

JUNE, 1925

# The Witan



GRADUATION NUMBER  
JUNE 1925

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373 R676c  
Jun 1925

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THE WITAN

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# Darrow School of Business

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A friendly school where sincere personal interest and cooperation among the students and faculty are evident --- thorough training --- satisfied graduates --- a Free Employment Service active in helping you to secure the position best suited to your qualifications.

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Stone 1974

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

218 East Ave.

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THE WITAN

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# Willowbrook

DENISE ROAD

Between Lake and Dewey

---

WHERE YOU OWN YOUR OWN HOME

---

WHY DO PEOPLE PAY RENT,  
WHEN THEY CAN BUY AND  
AT THE SAME TIME BUILD  
THEIR OWN HOMES?

---

\$5.00 DOWN

No Interest Ever

\$1.00 WEEK

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WATER

GAS

ELECTRICITY

---

For Appointment Call

## Gordon Speares

Charlotte 173-M

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THE WITAN

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## The Industry

## NASH

SEPT.	Sales Decrease	13%	SEPT.	Sales Increase	7%
OCT.	Sales Decrease	23%	OCT.	Sales Increase	54%
NOV.	Sales Decrease	24%	NOV.	Sales Increase	124%
DEC.	Sales Decrease	27%	DEC.	Sales Increase	22%
JAN.	Sales Decrease	29%	JAN.	Sales Increase	32%
FEB.	Sales Decrease	24%	FEB.	Sales Increase	51%
MAR.	Sales Decrease	*	MAR.	Sales Increase	49%

\*Exact figure not yet available

### ---and Figures Don't Lie

Above is a vivid picture of the tremendous buying demand created throughout the country by the Nash Special Six and Advanced Six models.

Total automobile sales, monthly, are registering severe decreases as contrasted with corresponding months last year.

On the other hand Nash sales are monthly sweeping far beyond the records for last year.

It is a dramatic and convincing national tribute to the downright superiority in beauty, in performance, and in value of the Nash product.

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SPECIAL SIX SERIES—ADVANCED SIX SERIES

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Models range from \$1095 to \$2290, f. o. b. factory

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## Farnan & Miller

4420 LAKE AVENUE

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.

---



THE WITAN

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**Kodak--Keep The Story**  
**The Cole Pharmacy**  
4419 Lake Avenue

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**Ladies, Attention!**

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**AFTER MAY 20**

**ADVANCE FASHION FROM STYLE CENTERS**

**The New Three-Quarter Length Hose For Women**

**With Vari-Colored Cuff Tops**

**“HOLEPROOF NEESETTES”**

**\$1.00 The Pair**

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**LET DECKER DECK YOU**

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THE WITAN

# QUALITY and SERVICE

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Rochester Standard Pasteurized Milk in Quarts

Rochester Standard Pasteurized Milk in Pints

Light Cream in Half Pints

Heavy Cream in Half Pints

Buttermilk in Quarts

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## MacKenzie Bros.

39 Stutson Street

Phone, Char. 215-R

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### Your Lighting Equipment

Do You Point To It With Pride?

If your home is unattractive because of the lighting fixtures—change them.

We have a type and style of fixture that is suited for every room in your home.

Phone Charlotte 95—

We will call and suggest ways for Lighting your home in a more pleasing manner.

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## Ferguson Hardware and Electric, Inc.

4421 LAKE AVENUE

CHARLOTTE

---

**THE WITAN**

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**WHITE STUDIO**

**PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHERS**

**208 Main Street East  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

**Stone 3258**

**Open Sunday Afternoons**



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THE WITAN

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COMPLIMENTS OF  
Baldwin F. Martin, D. D. S.

---

**McFarlin Clothing Co.**

---

HIGH CLASS CLOTHES  
SHOES, HATS and FURNISHINGS FOR YOUNG MEN

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In Our New Home at 195 Main St. East

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THE WITAN

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100-108 Platt St.,  
Rochester, N. Y.  
June 5, 1925.

Dear Madam:—

The warm spring breezes bring thoughts of summer, and you place your costly furs in a closet or cedar chest, there to wilt and become lusterless like a jar of fresh roses left to wither in a dry scorching attic.

As sunshine is necessary for a flower, so is fresh freezing air necessary for your furs. Furs bloom and grow beautiful when placed in their original environment; so why be reminded every time you look at a blooming flower garden that there are furs wilting in your hot closet?

The healthiest and safest place for furs that are not being worn is in our scientifically constructed cold storage vault. Let us protect your goods against any danger. Our vaults are superior to Moths, Fires and Burglars, and so offer you the safest and best protection possible.

Please call Main 2425. Our deliveries will call for your furs.

Very truly yours,

J. C. Mirguet Co., Inc.

*J. C. Mirguet*

G. L. G.

Pres.

THE WITAN

THE WITAN  
Charlotte High School  
Rochester, N. Y.

VOL. IV

JUNE 1925

NO. 4

THE STAFF

Philip Gordon	Editor-in-Chief
Gordon Schlegel	} Associate Editors
Elizabeth Brown	
Hellen Castle	} Literary Editors
Lois Wegman	
Dorothy Burghart	Secretary
Harry Tarrant	Athletic Editor
John Donoghue	Art Editor
Ethel Whitfield	Alumni Editor
Kenneth Gilbert	Exchange Editor
Elizabeth Cummings	Fashion Editor
Nelson Ahrns	Joke Editor
Lyman Butterfield	News Editor

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Charles Kendall	I-2
Herman Duquette	II-1
Frank Waterhouse	II-2
Helen Hondorf	III-1
Bernice Waterhouse	III-2
Lyman Butterfield	IV-1
Thelma Lascell	IV-2

Ellen Yarker	Circulation Manager
Gordon Speares	} Business Managers
J. Hart Gould	
Matthew Fairbank	
Miss Sharer	} Faculty Advisors
Mr. Lee	
Miss Emerson	} Story Contest Judges
Miss Carter	
Miss Abbott	

GRADUATION NUMBER

JUNE 1925

THE WITAN



*Roy L. Butterfield, Principal*



*The Faculty*

Seated: Miss Sharer, Miss O'Flynn, Mr. Tracy, Mr. Lee, Principal R. L. Butterfield, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Bird, Miss Miner, Miss Abbott.

Second Row: Mr. True, Miss Newman, Miss Goff, Miss Ruf, Miss Hanna, Miss Childs, Miss Conley, Miss Carter, Miss Spaulding.

Third Row: Mr. Gilmore, Miss Emerson, Mrs. Denise, Miss Doehler, Miss Stowell, Miss Joslin, Miss Riley, Mr. Denison.  
Absent: Miss Acker, Miss Keefle.

THE WITAN

To Our Graduates

*They've had their fun; the end has come  
And now they go away.  
They've done their work; they did not shirk  
And now they get their pay:  
They graduate.*

*Now you may say it does not pay  
To study hard and long.  
You think you're right but you will like  
To pass the word along:  
I graduate.*

*So study some as they have done  
In summer, spring and fall,  
You'll think it nice, you took advice  
When you've been thru it all  
And graduate.*

*So feeling sad, yet somehow glad  
They put their books away;  
And you can bet they won't forget  
The school from which today  
They graduate.*

*They've played their part; they've helped to start  
A name that is to be  
An honored word wherever heard  
In distant land or sea—  
Charlotte.*

ALICE KIRK.



THE WITAN



MISS CAROLYN EMERSON, *Girls' Advisor*

THE WITAN



MR. BERNARD TRACY, *Boys' Advisor*

## THE WITAN

# SENIORS

### Class President



ARTHUR McLAUGHLIN  
St. Mary's School

Summerville Boulevard  
Business

*"Great honors are great burdens."*

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Captain 2; Reserve Basketball 2; Soccer 3, 4; Captain 4; Stage Manager Senior Play 4; Tennis 2, 4; Captain 4; Manager 4; Witan 4.

### Vice-President

B. GORDON SPEARES  
No. 38

Denise Road  
University of Pennsylvania

*"His strength lies in his friends."*

Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Captain of Track 3; Chairman Frosh Party 2; Hi-Y President 4; Safety and Order Committee 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; Swimming 1; Witan 4.



### Secretary-Treasurer



HELLEN JAMES CASTLE  
West High

132 Selye Terrace  
Temple University

*"A maid convinced against her will is of the same opinion still."*

Basketball 2, 3; Ring Committee 4; Senior Play Committee 4; Student Council 2, 4; Witan 2, 3, 4.

## THE WITAN

FRED BATES

Jefferson Junior

Lake Breeze Road

Cornell University

*"And all the courses of my life do show I am not in the  
role of common men."*

Beta Phi 3, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Witan 4.



DOROTHY RETTA BURGHART

185 Clayton Street

No. 41

St. Agnes Conservatory of Music

*"The world is mine, who shall take it from me?"*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Charlotte Day Committee 3;  
Dance Committee 4; Frosh Party Committee 2, 3;  
Girls' Cheer Leader 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Music  
Committee 3, 4; Operetta 1, 2, 3; Orchestra 2, 3, 4;  
Social Chairman 4; String Quartette 3, 4; Student  
Council 4; Witan 4.



