

JAN. 1929

THE WITAN



"World, be true for us;
Skies, be blue for us;
Fortune, see what your winds may do
for us!
Fair weather find us, the wide world
over!
You must, for here is our four-leaved
clover."

—Anon

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Charlotte High School
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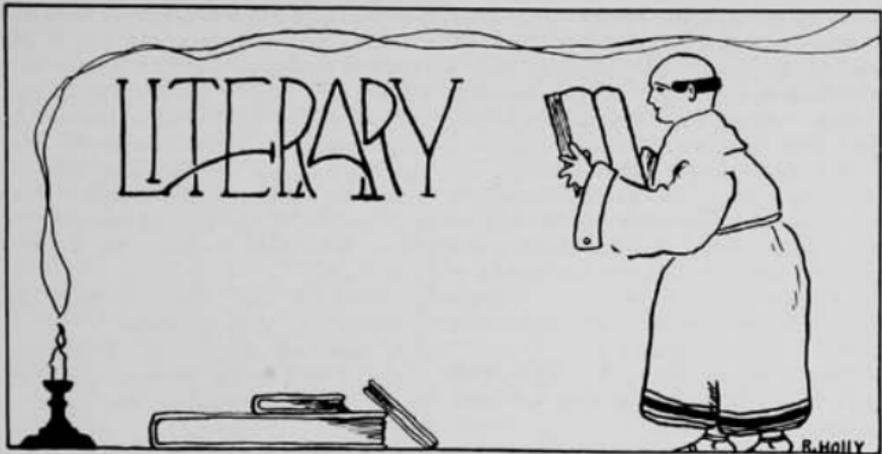
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ADAM AND MARYANNA LEE

The little New England town of Waldoboro was in a ferment over the rumors of the embargo to be laid on the ports of the United States. This was the year 1807, and the war between England and France had been renewed by the blockade imposed on each other. England hoped by this method to starve the French into submission, for they knew that they had the stronger navy and France's blockades were worth only the paper they were written on. The American vessels up to this time had built up a thriving shipping business, but now with the war vessels of both countries preying on them, and their own country about to place embargoes on its own ports as a means of protection, commerce was tied up both in the North and South.

Thus we find the inhabitants of Waldoboro, Maine, discussing the coming embargo and the probable result of this tied up shipping. Although Waldoboro was a small village in a place subject to rigorous winters and comparatively cool summers, the villagers loved it.

Thus one cool spring morning we find Adam Pierce taking leave of his family, prepared to leave port before the Embargo Act is enforced. "Abigail," he said to his wife, "this will be my last trip for some time, and I pray God it be a safe one. The lard-

er is well stocked with bacon, corn, flour and a little rice; our son Warren can fish and hunt, thus giving you some fresh meat, and if you have any spare time, you and Prudence may weave the cloth for another suit for me. Joseph is on the ship, so I must not tarry longer." Saying this, he strode out of the little cottage and down the street toward the wharf.

What a picture he made! He wore a long coat of heavy homespun, and coarse knee breeches with woolen socks, and low heavy shoes with tarnished buckles. His long arms swung in unison with his ambling stride; the gray wig, tied behind with a rusty black ribbon, blew in the breeze and his eyes sparkled as he caught sight of his ship.

What a ship she was—quite long and low, with the once yellow paint on her hull now turned a rich brown by the salt waves and weather. Along her sides and above deck were open port holes and, although the ship was listed at port as a merchantman, she was a bit too sleek and trim, with her raked masts and sharp bow, to deceive many; and one knew that once clear of port, guns would appear at those port holes. Such was the Maryana Lee.

As Captain Adam Pierce stepped aboard, the crew, as was their custom, immediately drew themselves up in a

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line, with Joseph Pierce and John Arthur, son and neighbor, at the head, and at the foot, Hank Calkson, colored freeman but devoted as any slave to Adam. After a cursory glance at the polished brass-work, the neat deck and coiled ropes, Adam ordered the crew to haul in the gangplank, untie the ship and cast off. Whereupon he went to his cabin, took off his wig and ran his fingers through the shock of iron gray hair that was his. Joseph entered a moment later with John Arthur, the first mate.

"Well, we're off, John, and we'll give these Britishers a run for their money," said Adam.

"Ay, sir, 'tis a good plan and a profitable one if it be successful," spoke John.

"Successful?" snorted Adam, "What's to stop us?" We've the trimmest craft afloat and a goodly crew. The devil himself couldn't stop us, let alone a few cranky Britishers."

"Right you are, Dad, and we'll make them regret they met us."

"That's the spirit, son; we'd better order the guns to the ports."

Except for the meeting of the British gunboat, *Leopard*, which fired a broadside at them, the *Maryana Lee* met with no other ship, and on the eve of the thirty-third day at sea, land was sighted.

"Heave to, and drop the anchor," shouted Adam, "and post extra look-outs at the masts; we're scarcely a hundred and fifty miles from King George himself."

Then when the orders were executed, Adam called the crew to the deck and told them of his plan. "Well, my men, I suppose you've wind of my scheme by this time. It's this: You all know these waters are infested with British boats to keep the likes of us from France. Well, tonight with all lights out we'll creep into the port of Brest and discharge all this corn and bacon and stuff we have. These Frenchmen are so hungry they'd chew leather. Then when we pack in the cash for the grub we'll make a run for home. We've been lucky so far, but don't let up; the tough part is comin'.

See that the guns are ready, have the muskets and cutlasses laid out in the forward cabin, then get to your bunks, for we've a night's work ahead of us."

That night the *Maryana Lee* slowly crept into the harbor at Brest with the French flag at her bow and the American emblem just beneath. They anchored in the middle of the bay and Adam was rowed ashore by a small boat crew.

"Arretez! Qui vive?" rang the sharp alarm of the sentry.

"I am an American; I have a cargo of food in the harbor. Take me to an officer," growled the voice of Pierce.

"Un Americain; it is difficult to believe it,—and food, ah, Mon Dieu! Come this way, sir."

* * * * *

"Yes sir, I have twenty tons of corn, fifteen hundred sides of bacon, and about three tons of rice, and I'll take the five thousand francs. We must be unloaded by morning. Where shall I dock?"

* * * * *

The next morning the sun showing over the tops of the warehouses at the wharfs showed the *Maryana Lee* riding higher in the water and her tired eyed crew were just finishing swabbing the deck and readjusting the ballast in the hold.

"Well, men, we've landed the cargo safe, the ship's spick and span, and all we have to do is wait till dusk and sail out past the British. Now to breakfast, then some rest."

That night, about three hours after they had cleared port, the startling cry was heard from the lookout, "Light to starboard, sir."

Captain Pierce picked up his glass and, although it was dark, succeeded in recognizing the boat as a British patrol ship. "Every man to his post," ordered Pierce in a tense voice; "they haven't sighted us yet; we'll try to give them the slip. If they do see us, and hail us, tack quickly to starboard and give them a broadside."

Minutes crept by and the boats slipped nearer each other; the lights of the *Maryana* darkened. Just as Pierce's ship was about to cross the bows of the British ship, the cry rang

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out across the water, "What ship is that?"

Pierce gave answer, "The Maryana Lee, owned and sailed by Adam Pierce of Waldoboro, Maine, U. S. A." Then turning to the crew, "Tack and let 'em have it, boys."

The ship slid 'round and ten guns roared out and ten red flashes lit up sulphurous patches of smoke. The Maryana rolled to port, recovered and sailed past. The shot crashed through the rail of the British ship, splintered the deck, crushed the forward cabin, and killed three of the gunners.

"After them!" roared the British captain.

Then began a grim game, the British vessel trying to come close to the Yankee ship, and the Maryana out-sailing the larger craft and picking off its crew with musket fire.

Finally, the British captain, seeing the futility of the chase, began to run, but the Maryana soon tacked about and overhauled him.

"Strike your colors, or we'll finish

ye," bawled Adam, and punctuated his order with a musket ball.

The Englishman, being a prudent man, hove to and struck his colors, and when Adam's ship came alongside, he was standing at the rail with the flag over his arm and his sword in his hand.

"Unconditional surrender, sir," he said, handing his sword to Adam.

"I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable," said Adam, noting the bloody crew, "but just for luck, I'll take along your cannon and muskets, and by the way, tell King George that he certainly chooses the right kind of sailor men to impress, when he chooses us Yankees, but he really ought to stop it."

And as the two ships drifted apart, a long cheer for the defeated British was raised from the deck of the Maryana Lee.

"A very nice day's work, my men," chuckled Captain Adam Pierce.

Harrison Grotzinger, '29.

THE CARDINAL

A tranquil silence descended as twilight slowly faded into darkness. The last resplendent rays of the setting sun reluctantly died to rest behind the purple hills, leaving only a faint reflection of the glorious beauty in the darkening sky.

A small log cabin overlooked Sunshine Valley in all its growing green. On a huge rock in front of the cabin sat a young man watching with rapturous thoughtfulness the fading heavens.

A flock of crows, slowly winging their tired way toward Pine Hollow far to the east of the valley, broke the rhapsody, carrying with them the thoughts of the watcher by the cabin.

* * * * *

Spencer Tremont was an orphan; he could never remember being any-

thing else. He did not regret it, somehow because, in a way, he was different from all other orphans—different bodily and spiritually.

His parents had died when he was but three years old, and friends placed him in an asylum. Here the child remained for many years, until one day his future began to be molded—a day he was not soon to forget.

A longing for Nature and its quietude and solemnity constantly haunted the boy. He wanted solitude; to run away and leave the worries of the great city far behind. His father had been a naturalist, and had loved always the finer ideals and elements of life, so why should not he, also?

He decisively settled the deep question lying before him, and that night found a youth, barely twelve years old, trudging silently along the old

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River Road that led far, far out into the country.

When the first gray streaks of dawn began to light the universe, the boy who had left the city and its multitudes for the rapture and beauty of Nature, turned from the road into the neighboring fields toward a distant woodlot.

Springtime it was, and to a lonely visitor, the enviroing constituents of Nature must surely have looked inviting in all their green.

Far away from any roads was a dense tract of woodland forest, and here the boy found the log cabin, the place where he was destined to live for many years, sustained only by wild roots and berries, unheard of by the world.

* * * * *

Now, but now, he was older; he was entering manhood and he must seek a life work. Most surely, in a way, this was not a requisite far out in the woods away from civilization, but, somehow, it seemed necessary, a part of the life that had been given. Everyone has been created for a purpose, and his purpose, so he concluded, was to give to the outside world a newer, a bigger knowledge of the finer things of Life through the glories of Nature. He held no definite plan in his mind, but he started out to study what was nearest to his heart—birds.

He was a recluse, secluded from the world—at least one part of the world but not from the other part; he lived right in it! The sweet beauty of a thrush's note, of the water in the brook as it babbled between the crevices in the rocks—everything, with a quiet peace, lived on with him.

The young man's deep interest in birds impelled him to lure them to him, and constitute something that could feel, something that could know the love he had for the natural.

Autumn came, clothed in all its new wonders. Now it was that he came to know the Cardinal, and his life career had begun in earnest.

Every day the Cardinal came to his cabin for food, and afforded each time a more deepening influence on the

emotions of the boy, who now began to lure more and more feathered friends.

When Winter came with its cold and snow, many of the birds went South, but the friend they left behind was now engaged in something that partially took from his mind the thoughts of them in a sunnier clime. He was, instead, writing a book about them.

The young writer wanted to put in his book something more than just the plain facts about birds; he wanted to show the unseen—how real are their desires and how emotional their ways.

It was hard, without an education, to say what he longed to say intelligently; but all winter long he worked on and on, and when the dogwood again began to bud and the maples to turn red, he had completed his task. Every bird he knew had a place in the pages of his book, but on the very first page was the story of the Cardinal.

One day when the woods were unusually calm, away to the southwest a familiar note struck out across the valley. The Cardinal had returned! The Cardinal, as scarlet as the previous autumn!

Then it was that the young writer had a novel idea. The Cardinal was faithful—faithful in returning to the valley to renew his friendship; then—would he dare—should he—why not entrust his new writing to the loyal Cardinal? He would!—he would send the bird back to the city—he could not again face it himself—with his precious book.

The Cardinal one day lifted its wings to the clouds, with a pale yellow paper held firmly in its beak. It kept turning back, but, finally, with a decisive flap of its wings, it continued on to the east over Green Cove.

The Cardinal never returned to its old friend, Spencer Tremont, who missed its beauteous song sadly, but late in August a messenger rode up to the little cabin in the woods with the news that Spencer Tremont was the new and accepted naturalist of America! He was to be employed by

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the United States Government to carry on a great work as a new writer of Nature for the American people, and for those of all the world!

Always he was inspired in his fu-

ture work by a revelation of something which never vanished from his mind—the Cardinal, maybe now back by the cabin in Sunshine Valley.

Ralph H. Happ, '29.

