

JUNE, 1926

The Witan

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THE WITAN

Charlotte High School

Rochester, N. Y.

VOL. V.

JUNE 1926

NO. 4

THE STAFF

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Teresa Rapp	Associate Editors
Margery Wratten	
Lyman Butterfield	Poetry Editor
Marguerite Heydweiller	Literary Editors
Louise Ruestow	
Tessie Lighthart	Secretary
John Donoghue	Athletic Editor
Edith Stowell	Art Editor
Mildred LeFevre	Fashion Editor
Arlene VanDerhoef	Exchange Editor
Raymond Savage	Joke Editors
Karl Kappel	
Edith Barager	News Editor
Ethel LeFevre	Circulation Manager
Charlton Hetzler	Business Managers
John Maher	
Boris Warden	Faculty Advisers
Mr. Lee	
Miss Sharer	Story Contest Judges
Miss Abbott	
Miss Carter	
Miss Emerson	

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Faculty Picture	10
The Principal	12
Class Adviser	13
Senior Pictures	14-22
Class Poem	23
Class History	24
Class Prophecy	25
Class Will	27
Literary Department	28
Shop in Daylight	35
Editorials	36
The Student Council	38
The Baseball Team Picture	40
Athletic Notes	41
Girls' Basketball Picture	42
Tri-Y Picture	44
Notes and News	47
Wit an' Humor	49
Snapshots	50

THE WITAN



R. L. Butterfield, Principal

THE WITAN



Miss Dochler, Class Adviser

THE WITAN



Class President

Herbert B. Snelgrove—"Sam" 37 Cheltenham Road
West High School University of Rochester

Herbert is our "Salesman Sam."
He'd sell an ear-muff to a clam.

West High, two years; Basketball 4; Class President 4;
Hi-Y 4; Reserve Basketball 3; Reserve Soccer 4; Safety and
Order Committee 4; Student Council 4.

Class Colors—Lavender and Silver

Class Flower—Rose

Class Motto—"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

THE WITAN

Vice-President

George C. Haven—"Pope"
35 Winans Street

Waterville High School College
His name is George, we call him
Pope,
For his career we have great hope.
Waterville High, one year; Base-
ball 1; Basketball 4; Class Vice-
President 4; Orchestra 2; Reserve
Basketball 3; Publicity Committee
3; Social Committee 4; Student
Council 2, 4.

Secretary

Lois E. Wegman—"Loie"
18 Ruggles Street

Holy Cross School Mech. Inst.
Lois skipped thru school so gay,
Snapping heart-strings by the way.
Class Secretary 4; Glee Club 2;
Freshman Party 2, 4; Freshman
Return Party 1; Operetta 1, 2;
Publicity Committee 1, 3; Senior
Play 4; Thrift Committee 3; Tri-Y
4; Witan Staff 1, 3.

Edith R. Barager—"Bugsie"
64 Stonewood Avenue

Jefferson Junior Business
Edith is very fond of asserting
Her thoughts in French gestures,
so diverting.

Girls' Athletic Association 4; In-
terclass Basketball 4; Girls' Bas-
ketball 4; Hockey 4; Publicity
Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Tri-
Y 4; Thrift Committee 4; Witan
Staff 4.

Dorothy B. Brayer—"Dot"
215 Elmtree Road

Northwestern High School, Detroit
Business

The history answers of Dorothy
Brayer
Have made Miss Goff oft tear her
hair.

Northwestern High, Detroit, three
years; Girls' Athletic Association
4; Girls' Basketball 4; Hockey 4;
Interclass Basketball 4; Thrift
Committee 4; Tri-Y 4.



THE WITAN



Edward H. Brayer
26 Hannahs Terrace

No. 38 School U. of R.
Edward's a boy of peace and quiet,
Who knows the world and is not
troubled by it.

Freshman Baseball 1; Freshman
Return Party 1; Interclass Basket-
ball 1, 4; Track 3, 4;



Barton W. Bromley—"Bart"
147 Kislingbury Street

West High School
International Y. M. C. A. College

Bart is the girls' athletic king,
With curly hair and everything.

West High, two years; Basketball
Manager 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Soccer 3, 4;
Tennis 4; Wrestling 3.



Lyman H. Butterfield—"Prof"
38 Holcroft Road

School No. 38 Harvard University

Lyman's limpid lyric lines
Well from marvelous mental mines.

Class Poet 4; Class President 1;
Freshman Baseball 1; Freshman
Return Party 1; Freshman Soccer
1; Glee Club 1, 2; Hi-Y 3, 4; Op-
eretta 1; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Pub-
licity Committee 3; Scribblers'
Club 4; Senior Play 4; Soccer Re-
serve 4; Soccer Manager 4; Stand-
ard Bearer 4; Student Council
President 4; Track Manager 3;
Traditions Committee 3, 4; Witan
Staff 3, 4.



Grace Orlie Coon—"Shine"
Stonewood Avenue

Fairport High School U. of R.
Selfish that high school in Fair-
port,
To make her time with us so short.
Fairport High, three years; Tri-Y
4.

THE WITAN

Gordon Cooper
354 Lexington Avenue

Jefferson Junior Business

Here's our Gordon, if you please,
Of quiet laugh and noisy sneeze.



Viola Crane—"Vi"
86 Mason Street

Jefferson Junior City Normal

Happy is petite Vi Crane,
Who tries to grow with might and
main.

Glee Club 4; Tri-Y 4.



Josephine D'Amanda—"Joe"
1006 Lake Avenue

East High School Undecided

Josephine of smile prophetic,
Shall we call her energetic?

East High School, three years;
Glee Club 4.



Rhoda Decker—"Rodey"
4169 Lake Avenue

No. 38 School City Normal

Rhoda's blithe and Rhoda's fair,
Rhoda's never bobbed her hair.

Book Exchange 4; Candy Commit-
tee 4; Class Secretary 2, 3, 4;
Freshman Return Party 1; Glee
Club 3, 4; Safety and Order Com-
mittee 3, 4; Student Council 4;
Thrift Committee 3; Tri-Y 4.



THE WITAN



Rose E. England Redfield Street
No. 42 School City Normal
Rose of fleeting crimson blush,
Seldom in a hurry, always in a
rush.
Girls' Athletic Association 4; Tri-
Y 4.



Howard Gass—"Howie"
29 Thatcher Road
West High School Undecided
Have you ever seen him speak a
word?
He never has, or so I've heard.
West High, two years; Witan 3;
Hi-Y 3, 4.



Willard H. Hahn—"Bill"
Box 61, Spencerport, N. Y.
East High School U. of Buffalo
Hahn shunned with horror an oral
topic,
His taste for speaking was micro-
scopic.
East High, one year; Baseball 2;
Reserve Basketball 3.



Charlton Clement Hetzler
3165 Lake Avenue
Holy Family School U. of Pa.
Charlton is a man of dollars,
Sparkling cheeks and snowy collars
Book Exchange 2, 3, 4; Book Ex-
change Chairman 4; Safety and
Order Committee 1; Senior Play 4;
Witan Staff (Business Manager) 4.

THE WITAN

Ruth Margaret Jeffery — "Tillie"
2 Palm Street

No. 41 School Business

Bouncing, bounding, dancing Ruth,
A Charleston queen, she is, in
truth.

Girls' Athletic Association 4; Girls'
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Basket-
ball 1, 2, 3, 4; Safety and Order
Committee 3; Senior Play 4;
Swimming 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 4.

A. Norman Jones Denise Road
Mynderse Academy, Seneca Falls
University of Rochester

An honest man is Norman Jones,
Who speaks in deep convincing
tones.

Mynderse Academy, one year; Re-
serve Basketball 4; Reserve Soccer
4; Senior Play 4; Swimming Man-
ager 4; Thrift Committee 3, 4;
Track 3, 4.

Gilbert Kirby—"Gib" Latta Road
Jefferson Junior U. of R.
Kirby, we like your red-headed
smile,

You're funny, you're clever, you've
got your own style.

Baseball Manager 4; Baseball Re-
serve 3; Basketball Reserve 3, 4;
Class President 4; Class Vice-Pres-
ident 3; Hi-Y 4; Publicity Commit-
tee 4; Senior Play 4; Soccer Re-
serve 4; Student Council 3, 4;
Track 3; Witan Staff 4.

John Konath Maher—"Konath"

301 Seneca Parkway

Sacred Heart School Business
Konath should lead in each college
affair,

He has surely had plenty of time
to prepare.

Basketball (Assistant Manager) 3;
Cheerleader 2, 3, 4; Class Histor-
ian 4; Class President 3; Class
Vice-President 1; Freshman Bas-
ketball Manager 1; Freshman
Party 4; Freshman Return Party
1; Glee Club 1, 2; Hi-Y 3, 4; Op-
eretta 1, 2; Soccer 4; Student
Council (President) 4; Traditions
Committee 3, 4; Witan Staff 4.