FRANCIS A. BUSCH

Sacred Heart School

226 Alameda Street

Undecided

*"What is work and what have I to do with it?"*

Golf 2; Senior Play 4; Typewriting Medal 2;  
Witan 3.

THE WITAN



AILEEN CLARKE  
Greece No. 3

Dewey Avenue Station  
Undecided

*"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Operetta 1; Senior Play 4.

HAROLD COYLE  
Jefferson Junior

125 Augustine Street  
College

*"Along the cool sequestered vale of Life he kept the  
even tenor of his way."*

Business Manager Senior Play 4; Operetta 2; Soccer 1; Witan 4.



ELIZABETH CUMMINGS  
Jefferson Junior

66 Avis Street  
Undecided

*"I may be small but I shall be heard."*

Banking Staff 4; Charlotte Day Committee 3; Dance Committee 4; Finance Committee 4; Personnel Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Student Council 4; Witan 4.

THE WITAN

FRED H. DANIELS  
West High School—3 years

48 Hamilton Street  
Syracuse University

*"A man after his own heart."*



SIDNEY DUNK  
Oswego High School

30 Mayflower Street  
Business College

*"The portable quality of good humor."*

Banking Staff 4; Baseball 1; Candy Committee 4;  
Witan 3.

MATTHEW ELMER FAIRBANK  
Kodak High School

Dewey Avenue Station  
University of Rochester

*"The mirror of all courtesy."*

Kodak High School—three years. Glee Club 4;  
Personnel Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Senior Quar-  
tette 4; Track 4; Witan 4.





THE WITAN



CARL F. FUHRMAN  
No. 42 School

60 Rochelle Avenue  
Northeastern University

*"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes."*

Basketball 1; Reserve Basketball 3, 4; Soccer 1.

PHILLIP GORDON

East High School

4717 Lake Avenue

Boston School of Journalism

*"I speak truth, not so much as I would but as much as I dare, and I dare a little the more as I grow older."*

Assistant Basketball Manager 4; Business Manager Senior Play 4; Class Testator 4; Literary Society 3, 4; Reserve Soccer 4; Scholarship Chairman 4; Senior Play Committee 4; Student Campaign Manager 4; Student Council 4; Witan 3, 4.



WILLIAM HEEDER  
Jefferson Junior

823 Genesee Park Boulevard  
Colorado School of Mines

*"I take it to be a principal rule of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing."*

Baseball 2, 4; Basketball 3; Reserve Basketball 3; Reserve Soccer 2, 3; Soccer 2.

THE WITAN

WILLIAM HEYDWEILLER  
Jefferson Junior

369 Seneca Parkway  
University of Rochester

*"A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar."*

Fire Prevention Committee 3; Soccer 4.



MERRITT F. HUTCHISON  
West High School

1459 Lake Avenue  
Mechanics Institute

*"Anything for a quiet life."*

West High—three years. Skating 4.

BURTON KINTZ  
No. 38

3959 Lake Avenue  
Mechanics Institute

*"None live so easily, so pleasantly as those that live by faith."*

Baseball 1; Glee Club 2, 3; Operetta 2.



# THE WITAN



DOROTHY LASCELL

No. 42

Boxart Street  
Plattsburg Normal

*"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Charlotte Day 3; Girl Reserves 1, 2; Personnel Committee 4; Winner of Typewriting Medal 3.

THELMA M. LASCELL

No. 42

Boxart Street  
Plattsburg Normal

*"I smile and who shall dare to frown?"*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Charlotte Day 3; Girl Reserves 1, 2; Personnel Committee 4; Witan 4.



DONALD McDONNELL

Seneca School No. 4

4 Washington Avenue  
Undecided

*"Loud Voice bespeaks an empty head. So rather than speak—Strike me dead."*

Class Prophet 4; Senior Play 4; Track 4.

## THE WITAN

CHARLES C. MIRGUET                      449 Magnolia Street  
Aquinas Institute—                      Business College of Buffalo  
three years

*"I often have a use for a very good excuse."*

Entertainment Committee 4; Glee Club 4, Personnel  
Committee 4; Witan 4.



GORDON SCHLEGEL                      60 Wilder Terrace  
No. 38    Undecided

*"Wisdom is oftimes nearer when we stoop than when  
we soar."*

Class Poet 4; Literary Society 3, 4; Motto and  
Flower Committee 4; Scholarship Committee 4; Senior  
Play 4; Standard Bearer 4.

EDNA SCHWUCHO                      9 Alonzo Street  
No. 42 School                      Rochester Business Institute

*"Fair as the flowers in the Springtime."*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Book Exchange 4; Charlotte  
Day Committee 3; Class Secretary 4; Election Com-  
mittee 4; Girl Reserves 1, 2; Personnel Committee 4;  
Student Council 4; Winner of Typewriting Bar;  
Witan 4.



# THE WITAN



BEULAH A. SOUCIE  
No. 38

26 Petten Street  
Rochester Business Institute

*"A sweeter girl did ne'er exist."*

Girl Scouts 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Motto Committee 4; Operetta 1, 2, 3.

CARL F. URSPRUNG  
Jefferson Junior

263 Flower City Park  
Business College

*"No man is the wiser for his learning, Wit and Wisdom are born with a man."*

Candy Committee 4; Charlotte Day Committee 3; Dance Committee 4; Frosh Party 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 1, 2, 3; Personnel Committee 4; Quartette 4; Swimming 2; Tennis 3.



RUBY DENISE WILDER  
No. 38

3351 Lake Avenue  
Eastman School of Music

*"Music is the poetry of the air."*

Dance Committee 4; Frosh Party Committee 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Student Council 2; String Quartette 2, 3, 4; Tea Dance Committee 4; Witan 4.

ELLEN J. YARKER  
No. 42 School

3654 Lake Avenue  
Cornell University

*"Wish for the good of wishing."*

Assistant Manager Senior Play 4; Basketball 2, 4; Class Historian 4; Frosh Party Committee 1; Girl Reserves 2; Ring Committee 4; Social Chairman 4; Witan 4.





THE WITAN

## FROM THE ANNALS OF THE PAST

When our class entered Charlotte High School in September of 1920, we promptly established school spirit amongst ourselves. We proceeded to hold meetings and elect our officers. Robert Dutton, who, according to himself, could "never get a girl," was chosen president; John Maher made a very successful vice-president, while Dorothy Burghart completed the slate as secretary.

We were the last class to receive the initiation rites according to a time honored custom of Charlotte which was abandoned the following year. At this party we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and with painted faces and otherwise odd appearance traveled quite a distance down the road of acquaintance and friendship. Later in the term we returned the courtesy to the upperclassmen with a most successful party.

One would hardly recognize the Charlotte High of today as the building we entered four years ago. Many and great are the changes which time has wrought. The present music room was formerly the girls' locker room and was the only room in the northern end of the building on the ground floor devoted to the high school. The remainder was occupied by Number Thirty-eight Grammar School.

Miss Emerson's room used to extend farther back and a small hall, a stairway and a cloak room have disappeared, to make way for a room now sacred to history. Anyone of our class can tell interesting stories of that cloakroom. We appropriately christened it "Lakeview Study Hall" and much studying we did in it, too. Miss Newman's room was the typewriting room, while the room now dedicated to typewriting was previously the music room. All who find

fault with the lunch room system would appreciate it if they had to use the former arrangement which led the student through the present door around and out the kitchen. Our new laboratory shows the most signs of improvement. Rooms 103 and 104 were originally one large room, as were the two above them. The girls' study hall has somehow changed places with the bookkeeping room and over the whole school has been spread a clean, cheerful coat of paint.

On entering our senior year we held regular meetings and elected the following officers: Hiram Parmele, president; Arthur McLaughlin, vice-president; Edna Schwucho, secretary; Harold Coyle, publicity chairman; Philip Gordon, scholarship chairman, and Ellen Yarker, social chairman. Our first social event was a steak roast held at Mathew Fairbanks' home and we have him to thank for a fine time. The steaks were the best ever and were enjoyed by all—especially by Art. In December we united with the January seniors and held a dinner dance at school which was most successful. We were entertained by Edward Halbleib and Carl Ursprung, ballet dancers, and by Ruby Wilder, opera star.

In our final term we chose the following officers: President, our star athlete, Arthur McLaughlin; vice-president, Gordon Speeres (whom we have to thank for hard work in connection with our senior book), and Helen Castle, secretary. Miss Emerson and Mr. Tracy were very popular as class advisors. We shall all remember with pleasure the tea-dance which we held at school on April 6.

On May 15, in conjunction with the January seniors, we gave our play, "The Bluffers," most successfully  
(Continued on Page 53)



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## CLASS PROPHECY

"You've got to get water through that pipe before the end of the week," said Gordon Schlegel, part owner of the Schlegel-Fairbank Construction Company.

His partner, "Matt" Fairbank, nodded his agreement. Before I could remind them that it was already Saturday, they were out of hearing. I turned to my two laborers, Carl Fuhrman and Burton Kintz, who were reclining on the sands next to their tools. Thinking of nothing better to do, I did likewise. My air power pump had refused to utilize its source of power.

