

June 1929

The WITAN

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The Witan

Charlotte High School
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Miss Donovan, Class Advisor

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Literary

BOBBY'S REQUEST

The Nanrick family consisted of three members: Mr. and Mrs. Nanrick and little Bobby. Bobby believed their lovely home to be the most beautiful spot in the world. Mother's room was so sunny and cheerful and such a lovely place for a little boy to go. The big nursery was so pretty, and the living room seemed to Bobby to be the home of happy little fairies, and then, everything was made much lovelier by Mother's presence. Bobby just loved Mother's pretty face and sunny smile. Mother knew all about the fairies and things. Mother knew just everything, he guessed. But now everything was different. Her room was so quiet and still and even when she laughed at him, it was a different laugh. Her eyes did not shine, but looked sad. Why she even had on a rubber cap with ice in it. Ice! Why, it was so funny for Mother to have ice on her head.

"Course," Bobby reflected, "I should not have gone in to see Mother when the nurse told me to go outside and play, but a boy just has to see his Mother, they ought to know that. And Mother didn't mind a bit! I gave her a nice fat grasshopper that I found in the yard, and she smiled and told me always to mind daddy."

"It is an awful nice grasshopper, Mommie," Bobby said as he climbed up on the bed beside her.

"Yes, dear, Mommie is so pleased," said the woman who was but a mere shadow of the mommie that Bobby adored.

"Mommie—Mommie, what does die mean? Are you going to die, Mommie?"

For a minute a hurt expression flashed over the woman's eyes. Then

she said, "Why darling, who told you that?"

"Oh, I jus' heard it, Mommie. Daddy and Uncle Doctor were talking about it when they were having tea."

"Uncle Doctor, Bobbie?"

"Um-hm, the one Daddy brought so's you wouldn't die. What is Die, Mommie?"

"It means going to see God, Bobby."

"I bet you're going to take me, too, aren't you, Mommie? You never go away 'thout me, do you Mommie?"

Mother closed her dark eyes and tried to blink away the tears. "Mother will see the little Lord, honey, and God's house is a nice house. I will be able to see you all the time."

"I don't want you to go to the little Lord, Mommie. He has a mother of his own. And how can you see me if I can't see you?"

"Mommie can't tell you, darling, but you will see—soon."

"Oh! I bet I know. I bet it's a s'prise! You always have the best s'prises, Mommie. I bet the little Lord is cute. Maybe I will let you go, Mommie. But be sure to come and bring Him for a visit."

Just then a stuffy, wise-looking nurse entered the room. She wore high necks and long sleeves and gave Bobby an awful scoldy look, just because he came to see his very own mother. Bobby said nothing, but crept silently out of the room.

He went out and sat on the front steps with his faithful companion, Rippy, his dog. Rippy accompanied Bobby on all his Indian raids and on his adventures into Fairyland, so it was to the faithful dog that Bobby confided his thoughts. He told Rippy about his mother's going to God's

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house and bringing back the little Lord for a visit.

Pretty soon Daddy came up the steps and walked right into the house. Bobby sat bewildered. Could this be his daddy? Why, he went right by without kissing him! Right into Mommie's room without calling, "Again the good ship has returned!" Bobby leaned against Rippy, and stared into space with eyes wide like a baby's who is trying to figure something out.

Daddy went right to Mother. When he entered the room, her eyes were closed. He stood looking—looking into the precious face before him. His heart ached as he looked at the thin figure and the ice pack on her lovely dark hair.

Slowly the dark eyes opened and she spoke to him. He quickly knelt beside her and said, "Feeling better, honey?" She smiled as she said, "How long do I have to wear this stunning hat, Jim?" Jim looked away and answered, "Oh, not very long. Anyway, you don't mind a little thing like that. It is very chick."

But his wife was not deceived any longer. She thought of what Bobby had told her about the doctor who came to try to keep her from dying. She had not seen him, but decided that he was probably Jim's brother from Germany. He was a specialist, and she knew that Jim would do all in his power to save her. A beloved tie existed between Jim and this brother, and she realized that he also would do his best.

Then she said, "Jim, Bobby has told me."

"Told you what, Marie?"

"That I am going to die. He overheard you talking about it. But don't mind. It would be better for me to know."

For a long time Jim and Marie talked and wept. He kissed her many times and could not bear the thought of her leaving him.

It was on Thursday night that Bobby decided quite violently that he didn't want Mommie to go to God's house without him. He told this to

Rippy, who, next to Mommie, understood him best. "Why," Bobby said, "What if Mommie got lost! The Little Lord would cry and you would cry, and I would cry, too." 'Course boys didn't cry much, and he didn't want to, 'cause Mommie said good boys don't cry. But jus' the same everybody knew that a boy jus' had to have a mother. Well, he guessed she jus' hadn't better go.

Rippy licked Bobby's face in sympathy and they both jumped up and ran upstairs. He had something awful 'portant to tell Mother. He went quietly, for he knew that someone would surely stop him. 'Course everyone had been especially nice to him since Mommie had been sick, but even so, they wouldn't let him see his Mommie. He was greeted at the door by the cross-looking nurse, who would not even hear of letting him go in.

"But I have to tell her something," Bobby explained. "I want to tell her that she better not go to see the Little Lord."

"Well, I will tell her," the nurse said. "She is asleep now."

Bobby waited for three more days. Finally he decided that he must see Mommie. He made his way to the bedroom door, but on hearing Uncle Doctor speak, his heart stood still.

Uncle Doctor was saying, "I am afraid she will go tonight, Jim. I am sorry and have done all that I can, but I will continue to do my best."

Why, Daddy was crying! Oh! it was terrible! Bobby began to cry too, and he crawled off to his little white bed.

"She is going," he thought. "My Mommie is going—and they won't even let me see her and ask her to stay or—say—g'bye."

As he lay there sobbing he said over and over again, "The Little Lord's got a mother. She doesn't go away from him, an' I don't want my Mommie to go away from me."

Bobby threw out his fat little arm and felt his Teddy Bear. He sat up in the bed and held Teddy in his arms. "I love you, Teddy," Bobby said. "I love you next best to Rippy, but I wish

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that it was you 'at was going to God's house instead of Mommie."

Slowly the thought came into his baby brain that maybe the Little Lord would rather have Teddy than Mommie. The Little Lord probably didn't have such nice toys in his house up in Heaven, but he had a mother, and didn't need another one. If only he could give Him his Teddy, then Mommie wouldn't go, 'cause the Little Lord could tell her all about it same as he asked her to come and visit Him.

Bobby sat still and wondered. How did you get to the Lord's house, anyway? Would it take very long? He wondered if there could possibly be a ladder leading from the roof to God's house. Maybe he could go to this house and take Teddy, and come back again before Mommie went. Then Daddy wouldn't cry any more. Yes! maybe there was a ladder. He better go and see.

There was a small cupola on top of the house, but Bobby had never been there alone. There was no railing around it and he was afraid to stand there even when Daddy held him tightly by one hand, and Mother by the other. Mother loved to go to the little cupola, for one could see for miles around, but she was certain that Bobby would never go there alone, for he was afraid.

Nobody ever told Bobby that there was anything to be afraid of in the darkness, so when he made up his mind to see about the ladder he never thought about the dark. He trudged up the attic stairway with Teddy tightly clasped under his arm. He groped along until he came to a room with a slanting roof.

Upon reaching this room, Bobby grew frightened. He seemed to see large shapeless objects starting toward him, or darting away from him, and his little heart pounded and his knees shook. But bigger than the fear of what might happen to him was the thought that Mommie might go before he got to God's house and gave Him the Teddy Bear for the Little Lord. So the child stumbled on until he found a ladder leading to the

cupola on the roof. His little legs were so short that he could scarcely reach the steps, but at last he was at the top of the ladder, and with a very great effort he pushed open the trap-door, almost losing Teddy and his balance in the attempt.

Bobby felt the cold wind on his baby face. He pushed Teddy up onto the roof and pulled himself up after. "Oooo! I'm 'fraid. But I musn't be 'fraid! Mommie wouldn't like me to be 'fraid when there's something 'portant to do. But Ooooo! the wind is blowing awful hard," said Bobby.

Bobby saw that there wasn't any real ladder upon the roof, but Mommie said that sometimes the fairies made ladders out of moonbeams so that they and the Brownies could climb up and ride on the moon. But he mustn't wait for the fairies. Maybe Mommie would be gone if he did. Then the child thought of something else this adored person had told him. "If you wish for anything long enough and hard enough, it will come true." Mommie had told him this one day when he said he wanted a nice big dog. He had wished long and hard—a whole week! Then one night if Daddy didn't come home with Rippy! Maybe he would do that now, only he didn't have much time, but he decided to wish good and hard. He stood erect, with his fat little legs apart, and stretched his arms out wide, with Teddy lying on top of them. Then he said aloud:

"Little Lord, Little Lord, please take Teddy instead of Mother." He said it over and over again. Suddenly something swept by him, knocked him down and took Teddy with it. A great flash of lightning went across the sky. Bobby lay frightened and still, but he decided that an angel had taken Teddy to the Little Lord, and never meant to knock him down.

Down in Mother's room, she was struggling between life and death. If this spell passed over, she would live, but the Uncle Doctor was very doubtful as to whether it would pass over.

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Out of the Daily Theme Basket

OF ALL THINGS!

One of my grandmother's favorite remarks is "Of all things!" She came to stay with us one summer and found plenty of chances to use it. The very first morning she awoke in our spare bedroom, she noticed a picture of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks over the dresser. I had placed it there myself, thinking that it brightened up the room somewhat. But grandmother had other ideas of brightening up the room, and hung a gay-colored handkerchief bag over it, murmuring, "Of all things!" When she came down for breakfast, I was already eating, because I was going to town early, and she, noticing that I had my bathrobe on, said, "A young lady of your age ought to know better than to come to the table in her bathrobe. Of all things!"

The next time I heard her say the fond expression was when I tried on my new bathing suit and ran across the street without a coat to show it to my girl friend. Several hundred, or maybe a thousand, other times I heard her use those three expressive words, and I doubt if I'll ever forget them.

But, for all the many things I did which caused grandmother to say these words, I am sure she wouldn't have had them done otherwise, for, how else could she have used her favorite expression, "Of all things"?

Ida Diehl, '31.

CARL LYLE'S ESSAY ON BURNS

In the modern arrangement of cooking, it is no uncommon thing that a young lady of genius must ask for bread and receive a pan of charcoal. Although it is known that charcoal, after persistent application, may produce teeth of dazzling whiteness, nev-

ertheless most people seem to prefer expensive toothpaste to the costless method of burnt bread. Strange are the ways of men!

