had assembled their food and baggage and they were ready to start their trip. By 6:00 they had arrived at their destination and they had their tent pitched for the night. They began to feel hungry, so they decided to cook supper. They had pitched camp near a spring and so it wasn't much of a job to prepare supper. They had bacon, scrambled eggs, bread and butter, coffee, potatoes, and soup for supper. While they were eating supper, an elderly man walked past on a trail about one hundred feet from their tent. The boys were sitting near the spring eating supper when the old man came towards the spring and asked them for a cup to get a drink of water. He sat down for a minute.

"Wont you have a cup of coffee?" said Harry to the old man.

"No, thanks," said the old man.

"Aw come on, it will only be wasted," said Harry.

"Well if it's going to be wasted," said the old man, "I will take it because I don't like to see anything wasted."

"You certainly must be hungry," said Bob when he saw him drink the coffee down quite fast.

"Wont you have something to eat too?" asked one of the boys.

"Well, I can't chew very much," said the old man, "my teeth are all gone."

The boys fixed some more coffee and some soup and potatoes for the old man. After he had eaten he sat down quite contented. The boys found out that he was a tramp and that he was going to spend the night in a nearby barn.

"Why can't you spend the night with us?" asked one of the boys, "we are going to stay here all night and we have plenty of room."

He said he didn't want to make them any bother, so they talked together around the camp fire until about eight o'clock and then he left. The boys decided to turn in and they spent a peaceful night.

The boys all got up early the next morning for breakfast. They were quite stiff from

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sleeping on the ground all night. While they were eating breakfast they saw the old man walking slowly down the trail with a basket of apples. He said that somebody had given them to him when he had asked for something to eat for breakfast.

"Come on over and have some bacon and eggs," said Harry to the old man.

"Thanks," he said as he took a plate of bacon and eggs and a cup of coffee which one of the boys had offered him.

After breakfast he told of some of the experiences he had had around the country and he said that he was going to hop the next train through to Niagara Falls. When he left the boys started taking down the tent and packing everything up.

"We had a pretty good time, sleeping out, didn't we boys?" asked Harry.

"I'll say we did," they replied.

James Seaton, '35.

A Sad Experience

After school had closed for the summer vacation Beverly Hoffman, who was fourteen, decided to ask her mother to pay her a certain amount for helping her with the house work.

Beverly's mother told her that every week she would give her twenty-five cents for making her bed, twenty-five cents for doing the dishes, twenty-five cents for dusting, forty cents for ironing her dresses, towels, handkerchiefs, and other small things, and fifteen cents for setting the table. Beverly declared she would save all of this during the summer and so have enough for Christmas present without having to have her allowance advanced. So Beverly started her work gayly. Everything went along finely for about two weeks and then Marion Latts, wanted her to go to the picture show with her.

Beverly went and one thing after another, things led to more money and at the end, when Christmas came, she had only four dollars with which to do her shopping and had to have her allowance advanced four weeks. But again she made her decision only this time it was "Bank every Monday."

Margaret Brightman, 7A.

Grapefruit

The grapefruit, other than being a very popular fruit because it catches the public's eye, is invaluable for its food elements and for neutralizing acids.

It is my favorite appetizer, and is used by my family every morning. The job of separating the seeds and pulp from the skin of the fruit falls to me. If ever I wished for a chef, it is in the early morning when, only half awake and starving, I practically crawl down the stairs to fix the morning fruit.

It is prepared in much the same way as one would fix a lawn in the spring season. The rubbish (seed or core) is scraped together in one heap and removed from the ever observant owner's eyes. It is dug around the edges, as in the case of the lawn, the grass is cut around the edge so that it will not grow between the cracks in the sidewalk. It is then cut into beds—both the grapefruit and the lawn.

Of course, it is necessary to sprinkle the grapefruit with a little sugar, even the most obese people need a little to drown the tart taste, and it is just as necessary to sprinkle the lawn with water, a little more water can be added than sugar to the grapefruit, as the owner doesn't mind how fat the grass grows.

In the case of a tourist who, upon returning to his own country after a visit to the United States, was asked what he liked there. He remarked that the climate was very healthful but admitted that he liked the bloomin' big oranges best.

Annie Rawlinson, '34.

ON THE SANDS

*As I stand here on the tawny sand,
It seems like winter's wonderland!
The mighty, thundering ocean waves
Roll in—each hour of the passing days;
Always singing the same old song,
As its foaming waters crash along.
I sometimes wish that I could be
A dashing wave of the rolling sea;
Always tumbling in or out
With never a worry and never a doubt.*

Rosamond Heath, '33.