I was aroused by a demand for water. "Two unkempt fellows," was my first impression of the thirsty ones.

I told them to help themselves from the tank in the shed. It was Burt who made the discovery that they were our old friends, "Bill" Heeder and Art McLaughlin. They were making their way across country as well as they could to show the big league their "stuff." They decided to stay awhile and help us rest.

Another cry for water broke into our conversation. Standing behind me were a famous lawyer, William Heydweiller, and a wealthy banker, Merriitt Hutchison. They both were offering large sums of money for a drink of water. I felt too burdened to accept any gifts just then, so told them to help themselves. They were on a walking expedition or any kind of an expedition that it might turn out to be. (They thought someone might give them a ride). They joined our council.

Our attention was centered on two airplanes whose aviators were trying to find out how close they could come. They did not find out because they rammed each other instead. Fortu-

ately no one was hurt, tho the planes were demolished. The aviators first began to argue and then recognized each other. So did we, for we could not mistake Sidney Dunk's long lean form or Francis Busch's hair. After a back pounding exercise they came over and resumed old friendships, using salutations less boistroous. Phil Gordon, passenger and owner of the cargo of Sid's plane, joined the circle, as did Harold Coyle, a noted contractor, of Busch's plane. A government airplane landed. Commissioner Gordon Spears descended and recorded the accident.

We entertained ourselves by guessing what was behind a rising cloud of dust. We all were wrong. It was a band of young women making a name for themselves by riding across the continent. In the group were Elizabeth Cummings, Dorothy Lascell, Edna Schwucho, Beulah Soucie, Ellen Yarker and Thelma Lascell. Elizabeth dealt out water to the rest (from our supply) and then came to the horses, but not before Burt and "Butch" took a few good swallows. Ellen began a detailed criticism of the stalled irrigation system that did not contain many favorable comments. Edna Schwucho took notes of the remarks. The Lascell cousins assisted in the critical procedure while Beulah made the necessary preparations for remaining awhile.

About that time one of half the construction company's halves appeared on the scene and wanted to know if a convention was being held. The newcomer, formerly Aleen Clarke, was assured it was not and was greeted by all.

The subject of the conversation was changed several times. It went so far as a discussion of the latest operas. Especially was Ruby Wilder's name

## THE WITAN

brought up in connection with her last appearance in "Ivory Mallets." It was a big hit. A discussion of Dorothy Burghart's last screen production, "The Broken Club," took place. Someone informed us of the fact that the reason this play was such a big success in New York was that Hellen Castle, the governor, had appointed a liberal board of censors. A slight fellow drove up in a rattle-trap car. It was none other than Carl Ursprung. He told me he knew just what was wrong with my air power pump. Did he not have a pump in his auto to pump up the tire? A few minutes later a dust-covered -----? was found sitting in Carl's tire rack. He acknowledged himself as Fred Bates, scientist, musician and globe trotter. He took a comfortable position on the sands and gave suggestions to Ursprung who was dissecting the pump. About this time Mr. Charles Mirguet, inventor, drew up in his combination airplane, auto and launch. He promised to help me out of my difficulties with the pump, as he was its inventor, if I would advertise it. He assured us that soon water would be running through the pipe, since Carl had not done much damage to the pump. Matt and Gas had finished their pinochle game and joined the crowd. Carl chose a place of vantage under the pipe. When the water came he loudly announced himself the first thing irrigated in Death Valley.

Donald McDonnell,  
Class Prophet.



THE WITAN

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Come hither, ye who so desire, and give ear to this, the last Will and Testament of the Class of June 1925 Charlotte High School, City of Rochester, County of Monroe and State of New York.

We, the members of the above mentioned class, being sound of mind and body, and wishing to provide for those less fortunate than we, do hereby solemnly ordain and establish this, our last Will and Testament.

FIRST—To insure our creditors against sleepless nights and ourselves against everlasting torment, we direct that all commencement debts incurred by us be paid as soon after our graduation as conveniently possible.

SECOND—To Mr. Butterfield and the faculty we leave all the knowledge and information they may have acquired from us during our stay in this school. With us we take the memory of four years' love and devotion lavished upon us while in attendance at said school.

THIRD—To Miss Emerson and Mr. Tracy we leave the memory of time well spent in behalf of our class, also best wishes for their future success.

FOURTH—To Miss Miner and Mr. Chamberlain we leave the exclusive right to pass judgment upon the literary merits of all excuses submitted to them.

FIFTH—To the student body in general we leave:

(a) Several thousand wads of gum to be chewed during school hours only.

(b) The library to be used for everything except reference work.

(c) Mr. Butterfield's office in which, of course, none of our class have had the privilege of being entertained. Admission is by invitation only.

(d) The gymnasium to be used any and all hours of the day, Saturdays and Sundays included.

(e) Our Alma Mater, the nearest, dearest and most precious of our treasures. Guard it well, ye students, for in the light of its glory shall ye be glorified, and in the glory of its honor shall ye be honored!

Thus is concluded the last Will and Testament of the Class of June 1925. There remains only the formality of appointing the class of January 1926 as sole custodian and executor of this document.

In Witness Whereof, We place our hand and inscribe our seal this first day of June [L. S.] in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and forty-ninth.

Philip Gordon,  
Class Trustee

Witnesses:—

Arthur McLaughlin, President  
Hellen Castle, Secretary





THE WITAN

L I T E R A R Y



ROMANCE OF THE LITTLE CHINA STATUES

They had stood there on the china cabinet for years and years, the pretty china boy with the tennis racquet and the sweet little old-fashioned girl with the long flaxen braid and the pink ball. All day long they smiled at each other from opposite sides of the cabinet, but when the old grandfather's clock struck the hour of midnight they joyfully jumped from their perches and had a jolly game of ball during the magic hour.

But one night the old grandfather's clock did not strike at the end of the magic hour, and the little china girl kept right on throwing the ball and the china boy still batted it back. Suddenly the big round sun peeped over the housetops of the great city. The startled china statues jumped to their places on the cabinet, but in their haste the pink ball rolled to the ground and hid in a corner, while their spell was broken and they could not move.

When the little old lady who owned the statues came downstairs in the morning, she found the pink ball in the corner. "How strange," she observed to her daughter, "I cannot understand how this ball came off," and she took the sweet little china girl away to be mended.

When the china girl returned to the cabinet, the pretty boy was gone. A thief had come in the night and stolen much of the old woman's property, the china boy among the lot.

Almost a hundred years had rolled by. The benign old grandfather's clock had long ceased to tick, and a staring, shiny new alarm clock stood in his place. The old woman was gone, also her daughter, and the little house was now owned by the grand-

daughter, who had been but a tiny child when the china boy had disappeared. But she remembered him well, and often looked lovingly at the pretty china girl, and wondered if the two would ever stand together again on the cabinet.

The china girl still stood smilingly holding her ball all day, but now when the magic hour came she sat alone in a corner, longing for the days of long ago when she and the pretty boy joyously batted the pink ball to and fro while the grandfather's clock smiled benignly down upon them. And then the tears would well up in her blue china eyes, and when morning came the granddaughter of the old woman would say, "This house is getting old. The rain has leaked in again. I must have the roof shingled over." And one day she exclaimed, "The rain has entirely washed away the china girl's sweet smile! How sad she looks," for at the end of the magic hour the poor little china girl had forgotten to smile, and when the spell broke she was still pining for her lost china boy.

Then the granddaughter died, too, and the sweet little china girl was sold, for there was no daughter of the old family to care for her any more. She was passed from hand to hand, until at last she was taken to France by a rich family.

One day the mother of the family came home from a shopping trip with a bulky package under her arm. "You will never guess what I found in the funniest little antique shop," she said. "It is a little china statue, a boy, and the exact match to our china girl. He even has a tennis racquet to bat back her ball. One would almost think they were made to match."

## THE WITAN

She opened the package, and lo! the most beautiful smile broke out on the sad face of the little china girl. It was the long lost china boy!

What had happened to him and where he had been in that long hundred years, or how he had come to France, no one will ever know, except

the sweet little old-fashioned girl with the long flaxen braid and the pink ball, for during the magic hour he told her everything. And the pretty china boy and the sweet little china girl once more stood smiling at each other from opposite sides of the china cabinet.

Marguerite Heydweiller, '27.



## I'D RATHER

I'd rather lose than play the cheat;  
I'd rather fail than live a lie;  
I'd rather suffer in defeat  
Than fear to meet another's eye.  
I'd rather never win a prize  
Than gain the topmost rung of glory  
And know I must myself despise  
Until death ends my sorry story.

What if another never knew  
That I had tricked my way to fame,  
And all unseen my hand could do  
The cunning little deeds of shame?  
The stolen prize would not be sweet;  
In pride I could not ever show it.  
Men might not know me for a cheat,  
But I should ever after know it.

There is no joy in tricky ways.  
Who does not justly earn his goal  
The price for such a victory pays,  
For shame shall torture long his soul.