THE WITAN



Helen Alice Marks
46 Gorsline Street

Jefferson Junior U. of R.

This poor child's exhausted by
numerous "crushes;"
How will she survive fraternity
rushes?

Freshman Return Party 1; Senior
Play 4; Social Committee 3; Tri-Y
4; Witan Staff 3.



Clara Andrews Marvin — "Beans"
167 Ridgeway Avenue

Jefferson Junior Business

In strange costumes doth Clara
dance,

In negro garb or sailor's pants.

Girls' Athletic Association 4;
Girls' Basketball 2 3, 4; (Captain
4); Hockey 4; Senior Play 4;
Swimming 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 4.



Pauline A. Pitcher—"Polly"
Denise Road

No. 38 School U. of R.

Departed this school life is Pauline
unique,

Who has never passed by an oc-
casión to speak.

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 4;
Tri-Y 4.



Louise E. Ruestow—"Eddie"
85 Pollard Avenue

No. 38 School City Normal

If she should continue to get any
wiser,

She'd have the world's knowledge
stored up like a miser.

Glee Club 2; Operetta 2; Scholar-
ship Committee 4; Senior Play 4;
Student Council 4; Tri-Y 4; Witan
Staff 4.

THE WITAN

Ruth E. Siddons
214 Glenwood Avenue

Jefferson Junior Mech. Institute
Quiet, docile, seemingly shy,
Ruth finds her metier in high
school "Tri-Y."

Glee Club 3, 4; Social Committee
4; Tri-Y 4; Witan Staff 4.



Edith C. Stowell—"Ede"
4045 Lake Avenue

Holy Cross School Mech. Inst.
A name that oft graces the Honor
Roll
Is that of diminutive Edith Stowell.
Girl Scouts 2, 3; Tri-Y 4; Witan
Staff 4.



Norma Mae Swigert—"Normie"
52 Upton Place

Holy Cross School
School of Physical Education

Norma Swigert, so they say,
Once did her lessons day by day.
Girls' Athletic Association (Presi-
dent) 4; Girls' Baseball 3, 4; Girls'
Basketball 2, 3, 4; Hockey 4; Girl
Scouts 2, 3; Swimming 3; Tradi-
tions Committee 3, 4; Tri-Y 4.



Baxter Waterhouse—"Bax"
35 Brockton Street

Eastwood High School, Syracuse
Undecided

Baxter of the hair dishevelled,
In Latin, chess and writing revelled
Class Prophet 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Scrib-
blers' Club 4; Track Manager 4;
Traditions Committee 3, 4; Witan
Staff (Editor-in-chief) 4.



THE WITAN



Bernice M. Waterhouse—"Bernie"
263 River Street
No. 38 School
St. Agnes' Conservatory of Music
Changed is she from her freshman
day,
For the better, should we say?
Freshman Return Party Chairman
1; Publicity Committee 1, 3; Sen-
ior Play 4; Student Council 1;
Thrift Committee 3, 4; Tri-Y 4;
Witan Staff 4.



Helen Estelle Wignall
40 Riverside Street
Greece No. 11 Undecided
Helen is the maid demure—
Her coy smiles who can secure?
Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Tri-Y 4.



Margery Wratten—"Mudge"
29 Camden Street
No. 38 School City Normal
Moonlight and fairies, silver and
green,
Margery's magic evokes these, I
ween.
Candy Committee 4; Class Testat-
or 4; Freshman Return Party 1;
Girl Scouts 1, 2, 3; Safety and
Order Committee 3; Scribblers'
Club 4; Senior Play 4; Scholarship
Committee 4; Tri-Y 4; Witan Staff
3, 4.



Madeline Jean Young—"Skipper"
22 Lauderdale Park
No. 41 School U. of R.
This is "Skipper" of smile so dapper;
Who can slip her the name of
"Flapper?"
Girls' Basketball 1, 2; Girls' Base-
ball 2; Tri-Y 4.

THE WITAN

COMMENCEMENT SONG

The years have numbered only four
Since first we gained thy portal—
But four, and thou hast left to us
An heritage immortal;
For here we learned not only facts
Close bound by rules and study,
We entered in thy healthful sports,
And we grew strong and ruddy.

We learned not only narrow laws
To train alone our talents,
To counsel us for Life's real school
Our tasks were made to balance.
Ah! Classmates, not the stinted view,
The statement narrow-minded—
Life wants not him who stands aloof
Wit prejudices blinded.

But Life does want the character
With grit and strength and vision;
Who laughs at wit with other men,
But laughs above derision;
A man not limited to rote,
Or formula or table,
But who can estimate his world
With judgment sound and stable.

These are the traits we should have gained,
As well as wit and learning—
These have we gained, so I believe,
As on Life's road we're turning;
And since we have, we may well know
Where'er we cast our lot,
We owe success and future fame
To thee, our school, Charlotte.

Lyman H. Butterfield,
Class Poet.

THE WITAN

SHOEMARKS IN A CONCRETE WALK

Being a brief history of the Class of 1926

"Ho, hum," I sighed as I settled for my sixth period snooze. Then the jolly old Maytime sun streamed in the window, the hard-wood seat softened and I stretched my legs. Drifting thoughts, well—they just drifted, till a dreadful one happened along and casually reminded me to attend to this here class history.

I shivered as I had on a certain October evening long ago and a series of painted faces with braided or molasses-covered hair passed by. Stockinged feet thumped up dark stairs covered with pricklers. Whack! A ballplayer made a homerun on the seat of someone's trousers. Then oysters—ugh! And cold water! I awoke promptly, then found my fingers immersed in the inkwell! But I laughed all the same—the old memory was still O. K.—I hadn't forgotten that initiation of four years ago.

Again the hum of words and the generous sun compelled me to slumber.

Fifty-nine whirling dervishes—no it wasn't—just fifty-nine frantic freshmen holding their first class meeting and electing "Prof" Butterfield (the younger) and "Wally" Sexton and a certain Miss Rhoda Decker as officers. And then, weeks later, came a super-extra special Frosh Return Party where good dancing and punch were returned for that somewhat "evil" initiation.

The thoughts were coming faster now and in greater variety—things that had happened at undecideable times. The Lion Tamers' Club, the good old-fashioned assemblies in the attic, summer days and study hall "on the campus" beneath the ancient, tranquil oaks, a ten to eleven score when East High and Charlotte met, Miss Abbott's "Sunset" Class, our

Frosh teams, the surprise we enjoyed one opening day when we found the school renovated and enlarged by several new class rooms, the library and the librarians, the operettas. More memories came, of former all-scholastic athletes, of successful "skips" to Fang's, of the first eighth period, of new class members and of former ones.

"Describe a business cycle," the Economics teacher said.

I awoke and, with usual stupidity, mentioned that it might be a two-wheeled vehicle with handle bars and wire basket on the front of it.

That was that, and I again nodding. More thoughts, of the smilingest and reddest-haired school-marm in town, our advisor; of uproarious student elections, of Senior-girl candy vendors, of the famous "Ballyho Bugle."

A million more memories whizzed along, each bringing a touch of humor and tinge of sadness because they were over. I thought of the schoolhouse itself, grim and prison-like on a wonderful spring morning when a fellow felt that he must skip and then peaceful and lovely and such, making him feel sad on a late afternoon when things are quiet with just one bird in the trees and the low sun behind them that cast little spots of light and shadow—of passive silence that rested him but still made him feel like the very devil for not having lessons finished or being tardy or things like that.

B-r-r-r-ang! — Seven o'clock — time to get up—no, guess it isn't—just the period bell. Another day almost done. Gonna get out of this doggone school for good soon. Wonder will I draw a blank diploma? Oh, well! we had a good time while it lasted!

John Konath Maher, Historian

THE WITAN

THROUGH A PINHOLE

AND WHAT THE PROPHET

SAW THERE

Two long, lean, lanky gentlemen with prominent noses and high, intellectual foreheads, one of whose hair was partially combed (1), the other of whose hair was partially uncombed (2), gazed in bespectacled toleration at a third long, lean, lanky gentleman whose hair was red, and whose bristling, ruby beard only partly ensconced an enormous mouth which, it was said, had attained its dimensions through continuous conversation (3). The third gentleman was engaged at the moment in an injunctive harangue, which was at such length that he whose hair was partially uncombed at length felt called upon to belabor his head with a milk bottle; whereupon that person, proclaiming to the world his recent assassination, prepared to depart, and was only prevented by the incident of being accosted in the doorway by a short individual of prodigious rotundity, who bore in his right hand a billiard cue and balanced upon his head a chess board (4). Recognizing him, the warring parties became reconciled for the moment; but were soon in the throes of strife again.

The very house rocked on its foundations, and suddenly leaped like a thing alive high into the air, and continued its ascent with enormous velocity. He of the partially uncombed hair explained the phenomena by reference to physics, saying that the flight was due to the vast amount of hot air in the room. He of the prodigious rotundity bethought himself of Einstein's theory; producing a pin he pushed it through the floor. Being displeased with what he saw, when he had applied his eye to the hole thus made, he thrust the point into the red-headed person. The consequent flow of heat was all that could have been required, and the ascent was faster than before.

