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The Witan

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Charlotte High School



Rochester, N. Y.

VOL. V

JANUARY 1926

NO. 2

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Special Senior Material	7-19
Literary Department	20
Out of the Daily Theme Basket	24
Book Reviews	31
Our California Correspondent	32
The Observer	34
Committees	35
Editorials	37
Organizations	41
Athletics	49
Fashion Department	51
Notes and News	52
Wit an' Humor	54

THE WITAN



Charlotte High School

THE WITAN



Roy L. Butterfield, Principal

THE WITAN



Miss Viola Abbott, Class Adviser

THE WITAN

CLASS PRESIDENT

John Lewis—"Johnnie"
170 River Street

No. 38 Hobart College

"I will be hard as truth and uncompromising as justice; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3, 4; Frosh Return Party 1; Hi-Y 3, 4; Operetta 3; Safety and Order Committee 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4, (President 4); Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4, (Captain 4); Witan 2, 3; Wrestling 2, 3.

VICE-PRESIDENT

Marian Barton—"Barty"
50 Alameda Street

J. J. H. S. U. of R.

"Those about her, from her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

Beta Phi 3; Class Poet 4; Girls' Club 4; Scholarship Committee 4; Scribblers' Club 4; Senior Play 4; Toastmistress Girls' Dinner 4; Witan 4.

SECRETARY

Bessie A. Seely
143 Primrose Street

No. 41 Undecided

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

Girls' Club 4.



THE WITAN



Nelson Ahrns North Greece
No. 38 College

"The time is out of joint: O
cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it
right!"

Hi-Y 4; Senior Play 4; Standard
Bearer 4; Witan 3, 4.



Gladys Bach—"Gladie"
59 Cutler Street

J. J. H. S. Business

"The hand that hath made you
fair hath made you good."

Class Vice President 4; Orchestra
3, 4.



Fred Bates Denise Road
J. J. H. S. College

"To be great is to be misunder-
stood."

Beta Phi 3; Charlotte Day Play 4;
Orchestra 3, 4; Witan 4.

THE WITAN

Gladys Brooks
35 Primrose Street

J. J. H. S. Business

"Ever level and ever true
To the toil and task that I have
to do."

Scholarship Committee 4.



Elizabeth Brown—"Brownie"
61 Flower City Park

J. J. H. S. City Normal

"A woman's work is never done."

Beta Phi 3; Girls' Club 4; Ring
Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Tea
Dance Committee 4; Thrift Com-
mittee 3, 4; Traditions Committee
4; Witan 3, 4.



Ethel Maynard—"Frenchie"
1178 Lewiston Avenue

No. 41 Undecided

"What is your sex's earliest latest
care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?
To be fair."

Basketball 1; Girl Scouts 2, 3, 4;
Senior Day Committee 4; Social
Committee 4.



THE WITAN



Evelyn Razez Windsor Road
No. 38 Undecided

"Good sense, which is the gift of heaven."

Basketball 1; Class Historian 4; Class Secretary 3; Girls' Dinner Committee 4; Glee Club 1; Operetta 1; Student Council 3, 4, (Treasurer 4); Vice President of Girls' Club 4.



William Roberts
Maiden Lane Road

No. 42 Business

"I stood among them, but not of them; in a shroud of thoughts, which were not their thoughts."

Publicity Committee 4.



Doris Van Derhoef—"Do"
21 Lake View Park

J. J. H. S. College

"I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Candy Committee 4; Girl Scouts 2, 3; Safety and Order Committee 4; Snap Shot Committee 4; Social Committee 4.

THE WITAN

Jack B. Vaughan—"Babe"
603 Beach Avenue

No. 38 Undecided

"Good at fight, but better at play."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3, 4, (Captain 4); Class President 3; Hi-Y 3, 4; Operetta 3; Safety and Order Committee 4; School Dance Committee 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4, (Vice President 4); Tennis 3, 4.



Lorraine White 13 Delmar Street
J. J. H. S. O. W. U.

"Little do we know what she thinks and dreams."

Basketball 4; Riding 4.



CLASS MOTTO

Don't flinch; don't waver; hit the line hard.

—Roosevelt's Letter to his son

COLORS

Vermilion and grey

FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

THE WITAN

OUR PAST---1922-1926

When our class entered Charlotte High School in January nineteen hundred twenty-two, we were very shy as "little green freshmen" are supposed to be. We were very careful as to our actions toward the upper classmen for the simple reason that in October we were to be initiated. After October we were more at ease.

Some of the members dropped out; others came into our class from Jefferson Junior High. Also there were others who liked our class so much they joined it by dropping back one-half year.

During our Junior year the organization of the eight classes was introduced. The officers were: President, John Lewis; vice-president, Jack Vaughan; secretary, Evelyn Razez. The idea succeeded, and for this reason an amendment was added to the school constitution concerning the elections. The school elections are held the second week after school be-

gins in January and September.

Two members of our class have been very prominent in athletics during their entire four years at Charlotte High School. These members are John Lewis and Jack Vaughan. We have also two members, Marian Barton and Elizabeth Brown, who have been very prominent in literary work.

During our last term the following officers were elected: President, John Lewis; vice-president, Marian Barton; secretary, Bessie Seeley.

Our next stepping stone was our senior plays which we gave with the June seniors, the names of which were "The Exchange," "Finders-Keepers," "All Gummed Up."

Then our last stepping stone, graduation. Adieu, Charlotte High School! Faculty and students, may your future be a prosperous and happy one.

Evelyn Razez,
Class Historian.

SENIORS' HALL OF FAME

We, the seniors of the class of January nineteen hundred twenty-six, nominate to the Hall of Fame:

John Maher—because he is president of the Students' Association; because he has been a student at Charlotte for five years; because he is the possessor of red hair and a school-girl complexion.

Katherine Bailey—because she achieved the honor roll; because she is Konath's runner-up.

Raymond Holly—because he is a wrestler, singer and artist.

Ruth Kramer—because of her plentiful supply of good nature and red hair; because of the hospitality of "Kramer's Hotel;" because she is our

Latin shark.

Sargent Hiscock—because he is the "little man" of C. H. S.

Hazel Duffy—because she was one of the first "bobs."

Harry Tarrant—because he is all right in his weigh; because he is the pleasingly plump Tappa Haffa Keg wiseheimer of the school.

Baxter Waterhouse—because he is a chess wizard, banjo-player, boxer, gentleman, poet and student.

Pauline Pitcher—because she has not bobbed her hair; because she always reads the footnotes.

Clifford Carpenter—because he does not have to stretch to reach fame; because he is a poet and lover of the sea; because he is honest, clever and lazy.

THE WITAN

Harold Snyder—because he is collegiate; because he is the school heart-breaker.

Charlton Hetzler—because he is business manager of the Witan; because he is manager of the Book Exchange; because he is manager of the school in general.

Margaret Powers—because of her pull with the class president; because she is a good speaker and singer.

Laura Karl—because she is a good bluffer; because she is secretary of the Students' Association.

Truman Murrell—because he is not short in scholarship.

Harold Wharity—because his name is "Pat;" because of his good nature; because he would be a good cheer-leader if he always had Lewis' handkerchief.

John Donoghue—because he is a red-headed wonder; because he "would" be cheer-leader.

Censored by William Roberts.

THESAURUS COLLEGIATUS

(The Witan has been most fortunate in securing all rights to this valuable compilation. For permission to quote, refer to any member of the staff.—Ed. note).

Ah! Ages ago—Yes, quite strong. "Ah, ages ago, when we were so young."—Chaucer.

Act your age, but don't creep—Part three of the new decalogue of social behavior.

Bag—A dance, held in the evening and early morning.

Beater—A knockout, complete let-down, a lay-lower. Savvy?

Bologny—A sort of meat not heavily gone. A term of invective.

Busted—Cf. I'm broke.

Clever—Print this in pansy color (that's loud) and there you are. A nerve wrecking word.

Damfino—This was taken from a candy wrapper. Put it back.

Deeber—A funny word. It is the adjective form of I gowit.

Don't crack wise—A sedative ejaculation.

Don't mind me, I work here—Lovely! (See ed. note).

Dumb—From dumb-bell, but dense so the bell is silent—hence abbreviated.

Giggle-giggle—When it is impossible to do so, say this in four gargling, juicy syllables.

Haven't seen you since Grandma died—A seven syllable word, unusual in this twentieth century common talk; origin unknown. It is used to introduce a tale, or a mendacious chain of events.

Holy cow—Amazement, again. It fills in when the air is quiet.

Hootsie-tootsie—More delight. You can shout it loudly at noon-time in C. H. S.

Hot diggity (dig)—The "dig" is an afterthought. Hot diggity is used when one of us is somehow or other aroused to shrill arpeggios of glee. Use it if you can.

Hot sock—Not in colleges these days—there are no hot socks.

Hurrah, we eat—This announces the arrival of gastronomic stimulants.

I go it heavy—Hot appreciation. Worthy.

I'm not proud—No, and it's a good thing. This is condescending; it equalizes. All men are created free and equal.

I stitched—The authorities in Chicago stopped chasing bandits to find the genealogy of this word.

I gowit—A sign of approval. It adroitly esteems. It passes favorable criticism—of course you use it.

I'm broke—This is classic. It expresses our continuous condition.

La-U-Lo (long vowels)—Perhaps spelled incorrectly. Found in one charred manuscript, where it preceded the death of the clan leader.

Let's go—Hortative subjunctive. It includes all within hearing. It pre-sages action.

Listen, Kid, that's not never called for—This always occurs to the double rhythm of a fox-trotting jazz-band. Of course, it is a double negative.

More darned fun and more straw hats busted—More German. A word describing Big Doings, a big blowout or a night away from home.

Muchly—Too terrible to mention. (Continued on Page 23)

THE WITAN

PARTING ADVICE

Adieux Charlottians! In our farewell we leave these words of advice:

"Make the most of what ye yet may spend,
Before ye too have passed your senior term,
Hours of lessons turned to days of toil,
Sans books, sans teachers, sans school and sans end."

—Nelson Ahrns

"Keep your school spirit. Be a worker, not a shirker. Use your head for the purpose it was given."—Gladys Bach.

"The time goes only too quickly. Enjoy it."—Marian Barton.

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."—A. Lincoln.

—Elizabeth Brown.

"I should like to go through the course again, with a few minor corrections."—Fred Bates.

"Make the most of your opportunity."—John Lewis.

"Cutting classes pays, but don't do it."—Ethel Maynard.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—Evelyn Razey.

"Prepare your homework and study."—William A. Roberts.

"Freshmen! Do not look upon the seniors as superior beings. They are not."—Bessie Seely.

"Study hall is a place to study—not to tease your neighbor."

Doris VanDerhoef.

"Never take newspaper write-ups seriously."—Jack Vaughan.

LES ADIEUX

Les Adieux are hard to make,
As now we go away;
The memories we with us take,
But of a crowded day.
When first we came our course appeared
Like all eternity;
But Freshman days these halls endeared,
And brought celerity.
Our Sophomore year, more pleasant still,
Had come and gone again.
As Juniors then we climbed the hill
An upper class we reign.
Now Senior days are nearly past,
We look beyond these walls;
In other realms our lot is cast,
Some other place fate calls.
Sometime, we surely must look back,
And though we see it not,
And though we're older, not lose track
Of times in old Charlotte.

Marian Barton.

OBSERVATIONS

WE HAVE OBSERVED THAT:

The Library is too quiet for study this year;

Miss Abbott has a new car (Sheila) and a new cut (Bob);

Lena Watson (herself) and Kate Bailey are on the honor roll;

Many seniors are burning the midnight oil in an effort to saw the bars of high school;

J. Konath Maher now stays awake in history class to awaken Pat Whar-ity;

A pail with a hole in it is sure to leak;

X is still an unknown quantity;

Our teachers deserve more courtesy;

The voice classes still Na No, Na No;

The freshmen manage to become more microscopic as the gyrating semesters wheel by;

The Coopers are not any more alike than the Heagertys.