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Comparison

Is it not true that we rarely make the most of our opportunities? For example, John comes out of the inn. Telling of it later, we say, "John came out of the inn and looked around," and let it go at that. But did it ever occur to you to ask, "How would the great writers have said that?" Here is my opinion of how three of them would have gone about it.

Shakespeare

Dusk—A small inn yard.

John (coming out from the inn door):
Holla! Boy! Holla!

Where is the varlet? Knows he not the need for haste?

And yet he lingers me like any scheming maid her lover.

An I don't beat him, I'm no master. Marry, in this ill light

I can but see half-an-ell before me.

Hugo

Jean withdrew from the inn quietly. Pausing in the shade of the carved portico, he gazed at the ornate facade.

The builder of the inn had not been one of the type so common today. His aim had been to leave behind him a monument. Characteristics of such builders live in their work. Where other men read writers' traits in the books they hand down to us, the person used to it is able to classify the builder or the architect by his edifices. For no small mind had conceived the magnificent, sweeping, curves in that balustrade. The person who had the courage to work like that had the courage of any explorer.

Hawthorne

Emerging from the inn, John's face seemed illumined with an unwonted conviviality—which was not the result of the good inn-keeper's liquors, for John was distinguished in the small New England town for his total abstinence from alcoholic beverages, being a fervent and zealous partisan of the Society For the Abolition of Taverns, and second only to the rector's wife herself in his opposition—but rather it was due to his recognition of a certain fact—the fact that on the morrow his nephew was to call on him, which, (although he would not admit it, even to himself) would

allow the opiniated old gentleman to admonish the adolescent against the pitfalls of the public-house.

Charles La Belle.

LAMENTUM DIDONIS

*But Aeneas, the false Trojan,
Wand'ring o'er the wind-tossed main,
Came to win my heart with singing,
With his mighty storied fame.*

*Else I would have been most happy,
Else my faith had known no stain,
Else all the years of sorrow
And of life, would bear no pain.*

*Ah, his locks of curling gold
Thickly clustered 'bout his head,
And a radiance divine
Tinged his bronzed cheek with red.*

*The dear sweetness of his lips!
Burning glance of deep brown eyes!
Could they in their obscure depths
Hold concealed a spirit's lies?*

*Oh, how could the goddess born,
Son of Love, of noble mien,
Far within a princely form
Bar such fatal plans unseen?*

*Yet I suffered; aye his words
Soft and sweet as dew of morn,
Held me with deceiving bond,
From me all my treasures shorn.*

*Of all pride, the armor sure
For the soul, and inner light,
Of my honor, grace, and name
Has he stript me, with his might.*

*Dido, the great queen, is fallen!
Lo, my garments, sullied now!
I but death have now before me
Unavenged; 'tis sweet to go.*

*Yet no Lethe shall I know,
Never blessed oblivion;
Gone—Aeneas took with him
All my hopes of Elysium.*

Judith Pownall, IV-2.

THE WITAN

Gilbert K. Chesterton

Gilbert K. Chesterton has produced a number of books which might be classed as detective stories. These books are distinguished by a sort of whimsicality which reaches a zenith in some stories and a nadir in others. The several Father Brown Stories are the nadirs; the Man Who Was Thursday is a sort of average; Gabriel Gale is the Syrius.

Father Brown is personally one of the most unromantic of all the detectives. He has no special distinguishing traits, yet his stories are interesting. His knowledge of human nature is so profound that he solves the most baffling cases. He, too, possess the trait common to all Chesterton's characters; the ability to notice and remember small details.

The Man Who Was Thursday delights in the smaller things in his surroundings. He provides himself with a groundwork as complete as Father Brown's, but he does not seem to have the ingenuity to erect a structure on it as does the little ecclesiastic. The story leaves the feeling that somewhere there is a faulty keylog which would rot away in a practical test and tumble the whole creation into a heap.

Gabriel Gale, however, is given an unfair advantage, he is presented to us as a poet who is able to follow the workings of the lunatic's mind and still "find his way back home." In none of his stories are his theories actually put to a rigid test. The usual procedure is a revelation followed by an explanation. In the Gabriel Gale stories the revelation is omitted, and we are rushed into an explanation. We are provided with a plausible explanation and are left to decide as to its accuracy for ourselves. Yet despite this trick the stories titillate our imaginations and provide us with material for thought—which is after all sufficient for any book to do.

Who Are We?

Did you ever feel as though you were being stifled? Did you ever want to scream and shout and couldn't because others would look at you askance and think you "queer" and therefore someone to be avoided?