CHIEF PATAPAW'S PEARLS

"Ahoy, mates," called out Cap'n Weathersby, as Bud and I clambered up over the railing of the good ship Nancy Bell as she lay at the river's bank, a bit above the dock where the cap'n had dropped her anchor two years previous upon his retirement from an adventurous life on the lakes. The cap'n now sat on a hatch puffing contentedly on a ponderous briar pipe that was never far from his hand, while Zip, a black, long-haired mongrel lay by his feet wagging his tail at our approach. Saving Zip from a watery grave in the Genesee when an ancient snapper had set his beak determinedly in the dog's foot, earned us the Cap'n's friendship.

"What ails you, lads?" queried the Cap'n, "You look like a pair of old salts that have had nothing but salt pork and hardtack for a month."

"Well," Bud replied rather sheepishly, "we were just wondering why it was that we never have any luck like other people have. For instance, a man down in Texas digs for a well and strikes a gusher."

"Yes," I interrupted, "or like the man down in Pennsylvania who dug for fish worms and found a coal mine. Why Bud and I have dug enough holes to reach from here to China and all we found were the remains of someone's pet poodle."

The Cap'n's eyes had lost their customary twinkle as he invited us down to the cabin to try some molasses candy. Bud and I settled down on the sofa with a bowl of the sweet between us, while Zip curled up on the floor with his eyes fixed intently upon his master, who was busily packing his

pipe in preparation for launching into one of his many yarns. Having settled himself in a Morris chair, with the pipe clenched in one corner of his mouth, he started his tale.

"This story," he stated, "was told to me by my great uncle whose favorite nephew I was. He, in turn, had it from a dying Indian whom he had befriended. It seems that a great many years before the Indian was born, a tribe of his people had settled on the bluff that now borders the marsh just below the dock. Here, under the guidance of their chief, whose name was Patapaw, they raised their tepees and lived for many years in peace. Patapaw became known far and wide for his great collection of fresh water pearls and for his daughter, White Fawn, the most beautiful and graceful Indian maid that ever dwelt on the shore of the lake. White Fawn had a lover, a warrior famed for his bravery, who was called The Eagle.

Everything went well for a time and it looked as though everyone would live happily ever after, until one morning the tribe awoke to find several canoe loads of French soldiers sailing up the river. They landed at the foot of the bluff and made their way up to the awaiting chief, where they introduced themselves with gifts of beads which they gave freely to the astonished Indians. The leader of the party was one Mons. Du Valier, who having heard of Patapaw's pearls, came to obtain them. They stayed in the village for some time, during which Valier tried to get Patapaw's consent to the marriage of White

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Fawn and himself, for it was through her that he accomplished his purpose and was leaving Patapaw's tepee when he observed White Fawn and The Eagle walking arm in arm. Perhaps he had taken too much rum. At any rate, the sight aroused his temper so that he drew his poinard and attacked The Eagle. Valier was a master of the art, but The Eagle had a few tricks of his own, and it was not long before they were thrusting and parrying in a most blood thirsty manner. The Frenchmen, attracted by the noise, formed a line on one side of the fighters, with guns primed and ready to fire on The Eagle. The only thing that prevented them was about three times as many Indians who, with drawn bow, stood on the other side of the struggling men. The fight waged furiously, but the strength of the Indian prevailed to the extent of permitting him to insert the blade of his knife between the Frenchman's ribs. Valier had scarcely touched the ground when his men fired a volley upon the Indians, who retaliated so fiercely that the remaining Frenchmen were glad to sieze a canoe and paddle fiercely for Canada.

The warriors returned to the scene of the battle, where they discovered

the dead bodies of White Fawn and The Eagle lying side by side. Patapaw immediately proceeded in the method of Indian mourning, which was most awe-inspiring and terrible. After several days of fasting and wailing had elapsed, they reverently placed the bodies of White Fawn and her lover in a canoe while Patapaw placed the ill-fated pearls in sealed jars at their feet and the rest of the canoe was heaped high with Indian pottery and other paraphernalia. The entire funeral barge was towed to what is now very near the middle of the marsh, where it was sunk with due ceremony. The tribe then packed up their belongings and moved far from this part of the country."

Here the Cap'n paused in his narration and sat meditating for a moment, and then said suddenly with feeling:

"Somehow, no matter how valuable those pearls might be today, I never have had the desire to disturb the resting place of those poor Indian lovers."

"Yes," said Bud understandingly, "but it is some consolation to know you could discover the buried treasure if you wished to."

And strangely we all agreed.



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A NEW ENGLAND SABBATH

When the dawn appears every Sunday morning I roll over in bed to watch it cast its lovely rays on an old steeple, high above the other buildings in town. This steeple is none other than the community church steeple in the full brightness and lustre of the morning light. The weathercock is busily foretelling the weather on the spire of the church steeple, and a clock in the tower points the weary hours away.

The church dwelling receives its light through small narrow windows. The dingy light rests upon vacant pews and empty galleries, and an old organ is silently waiting the returns of the congregation, while an old clock ticks the time away.

My friend, the minister, is seen slowly trodding his way to the "House of the Lord" in his best Sunday apparel, a dark suit, usually black, and a small black felt hat on his head of silver grey hair. Soon after he enters the church, the peal of the bell is heard. The children have already gathered in front of the church, waiting for the school class to begin. Their clothes are made of bright colored materials which seem to shine, as their bright, smiling faces do in the sunshine.

The elders appear after the bell is rung the second time. Old women in black garments are hurrying to the church steps now and the men appear with unusual brightness, wearing

black shining silk pants and white frills on their waistcoats, with another coat of the same material to keep the cold from their bodies. The young girls are tripping down the aisles, some in white blouses and black, silk skirts to their ankles, another in yellow, and others in red, pink, and blue. They wear small black laced slippers on their feet with white stockings showing through the laces, while on the men are heavier shoes with large silver buckles. All the women and girls wear veils to church to make themselves look more sombre in appearance.

Everyone is seated in the dusty pews and the clergyman stands before his people with a small Bible in his hands, ready to begin the Sunday services. The low murmur of the congregation faints away as the people stand up to pray. The hymn, so sacred, is sung next by a group of voices in the church choir. Their voices are loud, clear and melodious, echoing in every corner of the church with the loud accompaniment of the old-fashioned organ. Now, the parson preaches his ideas of religion to the people. The sermon has commenced, but will not cease until about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Many hymns are sung, texts read and thoughts expressed until late in the afternoon. Shuffling of feet and the banging of the seats are heard as the congregation rises to leave. The

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doors are swung open with a creaking sound and the congregation hurries through the open doors to the church yard. Some people loiter awhile to gossip while others wait for the minister to bless their children and invite him to their homes for dinner. The street is now a pleasant sight to behold, with gay colors and happy faces seen everywhere.

Soon the people are at home by the fireside. Dinner has been served and the remainder of the day is spent in reading Pilgrim's Progress or the Holy Bible. The young people are in bed already, and the curfew tolls eight bells and everyone is now in his home, preparing for bed or mindfully conversing about the day's events, before retiring.

Lights are blown out by the head of the house, the burning log in the fireplace is extinguished and prayers are now said to thank God for the peaceful day, which will not come until a long weary week of six working days.

Viola Nichols.

TELEPHONE GOSSIP

I'm a telephone. I'm not very old for the oldest in our family is only thirty years old. I have a black suit trimmed with silver, and am run by electricity. We telephones do not have names, but numbers; mine's Charlotte 743 R.

When people use me to call up friends, sweethearts, doctors, grocers, and what not, they have to drop a nickel into me. Some of my brothers and sisters are not pay phones like me. Some of my relations hang on walls, sit on desks or hang on hooks.

I can tell you how Mrs. Jones' baby is, who Sue Brown is going out with tonight, what Mrs. Smith wore to the party, how much Mrs. Adams owes the butcher, how much Mr. Green's salary amounts to, how to cook carrots with onions, and many other things.

The people I have most trouble with are the sweethearts. They call each other up about every ten minutes of

the day. And they usually have the same things to say, such as, "Isn't it a lovely day, honey?" or "Do you feel well, dear? I'm so worried about you." and such things as that.

My next pest is the gossipy old women. All they do is talk about people, and then turn around and knock the women they were just talking to. From them I get such things as this: "That dress Mrs. Jones wears is from the year of one," or "Mrs. Brown wears her dresses entirely too short for a woman her age. Did you know she was forty-eight?" and "Mrs. Smith is positively homely, and I guess she spends most of her husband's money on clothes," and "Did you know Mrs. Green's baby has the measles and they haven't a sign on the house?"

From the business men I get stock reports or real estate talk. From these men I could tell you how much Mr. Hempel won or lost on stocks, the price Sterns sold their house at, or who Mr. Miller, a married man, was running around with.

The only time I get to sleep is between calls, as you see I'm used day and night. Oh, I guess I'll have to say good-bye----someone's pulling on my arm and thumping my ear.

Adele Pratt, '32

P. S.—Mrs. Green just had her sign for measles put up, so Mrs. Jones just said.

A TRIP UP PIKE'S PEAK

It was a party of three, consisting of my brother, a friend and myself. We started from Manitou, a small village at the base of Pike's Peak, whose chief function was to sell curios at high prices to gullible tourists. The aim of the party was to reach the top of the peak, which, after all, was not so difficult as it was in the time of Pike.

The first stage of the journey was taken serenely sitting in one of the cars of the "Mount Manitou Scenic Incline," (tickets for \$.75). Arriving at the top of the incline, we walked

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the rest of the way, though some less industrious people hired a burro. They, however, regretted their folly after an hour or so of traveling. The burros are about the size of a saw horse and one gets the same sensation as he would on riding a saw horse, only a saw horse doesn't jolt. We walked up (to my regret) but at that, it was not so bad as coming down.

My legs were all tired out from putting on the brakes. Some persons found a flat stone and, using two sticks to balance themselves, slid down one track of the cog road. I tried that, but the stone stopped and I didn't. When I managed to stop, I decided that "slow but sure wins the race." When we reached Manitou, we got on a street car bound for Colorado Springs and home.

James Smith.

A PHEASANT'S LIFE

Co Co! Come over here; there is some ripe corn. As I had got my full, I sat proudly plucking my golden coat and watching for human enemies.

I proudly looked down upon my family feasting hungrily. One, two, three, four birds like myself! Three more like my mate, plump and dusty looking.

Sadly a dark vision grew in front of me. I remembered a time when my other family was destroyed by terrific sounds and running animals. I narrowly escaped death myself with a broken wing. I ran into a marsh where I found freedom.

Dawn of the next morning we were all nestled in our roosting places when something was causing a great disturbance among our friends. Something dashed in front of me! I flew!

Myron Kelly.

FIFTY CENTS

Say, fellows, did any of you ever take your girl out when all you had was fifty cents? Well, I know a young fellow who did. His name was Dave and her's was June. They made a date to go out riding and when the

night came, father announced that he was going to use the car. Dave didn't want to ask her to go walking and he couldn't hire a taxi, because he had just fifty cents.

Then he had an idea. He could get his friend to drive him around and pay him some other time when he had more money. His friend agreed and they started. For awhile everything went well and then she said, "Dave, I am just dying for a drink."

He took the hint and they stopped at a drug store and had a soda. The sodas cost thirty cents, leaving a balance of twenty cents.

"Oh, well," he thought, "if she doesn't ask for anything to eat, why I'll be all right."

However, that was just what she did. He tried to convince her that she wasn't hungry, but he failed. He couldn't tell her he had but twenty cents and, still, if he didn't, he would have to stop and eat. Just then they came to a roadside inn and she insisted upon stopping. They did. They entered the house and sat down at a secluded table.

June ordered a good supper and Dave, thinking that he couldn't make it any worse, ordered a good supper, too. They were eating and Dave was wondering what would happen when the bill came, when he felt a hand in his pocket for a second. He looked up in time to see a man sneaking out of a side door. He felt in his pocket and there was a leather wallet.

Just then a couple of policemen burst into the room and asked if a certain man, whom they described, had been seen. Dave told the policemen that the man left by the side door and then asked what he was wanted for. He was told that the man was a pickpocket and had stolen a wallet containing over five hundred dollars. Dave's heart almost stopped beating. He must have the very wallet in his pocket. He told the policemen and they took him to the gentleman, who identified the wallet as his.

He rewarded Dave with twenty-five dollars and Dave went back and paid the bill.

Charles Peters, '31.

THE WITAN

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

A visit to the hairdresser and the result is usually a beautiful marcel. But not for long. The marcel soon vanishes in thin air, for as soon as the damp air strikes it, it dissolves, leaving the hair in strings, with merely a crimp here and there. Seventy-five cents gone!

And even if it does survive until it reaches home, the next morning it presents a startling appearance, sticking out in all directions. It naturally would, after having been lain on all night.

When the poor hair is washed, to get the remaining kinks out of it, it further bothers its wearer by flying in all directions at the slightest breath of air.