Not only is burnt bread undesirable, but practically all kinds of burns seem to be unpopular with the masses. But since all good writers first define their terms, I will quote here from that well-known author, Noah Webster: "A burn is a hurt, injury or effect caused by burning, as by fire." Of course the burnt bread falls into the third class—the effect of burning. However, that before-mentioned young lady of genius may behold all three classes demonstrated in one instant as she takes the would-be bread from the oven. The easiest thing in the world to do is to touch the hot pan with her finger, in spite of a dozen holders. That's Case One. She beholds the bread—Case Three. An injured feeling resulting in burning wrath is Case Two. The day is ruined (for ten minutes).

A burn often desired, but afterwards sadly regretted, is sun-burn. The reason for such a rash desire is to attain a becoming coat of tan, but the result is frequently Case One.

In all such cases use Carl Lyle's Salve—pain relieved immediately—the greatest cure for burns on the market (not for bread).

Carl Lyle, Salesman.

MUSE ON EGYPT

But look ye—in the distance—what cometh from afar? A long caravan unrolls before our eyes, a long caravan, seemingly endless. As it approaches we notice the Egyptian maidens seated on camels; tall princes upholding the dignity of their family and race; dusky Ethiopian slaves trudging wearily in the hot sand.

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As this company draws near, tantalizing odors are wafted to us on the breeze—exotic perfumes, better far than France's most costly brands; spices of whose richness we have never dreamed; whiffs of frankincense and myrrh. Gold gleams from the robes of the Egyptian royalty; pearls and diamonds flash from their sheaths. The princes with head high and bearing erect, their ladies with dusky eyes and hair are as a strange fantasy to us. We have never seen a like troupe in our land.

The procession has now passed us, is lost in the distance. The last bent slave with his load has disappeared. Faint exotic odors tempt us no more.

From whence is this strange procession come—and whither is it gone? Was it a dream, a fancy—or did it actually pass? Tessie VanDam, '29.

YE OLDE BOOK SHOP

Dingy, dusty, musty, was the book shop I walked into one day. I looked around me and noticed a skinny little old man peering at me from behind huge eyeglasses.

"Good morning," I said. The little man nodded his head and went back to what he had evidently been doing when I came in, arranging books on a dusty old shelf.

At the side of the store was a small counter with six or seven shelves behind it. All around the small room were more shelves loaded with books of every description; some were travel lore, some were romance, some ancient history. In fact, every kind of book was there.

An old stove standing in the back of the store had evidently done its best to smoke up the room, for the stovepipe was coming apart in places. A stool sat beside the stove and a ladder which could be rolled around stood by the side shelves.

When I had finished looking around, I turned to look again at the man who had greeted me and found him staring very impolitely at me. He then said, "Would the lady like a book?" I told him I would greatly appreciate it if

he could find me a book by Ibsen. He said he would try, and began to rummage on one of the shelves. I watched him move quietly from shelf to shelf. He suddenly pounced on a red covered book, and with a gleam in his eye, said, "Here is a beautiful story by the author you mentioned." I took the book carefully from him and turned inside to find the author's name. There glaring out at me, shone the letters "By Louisa Alcott." I looked from the name to the man and said, "But sir, this is not by Ibsen; it's by Louisa Alcott."

The man looked at me through eyes that flashed like lightning. "Only twenty dollars," he said, "only twenty dollars. You must take it, you must!"

I couldn't believe he was the same quiet little man of the book shop. He was a raving maniac. I slowly backed away from him and out the door. From then on I ran as I had never run before. I can assure you I never went to that place again.

E. Raymond, '32.

NOTES OF A NEWSCARRIER

Many people get enjoyment from seeing the ever changing movies. About one-twentieth of the same people get an uncertain amount of enjoyment from the greatest of moving pictures, the sky.

Before the dawn, the sky is quite dark. Outlines of clouds are hard to see and no light is reflected to the earth. At this time of the year the eastern sky pinkens slowly in an ever-spreading patch and when it seems that the sun must come up the following second, one's gaze is liable to wander. Over the lake the sky has a yellow tint. To the east it is orange and pink. Over the city it is still grey and to the west it is quite black. One rarely looks above but the surprise following is well worth the venture. The clouds above, no matter the size, are always tinted with the richest of pinks and lavenders just before the sunrise.

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THE WITAN THE MYSTERY SOLVED

There was a great stir in the little town of Williamsville. Neighbors gossiped over back fences; children hurried home from school to reach the safety of their homes; even the owners of stores or business buildings in the town put extra padlocks on the doors and locked their valuables in safes. Things were mysteriously disappearing from the people's homes, yards and clothes lines!

No one knew where the things had gone or what had made them go until one night, about a week after the first thing had disappeared. Mrs. Grayson, the wealthiest old lady in the town, had been suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by a great uproar of screeching and squawking of chickens. She had gone to the window immediately to see what was the matter and, just as she looked out, a dark object appeared at the small window of the chicken coop. The window was open and, as the object passed through, it turned and closed the window, then it "sailed right through the trees with a chicken under each wing," as Mrs. Grayson explained the next day. Being nearsighted, she was unable to describe the object, but she was sure that it had several long legs or wings and a long, narrow tail that curled at the end.

The next day, when examining the chicken-coop, the neighbors found five chickens dead and two missing. "It must have been a hawk," one of the neighbors suggested. "But how could it open the window?" old lady Grayson asked excitedly, "and, I'm not sure whether it flew or jumped; I was too scared to notice." This made it more of a mystery than ever.

Johnny Green, old lady Grayson's nephew, scoffed at it all, saying that she was "seeing things," but the very next evening, when he was sitting under the magnolia tree with his future wife, something behind snatched his hat off his head. He, thinking it was one of the fellows playing a joke on him, didn't make any sign that he

knew the hat was gone. But, upon glancing upward a little later, he saw his hat hanging on the end of the top branch of a nearby tree. But this wasn't all—the hat was pinned on with a large safety pin!

After this, nothing happened for a few days beyond the disappearance of more chickens, or pies set out to cool. The village people had given it up as a bad job and stopped hunting for the mysterious object.

Then, one night (it always seemed to come at night), Miss Warner, Johnny Green's future wife, called him on the telephone and told him to come over as fast as he could. Something was in her room!

Johnny hurriedly backed his Ford car out of the driveway and drove to Miss Warner's home. She happened to be alone that evening, as her parents had gone to visit friends in a distant town. Being lonesome, she had decided to go to bed early and, upon opening the door of her bedroom and switching on the light, she jumped back in surprise. There was something in her bed!

Not stopping to look again, she had dashed down to the telephone and called Johnny; then ran out on the porch to wait for him. He reached her home in two minutes and found her wringing her hands and glancing fearfully over her shoulder. She quickly explained why she had called him so hurriedly, and they crept up the stairs quietly.

Armed with a small revolver, Johnny carefully opened the bedroom door. Just then, Miss Warner in her nervousness, knocked over a small stand near the head of the stairs and it tumbled and thumped to the bottom, making such a noise as to wake up the "thing" on the bed. As Johnny opened the door, the object jumped up from the bed, entirely covered by the white cover that it had crawled under. Johnny dashed in the room and pulled out his revolver, but the object quickly jumped through the open window

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into a nearby tree, the white cover still hiding it.

Johnny and Miss Warner, thinking it could not get down from the tree very quickly, hurried down the stairs, out of doors, and around the house to the tree in which the object had landed. But there was nothing to be seen except the white cover hanging on high on one of the lower branches.

During the next two weeks things disappeared at different intervals. First, a bracelet belonging to Miss Warner; then, brooms and dustpans, pails, mops, articles of clothing from clothes lines, and other numerous articles. No one had been close enough to see what the "thing" really looked like and no one, although he wouldn't admit it, was quite willing to hunt for it and solve the mystery.

Then, one night between six and seven, Johnny and one of the neighbor boys were strolling along discussing the events of the day and happened to pass Dr. Brown's old barn, which had not been in use for several years. Just as they were going to pass on, Johnny spied something bright in the grass near a broken window of the old barn, and, stooping, he picked up a bracelet. It was the one that Miss Warner had said disappeared mysteriously a week ago.

It suddenly came to him that the old barn was involved in the mystery in some way or another, and he hurriedly published the news.

In less than an hour, the whole village, it seemed, armed with knives, revolvers, pitchforks, shovels and axes, surrounded the barn and made ready to investigate. Johnny was chosen to open the barn door while the others rushed in; so Johnny crept softly up to the door, unlocked the padlock and threw open the doors.


The crowd stepped forward and held their breath. At first, they couldn't make out anything, but as their eyes grew accustomed to the dim light of the darkened barn, they saw a dark form lying in the corner on a pile of old hay. Revolvers were drawn, shovels and other weapons raised, and the crowd pressed forward into the barn. Johnny, being at the head, reached the darkened corner first and at one glance he shouted, "It's a monkey!"

Sure enough, the frightened animal was a monkey. It was caught and examined. Around its neck they found a leather collar on which were described the words: "Jip, trick monkey of Barnum's Circus."

Ida Diehl, '31.



THE WITAN



Poets' Corner

TWILIGHT

Twilight pinned two brilliant stars
Into her fragrant silvery hair,
Put all her pets to bed and then
She locked her western door with care.

B. Reddy, '30.

NIGHT SONG

The moon shone down from the heavens
And lighted the earth below,

When out of the peace came a lullaby,
A sound that was sweet and low.

'Twas the voice of a happy young mother
Singing her babe to sleep;

She sang of a Christmas long ago,
When shepherds watched o'er their sheep.

Her voice was an echo of sweetness,
Her words, an inspiration

As she sang of the Babe who is now the King
Of a great and glorious nation.

Soon the air was still again,
Her babe in dreamland lay;
She placed him gently in the crib
And tiptoed softly away.

M. Haley, '30.

GO SLOW

The C. H. S. committee,
As all we students know,
Is trying hard to find a way
To make us all go slow.

When some one descends the wrong
* pair of stairs,
That makes the officers frown
That they must tell you more than
once
Which pair of stairs to go up or down.

Now all of us should try to find,
Or at least you ought to know,
That when the halls are crowded
The least we can do is go slow.

Marian Du Val, '7A-2.

MOODS

The waving branches of the trees,
The gentle sighing of the breeze,
The sweet perfume of flowered trees,
Sing on spring.

Then as the days go fast away,
The blossoms turn from white to gray,
And gently, gently drop away
In the spring.

I heard the patter of the rain
Upon the broken window pane;
The chirp of birds came to my ear,
After the storm the sky will clear.

The trees are green with foliage,
The grass is wet with dew,
The pussy-willows burst their buds,
I want a new dress too.

Let the wild winds blow
And the clouds hang low,
Every winter has passed;
No storm can last.
It is spring.

God keeps in His care
The soul that can dare,
The note of good cheer
The Father holds dear,
For 'tis spring.

Florence Sparks, '30.

A GIFT

God gave you, sweetheart,
Two corals from the sea.
These were thy lips,

A murmuring mystery.

And then He took

Two stars from out the sky,
And heaven dreamed its dream
Within thine eyes.

God gave you, sweetheart,
A gift beyond compare.

This thy heart,

In all its beauty rare.