THE WITAN

A FACULTY MEETING

Characters: Mr. Butterfield, members of Charlotte High School Faculty

Scene One

Room 103 of Charlotte High School. Windows all closed and shades neatly arranged. Miss Abbott's desk in perfect order.

Enter Miss Carter and Miss Newman.

Miss Carter: "Let's have some light. 'Gimminy,' but it's dark!"

(Shades are let into place with a snap).

Miss Newman (throwing the windows up): "I do wish Mr. Allen would shut off the heat a little."

Miss Carter: "Look at Miss Abbott's desk. She's so neat she positively gets on my nerves."

Miss Newman: "I wonder where she can be. She's usually here by this time." The door opens quietly and Miss Abbott is in the room.

Miss Abbott: "Can't we have the windows down? It's so cold."

Miss Carter: "I suppose we can. Can you reach them Miss Newman? You put them up. (An uproar is heard outside the door and a laughing group of teachers enters the room. A bell rings and a minute later Mr. Butterfield enters and calls the meeting to order).

Mr. Butterfield: "Who is absent? Let's see—Miss Goff, Miss Joslin. That's all, I guess. I do wish they would try to get here."

Mrs. Denise: "Miss Joslin said she was coming tonight. I can't— (The door is swung quickly open and Miss Goff and Miss Joslin glide quietly into seats near the door and sit down giggling).

Mr. Butterfield: "The meeting begins at two forty-five. Is there any old business?"

Miss Joslin: "Mr. Butterfield, your suggestion of letting the students

assign their own lessons works beautiful. The pupils read at least eighty lines every night and I gave ten 'A's' and five 'B's' in my Caesar class."

Mr. Butterfield: "Any more old business?"

Mr. Lee: "Mr. Butterfield, I have continued my investigations in connection with the musical value of printing. I have found it a very fertile field for study and am glad to report to you that etc." (And Mr. Lee continues at great length).

Mr. Butterfield (breaking the attentive silence): Mr. True, will you please wake up Miss Goff?"

Miss Goff: "I wasn't sleeping."

Mr. Butterfield: "Do you nod when you are awake? Is there any new business?"

Mr. True: "Mr. Butterfield, I wish to report perfect order and diligent studying in Study Hall and a decrease in the eighth period class."

Mr. Chamberlain: "I wish to report to you that our basketball team has only one more game between it and the—"

Mr. Butterfield: "Pardon me. Miss Emerson, will you throw your gum into the basket? And Miss Doehler, will you stop combing your hair? Mr. Chamberlain, will you continue?"

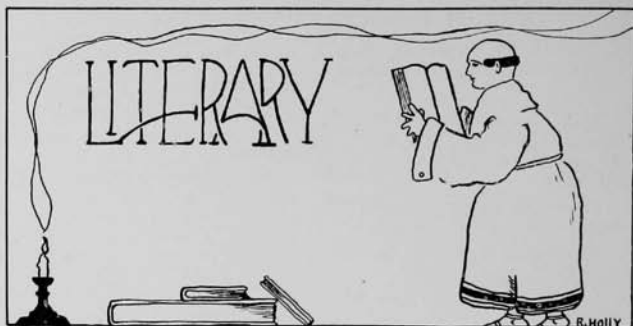
Mr. Chamberlain: "As I was saying, Charlotte High's basketball team has only one game between it and the State championship."

Mr. Butterfield: "Is there any more new business? (Absolute stillness reigns and several teachers are seen working their way from desk toward the door).

Mr. Butterfield: "Since there is no more new business, I would like to say before I adjourn the meeting that you would all do well to observe and copy the students' behavior. The meeting is adjourned."

Doris Van Derhoef.

THE WITAN



THE MOUSEFAST END

"No," observed Father Mouse sadly, "there does not seem to be a thing in this whole house to eat except the sugar and flour, which are too rich for everyday food. If they stay away much longer, we shall certainly starve."

"It seems to me," burst out Mother Mouse in great exasperation, "that these families might stay home in the summertime, instead of traveling all over the world and leaving us in such a predicament!"

"Inasmuch," spoke up Grandpa Longtail, in his slow, deliberate manner, "as—we have lived—here—for so many years—without—ahem—starving—"

"Oh, Mommy," squeaked Snippet excitedly.

Grandpa Longtail adjusted his spectacles and, with a glance of distinct disapproval at his young offspring, started again, "Inasmuch—as we have —"

"Did we tell you what happened?" continued Snippet, quite unabashed. "We went down to see the cellar mice—"

"I hope—"

"Hem—inasmuch—as we have—"

"—you used extreme precaution. You did not use the left passage thru the Boy's room and the open hall?"

"No, moussir." The Mouse children were always most respectful to their distinguished father, who, it s whisp-

ered, is the direct descendant of one of the mice of Noah's Ark. "We stayed safe between the walls. When we passed the Big Girl's room, we heard someone walking around. Just for fun, we made as much noise as we could and I guess we scared her almost to catnip. She was as quiet as a piece of Swiss and then all at once she threw something at our passage and ran downstairs."

"Can it be then that the Family is home?" exclaimed Mother Mouse.

"Inasmuch—as it is now—hem—the end of—the Mousefast season—"

"A thanksgiving, my family, a thanksgiving!" shouted Father Mouse, so entirely forgetful of his worthy ancestor and dignified mien as to prance gaily upon the long board that projected from the outside floor and furnished them with a home.

Delightedly the family, from Grandpa down to little Snippet, scampered through the doorway hole out into the open attic.

"Join in a circle!" called Father, and the merry Mousefast End dance began.

"Crabways to the center!

All tails swing.

Turn earward from the circle

And back to place. Sing!

Take the nearest neighbor

As partner for the prance;

Hop a tail-length earward,

Then tailward in the dance!

THE WITAN

Now repeat the process;
Dance, mice, gay and free,
Mousefast now is ended,
Ended happily."

"Form in line for the rush now" cried Father.

"Take the tail of the one ahead. Be careful not to bite too hard—tails are tender in this season. Eye, ear, mouth, go!" And off they scampered to the feast table, an ingenious contrivance manufactured by the Man for the especial purpose of keeping the mice from the sugar and flour.

"The feast! The feast! piped Snippet impatiently, thereby losing his hold on Brownling's tail and having to scurry most speedily to catch up with the rest of the family.

"Every mouse for himself!" shouted big Hairy thoughtlessly, jumping lightly to the shelf above.

"No, no!" protested Brownling and Tailer and Blackie and Lightears, not to mention Snippet.

With Father Mouse's help the little mice were soon on the shelf and digging gleefully into the bags. No explanation is offered of how they managed to attain a position three feet above the floor with nothing between it and said floor. The mystery is unfathomable.

When all had gobbled to their heart's content and made a general mess of the Woman's neat shelf, the greatest feat of the season was held. With a hop, skip, and a jump, they pranced in a long row along the wash line, leaving floury evidence behind them on the winter coats hung there.

Thump, thump, thump!

"Jump and scatter for your lives!" commanded Father in a hoarse whisper. "The Man is coming!"

It was well they did. When the Man noticed, as he could scarcely help doing, the state of his attic, he emitted sounds not meant for tender ears. Only lame old Grandpa Longtail failed to reach the doorway hole in time to avoid hearing the end of the tirade.

"Inasmuch," he murmured, "as we—have—done—this very same thing—every—year—"

End of Ye Tail

Marguerite Heydweiller, '27.

THE BARREL AND THE PIVOT

(Continued from November issue)

As the pivot swing struck, the barrel, automatically released, fell and fairly covered the momentarily motionless victim.

"Now," I snapped, sending the other two rushing up the stairs to the scene of action. They inverted the barrel with its human contents, and secured the cover. I hurried up, and aided in the removal of the machinery. We rushed the barrel to the auto, and trundled it into the back seat.

"He weighs enough," grumbled Bill. Again we should have taken warning; but we did not.

Our prisoner's muffled protests bothered us not at all; and we left him in the opened barrel, ten miles away, in the country districts. No way to return but by walking! We went home and to bed without seeing Sam or anyone else.

At seven the next morning I scanned the front page of the newspaper.

"William Johnston mysteriously kidnapped, and then set free," shouted the headlines. "Captured and put in a barrel when collecting rent," it went on. I hastened to see Sam; he was pale. Russ had already arrived; he was pale too.

"The landlord collected the rent last night," Sam told me, "he came in the front door and went out the back. Joe went out the front door just before he came in; I didn't have time to warn you."

Here Bill dashed into the room in triumphant haste.

"He doesn't know who did it, anyway," he gasped, breathlessly joyful.

"Quite so," I muttered, "but there's one that knows."

You could have cut with a knife the silence that followed.

"You're next in line," observed Russ, after a moment.

"Quite so," I groaned in desperation.

I seized the 'phone, perspiration rising in beads on my brow.

"2065-W," I cried. "Hello! Joe?"

Here I cast diplomacy to the winds.

THE WITAN

"Say, if you say anything about what happened last night, I'll kill you!"

"Try and do it," he replied with firm emphasis.

"I'll fix you," I cried in rising wrath.

"Come on," he challenged arrogantly in a scarcely softer voice.

I went; so did Bill; so did Russ.

Joe awaited us confidently.

"My quarrel is with you," he cautioned me. "The rest keep out of this."

"Quite so," I agreed mournfully.

"Don't worry," promised Russ, "we'll stay out."

"Remember," Bill reminded Joe, "if you get licked, you keep your mouth shut."

"And if I win, I don't," he snapped back.

"Quite so," I murmured, as I removed my shirt.

The fight was short. Hammer and tongs was the order of the day; and with no thought of defense we came together. Three and one-half minutes later, by the watch, I stood, in badly battered triumph over a now silent, more badly battered foe. We brought him back to consciousness in a few minutes. We shook hands in comparative silence.

"If you don't keep quiet, we'll come down and lick you again," promised Bill in all good faith.

"You haven't told me what to keep quiet about yet," he replied, gazing in swollen perplexity from one to another of us.

"Don't you know?" I cried, in equally swollen surprise.

"No."

We shook hands again; we are now the best of friends.

"All that work for nothing," grumbled Bill as we took our departure.

"Quite so," I replied. But was it?
Baxter Waterhouse, '26.

I'M GOIN' T' GRADUATE

I ain't had good report cards,
But my notebook's up t' date;

And I do my History once a week,
So I'm goin' t' graduate.

I've flunked my Latin three times now,
Passed the test on 68;
Last year, that was, so now I'm thru,
And I'm goin' t' graduate.

I never could do that Physics,
And to Civics am always late;
The teacher gits mad and so do I,
And I'm goin' t' graduate.

I'll never git no scholarship,
'Twasn't meant t' be my fate,
But six years is enough down here,
So I'm goin' t' graduate.

Marguerite Heydweiller, '27.

THE MIRACLE

From a rock upon the shore
I scan the sea,
And hear its roar.

Distant hues of indigo
Turn first to green
And then to snow.

Foaming lines come racing in
To hit the cliff
Amid the din.

Slowly, breaking, form a net
Of filmy lace
With jewels set.

Awe enfolds me as I gaze
On miracles
Of nature's ways.

Marian Barton.

A SUNSET

In the west, there is a gleam
Of colors in the sky
These many colors beam
Upon the trees, so high.
First a red against the blue,
And perhaps a golden tint
Is seen a-peeping through.
Oh! what a prying hint
To tell us all
That night is drawing nigh—
Soon is seen the lamplight,
For the sky's withdrawn its reds.
Ottillie Huber, '27.

THE WITAN

JUNE

When the sun is shining brightly
And the trees are in full bloom,
And the birds are always warbling,
You know the month is June.