"See?" he cried, "or rather listen: by Einstein's theory of relativity, if you could go far enough away from the world and get beyond the rays of light leaving the earth at that time you would see what had happened then, acted over again for you. We have done that. Here, take the pin and make holes for yourselves; you could see nothing by looking through a larger hole than one made by a pin."

The others did this, and, applying

their eyes to the holes, were confronted by the scenes that had taken place in the year 1935.

"I see," said someone at length, observing a sour, middle-aged (5) man at work before a desk, "that the author of 'Sphinx in French' is writing a sequel to that piece of work."

"Entitled 'Sphinx Everywhere,' I suppose."

Two gentlemen emerged from the side entrance of a theater, one clad in a gym suit, somewhat the taller of the two, although neither was of a height that would attract attention. He was also more athletic appearing, and cast a basket ball about with great vigor for a man of his age (6). The other protested, apparently, from time to time, but to no avail; the man refused to argue. As a matter of fact, both were very thin, because they had waited so long for their next meal; the fact that the smaller of the two (7) had taken Solid Geometry instead of Trigonometry in high school was believed to be the reason for such poverty.

A deep stentorian voice roared suddenly, "Look!" All to be seen was a vicious old Latin teacher, keeping up the reputation of her race. "Don't you remember her? The conductors used to let her ride half price; she was out of college before they found out (8)." In the principal's office sat an arrogant, aggressive lady, quite unlike herself of former days, devoid of all the quiet, demure shyness (9). "They change like that sometimes," murmured the deep voice.

"Those two will never be white again; while they were waiting for a minstrel show to begin they happened into a bakery where they hid in an oven to escape a policeman. The black was baked in." (10)

On a street corner stood a short, wide, thick lady with fanatic eyes (11), waving a bone, in an address to a large audience, in the very front of which was a tall, handsome person (12) smoking a cigarette. He was a minister's son; he listened to this lady's speech every night without fail. He never was able to decide whether the lady knew anything but was convinced she would never stop talking.

A large lady (13) and a little one (14) some seven seats apart in a trolley car were telling each other they would come over tonight. "I should think they'd have enough of each other by this time," muttered a

THE WITAN

pin-hole gazer, "they haven't changed any."

A tuft of yellow (15) meandered gayly down the street, to enter, after a while, a little shop. It merged soon, accompanied by a short, little person wearing a green hat (16); she had been a mathematical prodigy in school, which may have accounted for repeated re-election to the mayor's office. "I voted for her," remarked the deep voice. As they went down the street, a slender, calm-appearing form (17) gazed after them; she seemed too cultured to be engaged in the millinery business. Her partner (18) smiled slightly as her arrow-straightness joined the scene.

"Looks as if I would have to get my own supper," growled he whose hair was partially combed, as the social light of the city left her home (19).

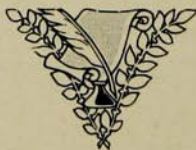
A bright young man, with hair the color of a carrot upon whose shoulders (20) rested a lean, muscular man (21), awaited the starting signal. "Oh, I read about this in the paper," said the crimson verbosity, "they're making a dash for the pole. The big fellow will jump it when they arrive." A tall fellow appeared to giggle as he fired the gun (22). No doubt he was thinking of the great advertising value of this dash. A grouchy-looking assistant (23) noted something down and he and his boss left the field together.

A slight, young lady, by long practice regarded as the best penman in the world (24), was tearfully explaining the sudden disappearance of her husband to two alert people, the world's best detectives; one of whom adorned as she was by huge horn rimmed glasses, had started as a news editor on a school paper (25); liking detective work better, she had not continued in a journalistic profession; the other (26) had given up a position in the moving pictures. They caught the culprit in almost no time at all. He had been lead astray by the enterprising manager (27) of the local basket ball team, a man who had gained much valuable experience in that line, as well as in others, during his high school course.

The last seen through any pinhole was an open air studio, maintained by four artists: a tall (28), a short (29) and a small (30). They posed alternately. The small one did the work; the others pretended to. There was another (31) who really ran the place, but she never showed herself. A tall lady with light bobbed hair (32) attempted to enter, but was threatened with arrest; she left.

The four in the uprooted house were never seen again. He whose hair was partly uncombed wrote this manuscript, but he finished it late, and lost it, as it was his custom to do with everything. It was never found.

Baxter Waterhouse,
Class Prophet.



THE WITAN

THE WILL OF THE CLASS OF 1926

They say it has come to pass,
That ev'ry graduating class
Possessed of a quite sane mind
Must make a Will and leave behind
To class or teacher or to student
Useful gifts both wise and prudent.

The June class nineteen twenty-six,
Appoints Miss Doepler executrix;
Since she starves him, we believe
To her thin dog some bones we'll leave.

To Mr. Bird, for all his life,
We leave a private pocket-knife,
To magnetize or cut candle-wax
And help expound all helpful facts.

And to Miss Goff, to ease her fears,
Assurance, thru the coming years,
That she need never make the plea
A plaintive sound, "Do all agree?"
We dumbly give agreement now
To what, and where, and when, and how.

To our fresh friend, John Donoghue,
A self-silencer, some tape and glue,
With instructions for the use of same.
Curling irons, with fancy name,
We leave Gale Evarts, just in case
One still could recognize his face
Should those ripples leave his hair,
Now permanent and debonair.

Konath's suspenders we donate
(Without his knowledge of their fate)
To future cheer-leaders, with the hope
They'll like them more than belts or rope.

Coach Chamberlain, excuse pads pink;
He's tired of using blue, we think.

Pat Wharity, the right to doze,
Sleep, (or some method of repose)
Thru English, French or History
And his fifth term of Geometry.
To Norman Scheer we leave the same,
For his classes vary but in name.

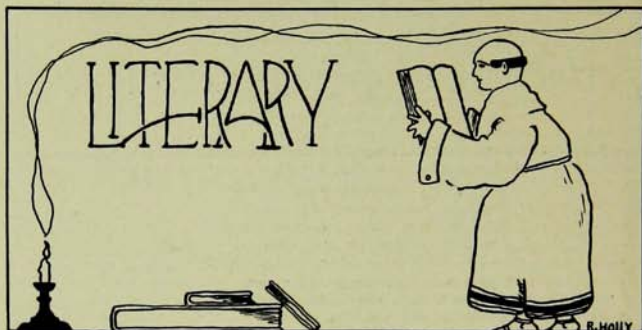
Now all regrets are truly ours,
We can leave nothing to Peg Pow'rs;
She takes what she wants, none doubt it,
With permission, or without it.

There's another reason, sad to say,
We have no more to give away.

Testator: Margery Wratten.

Witnesses: Herbert Snelgrove, President
Lois Wegman, Secretary

THE WITAN



NORTH SEA LURE

I do not long for a life of ease,
With a book and an easy-chair
On a well-kept lawn, with a gentle breeze
Fanning my graying brown hair.

I do not wish for a rich-man's place,
With its cares and troubles and bores;
But I long for a ship that could set the pace
Ahead of the gale that roars.

Then I'd head for the north, where the sea is blue,
And the ice-floes grumble and groan,
Where the albatross wheels, when the day is thru,
And the chill biting ice-winds moan.

For pleasure I seek, in the northern seas,
Where a man is a man thru and thru,
Where he's hale and strong for a hearty song
And the blood in his veins runs true.

And there I'll be gay and willing to die,
When this last wish is fulfilled;
And I'll seek my rest, for I'll know that the best
Has been given, when my life is stilled.
Harold C. Snyder

'TIS SPRING

Hark! the birds sing,
Among the blossoms gay,
Just a sweet, low hymn
At the close of day.

Now day is done,
Thru the woodlands ring
The cries of forest brothers,
" 'Tis spring, yes, 'tis spring!"
Nellie Weeks.

THE WITAN

DEAD-LINE

'Twas the night before the dead-line, and all through the place
Every in-mate was running as if in a race,
For the Witan was forming, and had to be made
Before the last ray of the daylight should fade.
Miss Sharer was panting like a dog held in leash,
She had to—the finish was just out of reach.
Our Baxter was fuming o'er some poor writer's junk;
Lyman was wailing that the paper would flunk;
Charlton was swimming in a maze of white sheets
Of advertisers' copy. In the various seats
Were readers galore, with their blue pencil marks
Running all o'er the paper. The poetry sharks
Were filling the waste-baskets with poor poets' stuff
And proof readers also were getting quite rough,
For printers and setters were going all wrong,
Putting slugs in too short and lines in too long.
Galley-proofs streamed all 'round the room,
Students' copy was flying to waste-basket doom,
Yea, the Witan was making, but, oh, how so late.
Yet the Witan was rushing to make dead-line date.

