

# The Witan

Charlotte High School

December, 1926



January 1927 Graduation  
Number

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THE WITAN



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THE WITAN

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---

O, some may long for the soothing touch	When it sees my old blue serge.
Of lavender, cream or mauve.	O, some will say that a gent's cravat
But the ties I wear must possess the glare	Should only be seen, not heard,
Of a red-hot kitchen stove.	But I want a tie that will make men cry
The books I read and the life I lead	And render their vision blurred.
Are sensible, sane and mild.	I yearn, I long, for a tie so strong
I like calm hats and I don't wear spats,	It will take two men to tie it.
But I want my neckties wild!	If such there be, just show it to me—
Give me a wild tie, brother,	Whatever the price, I'll buy it!
One with a cosmic urge!	Give me a wild tie, brother,
A tie that will swear	One with a lot of sins!
And rip and tear	A tie that will blaze
	In a hectic haze
	Down where the vest begins.

---

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# THE WITAN

## Charlotte High School

Rochester, N. Y.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER 1926

No. 2

### THE STAFF

Teresa Rapp	Editor-in-Chief
Ray Savage	} Associate Editors
Marguerite Heydweiller	
Ethel LeFevre	} Literary Editors
Lloyd Sandholzer	
Tessie Lighthart	Secretary
John Donoghue	Athletic Editor
Arlene VanDerhoef	Art Editor
Dorothy Doell	Exchange Editor
Hazen Burhans	} Joke Editors
Frazer Punnett	
Anna Roller	News Editor
Harold Pellett	Circulation Manager
Floris Ferguson	} Business Managers
Lillian Leistman	
Boris Warden	
Mr. Lee	} Faculty Advisers
Miss Sharer	
Miss Abbott	} Story Contest Judges
Miss Carter	
Miss Cashman	

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Principal	6
Christmas Greetings	7
Faculty Picture	8
The Bequest	9
Class Adviser	10
Senior Pictures	11-16
Class History	17
Class Will	18
Class Prophecy	19
Poet's Corner	20
Jimmy	22
Daily Theme Basket	25
Practise House News	30
Girls' Annual Banquet	31
Editorials	32
Sports	34
Student Council Picture	36
Witan Staff Picture	37
Four-One Picture	38
G. A. A. Picture	40
Hits and Misses	46

THE WITAN

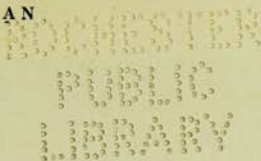


*Mr. Roy L. Butterfield, Principal*



THE WITAN

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Christmas Greetings

Merry carols—gracefully pointed evergreen trees—bright, many colored lights—gifts and greetings—without these it would not be Christmas, but does or should not it mean more? The ancient message is one of peace and good-will, and assuredly at this time the atmosphere of kindness and good cheer abounds.

Let us radiate the Christmas message, not only to our families, friends and communities, but to all peoples. Let us recall more vividly now than usual that all mankind is kin. Let it be part of our part now to help fill the whole world with that spirit of tolerance, sympathy and helpfulness which so overfilled the nature of the Great Teacher and which will sometime "ring in the thousand years of peace."

ROY L. BUTTERFIELD, Principal.

1- 719893



*The High School Faculty*

THE WITAN

## The Bequest\*

---

How shall we remember you  
Who went away;  
How to you whom we have lost,  
Love's tribute pay?

With our hearts full of sorrow  
For you who left  
Your loyalty and courage  
To those bereft,  
We offer you the tribute  
Of our desire  
To emulate that spirit  
Which we admire:

May true devotion's essence,  
Which you possessed,  
Become our new tradition  
As your bequest.

\* These lines were written by Miss H. Jean Carter in the memory of Miss Harriet L. Joslin, who died on November 14 in the eighteenth year of her service at Charlotte High School. Miss Carter was formerly a pupil under her instruction and for the last four years her colleague in our school.

THE WITAN



*Miss Sharer, Class Adviser*

## THE WITAN SENIORS



W. Hazen Burhans  
104 Harding Road

J. J. H. S. College

Burhans has a pretty name  
That meets with much appraisal,  
But often it is mispronounced  
And people call him Hazel.

Class President, 4; Class Historian,  
4; Hi-Y, 2, 4; Senior Play, 4; Scrib-  
blers' Club, 2, 3, 4; Student Coun-  
cil, 4; Witan, 4.



Irene Bebee 147 Santee Street

J. J. H. S. Highland Hospital

Irene Bebee has plenty of pluck,  
In the profession of nurse we'll  
wish her good luck.

Candy Committee, 4; Class Vice  
President, 4; Scribblers' Club, 3;  
Student Council, 4; Swimming, 4;  
Tri-Y, 3, 4.

---

### ADIEU CHARLOTTE

Fair School,  
We soon must part.  
To leave seems strange,  
For 'twas but yesterday  
When first we crossed thy threshold o'er.  
But outward now our paths are bound,  
And each must follow on,  
And recollect those days before,  
Sweet memories of yesterday.  
Nor shall unpleasant thoughts derange  
Those sacred thoughts of every heart—  
Our thoughts of thee,  
Dear School.

Raymond Savage, Class Poet



THE WITAN



W. Lloyd Diehl      Charlotte Station  
Greece No. 4      Business  
Efficient, reserved, unceasing polite,  
And deep in his eye is a dangerous  
light.  
Baseball, 4; Book Exchange Commit-  
tee, 2, 3, 4; Wrestling, 3, 4.



Esther M. Graham  
139 Clayton Street  
No. 38      Business  
Gentle, accommodating, kind—  
Any task to help out—Esther doesn't  
mind.  
Girls' Athletic Association, 3, 4;  
Hockey, 3; Tri-Y, 3, 4.



Dorothy S. Herman  
25 Harding Road  
East Rochester      College  
Dot is new. It's our suspicion  
We've gained much by her addition.  
Candy Committee, 4; Girls' Athletic  
Association, 4; Hockey, 4; Swimming,  
4; Tennis, 4; Tri-Y, 4.



Raymond M. Holly  
437 Lexington Avenue  
J. J. H. S.      Syracuse University  
Ray Holly has taken a creditable part  
in commercial law and wrestling and  
art.  
Class Vice President, 3; Hi-Y, 3 (vice  
president, 4); Soccer, 3, 4; Student  
Council, 3; Witan, 3; Wrestling, 3,  
(captain, 4).