What if I could, by cunning claim  
The victor's share of fame or pelf  
And hide from all the world my shame?

I could not hide it from myself.

—Exchange.

THE WITAN

## THE FALL OF THE BOMB

Dusk was falling. All was dark and still in the little hut on Cathedral Street. A low fire was burning in the rusty iron stove in the corner. On the stove a coffeepot sent forth a faint odor and a small cloud of steam.

Seated near the stove an old, old woman, crippled with age, was poring over the tattered pages of a Bible and mumbling to herself slowly. An old shawl was around her grey head and thin shoulders. The long frilled lace on her sleeves partly covered her trembling, knotted hands.

Beside the old grandmother was a little wooden cradle with a soft bundle of white and pink in it. An occasional whimper from the wee babe would arouse the grandmother long enough to smooth the folds or to mumble a loving phrase or two.

Between the cradle and the stove on a pile of rags a small kitten purred in tune with the hiss of the coffee can. A faded green ribbon was tied lovingly around its neck. The kitten at least seemed contented.

In a remote corner, Yasaaf, a lad of about eleven or twelve, sat reading by the dim light that came through the window. He had serious dark eyes and crispy black hair. The lad studied very hard. He was almost through school and then he could go to a high school. That would just suit his purposes.

Over the cleanest spot on the wall a large portrait hung. A dark girl

of about six peeped shyly out of the wooden frame. Above the picture a piece of black crepe hung lingeringly. This was the portrait of little Maria, dead now for three years.

In the most dismal corner of the room was a creaky bed on which lay the father. His broad muscular shoulders and his brawny arm, which was hardly visible above the rumpled quilts, and his alert look gave him the bearings of a soldier. So, indeed he was—a Bulgarian soldier. A wounded soldier, for he had his arm in a sling.

Yasaaf's mother was busily preparing the scanty meal. She said never a word as she cut the coarse brown loaves into thick slices and poured the steaming coffee into shining white cups.

Even with all these commotions, all seemed sad and lonely. At last the large red sun disappeared behind the far away hills and the silence grew deeper than ever.

Then, just as Grandmother soothed the baby, Yasaaf closed his book; the cat stretched her back; and the Mother brought the soldier's meal to him; just then a terrifying, ripping, crashing sound was heard.

"A bomb! a bomb!" shouted the father with a last glance at his dear family. "A bomb, a bomb!" A moment later the house and its occupants were scattered far and wide.

Ruth Johnson, '27.

## FRESHMEN

I am fond of Freshmen. They are so sophisticated. They know that studying is necessary. They know you can never deceive a teacher. And, yes, they know how to keep off probation!

A Freshman shows his superior wisdom by calling biology "bugs." Dear Freshman, I did too! A Freshman is a trifle timid about ambling through the main hall. True humil-

ity? He might get in the way of those important Seniors.

After many years of study and research (does that sound familiar?), I have discovered the difference between a Freshman and upperclassmen. A Freshman dreams of becoming a Senior. A Senior—dare I suggest it—wishes he might begin all over again, and be a real student of C. H. S. Margery Wratten, '26.



THE WITAN

“N”

“It’s just another plain case of suicide,” remarked Dr. Brown to his colleague, Dr. Snow, as they sat in their den discussing the day’s latest news, on a winter evening.

“Yes, I suppose it is,” responded Dr. Snow wearily, as he dropped his eyes to the page before him again. “The paper states that she had no means of personal identification on her when she was found. The only clue is a small scar of a blackish hue on her neck, where an operation had been performed. Humph, that doesn’t give much information after all.”

“Well,” answered Dr. Brown, as if dropping the subject temporarily, “one can never tell.”

The doctors had concluded their after-dinner smoke and were preparing for bed. The topic of the suicide had passed from Dr. Snow’s mind entirely. But not so with Dr. Brown. He was trying to think of something which persisted in being heard but not disclosing its identity. Suddenly his face brightened and then, with an added shake of his head, he switched off the light.

Early the next morning he was at the coroner’s office, with a request to see the body of the unknown woman. He was admitted without delay. He went over to the body and, taking a small magnifying glass from his pocket, looked intently at the scar. After a moment he looked up and a queer smile, like one of triumph, overspread his countenance. He picked up his hat and after thanking the attendant hastily left the establishment. On the way back to his office, he sent a telegram.

A group of men were assembled in the coroner’s small private office ad-

joining the main parlor. Standing near his chair was a portly gentleman, known as Dr. Norris. He was talking. The other gentlemen present were listening attentively.

“I received Dr. Brown’s telegram this morning and I decided that I should act immediately. As you all probably know, I introduced, about a year ago, the idea of signing one’s name to his patients, just following the operation. The idea was not favorably received on all sides. However, I am now ready to prove to those skeptical that the idea is one of importance. I wish to say that the body in the outer room is that of Miss Mary Brown of Roan, Pennsylvania. According to my record, she came to me a little less than one year ago and wished to have an operation performed upon her neck. I accepted the case and decided that I should affix my signature. Accordingly, at the close of the operation, in the near vicinity of the incision, I put a small drop of India drafting ink. Then with a needle I inscribed a dash and a dot, which in the Morse code denotes my initial—N. The ink dried very soon but the dash and the dot could be seen under close inspection. I wrote Dr. Brown at that time, telling him of my work. It seems that he remembered last night my telling him that the ink generally darkens the skin slightly, which caused him to remember everything. And, to finish, this lady has left a will in which all her disinheritance, amounting to several million I believe, are to be donated to relief work of the blind, whom she has been aiding for many years.

Harold Snyder, '27.



## THE WITAN

### THE STREAM

I walked upon a hill so tall  
That every step I thought I'd fall,  
And when at last I reached the top,  
My breath being gone, I had to stop.  
I looked around, and all about,  
And then in joy I gave a shout,  
For far below lay fertile fields  
And farther still a row of hills,  
But in between there ran a stream,  
The prettiest one I'd ever seen.  
Not straight and strong as rivers roll,  
Or babbling brook so clear and cold,  
But sweet and serene it wound its way  
Like a fair lady on a fine summer's  
day.

Arlene Vanderhoef, '28

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### THE CYCLE

Cold, barren, naked tree,  
All have now deserted thee.

Fair, trim tree, with buds so gay,  
Birds are coming now to stay.

Then blossomed, streaked with na-  
ture's wand  
Glowing o'er mirrored pond.

Then, having all these stages bore,  
The tree goes thru it all once more.  
Gordon Schlegel, '25.

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### THE SUSQUEHANNA

Broad and deep, blue and wide,  
The Susquehanna flows by our side;  
Massive, powerful, forcing its way  
South, due south, to Chesapeake Bay.  
The blue of the river meets in the sky  
Beautiful, magic as we flash by  
Off in the distance loom the great hills  
Close by our side lap the rills  
Of the Susquehanna.

Helen Marks, '26.

THE WITAN

THE STUDY HALL MOUSE

Down in a corner, wee and small,  
Feeling petite, in the big study hall,  
Timid and frightened, yet feeling a  
thrill,  
Nervous, yet brave with excitement,  
until  
Out in the vast and silent room  
There came to his ears the warning of  
doom;  
It sounded like shrieks that rend the  
air;  
He began to run not knowing where,  
But the faster he ran the louder it  
grew,  
If only the way to his home he knew.  
Then one of the girls nearly stepped  
on him,  
And at that she shrieked with greater  
vim.  
You'd think that he was the cause of  
it all,  
That he was a monster big and tall,  
Ready to seize them and carry away  
And eat at his pleasure on some rainy  
day.

Marian Barton, '26.

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AFTER THE RAIN

"Doodle doo," said the cock to a much bedraggled hen,  
"My dear, I really know not what to say;  
The sun is shining brightly and the sky is blue and clear,  
And yet it rained in that absurd, peculiar way."

"I cannot understand it," cried a peeping yellow chick,  
And all the barnyard fowls expressed surprise,  
For it had just been raining in a sudden forceful stream,  
And right before their wide, bewildered eyes.

Behind the farmhouse sat a boy with saucy, snapping eyes,  
With jam smeared lips and pudgy, freckled nose,  
He laughed at the discomfort of the foolish barnyard  
fowls—

Johnny had been playing with the hose.

Marguerite Heydweiller.



## THE WITAN

### RAIN

Rain, rain and more rain  
Comes down on the dull, drab hills;  
It seems unfair, it causes pain,  
But the flowers can drink their fill.

What matters it, if we must wait  
So we can have our play?  
The flowers, too, rely on fate  
And wait for a rainy day.

What matters it if it does rain—  
The sun can't always shine—  
For would it be a greater gain  
If the lovely flowers should die?

Think how many hearts rejoice  
At the coming of the flowers;  
How very unfair it is to voice  
Complaints about the little April  
showers!

Teresa M. Rapp, '27.

### A STUDENT'S ALIBI

Oh, how I was aching to get away  
From that shorthand test the other  
day;

Of course I could say that I was sick,  
But I knew that was a mean, low  
trick.

Oh, land of mercy! what could I do,  
For I knew not a thing that was true,  
But I did what was left; like all the  
rest,

I took it, and lo! I passed the test!