June, the month of flowers, bees and
butterflies,
While the dashing see-gulls careen
into the sky.
Many a schoolboy's heart is stout,
For June's the month that school is
out.

Jack Vaughan, '26.

SEA REST

Way far off in the lazy west,
Where the sea lifts calm, cool, pea-
green crests,
The sun sinks low to golden rest,
Twilight shadows fall.

In the sea-lord's kingdom silence
reigns,
And only the muffled sound of chains
Shows that the shipwrecked dead in
vain

Walk thru Neptune's hall.

Here! a skeleton ship; bound to the
mast

The form of the captain, stiffened fast,
While the sea-weeds circle the bulk
so vast

Like a dull green, dead green ball.

Like Charon's "houseboat" on the
Styx,
Spectral figures seem to mix,
As the rotten timbers play strange
tricks

With figures grim and tall.

A cold white dawn breaks o'er the
deeps,

But the captain, bound to the mast,
still sleeps.

To Neptune's hall a sunbeam creeps,
And day rules over all.

Clifford Carpenter, '27.

THE STREAMLET

Little streamlet in the hollow
Ripples softly on its way,
Thru deep forests, rolling meadows,
Till it empties in the bay.

In the balmy joyous Springtime,
Flowers bloom along its sides,
White anemone and trillium,
While dark leaves sky violet
hides.

Sultry, lazy months of Summer
Buttercup and daisy find;
Lazy Jerseys standing knee-deep
In the water cool and kind.

Autumn foliage, brief but brilliant,
Next is mirrored in the stream;
Then the leaves fall, gently, softly,
Thru the trees the wierd winds
scream.

Now crisp Winter is upon it,
Gone are flower, cow, and bird,
While the cheers of merry skaters
And the ring of steel are heard.

Marguerite Heydweiller, '27.

THESAURUS COLLEGIATUS

(Continued from Page 17)

Omoebafied—Made diminutive, or
small.

Oodles—See muchly.

Ravishing—It describes some of
our beady beauties hereabouts, and
the sort that inhabits the world within
the covers of college comics.

Superhelluvagorgeous—I have no
personal objection to this, the deriva-
tion seems to be Latin, and was in-
spired by a poet named John Milton.

World's Best—If repeated seven
thousand times daily, this slips off
the tongue carelessly. Highly re-
commended as such.

Yea, verily—A quotation from the
English Bible, where it is found so
frequently that someone remembered
it. Not in good usage. Better avoid.

Yeah—This is French for yea, veri-
ly. Do not confuse or mix.

Compiled by Fred Bates.

THE WITAN



A TRAMP

"Hy-lee, hy-lo, hy-lee, hy-lo."

It was a tramp singing this merry ballad, as he contentedly squatted before a small fire over which was simmering a tin can filled with a boiling mixture which emitted the delicious aroma of coffee. He was in a well protected culvert, beside the railroad track. On the west side rose a steep, artificial hill upon which stretched the steel ribbons of progress that tied the town of Pimento to the rest of the world. The clearing was surrounded on the other three sides by a dense growth of saplings and underbrush. To the south, along the tracks, lay Pimento. It was one of those places that one is often able to detect on any state road. There was the usual outlay of buildings—a sprinkling of houses, a combined church and school and a general store. The owner of the store advocated slogans, as "Watch our thriving city grow," to be posted near the place. Pimento had been recognized on the latest map and well, getting back to our lone friend in the culvert.

He was the typical tramp, never bothering work and work never bothering him. His pastime was whistling or, when his musical lips were encumbered by a straw, he hummed. His appearance needs no describing: unshaven, although fairly clean, with an extremely red and shiny nose which rather distracted one's attention from his soft grey eyes.

A black fedora, time-honored and weather beaten, was jauntily perched on his bushy black hair, adding to his air of freedom. His clothes, if one noticed closely, had once been of tailored fashion, of a style well antedating the present; but perpetual wear had reduced them to sad relics of once good apparel. His socks, like the suit, were ancient and the worse for wear, and nature had provided holeless socks which would never wear through, but often changed color and more often ached.

He was squatting before his fire in the twilight. A red glow suffused the sky, forming a strikingly picturesque silhouette. Black and bleak stood a telegraph pole; a steady hum droned from the wires. The rails smoothed the outline of the hill to a level, rarely if ever assumed by nature.

From his pocket, our friend drew a paper bag, into which he dubiously looked. A smile of satisfaction spread over his face and he carefully jabbed a sharply pointed stick down into the bag and removed it with a sausage, which together with the coffee furnished his simple repast. Reserving a portion of the sausage, he applied his fingers to his lips and blew two short, shrill blasts. An answering yelp in the distance followed by a crackling in the underbrush signaled the approach of his dog. A mongrel canine bounded joyfully to his master

THE WITAN

and curled lovingly at his feet. The sausage soon found its place as a prize for his tricks, and soon both man and dog were asleep, dreaming the dreams of the unhampered and free. Tomorrow is tomorrow and today is done—let come what may—, he shall whistle or hum, always.

Raymond Savage, '27.

HOW TO BECOME A FAMOUS MUSICIAN

(by Ima Knuttsky)

To be a great musician, start your musical life at the age of five by smashing a couple octaves of piano keys or pile of phonograph records with a hammer. Your mother will say, "How musical. He certainly has a wonderful talent;" and father will mumble something about music being expensive, and about something he'd like to smash.

From this time on your father will forbid you to go near the piano, but you must sneak out of bed every night, except Sundays and holidays, and practice on it while the rest of your family is asleep. You may not see the necessity of this at this early stage of your profession, but when you hire a publicity agent in later years, he'll explain to you why it was important.

When you come to be about eight or ten years old, your father will catch you practicing (?) There'll be, for a while, a little blue air and some language I wouldn't like to write here, but he'll finally let you alone with a whole skin, thru your mother's frantic entreaties to have mercy.

This is the stage in your life from which you must grow moody and down-hearted, attend concerts, be jarred by the harsher sounds of this imperfect world and let your hair grow long. You should look sick and do nothing but fill the atmosphere with blue notes. You will become your mother's pride and teacher's pet; everyone will turn and look at the little twelve-year-old boy who has all the earmarks of a genius or a bum.

So things drag along from day to

day, one orgy of practice after another, for about ten years. Meanwhile you should compose a few overtures, express your profound disgust for jazz and make it a point to be sentimental until at the age of twenty-three you marry. About six months after your marriage you should come grumbling home in an unusually depressed mood, beat up your wife and give a concert a half hour later which will make you famous.

Now about a publicity agent—get one who is not afraid he might put too much untruthfulness in your life story, and have him tell how you had to practice secretly at home when a child, and how nearly you came to being killed for it; how you have to beat up your wife to give a good concert; how you cut out smoking dope, and two thousand one hundred and sixty-two other little incidents. To keep your fame you have only to commit a murder, or kidnap someone every six months or year; but that is only a minor detail.

WHAT AN OWL SAW

It was at the hour of midnight and the full moon cast a ghastly light on the ruins of the old Moorish castle; mysteries of all kinds were woven around it, and tonight, lit with the rays of the moon, one could fancy it as it was years ago, crowded with men and women of royal families, dancing, talking and laughing gaily as the hours sped by.

A man clothed in a black cloak walked slowly up the path leading to the remains of the castle, walked until he found himself in its center; then throwing his cloak aside, he stood in the full light of the moon. His face was ghastly white, and wreathed in wrinkles, but as he gazed around him, everything seemed so quiet and peaceful, a look of content spread over his face; then, fixing his eyes on the ruins, he said: "Somewhere among you lies my father and somewhere among you I shall lie also."

And with a swift motion of his hand he drew out a shiny stiletto.

Elsie Dawson, '28.

THE WITAN

TAKING HOME MY REPORT CARD

The day on which report cards are distributed in our room is always an exciting one for everybody. We are all worried until the teachers hand us out cards. Then, sometimes, we are more worried than before.

We know that taking the cards home won't be much fun. This is especially true in my case, because my father and mother are always anxious to see my card.

I can't decide whether it is better to show my card to Mother as soon as I reach home or to put off my scolding until after supper. Then perhaps when Father and Mother are talking they won't be so cross about my Commercial Geography mark. Perhaps Mother will believe the story I always tell her—that I will do better next time.

THAT ELDER SISTER OF MINE

Big sisters are a nuisance. There is no doubt of that. They are always attempting to bestow advice on the younger unappreciative members of the family.

Last night my sister came into my room fairly bristling with advice and information.

"Stupid," she said, "that's not the way to wave your hair. Always turn the iron to the left when you do that side. No wonder your hair always looks so messy! Never mind doing it over now, but hurry or we'll be late for the play."

Her remarks somewhat dampened my enthusiasm, but I continued to wave my hair in my own approved method.

When we arrived at the church where the play was to be given we were met by my aunt.

"My dear," she said, looking at me, "your hair looks as pretty as ever. I wish that sometime you would teach me how to wave mine like that!"

Teresa Rapp, '27.

ORAL TOPIC DAY

Ugh! The very mention of that dreaded subject sends cold shivers up

and down your spine, and a certain weak feeling is noticeable in the pit of your stomach.

Oral Topic Day usually comes on Tuesday and you are painfully aware of the fact from the preceding Friday. Your Sunday is absolutely spoiled in thinking of it, and Monday night, when you sit down to prepare your English!—Let's see! I wonder if there's any possible chance of escape! Wonder who's chairman; if I were sure he was a friend of mine— Wish I were sick; that's the best excuse I can think of. Oh, this topic is absolutely senseless! What do I know about Count Karolyi—is he that one who came from Scotland? Oh! dear!

After about three-quarters of an hour of meditation you begin half-heartedly to try to untangle a few facts from your assigned topic. The order just won't come right! Finally you are too sleepy to work any longer and, going to bed, you fall into troubled sleep with some vague idea of the British invading Turkey, or something or other.

The next morning upon awakening—"School again today! Oh! and Oral Topic Day!" You dress with nervous haste. "No, no breakfast this morning!"

English class at last! The chairman doesn't happen to be a friend of yours. Finally the volunteers are all exhausted. (You'd volunteer if you were sure of yourself). Finally the chairman calls on you and with a heavy feeling you go forward and face your hostile audience and begin—

You finish talking and take your seat rather dazedly. The comments are very heartening and you feel quite proud.

After class—"Why that wasn't so bad! Only, why didn't I volunteer?"

Louise Ruestow, '26.

HOW TO BECOME A SECOND SHERLOCK HOLMES

To become a detective as good as those in fiction, you must have a knowledge of all languages in the world, including Scandinavian, so that you can change your nationality to

THE WITAN

that of the people with whom you are at the time. Incidentally, you must be a magician and millionaire. The magic is essential, for when your prey is escaping in his Rolls-Royce or a taxi, you can reach into the bushes and drag forth a motorcycle or another taxi. The million is essential to pay the taxi bill. You must also have a keen power of observation to be able to detect your man by the color of his socks or shoe-strings, a thread from his clothing, or the wax from the candle he used in his dastardly crime. Edward Vinton, '27.

A PEEK INTO THE PAST

The bold captain of the pirate ship was shouting orders to a crew of very hard-looking men. He stood on the deck, his head covered by a large, red turban, with the pirate symbol, a skull and crossbones, on his forehead. His boots were very large, with a pair of sturdy legs protruding from their depths. His breeches were black, while a yellow waist and green jacket completed his make-up. As he brought his hands around from the back of him you could immediately see that they were extremely large and scarred.

His voice was deep and would sound good to some of us who had before listened to our friends or neighbors trying to sing a pirate song. It fairly boomed out over the ship and seemed to play on the waves until a larger wave carried it beyond hearing.

Men, dressed in the same style as the captain, were hurrying here and there, each one trying to forge ahead of his neighbor so that his captain would favor him.