THE WITAN

Helen E. Hondorf  
Ridgeway Avenue

No. 41 Business

Serene and placid in her air,  
Gentle and loving in her ways,  
Never boastful or bemoaning a care.  
She's a regular lady everyone says.

Candy Committee, 4; Girls' Banquet Committee, 3; Glee Club, 1, 4; Publicity Committee, 3; Thrift Committee, 3; Tri-Y, 4; Witan, 4.



Ruth C. Johnson 78 Sunset Street  
No. 43 Genesee Hospital

Johnny's eyes are big and blue,  
Roaming, dreaming all the while,  
Ever thoughtful, and kindly too,  
Just the kind to match her smile.

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Book Exchange Committee, 4; Candy Committee, 4; Girls' Athletic Association, 4; Student Council, (treasurer) 4; Thrift Committee, 4; Tri-Y, 4.



Laura R. Karl 31 Pollard Avenue  
No. 38 Mechanics Institute

Laura, the fair, the quiet,  
Our butterfly would be.  
O, Laura, regulate your diet  
To keep yourself so slim and free.

Class Secretary, 3; Girls' Athletic Association, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2; Swimming (manager) 4; Social Committee, 4; Student Council, 3, 4; Tennis, 4; Tri-Y, (president) 3, 4.



Ethel LeFevre  
300 McNaughton Street

J. J. H. S. City Normal

Ethel is winsome and sweet,  
Her glances are sparkling and fleet.  
If she were more steady,  
For everything ready,  
Her perfection would then be complete.

Candy Committee, 4; Scholarship Committee, 2; Scribblers' Club, 3; Tri-Y, 3, 4; Witan, 4.



## THE WITAN



Mildred E. LeFevre  
300 McNaughton Street

West High                      Mechanics Institute

Mildred's a girl of active affairs,  
The lunch room and Tri-Y are two of  
her cares.

Candy Committee, 4; Class Vice Pres-  
ident, 3, 4; Riding, 3; Scholarship  
Committee, 2; Social Committee, 4;  
Student Council, 4; Tri-Y, 4; Witan, 3.



Lillian M. Leistman  
245 Lewiston Avenue

No. 41                                      Business

Lillian's dream is one of fame  
To act and serve in school affairs,  
And we believe her highest aim  
Has been accomplishe<sup>d</sup> unawares.

Basketball, 1, 2; Candy Committee, 4;  
Thrift Committee, 2, 3; Tri-Y, 4;  
Witan (business manager), 4.



Tessie J. Lighthart                      Britton Road  
No. 41                                      Business

If she can help a friend along,  
Tessie's always on the spot.  
If everything seems tangled and  
wrong,

Tessie helps untie the knot.

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Candy Commit-  
tee, 4; Girls' Athletic Association, 3,  
4; Girls' Banquet Committee, 3;  
Hockey, 3, 4; Publicity Committee, 3;  
Swimming, 4; Senior Play, 4; Thrift  
Committee, 3; Tri-Y, 3; Witan, 4.



Gertrude E. Morrison  
329 Beach Avenue

No. 38                      Rochester Business Institute

We've missed Gertrude when she's  
been absent.

Her troubles we'd like to heal.

For doctors' and dentists' appoint-  
ments

Have kept her out a great deal.

Candy Committee, 4; Girl Scouts, 2,  
3; Tri-Y, 4.

## THE WITAN

Harold L. Pellett  
280 Lexington Avenue

West High 2 Years      Union College

Pellett has a plucky grin,  
But soccer's worn him very thin.

Athletic Committee, 4; Hi-Y (president), 4; Reserve Basketball, 4; Safety and Order Committee, 3; Soccer, 4; Social Committee, 3; Student Council, 4; Tennis, 4; Witan, 4; Wrestling, 3.

Margaret Powers  
3735 Lake Avenue

East High      Syracuse University

Peg at everything is handy,  
She's made us rich by selling candy.

Candy Committee, 4; Girls' Athletic Association, 3, 4; Girls' Banquet Committee, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4; Senior Play, 4; Social Committee, 4; Tennis, 4; Tri-Y, 4.

Teresa Marie Rapp      Alpine Road  
No. 38      Business

Treasurer of the Council, member of G. A. A.,

Editor of the Witan,—can Teresa work did you say?

Book exchange committee, Tri-Y, Class officer, ay,

A wonder with all these things well done, Teresa's hair isn't gray.

Book Exchange Committee, 3, 4; Candy Committee, 4; Class Secretary, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association, 4; Student Council (treasurer), 4; Tri-Y, 4; Witan, 4.

Anna Catherine Roller  
334 English Road

Greece No. 9      Business

Flapper Anne is always cheerful,  
Laughing, joking, through the day;  
With her smiles she cheers the woeful,  
Scattering sunshine along the way.

Candy Committee, 4; Girls' Athletic Association, 3, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4; Hockey, 3, 4; Publicity Committee, 4; Swimming, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play, 4; Thrift Committee, 4; Witan, 3, 4.





THE WITAN



Raymond F. Savage  
36 River Street

J. J. H. S. University of Rochester  
An actor is our Savage Ray;  
As Marlowe he shone in the Senior  
play.

Class President, 3, 4; Class Poet, 4;  
Orchestra, 2; Publicity Committee, 3;  
Reserve Soccer, 2; Senior Play, 4;  
Scribblers' Club, 2, 3, 4; Social Com-  
mittee, 4; Standard Bearer, 4; Stu-  
dent Council, 3, (president 4); Swim-  
ming, 2; Thrift Committee, 3; Tradi-  
tions Committee, 4; Witan, 3, 4.



George S. Street  
225 Elmtree Road

J. J. H. S. College  
George Strcet, so we've heard a  
rumor,  
Has a quiet sense of humor.  
Glee Club, 1; Track, 1.



Margaret J. Webster  
19 Riverside Street

J. J. H. S. University of Rochester  
Margaret, our scholastic star,  
Will surely succeed at the U. of R.  
Candy Committee, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4;  
Scholarship Committee, 4; Scribblers'  
Club, 3; Tennis, 4; Testator, 4; Tri-Y,  
4.



Edna Marie Westfall  
668 Lewiston Avenue

Kodak High 2½ Yrs. Normal School  
Edna of the smiling brown eyes  
And gentle reproachful gaze,  
Will someday, a teacher grave and  
wise,  
Rid the land of its illiterate ways.