Why are we civilized? What good does it do us? Oh, yes, you say, civilization brings education, development of the mind and soul, spirit. But then of what account is that strange presence in your nature? What is it that is hurt, is happy, is sad? Why does one gasp with sorrow and thrill with joy? Does education teach us this?

This morning I awoke with a joyous sensation pervading me, myself. I could not then nor can I now realize why I should feel so. How much fun it was to throw off the covers and feel the first caress of the fresh-washed, morning air! How good to feel the cold, hardwood floor with bare feet! What a delicious odor steam has when bath water is being drawn! Does education bring forth this?

Which is the more important? Should we develop the thinking faculty or that of feeling? If I am very stupid or exceedingly brilliant, what difference will it make fifty years from now? Of what importance is yesterday or even today? But what of tomorrow?

And then what is this world? When and how did it begin? How long will it last? What will it be like a million years from now? Scientists tell us that the earth is a star, a single piece of matter in a great space. However, we think, a space, to be a space must have a boundary, a wall. Has the universe a wall? Of what is it composed? And what is beyond?

Yes, are we not infinitesimal?

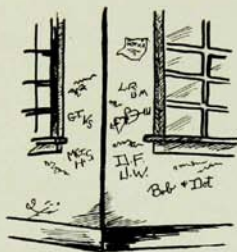
B. G. C.

NOCTURNE

*Are not
the slim black
girders of steel,
stretched stiffly
into the darkened mist
of an unborn morning,
a silent, gruff-whispered
benediction of an interim
sleepy-still, soft?*

R. D.

THE WITAN



When We Move Across the Street

I

For many years each ancient wall
Has stood for scratches great and small.
What will we do in a brand new school?
"Don't write on the wall," is the teachers' rule.

II

We no longer eat in the practice house;
'Tis only a memory today.
A fine cafeteria now takes its place,
Where we dine in a grand sort of way.

III

Without the portables what shall we do?
We just won't feel at home.
Oh please, Mr. West, can't we take two or three—
We could fit one up on the dome.

IV

The library is another thing.
Won't it make us all feel great
To think that there'll be room for all
Though we arrive there late?

V

Just think of the advantages
That all of us will meet,
When we pack our school belongings,
And move across the street.



Interesting Correspondence

Volney Lacy, one of our junior high students, an ardent lover of dogs and all things connected with the friendly canines, has begun a correspondence with the well-known dog lover and writer, Albert Payson Terhune. The following are the letters received in reply to Volney's letters:

SUNNYBANK COLLIE KENNELS
Pompton Lakes, N. J.

June 14, 1932.

Mr. Volney Lacy, Jr.
6 Leander Road,
Rochester, New York

Dear Volney:

I am very sorry, indeed, to learn that Topsy was struck by a train. She is a beauty! Thank you for sending me her picture.

Thank you, too, for your kind praise of "Lad: A Dog." Lad was my chum for sixteen years, and we loved him dearly, here at the Place. There are two additional books about him—"Further Adventures of Lad," and "Lad of Sunnybank."

Sunnybank Sandstrom is now King of The Place. Since Gray Dawn's death he has constituted himself our housedog, and stays close to us in the same way Gray Dawn did. He is Gray Dawn's son. "*The Way of a Dog*," with many new Gray Dawn stories, and the story of his death, has just been published by Harper & Brothers, New York City.

With best wishes for Topsy's early and complete recovery, I am

Sincerely your friend,
(Signed) ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

SUNNYBANK COLLIE KENNELS
Pompton Lakes, N. J.

October 6, 1932.

Mr. Volney E. Lacy, Jr.
6 Leander Road,
Rochester, New York

Dear Volney:

Your letter has made me very happy and I thank you for writing as you did. I'll try to keep my work up to a standard that shall retain your approval.

It is better to have a good canine chum, than a trick dog. Thank you for telling me about Topsy, and pat the good dog for me, wont you?

With very best wishes, I am

Sincerely your friend,
(Signed) ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

THE WITAN

Transition

To the New Charlotte High School

*Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!*

Thus Oliver Wendell Holmes has sketched for us a true symbol of the transitional period in the lines from *The Chambered Nautilus*. The pearly nautilus lies in the great depths of the ocean and yearly sheds its skin for a larger one as it invariably grows larger. So we are now passing through this great period—"build stately mansions" as we grow. Then, into this chambered cell, we go, until we needs must have larger mansions. Do we realize this great step we are taking? It may be compared to the period in human life when one changes from child to adolescent. Into our new building we go not only to supply more physical needs but even ever-broadening mental needs. So shall we grow and ever build more stately mansions unto eternity!

Eleanora Ivanson.