In a few minutes the captain ceased his shouting and the crew joined him in singing the pirates' song as the curtain dropped and the audience waited tensely for the next scene.

Lillian Radford, '28.

BURNING MONEY

Forgive us if we add one more plea to save. Every publisher's face grows grave when "paper shortage"

is mentioned, and every citizen's face should grow grave over the same problem.

Paper plays a part in our daily lives of which we are scarcely conscious. Stop and think for the moment of the common ways in which it enters your home life. When you burn waste paper, you are literally burning money. Many of the better grades of waste paper can serve as pure substitutes for ground wood pulp, and are used in making all kinds of books, and writing paper. If this kind of waste were not used to some extent, there would be an even greater shortage of wood pulp from which most of our printing papers and news print papers are made. Save your old magazines, periodicals, and sell them to some dealer. Every one you save helps save the trees, and puts off the day when your magazines will become a luxury, and less attractive at the same time.

Many newspapers are being forced out of publication by the paper shortage, and unless conditions improve, your great dailies will be cut down in size, your magazines will decrease, and you will carry your parcels unwrapped. Edna Westfall, '27.

MY TRIP ACROSS THE OCEAN

"All aboard!" the cry went round at nine o'clock, April 31, 1912. A great bustle followed and at 9:15 the boat left the harbor at Rotterdam, Holland.

Glorious weather was in sight, and everybody was excited. Finally everyone was settled down for a week across the deep blue waters that kept us from our mother country.

Two days of happiness followed. My older sister, brother and I played hide and seek with the other children in the empty dining room. At night we all had to sleep in our bunks; I had an upper berth, and I was always afraid of rolling out. On awaking early the third morning, we found the boat rocking as if it were a horse being tamed. We all dressed in haste and upon looking through the port-hole, saw the worst storm that the

THE WITAN

sea had witnessed in years. Toward the afternoon the wind ceased to blow, but the waves were still high. Everyone, except my sister, brother and I, was on the upper deck. We were leaning over the railing of the lower deck when suddenly an enormous wave dashed across the deck. My sister screamed and the sailors came running from all directions. We did not go on deck any more that day.

When we stood on the upper deck we could see way down to the third class deck; that is, the one on which the third class passengers were. There the women with shawls around their heads and dirty babies in their arms lay and yelled as if they were being tortured to death. It was a very pathetic sight.

When we came within sight of the Statue of Liberty, everyone was crying. I could not figure out why they were crying, but upon seeing everyone doing it I managed to squeeze a tear.

After a very enjoyable trip, we landed at New York on May 6, 1912.

Wilhelmina VanKestern, '28.

ENTER THREE MURDERERS

(Ed. Note:—A question has often been raised by students of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* as to the identity of the third murderer of Banquo. Was it a hired spy, was it Macbeth? The following unique answer will at least intrigue your consideration).

First Murderer: But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Murderer: Macbeth.

First: Methinks thou hast a woman's voice in sooth,

Thy limbs be not so strong as for this deed—

Why keep'st thy face so covered?

Third: Macbeth gave
Unto my hand full charge of this affair—

My limbs be strong enow to strike
good blows,

And Banquo, too, shall feel them.

Second: Stand with us!

Tho' 'twill but mean a third division
in't.

Third: Fear not the payment will not
be enow.

First: Aye, that it will be for this
bloody king

Will pay with blood for Banquo's
royal blood, lest he

Reward us better.

Third: Hold, sirrahs, hold your peace;
Call him not bloody, rather call his
wife,

That doth impel, the bloody one—
She bade him murder Duncan.

First and Second: So, 'twas he!

Third: Alas what have I said?

Second: Too much, methinks,
How comest thou to know these
many things?

Third: Oh 'tis but what is gossip in
the town—

Fell rumour which with flapping
wings doth fly

From mouth to mouth about the
country-side.

It gathers as a ball of snow rolled
'bout

By hands of children 'til it grows so
large

They cannot master it. False rum-
our which

Becomes so steeped in lies and tales
withal,

Like to a man sunk in a bog doth
move

But to entangle him yet more and
more.

Foul rumour, like a fetid reptile's
tongue

Doth poison all who touch it, doth
pollute

The mouth which utters it, and
makes the mind

Venom'd ever.

First (aside): Doth he philosophize?
This fellow's words mean naught
to me, f'sooth.

Second (aside to First): Nor yet to
me. That woman's voice of his
Wreaks havoc on our watch and
we'll yet lose

The object of the night. Bid him
be still.

Third (aside): There's blood upon my
hands and I'll have more

THE WITAN

That'll make our throne more safe
—nay 'tis not "ours,"
But must be "mine," for I do rule.
First: You speak
Whereof we do not know, and over-
much
You riddle our blunt brains, but hold
your peace
Or Banquo will escape us.
Third: Nay, not he,
Nor will his son—be sure that his
young son
Is well dispatched.
Second: We know our trade—
Hark, I hear hoofs!
First: 'Tis Banquo!
Third: Yes, 'tis he!
Then to our work, lest either one
evades
The blows well struck from our
three trusty blades.
(Exeunt, stealthily)
Lyman Butterfield, '26.

"I LOVE A LITTLE COTTAGE"

On the great Highway to the City
thousands pass everyday, honking,
rushing automobiles, rattling, rumbling
street cars, merry, laughing
crowds of school children, with never
a thought for the modest, little, old
farmhouse.

Indeed the little house is scarcely
big enough to notice, a mere cabin,
humble, weather-beaten, entirely void
of pain, dilapidated, the remains of a
bygone age. Yet there is an air of
romance about the little place, nestling
so shyly from the busy Highway
behind a wild mass of old raspberry
bushes and two or three huge old
lilacs. In the springtime it is especially
beautiful, for then the lilacs are
in full bloom, making the air rich
with their perfume, the raspberry
bushes are bursting into leaf, green

grass is shooting up everywhere, and
a few chickens scratching noisily
about in the front yard lend an attitude
of bustle and life to the scene.

In autumn the little farmhouse is a
lonesome, dreary sight. The raspberry
bushes are a wild tangle of long,
straggly branches through which the
wind howls weirdly. The cabin itself
looks weary and unhappy in the cold
autumn sunlight and the lilacs are
long dead and gone. But when the
soft, welcome dusk comes to hide the
bareness and all the signs of death
and decay, the little lamp light in the
parlor sends a cheery gleam to the
lonely traveler passing on the great
Highway.

One often wonders what secrets and
romances this little cabin has guarded
in the years and years it has stood
there. Probably when the great
Highway was only dusty country
road, it watched the industrious
farmers driving their lumbering
wagons to market, or on a balmy,
moonlit night, saw the lovers passing
slowly down the lane.

Perhaps weird ghosts and gruesome,
clanking skeletons once haunted the
narrow stairway and tiny rooms, or
in days of old a huge dragon guarded
the secret door of the prison cell
where a beautiful princess was
chained, while-----

But no, the unassuming little cottage
can hardly be thought of in connection
with such mysterious and exciting
fairy lore. It is too simple and
lowly. Such adventures are more
fitting for a mighty castle on the
mountain top. I would rather think
that the little farmhouse on the great
Highway sheltered a sweet little old
lady with silvery hair and loving,
deep blue eyes that many years ago
watched a fair haired, pink cheeked
baby sleeping in his cradle, later saw
him gamboling and rollicking merrily
under the lilacs, and finally, sadly,
saw him grow into a man, a cold,
shrewd, hurried man of business, who
became a part of the mad, rushing
world in the great City, and left his
mother alone with the humble, peaceful
little home of his childhood, and
her memories.

THE WITAN

WOMEN'S COMMON ENEMY

It was luncheon time of Charlotte High and the girls' locker room was, as usual, filled with laughing, chattering girls, for the most, grouped around the mirror bent on improving nature with the aid of various cosmetics. Shouts of "got any powder?" and "lemme take your comb, will ya?" were frequently heard in the melee.

Suddenly, startling as the bursting of a bomb, a shriek rent the air. Shriek after shriek, in rapid succession fell on the ears of the startled and now silent girls. Horror-stricken they cowered together, with blanched faces, listening to that awful cry. From the farthest corner of the dim locker room it came; terrifying, agonized, frantic in its appeal; chilling the hearts of all who heard it. Caught by the echo and flung back, fainter, but no whit lessened in its intensity.

The last shriek, dying away, was followed by a silence heavy with fear and suspense. The girls, with fast beating hearts, stood motionless, their eyes glued on the doorway, awaiting they knew not what. The sound of running feet, scurrying in mortal haste, broke the tension and the figure of a girl, disheveled and plainly terrified, burst into view! Their knees trembling, jaws slack, they gaze, fascinated, at her. Running to a bench, she climbed on it, looking wildly behind her all the time. Her terror somewhat abated by reason of her elevated position, she cried to the awe-stricken girls, "Did you see it? Did you? Oh, look out! There it is! Take me away quick, somebody! Look, here it comes!" With dilated eyes the girls followed her shaking finger's course to the doorway. One look was sufficient! Bedlam let loose among them! Screaming, they made for the stairs. Some climbed on the bench, others on the window-sill, on the radiator, any and every conceivable place that took them off the floor!

The reason for their terror, the innocent cause of the commotion, scurried, squeaking—a slim, grey shadow, back into the dim recess of the locker room. Shirley Welles, '28.

AN UNLOCKED CELLAR DOOR

An eerie shriek rings thru the house;
Shivers go up my spine.
Crash! Kerbang! Such a noise—
I run to the cellar o' mine.

A gaping hole is in the roof,
(I mean between the beams)
A ghostly light streams through
Again and anon it gleams.

Then. Crash! Kerbang! It sounds again
And all is black around;
The eerie shriek—ah ha! I think
The wind must make that sound.

Swith! Bang! The light again
Shines on the cellar floor;
But ah! What a fool I am—
It is but the unlocked cellar door.
Allen King, '28.

POOR LI'L FRESHMEN

Poor li'l Freshmen,
That seem so small,
Kin 'ey help it
Cuz 'ey ain't tall?

I WONDER WHY

I wonder why the poets sing
Of April, May and thus,
When all you do thru the spring
months
Is walk thru rain and slush?

The flowers don't come out so soon,
The woods are not yet green,
You love to wear your rubber boots,
The flies come thru the screen.

I'd rather have June's sunny day,
Or August's blazing heat,
Or winter with its Christmas days
And all its snow and sleet.

THE WITAN

BOOK REVIEWS

Little Book of Modern English Verse

A Little Book of Modern English verse, collected by Rittenhouse, is not essentially modern in the prevalent use of the term. The poems in it date from 1860 to 1920. Still, perhaps "modern" modifies "English" and not "Verse."

Among those present are "Invictus," (what collector ever overlooks that?) and "Recessional," the dear old familiar of every pupil in every school. A noteworthy fact is that very few of the poems are in free verse, a more or less welcome relief from the poems of modern American authors.

Waifs and Strays

Waifs and Strays by O. Henry is characteristic of him. What else is there to be said? To those who like his style this will be enough, which is also true of those who do not.

It is a collection of twelve representative O. Henry stories, and in addition, biographical sketches by his friends and critics. What a guilty feeling one would have after reading this book, if one did not admire his style!

An interesting fact, one that is mentioned by two writers, is that O. Henry used to "bum around" New York with whatever "hobo" could be induced by a cup of coffee and a sandwich to do so. From him he would obtain, if not a suggestion for a story, at least an inspiration.

Translations From the Chinese

"Translations from the Chinese," by Christopher Morley, is the sort of book that one can too easily become effusively enthusiastic about. In a rather delightful introduction he explains that these poems really are not translated from the Chinese. He

writes: "I began to realize that the mind speaks many languages and some-----are truly as enigmatic to us as Chinese writings----- in all hearts there is this lurking minified Mandarin whose mockery is more potent because it is serene and hopeless."