THE WITAN

## LIFE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF JANUARY 1927

Four years ago January, there happened at Charlotte High School a most unusual thing! A thing so remarkable that comment has not yet ceased. Four years ago January, we came into this school!

Our class was so extraordinary that the upper classmen saw fit to hold a party in our honor. At least that's what they said. The great night came; we dressed in our old clothes; we went to the party. Merely let me say that we were the butt of the upper classmen's jokes. It was an outrage! However, we vowed vengeance when we were so fortunate as to be sophomores.

Time flew until January 1924 arrived. Show us the insignificant freshmen! The year was noted for the joining of several Jefferson people to our group. We condescended to admit them. These were the days of "Guddy" Speares and noon-day parties in the gym. They are gone—we are going.

In our Soph final term we vented

our wrath upon the lowly freshmen, at a party in their honor. We take this opportunity to beg their pardon publicly and to say that we wish we could again show them our respect. Swiftly, with a leap, January 1925 was upon us. Our memory fogs, but out of the mist we remember a term of great activity and the Senior-Junior rush, in which we were the victor.

Then the miracle happened—we were Seniors! Even our features seemed changed. How sophisticated we were! We frankly admitted it! In the latter part of our Senior year we "Stooped to Conquer."

During the final term, a candy committee was organized. Our success is due to patronizers like "Red" Donoghue and "Louie" Gordon. Twenty-five dollars was paid to the Memorial Scholarship Fund and ten dollars was paid to the Home Making Fund. Then, too, some of our class expenses were paid by this committee.

Hazen Burhans,  
Class Historian.



THE WITAN

## BEING OF SOUND MIND---

The January Class of 1926, being about to depart this life at Charlotte High School, does hereby declare this to be a last will and testament:

First, we give and bequeath to Ruth Kramer a copy of the paper entitled "True Love," which Miss Mildred LeFevre is preparing to deliver before the Women's City Club.

Second, if Arlene Van Dehoef and Marguerite Heydweiller will disclose their reason for hatlessness, we will leave them the life use of two hats (fresh from the attic) so that they'll never be placed in an embarrassing position for lack of head covering.

Third, we leave a carload of Nestles to John Donoghue and trust that Louis Gordon will fight for his share.

Fourth, we donate to Miss Abbott and Miss Riley a barrel of apples to share and share alike. We trust they will not prove Apples of Discord.

Fifth, we hardly know what to leave to Jimmie Reed. After pondering quite a while, we at last decided

to leave him nothing, absolutely nothing. So much has been left him by the classes of this last decade, we fear vanity might creep into a head where fortunately it has never been. We must remember he is still in the impressionable stage of his development.

Sixth, we leave with the student body, to be used at their discretion, a box of "Pest Killer," guaranteed to destroy all manner of bugs, lice and small boys. Truman Murrell, watch your step.

Seventh, to the assembly hall we leave another footlight.

Lastly, we appoint Miss Sharer executrix of this, our will.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have caused this instrument to be signed.

Witnesses:

Hazen Burhans, President

Teresa Rapp, Secretary

Margaret Webster,

Testator.

## FIND YOURS

A SAVAGE wandered out on a civilized STREET one day. He took with him a BEBEE gun to protect himself from the wild beasts he might encounter. As he ambled along he came to a door with a great DIEHL of HOLLY over it. Curiosity led him to it. With a LIGHTHART he gave a short RAPP on the door. It was opened fiercely by a large German woman.

Perceiving this ruffian, she at once flung a ROLLER at him—but missed. He put a PELLET in his gun and shot—and missed.

"By all great POWERS." she murmured as she reluctantly admitted him into her kitchen with odors of sauerkraut and limburger. She felt

confident that this wild looking man could do her no harm, besides HER MAN, KARL, had gone to WEBSTER.

A little pugnosed child sat on the floor making faces over a plate of GRAHAM crackers.

"BOOR HANS." she coaxed, "Now you must eat MORE, SON."

The German woman asked so many questions that the visitor soon had a FEVER. At this time another child appeared at the door.

"This is JOHN'S SON." she fondly stated. His uncle, Mr. HONDORF, is the LEAST MAN of my troubles."

And she babbled on until they saw the WEST FALL in the sun—I mean the sun fall in the west.

Anna Roller, '27.

THE WITAN

## CURRENT EVENTS OF 1960

Jan. 23—Miss Tessie Lighthart, world famous secretary and stenographer of the New York Pineapple Company of Australia, died suddenly in her office on Broad street. The janitor on locking up at midnight found her with her head bowed over the typewriter, her little finger still on the semicolon.

Feb. 21—Harold Pellett has made an amazing success by doubling for Ben Turpin and Richard Dix in the recent production of "Shufflefoot Mike."

Feb. 22—A disastrous fire in the Leistman Food Shoppe in Hilton caused the destruction of \$10,000 worth of doughnuts and apple pies. The fire was discovered by Edna Westfall of the doughnut department. Battalion Chief Lloyd W. Diehl stated that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion of oily rags under the cellar stairs.

March 1—Raymond Holly, eminent lawyer of Rochester, N. Y., after twenty-three years practice at the bar, won his first case in City Court today in favor of the defendant, George Street, who denied the charge brought against him by Miss Ruth Johnson that he had run into her Ford coupe with his Cadillac 8.

March 3—A cablegram received at the White House today from Raymond Savage, daring explorer of the Arctic regions, stated the discovery of a new continent heretofore unknown even by Miss Goff.

April 1—Miss Irene Bebee, head nurse at the Monroe County Hospital for Sick Cats and Dogs, reports a gift of \$10,000 to the hospital by Hazen Burhans, millionaire Wall street broker, for the good care given him during his recent illness.

May 10—Mme. Helena Hondorfski made her farewell appearance in the

Metropolitan Opera Company at the Eastman Theatre today in the recent musical success, "Bye bye, Blackbird."

June 27—Miss Margaret Webster, graduate of the University of Rochester, was yesterday appointed the new dean of the Women's College. She has been an instructor there for sixteen years.

July 10—Miss Dorothy Herman, owner of all the Fannie Farmer Shops, has purchased the Donoghue Nestle Bar factory at a cost of fifty thousand dollars.

Aug. 3—The prizes were awarded late today to the winners of the Atlantic City Beauty Contest. After two days heated debate among the judges, Miss Laura Karl and Miss Margaret Powers received a tie-title of "Miss Charlotte."