Then let me kneel

So humbly at thy feet,

For love has made

Life's miracle complete.

A. Dale P. G., '28.

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EARLY MORNING BEAUTY

It's a lot of fun just living,
When the morning sun is giving
All the world a touch of gladness with
its glow.

Then you're brimming with ambition
For the job that is your mission,
And you start out early, whistling as
you go.

Cares, that yesterday seemed heavy,
Fail today to even levy
Half a minute of your time in vain
regret.

As you swell your chest with breezes,
Fainted with the tang that pleases,
You would think yourself a criminal
to fret.

Then you realize tomorrow
Is the proper time for sorrow,
For tomorrow never comes—Dawn
brings today.

With the sunrise glory staining
All the skies that were raining,
Just to warm your heart and cheer
you on your way.

A. Dale P. G., '28.

There was a young girl named Julia,
She was always trying to fool you;
She played me a prank
And I gave her a prank
And her noisy expression would fool
you.

Lord Purdy, 7A-2.

REASSURANCE

There's never a flower in all the world
But makes some green stem sweeter;
There's never a bird in all the sky
But makes some heart feel lighter.
There's never a star but brings good
cheer

To every planet once a year.
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His down light gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

Florence Sparks, '30.

THE CIRCUS

I saw a tiger, bravest of all,
And then a giraffe who was very tall.
I tell you it was funny to see
A little monkey climb up a tree.

The lion is so big and great,
'Twas odd to see him eat from a plate.

But the very funniest thing of all
Was the seal who played with a rubber
ball.

Zenobia Lockhurst, 7B-2.

THE MERRY SEA

I love to sit by the seashore y;
And gaze out on the sea,
And watch the dainty ships sail by;
They seem to smile at me.

The waves rise up to trip them,
The ships just laugh with glee;
They skip and dance right o'er the
wave,

Then turn and wink at me

M. Haley, '30.

MY LOVES

These are my loves; let me name them again—
The newly-made hay, the chirp of the wren,
Childish voices in riotous play,
The blossoms just peeping out in May.

Rain 'gainst the window pane, thunder of the falls,
Smells of newly washed clothes, the crickets' calls,
A bright cheery fireplace, popping corn,
The dew on the grass before the morn.
These are my loves; I have named them again.

—Tessie Van Dam, '29.

Oh, call not my name! Let me doze in the shade
Where closed and unstudied my school books are laid.
Dark, sleepy and dim is the place where 'tis said
All the facts about Congress should be in my head.

—B. Reddy, '30.

THE WITAN

Editorials

THANKS

The Witan Staff wishes to thank the members of the II-2 typewriting class for their great assistance in typing the Witan material. The work of Julia Van Dam, Ida Diehl and Mary Turtu was especially appreciated. On the last day before the material went to the printer, Julia stayed many hours after school and did some last minute work. Many students declare that there is no school spirit at Charlotte. Surely this is a fine example of it.

CANDY

The candy committee of our school should be greatly complimented for the delicious candies they have been offering for sale. The assortment they have been displaying is varied enough to satisfy the "sweet tooth" of almost anyone. Those of us who are dieting certainly must find it difficult to refrain from buying their very tempting confections.

SPRING FEVER

Spring is here, and along with it "Spring Fever," so nerve-racking to most students. Studying is a problem indeed, and a stuffy class room is boring to the extreme when the warm outdoors beckons. Our teachers find our actions in the class room anything but agreeable, but we seem to think they are demanding the unusual when they require our strict attention to the matters at hand. However, our teachers are human too, and no doubt they also suffer from this malady. We could help them a great deal by realizing this and saving our pranks for after school.

NOISE

Much has been said about the noise in the assemblies of our school in previous issues of this magazine. However, much more is still left to be

said. Without a doubt, much of the unnecessary talking and other disturbances have been done away with, but the situation can still stand improvement—a great deal of it.

The teachers are not the only ones who complain about the noise. The students themselves are voicing objections. Why not try to remedy the situation however, instead of fussing? Necessarily, this goes back to the individual who must strive to do his part to make the assemblies more quiet.

BROKEN WINDOWS

Any observer can testify to the fact that our school can lay claim to a good many broken windows. Some are broken accidentally, but a greater share are broken through positive carelessness. Not only do they take away from the appearance of the "School With A Purpose," but they convey the impression that those who attend Charlotte High School are decidedly careless and thoughtless in their care of the school's property.

Since our school cannot boast of the modern architecture of some of the newer schools, all the more care should be taken so that nothing will detract from its appearance. Then, too, our reputation will not be marred, due to broken windows.

(Continued on Page 54)

THE WITAN

THE CROOKED GENTLEMAN

It was eight o'clock and the Mill's home was in sunshine and quietness. Clara lay in bed thinking about William Burkley. He had proposed to her last night and she had asked for time to think it over. This evening he would come for his answer.

"Oh well," she muttered, "I suppose I'll -----."

She did not finish her sentence, for there was a loud thump on her door.

"What in the world is the matter?" she asked.

"I want to borrow your tooth brush," said Glenn as she opened the door. "There is a mouse in my bedroom and I want something to kill it with."

"Say, Glenn, ask her if I may borrow her powder puff, my nose is shiny," shouted Bob from the stairs above.

"Have you boys gone crazy?" asked Clara. I should think -----."

"Never mind what you think," interrupted Glenn. "Just take a peep at the headlines of this paper."

Clara took the paper and read. "Mail Train Robbed, 2 Hurt In Skirmish."

"Well, what's that to me? There are lots of train robberies."

"Oh, are there?" asked Glenn sweetly, as he took the paper. "Nice little spitfire, aren't you?"

At the foot of the stairs he met Bob. "What did Sis say about it?" asked Bob.

"She didn't read it. I'm kind of glad she didn't, because she might know who wears a ring of twisted wire with the letter R on it and ---- I think that it can be fixed."

The last few words were uttered with a knowing wink, for Clara was coming down the stairs.

"What are you boys up to now?" she asked.

"Nothing much, just wondering what we will have for breakfast. Come on, Sis, I'll beat you to it."

Bob twicked a piece of her hair and made a race for the dining room.

Judge Mill greeted his children with

a merry, "Good morning, everybody," and went on with his reading.

When the breakfast was nearly finished, the telephone rang. Mr. Mill went to answer it and when he had gone Glenn pretended to tease his sister.

"Sis, will you do me a favor?" he asked.

"Maybe, depends upon what it is," she answered.

"Well, when William Burkley comes to see you this evening, will you meet him in the waiting room beside the draperies?"

"Well, of all the crazy notions, you certainly find the craziest. What do you want me to do that for?"

Clara was getting peeved and a flush began to creep in to her face.

"I want to give your boy friend a surprise," Glenn answered as he left the room.

That evening the door bell rang and the butler ushered William Burkley into the waiting room. Clara came in and stood by the draperies. Whether she did it on purpose or accidentally, Glenn didn't know. But there he was behind the draperies waiting for the next move.

Burkley stepped forward and put his arm around Clara. Glenn parted the draperies a little so that he might see better. And what he did see surprised him not at all, for there on Burkley's finger was the wire ring with the letter R.

Glenn wasted no time. He crept back from the draperies and made a dash for the stairs. When he was in Bob's room, he picked up the telephone and called the police headquarters.

"I want three fully armed policemen," he said. "I think that I have some interesting work for them. Tell them to come to the back door of Judge Mill's home."

Glenn hung up the receiver and taking Bob by the shoulders marched him down to the kitchen.

Five minutes later a slight tap was heard on the kitchen door. Bridget,

THE WITAN

the cook, opened it. She stepped back in amazement, for there stood the policemen with drawn guns. Glenn smiled and told the men to put up the guns, for they probably would not need them for a while.

"What's the joke?" asked the largest of the three, "caught the train robbers?" He chuckled, but seeing the meaning look in the boys' eyes, he became serious.

"Maybe, at least the leader of the gang," said Bob. "You remember that the leader wears a peculiar ring? Well, there is only one man that wears a ring like that and that man is in this house."

The large cop's jaws opened and the other two stared at the boys.

"For the love of three kings!" exclaimed the big cop. "That can't be, because after the robbery they started west, not east."

"Maybe," said Bob. "But what's to stop them from circling around? Anyway, he's here and it's your job to get him."

"Well, let's get after him and not stand here," cried the big fellow. "He'll not get away from us."

"Oh no, he won't," laughed Glenn. "He's booked for a couple of hours yet. He's calling on our sister."

"Does your sister know that he's the robber?" asked one of the little cops.

"No, she doesn't," Glenn replied, "so we've got to figure it out by ourselves. I'll go into the parlor. Clara will introduce Burkley to me. You see I never met him personally because I always ducked when he came. Why? Oh, because I didn't like his looks. Well, when I'm introduced, I'll notice the ring and make a remark about it. You men will be close by and hear the conversation. When I give the signal, which will be a long drawn whistle of surprise, you step in and take him prisoner. Have you got it straight?"

"You bet," the cops exclaimed, as they followed Glenn.

Glenn entered the parlor as if by accident. He started to go out but his sister called him.

"I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Burkley," she said. "He might be your brother-in-law some day."

"Not if I can help it," muttered Glenn under his breath.

However, he smiled and shook hands. Glenn sat down and entered the conversation. After five or ten minutes he thought it time to strike.

"That's a nifty ring, Burkley," he said. "Some kind of club ring, I suppose."

Glenn thought he saw Burkley turn pale, but there was no sign of fear.

"Why, not exactly," Burkley replied. "It was given to me by my father who was _____er_____ I mean about nine years ago."

"Oh, I see," said Glenn, "is your father still living?"

"That," said Burkley, "is none of your business."

Glenn stared at him and then gave a long drawn whistle. Clara looked alarmed. Just then something cold was placed at the back of Burkley's head.

"Don't move!" was the command. "I've got you now."

The two little cops came in with drawn pistols. Clara screamed and ran to her brother. Her scream brought the whole household to see what was the matter.

"What's going on?" cried the judge.

"This," said the tall cop, "is the leader of the gang that robbed the train early this morning."

"And he wanted to marry me," cried Clara. "The brute."

Mr. Burkley rose and facing the judge exclaimed:

"I nearly got even with you for sending my father to the chair. I'm the son of John Hawks."

"What? Not the Hawks that killed Mont Wilson?" asked Mill.

"Yes sir, I am the son of the very same. And this ring," Burkley turned to Glenn, "stands for Revenge."

"Well, for the love of three kings!" exclaimed the cop as he slipped the handcuffs on Burkley.

Doris Reagon, '31.



STUDENT COUNCIL

THE WITAN



R. L. BUTTERFIELD, Principal



THE WITAN

THE FACULTY

THE WITAN

Motto: "The best way to arrive is to keep going."

Colors: Crimson and Blue.

Flower: Crimson Rambler.

THE WITAN

Departure

The gliding years have numbered four,
Since first we came within this door;
 A merry band,—
 All emerald green,
So very young, so very shy,
All seemed to mock, to terrify.