Then there were oral topics to worry  
about,

So I started to figure how I could get  
out;

If I said, "unprepared," I would have  
to stay,

So to get up and speak was the only  
way.

The next was bookkeeping, oh! glory  
be,

What was going to happen to me?

I was failing in health, that was plain  
to see,

Oh, school is making a wreck of me!

Gladys Miller, '28.

### I HATE POETS

I hate poets—  
Especially those would-be  
Ones who write on  
And on in blank  
Verse, usually very  
Blank, about  
Things in this  
Weary life  
That they hate and  
When they get  
Thru they haven't said  
A thing. And even then  
They end up with what  
They started with  
I hate Poets.

Gordon Schlegel.

### THE MOON

The moon is a lady  
Bright and fair,  
With laughing eyes  
And golden hair.

She always appears  
Just at night  
When all the stars  
Are shedding light.

Sometimes o'er the blue  
She will sail,  
Sometimes hidden  
Behind a veil.

Sometimes she laughs  
In careless glee,  
Sometimes blue, and solemn  
Is she.

But in all her moods,  
Some beyond name,  
We'd miss her in absence  
Just the same.

Louise Ruestow, '26.

### The Tree, The Bee and The Bird

I saw a green tree  
And I saw a bluebird  
And by the tree I saw a bee  
And the noise that I heard  
Was the chirp of the bird and the buzz  
of the bee  
And I thought, "Oh! how happy I  
ought to be!"

H. A. M., '26.



## THE WITAN

### GALLOPING GRAPEFRUIT

Will miracles never cease? A bowling alley in a street car? And a new kind of bowling balls? My fellow travelers looked these questions over as my paper bag sent forth the results of my recent purchase at a fruit store. One after the other, bright and shining grape fruit bounded down the aisle of a moving street car. A snoozing passenger came suddenly back to realization as a member of the Shaddock family brought its course to a close at his foot. The motorman registered surprise instead of the usual clang, clang of the gong as his foot encountered a specimen of citrous fruit. Finally, coming to the conclusion that grape fruit and street car running don't go together, he slowed up the tram car and, gathering up the rebellious disturbers, placed them on the stove. Fruit should always be kept in a warm place. By this time my courage was up as well as my color and with at least fifty pairs of eyes glued upon me I managed to stumble down the aisle in quest of my strayed possessions. After assuring the motorman that it was unintentional, I resolved to purchase grape fruit nearer home.

Lois Speares.

### THE MAN WITH THE TORTOISE-SHELL GLASSES

The car would not start! We cranked and sweated, pushed and coaxed, and even went to the expedient of using a rather superfluous vocabulary, but to no avail.

We had walked but a small portion of the way when a man in a large Rollin touring car gave us a ride. My father sat in front and chatted with the driver while my brother and I occupied the rear seat and helped my father in keeping up the conversation. As I entered, I had a hurried glance of black tortoise-shell glasses and a red tie. He turned toward Charlotte, so my father and brother left, with a

final word. He drove me to the high school and I prepared to get out, gathering my scattered books.

As I opened the door I noticed my brother's lunch kit lying on the floor. I grabbed this with my books, slammed the door, thanked the driver and hurried away. I had planned to telephone my brother and have him come down for his lunch, and was complimenting myself on my quick action when I slipped and the lunch kit fell open and disclosed—a lunch that was not my brother's! I am still searching for the man with the tortoise-shell glasses.

William Roberts, '25.

### IS THERE ANY MAIL FOR ME?

"Is there any mail for me?" How often have you heard that question? Have you ever stopped at the post office and watched the expressions on the people's faces as they come out with or without their mail? While waiting for a street car recently I stood and watched the following scenes:

First, an old man, wrinkled and gray, came slowly out. His head was bent and he was vainly trying to decipher the writing on the letter tightly clasped in his hand. On his face was a look of questioning suspense.

The next to attract my attention were two women. One, the younger of the two, had a letter which caused her to look entirely satisfied. The other woman, on the other hand, was plainly disgusted. You could almost hear her say, "Just an old bill or advertisement."

The next person needs no explanation. The door was banged open and a small boy rushed forth, shouting, "Hey, Red, me brother Bill sent me a picture card! Ain't that swell?"

Satisfaction, joy, surprise, dismay! What person can arouse more emotions in a brief time than a mail clerk? Bernice Waterhouse, '26.

## THE WITAN

### FROM OUR ONIONOLA CORRESPONDENT

(With apologies to Oliver)

Last week I decided that our Gainesville Sun would like a new ray to add to its beams, so I wrote a description of the town of Onionola. As you know, this town is exceedingly well known for onions—spring onions, Bermuda onions, stewed onions, fried onions, and Spanish onions and many other kinds that you see every day. You probably eat some too. The people of this town are different from most people for the simple reason that they are Onionolian.

First I will describe the town. It has one main street, as towns usually have, with others branching from it. As you enter the town from the north your eye sees a large bright onion shining in the sun (not the Gainesville Sun). This gigantic onion is about two hundred feet high. It is the best and only hotel in the town, called the Onion. Next to the Onion is the postoffice and general furnishing store which sells everything from a horse to a spool of thread. Across the street is the airplane shop and field and the bank. On both sides of these buildings are the cottages of the Onionolians.

Now, since I have described the town, I will give you an idea as to how the day is spent. I will take the first of September, which is spring there. The church bell (I forgot to mention the church) rings at 4:30 A. M. and everyone goes to church at 5:00 o'clock. At six the day begins. The whole town (about sixty people) visits the general store and from what money they have left they make a deposit in the bank. Then they go to their work. The children go to school in the church, as there is no school. The men do the outside work, mostly raising onions (if that is what you do to them) and they are taken with great crying spells from the onions. These spells in time make their eyes very red. The women do the housework and take care of the children and do all that the men don't do. At noon there is church again. Then

the same program for afternoon as for morning. In the evening when all work is done each family gets into its airplane and goes for a hundred mile ride. When the women go to do their shopping in the city they go in airplanes. But the strangest thing about this town is that you cannot find it, for it doesn't exist.

Rhoda Decker, '26.

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### WHY BE POLITE

Why be polite? You will merely waste your time. If you knock a girl down in your mad dash through the hall, do not pick her up; you will be late for class. If someone is struggling with an obstinate door, do not help him; time is precious. Besides wasting time by politeness, you make a bad impression. When you are asked for a pencil, throw it at the would-be borrower, if you bother to give it to him at all; he will know then that you are a "regular guy." If you are walking to class with a girl, amble through the door first; she will respect you for it.

Rudeness realizes rewards, right or wrong. Margery Wratten, '26.

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### REPORT CARD DAY

Even the elements were against me. The weather was cold and disagreeable. The teachers seemed downcast and disgruntled.

As I entered my first class strange thoughts crowded my brain; today was the day of disaster and doom—report card day. I took my seat, and partly from a sense of impending danger I was very quiet, lest the least bit of noise should mean a minus of ex my Excellent mark.

Davis—the name brought me back to earth. Now I had surely done the wrong thing. With eyes downcast and faltering steps I reached the teacher's desk, placed my card on it and waited. An E and it was all over.

G. Davis, '26.



## THE WITAN

### STORY WITHOUT A NAME

It was a tiny, tumble-down, old thatched cottage, leaky and miserable to live in, that stood somewhat back from the unpaved street, and it was a tiny old woman, curious to look at, that was always sitting by a small window with the lace curtain pulled slightly back, looking out at the children and people that went by.

People say she had come there when she was a young girl, a very unsociable and suspicious girl, although exceedingly pretty. Of course, everybody was suspicious of her and often wondered if she never grew tired of sitting in the one position she always seemed to be sitting in by that one window.

One hot and stuffy day when the sun was shining brightly, three men came to the little cottage and at night went away again as mysteriously as they had come. Everything and everybody seemed so queer it aroused the curiosity of all the neighbors. The next day they came again and for about two weeks after that they came each day. The tall grass was being cut and the old fence that had fallen down so long ago was replaced by shrubbery and even a new porch was built.

Then one day some people moved in—probably newly-weds—and everything seemed to be gay, but the old woman still sat by the window. Do you know who she was? Well, she was just an old dummy some boys put there one Hallowe'en. I only told you this story to arouse your curiosity. Mildred Chittenden, '26.

loudly on the desk for order, frowning at Victor Hugo and George Eliot who were having a heated discussion on suffrage. (It was so long since their last visit to earth that they were rather behind the times). Both ceased and George adjusted her bonnet which had come off in her excitement.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said Dickens, "the purpose of this meeting is to plan a book to show these modern authors what trash they are writing. Will you kindly make your suggestions one at a time? Mr. Dumas, you have the floor."

There was a slight confusion caused by the collapse of Thackeray's chair.

Alexandre Dumas thought that the hero of the story should be like his Edmond Dantes. The shade of Dantes was called, but as he was attending the opera with his Greek slave, Haydee, this was unsuccessful.

Thackeray thought that Becky Sharp would be a good vamp for the novel, but on being called Becky talked so much that she was finally requested to sit down.