Sept. 12—Miss Ethel LeFevre, butterfly of society, surprised all Rochester by her recent elopement with a well known poet of this city.

Sept. 15—Miss Gertrude Morrison, after ten years experimenting with chemicals, has discovered a solution which cures all toothaches forever.

Nov. 19—Miss Mildred LeFevre has retired as instructor of the Physical Training Corporation for the Deformed in Cleveland, Ohio. In her twenty years experience in correcting spine curvatures and fallen arches, she has successfully cured over 10,000 patients.

Dec. 6—Miss Esther Graham has just completed her latest novel, "Crackers." She is the author of "Love Lost" and "Tears Soiled."

Dec. 15—Miss Anna Roller, former Follies dancer, today announced her engagement to a famous Broadway actor whose stage name is Stingo. Both have been well known in dramatic circles since high school days.

(Continued on Page 33)



THE WITAN

POETS' CORNER

FAIRIES

Why think you there are no fairies  
Who live in the prettiest flowers?  
Spright little elves who dance about  
During our sleeping hours.

Why think you there are no goblins  
That gambol about in the grass,  
That torment and tease each traveler  
Who thru their midst must pass?

Did you ever think that mayhap,  
When you've tripped on twig or stone,  
That it didn't just fall beneath your  
foot,  
But by a goblin was thrown?

Did you never notice a flower,  
Tho plucked far down the stem,  
Loses the best of its beauty?  
'Tis like a sparkle gone from a gem.

I think there's not a fairy  
Who'd ever care to stay  
In a blossom plucked far down the  
stem  
And fast wilting and fading away.

A fairy lends to a flower  
Her grace, her color, and scent.  
Is it odd that often she leaves it  
Beauty fades and stem grows bent?

Don't you think a flower needs an elf  
And an elf needs a flower too?  
That they share the warmth and sun-  
shine,  
They share the rain and dew.

I think there's been a fairy  
For each flower that ever grew.  
Goblins are just for pestering,  
But I believe in them too. Don't you?  
Jessie Fowler, '28.

PHILOSOPHY

Dreams are like chiffon, floating in a  
breeze,  
Facts are like lumps of coal.  
I'd so much rather have silk and lace  
Than have a cramp in my soul.  
Eleanor Worth, '27.

TO A BUTTERFLY

Whither are you going,  
You beautifully colored thing?  
Does your life with excitement flutter  
As you do when a-wing?

You seem to know but joy and happi-  
ness,  
You've learned to live somehow.  
It's hard to think that life's so short  
For a creature such as thou.  
Jessie Fowler, '28.

IN A NORTHERN SEA

In a northern sea  
At the close of day,  
Lay a white ship, frozen and stark;  
'Twas the "Nancy Lee,"  
For the eye could see  
That name, on the prow of the bark.

A tale is told  
In that land of gold  
How the sailors bold and brave  
Left a goodly home  
In the south, to roam  
To the pole, where the ice-winds rave.

But the captain failed  
And the hardy crew  
Lost hope, and were turning back,  
When the ice flowed in—  
'Twas a wicked sin!  
And the ship was fast in the pack!

The food was low—  
The thaw was slow—  
And soon the mate was dead;  
He was buried with coal  
In that watery hole  
As the last hope, a prayer, was read.

One, gaunt and pale,  
Lived to tell the tale  
Of that trip to the northern sea.  
Yet the north winds moan  
And the ice packs groan  
At the hulk of the "Nancy Lee."  
Harold C. Snyder, '28.

## THE WITAN

### WHERE?

Where are the friends I played with  
Long ago?  
My Injun squaws and hunters, or  
The boys  
Who were the naughty kids when we  
"played house?"

George is a man now—as he thinks;  
He smokes,  
And wears plus fours, and tries his  
skill

At golf;  
Will is in college, which explains  
Itself;  
And little Bus is far away  
In France.

Another school claims Bea, and Nell  
Is dead.

Where are the friends I played with  
Long ago?  
Do they remember me, where'er  
They are,  
And wistfully, as I, recall  
The days  
When we all played together,  
Long ago?

Marguerite Heydweiller, '27.

### TRANSITION

Low sinks the sun in the west;  
Gone is the day—to rest;  
Song-birds have passed—  
Darkness at last!  
Come night—when the world is best.

Man's toil is done,  
For work—there is none  
When day and the warm light sleeps;  
And the black owl's song  
Is carried along  
As the wind thru the low pines  
sweeps.

And so thru the night  
Til the sign of light—  
The owl his lone-watch culls  
Til the faint light grows  
O'er the hill; then he goes  
To his sleep—until darkness re-calls. ls. ls. ls.  
Harold C. Snyder, '28.

### HEREAFTER

Where, oh where, will our seniors go  
When they leave dear old Charlotte?  
Johnnie to Vassar and Jane to Yale,  
But oh! I almost forgot—  
That Vassar's for girls and Yale's for  
boys,

So it must be the other way 'round.  
And Helen and Henry and Betty and  
Bob

To our own U. of R. shall be bound.  
To Harvard will go our friend Billy  
Jones,

To Wellesley Miss Catherine Burke.  
But most of all, I'm sorry to say,  
Will have to get busy and work.

Mary Heydweiller, '29.

### A COLLEGIATE FORD

One mile, a puncture,  
Two miles a knock,  
Three miles a shot bearing,  
Four miles we have got.

Five miles a stripped gear,  
Six miles a broken spring,  
Seven miles a loose wheel,  
And a split piston ring.

Eight miles foul plugs.  
And she fires out of time,  
But that's nothing at all  
To a plugged-up gas line.

But it runs and it runs—  
That is, most of the time;  
But it's just like this poem—  
It hasn't much rhyme.

Arthur Chappell, '27.

### CONTRAST

A blazing fire,  
A cozy room;  
A basket of knitting,  
An old-fashioned loom.

A player piano,  
A house with steam heat;  
A group of flappers,  
With dancing feet.

Gladys Miller, '27





## THE WITAN



### Jimmy

Once there was a bed. It was a lovely soft, comfy bed. And there was a little boy in the bed called Jimmy.

And next to the lovely soft, comfy bed was another lovely soft bed in which there wasn't anyone.

Every morning when Jimmy woke up he looked eagerly at the empty bed where there wasn't anyone, and every morning there was still no one.

Then he slid down onto the cool, hard floor and pattered over onto the shaggy hooked rug and clambered up into the big, cozy chair and waited, gazing hard, out the open window, far, far away.