The years have taught us brave to be,
And now we're Seniors, you and me;
 We love the school—
 We hate to leave,
But now this door is open wide,
It's ours to go and look outside.

A greater world is waiting there,
A greater task for us to bear,
 But we are brave—
 We have no fear,
We'll joyful go to have our fling,
Ah! Comrades! What will the future bring?

Florence Rich,
 Class Poet.



Looking Backward

In the early fall of 1925 there entered the hoary halls of Charlotte High, a group of scholars in a never ending quest for the truth. For many years there had been similar entrances of similar groups into the same halls but yet, in a measure, different, for from the very outset this group—to be known as the Class of 1929—showed itself unique. It is therefore the chronicles of this class, its woes, its pleasures, its successes and failures, which I propose to set down for the consideration of posterity hoping that it may profit by the experiences of the Class of 1929.

Early on September morning, in fact very early, there collected in room 202 a group of new children about to enter a new life, high school, with the fullest realization of their unimportance and the greatest fear of the lordly grown ups in the halls: That day was the first of a succession of pleasant memories punctuated with curt reminders that we entered wrong doors, took wrong stairs, and went to fifth period class during third period. That passed the fastest of any during four eventful years. We went home knowing we were children—but with the queer feeling of not knowing exactly what we were. We had embarked on that period adults call “adolescence.”

For a time things went smoothly, when one day came the solemn warning of a “freshman” initiation—the first held in several years. The day came; the missed years were avenged. Our “broken bodies” were carried to Kodak High and new life was instilled by dancing for those who could not punch, raw macaroni lip stick and soot for those who couldn’t. Time passed. We had our loves and forgot them.

The second year found us with a new member—our class advisor, Miss Donovan, who happily has remained with us to the end. During the year we started a succession of social gatherings, commonly called class parties, beginning with a Hallowe’en masque, the experience of which still remains in our memory. That year was the signal for a dancing class where many a worthy man learned to “hotfoot it” with little more music than the rhythmic stamp of men’s feet. In the same year each of us chose the things we were interested in: baseball, soccer, dramatics, or music; but with these choices came a division into social groups which was the cause for many months of civil strife. But time passed. We had our loves and forgot them.

The third year many of our members came into prominence in athletics and school life. The leadership of the school was slowly coming into our hands. There were still parties with increasing zest but decreasing members. The civil war continued. Then came a hurry call for help; the class of 1929 was chosen to present a play, “The Words of Washington,” at the Eastman Theatre for the Washington birthday program. Tryouts were held and the tedious drill began. For once we had the thrill of seeing a teacher accept the same excuse five times in a row. Those of us who went to the Eastman Theatre that morning will long

(Continued on page forty)

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BURTON F. KIRBY Latta Rd. Char. Sta.
No. 38 School U. of R.

*"The days of sleep and
slumbrous calm are fled."*

Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Soccer 4;
Wrestling 3; Hi-Y 4; Class President 4;
Washington Day Exercises 3.

HELEN E. MATER Stone Road
No. 42 School Cal. College of
Osteopathy

*"Reason is not measured by
size or height."*

Publicity Committee 2; Senior Play 4;
Witan 4; Student Council 4; Senior Day
Committee 4; Field Day Committee 4;
Candy Committee 4.

ISABELLA TIMRICK 451 Flower City Pk.
Jefferson Junior High
Mechanics Institute

*"I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good."*

Swimming 2; Basketball 3; Freshman
Party 4; Spring Dance 4; Tri-Y 3;
Treasurer 4; Class Secretary 4; Field
Day Committee 4.



THE WITAN



DAVID BABCOCK 194 Thomas Ave.
Seneca School M. I. T.

*"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he
would ask the number of the steps."*

Class President 1, 2; Soccer 1, 4; Forum
2; Banking 2; Witan 3, 4; Band 4;
Orchestra 3, 4; Inter-High School Band
4; Senior Play 4; Washington Day Exer-
cises 3; Operetta 4; Hi-Y, Secretary, 4;
Class Historian 4; National Honor
Society 4.

STROHN BLIVEN 54 Fairview Crescent
Seneca School N. C. State

*"All things come round to him
who will but wait."*

Witan 4; Hi-Y; Washington Day Exer-
cises 3.

DOUGLAS COPELAND 3810 St. Paul Blvd.
Seneca School College

*"Sudden a thought came like
a full blown rose
Flushing his brow."*

Vice-President Publicity Committee 2;
Senior Play 4; Aviation Club 4; Soccer
1; Washington Day Exercises 3.

HAROLD COPELAND 338 Lake View Pk.
Jefferson Junior High School of Com.

*"He would help others out of
fellow feeling."*

Freshman Baseball Team 1; Class Base-
ball 2, 3; Class Soccer 2, 3; Class Basket-
ball 2; Assistant Basketball Manager 4;
Tennis 4.

THE WITAN

HORACE FRISBEE
No. 38

Hilton, N. Y.
Business

"A friend to all, to everyone was he."

Interclass Soccer 1, 3; Basketball 3;
Baseball 4; Baseball Manager 4; Hi-Y 4.

EDITH GASSETT
No. 38

79 Atwell St.
Business

*"She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unawares."*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3,
Treasurer 4; Thrift Committee 3; Class
Secretary 1, 2; Tri-Y 3, 4; Tennis 3;
Treasurer Student Council 4; Class Tes-
tator 4; Baseball 1.

KATHERINE GREENWELL Latta Road
Greece No. 5 St. Marys Hospital

*"Her modest looks the cottage might
adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps be-
neath the thorn."*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4;
Baseball 1, 3, 4; Swimming 4; Girls'
Glee Club 4; Candy Committee 4; G. A.
A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

HARRISON GROTZINGER 4252 Lake Ave.
No. 38 School Business

*"Ah, why
Should life all labour be?"*

Class President 1, 2, 3; Witan Staff 2,
3, Editor 4; Senior Play 4; Track 4;
Soccer 1; Prophet 4; Washington Day
Exercises 3; Wrestling 4.



THE WITAN



RALPH HAPP Mt. Read Blvd.
Greece School No. 15 School of Com.

*"Music there was in him that
would charm forever."*

Banking Committee 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3,
4; Candy Committee 4; Hi-Y 4; Oper-
etta 4; Witan Staff 4; Track Manager 4.

HELEN HAVEN Riverside Street
No. 42 School Mt. Holyoke College

*"She is not too nice to be a sport,
Immune to jokes or fun of any sort."*

Washington Day Exercises 3; Dancing
3; G. A. A. 3, 4; Hiking 4; Witan 3, 4;
Glee Club 4; Candy Committee 4.

MARY HEYDWEILLER 369 Seneca Pkwy.
Jefferson Junior High U. of R.

*"Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly as a flower."*

G. A. A. 2, President 3, 4; Basketball 2,
3, 4; Swimming 3, 4; Hockey 2; Soccer
4; Hiking 4; Class Secretary 2; Class
President 3; Witan 3, Editor 4; Senior
Play 4; Guardian of Flag; National
Honor Society 4.

KERMIT HEATH 1817 St. Paul Blvd.
East High School U. of B.

*"He had talents equal to business
and aspired no higher."*

THE WITAN

EDITH HULSE 36 Upton Place
No. 38 School

*"Like Juno from her lofty tower
She gazed upon them as they cooed."*

Lunchroom 2, 3, 4; Banking 3; Basketball 3; Tri-Y 4; Candy Committee 4.

RUSSEL JONES Boxart St.
No. 38 School Ithaca School of
Physical Education

"Many a joke had he."

Baseball 1, 2, Reserve 3, 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3, 4; Wrestling 1, 2; Hi-Y 3, 4; Interclass Baseball 2; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3; Interclass Soccer 2, 3; Interclass Track 1, 2; Tennis 3, 4; Class Vice-President 1.

HAROLD JOROLEMAN 469 Augustine St.
Jefferson Junior High Antioch College

*"On the stage he was simple,
natural, affecting."*

Vice-President Student Council 4; Class Vice-President 4; Soccer 3, 4; Basketball 4; Hi-Y 4; Senior Play 4; Washington Day Exercises 3; Glee Club 2; Interclass Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Washington Day Exercises 3.

VELMA KELLY Hilton, N. Y.
Hilton High School Rochester Normal

*"A fair exterior is a
silent recommendation."*

Class Secretary 3, 4; Tri-Y 4; Baseball 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Dancing 3; Swimming 3; Senior Play 4; Glee Club 4; Operetta 4; Student Council Secretary 4; Washington Day Exercises.



THE WITAN



JESS LEE 182 Fulton Ave.
Jefferson Junior High Undecided

*"English was not made for him
But sports of every race and kin."*

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Soccer
2, 3, 4; Golf 4; Inter High Track 4;
Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Vice-President Hi-Y 3.

THEA MACDOUGALL 4712 St. Paul Blvd.
Seneca School No. 4 Business

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."*

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 4; Candy
Committee 4; G. A. A. 4; Tri-Y 4;
Senior Play 4; Glee Club 4; Lunch
Room 3, 4; Operetta 4; Courtesy Com-
mittee 3; Witan 4.

JAMES MILLER 332 Glenwood Ave.
Jefferson Junior High Business

*"We grant although he had much wit
He was very sly of using it."*

Hi-Y 4; Basketball 4; Class Vice-Presi-
dent 3; Interclass Soccer 4.

WILLIAM T. W. PEPPER
552 Glenwood Ave.
West High School Rensselaer

*"He ceased; but left so pleasing on
the ear
His voice that list'ning still they
seemed to hear."*

Hi-Y 3; Hi-Y President 4; Glee Club
3; Secretary 4; President Student Coun-
cil 4; Skating 3; Festival Chorus 3;
Operetta 4; Courtesy Committee 4;
Frosh Party Committee 4.

THE WITAN

EUNICE PITCHER 409 Stonewood Ave.
No. 38 School Business

*"A rose, set with little thorns,
whose heart is pure gold."*

Tri-Y 4; Lunch Room 4; Candy Committee 4; Banking 1, 2; Baseball 3; Soccer 3; Basketball 3, 4; Witan 4; G. A. A. 2, 3, 4.

FLORENCE A. RICH 3141 Lake Ave.
No. 42 School City Normal School

*"There's laughter in her eyes and
mirth in her heart, and in her soul
there's poetry."*

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3; Swimming 2, 3; Dancing 3; Hiking 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, Vice-President 3, Secretary 4; Witan 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Operetta 4; Glee Club 4; Class Poet 4; Hockey 3; Soccer 4.