The girl who owns the hair knows that she doesn't care how she looks anyway, but, nevertheless, in a few days she gets another marcel. Hair is an awful bother, but the girl would feel lost if she didn't have it to worry about. Betty LeClare, '31.

wouldn't do, either. In front of me sat two young girls, but they were too busy eating chocolates to laugh. I looked behind me and saw a middle aged couple who were evidently married (judging from the look of martyrdom on his face). After each joke he would have to explain the point of it to her and then, after everyone had stopped, she would begin to "giggle." What did it sound like? Every note from "a" to "g" in minor and major. No, I decided, I prefer my own laugh to that discordant "squeak." Sitting next to the fat man was a young fellow. His laugh was nice, but goodness, I never could reach such a low tone.

Suddenly a girl friend whom I was with, poked me and inquired if I had come to see the audience or the show. With a sigh of resignation, I turned back, coming to the conclusion that "no matter how awful' there's no laugh like your own."

Susanne Bogorad, '30

LAUGHS

As a humorous remark was made in class one day, I began to laugh. (Now when I laugh I certainly can be heard. I believe that when the laughs are handed out, I was the first in line and because of my punctuality was given a double share).

"Why don't you cultivate that laugh?" exclaimed one of my classmates. As I had been asked this so often, I decided to notice the laughs of other people and see how I could change mine.

The next time that I went to the theatre I looked around the audience every time the comedian said something funny to notice how the different people laughed.

Next to me sat a "skinny" spinster (at least she looked like one) and every few minutes she would begin to "cackle" at about high C. I quickly turned in the other direction. There I saw a fat man whose lusty "roar" rang out above all the rest. No, that

THE THOUGHTS OF A BOOK

My residence is Charlotte High School, therefore I have a very busy life. My name is "Greek Art."

I rest contentedly from five o'clock at night until eight-thirty in the morning; from then on I never am sure when or how fast I will be snatched from my perch, which happens to be the third shelf from the right of Miss Cashman's chair. I should not complain, however, because I am not as popular as some of my friends, for I am composed of history and I am only read when the pupils are compelled to read me.

Sometimes when the bell is just about to be rung for first period classes, I begin to hope that I will not be bothered, when, of a sudden, I hear "scrambling" feet and several hands are clutching at me as if to tear me apart. But if I am feeling well this does not bother me, for I love to travel, especially with people who treat me well, for when I arrive home my companions never tire of my related experiences.

THE WITAN

THE DISADVANTAGES

OF BEING TALL

One disadvantage of being tall is that you have to pay full fare on street-cars, and also to get in theatres you have to pay more than small persons do. When a tall person goes to bed, he always wonders why the covers are so short, and why his feet feel so cold when he pulls the covers up to his neck. A tall person is much more apt to bump his head on low lights, doorways, and other objects which hang less than six feet from the floor or ground. A tall person has to eat more than a short person in order to remain healthy and full of pep.

Another disadvantage of being tall is in buying clothes. A tall person must have a larger suit or dress than a smaller person. The more cloth you take the higher the clothes, so a tall person is an example of the "high cost of living."

In the winter time, when the sidewalks and streets are slippery, and a tall person slips and falls, according to the law of gravity he would hit the ground much harder than a small person because he falls farther. As small boys often throw snowballs at people who walk along the sidewalk, the bigger and higher the target, the easier it is to hit.

The above things are only a few of the many disadvantages of being tall, so, in conclusion, I say that I prefer to be small and take a small amount of this world's bumps.

Truman Murrell, '29.

EXAMINATIONS

Scared? No, I wasn't scared, but I was w-o-r-r-i-e-d.

It was the examinations that were worrying me. What will I stand in French? What mark will I get in Latin? And will I pass English?

These questions caused me many sleepless nights and when I finally did

fall into a light slumber, large goblins in the shape of sixty percent in French, forty percent in Geometry and, worst of all, twenty percent in English would dance at the foot of the bed, make faces and point long fingers at me, making my hair stand on end and shivers run up and down my back.

Would they never stop dancing!

Suddenly I would scream, "Stop! Stop!"

The next moment I would be awake and see my mother bending over me, asking anxiously if I were ill.

"No," I would say, "I'm all right now. I just wish you'd take those books that are on the stand into the hall."

Mother would take the books and mutter about how queer I was and then I would doze off again. But no sooner had my eyes closed than I would see extremely large books with very fine print, which, when I had racked my brain and strained my eyes, turned out to be nothing less than the most terrible French and Latin words, the most awful questions in English and huge forms in Geometry, only to be awakened by Mother to get up and get ready for school.

Beulah Nellis, '29

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

Snow, snow, snow! On the roofs and trees, the fields and hills and everywhere. It gleamed from the earth and the housetops and sparkled and glittered in the sunlight, almost blinding me.

I shielded my eyes with my hand and looked into the yards around me. The ash piles were covered with snow and looked like giant peaks of vanilla ice cream. All the papers strewn in the yards were covered up and some looked very comical and queer. Sleigh bells tinkled merrily and children's shouts of joy filled the air.

Truly, winter had come.

Julia VanDam, '31

(Continued to Page 59)

THE WITAN



Editorials

The Staff congratulates the student body for its cooperation in preparing for this issue of the Witan. A greater number of stories and essays were contributed than before, and the Staff appreciates this most necessary effort to aid in putting the Witan across. Keep up the good work, students, and we will have a magazine of which both you and the Staff can be proud.

The National election was only an echo of the sentiments expressed by the students of Charlotte in their election.

Some good advice to students who are not fortunate enough to own fountain pens is that they do not carry their pens about in their books, for, on account of the spear-like quality of the pen point, which is invariably sticking out, they act too well as arm amputators and infection spreaders.

"Politeness is to do and to say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

If this saying were put into practice in Charlotte High School, everyone concerned would be better off.

Lack of politeness is noticeable in all parts of the school building, mainly during assemblies. It seems that no matter who is speaking or what is going on, there is always much unnecessary talking and noise in the

back of the room. If the talkers will please make less noise, we will all appreciate it and enjoy the assemblies more.

Did you notice how thin the last issue of the Witan was? Do you know why? It was the lack of material. The Witan is strictly a literary periodical of the school and, in order to carry on successfully, must have the support of all the students. The Witan is just what you make it. If the staff, at the date set, receives a varied, fine lot of material, they will turn out one of the best school magazines in the city. So come, all ye future humorists, poets and short story writers, give the staff a sample of your genius and they will give you a magazine worth while.

"The pupil who has no time for school spirit, is like the woodman who has no time to sharpen his axe."

The first four rows of seats in Charlotte High School's assemblies are filled with the school's best, or worst critics. They not only criticize, but they do it immediately. Interrupting a performance with loud remarks and childlike laughter means nothing to them, and unless the performer is a crony, the criticism is generally unfavorable. Giving credit where credit is due is one of the things these critics know nothing about.

What simple minds they have!

THE WITAN

Rip Van Winkle slept almost as long as some people at school seem to have.

Desperation is brought on by straining limited means. Why limit the means?

It has been observed that some of the Senior High School teachers treat the Junior High School pupils with most strict discipline. Why?

We notice that our contemporary, the "Northern Light," has begun the phrase "The School with a Purpose" as descriptive of Charlotte High. Let's live up to the motto.

Always remember to develop your personality along with your "personality" and fair weather friends are apt to become all-weather friends.

A SURPRISE

You have been told to look for this heading on this page of your Witan. To discover the surprise, you must look still further.

We know that when you opened the last of your gifts on Christmas morning you felt contentedly sure that you would not receive another gift until your birthday or Commencement, or perhaps even until next Christmas.

We feel that this is all wrong! Gifts should be distributed freely and frequently among the younger generation. In the spirit of "It is more blessed to give than to receive," we have taken it upon ourselves to initiate this custom.

Please turn to page sixty-nine of this issue. In the lower left-hand corner is your gift.

THE WITAN



NELL'S DOLL

The sun came up, bright and red,
And with a shout, Nell jumped out of bed.
She stubbed her toe and skinned her knee,
As she flew downstairs to the Christmas tree.

With eager eyes she glanced about
To see if Santa'd left anything out.
And there on the tree was a lovely surprise,
A big mama doll with shining blue eyes.

She clapped her hands and danced
with glee,
And took the doll from the Christmas tree.

She hugged it tight and wrinkled its dress,
But this did not mar her happiness.

Doris Reagon, '31.

A BIT OF HOLLY

The little white snowflakes are falling,
The wind whistles loud through the trees,
But shining and green is the holly,
Whose red berries wave in the breeze.

The little white snowflakes are falling,
The winter is icy and chill;
But this tiny spray full of brightness
Tells ever of joy and good will.

THE LAKE

For hours I've watched
The waves in the lake
Come in from the distance
And roll in and break.

I've noticed the boats
As they rocked to and fro,
Covered with water
From the stem to the bow.

Sometimes the lighthouse
Would seem covered too,
Then the waves would split
And roll over it too.

Harold Person, '31.

THE SNOWFLAKE

Ah! little snowflake,
Coming from the sky.

You're ethereal in your beauty,
Comparable only to a star.

Floating in wide spaces,
Like a child asleep.

You take the place of starlets
That at night shyly peep.

Ah! little snowflake,
Coming from afar.

I wonder if you are a snowflake,
Or a crystal covered star.

Oscar Judd, '31.

THE WITAN

AS DAY ENDS

When the golden sun has gone to rest
And the stars come out to play,
The big moon rises high above,
We know 'tis close of day.

THE TIME THAT I LIKE BEST

When the golden sun is sinking,
And the birds have gone to rest,
And the flowers fold their petals,
'Tis the time that I like best.

To sit beside the window,
And watch each little boy
As the lure of dreamland calls him,
'Tis the time that I enjoy.

I like to sit there all alone,
And watch the big moon rise,
When the little stars come out to play
And beautify the skies.

And soon the noises seem to cease,
And folks turn out the lights,
When keys are turned and doors are
latched,
'Tis time to say "Goodnight."

"IS SANTA ALWAYS JOLLY?"

Santa gets so many letters
From a world of girls and boys
That I wonder as he reads them
In the frozen land of toys,
Does he always feel as jolly
As he looks, or is he sad
When he can't fulfill the wishes
Of some little lass or lad.

Perhaps the merry twinkle
Disappears from 'round his eyes,
And jolly old Saint Nicholas
Sadly shakes his head and sighs;
But I'd rather think him happy
As this Christmas time draws near,
Making up for lack of presents
With a double share of cheer.

Alma Hubbell, '31.

The sky was clear and blue,
And the trees were tall and black.
The grass was wet with dew,
And the papers in my sack
I delivered from house to house,
And watched the gray of night
Disappear, as I had often seen,
And give way to the light.

Norman Lathrop, '31.

A MAN'S SPORT—SAILING

Most folks find the pleasure of living
In wearing the latest tweed
Or reeling off miles in a roadster
That's low slung and built for speed;
Others seem to be treading on clouds
When they step out in full dress
With a cute blue eyed blond on their
arm,

A derby, smart gloves and the rest.
Yes, dancing's all right if you like it,
And bridge is great stuff now and then,
Parties are fine for the women
And seem to please most of the men.

—Of course—

Any old thing is all right in its place,
So we'll not make exceptions to these,
For some couldn't stand those things
very long—

They just don't continue to please,

—But—

Just wander down to a bay or cove,
Where the atmosphere's clear and
clean,

No dust or smoke, just sand and surf
And a lighthouse that stands serene;
To men who have hearts like an eagle,
Who in order to live must be free,
To these strong souls comes a call
Murmuring in from the sea.

That call is the Holy Grail for men
Who go down to the sea in boats,
Boats that they've built with their own
hands.

You climb out on the windward rail,
Then ease off the jib and tiller
To save the straining sail;
If you try to relax a moment,
A squall fills the shaking luff,
And the spray goes flying leeward
And she steps right out to walk.
That's sailing.

Raymond Winegard. P. G.

WILLOW TREES

'Neath the walls of old Kiang,
'Neath the weeping willow trees,
There the dancing maidens sang,
Swayed and flitted as the breeze.

That was in the days of yore,
When the ancient lords did reign,
Such as that can be no more,
Only willow trees remain.

Now the ancient walls have crumbled,
While in dust the castles lay;
Truly won is always humbled,
For his works last but a day.

John Fish.

THE WITAN

CHRISTMAS EVE

The sun had dropped below the white-capped mountains,
And purple shadows lengthened into night,
The stars shone down upon a little village
With Christmas trees and candles all alight.

Upon their downy pillows children waited,
With ears and eyes alert, for old Saint Nick!
But all in vain; their drooping eyelids closed,
And all was silent, save the clock's faint tick.

And now, a cloud came out and hid the starlight,
The soft flakes floated toward the silent earth,
And in the village houses, glowing embers
Grew fainter, then went out upon the hearth.

Ida Diehl, '31.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

One still night, a dark night, long, long ago,
Appeared a glorious star, a bright star,
And 'round it Angels sang a song of
Peace.