The poems in this book are vers libre in form but infinitely more enjoyable than the usual manifestations of it. A resemblance to the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay can be easily detected, but there is never that too close approach to the border line of good taste which occasionally mars hers. Whatever seriousness of meaning lies under the surface, is carefully veneered with delicate irony and soothing (if such a word can be applied) rather than stinging sarcasm.

One that I especially appreciate is this:

The Hub of the Universe

Man makes a great fuss
About this planet
Which is only a ball-bearing
In the hub of the universe.
It reminds me
Of the staff of a humorous weekly
Sitting in grave conference
On a two-line joke.

On a Chinese Screen

Among the forms of writing that are finding increasing favor with the modern authors is the extremely brief informal essay. "On a Chinese Screen," by W. Somerset Maugham, is a collection of such sketches of Chinese life. After one becomes accustomed to his style and vocabulary, these pen-pictures are quite interesting.

Some writers adopt unusual forms of writing just for the novelty, evidently, and contort otherwise perfectly good ideas to fit the form. How

(Continued on page 32)

THE WITAN

OUR CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENT

[Editor's Note:—On the original Witan staff, one of the Associate editors was Harmer E. Davis of the class of 1923. At the beginning of the following term he was appointed Editor-in-chief. Just after the first issue of that year appeared, Mr. Davis moved to California. On account of a series of unavoidable delays, the material which he sent to us for the Anniversary Number reached us just too late for publication. The story of his experiences, however, seems sufficiently interesting to warrant its publication even at this later date, and his comment on "The Importance of Learning Things Well" appears in this issue under editorials.]

"Altho it has been only three years since I left Charlotte High and came West, yet in a sense it seems a very long time, perhaps because so much has happened—for is not time counted in the mind by passage of events? In my mind's eye I still retain a clear picture of the old school, though it may no longer check, for I hear that changes have been made. Briefly here are my wanderings. The greater part of my first year was spent in Los Angeles. Since then I have been in Berkeley during the college year. My summers have been spent about the state from the Mexican border to Sonoma Valley, Imperial Valley, San Joaquin Valley, Marin County and in a few excursions into the southern Sierras.

During my first year in California, my reactions were not favorable—new surroundings, the rush and bustle of Los Angeles and the litter of that rapidly growing city. Since then, however, my feelings have just reversed after seeing more of the state.

Many are the points of interest and curiosity. The natural beauty and its variation is very striking: from the high Sierras to the sea in the breadth of a few hundred miles. The length of the state includes the arid desert and the heavily timbered region where the rainfall is very heavy. Here is the home of the giant Redwood and the Burbank potato. The magnificent San Francisco harbor and the Golden Gate, which Berkeley overlooks from the hills, are ever wonders to the visitor. The engineering possibilities are immeasurable, in which field, I am studying.

Then there is, too, the atmosphere that clings to the region. The flavor of Spanish romance still lingers—it was just a few months ago that a jubilee was held over the fact that California had been seventy-five years a state. Too, there is the free open spirit of the West. Even the campus at the University of California feels it. Everywhere are the landmarks of the Golden State.

All in all, however, it is just another American community which is tied to the rest of the country by bonds both material and invisible. Here affairs of the nation and the world are just as closely watched if not more so. The old West is now a thing of the past."

Harmer E. Davis, Ex-'23.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 31)

ever, in this collection, at least, Maughan's ideas conform easily to this type.

One of the most interesting sketches is that of a formal banquet in China. The other one (there are only two most interesting) is that of a young Englishwoman who is intent on remodeling a picturesque and incidentally historical building in China into an ultra-modern British home.

THE WITAN

THE SENIOR PLAYS

Indeed "the play's the thing," whether it be to catch the conscience of a king or to bring out the latent histrionic ability (and incidentally other characteristics) of the senior class. And, of course, in three plays there is three times the opportunity there is in one as we of the classes of January '26 and June '26 discovered at Jefferson Junior auditorium on the dramatic evening of December 18.

In "The Exchange" people were given an opportunity to present their dissatisfactions to the very able Judge Elizabeth Brown who had the power to exchange them for what seemed the lesser of two evils. The Imp, Gilbert Kirby, solicitously suggested exchanges such as indigestion for poverty and deafness for wrinkles, for "deafness won't show." He then proceeded to enjoy his mischief in an original and truly impish manner. The part of a Vain Woman was taken by Bernice Waterhouse; a Poor Man, Lyman Butterfield; the Rich Citizen, Norman Jones.

In "Finders-Keepers," Nelson Ahrens almost made us believe that he was the passionately honest and painfully disillusioned husband of a selfishly rationalizing and inconsistent wife who considered her own obligation to be honest as a "white horse of another color." This part was realistically played by Helen Marks. Edith Barager took the part of Mrs. Hampton, a neighbor, who had lost four hundred dollars.

"All Gummed Up" is best described by its title. Gordon Schlegel was a "Liver Specialist;" Marian Barton, his wife; Margery Wratten, a pianist; Lois Wegman, his wife; and Louise Ruestow was a very clever and impudent maid.

Not the least of the praise should be given to the entr'acte dancers, Ruth Jeffrey and Clara Marvin, whose black faces, "raggedy-Ann" and overall costumes, and light fantastic toes, delighted the audience to the degree of wanting much more than there was time for.

The plays were directed by Miss Viola Abbott and Miss Bernice Doehler. If a play is poorly done, we blame the director. By the same token, credit is due the director in direct proportion to the excellence of the production. This one was most excellent.

FRIENDSHIP

How many of us think of making a friend a day? We try to practice other mottoes daily, but scarcely consider making bonds of friendship or of confirming those already made. The satisfaction derived from the privilege of being on intimate terms with another fellow gives one a feeling of confidence and harmony. With a little thought and sacrifice on one's part, a mutual attachment will spring up that may last a lifetime. By speaking to or helping a newcomer in some way, we may encourage him, so that his first impressions of his new surroundings are amiable instead of hostile. Answering a question with due consideration may make a friend.

The queer or funny looking fellow may not appeal at present but his friendship is worth having. Treating him with scorn will make a reverse turn back to yourself. Perhaps some day you may desire his friendship and then you wish you had cultivated amity between you.

Companionship is a goal worth striving for. To be able to say that you have made a friend is a real accomplishment.

In school we have many friends, but there are some whom we may undoubtedly never even recall having seen before. If we endeavor to make more friends, school will have more attraction for us and our education will be more complete.

Real friendship cannot be bought for a price but can only be obtained by showing esteem and good will toward others. Richmond Brady, '27.

THE WITAN



WHY TWENTY TO ONE?

The Observer is standing in an obscure corner of the main front hall. It is Friday, December 11, just at the close of the lunch hour. The Girls' Club has been selling pop-corn for the purpose of deferring the expenses of the training suppers for the basketball team. The Charlotte student body has supported the project thoroughly in so far as buying the pop-corn is concerned. But what does the Observer see? Around the floor, in all the corners, are little pieces of pop-corn and at least twenty crumpled bags are inartistically thrown about the hall. Silently and slowly a certain well-known and popular student appears on the upper stair landing and surveys the scene. Without comment he begins to pick up the bags that twenty other students have carelessly left as a sample of their idea of good citizenship. With his arms full of waste material the student departs thru the office door and in the direction of the waste basket. The Observer smiles hopefully to himself. There is a real constructive school spirit in Charlotte High after all, even if it is twenty to one. "The little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

"I DON'T NEED IT"

"I don't have to have this for college entrance." "I am going to be a musician, so I don't need that." These are the statements triumphantly made by students from time to time when advised to improve their work. In other words, the student implies that he wishes to do the least possible "to get through."

It may be worthwhile to consider this idea for a moment. Surely there is no better way to plan for a mediocre, selfish existence and humdrum old age. For anyone, however, who believes in a greater mission the plan is misleading. Did Lincoln do the minimum required by his office? Would the works of Beethoven be immortal if he had been satisfied with the few harmonies and much rhythm of the jazz artists? Would your mother be wonderful if she did nothing for you but see that you were housed and fed?

A CORRECTION

The staff regrets the error through which two names were omitted from the "Who's Who" page of the Anniversary number of the Witan. Mr. Lee is one of the faculty advisers of the Publicity Committee and David Babcock is the I-1 class representative of the Student Council.

THE WITAN

COMMITTEES

BANKING

Every Monday morning the students of Charlotte High are reminded of banking, either gently or strenuously, according to the patience of the banking clerks. A few of the pupils heed this reminder; a few more forget immediately after hearing it; while many ignore it entirely.

Among city high schools this year, Charlotte High ranks second in amount of money deposited. Compared with our own record of last year, both number of depositors and amount deposited have decreased. On the last banking day before Christmas, 1924, 85 pupils deposited \$27.20, while on the corresponding day of 1925, 43 pupils deposited \$29.15. Interest is paid as soon as one dollar is deposited. Small accounts are welcome.

In several rooms at least a fourth of the students deposit each Monday. Other rooms do not respond so readily.

A little more of that "precious ingredient," co-operation, a little more foresight and a little more plain, ordinary thrift will start Charlotte High's banking record up the incline.

Lucille Bond, '28.

THE BOOK EXCHANGE

The book exchange is an organization solely for the benefit of the students of Charlotte High School.

Here can be purchased all the various text books used in the school.

The new books are purchased in lots as ordered by the students, are paid for by cash and sold at practically no profit. Second-hand books that are in usable condition are accepted, subject to sale at a reduced rate. The money for these books when sold, is turned over to the owner, less a very small commission.

Give all your possible help to the committee in charge.

1. When you order a book in your class or through your teacher, remember it will be purchased for you and you are expected to buy it. If it is left on the shelves, it must be paid for just the same and it is likely to be a loss the next year, as the text may be changed or a new edition used.

2. When you have completed the use of any school text, and do not intend to keep it or pass it down to little brother or sister, bring it to the book exchange at once, as it may be needed in another class and there may be an immediate sale for it. 3. Your duties, however, do not cease there. After your book is placed on sale, don't forget to collect for it, and on the other hand, don't annoy the person in charge when your book is not sold. English Classics are subject to immediate sale, or may not be sold until the next term has begun. All other books will not be sold until the beginning of the following school term. There is approximately twenty-five dollars due students at the book exchange now. How much of this belongs to you? Why don't you collect it?

Just a word for your help next term.

The book exchange will be open Thursday and Friday of examination week. All books which you will not use next term and which you wish to sell should be turned in on one of these days, or under any circumstances before the beginning of the second term. This will insure their sale. Don't wait three or four days and then turn in your book, after the sale for it is closed. Don't be an annoyance; wait until February first to collect your money, because the committee is rushed with the sale of books during the first week.

THE WITAN

The Book Exchange committee works faithfully and earnestly to make this organization a real benefit to C. H. S. students. Co-operate and double its efficiency.

Charlton C. Hetzler, '26
Chairman.

CANDY COMMITTEE

You have probably noticed representatives of the senior class selling candy in the hall between the buildings. Now, as it happens, this committee has been having considerable trouble, and would appreciate the co-operation of the student body.

One of the chief handicaps is that it is necessary to close up the candy counter after every period of selling. When the candy is brought out a crowd immediately sweeps down, surrounds the table and about fifteen hands are stretched out with money in them, anywhere from five pennies to a dollar bill being offered. It is like a nightmare for the person selling candy. The committee is glad to make change, and more willing still to take your money, but it is very disagreeable and confusing to have it thrown into the box. It is absolutely necessary for the committee to put away the candy without interruption in order to get to the fifth period class on time. We would appreciate it if you would not rush up and want to make last minute purchases.

If you do not see the kind of candy you like, ask for it. We may have it; or if not, and it is something new, we may be able to get it. We aim to please.

Doris VanDerhoef, '25.