* * * * *

A week now has passed, and in our old den
The posters are up. But nine out of ten
Must be changed all around, for the Witan will come
A week from the date when it's s'pposed to be done.

John Donoghue

MY PRAYER

Sweet are the notes from the honey'd throats
 which carol at ev'ning-tide;
In the purple hush, the hermit thrush
 has a voice which few have vied,
And who but hark when they hear the lark,
 which is the Briton's pride?

But the robin's song in the morning
And the wren's sweet voice thru the day,
The pigeon's call in the twilight—
These are all for which I pray.

Some may quest for the bunting's nest,
 for his glorious color and coat;
The gold high-hole and the oriole
 in scarlet and marigold gloat;
Tho' most men pray for plumage gay—
 on burnished brilliance dote—

The robin's song in the morning,
And the wren's sweet voice thru the day,
The pigeon's call in the twilight—
These are all for which I pray.

THE WITAN

RULES

Aristotle, Pericles,
And old Eratosthenes;
Poor Alcibiades,
Unfortunate Demosthenes—
It must have been very hard
With such long names on your card.
Must you have had one long ago,
To be wise, I want to know?

Apostrophes to Jupiter,
Mercury and Demiter,
Odes and elegaic themes
Were the ancient poets' dreams.
Must you have made them thus and so
To be a poet long ago?

My words are not o'er-polished art,
But surely they cry from the heart;
No coat, I know, however choice,
Would change a thrush's magic voice,
Why cover up a meaning pure
With mystic words and forms obscure?

I'M GLAD, ARE YOU?

How good! it seems to think that we
Have finished shoveling snow
With coal at fifteen dollars per,
We bid cold winter "Go!"

The robins chirping in the trees,
The crocus peeping through,
The pussy-willows bursting out
Bring cheer to me—and you.

How glad we are to welcome spring,
The time when all feel gay;
When cold hard winds have ceased to
blow

And work is turned to play.
Evelyn Gallery, '28.

CHERIE, ADIEU

"The winds of fate blow strong,
Cherie, and the time is not far off."

"What mean you, my father?"

"Naught, let it pass." A sudden
gust of vicious wind moaned down
the chimney and tore at the embers
on the hearth. With undulating swift-
ness the girl crossed the room and
gazed at the red gloom-dusked sky.
A flash of jagged greenish-white tore
the dead-silk canopy overhead. The
booming thunder, like the roll of
countless drums, swelled, crescendoed,
blared its triumphant paean of night
—then all was still save the groan of
the pain-wracked wind.

The eyes, deep ocean-blue and

slightly glazed were half-closed. A
stray breath of wind played with the
white mane of his hair.

"The cannon, Cherie, they are
come?"

"No, my father, 'tis only Thor toy-
ing with his hammer in the heavens."

A dreamy smile flitted and danced
in and out of the seams of the gentle
old face. Quietly his eyes closed and
his head ceased nodding to the dance
of the fire-goblins.

Far off on the horizon a rent ap-
peared in the purple-dark canopy and
a white stream of light peered hes-
itatingly forth. For a moment it
widened in piercing beauty, and the
snarl of the wind changed to a low
song as it bore a gently soul through
the rift in the canopy to fairer lands
beyond.

An entrancing sweet tremulous
smile played oddly about the corners
of the girl's mouth as she gazed
through the window, for she had seen,
and turning to the now still form, she
knew.
Clifford Carpenter, '27.

WINDOWS

Why is it that on cold days the
window nearest me is the one always
raised? Whether in a street-car, at
school or at home, some fresh air
fiend (with two or three sweaters on)
remarks, "It's getting terribly stuffy
in here," and opens the one window
in the whole room through which the
wind will blow directly on me. The
fiend invariably removes himself from
the immediate vicinity of the gale
usually affected. Since vacating for
me would mean the gathering of mis-
cellaneous papers, books, packages,
and disentangling myself from the
desk or chair, I remain, shivering and
miserable.

On warm days, whatever windows
I open are immediately closed, with
the explanation that the draught is
disturbing someone. I smile and
suffer.

Whatever the dictionaries may say,
a window is a contrivance from which
to drop and break valuable articles,
through which worthless ones are
blown, and by which much discomfort
is derived.

THE WITAN

THE THINKER

We have all seen pictures of that famous Greek statue of a man in deep thought; his eyes gaze fixedly on the ground; a broad hand supports a firm chin; head bent with the weight of a massive brow. The sculptor has rightfully called him "The Thinker."

Of what is he thinking? Is it of some new theory that will rival those of Aristotle? Of a new style of architecture that will make the great temples of the Acropolis seem uncouth? Perhaps he is thinking of his past achievements, on account of which men universally acknowledge him great. His thoughts may be centered on some lonely isle, on home and friends.

He is about to die; he is thinking of his life of its triumphs and defeats, of its joys and sorrows, of its peace and love or turmoil and hate.

He is an orator and statesman who would "The applause of listening senates command!" a great public question confronts him: the invasion of the Persians, or war with Sparta, or with Macedonia.

He is a philosopher; he is putting the eternal thoughts of Socrates and Plato to shame; he laughs at Zeus and Athena, scorns their tawdriness.

Why wonder what this figure is thinking? His head is of solid marble! Charles Strobel, '28.

A GEOMETRIC AXIOMDENT

The bootlegger had intercepted the boundary line between the areas Can. and U. S. A. with a load of rum and other products and was constructing the locus of points equidistant from the railroad line, D. & H., taking the direction of N. Y. Suddenly the road made an angle and intersected the line D. & H. diagonally at a point X. A locomotive was describing a curve in the railroad line and heading for points south. The engineer was sounding the whistle for the intersection, warning people who did not wish to "go west."

"I can make the opposite side as easy as pi," said the bootlegger, squaring his round shoulders and tak-

ing a firmer grip on the direction disk of his rumbus. But the powers contained in the surface between his ears would not equal $\frac{1}{2}$ the sense of proportion of a sick ant of the ark. At this point his cylinders missed twice, a chord intercepted the point of a tack and the rumbus was met squarely by the N-gon which caused it to be transformed into a wreck tangle.

Although the bootlegger was not eliminated, manipulations had to be resorted to in order to extract him from the quantity of cylinders, chords, twisted angles and segments, the sum of which equaled the remainder of the rumbus.

The bootlegger extended a "line" to the authorities but could not prove it to be straight because his theorems were not supplemented and did not coincide with the truth. When his identity was established, he was transferred to a prism called S. S., at which point he is now located. His number is 1323.

"When a N-gon meets a rumbus a wreck tangle is formed."

—Q. E. D.

Frank Hutchinson.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

Christopher Morley
Reviewed by LeFevre

This is reviewed by Mildred LeFevre, a story in which the movement is almost entirely intellectual, rather fanciful and imaginative, but presenting the sad truth that as we grow older and acquire sophistication and worldliness, we lose much of our sincere natural manner, and thus miss much in life.

Some children, who realize what hypocrites their parents are, decide to spy into the grown-up world. In the meantime, they grow up and meet again. Each one has changed and become more or less a member of the modern grown-up world of intrigue, except Martin, who has remained the same candid personality, as in his youth.

His innocent childlikeness in contrast to the sophistication of the others results in very perplexing mental struggles.

THE WITAN

MEMORY SEA

They were dreams of youth and folly,
They were dreams of sun and storm.
They were dreams of sunlit high-
ways and of skies,
They were dreams of seas and sailors,
And of tall ships easin' home,
Where the trade winds moan and
stars are white-bright eyes.

They were dreams of drowsy ev'nings
'Neath a moon-kiss't southern sky,
With the shadows of the sea
gulls on the mast.

Where the gentle breezes whisper
Through the rigging near the deck,
With a melancholy tale, now slow,
now fast.

Then came dreams of quiet comrade-
ship

Through watches of the night,
With the embers glowing in the
old pipe-bowl.

And the dreams of solemn stillness
O'er a phosphorescent sea,
As the ship would softly, slowly,
plunge and roll.

Clifford Carpenter.

ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT

Have you ever had a feeling of in-
security, insignificance or humility,
come to you on a rather pale, moon-
lit night while rowing close to the
shore of a wood-hilled lake?

The moon now covered by billowy
clouds, now clearing herself, sails on
like a ship in the night; the muffled
lapping and the gurgly rippling of the
boat slowly cutting through the
placid water, and the frequent dull
creak and groan of oar locks are the
only disturbers of the darkness. Later
a light perfumed breeze springs from
the pine-covered hills and caresses the
water into little rippling waves. The
twinkling of occasional lights is seen,
then disappears, followed at intervals
by others from motorists pursuing a
lonely road leading close to the lake;
the bonfires of cottagers leap fan-
tastically away into the distance on
some other side of the lake. The bark
of a dog, the shrill cry of a whip-poor-
will, the ominous hoot of an owl, a
sudden little splash by a fish and the
steady, sleep-lulling song of the crick-
ets from the tall grass by the shore
make the night a symphonic poem.