Of all who heard their wondrous tale,
Were several wise men, great and good,
Who heard them tell that peace should reign
On Earth.

And guided by the star, the bright star,
In its halo of brilliant light,
The wise men, great and good, set forth to impart
Good Will.

And when their journey ceased, they beheld Him
A child, come to save the world, and show
By virtue of His kindness, His love
Toward Men.

R. J. Trayhern.

"THE TWENTY-THIRD SPASM"

He is my teacher I shall not pass,
He maketh me explain hard problems and exposeth my ignorance to the class,
He restoreth my sorrow,
He causes me to draw parallelograms for my class' sake,
Yea, though I study till midnight, I shall gain no knowledge,
For originals trouble me,
He prepareth a test for me in the presence of the class,
He giveth me a low mark,
Surely, distress and sadness shall follow me all the day of my course,
For I shall remain in my Geometry class forever.

Eleanor M. Rowe.

THE WITAN

LONE KITTY

(With apologies to Irene R. McLeod)

I'm a lean kitty, a mean kitty, a strong kitty and lone;
I'm a rough kitty, a tough kitty hunting on my own;
I'm a bad kitty, a mad kitty teasing folks without number;
I love to "aromaize" the air to keep fat souls from slumber.

I'll never be a lap kitty, licking dirty feet,
A sleek kitty, a meek kitty cringing for my meat;
Not for me the odorless life, the quiet abode,
But shut door and sharp stone and smell and kick and scold.

Not for me the other kitties running by my side,
Some have run a short while but none of them would bide;
O mine is still the lone trail, the scented trail, the best,
Wide winds and wild stars and hunger of the guest.

Lawrence Kilmer.

THE LITTLE BIRDS

Two little birds were sitting on a limb,
One was fat, the other was slim;
Said the fat little bird to the slim little bird,
"You'll never guess what I just heard."
With a cock of his head, he said:

"Your wifey told me what it was that she
Was giving you for Christmas;
It's as cute as it can be."
The slim little bird almost fell from the tree,
He was so full of curiosity.

"Oh, tell me what it is! Oh, what can it be?
Tell me quick what wifey dear is going to give me."
So the fat little bird, he whispered in his ear,
And he whispered in a voice that no one else could hear,
"It's a nice juicy seed and it says, 'from wifey dear'."

Betty LeClare, '31.

GIRLS

This is a poem about those things
Which pass in dizzy swirls,
Those things that make an awful
world,
Those things that we call girls!

There surely was a bad mistake,
A mistake that will always be,
Of putting those girls on land,
Instead of out on the sea!

So on with them we will have to live,
With all their bobs and curls,
(I mean by "we," of course, the boys)
Those things that we call girls!

Ralph H. Happ, '29.

THE WITAN

POETRY vs. MODERNISM (One Act Play)

Time: Twentieth Century.

Place: Library of the pretentious home of Judge Parkins.

Characters: Joan Parkins (a young modern flapper of about seventeen), Mrs. Parkins (Joan's mother, middle aged), Judge Parkins (Joan's father, middle aged), Mr. Sims (Joan's grandfather, an old man addicted to poetry).

Scene I. (Mrs. Parkins is sewing and Mr. Sims is seated opposite her, reading a volume of poetry. Suddenly there is a sound of the front door being slammed and books being thrown down).

Mrs. Parkins: "Dear! One certainly knows when Joan comes home from school. The more I tell her to be quiet and orderly, the wilder she gets."

Mr. Sims: "You really can't blame Joan, my dear. Almost all the girls are alike. Now in my time ---- (Joan bursts into the room).

Joan: "Hello Mom! Hello Grandpa! (giving both a hug and a kiss). "Say, Mom, when do we eat? I stayed to see the soccer game after school and I'm starved. But what a game! It was great! Where's Dad? Didn't he come home yet?"

Mrs. Parkins: "If you would ask one question at a time I could answer them. Your father has a headache and is lying down. Supper will be ready in about fifteen minutes. I'm going to take care of it now. (exits)

Joan: (Picks up a magazine and looks at the illustrations. Puts the magazine away and begins to hum. Walks over to her grandfather and reads the title of the book he is reading). " 'The New Poetry' Whew! If you ever read anything but poetry, grandpa, I do believe I'd never recover from surprise! What in the world do you see in that rubbish?"

Mr. Sims: "The trouble with you is that you don't realize what poetry is."

Joan: "I should hope to snicker I realize what it is! Gee, didn't I get "E" for it in school? The only way I managed to pass English that term was by getting a stand with the teacher."

Mr. Sims: "What did I tell you? All you know about poetry is the mark you received when you studied it in school."

Joan: "Nope! I know a good definition for poetry that holds true in most cases."

Mr. Sims: "Thank goodness you at least know the definition for poetry. To think that my grandchild should hold it in such low esteem!"

Joan: "Want to hear the definition?"

Mr. Sims: "Most assuredly."

Joan: "Here goes. Poetry is something some poor nut writes when he is hopelessly in love. Isn't that true, grandpa?"

Mr. Sims: "Perfectly disgusting!"

Joan: "I'll bite. What is it then?"

Mr. Sims: "Aristotle said, 'Poetry is imaginative literature'."

THE WITAN

Joan: "Aristotle? Greek, isn't he? Oh, I remember! Is he the one that lived in a barrel? Or is he the one that used to talk near the sea with stones in his mouth?"

Mr. Sims: "We are now discussing poetry, not Greek orators. But while we have mentioned something of Greece, I'll tell you about the Greek poetry."

Joan: "Er.....ah.....I must go and set the table." (Edging towards the door).

Mr. Sims: "No, indeed! It was done long ago. Sit right here." (Joan heaves a deep sigh and sits down with the air of a martyr). "As I was saying, the Greeks had some very great poets. Homer is one of them. Their poetry was divided into three classes, epic, lyric and dramatic. Some of the most famous of the Greek epic poems are the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad." Minstrels used to go from town to town and chant them. The lyric poems were sung to the accompaniment of a lyre. These usually gave expression to the poet's words, his fears, longings, patriotism, hopes and love. Sappho, a woman who lived in the sixth century B. C., was a famous writer of lyrics."

Joan: "Didn't mother just call me?" (joyfully jumps up).

Mr. Sims: "No, my dear; it must be good imagination. Where was I?"

Joan: "Somewhere in Greece." (Sits down and begins to turn the pages of a book).

Mr. Sims: "Oh, yes! Now the third class of poetry was the dramatic. This was the crowning glory of Greek literature. To the Greeks, a tragic play was of religious significance, presented not for amusement, but for the illumination of the most serious issues of life. Their comedy, however, was regarded as a light and amusing drama. The object of it was to satirize the weaknesses, vices and follies of contemporary society."

(Judge Parkins enters)

Judge: "Your mother wants you to help her with the supper, Joan."

Joan: "Oh, Dad, you're an angel! (Gives him a hug and rushes out of the room).

Judge: (Dazedly) "Why, why, what's the matter with her? This is the first time that she didn't sulk when she had to help her mother with supper."

Mr. Sims: (laughingly) "That is another merit of poetry." (exits).

Judge: (Scratches his head and looks after him with a puzzled expression on his face). "I do believe Grandfather is going out of his mind. I must see to it that he has more amusement and does not devote so much time to poetry."

(Curtain)

THE WITAN

DREAMS---THEIR TRUE MEANING and SIGNIFICANCE

*An interview with the noted Ralph N. Isaac, Dreamologist,
University of Charlotte*

The result of many years of unceasing and untiring labor have resulted in my acquiring the professional ability to analyze and interpret dreams. Egad! I recall my early ability and my success in this subject when, as a student in Charlotte University, I gained notoriety the world over. I was the man who interpreted the dreams of such inventors as Eastman, Edison and Ford. If I had not been able to analyze these dreams, the world would have been deprived of their great inventions. My fame has spread to every corner of the earth. Just the other day I was asked to interpret the dream of the King of Araby. I was right in my interpreting and the King wanted to appoint me court advisor and dreamologist, but I refused his offer and accepted a mere trifle of a reward. The reward amounted to something like fifty thousand dollars.

You spoke to me about the professional charges I receive here in the United States. The lowest I have ever received was twenty dollars. Egad! how well I recall the time I received that twenty. It happened when a smooth-tongued teacher from Charlotte High, named Tracy, succeeded in convincing me that he would pay only

twenty dollars. I told him that twenty dollars would not pay for my gasoline to go home, but I finally agreed on accepting twenty dollars. Here comes the funny part; he wanted to pay me on the deferred payment plan, a nickel down and a nickel a week. I tell you people are right out to gyp you nowadays. That school gives me plenty of work, but talk about being tight!—nothing like it. You only see half of life unless you study my profession.

Your inquiry as to how I am enabled to interpret dreams is easily explained. The first answer is that it is a gift; second, my varied education in so many great institutions of learning; third, I never doubt my own word. You know when I was a student in high school I would listen to the teachers tell of their dreams and by interpreting them I would receive an "A," which, when I went to school, meant perfect. Do not think for a minute that I did not earn my marks, because I did. I studied until the early hours of the morning, and always had my lessons perfect. My profession is certainly a distinct and notable one and it has endowed me with world fame. You ask me about some of the dreams I have interpreted. Well, here goes:

NAME OF CLIENT	DREAM	INTERPRETATION
Mr. True	Overstuffed rocker	He will be comfortable
Miss Cashman	A Choo-Choo train	Her knowledge will flow in carloads
Russel Jones	Peaches and Cream	The best is yet to come
Judson Street	A Broom	Clean the locker room
Miss Doehler	A Sheik	Ignorance is bliss
Edith Gasset	Radiator	Better to use the old floor register
David Babcock	A Harp	Stick to the clarinet
Miss Miner	A sly black horse	Use glue on the saddle
Beulah Nellis	A penny	Better balance your books
Harrison Grotzinger	Books	The root of all evil
Miss Stowell	Adding machine	Lots of wealth and health
Mr. Lacy	A Courtroom	Beware of crooks
Jess Lee	A fair maiden	Your future is clear
Velma Kelly	Black Hair	Use X and Y Hair Dye
Mr. Lee	80 piece orchestra	Let your hair grow

THE WITAN

Miss Donovan	A LaSalle roadster	Stick to the Cadillac
Lucille Speares	An all red ensemble	Change to green
Tiny Smith	Loudspeaker	Pipe down a little
Mr. Butterfield	A Silent Assembly	Only on Armistice Day
Ray Winegard	An airplane	You'll never have wings
David Benham	A four-colored pencil	The Book Exchange has them for \$1
Mary Heydweiller	Silver loving cup	Do not burn the honor roll
Miss Boughton	An owl	Silent and wise is the best policy

These are only a few of the dreams I have interpreted, but if everyone who buys a Witan will send in their dreams in care of this paper, they will receive prompt attention. Egad! it is half past eight; I must get to bed. Well, Goodbye.

ONE ROUND HOGAN BITES THE DUST

One Round Hogan was slated for a tussle with Rattlesnake Dick. Rattlesnake didn't have a thing but a left that was sure for a knockout any time and a right that was like a stick of dynamite and the slickest bit of footwork that you ever lamped. It was all over with when we signed up. But I told One Round that it was easy money and we was doin' heavy duty on the bag and knockin' sparrin' partners over like they was ten-pins. I was beginning to hope, even if Rattlesnake was fetched up with the leather on his mitts. Well, we was settin' pretty when a skirt walks into the scene. She was one of these dames that no ten guys can figure out and that poor boob One Round takes it upon himself to do it. We was sunk. I went into a conference with our trainer and we comes out knowin' less than when we went in. The only thing that we decides is to sit tight and watch. An' we did. The skirt trots around to all the workouts and Hogan stands there watchin' like he was mamma's lost lambikin, and the boy pounds the tar out of him.

The night of the big tussle rolls around and Hogan is still in bad shape over the dame. I pats him on the back as he enters the ring and then goes out to phone the florist for his pet flower. While I was about it, I told the stretcher boys to get their stretcher out of hock and then I went back to lamp the misery.

Hogan was lumberin' like a lost hope and the dame was sittin' on the sidelines. I'm not one to lay anyone low in cold blood, as these poets say, but if I only had my hands on that skirt. At the end of the first session Hogan was slightly bloody. The skirt lets a yelp out of her like it was all the Injins in Custer's last ditch, or sompin' like that. She goes tearin' over to One Round, boots his seconds out and, wrappin' herself around him, she whispers daddydumcs and such in his ear. The gong rings and she drops him a goodbye with her lunchhook as she ducks out of the ring. And the seconds haven't had so much as a peek of him. Wotta life, wotta life. I goes over and argys with the dame but she holds out that she done him a lot of good. Can you beat it?