Pretty soon, with his head snuggled into a pillow, he went to sleep again. Then he slipped out the window and went hunting, always hunting, way past the orchard, beyond the mountains, beyond even the horizon, to look for someone—someone who would be in the other lovely soft bed when Jimmy woke up. But that someone never had been found, because after journeying a little while, he heard a voice. It was a cool and pleasant voice, and it called Jimmy. First very faintly and then, as he returned home, it became nearer and clearer and then very distinct, and as Jimmy woke, its owner kissed Jimmy and Jimmy laughed with a little ecstatic feeling of joy, for it was his mama.

After his bath, she dressed him and gave him his breakfast, and sent him

out to play with his tricycle. But always he must play alone, for there were no other small children in the neighborhood, and sometimes when the tricycle did not go as smoothly as usual, he would turn around hopefully to see if someone were hanging on the back, but there never was. The wheels needed oiling or a twig or some string was caught in them.

One day he was riding very, very fast. The wind sang in his ears and stung his rosy cheeks. A corner was turned suddenly. The tricycle was smashed. And then Jimmy was lying once more in his lovely soft, comfy bed next to the other one, with his head bandaged and his temple throbbing, while the wind stole softly in, caressing and sorry.

Jimmy opened his eyes. There was his mother, so sober, and the doctor. What was the doctor there for? Why did they all look at him so seriously? Why was he there in the daytime—Why?

He looked over at the other bed. Still empty. Why? He must go hunting again. He did. Out past the orchard, beyond the mountains, and even past the horizon. Up into the clouds, and then, he found him. His playmate. Why there were a whole lot of them! But there was only one other bed. So he stayed and was happy. And then, there were two empty beds.

Virginia E. Smith, '28.

## RAMBLING HOUSE

Guerda was bored, bored and weary at twenty-one; and all her life Guerda had had every wish granted, every thing her way. She lived with her father in a most delightful Colonial home in the very best part of the city. Her roadster was the envy of every girl in her set and the money she spent was the talk of every green-eyed cat in the city. Still

## THE WITAN

Guerda was bored. She was tired of speeding; she was tired of dancing; she was tired of everything she had ever done. She couldn't think of a thing she wasn't tired of. There wasn't even a decent man she cared anything about.

Just as she was getting into a dangerous mood—guns, poisons, and all that—she saw wandering down the street some sort of thing on four wheels. She had never seen anything like it, for which she was duly thankful. The body seemed to be some sort of camouflage, streaked and daubed with vivid, flaming colors, and gave the appearance of some modernist autumn scene. In front was a beautiful gray donkey, dreamily and miraculously pulling this unjointed contraption through the street.

Guerda ceased to be bored. Indeed, she leaned suddenly out the window and shrieked, "Say, donkey, please, turn right into my drive." And so the donkey turned in the drive and the old man in the red and purple seat gazed stupidly up at the window. That night Guerda was the possessor of a beautiful, gray donkey and a wonderful, camouflage house-on-wheels.

At sunrise, she was on her way, and a note on her dressing table explained to the patient and evidently competent people that Guerda had gone to seek her fortune; she'd be home again, sometime. The note was vague, but then Guerda's intentions were, too.

Guerda rambled joyfully on, a rusty orange hat cocked gaily over the brown curly hair and a sweater of the same color looking almost too well with the brown corduroy riding breeches and brown hiking boots. She talked to every person she met, and sometimes, she even picked up a weary traveler, but always he sat at her left; the reins were in her left hand and her right lay lazily at her side resting lightly on a little, deadly weapon. She knew how to use it, too but only once, when she had invited a tramp to join her and he had overlooked the limits of her hospitality,

had she been forced to use that cold, steel thing. Not fatally, but his arm was useless for a good month.

Guerda herself was happy in a way she had never dreamed to be. She missed something, though, in all her happiness, and so she decided to search for it. First she bought a dog, a wonderful dog with muscles that played evenly in every movement of its perfect body. But although she loved him dearly and found a wonderful confidant in Mathilde the donkey, she still missed something.

Then one day when she was riding slowly through one of God's green cathedrals and was listening to His choir, she found that missing something. It was a weak, almost inaudible voice that led her to what she sought. She stopped Mathilde and with her gun in hand and the dog at her heels she walked rapidly and fearlessly into the woods that flanked the side of the road. Pinned under a tree which had fallen lay a tall, dark haired man—now unconscious. As soon as she saw she could not lift that huge tree, she ran back to the road, and for the very first time in her leisurely life the donkey felt abused. She wasn't allowed to stop until she came to a house into which her owner hurriedly disappeared.

\* \* \*

The great surgeon had given his decision and the white faced man in the low-ceilinged room looked gratefully up at a most boyish looking girl, who was blushing furiously at absolutely nothing.

Two hours later in the barn Guerda sang to Mathilde, "Mathilde, Mathilde, he's going to get well and be strong! 'Just for you,' he said, 'because I love you'. Mathilde, do you hear? He loves me. And now I'm so happy I've just got to hug you." But Mathilde only wondered if this was the end of those lovely journeys.

And two months later a beautiful, gray donkey walked dreamily along a street in one of the very best parts of the city and entered the drive she had left not so very long before. A girl in a rusty orange hat and sweater

## THE WITAN

and brown corduroy riding breeches climbed down from the red and purple seat. But instead of running to her father who awaited her with eager heart, she turned to the back door of the house-on-wheels and tenderly helped out a very tall, dark-haired man who leaned ever so lightly upon her strong, young shoulder. Slowly

they walked to the house. Her eyes were miracles of sparks and gladness as she said quite gravely, "Daddy, I'd like to have you meet-----"

"Yes, of course, my new son-in-law," said Daddy. And they all laughed, even Mathilde.

Eleanor Morse, '28.

## THE UN-FLAPPER

The Un-Flapper wearily pronounced her formula, "History, Latin, English, Physics, French," and gathered her books preparatory to her homeward journey. Half impatiently she shoved her French book back into the locker. She had one studyhall the next day. Then she remembered vaguely that Chet Daley had grinned at her in a particularly friendly manner when she had helped him with that French sentence.

On the locker room stairs she met her opposite. This vivacious young person hardly waited to remove the car ticket from her mouth before she burst out, "Guess what, Jean! Paul asked me to go to the dance with him. I nearly fell over. He always seemed so big and indifferent before. Oh, I just adore him! I wish I could turn Howie down. He's so heroic!"