William B. Christie, '27.

AT THE PICTURE SHOW

"Well, just in time! Isn't that
luck?"

"Isn't her dress darling?—Oh,
what's he gonna do now? Say, you
oughta see the darling dress I got.
It's blue trimmed with—look at him!
Why don't he save her? Did you ever?
—Well, as I was saying, it's blue
trimmed with gray. It's the sweetest
thing; only thirty dollars."

"Did you go to the Lyceum last
week?"

"No, what was it? Pat Rooney?"

"Yeah, and you oughta see his son
Charleston! Boy! He sure takes the
cake."

"Here, want a piece of candy?"

"Yeah, thanks."

"Look, Ruth, there's two people
going out up in front. Let's go up
there."

Ah—peace at last.

"Ma,—here's two seats."

"Bobby, sit down and behave like a
good boy."

"What's it say, Ma?"

"The villain still pursues her—"

"Be a good boy now and don't ask
so many questions."

"Oh Ma, is he going to climb the
tree?"

"Yes, I guess so; now keep still."

"What's he gonna climb it for,
Ma?"

CONTENTMENT

I live in a quiet suburban street
which is neat and trim. We all have
modest gardens filled with roses and
wild grasses, trimmed and seeded.
Hollyhocks blossom primly, all stand-
ing in a row.

At dusk when I come home, tired,
after the day's weary business, I no-
tice that they are clearing the ground
to build a house on the vacant lot next
door. There is peace in this wind-
sheltered little street. In the evening
I often see other tired business men
watering the eager roots of drooping
summer flowers, and the barefoot chil-
dren wiggling their toes in the wet
grass. The hose leaks and sputters
but we do not mind things like that,
for are we not leading a life of peace?

Ethel Butler.

THE WITAN

CAES. COMMENT. LIBER 9

A great gong sounds, "Make way! Make way! Caesar approaches!"

Caesar dashes out of the House of Senate, jumps into his Collegiate Ford, nearly ripping his plus sixes, and with his rattling good car drives hastily and recklessly through the Roman vias out to the eighteen hole golf course at Pompeii. Leaping out of his four-cylinder gasoline destroyer, Caesar grabs his golf bag, calls a caddy and approaches the tee or teer. A special race of men with flat noses are used as tees. After ploughing up several tees Caesar manages to land in the rough. Here we will leave him to fill his plus sixes full of burrs.

What can it be? A fire or the eruption of Mount Vesuvius? Gongs, bells and horns dong. Motion picture cameras are being ground at a reckless rate. Flivers full of Milites duck hither and you, finally getting into a set order before the capital. The great dictator has decided to make a hurried attack on Gaul. With two of his trusty legati Caesar leads the way of the tin can brigade. By forced marches he arrives in the territories of the Galli and leaping off his Michigan chariot calls: "Deselite Milites!" and the fighting is begun.

Robert Walker.

BR-R-R-R

"Obstiqui, steteruntque, comae et vox faucibus haesit."—Virgil.

Ghost stories are alright to read—in the daytime. At night they do not produce as contented a sensation as one might wish. Some are more effective than others.

After reading intently for some minutes until you have finished the story you decide that it's about time, mildly speaking, to retire. Everyone has gone to bed hours ago and you are all alone—all alone in a world of hobgoblins.

You decide you are thirsty and you go into the adjoining room for a drink. It is dark in there and just as you are about to push the button—you stiffen with sudden terror. What is that white object over there in the corner? Br-r-r. It moves!! It moves toward you closer and closer—mew—mew. With a sob of relief you turn on the lights and gather the white pussy cat into your arms.

Nevertheless your nerves are still on

edge. It was just such a night as this that that murder had been committed! You enter your bedroom again oh—Something taps on the window! A gentle tap—but a tap sure enough! You crouch in a corner with trembling fear! Then you perceive that it's only the branches of the tree outside.

You carefully examine the space under the bed and behind all the rest of the furniture. Finally with a still trembling heart you turn out the light and attempt to jump into bed before the room gets dark.

After much troubled mind you fall into a half doze pursued by men with pick axes.

In the morning you get up more tired than when you went to bed.

Louise Ruestow, '26.

FIVE MINUTES IN STUDY HALL

If you just sit still and watch the movements of the students in study hall you will have a free circus.

Slam! bang! goes the protractor and ruler of some disgusted geometry student. Ah—Choo! a sneeze to jar the monotony. Siss-Siss—some one is talking without permission, and so he gets a front seat. "Kin I take a pen?" asks a third-year English student. A signal is given to some one to go to the dictionary and so they have a glorious time. One minute more and the bell will ring and there will be a grand rush for the door.

Charles R. Haes, '29.

MUSIC

Extracts From the Essay "Music"

Music! one of God's greatest gifts to mankind. It is the speech of the angels, the sunshine of the world, and the fourth need of man.

Since the earliest ages music has been known, loved, and practiced by almost everyone. People nowadays do not over appreciate it. They did not have to think up and introduce it, their ancestors did it for them. If it were taken away they would probably learn its value.

To hear "Moonlight Sonata," by Beethoven, or "Narcissus," by Ethelbert Nevin, to me is like a trip to paradise. I love and cherish music; I make use of it in my every day life, if only on the keys of my typewriter.

THE WITAN

The successful developments of music took years and years of toil. They, like Rome, were not built in a day. If we had to study this subject like the men of old we would love it more, for humans, it is said, love anything that is hard to get.

* * * * *

The "Moonlight Sonata," by Beethoven, one of our greatest musicians, was composed in this way:

One moonlight night found Beethoven and his friend scouring the streets. Hearing the opening bars of his "Melody in F," he listened to the voices which followed. A girlish voice asked her brother if he would allow her to go to a concert to hear Beethoven's music. Her brother's voice answered politely but refused, saying that he had not enough money to pay the rent.

Beethoven went into the humble abode and saw in the shadowy light of a candle a blind girl sitting at an old piano. Her brother sat beside her making shoes. Going over to the piano, Beethoven asked if he might play. He asked the girl for her music, not at first noticing her lack of sight.

He seated himself at the piano, played a while, then got up, but they begged him to stop and questioned his name. For answer, he played the opening bars of his "Melody in F," and they told him he was Beethoven. His friend stole over and opened the shutters and the moon sent a flood of radiant light over the piano and its player, who, under a spell unknown, guided his hands freely over the keys. He played thus his new masterpiece, and after finishing, went home, to write the "Moonlight Sonata."

Prudence Rawlinson, '30.

POPULAR BOOKS OF CONTEMPORARIES

The Autocrat of the Newspaper—F. Smith—

especially recommended to talkative female politicians and golf or baseball fans.

The Tin Blanket—Frank Hutchinson—historic novel of the World War; read in connection with President Wilson's address to Congress, and Rules and Regulations of the Militia.

The Mousefast End—A. M. Heydweiller, Jr.—guaranteed harmless for the kiddies, suitable for grandpa. Price very reasonable.

Autocrat of the Movies—Alice Kirk—a nice little sermon between the lines; one of these should be under the pillow of every European traveler who goes to movies.

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Jr.—J. H. Donoghue—read at the earliest opportunity; full discussion of latest current events; priceless reward for selling ten copies.

Faces—Mertie Carmichael—an essay pleasing to the eye, soothing to the ear, and undisturbing to the snore; a cross between Emerson and Christopher Morley.

Wit'an Humor—anonymous—necessary for complete and broad education; delightful for young and old.

How We Writers Write—R. Savage—A very useful and instructive essay, especially recommended for aspiring young authors.

Sand—Shirley Welles—young Sunday School teachers will find this helpful for their classes in connection with the early life of Jesus.

When Knights Were Bold—Lyman H. Butterfield—

a novel rivaling Ivanhoe, indispensable to the library of every high-schoolite citizen of Charlotte.

(Advertisement)

WHO HAS SEEN THIS?

The color of its slender little body is yellow and blue. Its eye-sight is not very good and consequently it is not allowed out after sundown. If you are the least bit careless when taking it out it is likely to take advantage of you and run away.

It is sometimes inclined to be ugly and often spits and snarls at its owner, making him feel timid about approaching it. It is very quick in its actions and has to be watched with the utmost care and responsibility. Many people are ashamed to be seen with it as it is not a very handsome figure to behold.

The things that please it most are to run around buildings, skip over ditches and to climb trees. It is now getting old and feeble from its lively and strenuous life. We will all mourn the death of this ugly but likeable creature known as the "Collegiate Ford."

Lloyd Sandholzer, '28.

THE WITAN

SHOP IN DAYLIGHT

Editor's Note: In the "Shop in Daylight" essay contest, the following are winners: First prize, Helen Marks; Second prize, Edith Barager; Third prize, Lloyd Diehl; Honorable mention, Teresa Rapp. The prizes, \$10, \$5 and \$2.50, respectively, are presented by Mr. Frank M. Decker. Lack of space prohibits the publication of all the essays but the first two appear below.