The Old and the New

Upon the completion of our new school, we shall have every convenience and luxury a student could wish for, but the old friendliness that now exists shall be wiped away.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." So it is with us; our old school has become as a home in which each pupil is an important member; for in the many years it has weathered, the building has become humbler than the humblest. Creaking boards, broken windows, congested halls, no gymnasium, no swimming pool, and crowded class rooms seem to characterize the building to an occasional visitor, but among these inconveniences has sprung up a school spirit that shall never die—friendliness.

Social activities, as plays and dances, in our battered assembly have helped put feeling into it which would not be found in spotless rooms of artistic taste. Such will be the new school, and although we are, indeed, gratified for the added conveniences it will offer, we will be reluctant to leave our old home.

Blanche Gauthier.

That Old C. H. S. Spirit

The manner in which the students of Charlotte High School willingly co-operate shows fine unselfish natures. During this particular term, life in the River Street building is in a turmoil. Supplies are lacking, ventilation is poor; one room is warm and the next freezing, but, nevertheless, the students go about their work with laughs and smiles. Pupils are glad, after a mad dash from the old building up three flights of stairs to their classes in the new one, to find their teachers fairly tolerant. Maybe it is the realization of all their hope with the completion of the new building across the street, that keeps the spirits up; but I feel safe in saying that a great deal is due to good sportsmanship.

Student Councils



Officers Executive Council

President - - - - - Gerhing Cooper
 1st Vice-President - - - - - Jean White
 2nd Vice-President - - - - - Roberta Hunt
 Secretary - - - - - Milan Brace
 Treasurer - - - - - Rena Mae Parratt
 Victor Anderson, Alice Paige, James LeClare,
 Mary VanKesteren.
 Advisers—Mr. West, Miss Miner, Mr. Wood-
 man, Mr. Dennison, Mr. Tracy.

Junior Council

At the first meeting of the Junior Council the following officers were elected: Roberta Hunt, president; Victor Anderson, vice-president; and Alice Paige, secretary.

At the next meeting a committee of three was appointed to report on the junior party. This committee consisted of Alfred Gray, Lucy Lyon, and Billy Petroske. Franklin Bright was elected as a reporter to the "Northern Light."

At the last meeting the Junior Party was discussed and it was finally decided that it should be postponed until January. The secretary gave a five-minute talk on the Rules of Parliamentary Law.

President - - - - - Roberta Hunt
 Vice-President - - - - - Victor Anderson
 Secretary - - - - - Alice Paige

Harrison Fisler, John Bullock, Robert Sickelco, Roger Edwards, Jack Pierce, James Krickmire, Robert Huse, Fay Corbett, Phyllis Tackabury, George White, William Albert, Billy Petroske, Anthony Gianforte.

Senior Council

President - - - - - Jean White
 Vice-President - - - - - James LeClare
 Secretary - - - - - Mary VanKesteren
 Francis Leary, James Gallery, Lenabelle Goodrich, Mary Savage, Robert Downhill, Margaret Willbur.

Activity Representatives:

Boys Athletics - - - - - Ray Grant
 Girls Athletics - - - - - Blanche Gauthier
 Music - - - - - Earl Rich
 Publications - - - - - Martha Watt
 Adviser - - - - - Miss Miner

Activity Representatives:

Boys Athletics - - - - - Alfred Grey
 Girls Athletics - - - - - Lucy Lyon
 Music - - - - - Franklyn Bright
 Publications - - - - - Phillip Jensbury
 Adviser - - - - - Mr. Woodman

The Senior Council

The Senior Council this term has been a successful and busy organization. The school party at number 42 school on November 18, was sponsored by the Council, and from all reports, it was a great success. A committee consisting of some of the girls on the council is organizing what will be known as the Girl's Service League of Charlotte High School, which will be far enough underway by the beginning of next term to render its services in the new building. The council has been holding its meetings during the school periods, thereby having perfect attendance every time which is a great aid to discussion. The Children's Memorial Scholarship Fund was another project of the Council, with Mr. Courtney taking charge. The home-room representatives succeeded in collecting about eighty dollars for the fund. The Council at present is making plans to distribute Christmas baskets to some of the families who are not so fortunate as to have them this year.

(Continued on page 37)

THE WITAN

The Optimates

Charlotte High's Latin Honor Society, the Optimates, is still in operation in the school. This society consists of pupils who attained high marks during their first two years and who are continuing the study of Latin in the third and fourth years.

Each year the society gives a dinner for the new members, at which the formal induction takes place. At this dinner a speaker is invited to tell of some phase of the study of Latin, or of the work of Latin Honor Societies in other schools. This is usually followed by games or a dance.