Then Dickens summoned the spirit of Lucie Darnay, who, upon being questioned, promptly fainted. Sir Walter Scott kindly agreed to take her home. They departed.

Sydney Carton was liked by everyone, but Shakespeare did not think him handsome enough for a hero.

Jack London wanted the hero to be a drunkard who would be reformed by a sweet, golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden.

Marie Corelli suggested mystery—ghosts and secret caves.

Louisa Alcott wanted a Josephine March sort of person for the heroine.

Edgar Allan Poe suggested things which make chills run up and down everyone's back.

And so they talked till Harriet Beecher Stowe noticed a few rays of light straying in the window. She cried to the chairman, "Charles, we must be going!"

And as they could not possibly agree on the subject of hero and heroine, they fled, hoping to reach Hades in time for their respective breakfasts. Isabelle Hathaway, '27.

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### A LITERARY CONFERENCE

One night the spirits of all the authors got together in the big public library. The shade of Dickens was chairman of this meeting. He rapped

THE WITAN

## EDITORIALS

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

What is spirit? It is the compelling force behind a project which enables that project to be put favorably before the public eye. We all know what school is and understand clearly the result of its combination with spirit.

In consideration of this and in the application of school-spirit to our own Alma Mater, we may all ponder a moment. How do we really stand in this respect? There is no need for hesitancy, the answer is too apparent to be denied.

Further reflecting, consider:

Do the majority of students boost our school even in the face of adversities?

Do the majority of students support Charlotte's reputation in the field of athletic endeavor?

Do the majority of students refute and disclaim the negative accusation of the unthinking "knocker?"

All in all, do the students of our high school really respect and love the institution of Charlotte High?

Well, our opinion is withheld; your own frank answer and due consideration is requested. After all is said and done, isn't our school a subdivision of our "home sweet home" and as such shouldn't it in such a degree be respected and honored and its reputation upheld, the same as our own individual home?

Arthur McLaughlin, '25.

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### AIM! FIRE!

Aim! Fire! Boo-oo-om! The resounding, the echoing, the vibrating crash as the massive projectile was hurled from the gigantic cannon, was almost deafening; it was nerve rack-

ing. What had made the noise? Such a foolish question, but here's the answer: the exploding of the ignited powder that expelled the sharp-pointed shell from the mouth of the gun and sped it on its long distance flight through the atmosphere.

Why was the power ignited? Ah! Another one but not quite so vague. The gunner was very practical in his ideas; he obeyed orders, therefore the igniting of the powder.

If some intelligent but procrastinating young proteges of the high schools would only adopt this formula of aim—fire, a report that would vibrate, that would resound through your memory, would be heard.

School work is the gun you operate. The teacher is the superior officer who gives the command and who is obeyed by the students who believe in team work.

She is your guide, your pilot who tells you when you are working and when you are lying down on the job. If you refuse to fire when commanded, don't wonder why you have failed to hit the bull's eye.

Why not try it once and if it doesn't work, if you don't succeed you can try something else. Try obeying orders, instead of being reprimanded so frequently in class. You can say the same thing of a basketball team, if you are playing an individual game instead of following the coach's order to pass the ball, you're sure to be "yanked" to the bench. Well, if you play an individual game in class instead of following the teacher's orders, "you're going to be yanked up to the office, and don't forget it."

Teachers are very proud of their classes and they like to be so. They have patience that rivals Job's. They are interested in your welfare and want to see you hit concrete with the

## THE WITAN

control of the target of knowledge. Their assistance outside of classes is yours for the asking.

They detest reprimanding you all the time because they know that it will affect your attitude towards the work in hand and towards them. It serves to break down your morale and when reports come around you lose your confidence in yourself. You think you're going to get a failing mark, but listen old boy, the teacher is going to give you the benefit of many doubts; she's going to give you the best possible mark for your work. Why? Because she wants you to feel that she, your coach, is still your friend in spite of your disregard of the rules. Walter Young, '27.

### A PERFECT GIRL

It's really trying sometimes to be one of those "goody-goody" girls. Everyone respects you of course, but as far as having fun with you—well, they think it impossible. They would like to be you but they declare to themselves that they'd sooner be themselves—able to do as they liked without being called to task for it. Teachers look upon you as being a perfect model and praise you for your good work, but in the background are your classmates, if not declaring audibly, in their minds think, "teacher's pet; it's nice to have a pull with the teachers!" You never do anything wrong and are used as an example to the less perfect ones.

But underneath it, you are human and ordinary after all. You like to step out of your tight boundaries once in a while. I wonder what the teachers and students would say if you suddenly decided to run up and down the front lawn! (I might say "gambol," which is by the way a word given in the word-study; I might as well use it here as anywhere). Don't crowd the "goody-goody" girls too tightly!

Louise Ruestow, '26.

### OUR FEVERISH SPRING

In the course of human events, it comes to pass that Spring, beautiful

sweet treading Spring descends upon us and our duties unseen but instantly tho lightly we can detect wild foreboding in the air which surrounds itself with mad desires, playful passions and captivating capers. Such is the beginning of Spring, attended by the feverishness and anxiety of the younger set to run away from home, elope or commit suicide.

As time progresses towards this ethereal season, it is gratifying to see the old folks take on a new lease of life, cancel funeral arrangements, and rejoice because of the disappearance of Winter. The married man, during this season, finds himself an attraction. The tired business man, yea, even the mail carrier, succumbs to the plaintive plea of the Scottish pastime commonly called "golf." It is then that the family obeys the advertisements of the world, such as "the dishes can wait! Let's see a Paramount picture" or "Isn't it time, dear, we invested in a Ford sedan or some nice Congoleum?"

And so it goes, my dear fellow-springers. We shall always be susceptible to the quiet yet fascinating and tingling thrill of spring, the brilliant and romantic princess of all occasions. John Ernisse, '27.

### NUNC

You have heard the story of the horse that lost a nail from its shoe. When the stable boy told the owner, he said, "Never mind, I won't have it fixed now." Then the shoe came off. And then—well, you know all about that.

You have also heard of the race between the tortoise and the hare. How the hare lost because he decided, "I don't have to hurry now." So he lay down and slept and lost the race.

Think of these and others like them. Try it in school and then perhaps you will agree with me:

"Be it better late than never,  
It is better now than ever."

Frazer Punnett, '28.



THE WITAN

## The Columbia Scholastic Press Convention

On Friday and Saturday, March 13 and 14, at the invitation of Columbia University, the first annual convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association was held in New York City. Invitations had been sent quite generally to high schools east of the Mississippi River and about three hundred delegates, representing one hundred different schools in eleven states, were present. The temporary organization was officered principally by instructors in the schools of journalism and education at Columbia University. General sessions of all delegates were held but also sectional meetings dealing with the various kinds of publications which high schools support and the different departments in them. The great newspaper, magazines and publishing houses of New York City cooperated heartily and many of the addresses at the meetings were given by executive heads of these concerns. The following may give an indication of the kind of topics considered: Good Reporting, Editing a Magazine, Advertising, Editorial writing, Humor, the Short Story, Business Management. The following names will also indicate the calibre of the speakers: W. P. Beazell, Assistant Managing Editor, New York World; Arthur Warner, of The Nation; H. F. Mahoney, New York Sun; Mary Ross, The Survey; William Hannemann, Life; Don G. Seitz, The World.

Friday morning and afternoon and Saturday morning were taken up with study and instruction in building school publications. Friday evening a banquet was held at the International House, a splendid structure on Riverside Drive erected by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. for the benefit of students of foreign birth attending New York City educational institutions. The manager of the house told us that there are fifteen hundred such students in the city of whom twelve hundred belong to the club, whose headquarters are there and that five hundred twenty-five reside within the house. Following the banquet a sightseeing trip of the city was made, followed by a tour through the plant of The World and The Times. A very interesting feature was the floor of the Times where news is gathered through telephone, telegraph, cable and radio. City news service comes in on a machine something like a stock quotation

ticker, the news being printed on a long paper strip actuated by clock work. On Saturday afternoon all delegates were guests of Columbia University at a performance of "Half Moon Inn" given in the Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria by University students.

On Saturday morning a special edition of the Columbia Spectator, the University daily newspaper, was issued. In this the Convention itself was reported by the delegates. At the business meeting it was voted to continue the Association with the same set of officers for the next year. It was also voted to establish a Journal of the Association which should be published three times annually, on April 1, May 1 and October 1, each issue to contain a professional article by a specialist in journalism, a technical article on some phase of make-up, binding, etc., also by an expert, and a question box. The journal would also contain the best short stories, essays, poems, cartoons and jokes appearing in the publications of the members. Some of the points made by the speakers were that all publications within a school, annual, handbook, newspaper and magazine should be coordinated and handled by a publicity committee, that in general, school annuals need improvement, that school publications should be original and fill their own sphere—not attempt to imitate big city dailies or college publications. In the addresses given there were two distinct styles of treatment. Several speakers considered the delegates as representatives of school papers and gave excellent suggestions as to their management. Other speakers seemed to feel that the delegates were candidates for journalistic positions and their remarks were, therefore, pointed toward preparation for that profession. In general, those speakers, who in addition to their technical knowledge had teaching experience, handled their topics in much the better way. An exhibition of school publications was on view, divided into junior and senior high school classes and according to the enrollment of the school but nearly all entries were of the newspaper type.