Jean laughed at her. "Howie's littler than you are, and anyway, two heroes are too many for one breath."

"I meant Paul, of course. I love black curly hair! Don't you? And a blue necktie," rhapsodized her young friend.

"I much prefer grey hair and a nice shiny bald head," returned Jean, though her mind contrarily pictured a dishevelled blonde head and a fair face with a particularly friendly grin.

"You are the most sensible creature, Jean. I don't see how you can go through high school so calm and unconcerned, with so many fellows around."

Jean smiled, a wise, elderly little smile, but if her companion had been thinking a little less of the heroic Paul, she would have been dreaming of Howie. In any state, she would

not have noticed the wistfulness of that smile. Who knows what is in the quiet heart of the Un-Flapper?

At home, Jean settled herself comfortably and arranged her books. "History, Latin, English, Physics, French."

The telephone clanged noisily. "Hello, Jean? Uh—this is Chet. Uh—do you want to—uh—go to the party?"

The most sensible Un-Flapper felt peculiarly choky and cuddled closer against the stair upon which she was leaning. "Why—why—I'd love to, Chet!"

Then came the difficult decision. Of course, there was only one dress which was the dress to wear, but must not every girl, flapper or un, undergo this delightful experience?

Chet called for her at eight. They walked the five blocks to school in embarrassed silence. Occasionally one or the other made a feeble attempt at conversation, but the weather eventually failed, basketball failed, skating prospects failed, and their originality failed.

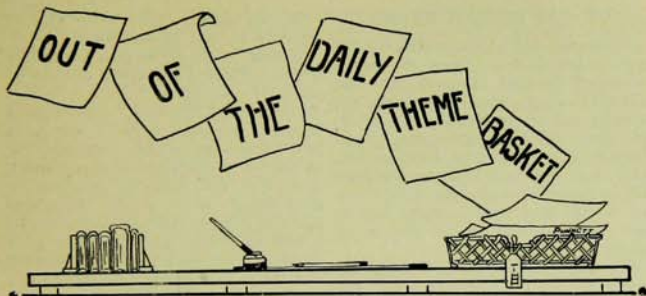
Neither could dance, so as far as they were concerned, the party failed.

Of course, the Flapper was there with her Howie. The heroic Paul was also in active service. They danced, they chattered, they laughed merrily. They flirted with abominable audacity under poor Howie's helpless nose, and the miserable Un-Flapper sat and envied them horribly, them, whose type she supposedly and, to all outward appearances, scorned as opposed to all her pet ideals.

(Continued on Page 33)



## THE WITAN



### WRITTEN IN AN OPTIMISTIC MOOD

Though life is full of petty worries and troubles, it's nice to be alive,  
To walk in the warm rain and smell the clean air,  
To watch a beautiful sunset at night.

To lie in a hammock on a warm day and read or dream.

It's nice to scramble through an autumn woods with a dog and come home, all tired and dirty, to rest.

School seems a great strain sometimes, but how pleasant are the friendships and all the amusing incidents experienced there.

It's thrilling to hear beautiful music;

It's fun to read and discuss interesting books;

It's inspiring to plan a career and to work toward a goal.

It's good to be alive!

Isabelle Hathaway, '27

### AWFUL TERRIBLE

I have the most awful terrible headache again today, I'm sure I need glasses."

"Well, perhaps you do need glasses but are you sure you need to say 'awful terrible,' Rose?"

"Every time I say 'awful terrible' you correct me and you know I can never say one word without the other."

"Not much hope for you, I think."

Just as regularly as the day dawned Rose said 'awful terrible' and just as regularly Helen corrected her. Not that Helen used good grammar; she certainly did not, but she feared she might, through hearing Rose say it, form the habit of saying "awful terrible."

How awful terrible that would be.

Leona Miller, '28.

### WHEN A PERSON DIETS

"I can't eat that—I am dieting—none of that for me; why I'll get fat!" Nowdays almost every skinny girl says that. If she isn't skinny, she is so fat—well there's no hope left. Many are they, who come to school without their lunches, simply can't stand the strain of not eating, who go home at night and, after eating till they are full, suddenly remember that they are dieting. But those are usually the fleshy people. They have bigger appetites, and can hold more than the little skinny rails who are in agony if they gain a pound. Who has not heard of a person who can hardly wait till next Monday because then she stops dieting and can really eat for a while? Poor creatures!

Edith Wratten, '28.

## THE WITAN

### ON THE HEALTH EXAMS

'Twas the day of the month for the yearly health test, when examiners come of diseases in quest into our Charlotte High, wherein students are taught and where doctors and scholars from idiots are wrought. They invaded our school with their glasses and tools, and then lined up the boys like a party of fools; yea, they made us disrobe to a certain extent just to see what diseases on us they could scent.

I came first to a doctor who looked up and down for the scar where another had stamped his renown, where a needle with acid was jabbed in my arm to be sure that the smallpox could do me no harm. Then he whirled a pencil and marked off the spot where he found the original place for the clot; but he started and reared as he viewed my left hand, and faintly motioned to one of his band.

"See! See!" cried his honor, "The symptoms are there of hyptonous rickets and reguldent hair! See there the lobe and the phalens obscure! The young gentleman has calliope, to be sure!"

And another exulted by swatting my chest. 'Twas of some minor ailment that he was in quest. Soon, "Oh, ho!" the man cried as he clutched at my throat, "I see symptoms of fustula comcomb sloppoot!"

"You are wrong," said the first one.

"Oh, no, I am right," said the second, "for I see the pres tona trite." He conclusively showed that the dolor flatoon had nothing to do with the lower gaboon.

Thus they argued and fought over my awful plight, giving proofs and hypotheses, shedding no lieht. To be sure, I can't bore you with each episode as from doctor to nurse I was beaten and towed.

The white health card they issued to me that fine day was all covered with marks from their hateful survey, the "Remarks" line was filled with suggestions galore.

Said I to myself, "I can't stand any more. Ah, the end of the line!"

It was such a relief to be able to come to an end of this grief.

A little white nurse said to me like a fairy, "You have every disease in the whole dictionary."

"Oh, Great Heavens!" I cried as I tumbled downstairs, for I saw then how I had been caught unawares. Is there ever a Christian in this worldly span who will take my position as most-ailing man? I will bless him and kiss him and love him some more; I will wine him and dine him with slumber and snore; of my medical care he will have his just share, and of all kind attentions that he can well bear.