THE ADVANTAGES OF

DAYLIGHT SAVING

"Never put off 'til tomorrow what you can do today,"—then why postpone until this evening what you can do more advantageously this afternoon—often there is more wisdom in these old adages than we profit by.

The modern merchant offers us, not only quality in goods, but also a buying service through suggestion as to the best ways, means and times of shopping. Every convenience facilitates our purchasing: pleasant stores, delivery service, courteous salesmen and charge accounts. Truly, the modern store is not merely a market but a real institution.

There are people who feel that they must patronize the large, uptown department stores, but are their goods any better, their services any more willingly offered to you, than those of the small store in your neighborhood? Emphatically not! And who can say that it is not more convenient to go around the corner for that which you want than to travel uptown for the same article?

But why not avail yourself of this opportunity in the daytime rather than waiting until after dinner? There are many cogent reasons for daylight shopping.

In the first place: one is likely to be more tired in the evening and it is harder to find something that pleases than it is earlier in the day when one feels more alert and can think more clearly. It requires many times the energy to do the same thing in the evening than it does in the day. Then, too, isn't it reasonable to suppose a clerk who has worked all day will be less efficient, though no less willing, less able to anticipate, understand and fulfill your wants? Thirdly,

daylight is an important aid in the selection of wearing apparel and cloth. We know that, perfect as is the electric light, it does not show the same colors in goods as does daylight. Is it not a waste of your time and energy to have to change material because you matched it but badly at night? A fourth consideration is fairness to the merchant. Even though he be willing, is it considerate or even reasonable to expect the man who opens his store every morning at eight o'clock to remain open until nine o'clock in the evening and even later one night a week? The larger department stores wouldn't consider such a procedure; their clerks would rebel. Do you want to be responsible for thus unfairly lengthening the working day of the employee of a smaller concern?

So we see that daylight shopping: conserves the customer's time and energy; insures more efficient service; promotes more exact and satisfactory shopping, and recognizes the merchants' and clerks' right to an eight-hour day.

As the doctor, lawyer, policeman, librarian and minister, are public servants, so also is the merchant. On the merchant, moreover, depends much of our daily life. Realizing this shall we not co-operate with him to the extent of shopping by daylight both to our own and his advantage? The fair-minded person must answer, yes.

Helen Marks, '26.

SHOP IN DAYLIGHT

"Shop in Daylight." This slogan means not merely buying before the lights are lit, for many downtown stores are illuminated by artificial light the entire day. It means to shop during the early hours.

(Continued on Page 37)

THE WITAN

EDITORIALS

CHAMBERLAIN FIELD

Isn't it wonderful to just run across the road to reach the Athletic Field! When one has been compelled to take a long walk down a hot and dusty or perhaps chilly and muddy road to attend a game, or to play on a bank beyond a hilly, uneven graveyard, one can appreciate this new privilege.

And it is such an excellent field! One whole at the right of the house and barn will serve as a soccer and hockey field when their seasons open, the huge space at the back already has a plainly marked diamond, and there are even tennis courts and a biology class garden. One can envy the freshmen for the latter, but it is some consolation to spend the gym periods on the baseball field, with a fresh breeze from the lake.

And that house, brown, weatherbeaten, silent—what possibilities does it not hold! Of course, the curious one, or possibly ones, of the common mob, has or have not yet had occasion to explore its mysterious interior, but with even a meagre imagination one can see curtains at its window, gay, fluffy frocks flitting in and out.

But with all our jubilation, let us have some regard for the rights of others. (Yes, this is a junior sermon, but we cannot help ourself.) We have all heard the oft repeated admonition, "Keep off the neighbors' lawn." We can almost say it in our sleep. Probably we are sick of it. But we cannot blame them for objecting to a few hundred frisky young creatures prancing and capering merrily on their fresh green grass. Let us leave them as satisfied as we are delighted with our new possessions.

SPRING

Sometime early in April you come down to breakfast in a leisurely manner and find that the dining-room furniture is all in one corner. It looks like burglary but your mother casually

informs you that she is housecleaning. And then the same day you go into the attic and find your father engaged in stealthily ruining fishing tackle or something like that. Your sister is trying on hats, declaring that she hasn't a decent hat to her name. All these incidents tend to remind you that Spring is nigh.

The hardest time in the year to study is in the Spring time. But ahead in the dim future is the prospect of exams!

JUMPING THE BUCK

Jumping the buck in the gym may be easy enough for some people but for others it's just about the most difficult feat there is.

You stand about ten feet away and contemplate the detested object. It looks like a mountain and its rich brown leather seems like a smooth, wily terror bent upon your destruction. You stand there contemplating it for hours, so it seems, while your heart lodges somewhere between your liver and aesophagus.

You breathe a sigh, deep enough to be your last, and like a martyr you rush to meet your doom. You run heroically, if there is such a thing, and leap courageously into the air. The first time, if you have good luck, you manage to get one foot over while the other poor innocent rises only a few inches and sinks back to the floor.

You try it again. This time you either land on top or a-straddle while you struggle madly to regain your balance. The next time you think you are going over but you terminate in a graceful nose-dive. "Just one more try and get a good take-off!" A run, a leap and kerplunk! your take-off was too good. (The floor is not too soft at such times.)

You have such a kindred feeling when you hear others say, "Oh, I just adore jumping the buck! Don't you love it?"

THE WITAN

TO THE FRESHMAN—

OTHERS DON'T LOOK (by one of them)

Did you think that you could help in the betterment of Charlotte High? Did you know that you can be of great assistance in improving your school? Pause a moment! Think how you can help!

Will you co-operate? Stopping to talk between passing of classes can be avoided. When you talk during the passing of classes you not only detain the person with whom you are talking but you may be late to your own next class.

The study hall is a place where pupils are expected to prepare the lessons for the following class or day. The library is a place where there are many books which are a great benefit to the pupil. Why go to a class unprepared because you are unable to find the necessary information in your text book when you can find it in the library?

In the class room show co-operation, self-control, and concentration. Listen to what is being said and do not laugh at statements whether they are true or otherwise. This embarrasses the speaker. Get your assignments and then do your night work at your earliest convenience.

At lunch time clean up all waste and refuse and put it in the basket. Help to keep your class rooms neat.

Set a goal and aim for it! You are Freshmen and you will be in school longer than the Sophomores or Juniors. If you start now to promote the scholarship by the time you are Seniors you will have set a good example for those following. Then you will have something to be proud of! Will you co-operate?

Helen Mater, '62.

The salesperson is more ready to serve the customer in the first few hours, because she has created an interest in her stock while arranging it for the day. There is less confusion and fewer customers to demand her attention and she is naturally in a position to serve her customer more efficiently. Usually the seller is more anxious to make a sale at this time than later in the day. After a certain time her interest is her total sales decreases.

There are also many reasons why the buyer should shop in daylight and all are benefits. It is more comfortable and this is one of our first thoughts. Comfortable because the air is cool which gives a certain feeling of restfulness and freeness. There is, of course, a smaller crowd because people find it impossible to do their purchasing until later in the day. Another thing—why not give these people a chance as well as the salespeople?

The customers scope of selection has a wider range because stock is fresh and unsoiled. Therefore the early customer shops in comfort, is served by an agreeable clerk, avoids the crowd and finds a larger assortment of merchandise. The last minute buyer is termed as a bother and a sale made at this time is hurried, disagreeable and often unsatisfactory, resulting in returned goods which is a loss to the store. The good will of a firm may be ruined for several persons simply because one unsuccessful sale was made.

Many of these difficulties can be avoided if the housekeeper will realize that good service, agreeable salespeople, satisfaction and good merchandise are the products of an early-in-the-day sale.

With the summer months approaching which means shorter nights and a possibility of the Daylight Saving Act going into effect in Rochester a larger amount of retailing will be carried on by daylight. The application of artificial light does not make it unfit for buying—it is the lateness of the hour.

Shop early, it pays. It pays in money, in time, in labor and energy and the result is a contented purchaser and a happy salesperson.

Edith R. Barager,
Charlotte High School.

SHOP IN DAYLIGHT

(Continued from Page 35)

It is a well known fact that the average person produces more efficient work when he is rested. A salesperson is not rested after standing six or seven hours on her feet, trying to convince a prospect of his need for her particular merchandise.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated—George Haven Herbert Snelgrove, Teresa Rapp, Lyman Butterfield, Rhoda Decker, Gilbert Kirby, Raymond Savage.

Standing—Frank Waterhouse, Mr. Denison, Miss Goff, Mr. Butterfield, Miss Miner, David Babcock, Mildred LeFevre.

Absent—Charles Hawes, Robert Dutton, Elgar Warden, Irwin Murphy, Irving Mix, Arthur Newcomb.

THE WITAN

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council exists for the purpose of maintaining the interest of the school in the various activities—scholarship, athletics, literary clubs, contests, committees and social functions.