We suggest for the benefit of first and second year students that a little added effort in the first two years will make membership more certain. Any of the members can assure you that Latin takes on an added significance when it is augmented by an organization such as this. It becomes a living, rather than a dead language. Caesar becomes a man, and not a Latin word of the third declension. Consul and Scriba take on a halo of meaning which replaces the austerity of a definition. Furthermore, students are brought more closely together; new friendships are formed; old friendships are strengthened; Teachers are more able to understand their pupils, so that teaching and learning alike are made more easy.

The benefits that are received more than counterbalance the work which it entails. The members feel that it constitutes a definite part of their school, and that a great deal would be missed without it.

The Babillards

The Babillards, French Honor Society, have been trailing the wary verb in an effort to speak French. It is a rule of the organization that all conversations must be wholly in French. For this reason, a great many of our friends who are usually rather verbose develop strange attacks of laryngitis or lockjaw (we were never quite sure which it was) whenever they gather together for a meeting. This disease seems to be most prevalent in the center of the rooms in which meetings are held, for as soon as a group assembles in a corner, the afflicted ones recover their voices to a suf-

ficient degree to enable them to speak in a low tone. The strange part of these attacks is that they improve the ability to speak French to such a degree that conversations, as far as we can tell from appearances, travel along as rapidly as though they were being carried on in English, instead of in French.

However, at such times as the members are free from this fell disease, they produce a passable imitation of a group of bona fide Frenchmen. The Charlotte Chapter was responsible for an appreciable addition to the program given at the meeting of the city's French Honor Societies, in the form of a one-act play. Moreover, none of the members from Charlotte High had any difficulty in accepting or asking for dances after the program. We all have hopes, regardless of how our pronunciation sounds at the present time.

The Commercial Honor Society

The Commercial Honor Society of Charlotte High has accepted an invitation from Benjamin Franklin Chapter to attend a tea in our honor, on December 14.

Junior Orchestra

Our Junior High School orchestra meets every Monday at 2:40 after school for practice. The officers are as follows: Betty Baker, president; Janis Hunt, vice-president; George Frey, secretary and treasurer, and Mr. Marsh, director.

The orchestra consists of: Charles Wheten, Antoinette Cooper, Ruth Guyett, Jane Stripp, Eva Suits, Elsie Haynes, Earl Kalmbacher, Amy Pownell, Betty Rose, Joseph Gianforte, Wilma Dale, Bruce Bogardus, Betty Baker, violin; Robert Ward, Kenneth Mothrup, Albert Baker, cornet; Janis Hunt, George Frey, Rhea Clicquennoy, Clayton Cosman, clarinet; Charles Gilbert, Frank Bright trombone; Ralph Wilson, melophone; Peter Rookus, drum; Harrison Fisler, cello; Elizabeth Manchester, flute; Joan McKnight, piano.

We would like to get more players to join the Junior High orchestra in order to make it a still greater success. See Mr. Marsh if you are interested as we hope you are.

Antoinette Cooper.

THE WITAN

Senior Orchestra

The senior orchestra practice is held regularly on Tuesday afternoons in the assembly hall. The officers are as follows:

President - - - - - Fred Gray
Vice-President - - - - Robert Boueen
Secretary - - - - - June Tupper
Librarian - - - - - Kenneth Hersey

Members of the orchestra are: Earl Rich, Willard Wright, Harrington Chase, Vincent Harding, Eleanora Ivanson, Marjorie Todd, Marion Barret, Eleanor Root, Margaret Hewins, Margaret Hannah, Shepard Shayne Roberta Hunt, Edith Johnson, Raymond Grant, Mortimer Randall, Kenneth Hersey, Fred Gray, Robert Godfrey, Lois Madison, June Tupper, Robert Dreher, Alfred Gray, and Janis Hunt. It is directed by Mr. Marsh.

If there are any people in senior high school who have musical instruments and are not in the orchestra, see Mr. Marsh. We want to have a large orchestra and enough to fill the pit, (if possible), in the new school. It is an interesting organization but we need more co-operation.

Janis Hunt.

G. A. A. News

The fall season opened with swimming and soccer as the only after school sports.

Soccer was played this year rather than speedball, and it was held on Monday and Wednesday afternoons. The latter half of the season was devoted to an interclass tournament in which the senior team was victorious with the juniors as runner-ups. The senior team was made up of the following players:

Angelina Roman, Captain; Esther Santucci, Bernice Gutland, Mary Searchfield, Marie Casucci, Doris Cronise, Margaret Goeller, Mary Van Kestern, Lillian Kommeth, Dorothy Luffman.