HELEN SHEEHAN 328 Thomas Ave.
Southwestern High School College
Detroit, Michigan

*"As straight as a ramrod,
So knowing a child—
Her thoughts come straight forward
If smashing or mild."*

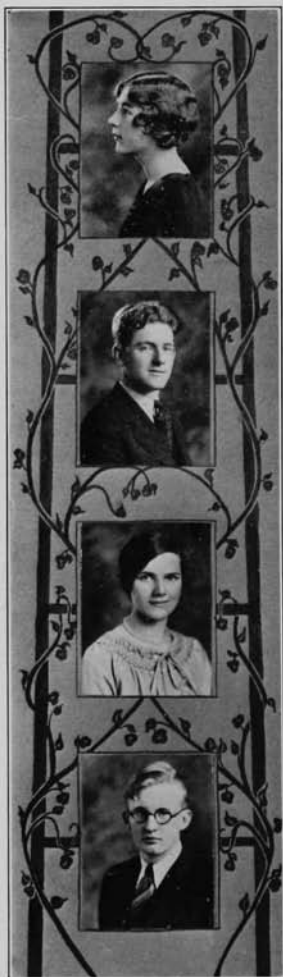
Swimming 3; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 3; Dancing 3; Tri-Y 3; G. A. A. 3, 4; Witan 3, 4.

MAYBELLE SOMMERVILLE 16 Canary St.
Williamsport High School
Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*



THE WITAN



FERN E. SOUCIE 26 Petten St.
No. 38 School R. B. I.

*"I want to be naughty and
yet be nice."*

Tennis 3; Dancing 3; Swimming 1;
Basketball 2, 3; Publicity Committee 2;
G. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

JUDSON H. STREET 225 Elmtree Road
Cook Academy U. of R.

*"He possessed a peculiar talent of pro-
ducing effect in whatever he said or did."*

Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 4; Witan 3;
President Student Council 4; Class Presi-
dent 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Operetta 4; Senior
Play 4; Washington Day Exercises 3;
Assembly.

DOROTHY LEE TAYLOR Hathaway Rd.
Madison Junior High R. B. I.

*"They think my likes
Are mostly a pose;
What I think of theirs
I needn't disclose."*

Basketball 1; Witan 3; Candy Com-
mittee 4; Traffic Committee 4; Tennis
3; Senior Play 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; G. A. A.
1, 2, 3; Dancing 3; Class Secretary 1.

GENE TODD 33 Atwell St.
No. 38 School U. of R.

*"In every deed of mischief he had a
heart to resolve, a head to contrive and
a hand to execute."*

Scholarship 1; Banking Committee 2;
iWtan 3, 4; Hi-Y 4; Glee Club 4.

THE WITAN

PHYLLIS L. TRAYHERN 183 Harding Rd.
Jefferson Junior High U. of R.

*"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise."*

G. A. A. 2, Secretary 3, Sr. Rep. 4;
Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3; Tennis 3;
Hockey 3; Hiking 4; Soccer 4; Witan
3, 4; Senior Play 4; Candy Committee
4; Constitution Revision Committee 3.

TESSIE G. VANDAM 3781 Lake Ave.
Caledonia High Business

*"Both fair and clever,
quick to think and act."*

Tennis 3; Glee Club 4; Operetta 4;
Hockey 3; Dancing 3; Lunch Room 3,
4; Baseball 3.

BERNICE H. VOGT 127 Argo Pk.
Jefferson Junior High Business

*"Polite and neat."
"Sweet, petite,"*

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Bank-
ing 2, 3; Hockey 3, 4; Tri-Y 3.

ELGAR WARDEN 141 Thomas Ave.
Seneca School Business

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4; Soccer
2, 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Secretary 2, 3;
Track 3; Wrestling 1, 2; Golf 4; Class
President 1; Interclass Baseball, Basket-
ball and Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4.



THE WITAN



ESTHER M. WRIGHT 227 Sheraton Dr.
No. 42 School Business

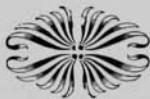
"In silence her wisdom was often concealed."

G. A. A. 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Hockey 4; Banking 2; Witan 4.

HAZEL ZUKER
Greece No. 5

"As merry as the day is long."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3; Lunch Room 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Banking 1, 2, 3.



Looking Forward

If my memory serves me correctly, the summer of the year 1939 will always be known to me as "reunion year." During that summer I heard of every one of my former class-mates from Charlotte.

These strange meetings began about twelve hours after our ship had cleared port. We were bound for Europe, and I was serving in the stoke hole. The first day out, a party of ladies and gentlemen visited every part of the ship. As they descended the narrow steel ladder, one could hear the ladies exclaim as to the heat, the dirt, and the horrid men. The most vociferous one I immediately recognized as the former Edith Gassett, just now married to a wealthy New Yorker. You could have knocked me over with a fender when I saw that the captain was, none other than our handsome Joroleman boy, all decked out in blue and brass. When we opened the doors to fire again, the flames shot out and lit the place with a ruddy glow.

"Oh, aren't they picturesque," exclaimed one of the women.

It might have been picturesque, but man, it was hot!

The arty lady I subsequently learned was Miss Taylor, also a former student.

The last fellow up the ladder had a deep dimple in his chin, it must have been "Doug" Copeland.

The next night off duty, as I stood near the rail at the stern, a young man, I had known by the name of Kirby approached and asked what the dark shadow was across the water, I told him it was the new mid-ocean landing float for planes, under construction, supervised by the noted young engineer David Babcock.

* * * * *

Next morning I went out to watch the mail plane being launched. On all the regular passenger lines there are catapults from which the mail planes are launched, two days before the ship docks. I'll swear, that "Strohny" Bliven was the pilot of the plane.

* * * * *

When we arrived at Liverpool, I wandered about the dock and rather bumped into a red-headed roustabout, and, despite the fact that he was swearing with a regular cockney accent, I recognized him as "Jim" Miller. While I was meandering, a lengthy and shiny limousine flourished up, and Helen Mater floated up the gang plank of a steamer about to sail for France. On the deck waiting for her were Mary Heydweiller and Helen Haven, sort of a companionate trip, I guess. That same day I heard that Bernice Vogt was attempting to swim the channel, with "Bill" Pepper, her manager, accompanying her in a row-boat. I learned later that they gummed up directions and finished at the north coast of Ireland, both in the row-boat.

On the return trip I found that Horace Frisbee was the purser on the ship, and Edith Hulse was acting as traveling companion to some elderly and cranky woman. What joy!

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We docked after a trip, uneventful, except for the apprehension of two stowaways who gave their names as Misses Pitcher and Rich.

I had walked through a warehouse to the street when, suddenly, a young fellow tapped me on the shoulder and demanded my name. I replied and was startled to find he knew me, especially when the combination of perspiration and coal dust had made me resemble the end man of a minstrel show.

"Well, my name's Happ," he explained.

"I'll be hanged!" I ejaculated, "what's the racket?"

"Oh, I'm in the song business, you know, I was just going down to the wharves for inspiration."

"Come along, old man, and tell me what you know," I invited.

We made our way to Heath's Turkish Baths, and as we sat in the sweat room Happ told me that Harold Copeland was a song and dance man, famous on Broadway stages; that Maybelle Sommerville was also on the stage and Isabelle Timrick was the equally famous "Fannie Fox" of the screen. He told me that Helen Sheehan had just started, on Fifth Avenue, a modiste's shop, and Phylis Trayhern, as her assistant, was a skillful designer.

As we emerged from the sweat room, who should appear in capacity of masseur but "Bus" Warden?

When we finally emerged, "sweet and clean," we decided to grab "quelque chose a manger." We dashed into Todd's Corner Drug Store and had pretty little sandwiches doled out by Tessie Van Dam and "Kate" Greenwell. Then, lo! and behold! who should "jerk" our sodas but "Jud" Street, former executive of our august institution.

As we hopped a bus for the ball park to watch Jess Lee and "Bucky" Jones perform, we found it was one of these new fangled contraptions run by women. Thea MacDougal was at the wheel, while Velma Kelly collected the shekels.

On the bus, we sat directly behind Fern Soucie who told us that she still lived in Rochester, and that she was only on a visit to the city. She was then going shopping while her husband had gone to the ball game.

We were told by Fern that Hazel Zuker was a school teacher and Ester Wright was earning a living by posing for posters advertising Bunkum's Golden Hair Wash.

After the ball game, Happ and I parted, I for my ship, and he for his songs. I wonder how long it will be before I see them all again!

Harrison Grotzinger,
Class Prophet.



Class Will

We, the deceased Class of June, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine, of Charlotte High School, Rochester, New York, being of equable temper, brilliant mind, and general good looks, feeling exceedingly sorry for any school which is so unfortunate as to lose our valued presence, must nevertheless depart and leave behind us, this our last will and testament in the manner following, that is to say:

FIRST—We give, devise, and bequeath unto old C. H. S. a new school building, having all up-to-date equipment and modern ideas, and also a special room on the main floor for the men of the faculty to congregate.

SECOND—To Mr. Butterfield, we have bequeathed a megaphone to be used in holding future assemblies.

THIRD—To Lawrence Hamilton Cooper, we will Jess R. Lee's Scotch tendencies and athletic abilities. (We suggest that they be used with discretion.)

FOURTH—We bequeath Jud Street's well known "Beep Beep" talent to Mr. Dennison so that he can more easily dispose of the front hall parasites.

FIFTH—To nobody in particular, and everybody in general, we leave Harrison Grotzinger's "school girl complexion," curling tongs, and other feminine traits with the assurance that practise makes perfect.

SIXTH—We desire that Bus Warden's "way with the wimmen" and supposedly ready wit be given to anybody the council may care to designate. We offer Mel Kneeland as a candidate.

SEVENTH—To future cheer leaders we bequeath a list of original cheers and also the correct spelling of the word Aurora.

EIGHTH—We will and bequeath Isabelle Timrick's shy and unassuming manner to Susanne Bogorad. We have great hopes for your future, Susanne.

NINTH—We leave Rusty Jone's Chrysler to Howie Rowe so that he will be complete in his role as "shiek" which heretofore hasn't been entirely successful.

TENTH—To the faculty and Mr. Lacy we leave our sincere thanks for reporting our absences from class so promptly, and we hope that in the future (for the benefit of restless students) that if they have anymore such rare and original ideas that they will perish in the first stages of development.

ELEVENTH—To Marjorie Brown we give Helen Haven's effective means of keeping slim. However, we warn you Marj that Rome wasn't built in a day.

TWELFTH—We leave Florence Rich's "Ante Virum" sign to any girl who will start another famous, all girl's party.

THIRTEENTH—We desire that our body be carried to its final resting place in a Ford touring car with yellow wheels and a one-man convertible top.

FOURTEENTH—We direct that all the necessary debts and funeral expenses be paid.

FIFTEENTH—As an afterthought we merely suggest that the funeral should take place not more than ten days after death.

SIXTEENTH—We do hereby make, constitute, and appoint the Charlotte High School Student Association as Executor of this, our Last Will and Testament, making sure that no errors will be committed during its execution.

Edith E. Gassett, Testator.