The Student Council consists of four officers, the president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer; the eight class presidents, vice-presidents of the three upper classes and three members of the faculty and the principal.

During the past term the Student Council has been active. Among the important things brought to its attention were the new athletic field, the subject of a school newspaper, the school dance and the awarding of athletic insignia.



THE BASEBALL TEAM

Seated—Elwood Bridgeman, Howard Fraser, Mr. Bernard Tracy, coach; John Alofs, captain;
Louis Gordon, Vito DeAntonio.

Standing—Harold Whar'ity, Galen Everts, Laurence Pennington, Carl Narramore, Gilbert
Kirby, manager. Absent—Everett Fleming, Irwin Murphy.

THE WITAN

ATHLETIC NOTES

BASEBALL

The Charlotte High baseball team has to its credit for this season the fine record of four victories, and only one defeat. John Alofs is baseball captain this year and the team's success speaks well for his leadership.

In the opening game of the season at West High, we hit three West High pitchers to defeat the Occidentals by a score of 9 to 8. Laurence Pennington and Galen Evarts, the Charlotte pitching stand-bys, both saw service in this contest.

The second contest, played on May 10, was Charlotte's only defeat. East High won a close game on the Charlotte field by a score of 4 to 2. Evarts pitched throughout this game, and struck out fifteen batters.

On May 12, Charlotte trounced the Rochester Business Institute nine on the Lake Avenue field by 8 to 4. This game was loosely played by both teams. On May 14, Charlotte went to Cobb's Hill to play Monroe High. Charlotte won by the one-sided score of 18 to 7. Pennington and Evarts both pitched.

The last game played before the publication of the Witan was that between Charlotte and Kodak on the Lewiston Avenue field. This game was won by Charlotte by the score of 4 to 0 after a fast game.

FRESHMAN BASEBALL

The Freshman baseball team has not a great array of games won and lost to present, but they have uncovered a great amount of usable material for the coming seasons of baseball.

The Reserve team has to its credit an 8-4 victory over Monroe High, but lost to West High by 9 to 0. This team will be on hand next year, and should make a good showing.

TENNIS

The Charlotte High tennis team defeated the Cook Academy quartet in a fast meet on the Maplewood Y. M. C. A. courts by winning three matches out of five.

The Charlotte team won two of three matches in the singles and split even in the doubles to open the season in the approved style.

Bromley, McLoughlin, Pellett and Scheer make up the Charlotte team for 1926.

The annual singles tournament for boys has brought out the usual keen competition. Completion of the courts on the new athletic field has stimulated interest this year.

STUDENTS ACTIVE IN INTERCLASS SPORTS

Unusual interest has been displayed by the students of Charlotte High in the interclass athletics during the past term.

Results in the Interclass basketball league were:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Seniors	3	0	1.000
Juniors	2	1	.667
Sophomores	1	2	.333
Freshmen	0	3	.000

The Seniors, by their record, earned the Spalding Trophy for interclass sports. This cup is now in the school trophy case in Room 101.

Considerable interest was manifested in baseball and track, also.

SOPHS TAKE SWIM

The Sophomores won the Charlotte High swimming title by easily winning the annual Interclass Swimming meet at the Maplewood Y. M. C. A.

These athletics encourage sports at Charlotte High as well as furnish valuable practice for players and uncover material for the varsity teams.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Seated—Edith Barager, Tessie Lighthart, Gladys Miller, Clara Marvin, Otilie Huber, Rose Schwartz, Miss Keeffe.

Standing—Norma Swigert, Dorothy Brayer, Ruth Johnson, Ruth Jeffery, Marguerite Heydweiller

THE WITAN

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Although the girls' Basketball Team was defeated as in previous years they showed their school spirit in a fine, sportsmanlike manner.

The first game of the series was played with Kodak High School and the score was 19-6 in our favor. The good start was spoiled by East High's defeating us with a score of 25-9. The remaining two games were lost to

West High and Monroe High, scores 22-5 and 35-8 respectively.

The squad is composed of: Clara Marvin, Captain; Jessie Fowler, Manager; Ruth Jeffery, Ruth Johnson, Rose Schwartz, Gladys Miller, Norma Swigert, Marguerite Heydweiller, Otilie Huber, Leona Miller, Tessie Lighthart, Dorothy Brayer, Anna Roller and Elizabeth Heinrich.

G. A. A. AWARDS

The purpose of the Girls' Athletic Association is to encourage athletics and sports among the girls and it has adopted the following system of awards.

Section 1. The awards in the Charlotte High School Girls' Athletic Association shall be as follows: Three sizes of an old English green C—5 inch, 4 inch, 3 inch; two sizes with a white R superimposed on the 5 inch and 4 inch green Cs; numerals; G. A. A. emblem; and a C. H. S. emblem.

Section 2. The 5 inch Old English C shall be awarded in basketball to the members of the school squad who have played in three halves of the interschool games; a 5 inch Old English C with a white R superimposed to members of the school squad who do not win the 5 inch C but who have practiced faithfully during the school squad season; numerals to members of a class team winning the interschool tournament and playing in 75% of the halves played; a 4 inch Old English C

to the girl winning first place in the swimming meet; numerals to girls in the A class in swimming who have had a satisfactory attendance in the swimming class; the 3 inch Old English C to girls winning numerals three times in the same sport; the Girls' Athletic Association emblem to all girls who have had a satisfactory attendance in a sport for three successive seasons. In tennis a 4 inch Old English C to the girl winning first place in the tournament; a 3 inch Old English C to the girl winning second place. In baseball and hockey numerals to a winning team in a tournament. In class athletics a C. H. S. emblem to girls winning their numerals in three different sports (gymnasium or track meet considered as one).

Those who have won the 5 inch Old English C for basketball are: Clara Marvin, Gladys Miller, Norma Swigert, Rose Schwartz, Ruth Johnson, Ruth Jeffery, Marguerite Heydweiller.

Miss Cashman—(in the Library)—“Now will everyone please sit down so that I may see how many are standing?”

Miss Abbott—(in English)—“Hazen, would you like to acquire knowledge?”

Burhans—“No, ma'am, I have it.”

Wine Guard—“Do you know how I'd get a drink if I was lost on the desert?”

Polly Picture—“No. How?”

Wine Guard—“I'd look in my watch, and take a nice cool drink from the main spring.”

Polly—“Oh”—(then getting it)—“O, I see.”



THE TRI-Y GIRLS

Seated—Dorothy Copeland, Ethel LeFevre, Ruth Siddons, Rhoda Decker, Laura Karl, Miss Miner, Lois Wegman, Ruth Kramer, Viola Crane, Edith Stowell.
Second Row—Constance Decker, Rubye Whitmore, Rose England, Esther Graham, Edith Barager, Clara Marvin, Madeline Young, Irene Bebee, Helen Marks, Hazel Duffy, Mary McLaughlin, Pauline Pitcher.
Third Row—Nellie Weeks, Lena Watson, Mertie Carmichael, Ruth Jeffery, Dorothy Brayer, Dorothy Albright, Margaret Powers, Marjorie Gibson, Helen Wignall, Virginia Smith.

THE WITAN

TRI-Y

By this time everyone in Charlotte High School knows of the Tri-Y, the organization of Junior and Senior girls. Recently a number of new members entered and were initiated into the association.

Visits have been made once a week to the Infants' Summer Hospital which were enjoyed both by the crippled children and by the girls. Recently a trip to the Strong Memorial Hospital was made. We learned much about the training of nurses. A supper was given by the girls for the members of the Basketball Team.

Perhaps it would be well to describe one of our typical supper meetings. We meet about half past five, just as it is getting dusk. The candles are lighted and their glow gives a contented feeling of coziness. We generally have a speaker. Some of our speakers have been Miss Henckle from the Strong Memorial Hospital, Miss Beecher of the Travelers' Aid Society and Mrs. Steinhauser, the girls' adviser at Washington Junior High School. The supper, prepared by the girls, is always a surprise and a delightful one. After the supper the business meeting is held. Then the speaker of the evening gives a friendly talk. We all enjoy these chats very much, as they are very inspiring. Then a committee either volunteers or is chosen to do the dishes. Although many of the girls are not very fond of this task, they take an optimistic view of it and say, "Since it has to be done, let's get at it." Everyone is out of the building by 8 o'clock or a few minutes after.

The Tri-Y has done much to create and promote a spirit of friendliness and cooperation. The Tri-Y is one of the planks which strengthen the foundations of Charlotte High School.

THE WITAN

SHE SAYS



SHE DID

When this child wanders into school
She's somewhat tardy as a rule.
She strolls into 101
To "get excused"—here's how it's done,
Her face is pensive, perhaps a tear
Rolls down her cheek now blanched with fear,
"I have a story to unfold,
When you have heard, you will not scold.
"First you must know—I do obey
My family's 'hests in every way,
"And second, to complete the tale,
We have a goat (it's not for sale).
"The goat, as you can understand,
Is temperamental as 'the band.'
"Like other species, when he eats,
An audience must applaud his feats,
"It breaks his heart, it makes him moan
Whene'er he has to dine alone.
But kindly see that process thru?
But kindly see that process thru.
"So please excuse my tardiness,
The solemn cause I thus confess.
"And to declare my candid mind
And tell the tale to all mankind
"You may append this little note:
'Excuse ———, she held the goat.'