At the completion of the season an honor team was chosen. This team consisted of:

Angelina Roman, Captain; Esther Santucci, Mary Van Kestern, Jean Stubbs, Mary Searchfield, Kathryn Garrett, Phyllis Yarker, Eleanora Ivanson, Margaret Sandle, Jean Frattare, Helen Thomas, Bernice Gutland, Helen Bloom, Dorothy Nicol, Ruth Thomas.



Honor Basketball Team

To climax the season, a sausage roast was held on the athletic field on Wednesday, November sixteenth, and the honor team beat, by a score of 1 to 0, a team made up of volunteers with Margaret Goeller as manager. Miss Evershed, who assisted Miss Booth in coaching soccer, was also present at the party.

A very active interest has been taken in swimming this season and we hope it shall continue throughout the ensuing year. A course in life-saving is being given under the instruction of Miss Booth and by June we hope to claim some first class Junior life-savers and possibly a few Senior life-savers.

The program of sports for the winter season is as follows: Basketball, swimming, bowling, and volleyball. As usual, honor teams will be chosen in basketball and bowling and therefore every girl's attendance must be eighty per cent for eligibility on these teams.

The G. A. A. is endeavoring to have a sport for every girl and every girl in a sport.

EPILOGUE FOR A HAPPINESS

*I have found a pattern in the music
of your songs and mine that fits the old design
of stars and skies. And I have guessed that we
reached out and grasped a star, and layed it on
the table of our minds and traced around
its wind-worn edges we'd formed the cast
that echoes in our music now and shall
echo for ever and ever until
there are no stars, nor skies, nor songs.*

THE WITAN

Sports



Varsity Soccer Team

Soccer

Although the experts had not supposed that the Charlotte High Soccer team would be anything with which to compete, nevertheless, it proceeded to upset the calculations of these experts by finishing the season in third place—one of the most successful seasons in the recent history of the school. Coach Tichenor deserves all the praise he has received for the excellent co-operation, clean sportsmanship, and fighting spirit which he developed in the members of the team.

The highlights of the season were the Marshall and Edison-Tech frays, Charlotte winning the former and losing the latter. The stellar defense work of the back-field trio, George and John White, and McCary, was found extremely hard to penetrate since the opposing teams could score only nine goals in eight games, while the forward wall of Charlotte managed to boot sixteen counters into the netting. The offense of the Charlotte team was one of the smoothest working in the league.

The members of the Charlotte eleven were:

- G—Courtney McCary
- FB—John White
- FB—George White
- LHB—Albert Frattare
- CHB—Daniel Fowler (co-captain)
- RHB—Willard Wright
- LW—Robert Brady
- LI—William Finucane
- CF—Arthur Michel

RI—John Ragan

RW—Albert Cason (co-captain)

Franklin vs. Charlotte

In the opening game of the season Charlotte defeated the much overated Franklin team with the score of 1 to 0. This game showed the power of the Green and White eleven, and it frightened the other schools.

Charlotte vs. East

This game was played on a slippery field which greatly hampered the Charlotte booters who were unable to score until late in the fourth quarter with three minutes to play left. With a little more than one minute left, the East High lads scored on a very lucky break and the game ended in a one to one deadlock.

Charlotte vs. Madison

The tie jinx seemed to continue in the Charlotte-Madison fray which ended in a one-all draw after Charlotte had held the lead until the middle of the last period.

Charlotte vs. Marshall

This game rivaled any college game in school spirit and support of the team because of the keen rivalry that always has existed between the two schools. During the first half Marshall looked as if it would be victorious with Pilaroscia putting in two goals. At half time, the score was 2 to 0 in favor of Marshall, and their rooters went wild. But a fighting Green and White eleven took the field in the second half and proceeded to score four counters against an astonished Orange and Blue team. Inspired by the cheers of the student body, Johnny Ragan, right inside, put in three of the goals. This game will never be forgotten by any who saw it. It was a finish for the championship hopes of the Marshall team. It made the Charlotte boys the most joyful in the city, that night.

Charlotte vs. Canandaigua

Charlotte defeated Canandaigua in a sea of mud at the Canandaigua field by a score of 2 to 1. The Charlotte eleven added this victory to the win column rather sorrowfully because it meant the loss of George "Babe" White, star of the brother combination at full-back, for practically the remainder of the season.