Hogan staggers out of his corner and pats Dick on the chest like he was a long lost friend and then he turns to see what the dame had to

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say about it. He stands there gawping at her like a fish out of water while Rattlesnake dusts his chin off for him. It seems to be agreeable with him because he stands there awhile longer while Dick explores his breadbasket with his gloves. At this time it seemed that Hogan decided to find out what he had his gloves on for, but as he turned around he met a flurry of gloves coming from the general direction of Dick and he took a nose-dive to the rosin. 1__2__3__4__5___6__I was praying for a long count or that the lights would go out or what have you__7__8__bong—the bell rang. This time I held the skirt down while the boys worked over Hogan. By the time the third heat started, the boys had conveyed the queer idea to Hogan that he was mixed up in a fight and that it was time to do something. At first he thought we were kiddin' him but when we told him it was absolute truth, he started in to do things.

One Round was layin' on lefts and rights as fast as a___over a high board fence. In fact, he was hittin' so hard and fast that the recoil from his blows almost knocked him over. He was goin' fine and then he lamps the dame again. It was all off. He got a goofy look on his pan and started gawpin' at the skirt again. Can you beat it?

I don't know how he lasted through the round, but he did. It must have been the rabbit's foot that I was squeezin'. Honest, I squeezed that hoof so hard that I had to take it down to one of these guys that stuffs teddy-bears and have him redecorate it.

At the start of the fourth session the mob was hollerin' to quit stallin' and to give 'em a regular scrap. I

sensed that sompin' was goin' to drop that round and I was prayin' that it wouldn't be Hogan. I tole him so and he ups and tells me to go see pop Pluto, an' after all I done for him.

The boys milled around a bit at the kick-off and then went into a huggin' match, Hogan all the while starin' dreamy-eyed at the skirt. About this time he found himself on the receivin' end of a few soaks in the glimmer. Then things began to happen. Rattlesnake put in some sweet biffs; the crowd began to yell. There were a bunch of lefts and rights that came so fast that they might have been rights and lefts. Then Dick put in a short, stiff jab to the jaw and I saw that our seconds were ready to toss in the towel. Hogan received another short jab to the button and Dick started an uppercut that began at the floor. One Round flopped to the canvas—out with the sock on the jaw. Rattlesnake seen it, but too late. He couldn't stop that swing if he had to. He didn't hit a thing but air and the momentum was so great that he turned a back flip. He landed on his chin and was out colder than a Frigidaire.

The referee didn't know which one to start countin' over, so the time-keeper won by a hair. At the count of five Hogan turned over for another forty winks but we raised such a racket that he sat up to see what it was all about. Then as I shouted that I would withhold his share of the bonanza if he didn't get up pronto, he grunted and got up rather shakily at the count of nine.

We got the fight and I hear that Dick didn't wake up for two hours. Hogan was as sore as a boil 'cause we didn't let him snooze awhile longer. Can you beat it?

Darrow Dutcher.



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JANUARY 1929

Name---Good Fortune.

Colors---Green and Gold.

Motto---To be or not to be; that is the question.

Flower---Four-Leaved Clover.

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Class Prophecy

Jess Lee sauntered leisurely into the Discount Club, gave his gloves, cane and tall silk topper to the check boy, and strolled into the reading room. Yes, Jess is quite the dandy. He made his dough by perfecting a soccer ball that could not possibly miss the goalie's hands. Yep, Jess is right up to form.

He sat down and picked up a newspaper. After searching diligently for the evening radio program, he looked at the date on the paper, December 6, 1949. "Huh, it's only a week old," snorted Red, "not bad for this club." He arose and went over to the radio where Don Sturgis was twirling the dials. Don was doing well with the static, for Don is a first class staccian. A mournful screech came from the speaker. It gradually merged into a voice, saying, "Marian Stephens will now sing, 'Where is My Hymen Tonight?' This is Mary Leary announcing." Don began to whistle "The Wearing of the Green". That boy is sure a gift to science—he perfected a textbook without any text in it.

Don picked up the paper and began to look through it. "Did you see the headlines, Red?" he asked. "Pearl Wall Marries Millionaire Owner of Glue Factories. I hope they stick together as well as the glue does."

"Yeh," said Red, "and I see Sis Schrader endorses this new wan sum toothpaste."

"Well," said Don, "this gets us nowhere fast. Let's go to a movie." So they set out. Parsons, the doorman, opened the door for the pair and muttered, "the Blackbirds of 1949."

At the Palace Theatre, Edna Durans gave the boys a wicked wink as they bought their tickets from her. And Pearl Jennings ushered them to the first row, way over on the side. It seems that she knew the boys. Jo Chappell had the leading part in the movie and of course she got her man. The King and Queen of the midgets, Truman Murrell and Beulah Nellis, headed the vaudeville bill and of course their manager, Ralph Isaac, the second Barnum, had to come out on the stage to view the suckers.

We are sure that the boys went right home and went to bed then.

About eight o'clock the next morning, Ruth Schultz was tearing about her domicile, all hot and bothered because the milkman had not shown up yet and she was afraid that she would have to go to her committee meeting without her morning glass. There was a violent ringing of the doorbell and on opening the door Ruth confronted the milkman, Darrow Dutcher. "I'm sorry to be so late," he said, "but I couldn't help it. When I hitched up the horse this morning I got the cart before the horse, so my rounds took longer."

Darrow Dutcher.

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DARROW DUTCHER 361 Seneca Parkway
No. 38 School Dartmouth College

*Dutcher is no ladies' man
He doesn't dance or sing
But he will surely get a hand
When it comes to catboat sailing.*

Class Vice-President 1; Publicity Committee 1, 2, 3; Scholarship Committee 3; Track 3; Class President 4; Senior Play 4; Witan Staff (Associate Editor) 4.



LOUISE SCHRADER 12 Riverside St.
Jefferson Junior High Undecided

*Nervous Sis with her big brown eyes
Is a bridge player of repute
She dresses smart and looks the same
And her manner is sure to snail.*

Class Secretary 2; Tri-Y 3, 4; Secretary Student Council 4; Basketball 3; Class Vice-President 4.



MARION STEPHENS 232 Pierpont Street
No. 38 School Normal School

*A girl of as graceful a mien
As ever in Charlotte was seen
Stepped over the curb
In a pleasant suburb
And her ankles were awfully lean.*

Tri-Y 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Class Secretary 4; Girls' Glee Club 4; Lunch Room 4.



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JOSEPHINE CHAPPELL 86 Cole Road
Secretary Student Council 4; Class Vice-

*The sun has dropped past the purple hills
The moon slips in through an aisle
of stars
The lights are low and the moon-
beams fill
The room where "Jo" and her friend
"Spike" are.*

President 4; Riding 3; Swimming 3;
Basketball 2; Class Secretary 2.



EDNA DURRANS 41 Lake Breeze Road
No. 38 School Highland Hospital

*Edna Durrans is a chemistry shark,
She's chemically inclined
But when she starts to miss things
It's far away from mine.*

Scholarship Committee 1; Constitution
Revision Committee 4; Candy Committee
4; Guardian of the Flag 4.



RALPH ISAAC 132 Elm Tree Road
Jefferson Junior High
Northeastern University

*Isaac's face just seems to be
Built around a grin,
And if your feeling moody
Go and talk with him.*

Thrift Committee 2, 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3,
4; Glee Club 3, 4; Music Committee 2,
3; Hi-Y 4; Freshman Party Committee
2; Assembly Program 4; Chairman
Senior Day 4; Witan (Business Man-
ager) 3; Class Testator 4; Track 2;
Freshman Day Committee 2; Northern
Light (Circulation Manager) 4; Senior
Play (Business Manager) 4; Operetta 4.



PEARL M. JENNINGS 67 Britton Road
Jefferson Junior High Business

*If you can't see a heart of gold
You really do not know her,
Although she is not very bold,
Kindness shines around her.*

Basketball 3, 4; Hockey 3; Tennis 3;
Baseball 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Candy Com-
mittee 4; Witan Staff 4.

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MARY LEARY 322 Latta Road
Holy Cross Business

*Some people make an awful fuss
When they have work to do
But Mary saves her time and lungs
First thing you know she's thru.*

Tri-Y 3; Baseball 4; Banking 4; Swimming 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls Athletic Association 4.



TRUMAN MURRELL 521 Birr Street
College

*Truman is our class Baby
But boy you'd never know it
'Cause he's a woe among the ladies
Though he doesn't brag about it.*

Banking 1, 2, 3; Witan Staff 4; Scholarship Committee 1, 2; Standard Bearer 4; Class Poet 4.



BEULAH NELLIS 75 Sterling Street
Jefferson Junior High Business

*She can be heard
Is she can't be seen*

Chairman Candy Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Treasurer Student Council 4.



CLARENCE PARSONS Stone Road
Business College

*We fear for Clarence,
He of the cheerful way,
Lost in this world of gay nonsense
He should be led astray.*

Wrestling 2, 4; Witan Staff (Business Manager) 4; Publicity Committee 4; Senior Play 4.



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RUTH SCHULTZ 29 Wendhurst Drive
Jefferson Junior High Undecided

*Ruthie's voice is squeaky
And she likes to telk a lot
But the sun must blush with envy
When it sees her carrot top.*

Student Council 4; Class Vice-President
3; Safety and Order Committee 4; Senior
Play 4; Tri-Y 3 (Secretary) 4; Lunch
Room 4.



DONALD STURGIS 510 Augustine St.
Jefferson Junior High
Mechanics Institute

*That he claims, claims he,
Sturgis is a little man,
That he don't care to be so big
He just wants quality.*

Interclass Soccer 3; Interclass Basket-
ball 3, 4; Soccer (first team) 4; Hi-Y 4.



W. PEARL WALL 250 Pullman Ave.
No. 41 School Business

*You never can tell what's inside
It may be a peach
That is just within reach
And it may be a prune that is dried.*

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 4;
Operetta 4.



THE WITAN

FACULTY



WITAN STAFF

THE WITAN

History of The Witan

The following article was taken from the first issue of the "WITAN" published during the Thanksgiving season in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-one. The purpose of the article is to acquaint the students of Charlotte High School with the meaning and history of their publication so that when they are asked the meaning by an outsider they will have a clear and authentic answer. The article is as follows:

WHY WE ARE HERE

The staff is endeavoring to publish the "WITAN" in a way which will fill a long-felt need in Charlotte High School. This is the need of a medium through which gifted students may make known their ability to fellow-students. We wish to say that we greatly appreciate the response of the student body to the call for literary contributions. From such a large number we have chosen, with aid of the faculty, what were considered the best. If such a response greets every call, we feel sure that the "WITAN" will be a benefit and a credit to Charlotte High School.

The name which we have chosen from those submitted by students has worthy significance. The Witan was a body of wise men who governed England in olden times. The name was selected for its meaning and originality.

An editorial in this same issue read, "School spirit IS being revived in Charlotte High School."

Our predecessors left us a good school paper and revived school spirit. It was a challenge to us but have we accepted it?

Respectfully submitted,

Ralph N. Isaac.



THE WITAN

HI-Y

THE WITAN

CLASS WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the unusually smart Class of January, 1929, of the Charlotte High School of the City of Rochester, District of Charlotte, the County of Monroe and State of New York, U. S. A., being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and considering our all too imminent departure from this, our high school, do make, publish, and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all other wills by us made:

FIRST—We direct that all our just debts and graduation expenses be paid as soon after our departure as possible.

SECOND—To the school as a whole we leave our many nickels in the custody of Mr. Tracy, the school's rich teacher, who will be instructed to buy all-day suckers for the students who have contributed to the fund.

THIRD—To all future playwrights and directors in our succeeding class we leave the television radio set and apparatus to be used in putting on some good assemblies.

FOURTH—To the girls of the freshman class we leave two sheiks to take the place of Truman Murrell. The would-be sheiks are Howie Rowe and Oodles Grotzinger.

FIFTH—We leave the formula for making tasteless castor oil to Mr. Bennet of the Scientific Research Department to be kept secret until permission is obtained from the girls of our class to disclose such scientific knowledge.

SIXTH—We ask as a special favor that Horace Frisbee be informed of

the fact that the Hot Dogs he eats over in Fang's do not come from black dogs, but white ones without tails.

SEVENTH—To our successors we leave a teacher who has aided and guided us through four years of hard labor (?) We are truly sorry to leave behind us our faculty advisor and true friend, Miss Doehler.

EIGHTH—As special bequests we leave:

1. Judson Street, a broom to clean the locker room.
2. Mr. Butterfield a constitution as strong as that of United States.
3. Bill Pepper our well wishes for a freshman party.
4. The School in suspense as to a handbook.
5. Russel Jones the privilege to stand with the girls on the old floor register.
6. To anyone who claims it, a stick of peach lipstick.

NINTH—We leave, in care of Mr. True (Old Faithful), to those who have yet to suffer in this unexcelled institution of learning, our secret of how to study, chew gum, and make faces.

TENTH—We trust that our example in the great wide world will be an inspiration to all underclassmen. Execute our decrees faithfully and you will be rewarded with prosperous school days.

Class of June 1929.

Witness: Darrow Dutcher, President.
Louise Schrader, Sec'y.
Ralph N. Isaac,
Testator.