David Babcock—I Love Me
Strohn Bliven—That Old Sweetheart of Mine
Douglas Copeland—More Than Satisfied
Harold Copeland—Tell Me That You Love Me
Horace Frisbee—Old Man Sunshine
Edith Gassett—I Want To Go Where You Are
Katherine Greenwell—K-K-K-Katy
Harrison Grotzinger—I'll Get By
Ralph Happ—All by Yourself in the Moonlight
Helen Haven—High Upon a Hilltop
Kermit Heath—How About Me?
Mary Heydweiller—Don't Be Like That
Edith Hulse—When I'm Walking with My Sweetness
Russell Jones—A Gay Caballero
Harold Joroleman—I Can't Get Enough of You
Velma Kelly—Girl of My Dreams
Burton Kirby—Sweethearts on Parade
Jess Lee—I Can't Give You Anything But Love
Thea MacDougall—Sweetheart of All My Dreams
Helen Mater—Coquette
James Miller—Sonny Boy
William Pepper—My Troubles Are Over
Eunice Pitcher—Whoopee!
Florence Rich—Good Little Bad Little Me
Helen Sheehan—I Must Have That Man
Maybelle Sommerville—Why Do You Roll Those Eyes?
Fern Soucie—Sweethearts On Parade
Judson Street—The Whole World Knows That I Love You
Dorothy Taylor—Sentimental Me
Isabella Timrick—Mia Bella Rosa
Gene Todd—My Supressed Desire
Phyllis Trayhern—Everybody Loves You
Tessie Van Dam—Once in a Life Time
Bernice Vogt—Especially You
Elgar Warden—There's One Little Girl Who Loves Me
Esther Wright—Just a Sweetheart
Hazel Zuker—Lover, Come Back To Me



"HAVE YOU SEEN THE QUEEN?"



Practice House



The Tri-Y and the Homemaking class of Charlotte High School gave a tea for their parents at the Practice House on June 10.

The living room of the apartment has been made a great deal more attractive by the addition of colorful draperies. Also the Homemaking class bought a used, brown leather chair and made for it a very attractive slip cover of the same material as the draperies. Most of the work in making the slip cover was done by Esther Wright. Other small items such as book ends and a lovely green vase have been purchased and add a colorful note to the apartment.

After finishing our foods work on May 2, we again went to the portable and took up our clothing unit. Many of the girls made attractive spring dresses for themselves.

During the period of foods work, the Homemaking class served luncheons to many of the faculty. The first luncheon was served to Mr. Butterfield, Mr. Lacy, Mr. True, Mr. Dow, Mr. Woodman, and Mr. Ernestone by Thea MacDougal and Edith Hulse. The second luncheon was served on April 18 to Miss Stowell, Miss Newman, Miss Miner, and Miss Lathrop. Helen Maybee served. On April 25, Marjorie Brown served Miss Harvey, Miss Emerson, Miss Keefe, and Mrs. Carter. At the next luncheon Mr. Ament, Mr. Bird, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Omans, and Mr. Tracy were served by Margaret Jackson and Hazel Zuker. Then Isabelle Timerick and Esther Wright served Miss Goff, Miss Cashman, Miss Donovan, and Miss Whelehan. The next luncheon was served by Maybelle Somerville and Hazel Zuker to Mrs. Torrance, Miss Keefe, and Miss Paddon. The next two luncheons were held during our clothing period and were both served by Thea MacDougal and Hazel Zuker. At the first luncheon the girls served Miss Werner, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mrs. Carter. The last luncheon, Miss Keefe, Miss Carter, Miss Boughton, and Mrs. Denise were the guests. All of the luncheons were supervised by Mrs. Zwickel.



Looking Backward

(Continued from page twenty-four)

remember the fun that can be had with an automatic elevator and an irate stage manager. Time passed. We had our loves and forgot them.

Our last year we were seniors united by the thought of graduation. We entered the field of politics and our members were elected to higher offices and watched a successful, very successful freshman party. We smiled tolerantly at the newcomers with the thought perhaps that in another year we, too, would be new comers. More parties were successfully tried. We collaborated with the class of January 1929 and produced a senior play that merely filled the house. Our president was promoted to the school presidency and we embarked on a series of informal class meetings, argued much, and said little. The class became small and informal, we began to know the people we had associated with for four years and we were sorry to leave.

Time has passed. We have our love, Charlotte, but we will not forget her.

David L. Babcock, Class Historian.



WITAN STAFF

THE WITAN

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Autographs

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G. A. A.

Although there was a great variety of Spring sports and there were two new activities added to the list, nevertheless the attendance for each was very small.

Tuesdays were devoted to tennis. On that day the boys were banished from the courts and the girls held full sway. Also a tournament was played, the winner of which will receive a three-inch C.

One of the new sports was horse-back riding. Five or six girls went to the Armory each Wednesday (which, by the way, was always sunny) and had a delightful time riding up and down hills on a shady trail through a woods.

Perhaps baseball on Thursday was the most disappointing. Inter-class games had been planned, the same as in basketball, but the attendance was so slim that this plan had to be abandoned.

The second new sport was hiking, which took place on Friday. For the first hike of the season, the girls went down to the beach and out to the end of the lighthouse pier. The waves were so high and the wind was so strong that the girls returned bedraggled and laughing at each other's mussed-up appearance. On the second hike, the girls, accompanied by Miss Miner, Miss Keffe and Miss Paddon, walked down the railroad track, crossed Stutson Street bridge and returned by way of the railroad bridge. Some of the girls had an exciting free ride on this bridge out to the middle of the river and back. Only three girls and Miss Keffe went on the third hike because it was the day of the School Dance. They had a fine time examining the boats in the Yacht Club.

But best of all was the overnight

trip to Florene Rich's cottage at Grand View Beach, May 24 and 25. Eight girls started out on the bus which carried them from Ridge Road to Latta Road. From there the hike began, but four of the girls received a ride, leaving the remaining four to trudge on alone. However, after an invigorating (?) hike and three huge chocolate cookies apiece, they arrived at their destination just in time for supper. By that time Miss Keffe and Miss Tarbox of Washington Junior High had arrived. That night, with six in one room and four in another, not much sleeping was done. Following is a short program of the night of the most rambunctious:

10:30—Started for bed.
10:35 to 11:15—General yelling, singing and hopping about.
11:15 to 11:15½—Short silence.
11:16—Fire seen through window; everybody out of bed.
11:18—Fire declared false alarm.
11:19 to 11:59—More talking, yawns and requests for silence.
12:00—Parade to kitchen.
12:01 to 1:00—Rattling of pans and making of fudge.
1:01—Back to bed.
1:02—Got up and dressed.
1:05 to 1:45—Went out in a boat.
1:46 to 2:30—Played cards.
2:31 to 3:15—Tried to sleep on a table.
3:16 to 4:30—Went back to bed and really slept.
4:31—Got up and prepared breakfast.

The day was spent rowing, fishing, hunting frogs and preparing the dinner. Most of the girls started for home shortly after two o'clock and spent the rest of the day making up for lost sleep—but then, overnight hikes don't occur every day.


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The Baseball Team

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Athletics

BASEBALL

Team material this season was composed mostly of rookies. However, a good portion of veterans, including a few of Larry Pennington's championship squad, have returned to grace Chamberlain field. Coach Tracy has the team well in hand, as usual, and may be seen almost any afternoon out on the field, with that owl-like scowl wrinkling his visage, bawling out the boys to beat the band, and swatting out flies until his creaking limbs and age-torn body will percolate no more, and then to the bench where his lungs do the rest. The pitching staff has acquired a new find in George Gray, and a little seasoning will surely bring out the stuff in him. Kirby supports Gray and occasionally relieves him, when necessary. The other end of the battery is held up by a vet, "Bus" Warden, seasoned and well versed in the ethics of catching. First base is held down by Braam, second by Stendardo, short by J. Smith and third by Red Lee. The first three positions are held by new men, Lee being the only vet in the infield. Jones, Cass and De Mato lounge about in the outfield until the unexpected happens and all three may be seen rushing desperately for the occasional fly. Nevertheless, some fine outfield work has been done by all three, and their batting averages are worth attention. Together, the team seems to indicate a good season, and some interesting games are scheduled.

The first few league games were somewhat disappointing. However, the play was not as one-sided as some of the scores indicated. The first tilt was with East. We dropped the game, 11-2. The next game was exciting, but developed into a losing match and was lost to Marshall 15-7. Tech won

the next, 12-2, and when Canandaigua's delegation came for the non-league home game, we lost again by the small margin of 4-1. Perhaps the most interesting game yet played was the contest between the Varsity squad and the Faculty. It certainly was a pitiful sight to see those old rheumatic, tottering grandpas bobbing around the field, sight dimmed with age, and joints squeaking for loss of exercise and youth. Out of pure sympathy and respect, so as not to hurt their feelings, the regulars conceded the game to the antiquities, 7-4.

TRACK

At the first meeting of the squad, Kelly was chosen captain, and Ralph Happ, manager. Workouts came thick and fast, and, at the call the team responded and made a good showing in the tri-cornered meet with Monroe and U. R. Freshmen. Monroe copped the meet with a point score of 45, the yearlings of the U. of R. followed with 22½, and the home team came in with a close third, scoring 20½. Equipment is good, coaching by Lacy is fine when he shows up at practice, and the team has a fine spirit and the right stuff to make a crack squad.

TENNIS

Tennis enthusiasm is at its usual height and the team is pretty definitely decided on. Ament coaches, and his ability is sure to extend to the players if practice is consistent. Matches have been arranged with all the High Schools to determine the championship team. All matches are to be played on the excellent "Y" courts at Maplewood Y. M. C. A. The match scheduled with Monroe on Wednesday, May 8, was postponed because

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no courts were available, since the "Y" courts were not yet ready for play. A good representation in the City Tournament was given by players from school, and it is expected that some will place high in either the Junior or Senior event. The team members are Copeland, Jones, Trayhern, Wagner, Smith and Gordon. All show good form and the squad has an even chance for the title.

"Bud" White and Strohn Bliven are Charlotte's big threats on the links and are expected to lead the field in brilliant and masterly play. Durand Eastman will be the scene of the fray with Monroe and our delegation is of course favored to break a 70 on 18 holes to cop the meet. Lesser Erenstone, the Bounding Boy of Golfdom, pilots the Tee-party.

BARNYARD GOLF

GOLF

The Hole-in-Oners are doing their stuff daily, making beautiful drives on the spacious fairways and downy greens of Chamber Lane Golluf Coarse. All the members of the team are asked to wear buttons or something, maybe a license or a blue ticket, in order to prove that they have the right to shovel the sod on the Municipal Links. A match is arranged with Monroe and the team must get into form if they hope to break below 500 on 9 holes.

A new sport has been initiated under the Shade of the Old Apple Tree on Chamberlain Field. Oddly shaped pieces of iron, something like horse-shoes, may be seen hurtling through the balmy spring air and landing with a thud, embracing a square wooden post, planted in a war-torn sector. The game has ardent followers and blistered thumbs and a tournament is under way to determine who shall make the first ringer. Seriously, this sport is admirable occupation for those who do not compete in other fields.