John H. Donoghue, '27.

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### GUESS WHAT?

"Oh, Mother," shrieked "Hanky," "there's something up in the hay barn, it's furry and has great big black wings."

"And it's got a long black tail," added my sister Betty.

"Those aren't wings," corrected Dot, "they're ears."

By this time Mother's curiosity had been aroused. The dog sensing something was wrong, ran from the barn to the house barking furiously. My little brother was so frightened he was shaking like a leaf and asked Mother in a little shaky voice, "Moms, that won't hurt the little calf, will it?"

"No," answered Mother with doubt in her voice.

In the meantime Dad had been investigating in the barn and had come back laughing while he said, "This should have happened on April Fool's day 'cause it was only the horse who had poked his head through the ceiling of the barn and was eating hay."

Wilhelmina Van Kesteren, '28.

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### A CAT'S LIFE

Many times have you heard about a dog's life. But cats are seldom spoken of. Poor things, they lead a life too. Just think, how the poor little black cats must feel. If a black cat walks



## THE WITAN

across the path in front of a person, the person turns his back and walks away. Then at night if two cats decide to serenade each other, things start to hum past them. But how those white angora cats live, being petted and hugged and "deared" and "darlinged" is more than I can see. The dirty, skinny, sneaky, little alley cats are detested by every one and detest every one. And don't we all love those cats that sneak in the pantry window at night to steal our breakfast? E. Wratten, '28.

### BEDLAM

Every year about Decoration Day the inmates of the Willard Insane Asylum are given a field day. I attended the last one as a spectator and saw things which were humorous and some things that were not.

The people from the farms within a radius of about twenty miles come almost to the man to watch the games, exhibits and discipline of the hospital. There is a large field between two of the buildings in which the spectators may watch the inmates play their games. Only the more intelligent are allowed to compete, and the rest mingle with the spectators and watch the fun.

The first event was a handicap or obstacle race in which the participants had to climb fences, hurdle ditches and finally to crawl under a large canvas stretched and pegged tightly over the ground. The runners lined up. They were dressed in nondescript uniforms. One fellow wore a track suit with an army coat buttoned over it. The whistle blew and the runners started, some down the track, some backwards and some toward the sidelines. A negro quickly took the lead and held it until he reached the canvas. He got in alright but could not get out. You could see him crawling around in circles by the movements of the canvas. The man in the army coat won and after the canvas was taken up and the colored man rescued the other field events went on.

I soon tired of games and, after listening to a loquacious speaker who

was entertaining the visitors, I went over to the exhibit booth and saw the different articles all made by patients and also learned that the asylum was self-supporting. I could not help being amused by the patients' antics but I wondered if some of them might have a pride that made them resent being laughed at and paraded before the more fortunate public.

Harvey Holloway, '29.

### SUNSET

Evening was descending over the mountains. In the West the sun had just disappeared behind a statuesque range of hills, leaving the sky blazing in colors as can only be painted by His brush.

Silence, that unexplainable myth of the hills, now reigned. Across the lake drifted a canoe with a youth in its stern. His head was bowed, his soul gripped, his voice stilled.

As the canoe passed on, the last streak of color faded from the sky and darkness settled over the universe.

Floris Ferguson, '27.

### I WISH

Is it once, a dozen or a hundred times a day that we hear "I wish"?

If wishing rings were to be had, they would soon wear out from being turned three times every time a wish was made.

"I wish they would close the window. "I wish I had a comb." "I wish we didn't have school today." These are common wishes and are heard dozens and dozens of times each day.

Perhaps we do not realize how often during the day we repeat just such phrases as "I wish," "May I borrow" and "See you later." Wherever you may turn, you meet some one of these phrases or perhaps they are modified a little and are expressed "Le me have" and "meet me next period." "I wish" is seldom if ever changed.

People have wished for various things for a great many years and they will continue to wish for a great many more years. Leona Miller, '28.

## THE WITAN

### COMEDY

It is a horrible night. The wind is howling thru the naked branches of the trees. The trees themselves seem to be ghosts of cruel giants which have long lain in their moldy graves. They wave their long, skfny arms in the empty, icy air as if groping blindly for a victim. The clouds are scudding low across the sky to cover some horrible, dark deed. Surely this is just the night for Caesar's over-worked ghost to stalk abroad. But no! It is too desolate for even a brave ghost like his. The whole face of the earth has been stripped of its autumn veil. There from a gnarled limb of an age-old oak, swinging in the wind hangs something. Hark! Was that a groan? It seems only natural to hear a groan here. If that would only stop swinging. Can it be a corpse? It must be, but who cares? We can only hope that it belongs to the person who invented familiar essays.

Walter Couch, '27.

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### We Heard That

Margaret Hersey is afraid she'll make eighth period;

Pellett is going to make a long speech next Friday in assembly,

Truman Murrell is going to wear long pants;

James Reid was silent all day Tuesday;

Savage got A in trig;

Bouncer's Ford runs;

Booth made a basket in practise;

The library was noisy Tuesday.

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Miss Doehler: "It's all right to do your work together, if each one contributes. This never happens, one does the work and the other is a sponge."

Paul (in indignant undertone): "She called me a sponge."

### WINNING HIS E AT PAIL

Ah! the moment had arrived, the moment had arrived as I said before. The referee flipped the last dime he owned into the air and both captains made a dive for it, but Hank, captain of Pail, captured it and chose his goal, while the referee looked uncomfortable.

The game started when Percy, captain of the Buckets, booted the oval fully ten yards into Pail's territory, where Pail fumbled it, but "Shorty," Pail end, tossed his three hundred and seventy pounds on the ball and time was called. After the new ball was blown up, play was resumed in the middle of the field. The game was tame in the first half, the players having some trouble getting around the teeth that strewed the field. The second half was a thriller. Bucket rushed the ball ten inches from the goal line, but alas, it was their own goal and they lost the ball. Shorty fell on it again. There being no more balls, someone tossed out an egg plant and play was resumed. Hank, Pail's captain, grabbed the ball and crashed thru center for a touch down. Pail wins!

Score—Pail, 2 deaths, 42 injured; Bucket, 3 killed, 20 maimed for life, 70 injured.

Edward Vinton, '27.