THE WITAN



THE WITAN



Reserve Soccer Team

Charlotte vs. Tech

A powerful, smooth-working Tech team, coupled with the injury of "Babe" White, which threw the whole team off balance, defeated the fighting Charlotte outfit by the score of 3 to 2. Charlotte was the first team to score on Tech; and Bill Finucane, left inside was responsible for the first tally against Tech. The stellar defense work of John White and Frattare at fullback positions featured throughout the game. This was the first and only defeat of the season for Charlotte and was the last real obstacle in the way of Tech winning the championship.

Charlotte vs. West

The tie jinx again cropped up in the West High game which ended in a scoreless draw. The Charlotte team seemed very much out of form and only showed occasional flashes of the real power it had. Al Frattare, again playing for White at fullback, received a broken wrist and was out for the rest of the season.

Charlotte vs. Monroe

The game, which was the last one of the season, resulted in a scoring spree by Michels, center forward, and Ragan, right inside. At the final whistle the score read 5 to 1 in Charlotte's favor, despite the loss of two regulars due to injuries. Ragan scored another three goals in one game and Michels added the other two tallies.

Several members of the team received all-scholastic mention. Co-captain Fowler made the Times-Union first team and Babe White and co-captain Cason received the honor on the Democrat and Chronicle choice.

Basketball

Coach Woodman was greeted by about 30 candidates for the basketball team. A few of these men dropped out but the majority stayed despite the distance they had to go for practice. The team has only two veterans who played at all last year in Bonfield, center and Stendardo, guard. In comparison to the men of last year's team, which were all over six feet tall, the present edition of the green and white eleven looks very small, but should do some damage in the inter-scholastic league.

In the opening fray of the court season, Canandaigua downed both the first and reserve outfits. The reserve game was very close with the lead see-sawing back and forth and finally ended with score of 18 to 16 in favor of Canandaigua.

In the first team game, the final score stood 28 to 22 in Canandaigua's favor. Bonfield was high scorer for Charlotte with 11 points to his credit. The Charlotte five seemed to have very little speed and co-operation in the second half in comparison to the first half in which they had a very substantial lead.

This season Charlotte will play the first half of its schedule away from home and will play the entire last half of the schedule on the new court in the new building. The Interscholastic League will open December 2nd with Charlotte vs Madison, at Madison.

A Dream that Came True

September 28, 1932, a day to be remembered in the history of "Dear Ole Charlotte's" Home-making Department. At last we were to realize the dream of dreams. On this day we moved into the new building!!

The girls assisted in carrying the supplies from the practice house (Sob-Sob) to the sewing room. When every trace of supply was moved, the workmen immediately began tearing down the structure where many hours of pleasant classwork were spent under the instruction of Miss H. Childs. Now all we have left are pleasant memories and—a few snapshots.

The new building with its new and interesting projects will never give us the "home" atmosphere which we possessed in the prac-

THE WITAN

tice house. But we all know we will overcome this obstacle.

When things were settled, that is, electric wired, plugs put in their proper places, and all other details ready, the girls immediately proceeded with their sewing. The advanced girls made dresses, undies, aprons, and pajamas. The beginning girls made their caps and aprons which constituted their practice piece.

After seven or eight weeks of sewing the classes moved across the hall to the Foods Laboratory. It is divided into seven units, each unit containing a stove, a cupboard, two kitchen cabinets, a sink, four stools, and a laundry unit.

Another interesting room is the Conference Room, which has been converted into a combination bedroom and living room which is to be used for instructions in house furnishing and interior decorating, also lessons in home nursing. This department will be available for any other department of the school if so desired.

Other rooms of this department are a dining room and a store room.

On November 28, 1932, the homemaking department prepared cake, cookies and dainty sandwiches for Miss Shearer, who entertained at tea. The department is planning for another tea to be held on December 13, 1932.

On Thursday, December 1, 1932, Mr. West took the faculty on a tour through the New School. Refreshments were made and served by the girls of the homemaking department.

Plans for the annual Christmas party will soon be made.



about twenty, Phyllis Yarker; Rupert Smith, a young man, Harrington Chase; Mr. Ingolsby, Mrs. Briggs' old "flame", Ray Dudley; The mysterious voice, male and adult, Charles Livermore.

Cast of characters in "Unseen": Swedish maid, Marion Schell; young wife, Ruth Ferguson; young husband, Charles Livermore.

We discovered that Marion Schell is especially gifted with a Swedish accent and makes an excellent maid.



Dramatics

A new organization, formed this term, is the dramatics club called, "The Dramalots," which is under the leadership of Mr. Enright.

The officers of the club are:

President, Gehring Cooper; vice-president, Harrington Chase; Secretary, Jean White.

On December second, the annual party was held in the assembly hall and two plays, "The Trysting Place," and "Unseen" were presented, with dancing afterwards.