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OUT OF THE DAILY THEME BASKET

(Continued from page 13)

With the rising sun the yellow over the lake and the darkness over the city fade slowly to blue. The blackness in the west changes to deep blue, but sometimes is a reflection of the rosy sun.

It is on rare occasions that one notices these changes. The gaze is riveted on the rising sun, for there is a spot of never forgotten beauty. The growing dusk rises up from the horizon with a very noticeable motion. When first seen, it is large and usually very red, dropping to rich orange.

The coloring of the clouds overhead (if one can break away from the sun long enough to notice) is slowly receding westward.

At this time of morning the clouds in the east are clearly cut. They do not have the fleecy edges of the later day clouds or the transparency. If one should be passing over the sun, it does not blot out the surface as is usual later. It is much like putting a black paper on the side of a lamp. The sun may be seen all around, but the black spot stands out like grease on a vest.

If by lucky chance a slight fog is rising from the river, one can actually see the shadows of the hills on the horizon drop slowly as the sun rises to look over them. For perhaps ten minutes, these beauties are more than enjoyable, then the sun seems to shrink, changes from orange to gold, and pains the eye on direct contact. All day it rides the heavens majestically and then, for another short period, the humans are treated to the wonders of the sky.

Here indeed the process is entirely reversed. The growth of the sun is in proportion to its shrinkage of early morning. The colors change over the sky in direct reverse and at last as the sun sinks one is tempted to applaud.

A. Dale P. G., '28.

INSPIRATIONS

Do you wait for inspirations to come before you try to write? I think it

is the safest way. You get a more natural and pleasing result. To me they come at the most inconvenient times, and I must grab paper and pencil to put down the thoughts as they come. My inspirations start in my left ear, I think, and tickle all the way down one side and up the other. By the time it has reached my right ear, I'm in misery unless I'm writing, and sometimes it's hardly possible.

For example, the sun woke me up this morning by shining on my left ear. It immediately started an inspiration to write a poem about the wonderfulness of the sun on an April morning. Now being a strictly punctual person, I never wake up before it is necessary. I allow myself so much time to dress, eat and get to school. I never get on the car in the minute I had set aside for walking to the car. That is—in other words—I never run for the car. So you can imagine how bothersome it was this morning to get this particular inspiration. However, an inspiration is the one thing that can alter my plane, so as a result I ran for the car this morning.

Another inspiration came the same morning in the midst of a history exam. I tried to fight it off but I couldn't, so I finally very crudely outlined it and tried to forget it and do my history again. My thoughts kept turning inspiration-ward, and the result?

As if to ruin me, a third inspiration came the same day. It was ten minutes to bedtime, when I had two girls peacefully walking down the street and couldn't make them do anything exciting (you see if the characters are good, they can take care of themselves). At exactly bed-time the inspiration came and lasted well onto two hours. As a result my mother scolded me when I was nearing the end, and I was afraid it would die down after the climax. Now when my mother scolds during my inspirations (she has no respect for them),

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it's like turning the curling iron the wrong way when you are marcelling hair. You have to fuss a lot to get the kink out. At last the inspiration was complete enough to leave over night, so in due time I was in bed. But alas! No sooner had my head hit the pillow than I thought of writing this.

Florene Rich, '29.

O, MR. SUN

O Mr. Sun, where have you been staying? I often wonder if you forget us. I fear that you sleep too late or Big Moon forgets to say "Hello."

I really hate to tell people that they are important but I really must tell you. Also, I am going to tell you everything that has happened since you forgot to join your friends. It is beginning to be annoying. Everybody has the blues, a headache, or an ache of some kind. The answer always is, "It must be the weather." Our daffodils are nearly ready to join the throng, if you will only help a little. The children have cleaned their roller skates and have their jumping rope ready. The cherry blossoms and many other blossoms are going to be beautiful, but they lack one thing. Of course, you know what it is. I try to be pleasant to everyone, but everyone is talking about the weather. I know that you do not want to be talked about any more. The gossip that is going around the world about Mr. Moon and Little Star is bad and, of course, you want to keep your reputation good. My advice is that you come out tomorrow and shine brightly. Everybody will forgive you, I am sure.

"We can be happy,
We can be sad,
We can be jolly
Or we can be mad—
It all depends on you."

Mary Mitchell, '30.

THE FACE OF A CLOCK

The face of a clock is rather interesting, as are many other faces. The faces of some clocks are clean and pretty, others are old and wrinkled, others yellow and dirty, rusty and

greasy, freckled and speckled, dented and cracked. But pretty or not, they all serve the purpose.

Some clocks have a yellow face, others a black face, and others a white one. Regardless of color, every clock has twelve figures upon its face. This is one thing upon which they all seem to agree, but as they are a little like people, they don't all want to look alike, so some have Roman numerals and some have Arabic. Sixty little dots encircle the face of a clock. Perhaps this decoration is considered attractive.

But why is it that whether a clock's face is pretty or not, it always covers part of its face with its hands? Maybe it is bashful.

Margaret Haley, '30.

THE NEW MAID

Today is the new maid's first day at our house. When we discharged the former maid, we had in mind just how we must train the next maid. One must necessarily show and instruct a new maid. This can be overdone, however, and requires much tact and judgment. Accordingly, we all arise early on this day. We do not know what to expect and great is the suspense. We must give the maid a good impression of ourselves.

We sit down at the table. The fruit is served. My oranges are not cut out the way I like them; I have mother note that. Dad couldn't eat that many prunes in a year. Mother notes that. Only two mistakes for the first course. Excellent, it is, indeed. The cereal is next served. It is pretty watery and very flat tasting. We all attempt to salt our cereal without letting the maid see us. She might be offended if she did see us do it. The remainder of the morning meal went off with about the same number of casualties. Mother really needs a stenographer when receiving instructions for the maid. However, she seems to get along beautifully. There are merely my two younger brothers home for the mid-day meal. At dinner we get the re-

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ports that the noon meal was no good. About this time I begin to feel sorry for the maid.

Dinner is served. Things are about the same as at breakfast. After much discussion we continue our meal. The next day has fewer casualties. The number decreases each day. We have trained the maid.

John C. Kendall, '30.

PICTURES

Did you ever notice how pictures on a wall of a room affect you? You go into a room, look around and see bright pictures on the walls, pictures of gardens, little children, birds, or flowers. Suddenly, if you have been feeling gloomy, your gloom disappears. Then, again, you go into a room where there are pictures of beautiful cathedrals and religious pictures which give you a most reverent feeling. Sometimes, when certain people go into a room where there are a number of ancestral pictures they have a great desire to laugh, often because of the absolute likeness represented. Other times, on a particularly dismal day, ancestral pictures are apt to induce a streak of melancholy in the descendant. The reasons for this are varied; they may induce comparisons of bygone days and ages which represent vague and somewhat alarming thoughts of the future or create the desire to have lived in those "good old days." Therefore, my parting word is to beware of ancestral pictures, especially on a drizzly day.

Helen Tozier, '30.

NATURE

I have been told that I should write something about nature. Does that mean the nature of the universe or a person's nature? As I am undecided just which is desired, I shall attempt to write about both.

As I look around the room, the first thing that catches my eyes is a vase artistically arranged with wild cherry blossoms. The white leafy petals are a beautiful specimen of nature. As my eyes wander, I notice on the buf-

fet a dish filled with artificial nasturtiums. These take the place of the original when the nature of the weather does not permit this kind of flowers to grow. On the window seat are plants that are of such a nature that they can be grown indoors during the winter.

Looking into the living room, I see my little sister trying to stand on her head. Is this the nature of a little girl who should have been born a boy? While this is going on, another nature of womanhood is coming out when Grandma tells Bob to be careful not to hurt herself.

Upstairs, my little sister is putting her doll to bed, talking as fast as her tongue can waggle. Don't think she's insane; it's just human nature again.

Mother is sitting in her favorite chair darning our well-worn stockings. Human nature again peeps out when she keeps wondering what time my sister will get in tonight.

Where is my father? No, he isn't smoking his pipe! He's "gabbing," as most men do, on the phone; business, business, business!

More human nature!

Evelyn Hunt, '30.

SUMMER: "IN THE TREE TOPS"

Summer is the leafy season. On nearly all trees the leaf comes as soon as the blossom falls. The first leaves are very small, and they are not green, but pink, red, yellow, gray or white. They have been wrapped up in bed-clothes all winter. It takes several days of warm sunshine for them to turn green.

The leaf of the red maple tree, true to its name, is red. On the sugar maple, it is a yellow-green, on the silver maple, a shining green-white. When they grow to full size, these maple leaves all have much the same form. In different members of a plant family there is a resemblance, as in a human family.

The leaves of trees are made up of lobes. A maple leaf has five lobes in it. The lobes of the red maple are sharply notched and parted. In the

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sugar or rock maple, the leaf lobes and partings are more rounded. It is a darker, smoother leaf, too, and grows more thickly on an evenly balanced round-headed tree. The leaf of the silver maple is smaller, a sage green above, a cottony white below.

All the willows have long slender leaves. Each leaf is a narrow, thin, delicately-veined blade that grows by itself, and alternately, along a slender stem, making sort of a feathered branch. The pussy willow leaves are a bright green. The black willow leaf is broader and saw-notched, and it tapers toward both stem and tip. It is bright green above and silvery underneath. The leaf of the white willow is a gray-green, lined with silver, and it droops from yellow stems. The weeping willow has long gray "weeping" leaves.

The oak leaf is irregularly shaped, like the oak trees. It is a long oval or pear shaped leaf and is deeply notched and lobed. It is strong and tough, as glossy above as if varnished, and rough underneath, with woody veins standing out like a network of cords. The scarlet, the red, and the black oaks have four or five sharp-notched lobes with broad partings, and each lobe is notched again. The white oak has seven or nine narrow rounded lobes, with very deep, rounded partings, cut down almost to the midrib. The bur oak has five or seven broad round lobes and narrow partings. In the swamp oak, the leaf is oval with shallow scallops, and the smaller live oak leaf has wavy edges.

With each kind of leaf the same thing may be done as I have done with the maple, the willow, and the oak. This is called the analysis of a leaf.

Nature is a very interesting character in the summer time. She should be studied more carefully by everyone. Nature is the nearest living creature that sticks close by us the year around. Viola Nichols, '30.

THE GYPSY DANCER

The soft tinkling of a bell, and the monotonous beating on a drum is

echoing faintly across the low plains. It is the music of the Wild Tiger Gypsy Tribe.

Around the camp fire at sundown, all the comrades sit. In the center of the circle made by human figures, a dainty, little girl is dancing. She is the chief's daughter, Tonia. Over her long tresses, the color of the raven, is a red and white polka dotted bandanna. Her face is covered with sunny smiles. Tonia's large black eyes dance as merrily as she does. Her clear white teeth are glistening in the light from the camp fire. Tonia wears a yellow blouse, with a red sash tied with a large bow at her waist. Her long, green, full skirt allows only the toes of her bare feet to be seen. On her clear white arms and legs are several gold, silver, bronze, and colored bracelets. While she dances on her toes, her fellow comrades look on and clap their hands and sing to the rhythm of the melodious music.