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The Class of '29

When all is said and done,
What is this goal we've won?
For leaving school, you see,
Is hard for you and me.

For four long, dreary years
We've yelled and shouted cheers;
We've failed or we have passed,
And this term is our last.

In Latin or in French
We've starred or warmed the bench;
In History, English, Craft
We've whispered, cheated, laughed.

And now we'll tell our tale
Of four years in this jail,
And maybe you'll shed tears
For our long, gruesome years.

The winter of nineteen twenty-five
This brilliant class became alive;
And to be sure they looked so queer
That no one thought they'd last long here.

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As Freshmen we were much afraid
The austere teachers would upbraid,
And so we studied very hard
For good marks on our monthly card.

As Sophs we studied not so much;
We tried for baseball teams and such;
We helped intimidate the Frosh,
Or made wise-cracks, like Uncle Josh.

As Juniors we began to take
An interest in the school near Lake
Ontario, and also see
How dumb and lazy we could be.

But now we're upper classmen, and
We sure deserve a great big hand;
For four long years they've picked on us
And seen to it we didn't rust.

And when a few more years have passed,
And when as heroes we are classed,
Say, "Why, I knew it all the time,
'Cause he got out in twenty-nine."

And now my tale is done,
And this is what we've won:
Our graduation's nigh,
Farewell to Charlotte High.

Truman O. Murrell

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For several weeks the girls of the Homemaking class of Charlotte High School have been exceedingly busy with the many different problems which they had planned to work out this term.

After finishing our six weeks of clothing work, we again took up the project of furnishing the apartment. Several attractive things have been added to the rooms and more are being made for the apartment.

Our first occasion to wear our new green aprons and caps, which each girl made at the beginning of the term, came on Thursday, November 15, when we prepared our first luncheon of the term. The luncheon was given for four visiting deans from New York City schools, Mrs. VanWie and Miss Miner, and was served by Thea MacDoughall and Pearl M. Jennings. The second luncheon was served on December 6 to Mr. Eddy, Principal of Washington Junior High School, Mr. Johncox, head of the Industrial Art Department of Washington Junior High School, and Mrs. Steinhausen, Girl's Advisor of Washington Junior High School. Mary

Leary and Pearl Wall served. Thea MacDoughall supervised. The third luncheon was served on December 18 to Miss Doehler, Miss Paddon, Miss Emerson and Mrs. Denise. Hazel Zuker and Beulah Nellis served and Pearl Wall supervised. The fourth luncheon was served on December 19 to Miss Stowell, Miss Cashman, Miss Werner and Mrs. Torrance. Esther Wright and May Belle Somerville served and Mrs. Zwickel supervised. More luncheons are being planned to be served the weeks following Christmas.

Our first food sale of the term was held on Wednesday, November 28, the second on Friday, December 7, the third on December 14 at the Practice House during the 4A and 4B periods, different girls taking charge each period. Among the things sold were: brownies, peach marmalade, pepper hash, mint jelly, chocolate fudge, double fudge and sea-foam. Weekly food sales will be held, from which we hope to realize enough money to pay for some of the furnishings for our living room.

Ode To An Ancient Ford

You may take the hills in low,
And you may go awful slow,
But you're a better man
Than I am, Hunka Tin."

THE WITAN

Freshman Fancies

THE CHARLOTTE HIGH BROWNIE

One day a little brownie who lived in the basement of Charlotte High, went up through the steam pipes into Mr. Omans' room and got in a little bottle and bounced it up and down and nobody knew who was doing it. Brownie then changed himself into a mouse and made all the girls shriek. Then he pinched a boy and made him yell. Mr. Omans scolded the boy, so Brownie pinched Mr. Omans and made him yell. Mr. Omans jumped, so Brownie spilled some water down his neck and ran out of the room.

Brownie decided to go to Miss Carter's room, so he went and tied all the window shade cords in knots and Miss Carter scolded Walter Gumbler because she thought he did it. Then Brownie, who is a good friend of mine, put water in Miss Carter's ink-well because she scolded me. There a boy caught sight of him, so Brownie went up into the gym and disappeared down the air shaft.

Walter Gumbler.

The man did not notice any weight on his foot because brownie was very light. Sometime after, he noticed his shoe was untied and bent to tie it up. A prick on his leg made him exclaim, "I do wish someone would find a way of getting rid of thistles." But brownie laughed softly because it was his teeth biting the man's leg. At last the man reached the end of his journey and the brownie found himself in a farm house. "Oh, how happy I shall be here," he said. The reason he was going to be happy was because there would be so much to do. Still clinging to the man's leg, he found himself moving and he was soon in a barn. He slowly let himself down from the man's leg. They were milking the cows. Cat Tail found a cow's tail and slowly swung back and forth, annoying the cow to such an extent that she kicked, and over went the milk pail. Brownie went hopping into the house. He went and hid under the stove, where he slept happily all night.

LITTLE CAT TAIL

Little Cat Tail was a brownie whose name, which seems very queer, was given him because he lived near marshes. He lived in a tiny house which once belonged to some burrowing animal. Little Cat Tail was a very mischievous brownie and to show you some of the things he did, I will tell you of one of his days.

Cat Tail awoke one morning to see a huge foot going by his house. He quickly sprang out of bed and out of the house. Following that foot, he at last caught up to it and he deftly leaped and caught the man's shoe-lace.

THE CHARLOTTE HIGH BROWNIE

One day Brownie crawled up the air pipes into the gym. He went to the box that held the basket balls and threw them all out on the floor, bouncing and bumping together. After Brownie had done this, he slid down the banisters until he reached the chemistry room, where he turned on all the faucets, pulled out all the corks of the bottles and let the liquid run out of them. Then he went down the stairs to Senator Tracy's room, where he found plenty of mischief. He opened the locker that the Senator had unfortunately left unlocked.

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Brownie took out all the ledgers and journals and scattered them all over the floor. Then he spilled a bottle of ink over the ledgers that were on his desk. Just as Brownie was setting up the bottle of ink, the Senator opened the door and stalked across the room. Brownie was now up a tree with a fox at the bottom. Freda Mitchell, I-1.

THE RING OF ONE WISH

One bright sunny day in June, Sylvia ran out in the meadows to play. She ran through the willow grove into the little woods beyond. As she broke her way through the springy willow branches she saw in front of her a tiny gauzy fairy. She was dressed in the palest of lavender with a tiny ring upon her head.

The little fairy in lavender knew that Sylvia had been a good girl for a long time and, as she thought she ought to be paid for it, she took the tiny ring from her head and said, "Take it Sylvia and make one wish." She didn't know what to wish for. She was so enraptured about the ring that she accidentally stepped into the shining brook in back of her and got her pretty new shoes all wet and mud.

"Oh! I wish I were home!" she exclaimed, and instantly she was picked up as if by magic and carried by some hundred little fairies.

The little fairy in lavender now stepped forward and gently took the ring from Sylvia.

Sylvia was really and truly mad. That little temper within her arose quickly and she became so angry she didn't know what to do.

"What did I ever take that nasty ring for anyway?" she screamed, "I might have known it wouldn't have been any good." Freda Mitchell.

GLEE CLUB NOTES

The auditorium is brightly lighted. There is a large crowd, some seated while others are trying to locate their seats. Those who are not seated are hurrying, and those already seated are nervously waiting with eager expectation for the coming event. Their expectations are to be more than fulfilled. The curtains are opened after the lights have been turned low, and we are about to see the Charlotte High School Glee Club present the operetta "Carrie Comes to College." All this glamour and glee will take place in January. The members of the Glee Club have been working several weeks on it already and it is going to be the crowning event of the year. The principal characters have been working not only at the regular Monday afternoon meetings but after school other days and at home, all under the direction of Mr. Marsh.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Many students of our school have heard of the Student Council, but have only a limited knowledge of what it is and does.

The Student Council is a group of students, composed of the presidents of each class and the vice-presidents of the three upper classes, besides the elected officers of the council. They meet as an organization once a week in a certain room. At these meetings the Council carries on the activities and business of the students. Such matters as the Frosh party, the drawing of a school emblem, and other important matters are brought up before the council and discussed. The Student Council is more valuable to the school than most of the students believe and without it the school would be missing an important factor.

P. Andrews.



The Student Council

THE WITAN

News

SOPH PARTY

On October 26, the Sophomores held their annual class party in the assembly. It was a masquerade and proved a great success. They played games and an orchestra was provided for dancing. Refreshments were served of Dainties and cookies. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

GLEE CLUB PARTY

On October 12, which is a long time ago but yet quite recent, the Charlotte High Glee Club entertained themselves by holding a gay party. An all-female orchestra played many popular numbers and the members danced. Mr. Marsh and his daughter, Eleanor, entertained with songs and music. Ruth Manuel also presented a toe dance. Refreshments were served in the form of cakes and ice cream. If the operetta, which the club is practicing for, is as good as the party, it will be a great success.

FROSH PARTY

The Student Council held an annual Freshman Party on Friday, Nov. 23, at the George Clinton Latta School. We were gratified to see the large number of people who attended this affair, and must congratulate the Student Council on the delightful program which was presented. We were entertained by a vocal solo by Grace Tupper, accompanied at the piano by Dorothy Bubier. Ruth Manuel presented a Spanish dance and a toe dance, with music by Carol Schmidt. Then Larry Semon amused us with his antics, thanks to David Benham. Mr. Ernstone showed us his ability to keep his mind on several things, by taking a trip to Paris with a score of

students and several articles. The orchestra then tuned up and burst out with several pieces, including "That's My Weakness Now," while the merry assemblage tripped the light fantastic toe.

Incidentally, a group of blindfolded Freshmen were taught how to jump from a board to the floor several inches beneath.

Next "Ken" Lacy showed his ability as a practical joker by showing us how to play the game "Satisfy." However, he escaped alive. Then, who should appear before us, with a roll of drums, but "Professor" Arioli, the noted magician. He demonstrated his one and only trick, with the aid of Mr. Lacy's handkerchief and a lighted cigarette. Professor Butterfield next stepped into the spotlight and performed unbelievable feats of strength.

After this began a stampede to the punch stand, equaled only by the crowds around a Woolworth's bargain counter.

The orchestra accompanied the last dance of the evening with the familiar and suggestive song, "Home, Sweet Home."

Yea, my children, those who attended not, missed a wondrous time.

HEARING TESTS

On December 12, 13 and 14, Mrs. Hobbie gave hearing tests to everyone in school, including the faculty, with the view of aiding those found to have defective hearing. Those pupils who showed any noticeable defect were retested preparatory to being examined by Doctor Bock. Very often poor hearing is caused by only a small piece of foreign material or hardened wax, which, when removed, renders the hearing normal again.

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WITAN PARTY

On Wednesday evening, November 28, the Witan Staff held its semi-annual party at the Practice House. The committee in charge was Helen Haven, Helen Sheehan, Florene Rich, Eugene Mater and David Babcock. Various contests were staged and games played, while some of the staff played bridge. The girls prepared and served a delicious luncheon.

However, we would like to see a greater number of the staff at the next party.

ASSEMBLIES

The assembly which was held on November 22 was rather short. Two vocal solos were given by Mary Mitchell and June Estes. Announcements were made by Mr. Butterfield, who told of the success of the new detention plan, which effectively diminished the number of tardinesses reported during the last week. Mary Heydweiller spoke for G. A. A. and Roswell White announced the Freshman Party, while "Bennie" Tracy invited us to attend the Varsity vs. Faculty basketball game, held the same afternoon in the school gymnasium.

The assembly which was held on November 15 consisted mainly of speeches. Mr. Schlessinger from Northeastern University gave a speech on "Choosing a Vocation," which was very interesting as well as instructive. The points brought out in this speech were a direct answer to some of our thoughts about future scholastic or business activities.

Mr. Carr from the local Red Cross Service gave a talk and demonstration on the Schaefer method of Artificial Respiration, to save nearly drowned persons or those suffering from electric shock or asphyxiation.

"Bud" White spoke concerning the Freshman Party and "Ray" Winegard in behalf of the Witan. This was one of our most educational assemblies.

GENERAL NEWS

The Dancing Class which was held on November 16 was very enjoyable to all that attended. We hope to have more in the near future. We want to express our thanks to Dolores Leadly, Velma Kelly and Robert Dorgan for their cooperation in furnishing the music.

We noticed that the "Limousine" in which Burton Kirby speeds to school lost its ancient top in the wind a few weeks ago. We also note that the "chauffeur," Bob Paige, must have gone on a strike, as it has gone without him ever since.

NEWS

Charlotte was indeed fortunate in obtaining as speaker for the assembly held Wednesday, December 12, Dr. Ray Petty, pastor of the Baptist Temple in Pittsburgh. He spoke on Race Equality.

HI-Y

The officers of the Hi-Y for this term are: President, William Pepper; Vice-president, Howard Rowe, and Secretary, Elgar Warden. Boris Warden was president of the organization until he severed his connections with the school, which necessitated his resignation. The club feels greatly the loss of "Borie," but we all wish him the best of luck.