FORUM COMMITTEE

The names of the forum committee had not been announced at the time the Anniversary number went to press and so were not included in the "Who's Who" page. We feel, however, that the assemblies which they have been conducting and the Parent-Teachers program for which they were partially responsible, were of such excellence that some mention should be made of them.

The personnel of the committee is as follows: Charles Strobel, Gordon Page, Charles Kendall, Marguerite Heydweiller, Mildred Farmen, Miss Riley, Faculty adviser.

SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE

Suggestions for Study

Select a quiet place for study.

Concentrate—don't let your thots wander. Aid your concentration by these two methods: outline what you study; have pencil and paper on which to take notes.

Study each subject at least 45 minutes.

Prepare your most difficult subjects first, or follow the order of your classes during the day in preparing lessons.

Always do lessons in the same order each day.

Have an assignment notebook.

Hints to the Student

Plan to spend five or fifteen minutes reviewing your lesson before you go to class.

Read the subjects requiring it, aloud.

Use odd moments for talking over the lessons to make them clearer to you.

You must have the will to learn and not give up when you meet difficulties or you will never be successful in any subject.

SENIOR PLAY COMMITTEE

The Senior plays were entirely satisfactory from a producer's point of view. The work done by some of the actors in the unusually brief time of practice was noteworthy. Equally deserving of commendation were the casts in that the plays were put on with no prompter back stage. The great disappointment lay in the very meagre support given the plays by the student body. A program put on by the school is usually carefully chosen in order to insure an evening's enjoyment for the audience, so that no one need feel that he is making

(Continued on Page 46)

THE WITAN

EDITORIALS

In Memoriam

On Tuesday, December 15, at her home in Irondequoit, occurred the death of Virginia Patenall, a member of our Sophomore final class. An attack of tonsillitis was too much for a heart that was not at the best over strong. Virginia had not been with us long, having transferred here from East High School last September. In this brief time, however, she had impressed herself deeply upon us for her loyalty, sincerity and friendliness. She was a member of the group from the girls' gymnasium classes that appeared in the dance, "Roman Games," at Convention Hall before the meeting of the State Teachers' Association last November. She was most happy with her work with us and our memory of her attitude is one that we would not wish to have been altered.

THE ROOSEVELT CLASS

The January 1926 graduating class has been known throughout its course in English as the Roosevelt Class. The first president of the organization was John Maher. Not only did the class maintain an excellent standard in its English work but it also strove to support the Witan. Several members have contributed material and worked on the staff of the school paper. In their junior year the students in the Roosevelt class issued a paper of their own, "The Spotlight." Elizabeth Brown was the editor. This publication was very successful. It is for this reason that this issue of the Witan, devoted particularly to the interests of the present graduates, has been named the Roosevelt Class Number.

COURAGE

"But screw your courage to the sticking place,

And we'll not fail."

Life for all of us has its hardships and disappointments. It is from such stuff that human character is developed. To meet the difficulties of life successfully one should possess the kind of courage that nerves a person to do a thing; then the kind of courage that enables one to brave the failure. Then there is that sublime courage—the courage to try again.

Most people have more courage than they realize, and it isn't brought to light until some critical moment. If some task looms before you, apparently as gigantic as a mountain, and you have the feeling that if you attempt the undertaking you won't succeed, of course it will be a failure. Not because you haven't the ability but because you lack the courage to summon forth the best that is in you. Conquer the feeling that you will fail;

THE WITAN

never waver from the purpose that is to be accomplished; and fight your way step by step, never thinking that it can't be done, only looking forward toward that goal which you aspire to reach and for which you have bravely dared all. With this courageous spirit you will reach the goal and have helped toward developing a very admirable character.

LEARNING THINGS WELL

"Flunked again!" Such are the sad words heard often at the end of the college semester, (and the again part is becoming less and less frequent with the elimination policy of many of the colleges). Then comes the "Why?" Many are the flippant reasons but underneath it all in the majority of cases is insufficient training, poor preparation or background.

This centers the attention on the high school. The education acquired in this unit is attainable now by almost anyone in this country. In fact, one who has not had a secondary school training is seriously handicapped these days. Relatively few of the high school students go on to college. All the more reason to make the most of the high school course.

Now granted that the high school is of such significance, is it not readily seen how important it is to learn well while there? Consider learning for its own sake or as a matter of forming good mental habits. You may have noted that the successful men are those who learn well, retain that knowledge and use it to advantage—that is a habit of theirs. The subjects given in high school are fundamental. That is why they are there. Out in the world they are common knowledge; allusions to their subject matter are frequent; so if you don't possess this common knowledge, what an outsider you will be! Broaden your outlook by learning well. All pursuits are to some extent related closely to every other and to get one subject means to come into contact with many other fields.

Through rigorous study itself there is a development of a faculty for an-

alyzing and solving problems. The same problems seldom, if ever, happen again, but to know how to attack and solve a problem is to possess the determining factor of success. You may never use that Latin translation again, you may never be asked again why this line equals that in geometry, but the mental exercise it has afforded you in getting a result is what counts—accuracy of thought, of reasoning, of expression. Oh, what a multitude of misunderstandings and mistakes are due to inaccuracy.

This may sound like mere academic reflection—but how really vital it is. Not all people are fitted to study the same old line, but in any line those who have made their mark have "known their stuff."

Harmer E. Davis, Ex-'23.

HOW ABOUT IT?

Where is Charlotte High School's spirit? Why don't the students of Charlotte hold assemblies in the morning before school? This method of creating school spirit has been tried in other high schools and has met with great success.

As we look into the history of Charlotte High, we cannot help but notice a few remarkable changes which have occurred concerning the general routine of our school life. What has happened to our Thursday noon boxing club? Has it been abolished as an absurdity? We have heard a great deal about a dramatic club, but as yet it has not materialized. We suppose as an infant it must be nourished till it is able to stand alone. But why do all these things fade and die? Is it because of lack of interest on the part of the students? Why isn't Charlotte's talent put to some advantage? Is it because of lack of ambition?

Now a big question arises. What is it that tends to create interest among the students? Is it the friendly greeting we get from the teachers every morning? Hardly; that seems too absurd. Assemblies surely tend to create interest, for don't we look for-

THE WITAN

ward to our school assemblies with enthusiasm?

During our sporting season these "before school" assemblies would give the students a chance to show their true color, that is, by their way of singing and cheering. Another score, these assemblies would also tend to lessen the number of tardy excuses handled by Mr. Chamberlain.

Charlotte is a live school. Why not do something to make it livelier, and to get back that spirit that has grown dusty thru lack of use and ambition?

Barton Bromley, '26.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

About the greatest thing, or essential I might say, that goes to make up a successful enterprise, is spirit. Cooperation is the larger sense of spirit. How many business houses would succeed if the employees didn't help and strive to please their employers? I think some of this could be applied at Charlotte High School.

A few instances of lack of spirit are: not attending class meetings; not supporting school activities, such as dances, plays and parties. Probably the greatest evil down here is the non-support of the athletic teams. Did you ever stop to think of the sacrifice an athlete has to make? He is denied the use of tobacco. He is not allowed to go out nights during the season. If these boys can sacrifice their time, can't you? It is you that they are playing for. Why can't you at least see all the games?

John Lewis, '26.

COURTESY AND RESPECT

One of the most lacking qualities in this school is the important characteristic of courtesy. Many of the things we do in school we would no more think of doing at home than we would consider leaving home.

For instance, we wouldn't walk in front of a member of our families without making some sort of an apology; but in school some of us walk in front of teachers and think nothing of it. We would never write or carve

our initials on even the oldest chair at home, but in school we think nothing of doing that to every desk.

If someone asked to meet us downtown for our own good, we would not disappoint him without, the next time we saw him, giving some kind of a reason why we were not there, but we oftentimes do not stay for a teacher, and the next day sneak in, take a back seat, and, if we get away with it, spread the news around how clever we are, thinking the teacher has forgotten, when really she remembers and thus forms her opinion of us.

My advice is to think first, and in many cases, as elsewhere stated, keep right on thinking.

Burton Kintz.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The three following editorials were submitted at the request of the senior class. The sophomore, junior and senior classes are represented.

LA NUIT

Ah! Night, thou thrice blessed bearer of grey-world oblivion, how gladly I watch thy twilight veil settle o'er the weary hills and round the ora of my ivy tower wherein doth dwell no fear of kings but kingly aloofness from the madding crowd. The cold, staring moonlight watching the birth of many a gem that lives but for one gleam in this unnatural sanctuary and then fades with grey dawn's unwelcome beams.

O purposeful daughter of Cimmeria, in thee I quaff the dark red nectar of a million moods that move but one mind yet prance with impatient step at the half-league boots of worldly ambition. In your dreamy waves of raven hair my fingers conspire with the love you profess, shattering this scheme of humanity with wanton art that even the "Potter" knows not. Thus that no "drudging goblin" may infest those Elysian Fields of Pluto's blackest midnight, return divinest Melancholy and with thee I shall meet 'neath that "accustomed oak" to proffer my soul for the expulsion of that loathed Mirth.

THE WITAN

FRIENDLINESS IN

CHARLOTTE HIGH

The study of this particular phase of our school life is indeed interesting and educational. As we begin to look about, there comes to us the impression of more than one kind of friendliness, which seems a unique fact. To cover the subject to the fullest extent and yet keep it within the bounds of a few minutes easy reading, we shall separate friendliness into three distinct classes.

The first to be noted is the clique, which appears most commonly in groups of three or four, and are either girls or boys. These groups eat together, walk together during the noon-hour, convene in the corridors, and in numerous ways display a mutual but very casual spirit of friendliness. Seldom is a member of a clique turned out; but if his actions or ideas prove he does not belong in that group, or if there is a common dislike on the part of the rest of the clique toward this luckless individual, he is sure to be ejected on the first fault he shows. The next big part of school life comes through the aid of what we call the "speaking friendliness." At this point it is very opportune to say what good fortune we have in Charlotte. If it were a big school, like West or East or the others, we should have very little of this speaking friendliness which is so charming in a small school. There is no personal acquaintance needed in this class of friendliness. It is this polite, friendly manner among Charlotte High students which makes our school what it is. The root of this friendliness spreads to different territories for its nourishment. A naturally good-natured student who has a pleasant nod or greeting for everyone, or a well-dispositioned teacher who forgets his classroom formality during the passing of classes, is the one who perpetuates this spontaneous form of friendliness.

Lastly, we find our gaze a little closer and find true friendship, which is the foundation of all friendliness. This friendship reaches far out from

school and touches much more closely than any other type of friendliness the personality of the individual. It has been adeptly said, "A friend is one who knows all your faults and loves you just the same." Often we notice school students in Charlotte who are inseparable, and we wonder if these are not forming the knots that will tie them together throughout their lives. We would change the quotation just stated to: "A friend is one who seeks out your good points and remembers you by them." Friends of this last type of perfect friendship are very often friends for life—ever reliable, kind and loving.

Raymond Savage, '27.

COURTESY

"True politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way;
For whatever men say in their blindness,
In spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth."

True politeness is not acquired from books. It comes from the heart. The trivial conventionalities of so-called polite society do not make up the real courtesies of life. These are but the final finishing touches.

Real courtesy, the kind which really counts, is a kind consideration for the feelings of others, a proper respect for other people's opinions different from our own, a willingness to help wherever and whenever our help is needed, a kindly feeling towards those about us whether they are our equals, our inferiors or our superiors. In a word, to follow the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Henry Brown, '28.

BASKETBALL FOR GIRLS

Although there are other athletics for girls in Charlotte High, basketball seems to be the most popular at the present time.

Many girls attend the basketball practice on Wednesday night after school. The girls enjoy the practice.

(Continued on Page 46)

Student Council



THE WITAN

THE WITAN

STUDENT COUNCIL

Twice a year, or once a term, or, if it please you, each late September and January, you students of Charlotte High show an outward interest in the affairs of your governing body. I say it is only twice a year, and it is, for only then, when you determine which of your fellow schoolmates shall be elected to this governmental forum, do you show any attention to that body which is formed to attend to your individual affairs collectively as the affairs of your school.