I expected to learn a great deal from the convention but can sincerely say that the results exceeded my expectations.

R. L. Butterfield.

## THE WITAN

### ALUMNI

#### Carnegie Hero Fund Commission Recognizes the Heroism of Louis J. Pickens



The daily press on May first and second carried a dispatch stating that Mrs. Hazel Meader Pickens had been granted a pension of seventy-five dollars a month for herself and five

dollars a month additional for her infant son, by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. This with a bronze medal was awarded in recognition of the heroism of her husband, Louis Joseph Pickens, who while attempting to save the life of another last summer from the waters of Lake Ontario, lost his own.

Louis Pickens is an alumnus of Charlotte High School of whose memory we are most proud. He entered here from Greece District No. 2 in September, 1917, took the full commercial course and was graduated with the class of June, 1921. He entered the government mail service and in June, 1924 was married. On July 18 last, he with his wife was at Ontario Beach Park. A very high wind was blowing and the lake was rough for any season and exceedingly so for summer. The children from St. Mary's Orphan Asylum were having a picnic at the lake that day and one of them, twelve-year-old Joseph

Agrie, was in the water on the lake side of the west pier. Buffeted by the breakers, he was swept off his feet and the strong undercurrent carried him out from shore. The Sisters in charge of the children called for aid. Pickens, who was on the pier, jumped into the lake fully clothed. As he was a very good swimmer, he easily reached the child and with the assistance of Alfred Schwaize, who was bathing nearby, the child was rescued. The attention of all was turned toward resuscitation. Few realized the power and treachery of the elements. Spectators seemed to feel that Louis had made the shore and had gone to change his clothing. A bystander recalled soon that she had seen him in the water following the rescue and when a search was instituted he could not be found. Early in the evening his body came ashore. It is believed that a strong wave threw him against the concrete pier and stunned him.

Louis was always quiet, modest and unassuming, but serious and absolutely dependable. In character he was all that we hope a Charlotte High School student should stand for. Those who knew him well were not surprised at the nature of his last act and, although gratified, his friends do not wonder that he was found worthy of this unusual recognition.

THE WITAN

The Witan Staff



IN FRONT: John Donoghue.

SEATED: Harry Tarrant, Elizabeth Cummings, Gordon Schlegel, Philip Gordon, Elizabeth Brown, Lyman Butterfield.

THIRD ROW: Lois Wegman, Ellen Yarker, Miss Sharer, Mr. Lee, Thelma Lascell, Helen Hondorf, Bernice Waterhouse.

BACK ROW: Matthew Fairbank, Nelson Ahrens, Gordon Speares, Herman Duquette, J. Hart Gould, Charles Kendall.

ABSENT: Hellen Castle, Dorothy Burghart, Ethel Whitfield, Kenneth Gilbert, Darrow Dutcher, Frank Waterhouse.



## Student Council



SEATED: Evelyn Razez, Elizabeth Cummings, John Lewis, *Principal*, R. L. Butterfield, Arthur McLaughlin, Miss Miner, Miss Goff.

SECOND ROW: Henry Brown, Galen Evarts, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Tracy, Austin Glasser, Gordon Spears, Harry Tarrant.

BACK ROW: Jack Vaughan, Miss Conley, Miss Newman, Miss Sharer, Raymond Holly.

ABSENT: Dorothy Burghart, Hellen Castle, Jack Schrader.

## THE WITAN

### The Student Council

The purpose of the Student Council is to promote the interests of the school in athletics, literary and debating societies, musical and dramatic clubs, school publications, book exchange and all other student organizations and activities that represent the school. Every student activity is under direct control of a committee responsible to the council.

The Student Council is composed of members of the student body and six faculty advisors. The president, vice-president and secretary are elected by the student body and the treasurer is appointed by the Principal. The classes elect members as representatives of their class, Senior term and final and Junior final having two representatives and the others, with the exception of the Freshman term class, having one each.

THE WITAN

Basketball Team



SEATED: Jack Vaughan, Erwin Murphy, Arthur McLaughlin, *captain*, Joseph McGuire, John Lewis.  
STANDING: Raymond Fallesen, *manager*, Gordon Speares, C. G. Chamberlain, *coach*.

## THE WITAN

### Review of Basketball 1924-1925

The basketball team of the past season was one worthy of many honors. It went through a strenuous season and emerged victors in the majority of its contests. At the annual meeting of the team at the close of the season Jack Vaughan was unanimously designated as Captain of next year's squad.

With the passing of another class, the school loses two of its most prominent athletes, Gordon Speares and Arthur McLaughlin. "Art" and "Guddie" have been the mainstays of Charlotte sports for the past three years. "Art" especially, has a record that any student may well

be proud of, having captained tennis, baseball, soccer, and basketball teams during his scholastic career. For three successive seasons "Guddie" captained the soccer team and was an all-scholastic selection for the same length of time. Although next year's basketball team will miss both these boys, the prospects are far from gloomy. There is invaluable material to be found in Lewis, Vaughan, Vinton, McGuire and Murphy.

Last fall Victor Vinton was forced to leave school because of illness. He will be back in harness next year however, eager and rarin' to go.



### Baseball

Charlotte High School was well supplied with baseball material during the past season. The first game was played at the Armory Field with our old rivals East High School. To shorten a long and sorrowful story we lost 8-1. The second game of the season was with West High School. At the end of the eighth inning the score was tied at six all. In the first of the ninth an error and several

solid hits combined to give West three runs and the game 9-6. Our men fought hard and deserved to win.

With the exceptions of "Bill" Heeder and Captain "Arthur" McLaughlin the team is practically intact for next year. Mr. Tracy coached the players and was an invaluable source of information and amusement to them.

THE WITAN

# The Wrestling Team



SEATED: Barton Bromley, Raymond Holly, Harold Pellet, Arthur Newcomb.  
STANDING: Everett Fleming, J. Hart Gould, Carl Kapell.



## THE WITAN

### Track

For the first time in our school's history a track team has been officially organized and supplied with a coach. Carl Chamberlain turned from his accustomed spring coaching of baseball to track, and showed the members of the track team the fine points of the under path sport. The team participated in the annual state meet, several dual and city meets and at the Syracuse University Interscholastics, and made a good showing. The present graduating class did their share in upholding the laurels of Charlotte.



### Wrestling

Wrestling came to the fore this year. The team went through the season with a favorable record. Tho it didn't win the championship it gave a favorable account of itself in all its meets. All of the members of the team will be back next year and will endeavor to win league honors for Charlotte High School.

At the close of the year Raymond Holly was elected Captain and Manager of next year's team. The following men were awarded letters in wrestling: Kappell, Pellet, Holley, Bromley, Gould, Newcomb and Mooney.



### Tennis

For two years now Charlotte High School has held the city tennis championship. With a veteran team on hand for this season prospects are bright for a third successive winner. There will be little difficulty in selecting a team next spring because with the exception of "Art" McLaughlin all the players will be back in school.



### Swimming

Water sports did not attract as much attention as usual. Emphasis was placed in teaching beginners how to swim, a less spectacular, but more constructive program. Francis Rohr kept us in the calcium glare with some excellent work in the 220.

## THE WITAN

## "To see Oursel's as Ithers see us"

	Hardest Worker	Biggest Grafter	Most Likely Bachelor	Most likely Old Maid	Most Absent-minded	Biggest Drag with Faculty	Biggest fusser	Greatest giegler	Most studious	Worst nuisance	Most popular	Best looking	Best dresser	Best athlete	Nerviest	Hardest knocker	Most collegiate	Biggest flirt	Laziest	Most ambitious	Done most for school	Most bashful
Bates, Fred			6	1	4				1	2						3			2			1
Burghart, Dorothy				2		6	1				8	5	1		3			2			1	
Busch, Francis		6			1				1	4					2							
Castle, Hellen							1				3	1	2			1		1				
Clark, Aleen				7			1					1										1
Coyle, Harold			2		1							4	8			1	2					
Cummings, Elizabeth				1			6						1							1		
Dunk, Sidney			1					2							1				2			
Fairbank, Matthew					1							2	2					1				
Furhman, Carl			1		4							1		1			2		2			1
Gordon, Philip	5					2			4	1										4	4	
Heeder, William			1							1			1		1			1	2			
Heydweiller, William			1		2					1						1						1
Hutchison, Merritt					1												1					
Kintz, Burton						1			1	1					1	3			7			
Lascell, Dorothy					2		1	1				2						5			1	
Lascell, Thelma				1				4								1						
McDonald, Donald	4		2			1			4									2		3		10
McLaughlin, Arthur	2		3						4	4				12						2	8	2
Mirguet, Charles		6					1			1					4	1			1			
Schlegel, Gordon	4					3			3			1	1				1	1		4		1
Schwocho, Edna							1	1			1		1						1	2		1
Soucie, Beulah				2														1				
Ursprung, Carl		1	1		1		1	9		7	1				3		2	2	1			
Speares, Gordon		4		1		3								5	2	1	10				4	
Wilder, Ruby			1		3		1		1				1					2				
Yarker, Ellen	3				1	1	5			1	1				1	6				2		

Total Number of Votes Cast 18

# THE WITAN



THE WITAN

CLASS MOTTO

"The Will to do and the Soul to Dare"

CLASS COLORS

Light Blue and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

Tea Rose

THE WITAN

## NEWS NOTES

### THE HONOR ROLL

The Honor Roll for March was as follows: Lois Speares, Raymond Pearson, Gordon Schlegel, Frances Hinkley, Tessie Lightheart, Madeline Young, Henry Brown and Dorothy Doell.

### THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The climination contest for the National Oratorical Contest was arranged at Charlotte High School by Miss Viola Abbott of the English Department and took place Thursday afternoon, April 9th. The contestants were Charles Kendall, Charles Stroebel and Philip Gordon. Miss Goff, Miss Carter and Miss Sharer acted as judges. Philip Gordon, whose subject was "The Constitution," was the winner, with Charles Stroebel accorded honorable mention. Philip represented Charlotte at the regional contest at Nazareth Academy.

### HI-Y

The Charlotte Hi-Y Club has spent a busy and prosperous month including one joint meeting, a supper meeting with the Cornell Club, and a meeting devoted to induction ceremonies.

The joint meeting was held at the Southwest "Y" with the West Hi-Y as hosts. Rev. Clinton Wunder was the speaker and his topic was "Think." Speeches were also given by the presidents of the various Hi-Y Clubs of the city.

The supper meeting was a big success. So many elements of entertainment were furnished by the magnanimous hosts that the boys were overcome. Two speakers, one on athletics, the second on scholarship. Music by the Cornell Quartette, yells and movies were all presented on the program.

Induction ceremonies took place the following week for these boys: Norman Scheer, Harold Wharity, Baxter Waterhouse, Gordon Page, Harvey Kirby and Lyman Butterfield.

### ASSEMBLIES

On account of the crowded conditions this year a new plan of assemblies has been attempted. Instead of trying to hold one assembly two have been held at the same time in order to accommodate the whole student body.

At the first one held on April 3rd, the main feature was a first aid demonstration by Captain Kieb of the National Red Cross. The meetings were presided over by John Lewis and Henry Brown respectively. The school quartette furnished the music for the occasion.

At the second assembly on May 4th, Col. Montgomery Leary addressed the boys on the aims and benefits of the Citizens' Military Drill Camp. Col. Leary had a real message and every boy thoroughly enjoyed his talk.

The girls' assembly was addressed by Miss Jennings of the Homeopathic and General Hospitals, who outlined the requirements for a nurse.

It has been quite successful and it is hoped that the plan will be continued next year.

### FROM THE ANNALS

#### OF THE PAST

(Continued from Page 25)

directed by Miss Emerson and Miss Carter.

And now we come to the last mile post in this long, eventful history—graduation and adieu Charlotte!

Ellen Yarker,

Class Historian.



## THE WITAN

### CHARLOTTE HIGH HANDBOOK

The traditions Committee, headed by John K. Maher, have been working hard on the Charlotte High Handbook. This publication is similar to the "Freshman Bible" of the University of Rochester and will contain traditions and records of the school, membership of faculty, teams, student committees and student body, hints for incoming students, information on scholarships and general school regulations. Such a publication will be very valuable to all people connected in any way with the school.

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### THE "21" TOURNAMENT

The annual "21" tournament which excites so much interest at Charlotte High every year brought out some new stars this year. Tarrant, Schlegel and Vaughan were among the leaders at the end of the tournament. Vaughan, last year's champion, was defeated in the finals by George (Red) McLaughlin, a newcomer, in two straight games.

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### BANKING

Between September 15 and May 11, pupils in Charlotte High deposited in the school savings bank \$620.12. At least 171 different pupils deposited money and many deposited some amount each week. This is one evidence of the thrift movement in high school. Judgment in spending should accompany care in the use of time and of material.

### MEMORIAL DAY ASSEMBLY

A new note was sounded at the Memorial Day assembly, held Friday afternoon, May 29, in that no humorous nor light note was struck in a program which was whole-spiritedly patriotic and commemorative.

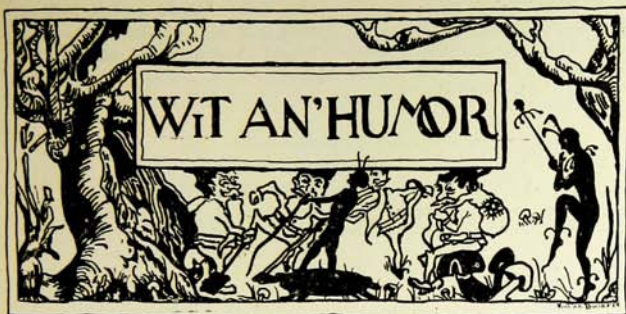
Inadequate meeting space necessitated two assemblies—over the upper class Miss Marion Barton presided, over the freshman-sophomore Henry Brown presided. The program was entirely student.

Miss Elizabeth Brown delivered an original Memorial Day address; Miss Hazel Duffy gave an appreciative reading of "The Blue and the Gray;" John Ernisse gave an original monologue, "A Civil War Veteran Recalls Lincoln," in which he was assisted by Raymond Savage; John Lewis, Student Association president, delivered "The Gettysburg Address;" Boris Warden gave "In Flanders Fields;" the student body sang "America, the Beautiful," and, having been led in the pledge of allegiance by the principal, Mr. Roy L. Butterfield, during which the school standard bearer, Gordon A. Schlegel, presented colors, the assemblies concluded with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Following the assemblies, the officers of the Student Association marched to the lake to lay wreaths at the memorial trees dedicated to World War heroes. Arthur McLaughlin, vice-president of the Student Association, delivered an original commemorative address.



THE WITAN



In the Library

K. B. (writing diary): "I then went up the Togus River."

Mr. Gilmore: "Why that isn't a navigable river. How could you go up it?"

K. B.: "Oh, well! Then I went down it."

Tangled

Teacher in Science: "James, what is a pretzel?"

James: "A pretzel is a doughnut gone crazy."

Marksman (to awkward rifleman): "Remember a bullet will go through a foot of wood, you blockhead."

Miss Pronounced!

Miss Goff: "What was the roof of the Temple of Karnak supported by?"

M. W.: "By Pillows."

Sounds Bad

Headline of Newspaper: "Man Accused of Stealing Flees From Policeman."

Miss Goff: "Doesn't anybody know anything about Charles V?"

Quick Thinking Student: "Why, yes, he died-----"

Miss Goff: "Yes, I think he did."

Unprepared

Miss Joslin: "John, will you please give me the declension of Hic?"

John (unprepared but sober): "Hic? Hic? Hic! Hic!"

Willing

"If I gave you your dinner, would you mind a little work?"

"I would lady, I'd mind it for hours."

If you want to see a good example of the "silent drama," watch Vic Briefer use a typewriter.

## THE WITAN

### A la English III-1

"The man slowly picked himself up from off the street, with clothing soiled and torn, his hat over one eye revealing two bare knees."

Miss Riley: "Name a plant and an animal that show relationship."

Bright Freshman: "A cat and catnip."

While a young lady was playing the piano in the assembly for dancing the following conversation was overheard:

G. M.: "I wish she would play 'Follow the Swallow'."

M. R.: "Well, I wish she would play 'All Alone'."

Bones to Bones  
And skin to skin,  
Ain't it heck  
When a feller's thin?

E. M.: "What is the trouble?"

H. W.: "I don't know, neither does Miss Keefe or Mr. Chamberlain know."

Mrs. Denise (to Latin class): "During Caesar's reign they told time by watches."

Joe (at the Frosh hop): "Wonder how I got in wrong with Clara. She won't dance with me."

Jim: "Maybe she doesn't carry any accident insurance."

"Punctuation was always my weak point," remarked D. B. as he made a dash for the eighth period.

Charlotte Student (thinking of Charlotte vs. East game): "May I be excused this afternoon?"

Excusing Teacher: "Grandmother's funeral?"

Student: "No, sir, East's."

### Points in Baseball

C atch it  
H it it  
A t the bat  
R un  
L et 'er go  
O ut  
T ick  
T hrow it  
E rror

C. U.: "Have you tried the latest dance?"

D. B.: "No, what's the name of it?"

C. U.: "The 'Nervous Breakdown'."

H ome run  
I nnings  
G o it  
H ome

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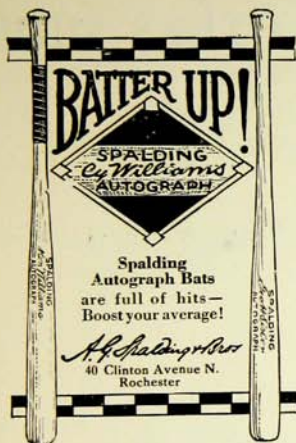




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