The camp fire is slowly burning out, and the gypsies are parting one by one. We must go, for the gypsy dancer will be wooed by her lovers now. Viola Nichols, '30.

APRIL

April is like a delightful, capricious, temperamental friend—too adorable a friend ever to be irritating, whatever tricks she may play. April thrills through one's veins and becomes a part of one, so that not only is the world transformed, but one's feelings toward it as well.

While April has not the perfection of the summer months, we love her the more for her very imperfections. What indeed are the soft warmth of summer and the mellow wealth of autumn in comparison with the cool sweetness of April? While the first are shared by several months, April's loveliness is hers alone.

We are never certain whether she will smile or frown at our waking, or whether any hour will find her in laughter or in tears, but we can always be certain of the magic of her nights.

THE WITAN

So April passes with a laugh and a smile and not too tragic tears.

Betty Reddy, '30.

MY GRANDFATHER

I am going to tell you a little about my grandfather's life.

He was born on June 9, 1854, in Somersetshire, England. When he was eight years old his mother died. As the family was without means of support, he was forced to go to work for fifty cents a week. He continued this work until he reached the age of twelve. Then he went to Bristol, the nearest town, which was twelve miles distant. Here, he worked in the steel mills until an epidemic of smallpox broke out. He then assisted in caring for the sick and burying the dead until he contracted the disease.

At the age of sixteen, he and his brother sailed for America. At this time the only means of navigation was by sailboats. The entire trip was made in twenty-eight days. On arriving in America they purchased a ditcher. With this they dug ditches and put in drain tiles to drain the land in this vicinity.

After remaining here four years, they returned to England. After a short visit, my grandfather was married and he and his bride returned to America. This time they landed at Quebec, Canada, where they secured work on a dairy farm which consisted of forty cows. They received thirty dollars a month for both of them. At the end of a month they left this place and took a boat for the States. They landed in Charlotte at 12 p. m. As there was but one hotel at the docks, which was closed, and the proprietor would not let them in, they walked the dock until morning. They went to Rochester in a stage coach.

After this they went to Seneca County, where they made their home.

Their family was composed of four boys and two girls. They continued farming until their children were grown up. They then moved to the home of one of their daughters and in 1919 the mother died. My grandfather still lives with his daughter. At the age of seventy-five he is still a landscape gardener.

Florence Sparks, '30.

FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP

Have you ever stood on a mountain top and looked way off over the valley? If you haven't, you should do it at the first chance. It is beautiful to behold. The particular day I experienced the sensation was a damp misty day—a day that makes your hair curl, and a day most people dislike. But it seems to me it made the mountains more beautiful. The fog hung low over the mountains, giving them night caps. The trees were at their greenest and as the sun tried to peep from the clouds, it cast shadowy shapes on the trees. The dull old pine trees took on a ghastly grey color. The birches seemed to turn silver as you watched. A tiny, red farmhouse down in the valley seemed to be in the sunshine, while the fog hung close about you. Occasionally, a tiny breeze ruffled your hair, and at such rare instances you could taste the salt of the sea in the fog. The other side of the observation was more cold and damp, almost clammy, because the tower was between you and the patch of sunlight. People say it is more beautiful when the sun shines, but I never saw a more entrancing sight than the mountain in the fog.

Florence Rich, '29.



THE WITAN

BOBBY'S REQUEST

(Continued from page 11)

He believed that she had only about one minute.

Jim was pleading with Marie to take him with her, but her ears were unhearing.

Just then the door opened and Bobby, a wet little figure with shining eyes, crept in, ever so silently. Oh! Mother hadn't gone yet! She wasn't even dressed.

Uncle Doctor spoke then. He told Daddy that now was the minute when she would go. She couldn't hear, speak or see.

"Wait Mommie!" cried Bobby as he ran to the bed and seized her hand. "Wait, the Little Lord doesn't want you. He would rather have the Teddy Bear." As he waited for her to answer, large hot tears rolled down his dirty little face.

Then—suddenly—Mommie opened her eyes and—smiled. The crisis had passed. The Little Lord had preferred the Teddy Bear.

M. Haley, '30.

G. A. A.

(Continued from page 45)

PLAY DAY

On June 7, the first High School Play Day was held at West High. Girls from every High School in the city came together and participated in jumping, running, ball throwing and relay contests. It was not rivalry between the schools but a general get-together. The members of the Charlotte delegation all reported an excellent good time.

WEST HIGH G. A. A.

Since Charlotte and West High are the only two High Schools in Rochester that have a Girls' Athletic Association, a very friendly feeling has sprung up between the two organizations.

Since Charlotte and West High G. A. A. Council invited us to a picnic at Ellison Park, in return our Council invited them down to Charlotte on April 23 to play a game of

basketball. The first half we played West High against Charlotte, but during the second half the teams were all mixed up, making them as even as possible. After the game, we served lunch in the Practice House, sang G. A. A. songs, popped corn and toasted marshmallows. We hope this friendship will continue.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 18)

TRAFFIC

The traffic committee deserves great praise for the excellent work they have done in relieving the congestion in the most populated corridors of our building. Their work has been very effective from the start. The crowding in the corridors, particularly those in the rear of the building, has been almost entirely eliminated. If the committee continues to effect such improvements the problem of congestion in going from one room to another should be almost entirely done away with.

Sweet little Emily Rose,
She tried to seek repose;
Her brother Clare
Put a tack in her chair
And sweet little Emily rose.

"I say, Doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doctoring the doctoring doctor doctor the other doctor in his own way?"

Miss Goff: "Why did some people prefer the Panama site to the Nicaragua site?"

B. K.: "They could build a natural lake there."

During a discussion, in English class, concerning "Rip Van Winkle" and the possibilities of turning it into a play, it was suggested by H. G. that he would play the part of "Rip" because he liked to sleep.

THE WITAN

Mrs. T.: "Why do you think Macbeth did that?"

E. M.: "He was just that type."

Mrs. T.: "Those who didn't do last night's assignment will please stay after the others pass out."

Fred: "I tapped my sister for a dollar last night."

Fat: "Yeah? When I tap my sister all I get is a slap."

One day Mr. Denison was looking for a sphere in order that he might draw a perfect circle. Someone was very generous and gave Mr. Denison his orange, which he cut in half and used it for a circle. The next morning when Mr. Denison looked in his drawer for the orange he found—orange skins.

Miss Goff: "What is tin used for?"

W. W. (in a thin, piping voice): "Making Fords."

IN THE ELEVATOR

If anyone wants to feel a strange sensation, he may do so if he rides in an elevator. I remember the first time I rode in one. I thought it would be great fun, and could hardly wait for the doors to clang shut. But I soon lost all joyous anticipation of pleasure. In fact, I thought that everything was lost for me when the operator pushed back the lever and zip! up we shot. The floor rose up and I passed through and found myself standing on air. At least that's what it felt like to me. Also, I felt queer in my head, as if it was stuffed full of something that was too heavy for the rest of me. When we finally came to a stop, I managed to stumble out, and then my head started spinning around like a top. I managed

to find a drinking fountain, however, and a cold drink of water helped me greatly. Nevertheless, I walked down to the main floor again, which was five flights of winding stairs, and decided that I needed the exercise and wouldn't need to take the elevator again.

THE HONORABLE FISH

Watching fish swim solemnly about their bowl, one feels that they must be meditating deep and weighty matters—philosophizing almost certainly. But how can they put into practice the lofty conclusions which they reach? Oh, probably even in a fish's world some theories can be tried. And certainly a calm, philosophical mind and an attitude of such stoical indifference as one fish of my acquaintance displays would be invaluable when one was confined indefinitely to a glass bowl.

With what fine disdain a fish can regard the outer world! If fish are all professors, as their visages would lead one to believe, whom do they teach? But only look at them again and you will know that each keeps his knowledge to himself. For creatures clad in bright gold raiment, they are very solemn and dignified (how many of us could be dignified in a horizontal position?) and probably think chiefly of the advantages of its being waterproof.

Even when playing tag they are methodical and proper. However, if one stands rather far away and forgets that all fish are professors at heart, the flash of a bright tail or a quick, darting form in the sunshine is a pretty sight.

Like the cud-chewing of a cow, the constant mouthings of a fish give him an air of imperturbable placidity, but, while a cow's appearance suggests easily-tricked stupidity, we know that the fish's only deviation from wisdom and discretion is a lack of care in examining the food which he eats. This failing makes it seem advantageous to keep him where he can be well cared for.

Betty Reddy, '30.

THE WITAN

CHARLOTTE'S FIRST OWNER

One night, not so long ago, while doing some home work, I found that I needed an eraser. So, of course, I started looking, after making several unsuccessful inquiries as to the whereabouts of one. First, I looked in the usual place. No eraser, but I was not entirely unsuccessful, for I found a fountain pen—one which I had thought lost. After messing the drawer contents up, in the fashion of a man who, in a great hurry, loses his only available collar button, I was ready to give up and cross out the word which I wanted to erase, when I thought of one drawer in the bookcase which I had not been through. Again no eraser, but this time I saw an old paper, brown with age, which looked so interesting as it lay among the newer ones that I looked it over. As I read it, I found it to be an account of the death and part of the story of the life of my great-great-grandfather.

I soon forgot about the eraser and began reading. At first, the reading did not seem interesting, being just an old clipping of a notice of his death. Then there was another clipping, in some antique handwriting which gave an account of his achievements.

He spent his early days in Connecticut, and when the Revolutionary War broke out he enlisted and fought in the decisive battle of Saratoga. His commander was Captain Stark, also famous for his work at Bunker Hill. When the war ended, he was undecided what to do, as his old business was now broken up. He finally decided on agriculture, not near home, but somewhere where he would be by himself. Therefore he decided to start westward. Just before starting he was married and he and his wife with three hired men started westward through the unbroken ground and into country almost entirely unknown to the white man. In crossing New York State, they had many narrow escapes. Once they were captured by a band of unfriendly Indians and had it not been for some friendly ones, it would probably have been someone else who finished his journey. However, after a long period of time he arrived at his destination, which was the Genesee River, of which he had heard many tales and wished to verify them. He was the only white settler between what is now Rochester and Buffalo, where there was a small trading center. He settled on the ground which is now occupied by Charlotte.

D. F., '30.



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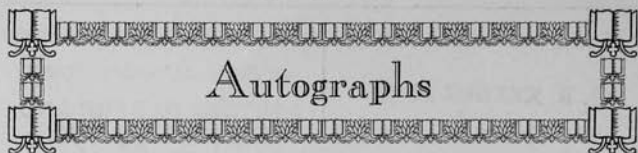
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