When the elections are over and the successful candidates are seated in office, your president calls for business. Of course there is some. A portion is mere routine, the appropriations for athletic uniforms and business of that nature. Then comes from one of your class representatives a verbal petition for a school festivity. For definite example—the traditional Freshman party. After a thorough discussion of finances, decorations, music, “stunts,” and minor details, dependable managers are appointed to promote a successful party. Now these managers are to be aided by the various student committees which are appointed bi-annually. Well, in course of time, it becomes necessary to do a little work—something material—something which is going to take a bit of someone's leisure—in short—the hall is to be prepared for the party. Now there is a decoration committee somewhere; the managers have their names, which is proof of their existence. But when the managers arrive at the location for the festivities, they arrive alone—or rather with shears, crepe paper, hammers and tacks for their own use. And shortly afterward arrive the friends of the managers to help in the work. Strange as it may be, these friends are not members of that Dec-

oration Committee. They're merely real school boosters—members of the political party in office who have had enough pride of school to feel personally responsible for the success of the school's function. Now bear this in mind: these friends—four boys—were not asked to come; they came because they felt that they should. The managers and your president are still most heartily thankful for their help. And also, the managers and your president are still wondering what became of that Decoration Committee!

That's one example; it's fair; it's accurate. It shows a lack of co-operation or understanding or something between the various branches of the Students Council. It is no reflection against the members of that Decoration Committee. I feel sure that they all gave definite excuses. But what of these four fellows who didn't need invitations to come? Should they have been the committee? We shouldn't make Charlotte a four-man school. Yet we can only place confidence in students like those four.

Therefore you can readily see the advisability of training more students to be worthy of any confidence placed in them. We realize that Charlotte High is a small school and that we are handicapped in many ways. But the smallness of the school should only tend to bring us closer together. It would, too, if more of the students make themselves capable of undertaking the business to be performed in the various extra-curricular activities besides keeping steady eye on their scholastic grades. Things would move faster and better if the students engaged in doing them had only one important extra-curricular activity rather than the three or four which some of us must try to carry because

(Continued on Page 50)

Soccer Team



THE WITAN

Basketball Team



THE WITAN

Hi-Y



THE WITAN

THE WITAN

HI-Y

In 1844, George Williams, a nineteen-year-old country boy, began work in a draper's shop in London. He had left home and friends behind to try his luck in the city.

In his work he was associated with one hundred forty other lads of his own age, who lived over the establishment. Their surroundings disgusted Williams, who soon began to stay in his room with his roommate, where they tried to develop their Christian character.

Gradually, by one's and two's, the remainder of the one hundred forty drapers dropped into the room. In this manner the Y. M. C. A., with no gym, no instructors, no leaders and with no advantages that the boy of today has in this same organization, was formed.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Hi-Y are so closely connected that they are generally called one organization. Hi-Y is a popular contraction of the words, High School and Y. M. C. A., this name being used throughout the United States and North America in the Hi-Y movement.

The purpose of the Hi-Y club is to

create, maintain and attend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character. The objectives of the club are called the four C's—clean living, clean speech, clean athletics and clean scholarship.

The Charlotte High unit meets every Tuesday evening at 5:30 o'clock. At this time, dinner is served. After dinner there is a business meeting, followed by a discussion led by our leader, who for this year is Mr. Earl Jackman.

There are several events aside from the usual routine which make the Hi-Y a social club as well as an educational one. There are joint meetings with other Hi-Y's of the city, sleigh rides, dances and many interesting speakers.

The officers of the present term are: Victor Vinton, president; Raymond Holly, vice-president; Lyman Butterfield, secretary, and Harold Wharitty, treasurer.

Let's get back of the Hi-Y movement and make our organization one of the strongest in the city.

Victor G. Vinton,
President.

(Continued from Page 36)

ing a sacrifice to show his school spirit. The question occurs to us: would it not be more purposeful to talk and write less about that rather nebulous school spirit and evidence it rather more by full attendance at school activities?

Following is the financial report of the plays:

Total returns	\$91.15
Royalties	25.00
Other disbursements	13.75
Profits	52.40

(Continued from Page 40)

Moreover, it is not only for pleasure but for health that this game is played.

The juniors and seniors play one and sometimes two games. The sophomores and freshmen then play one or two games. The winner of these games then play to see which team is the winner for that night.

Everyone is given a chance to play and everyone enjoys the games.

Now, girls, show your athletic ability and come to basketball practice.

Dorothy Doell.

Tri-Y



THE WITAN

THE WITAN

TRI-Y

To promote a spirit of friendliness among the girls of Charlotte High School, a club connected with the Y. W. C. A. and similar to the boys' Hi-Y, has recently been organized. All junior and senior girls are eligible for membership, providing they are willing to support the purpose of the club. One of the aims of the organization is to be of service to others. To carry out this purpose, four of its members have gone each week to the Infants' Summer Hospital to entertain the children. Furthermore, in order to aid school financially, the girls have on one occasion served the

training supper for the basketball team.

The meetings of the club are held the first and third Tuesday of each month. Already the girls have had two supper meetings and a tea.

Under the guidance of its officers, namely: Laura Karl, president; Evelyn Razey, vice-president; Rhoda Decker, secretary; Mildred Le Fevre, treasurer, and Miss Miner, faculty adviser, the club has progressed very successfully. We hope that in the future it may continue to be an inspiration to its members and of benefit to the school in general.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Girls' Athletic Association of Charlotte High School, under the leadership of Miss Keeffe, is an organization to encourage clean, healthful athletics and good sportsmanship for girls, and to have general charge of the girls' sports. It is open to all girls of the school and it is hoped that all will eventually join.

Meetings are held once a month. At the first of these, late in November, the following persons were elected to office: Norma Swigert, president; Margaret Powers, vice-president; Marguerite Heydweiller, secretary-treasurer.

At the second meeting a Twenty-one Tournament was planned, which took place on Tuesday noons, Girls' Day in the gymnasium. For publicity

purposes and the management of the affair the president appointed a committee consisting of one member of each class, namely: Clara Marvin, Marguerite Heydweiller, Margaret Hersey and Dorothy Taylor.

Girls' basketball is also under the auspices of the Association. This is a delightful and profitable pastime, as all who have come out to practice will verify. There is to be a school team, which will play the three other city high schools early next term, and besides this there are class teams to compete in a class tournament after the Christmas holidays. Hurrah for the Girls' Athletic Association! Come out and support your class, girls!

Marguerite Heydweiller, '27.

THE WITAN

ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL SEASON STARTS AT MONROE HIGH COURT

Green and White wins three games and loses two. Team shows promise

Charlotte High Basketball is away from the post for the 1925-'26 season in good style. Three wins and two losses in five games played makes the record to date for our quint. Practices were started in late October at Monroe High court, and held regularly, under the direction of Mr. Chamberlain and manager Barton Bromley. In the beginning, prospects were not bright. Gradually, with hard work, a team has been built up that looks fast, and promises to be right among the top-notchers again this year, bearing the colors of the Green and White.

The season opened with Irondequoit on November 28th. The game resulted in a victory for our boys, 33 to 26. Vaughan and Schrader played in stellar roles for Charlotte, while Snider featured for Irondequoit.

Irondequoit Falls Victim

The second game was a return engagement with the truck-gardeners on the Irondequoit court. This, too, resulted in a victory for us, although a much harder-earned victory than the initial encounter. The small court proved a hindrance to good team work and not until the closing period did we put the game "on ice," the final score being 27 to 19.

The road we traveled in our first league game was a rough, unpaved and disastrous path, for Monroe put a neat trimming to our favorites, 34 to 28. After leading the better part of the game, Charlotte slowed up. Monroe began playing in a whirlwind manner, and soon passed us, holding the lead until the final whistle. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but all we can say is, "Wait until the return game."

Hectic Game

Another cyclone hit us on our trip to East Rochester. The cyclone was in the nature of a husky town team, a hectic extra-period game, and an indifferent official. After showing the way to the townsters by a comfortable margin throughout, East Rochester, by virtue of a "wied" decision, tied the score in the last five seconds, although they were four points in the rear. Two extra five-minute periods were ordered, and the final verdict was 22 to 18 in favor of the team from the piano town.

About this time, the bleacher athletes started to toss the rassberry pies in the general direction of the basketball team. The boys went the razzers one better, and ate the pies, and the physical results were so good that they decisively defeated Spencerport at Monroe on December 19th, by a 20 to 13 score. The Spencerport team was by far the strongest team we had run up against, and the victory was more enjoyable for this reason. This game marked several changes in our lineup. Schrader was

THE WITAN

retired to the bleachers, and "Red" Kirby and Vito DeAntonio made their Varsity debut. Kirby got into the limelight when he was acting captain in his first game, after Jack Vaughan had been benched for four fouls.

Reserves Get Credit

The Reserve team has given a good account of itself to date, not only in games played but in fulfilling the chief purpose of reserve teams, namely, to provide material for the Varsity. Steinfelt, Snellgrove, Kirby and DeAntonio have all graduated from Captain George McLaughlin's school. The other reserve players are: Mix, Baggan, Taylor, Sheffield, Jones, and Manager Henry Brown.

The Varsity squad at present includes: Captain Vaughan, Vinton, Alofs, Snellgrove, Steinfelt, Murphy, Kirby, DeAntonio and Manager Bromley.

WRESTLING

The wrestlers are holding daily workouts, under the direction of Mr. Denny, in preparation for the opening of the local scholastic season. Devotees of the ancient Grecian pastime are much interested in the team being molded under the management of "Senator" J. Haste Reid. At present the squad consists of Jones, Pellett, Bromley, Holly, Newcomb, Hollway, Kappell and Dutton.

SWIMMING

Swimmers are attending the weekly swims at the Maplewood Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday afternoons. Mr. Roy Benson is acting as coach and teacher. All swimmers are asked to come out for the team. All non-swimmers are invited to take advantage of the opportunity to learn to swim. Norman Jones is managing the aquatic aspirants.

(Continued from Page 42)

there aren't enough competent students. Show a few signs of life. Prove to your principal and faculty advisers that you desire to engage in spare time. Talk yourself up a little. No one else will! There are jobs enough for quite a few if you'll only show a little pep and prove yourself equal to the task of doing them. Leading educators pronounce circricular activities a very important part of school life and advise that a student should try for them if he is doing good work in his lessons.

Here are just a few more frank statements.

Now don't think that the other student committees which were working on that Freshman Party failed to do their proper work. It is because they did do their work that they need not be mentioned more fully here.

Lately, I have been unable to call a Student Council meeting because of the absence of several members. Also, we have been unable to decide on a suitable day on which we can all meet. The greatest reason for this difficulty is the fact that these absentees have other school activities which at the time are really more important. Of course you realize that this is a proof to my statement that a few of the students carry too great a weight of extra school activities.

As you undoubtedly realize, we haven't a "wonder" basketball team. I don't wish to spoil your illusions, but there never was a "wonder" team of any sort anywhere. With a strong school spirit behind a good team you can always look for a longer list of victories over strong opponents.

About senior plays and things like that. It's perfectly all right to laugh at them when you go to see them, but it isn't "good golf" not to go to see them and laugh anyway. That's a thought for next year.

Well, the presidential message is about finished. It probably won't be a brilliant success, but maybe four or five of you will read it and "get the point." That will be some help anyway.

THE WITAN

FASHION DEPARTMENT

A BACKWARD LOOK

Cosmetics

Cosmetics, washes, paint and perfumes were lavishly used by the Roman women. White lead was used to soften the skin and vermillion to tint it. They were not content with paint and powder, so the women stained their eyebrows and eyelids with black powder or soot, and added to this the popular vanity of later days, the patch. The stain gave brilliancy to the eyes.