The new members taken into the organization are: Babcock, Bergener, Bliven, H. Copeland, Gray, Hanson, Isaacs, Kirby, Sturgis, Trayhern and White.

At the meeting held Tuesday, Nov. 27, 1928, the club was given a talk by Miss MacElroy, who proved to be exceptionally interesting. Miss MacElroy related some of her experiences which she has encountered during her fifteen years as a policewoman.

All indications seem to show a very good season, inasmuch as the fellows are interested, and we have had some real snappy discussions.

(Continued on page 60)



Basket Ball Team

ATHLETICS

VARSITY-FACULTY GAME

Station C. H. S. broadcasting from our studio, located at Charlotte High School.

A very interesting game between the Varsity and Faculty teams for championship of the school has just taken place here and we will, at this time, take a few minutes to give to our listeners a brief summary.

By two-thirty o'clock, a large crowd had gathered around the court and, to keep order, dancing followed. At three-twenty-five, the piano was removed from the center of the floor, the dancers pushed back to the seats closing in the court, and the Varsity team, followed closely by their opponents, emerged from a doorway. Many cheers and jeers came from the students attending. Five minutes more found the referee on the floor and the players ready to start.

During the first quarter, both teams showed rather loose playing but plenty of action. The end of the quarter found the Faculty with a score of eight, and the Varsity only six.

The second quarter proved to be a real battle and the crowd was kept so excited that they were yelling at their utmost, in fact so loud that the team could not hear the whistle. As this quarter came to a close, it was announced that both teams were a tie in the race, with eleven points each.

The third quarter was fought hard and furiously, each team battling for a lead. It was in this quarter that Woodman broke loose and did much towards obtaining victory for his team. Many a hard bump was taken by the players. When the close came nigh, it looked as though the Varsity would have to battle in the coming quarter, for the Faculty managed to

obtain a lead of four points. The score now stood 14-18 and in favor of the opponents.

We are in the final quarter, and here the scramble for victory took place. Because of the lead the Faculty were stalling, passing the ball among the players without shooting or attempting to. This proved rather unsuccessful, for the Varsity men were always there ready to intercept. Woodman again scored, and this was followed shortly by a score from another member of his team. Lee then managed to receive the ball from the bang-board, dribble down an open floor, and ring up two points. The period was now about half over and the boys were doing their best to score. Jones, better known as "Bucky," receiving his eye once more, sifted two more counters through. (The spectators by this time were not yelling, my no, they were far beyond that point; they were screaming). With only a few minutes to go, Lee again got the ball, dribbled down the floor, but as he was about to shoot, was held by an opponent. Two shots. He made the first, but the second bounded off the rim and, as the teams were fighting over the ball, the game came to a close, leaving the final score: Varsity 21 and Faculty 22.

ST. ANDREWS—VARSITY
PRACTICE GAME

The Varsity team suffered a bad defeat from St. Andrews. Of course, there are several explanations for this beating of thirty-six to eight. In the first place, it was the first time that the team had played upon a large court and, therefore, did not work together very well. Secondly, St. Andrews had a much taller team and

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our boys had a hard time obtaining the ball. The opponent received most of the tip-off which, of course, is a great advantage.

The first quarter looked as though it would be a close game, but St. Andrews men soon began breaking through our defense and ringing up their score. By the end of the first half they were eight points ahead. However, they did not stop here, but kept going higher and higher and also holding Charlotte at a standstill. The game closed with the score: St. Andrews 36, Varsity 8.

BASKETBALL NOTES

Basketball season opened in the same manner as soccer; that is, with approximately six men reporting at the first practice. Coach Woodman was very much discouraged and had good reason to be, for all the other high schools of the league had as high as forty reporting. The practice ended with words to this effect:

"We must have more men out or there will be no team entering the league from Charlotte."

Well, the next practice or two brought out a few more fellows, and it was decided that we would have a team.

Strenuous practice followed three times a week thereafter, and the boys were gradually brought into shape.

Two practice games have been played to date. It will have to be admitted that both were lost—the Faculty game after a hard fought battle with a very close score, and the St. Andrews game lost by a large margin. However, the team profited by them. They showed that there was great improvement necessary. Every man on the squad realized the fact, and is doing his best to overcome his faults.

We may not win, but if you want to see some hard fought battles, come out to the games the Varsity is scheduled to play. If you do not care for the battle, come anyway, for we need your cheering and support. The team is very light this year and is going to find it hard to work both their offense and defense against the heavier teams,

so it is going to mean a great deal to have a large body of students in the stands urging their team to victory.

"We'll be seeing you?"

"Sure, every Friday night."

Harold Jorolemon.

VARSITY SCHEDULE

December 7—East at the Armory
December 14—Monroe at Charlotte
December 21—Tech. at Charlotte
January 4—West at West
January 8—Irondequoit at Irondequoit
January 11—Marshall at Charlotte
January 18—East at Charlotte
February 1—Monroe at Charlotte
February 8—Tech. at Charlotte
February 15—West at Charlotte
February 20—Marshall at Marshall

G. A. A.

Awards: Eunice Pitcher—G. A. A. Emblem for attending a sport for three successive seasons; Gladys Grotzinger—Old English "C" for winning girls' tennis tournament.

Show your school colors by getting a pair of anklets. Not only are they the fad but, really, they are very sensible, as they keep your ankles warm. (I wonder).

The G. A. A. pins have come, and all girls who attend any sport are entitled to one.

The sports for this season are: Swimming, Monday and Wednesday; Dancing, Wednesday; Basketball, Tuesday and Thursday.

On Thursday, November 15, 1928, Charlotte High's girls' soccer team played a friendly match with the girls' soccer team of John Marshall High School. It was an interesting and exciting game. Both teams played to their best capacity. Although for the most part the action was centered about the opponents' goal, Charlotte, after many excellent plays, became the victor with a score of 1 to 0. The usual cheers followed. Another game was then planned to be played at John Marshall's field the following week. Due to bad weather, it was called off, closing however a highly successful season for the Charlotte girls.

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Parodies

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the dog had taken his monkey
friend
To bear him company.

Black were her eyes, as the goldenrod,
Her cheeks like a thick breadcrust,
And her bosom brown as the chest-
nut burrs
That ope in fair August.

The dog, he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth
And he watched how the bluebirds
did go
East, West, North and South.

Then up spoke an old sailor
Who had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a storm of rain.

Last night the moon had a silver ring
And tonight no moon we see!"
The dog, he blew a whiff from his pipe
And a scornful bark barked he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the south was near;
The snow fell hissing in the brine
And the billows frothed like beer.

Down came the storm, and amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shivered and paused like a fright-
ened monk,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come here! Come here! my little
friend
And do not shiver so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever a wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his shaggy
coat
Against the stinging blast;
He bit a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to a shingle of glass.

"Oh Fido! I hear the church bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
" 'Tis a dinner bell on a rock-bound
coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"My friend! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot
live
On such an angry sea!"

"Oh friend! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the dog answered never a word,
For a frozen doggie was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With face turned to the skies,
The electric light gleamed thru the
gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the monkey clasped her paws
and prayed
That saved she might be,
As she thought of her brother,
Who was also drowned at sea.

And long through the midnight dark
and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward a reef, in all her woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of chattering mon-
keys
On the rocks of the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
bows,
She was a dreary wreck,
And whooping billows swept the crew
Like icicles from the deck.

Her rattling kettles, all covered with
ice,
With the shrouds went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and
sank,
"Ho! Ho!" the monkey roared.

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At day-break, on the bleak sea beach,
A gorilla stood aghast
To see a monkey calmly sitting
In the sea, on a shingle of glass!

The salt sea was frozen on her toe-
nails,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown
sea-weed,
On the shingle fall and rise.

Then of a sudden the gorilla cried,
"Do not refrain from kissing me;
Thou art my life and my darling bride,
Pray, when shall the wedding be?"

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus
In the midnight and the snow,
And what a pity mortals missed that
wedding

Of the monkey bride and her gorilla
husband, Joe.

Virginia Couch, '30.

With apologies to Oliver Wendell
Holmes, who wrote such a lovely
poem, called "My Aunt."

MY ANT

(A parody)

My ant! my dear little busy ant!
Long days have o'er her flown;
She is the one who does the work
In her tiny ant hill home.
I know it hurts her when we tread
Upon her small domain,
But then, she builds it up again,
Her life's just one routine.

My ant! my poor little pestered ant!
Her days are almost numbered;
In winter she is bothered with cold,
In summer with boiling water.

How can she lay her eggs in the
ground

And watch her little family,
When through those ugly sidewalk
cracks,

Borax is poured down on her?

Alas! her time is surely up,
All evils seem against her.
She's all alone, her family's fled,
And old friends gone and left her.
How happy had she seemed before
The borax and hot water.
Watch out, my little ant, watch out
There! someone has trodden on her.

Dorothy Collett, '31.

THE BURGLAR'S SONG

(Parody on "The Bedouin Song")

From Chicago I come to thee
On a freight train run by fire,
Leaving the cops behind
In the speed of my desire.

Next to thy safe I stand
And with my "jimmy" pry
Until it opens at last,
And richer by far am I.

Don't look from thy door and see
My patience and my pains
To make this job a success
And "beat it" with the remains.

Let the night winds touch the brows
Of cops who wish crooks to reform,
And convince them that me to arrest
Is a thing that cannot be done.

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold.

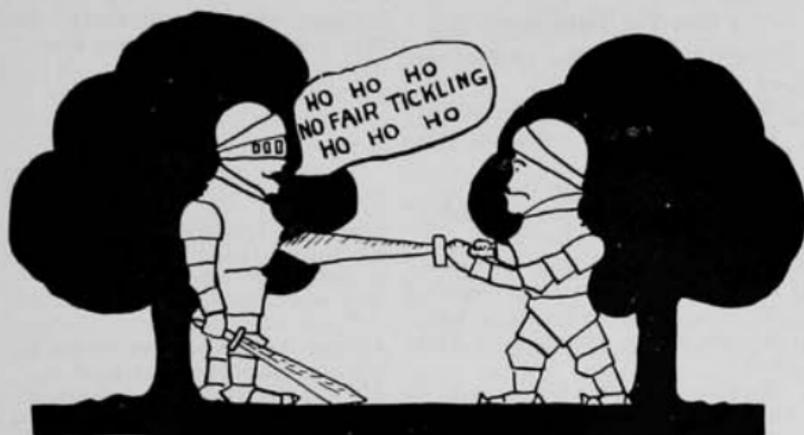
'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house
Not a bedbug was stirring,
Not even a louse;

The turkey was stuffed in the ice box
with care,

And "Mike," the pet cat, was asleep
on the chair.

John DeMarse.

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- JOKES -

G. G. (describing the spreading of disease): "Some little children who are fond of each other express their devotion by kissing each other."

Mr. C.: "Yes, and some of them never get over it."

Miss D.: "What kind of a graph would these points make?"

Student: "A circle graph."

Miss D.: "What kind?"

Student: "A round one."

Mr. L. (in Commercial Law): "If that is the case, Brown could hold me and I could hold you and we could both recover."

Girl in Class: "You shouldn't be so fresh!"

W. B. (to R. T., who was rubbing his Cicero book briskly with a handkerchief): "What in heck are you doing?"

R. T.: "Why, I'm trying to get a polished translation."

Mrs. D. (translating Latin): "At the arrival of Caesar," (class watch yourselves and get all you can from this).

Phyllis (pondering on what book to take to history class): "Shall I take my little Hart...?"

Mary: "Or your big Beard?"

Miss D.: "Are you in a daze, Melvin?"

Melvin: "Yeah! In a school days."

Miss E.: "Monsieur Dutcher, etes-vous un pere?"

Darrow: "Oui, Truman's a pear too."

Frosh: "What's the difference between a dance and a dawnse?"

Senior: "Two dollars and a half."

Miss D.: "In how many years will one dollar treble itself?"

Eddie: "Trouble itself?"

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Can You Imagine

1. "Fat" Cooper in the leading role of the operetta?
2. Ray Winegard as a piano soloist?
3. Ralph Isaac as an aesthetic dancer?
4. Boris Warden being timid?
5. Eugene Todd as white as a sheet?
6. Charles Hawes behaving?
7. A freshman without a brief case?
8. David Babcock writing legibly?
9. Mr. Butterfield with curly hair?
10. Kermit Heath prepared in Algebra?
11. Susanne Bogorad being quiet in Civics?
12. Jack Wagner separated from Edith Gasset?

Quiet student to noisy student:
"Let's hear you be quiet once."

Latin

Latin is a language,
At least it used to be;
It killed off all the Romans,
And now it's killing me.

All are dead who ever wrote it,
All are dead who ever read it,
All will die who try to learn it;
Blessed death, they surely earn it.

A Soph.

A Poem (?)