The cast of "The Trysting Place": Mrs. Curtis, a young widow—Gerry Bishop; Lance-lot Briggs, a young boy obviously under twenty, Charles LaBelle; Mrs. Briggs, his mother, Jean White; Jessie, his little sister

Hi-Y

To start the term, the Hi-Y inducted several new members. They were: J. Ragan, G. Mac-Nurney, G. White, R. Brady, B. Dougherty, J. LeClare, R. Kemp, D. Heisler. The officers chosen for this term are: president, W. Reiss; vice-president, G. Mason; secretary, D. Fowler; treasurer, E. Goodrich.

The Hi-Y tried to have a speaker at each meeting, in order to acquaint its members with varied fields of activities. The topics which have been discussed so far are: advertising, by Mr. Mason, of the Gas & Electric Company; electricity, by Mr. Owen, of the Gas & Electric Company; and psychology, by the

(Continued on page 37)

THE WITAN

Would You
Believe It



FIND KEY
TO
NUMBERS



Buy
Ward

THE WITAN

Consider Santa Claus

Santa Claus is a very well liked and well known fellow—Every country has some sort of a Santa Claus. Perhaps he isn't real, but you're sure to see him when Christmas arrives. Little tots are all excited when they are taken to visit him, and why shouldn't they be? I am sure we all remember when we went to see him too. It's as much fun to tell children tales of Santa as it is for them to listen.

Santa Claus is a symbol of the Christmas spirit, even though we know he is not the "king" that we pictured him; we can't help thinking about him.

Youngsters picture him surrounded with his toys and reindeer, with jingle bells, fluffy white snow, and a huge Christmas tree, beautifully decorated. Their Christmas would surely be spoiled if they knew there was no Santa Claus.

Perhaps, older children are too proud to admit that they used to believe in Santa Claus; but I advise for everyone, a visit to Toyland, to see old Santa and his toys.

Pauline Mason.

Just imagine what a vacancy there would be at Christmas time without Santa Claus. The fat jolly men with red suits and white whiskers add greatly to the Christmas spirit. A toyland would be most dull without one of these old souls to talk with. How uninteresting it would be to receive a Christmas booklet from a plain every day clothed man. Then, after wandering through fairy land, to meet nothing but a cold wall instead of Santa Claus in a big chair ready to listen to the desires of all!

Phyllis Line, '34.

I think that the older boys and girls should be careful when they are discussing the subject of Santa Claus because there may be young children present or a younger child may pass by and hear some of the remarks made and their whole Christmas would be ruined, due to the fact that Betty Jane heard one of the big girls say that there wasn't such a thing as a Santa Claus, and that the parents bought all the toys, and so forth. Betty Jane would naturally tell her playmates what she had heard and cause a great commotion among them, and probably a great many tears. I know how I felt when I was very small and I heard some similar remarks made. There was a great deal

of explaining done by my parents to convince me that there was a Santa Claus. If you must discuss the subject, put yourselves in the young child's place and be very careful not to drop any hints which would spoil any child's Christmas.

Ruth E. Adams, II-2.

CHRISTMAS

*Christmas day and the beautiful snow,
Lies on the mountains and valleys below.*

*Around the hearth and gay fireplaces,
Are happy smiles on children's faces.*

*The snow outside is pure and white,
Making the earth a beautiful sight.*

*Christmas trees laden with many a thing,
Children know what joy they bring.*

Isabelle Granger, 7B9.

Press Club of the Rensselaer

Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York

November 17, 1932.

Hobart H. DaBoll, a graduate of Charlotte High School, is enrolled in the Graduate School at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York. Mr. DaBoll received the degree of Mechanical Engineer at Rensselaer in June, 1931.

John Donoghue, January, 1926, is an honor man at West Point Military Academy.

The Senior Council

(Continued from page 29)

The officers of the Council are: Jean White, president; James Le Clare, vice-president; Mary Van Kesteren, secretary. The other members are: Blanche Gauthier, Margaret Wilbur, Martha Watt, Lenabelle Goodrich, Mary Savage, James Gallery, Burtis Dougherty, Robert Godfrey, Ray Grant, Francis Leary, Robert Downhill, Earl Rich.

Mary Van Kesteren, Secretary.

Hi-Y

(Continued from page 35)

professor of psychology at the University of Rochester.

The Hi-Y has done its share in co-operating with the school by keeping the spectators back from the line at soccer games and by ushering in assemblies.

The Casa Nova orchestra furnished the music for the annual Hi-Y party which was a social, if not a financial success.

THE WITAN

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A LITTLE WET



HAPPY



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

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