THE WITAN

NOTES and NEWS

HONOR ROLL

We are glad to publish the names of seventeen students on the honor roll. This is an increase over the last report card period. Keep the good work going! Those who have a standing of all A's and B's in major subjects are as follows: David Babcock, Dorothy Taylor, Frank Hutchinson, Truman Murrell, Frances Hinkley, Dorothy Doell, Lois McCone, Anna Nachtman, Margaret Connor, Constance Decker, Marguerite Heydweiller, Albert Lathrop, Rose Schwartz, Frank Waterhouse, John Donoghue, Lyman Butterfield, Edith Stowell.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS CONTEST

The League of Nations Non-Partisan Association conducted a contest for the high school pupils of the United States. The examination was held throughout the country on May 7. The best two papers were submitted from each school. The judges of Charlotte High School selected the papers of Margery Wratten and Baxter Waterhouse.

ALUMNI HONORED

Roger Butterfield, graduate of 1923, who was the first editor-in-chief of the Witan has been elected editor of the Campus, the student newspaper of the University of Rochester.

We are grateful to the Kite and Key Society of the University of Pennsylvania for the following interesting news item:

Edward K. Halbleib, of Rochester, N. Y., is one of seven students elected to the position of cheer leader at the University of Pennsylvania.

Halbleib, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Halbleib, is a sophomore in the Wharton School of Fi-

nance and Commerce and is a member of Theta Delta Chi Fraternity. He is a graduate of the Charlotte High School, having been a member of the soccer team for four years, school golf champion in 1923, and cheer leader for three years. In addition to these activities, Halbleib was a member of the swimming and track squads, baseball manager and vice-president of his class in his senior year.

RETAIL DISTRIBUTION

The students of the retail distribution classes of the city high schools were guests at the annual banquet recently given by the Chamber of Commerce.

Those taking retail work have found the class both profitable and interesting. Through the aid of the money earned by working on Saturdays while taking this subject one of our pupils has been able to continue her high school education.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL BANQUET

On Friday evening, April 23, twenty-two girls assembled for the basketball banquet. An invitation was extended to all those who had turned out for practice during the year.

The four course dinner was prepared by the girls of the home making classes under the direction of Miss Childs.

A gift of appreciation was presented to Miss Keeffe by Clara Marvin, captain of the team. After the dinner a program of games and stunts was enjoyed.

Those in charge of arrangements were: Tessie Lighthart, Esther Graham, Ruth Jeffery, Clara Marvin, Edith Barager.

THE WITAN

SENIOR BANQUET

The Senior class held a banquet on Thursday, May 6, in the lunch room. Gilbert Kirby was toastmaster. An extensive program was enjoyed and dancing followed.

The guests of the evening were: Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield, Miss Miner, Miss Childs, Miss Cashman, and Miss Doehler.

Ruth Siddons was in charge of arrangements.

the first time since the end of the basketball season. Mr. Chamberlain was the chief leader in the evening's fun. The boys played "Indian" until the joke became evident. Jack Vaughan got his neatly combed hair all wet trying to help in one of the tricks, and Murphy was the center of curiosity during another of the stunts. Mr. Butterfield handed Alofs a good beating in a blanket and spoon guessing game. John Alofs was elected captain of the team for 1926-7.

Those present at the banquet were: Mr. Butterfield, Mr. Chamberlain, Captain Vaughan, Captain-elect John Alofs, George Haven, John Lewis, "Sam" Snelgrove, Vito DeAntonio, Irwin Murphy, Harold Steinfeld, John Maher, Harold Wharitty and Manager Bromley.

Barton Bromley.

BOOK EXCHANGE

The Book Exchange Committee reminds you that the exchange will be open during regents week for you to turn in the books which you wish to sell at the beginning of next term. It seems almost unnecessary to point to you the double advantage of turning them in at this time; namely, you will not have to carry them home for the summer or find them in the fall, and you will have all advantages of an early sale as soon as school opens.

The traffic in second-hand books for this term has been very great as is evidenced by the fact that \$440.05 worth of second-hand books were sold. Several of those turned in this term still remain on the shelf. If you have not collected the amount of money due you from the sale of books the committee will be glad to pay that to you before school is out.

More than \$700.00 worth of new books have been handled also during this term, making the amount of money for which the book exchange is responsible something between \$1,100 and \$1,200.

We hope next year to make our service better and more extensive.

KEY TO SENIOR PROPHECY

1. Herbert Snelgrove
2. Baxter Waterhouse
3. John Maher
4. Lyman Butterfield
5. Edward Brayer
6. Willard Hahn
7. Gordon Cooper
8. Viola Crane
9. Rose England
10. Ruth Jeffery and Clara Marvin
11. Pauline Pitcher
12. George Haven
13. Norma Swigert
14. Bernice Waterhouse
15. Margery Wratten
16. Madeline Young
17. Helen Marks
18. Helen Wignall
19. Ruth Siddons
20. Gilbert Kirby
21. Norman Jones
22. Charlton Hetzler
23. Howard Gass
24. Louise Ruestow
25. Edith Barager
26. Lois Wegman
27. Barton Bromley
28. Grace Coon
29. Josephine D'Amanda
30. Rhoda Decker
31. Edith Stowell
32. Dorothy Brayer

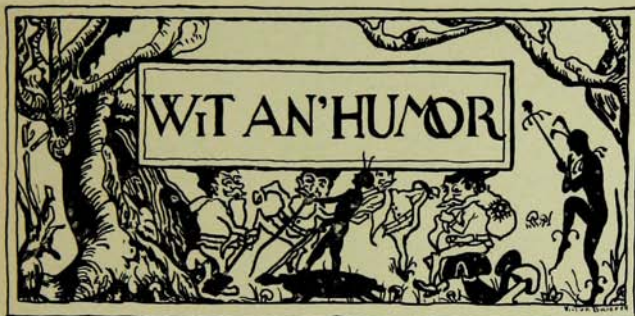
BASKETBALL BANQUET

On Wednesday, May 5, Mr. Butterfield was the host at a supper served to the members of the Basketball Team, the winners of the class B championship.

The Tri-Y girls, under the supervision of Miss Miner, prepared and excellently served the meal.

The event proved as much a reunion as a banquet for it united the fellows, the coach and Mr. Butterfield for

THE WITAN



Don—"Have you seen Gass's buggy?"

Jon—"Naw. Funny paper?"

Don—"Hardly think so. Pasteboard or paper mache, I guess."

M. R. G.—(In History)—"Now Gilbert, —er, I mean Kenneth, pardon me,—who sent Talleyrand to Napoleon?"

K. G.—"Why-a-a, Washington sent a telegram to Napoleon."

(Groans, catcalls and jeers)

It is rumored that Charley Baggan was greeted by Pellet with his remark:
"Say, you ought to go out for track. Strong breath, strong feet; why don't you?"

Frosh—"Why is a crow?"

Miss Riley—"Just caws, I suppose."

Baggan—"What's the difference between an electric light socket and a dice-cup?"

Taylor—"Dunno."

Baggan—"Then I'll nevah play Parcheesi with you!"

(This properly comes under JOKES)

Miss Carter—"The 'Tails of Two Cities' are here in the bookstore."

Miss Doehler—"How old are you now, Goonah?"

Gunnar—"Fourteen, why?"

Miss Doehler—"Then what will you be in three, minus five, plus eight divided by six—etc.—years?"

Gunnar—"A man!"

Loey—"Heavens, but it's hot in here! I'm simply boiling!"

Chubby—"Well, for Pete's sake, don't boil over!"

We congratulate Mr. True upon his new er-er, Ford? Yes, and also upon his sonaffeur. We like to see this spirit of the father's permitting their sons to take the wheel for a while.

Burhans (Insinuatingly)—"The loud laugh bespeaks the empty cranium."

Red Dunnyhew—"Haw, haw, haw! How do you figure that?"

Burhans (the same)—"O, that we could hear ourselves as others hear us!"

Red—(Translating a passage in Latin)—"—sleep will never call me away from my feasting and banquets—."

Tarrant—(Per usual) "Unprepared."

Mr. Denison—"This is sort of a game we are playing, isn't it, Harry?"

Tarrant—"Yeah,—and I'm IT!"

THE WITAN



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CLOWNS



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HELENA



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JOHNNY



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"IDLE TEARS"



WHY HERB!



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The advertisement features a large illustration of a tennis racket in the foreground. In the background, there is a scene of a tennis match with a player in the foreground and another player in the background. A small circular logo for Spalding is also present.



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