In the time of Catharine DeMedici, it was the fashion of the wealthy bourgeoisie to coat the face with patches of white paint and vermillion. The patches were of various shapes and given as many different names. The "coquette" was placed on the lips, the "gallant" in the middle of the cheek, the "impassioned" patch at the corner of the eye and the "rougish" on the nose.

Powder, a starch pulverized and scented, was used until 1760, when it disappeared for a time, but it returned in 1780 after the revolution, during which cosmetics disappeared entirely.

In the twentieth century the "Vanity Case" with its powder, rouge and lip stick is very popular.

Shoes

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the shoes were long and narrow, with emeralds set in the seam of the heel.

In the colonial days of America the

fashion was stout wooden shoes with wooden heels. In rainy or inclement weather, clogs were worn. The styles differed but in general they were simply thick wooden soles, raised by means of iron rings fastened underneath. Straps adjusted about the instep kept them in place. Shoes with square toes gradually gave way to more pointed shoes. Red heels were the vogue.

In the time of the Renaissance in France the shoes or slippers were very gay, being of blue, red, violet or of yellow satin, with very high heels. In fact, heels of eight centimeters were considered quite ordinary. This extreme style brought forth much comment. For out-of-door wear, velvet clogs or pattens with thick cork soles were slipped on over the high heeled shoes.

About 1780, high heels and short vamps were the vogue. The heel was thrust farther beneath the foot. In 1790, the opposite extreme was used, the low flat heel.

In 1800, lefts and rights were introduced and the shoes polished, and shoe blackening came into use. Previous to this a mixture of lamp-black, suet and tallow had been used.

In 1865, shoes were made of kid or patent leather and frequently the two were combined. The lacing was over the instep, the heels were high and gradually became higher.

In 1916, the shoes were of various colors—gray, tan, pearl, blue and bronze. All black shoes were out of style. The shoe tops were made quite high, just meeting the edge of the short skirt.

In 1920, comfortable shoes were made and worn, such as oxfords. In 1925, the shoes are short, narrow, very high heeled and of all colors. For sport, oxfords are worn.

THE WITAN

NOTES AND NEWS

WITAN NEWS

If you have some news,
Send it in!
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in!
An incident that's true,
A happening that's new,
For we can't achieve success without
U.

M. Hildebrant.

HONOR ROLL

The honor roll for December contains twenty-one names, all classes being represented. There has been a slight increase in honor students each report card period, so we may sometime hope to reach our desired goal of ten per cent of our registration. Congratulations to the following:

Marian Barton, Elizabeth Brown, Katherine Bailey, Lyman Butterfield, Dorothy Doell, John Donoghue, Edith Gassett, Margaret Hersey, Marguerite Heydweiller, Francis Hinkley, Allen King, Tessie Lighthart, Beth Manning, Elinor Marsh, Teresa Rapp, Anna Roller, Frank Stevensky, Dorothy Taylor, Arlene VanDerhoef, Lena Watson, Viola Westfall, Frank Waterhouse, Baxter Waterhouse.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

At the December meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association, an unusual and interesting program was enjoyed by a large audience. John K. Maher, president of the Student Association, conducted the meeting. There followed a discussion of current events by Elizabeth Brown and Jack Vaughan. After the meeting refreshments were served in the lunch room.

FACULTY BOWLING TEAM

Every year the Rochester Schoolmasters' Club selects twenty-four

teams to bowl in three leagues—The American, The National and The International, each league consisting of eight teams and each team to bowl sixty games. Charlotte High, which was in the International League last year, is now in the National League which is rated much stronger than the International.

Our team finished second last year and Mr. Tracy secured the highest individual average of the league. Mr. Bird was among the first four.

At the present time Charlotte is tied for first place in the National League. Mr. Butterfield, with a score of 225, was high single scorer for several weeks. Mr. Bird and Mr. Tracy are bowling very consistently and we expect that our team will be at the top by the end of the season.

Three Cheers for the Faculty Bowling Team!

THE GIRLS' BANQUET

The annual banquet of the Charlotte High School girls and women teachers was held November 19th at the Lakeside Presbyterian Church. The girls of the homemaking classes planned and prepared the dinner. Marian Barton was toastmistress. The speaker of the evening was Mrs. Paul Blanchard, whose subject was "Women Leaders of the World." Miss Paterson played a piano solo, and the girls of the health education class presented a dance.

THE WITAN

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Several weeks ago the Dramatic Club was organized and the following officers were elected: President, John Donoghue; vice-president, Dorothy Lee Taylor; secretary, Laura Karl; treasurer, Marguerite Heydweiller.

The club meets every Friday in Room 109 at the close of school. All students, except those assigned to eighth period may belong to the club.

The organization is divided into groups. Each group, with the faculty adviser's help, selects a play for presentation. In this way every member of the club is included. In addition, monologues and dialogues form a part of the program.

An important part of each meeting is devoted to a study of the technic of dramatics. At each meeting the club enjoys a brief lecture by an experienced speaker or by members who have visited the dramatic clubs of other schools.

We feel, therefore, that the Dramatic Club is both a means of entertainment and instruction.

Dorothy Lee Taylor.

CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

A Christmas assembly was held at Charlotte High School on Wednesday Dec. 23d. It was opened with a play, "The Cottage on the Moor," by the Dramatic Club. A number of Christmas carols were given by the Glee Clubs, followed by a few announcements by Mr. Butterfield. The instrumental trio, Miss Lena Watson, Mr. Lee and Mr. Frank Arioli, gave a very much enjoyed number. Charles Timmerman sang "I Love a Hill," a solo number. This was followed by a duet by Clifford Carpenter and Harold Snyder, entitled "Where My Caravan Has Rested." The students were then entertained by a visit from Santa Claus, who, when leaving, took with him the toys and clothing which the students collected for the crippled children of Sonyea. A few numbers by the string quartet and a carol by the students concluded the program.

New Domestic Science Equipment

The Domestic Science Department has improved its equipment by installing an iceless refrigerator and an electric dishwasher of a larger capacity.

FRIENDLINESS IN

CHARLOTTE HIGH

A friend is the fellow who's always around
When he sees you are getting in trouble;
He's gay when you're glad,
Full of sorrow when sad
At the specks in ambition's bright bubble.

He'll work for you helping to change
those black specks;
Your cause is his own heart's desire.
His measureless pep
That keeps you in step
Is the spark that lit friendship's
bright fire.

So cling to a friend if a friend you
would have,
And tell him your own greatest need,
"To serve those about me,
Be much more than simply
An acquaintance to those of my
creed."

The Witan Wants To Know

What a model pupil is.
Why the boys don't follow the example of the girls and have a party.
If galoshes will be worn this winter.
When the Student Government Plan will be inaugurated.
When oral topics will cease to be.
When Caesar will die.
Where they hide the waste baskets.
How the school would get along without Johnny Maher.
Who will be the city basketball champions.
Dorothy Allan.

Mr. Bird: "Why does the Eastman Kodak Company have such long chimneys?"

Student: "So the smoke won't come down on the people."

THE WITAN



Senior (in Algebra class): "Miss Doehler, may I pass out the test papers?"

Miss Doehler: "No, you'll pass out when you get them."

Mrs. Denise (in Latin class): "The perfect stem of do is ded."

Freshman in English: "There are many accidents sliding down hill."

Miss Doehler: "Harvey, where is your geometry book?"

Harvey: "I left it home."

Miss D.: "That's a nice place for it."

Harvey: "That's why I left it there."

Teacher: "John, do you know what rats do that makes them so destructive?"

John: "Naw."

Teacher: "Correct."

Carl: "I don't think the street cars are as comfortable as they might be."

Miss Carter: "Why, I think they are. Why not?"

Carl: "Well, if you have a Ford, it's more comfortable."

Miss Carter: "Well maybe that's why I think street cars are comfortable."

Senior: "You shouldn't pronounce 'due' like 'doo.' Say 'de-you'."

Freshman: "Oh, do you?"

Teacher: "Name the bones of the skull."

Freshie: "I've got them all in my head, but I don't seem to remember them now."

"Darn it," said the youngster as his stocking caught on a nail and ripped.

Having been called upon to read in Civics class, R. S. rises, clears throat, throws shoulders back, buttons coat.

Miss Riley: "Senatorial beginning."

R. S. (reading): "Sad but true..."

Miss O'Flynn (in Study hall): "Miss Radford, are you here?"

H. S.: "No."

Pupil (giving correction of sentence): "It sounds as if his love was walking along the cloisters."

A. P.: "Maybe she was, but that isn't what it means."

Miss Hanby (after suffering long enough): "Howard, do you want to stay in this class?"

H. G.: "Yes, but I'd rather get a drink of water."

Hard To Penetrate

Margaret Powers says that a law has been passed in England, which prevents anyone from telling jokes on Saturday evening, because they are afraid that the people will laugh out loud in church the next morning!

THE WITAN

A True Story

"You traitoress!" he cried, "You villianess! Well, may you laugh now that our cause is lost! Lost—lost, that noble cause; and you—you demon in human form—you are to blame! My poor men to meet ignoble defeat all because of these. But oh, they'll struggle, bravely, bravely ---- May luck be with them! oh, thou Delilah, thou Circe—may you live to repent this foul deed.

He was the twelve-year-old captain of the baseball team.

She was the baby sister he had to take care of. Ruth Bratherton.

Customer (in meat market): "I want a chicken, weighing about ten pounds."

Butcher: "I'm sorry, sir, but I'm all sold out."

Customer: "Well, what do you call that bird in the window if it isn't a chicken?"

Butcher: "That's just an old bird that was run over by an auto, so I stuffed it."

Customer: "That'll be all right. My wife's family is coming to dinner, so I won't get any of it anyway."

Bright Student: "I can't get my rubbers in my locker; there isn't enough room."

Teacher: "Tommy, use the word triangle in a sentence."

Tommy: "When you go fishing, try angle worms."

M. W.: "That isn't a part of the Charleston, is it?"

E. W.: "Why, yes, it's the part they left out."

Mr. Dennison: "Now, when you are doing this problem, think out loud, Ethel." Absolute silence. "I hope you aren't thinking aloud."

Mr. Dennison: "I don't understand that reason, Howard."

Howard: "Well, you know, this circle is a round one."

Modern Columbuses

First Student: "The sun travels around the world."

Second Student: "It does not; it stands still."

Third Student: "You're both wrong, for it moves backward and forward and I can prove it. Otherwise, how could it rise, sometimes in the east and sometimes in the west?"

Just So

Miss Newman: "Class, you should get dictation at home! Do any of you?"

Hard-up Student: "I get dictation all the time!"

Sunday School Teacher: "Who was John?"

One of the class: "One of the disciples."

Teacher: "No, this is another John."

Member of class: "He was the cousin of ----"

One of the class: "I didn't know they had cousins in biblical times."

Miss Goffe: "What did Zeus carry around with him?"

Norma D.: "A lightning rod."

Mr. Bird: "What wheel will be the larger, the twenty-four sprocket or the eight sprocket?"

We, Class: "The large one."

Inspector (on a crowded car): "Sit down and behave yourself."

Bright Student: "Where are the seats?"

A. R.: "We have a basket ball team in church now."

Student: "Who is coach?"

A. R.: "Billie's brother."

Student: "Oh, so you have a mail-coach for the girls!"

Frosh: "Aunty, did you ever see Oliver Twist?"

Aunty: "Hush, child! You know I never attend any of these modern dances!"

Found—Diamond ring by an old lady set in white gold.

THE WITAN



Cliff



A Junior



Giggler



Editor



Just Gladys



Literary Editor



Sure Shot



Miss Crawford



String 'em along



Lovers



All Tired out



Frenchie



The 1st Loh



Kimath



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