Mr. O.: "Give an example of involuntary muscle control."
H. S.: "Winking of the eye."
Mr. O.: Correct, but some of that is voluntary."

"You've got to write a pome,"
Says Miss Donovan to me,
So I sets down and goes to work
To think what it shall be.

I couldn't think of nothin'
To write a pome about,
But I took my pen and paper,
And this is what I wrote.

David H. Benham, '31.

Miss G.: "What products are grown in Italy?"
Ambitious Pupil: "Grain, grapes, olives, figs and spaghetti."

Miss G. (to J. S. and H. F., who are playing with a rubber band stretched across the aisle): "Study Louisiana, not the elastic clause."

Miss P.: "Beulah, you shouldn't be noisy."
B. N.: "If I can't be seen I must be heard."

The Sheik

He is a sheik with sliccomed hair,
And has a Ford that's very rare;
The color of this hack is brown,
And it's made a hit with the whole
blamed town!

Mr. C.: "If you have trouble with your ears, do not put anything smaller than your elbow in it and wrap that with a towel."
Frosh: "How can you get it in your ear?"

When driving he goes very fast,
And I don't think his car will last;
Now I will say it is a pity
That I must close this little dittie.

Mark J. Van Dussen, '31.

THE WITAN BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Pudgy sat on the porch steps with a scowl on his face and a pout on his lips. At this particular moment he wished that there weren't any such things as "babies" in the world.

He looked disgustedly at the tiny baby in a beribboned carriage, who seemed to delight in throwing out a small, brown teddy bear for Pudgy to pick up. He guessed that it must be the fourteen hundredth time that he had picked "the thing" up, but he didn't dare to let it lie where the baby threw it because he was afraid that it would cry, and he hated nothing worse than hearing a baby cry.

Pudgy's real name was not Pudgy. As it happened, he had been given the very dignified name of Paul Murray, but the "fellers" had nicknamed him Pudgy because—well, what other name would be more suitable for a fat, freckled-faced boy with a mop of red, curly hair and a stubby nose. The boys decided that this would suit him as well as any other, and so Pudgy was what he was called.

As Pudgy sat grumbling at the life that was his to lead, a bunch of boys came along and called to him to come and play football.

"Can't," Pudgy called, "gotta mind this," with a wave at the cooing baby. He followed the boys with mournful eyes and, as they rounded the corner, Pudgy glanced over his shoulder to see if anyone was near. But his mother was upstairs cleaning and no one else was in sight.

"Gee whiz!" Pudgy ejaculated, "I can't miss a football game just because of an old baby, and anyway it's 'most asleep now." So he crept stealthily into the kitchen, snatched his football from the corner where it had been kicked with an angry foot only a few minutes ago, and tiptoed out of the door.

But, just as he was rounding the corner of the house, the "most asleep" baby let out a piercing yell and out came Mrs. Murray to see if it had swallowed one of the teddy bear's shoe-button eyes. However, the baby

proved to be perfectly happy and the teddy bear still had his eyes, so Mrs. Murray decided that it must be "tooth trouble" and started to go back to her work.

Then for the first time she noticed that Pudgy was not there. She turned and spied him on the other end of the porch studying very earnestly in his English book. She smiled, walked over to him and asked him if he needed any help, but as she looked down at the book, her smile faded from her face and she said,

"Paul Murray, you must be fearfully interested in your English lesson to be studying with the book upside down!"

Just then Pudgy's sister, Claire, came up the drive. She carried a suspicious looking square box, wrapped in blue paper and tied with a pink string. Pudgy was sure that the box held something mysterious, something softly brown and filled with a creamy white substance and a cherry in the center.

Mrs. Murray told Pudgy that he might go and play now, as Claire would take the baby for a walk. So Pudgy started with his football under his arm. But he had not gone very far before he began to think of the contents in the box which his sister had been carrying, and he decided that he would investigate in the favorite hiding places in his sister's room. So Pudgy went back, tiptoed up the stairs and into Claire's room. He looked around for any signs of pink string or blue paper, but there was nothing in sight, so he walked stealthily over to the window seat, lifted a pink ruffled pillow and there was the mysterious box, still wrapped in the blue paper and tied with the pink string.

He lifted the box and untied the string, not noticing that it was sort of light in weight for a box of candy, and slipped off the wrapper. Sure enough, there was the familiar name written on the cover in gold letters, "Fanny Farmer." He lifted the

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cover off slowly, and took a swift glance over his shoulder to see if anyone was around. But when he looked in the box, he stepped back with an exclamation of surprise, for the box was filled only with torn bits of paper. A puzzled and disappointed frown appeared on Pudgy's forehead and as he turned he heard a muffled sound, and there in the doorway stood Claire with a handkerchief pressed tight against her lips to keep from laughing aloud. Pudgy started to leave the room and Claire said,

"After this, maybe you'll ask me before you go snooping around in my room. I put that box there on purpose because I thought that you would come in and hunt for it;" and bringing forward the real box of candy, which she had been holding behind her, she added, "and now you just march right out of here, because I'm going to be busy for awhile and I won't need your help."

Pudgy was determined that he would get even with his sister in some way, so he began to think and scheme, and was quiet for the rest of the day.

That evening, Claire's beau, Charles Warner, was coming to see her, and at seven-thirty when he arrived, Claire was still upstairs. She had been looking for the white gold wrist watch which Charles had given her for her birthday and which she always wore when she was with him. Not only the watch, but its satin-lined case had disappeared. At last she had given up the hunt and started to dress.

Meanwhile, Charles sat down in a comfortable rocker on the porch and waited. He had not sat there for more than two or three minutes when out came Pudgy, who settled himself on the railing directly in front of Charles. Charles began talking to Pudgy about football and what not, and then, noticing how quiet Pudgy seemed, he asked what was the matter. "Well," Pudgy answered, "I gotta tell yer somethin', 'n' gee," he paused, then "aw, gee! I don't wanna tell ya." Charles smiled. "Something to tell me?" he queried. "Why, what

could you have to tell me, my man?" "Well," Pudgy began, "well, ya' see my sister ain't feelin' 'bout ya' like she use'ta be, an' she asked me ter give ya this." He stopped and held out the satin-lined case, with the white gold wrist watch. Charles looked down at it with fear in his eyes and a fast-beating heart. "Wh-why, you don't mean th-that she doesn't want to see me any more? You can't mean that?" Charles asked in a shaking voice. "Guess that's what she means all right," answered Pudgy, looking very solemn, "cause she went away with Tom Larry awhile ago."

Charles sank down in the rocker with a white face and clenched fists. "I don't believe it," he cried, "I'll have to hear it from Claire's lips before I will believe it!" He sprang up as if to go in the house and look for her, but Pudgy stopped him, saying,

"'s no use t' go in there 'cause there's nobody 't home." At this, Charles did not know what to do, so he paced back and forth trying to think. He put his hand in his pocket, felt something soft, and pulled out a tiny blue velvet box. He looked at it bitterly and slipped it back into his pocket.

He had sat there for some time—he knew not how long—when he heard a slight rustling sound like the swishing of a silk dress, and upon looking up he spied Claire standing in the doorway. "Sorry I kept you waiting, Charles, but I was looking for my ----why, what is the matter?" She had just noticed how white Charles looked.

"Claire!" the young man cried as he sprang up, "why, I thought that you---- Pudgy said that you didn't want to see me any more, and th-that you went out with that----Tom Larry tonight, an-and-----" He stopped from lack of breath and Claire broke in.

"Wh, Charles! I never said anything of the kind, and you know that I wouldn't go out with Tom Larry if he was the last man on earth!"

"But didn't you tell Pudgy to give me this?" and he held out the white

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gold wrist watch in its satin-lined case.

"Why," began Claire, and stopped. Then, "Where is Pudgy?"

But Pudgy was nowhere to be seen, because he also had heard the rustling of a silk dress and had beat a retreat to the football field.

"He said he would get even with me," said Claire, and she told him the story of the candy box escapade.

"Well," said Charles, when she had finished, "he sure did get even, but I guess I was the one to do the suffering." Claire did not know what he meant until a little later that evening.

The next day, Claire went to her mother and told her of Pudgy's misbehavior. She insisted that Pudgy should be punished, so Mrs. Murray promised she would speak to her husband about the matter. That evening when Pudgy came in for the evening meal, he was informed that his father wished to see him.

"Gee!" thought Pudgy, "guess I'm gonna catch it this time," as he entered the room where his father was waiting, and sat down in a large easy-chair.

But Mr. Murray did not look up when Pudgy came in. In fact, he did not even know that Pudgy had come in, for he was deep in thought. He was looking back to the time when he himself was Pudgy's age. He remembered one incident that stood out in his memory particularly.

His widowed mother had been spending a lot of time with a man named Jake Fischer. Mr. Murray had not liked the man and was always scheming to part him and his mother. One day, Mr. Murray was playing "Indian," and with a few bows and arrows, went out in the yard where Mr. Fischer was sitting comfortably in a rocking chair under the big elm tree. Noticing that he was almost asleep, Mr. Murray had run up behind him, yelling "scalp him, scalp him," and grabbing Mr. Fischer's hair, he had slipped out his jackknife intending to cut off a few strands. But, just as he raised the knife, off came the whole of Mr. Fischer's hair, leaving

a round, shining spot surrounded by a thin, gray fringe.

Immediately it came to Mr. Murray's mind that he had really scalped the man, but in a second or two he realized that it was only a wig, and then he had dashed off to the barn and hid in three feet of hay, leaving an angry old man behind him.

Mr. Murray chuckled to himself at the recollection and, looking up, he spied Pudgy. Reaching in his pocket, he drew out a quarter and said, "Here, son, go down to the Palace and see Jackie Coogan, and"—drawing out another quarter, "Here's some extra change to get a soda when you come out of the show." With this he left the room mumbling and chuckling to himself. "Oh, well," he shrugged his shoulders, "Boys will be boys."

Pudgy didn't know what to make of the results of his worrying, but he decided he'd better "beat it" before his father changed his mind.

Ida Diehl, '31.

Out of the Daily Theme Basket (Continued from Page 19)

MY FEELINGS AT THE BEGINNING OF SOME VENTURE

Some will plunge ahead fearless into the glowing pit, but such is not for me. The new always has some terrors for me, not lasting perhaps, but nevertheless existing. The lines:

"Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once"

are very true, but what of those people who are too dull or unintelligent to know what lies ahead? Is it not easy for them to face dangers of whose existence they do not know? So it is with soldiers who march to the front, some reckless or ignorant, others cowardly and timid, and a last group a little afraid but doing their best to keep up courage.

To which group do I belong? I won't try to answer that question. I merely hope that I am not too coward-

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ly and weak, and I know I am not reckless and unafraid.

I always have qualms of fear before giving an oral topic. I am sure that I will forget my topic sentence or wander from the real purpose of my talk. This seldom occurs, but the fear is always looming ahead of me.

I also dread the meeting with officials or new employers. When I converse with them, I immediately become at ease, and wonder why I was a little awed of them.

Fear is not the only feeling that I have; there is also a determination to see the thing through, although sometimes it looks so easy to give up, and that impulse overwhelms me. I wonder at the feelings of others—if they too experience this fear and determination.

How many of us can be truthfully spoken of as

“The valiant who never taste of death but once”?

Tessie Van Dam.

or flat top for the use of writers or readers, commonly provided with drawers, compartments and pigeon holes serving as repositories.”

I wish to readjust that statement. In my opinion, a desk is not the object in many words by Webster, but a receptacle for used waste paper, an object which, when equipped with an ink well with a metal top, can be made very annoying to the teacher by tapping with more or less regard for rhythm. Aside from these uses, it can, when loosened, fall with a crash, thus lessening the composure of the teacher. It can also be used as a place to draw pictures at the expense of the teachers, labeling with any slogan which comes to mind and in rare cases it may be used to lay your head on while you sleep. James Smith.

NEWS

(Continued from page 49)

C. H. S. ROBBED

A marauder broke into rooms 111 and 112 on Tuesday, November 21, and looted the teachers' desks. Drills, writing books, penpoints, penpoint money, library permits, ink bottles, pen holders and many other articles were reported missing. The 8A1 class were the heaviest losers, as nearly all their writing books, drills, ink, etc., are gone.

Every effort has been made to circumvent the criminal, but there have been no developments.

THE SEEDLESS GARDEN

The very hardest garden to take care of is a seedless garden, in other words, the mind. Every little thought that comes into the mind stays there and usually it starts to grow.

If it happened to be a good thought, it would be nice to have it grow, but if it was a bad thought and it started to grow, soon you would have a great many weeds in your garden, which are harder to get rid of than quack grass in a seeded garden. So one should be very, very careful what he thinks if he wants a pretty garden without any weeds.

Elinore Raymond.

CASUALTY

At the practice on Monday, Nov. 26, Gunnar Johnson, one of the boys who was out to make the team, ran into the wall and received a broken leg. It is the first serious accident of the season; we hope there will be no more.

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