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### A HOWLING FAILURE

It seemed as if all Dogville had gathered around Dogland Kennels, the most imposing abode in Dogville. Puppies and dogs of all sizes and descriptions were all barking at once. The late comers were not long in learning the cause of all the excitement. Professor Howler was to conduct a night school for howling every night from ten o'clock until two in Dogville Square. This announcement was received with much growling and yelping. The longed for opportunity for professional howlers was to come at last. Dogville would be known over all Dogland for its fine howlers.

## THE WITAN

"I am sure he will place me in his highest class because I have always been complimented on my fine voice— why I even accompany my master when he plays any musical instrument," barked Mrs. Bowser.

At last the night of nights arrived. Every dog in Dogville was present. Every coat glistened in the moonlight. At exactly ten o'clock, Professor Howler appeared. He was magnificent looking in his black evening attire. He announced that all would be classed according to their howls. Immediately the try-out began. Many were much put out to find their howls had not met with the highest approval of Professor Howler. For two hours the chorus was in full swing. They were all giving an excellent howl when suddenly out of a clear sky a shower of miscellaneous articles fell upon them. With yelps of dismay they jumped to their feet and ran as fast as their legs would carry them. Such was the end of the Howling Chorus in Dogville. From then on in Dogville everyone exercises his throat by means of a howling solo. Each one's motto has been changed to "There is not safety in numbers."

Mildred Grant, '27.

## ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

Where can one go to escape the turmoil, bustle and heat of an active life and yet enjoy the best things and keep in touch with the world? Mr. Grayson says that on his farm he has found such a place. He speaks as one who has "escaped" from the city to the farm. In the city he sought that elusive and vague thing called success. He wasn't in a place where he could think clearly as to what it was all about. He became ill and went back to the country of his childhood to win back his strength.

His adventures are everyday happenings but he tells them with a rich philosophy. He delights in finding the real man inside the different characters he meets. He finds heroes among his neighbors and, probing, finds a life

interest story in the garb of a tramp at his door.

In reading the book I have gained a better appreciation of the greatness or possibilities of greatness in the people with whom I come in contact, for as Mr. Grayson has shown, the common people in each community have such qualities.

I am not going to list the chapters I enjoyed most, for looking them over, I find it difficult to decide. The character who appealed to me most was that of the "Doctor."

Frank Hutchinson, '28.

## A ROSE

"Mother, I've brought you something," and he gave me a rose which he had plucked by the wayside— my little David.

And a year passed, and I walked down the road sadly. And on my way I stopped to pick a beautiful rose which grew by the wayside. And I went on a little farther, and passed through a gate and placed the rose on a little mound.

Then I remembered, and I cried. And after I had cried, I was somehow comforted. And going back I picked another rose and put it in a slender vase. No one but God, I thought, could make a rose.

Frank Hutchinson, '28

This joke is serious. The faculty were quiet in the library which is a place to study and not to talk.

We hear that Miss Cashman's chair has a broken leg. It is now in splints and getting along nicely. Flowers will be appreciated.—Dr. Burhans.



## THE WITAN



Within the last two months the Charlotte Practise House has been the place of entertainment for many occasions. The Tri-Y Club and the Parent-Teachers' Association have conducted their meetings in this house. On October 22, the second year class conducted a Hallowe'en party in the Students' lunch room. Miss Donovan and Miss Doehler were the guests of honor.

The Home Economics teachers of the Western Zone of New York were entertained at a luncheon on Friday, November 5. The girls of the Homemaking classes prepared the luncheon and waited on the tables and much of the work done by them was on display.

On Tuesday, November 9, the officers of the City Council of the Parent-Teachers' Club conducted their business meeting at the Practise House. The Homemaking girls served tea on the occasion. On November 16, the banking committee and officers discussed at a luncheon meeting, methods of improving the banking system.

Miss Newman, Adviser, and Lawrence Pennington, Manager, presided. The faculty of Charlotte High School held their annual fall dinner on Wednesday, November 10. A Thanksgiving party was observed by the freshmen classes on Wednesday, November 24. Mrs. du Vigneaud, Class Adviser, and Miss Doehler and Miss Miner were present.

On December 8, the Principals of all the Senior High Schools of the city met for dinner at the Charlotte Practise House.

During the week beginning December 6, a Christmas Sale was conducted by the Homemaking classes. Marmalades, Christmas puddings, canned goods, brass novelties, place cards, handwork and linens were on sale. A considerable profit was made and was deposited with the Homemaking Fund. The Candy Committee donated all its profits for the week to this fund.

The fame of our "Brown House" is spreading.



THE WITAN



For weeks it has been the talk of the town! For the past week everywhere you turned you heard "Who's table are you at?" or "Are you coming?" or some similar question referring to the Girls' Banquet.

The teachers have been bobbing around the study halls and various other halls asking this student and that student to attend the banquet. After the teachers had bobbed out such a buzzing as would follow! Teachers and students alike buzzed about this banquet.

The first three days of this week passed as usual—but Thursday! Oh, what a hub-bub! Everything and everybody was astir. Last minute preparations were completed. The Practise House stood in readiness for the guests who soon arrived. They came, happy, laughing groups of girls.

The delicious dinner, prepared by the Homemaking classes, was served by five of the high school boys, John Alofs, Erwin Murphy, Philip Both, Richard Post and Arthur Newcomb. The Charlotte High School Quartet, under Mr. Lee's direction played during the dinner. The table decorations were very effectively planned by Miss Warner and Miss O'Flynn. The time between courses was spent singing songs which everyone knew and enjoyed. Any sudden entrant into the banquet room might have been

amazed to see a hundred and seventy-five "spreading chestnut trees" or an equal number of young ladies vainly sighing "I wish I were a fift."

After the dinner the girls assembled in the students' lunch room and, under the leadership of Mrs. E. H. Smith and with Mrs. Staines at the piano, sang Christmas carols. Dr. Emma Gibbons gave a beneficial as well as interesting talk on the subject of "Freedom."

Our guests of honor were Dr. Emma Gibbons, Mrs. Bert Van Wie and Mrs. R. L. Butterfield.

The last number on the program of a wonderful evening was the song "Follow the Gleam" by the entire body of girls. The lights were extinguished and each girl lighted the candle which was on her place-card. These were very novel and beautiful, a credit to the girls who made them, Florence Gossilin and Edith Hulse.

The happy, laughing groups of girls departed, leaving the Practise House to the memory of the first Girls' Banquet held in its rooms.

Leona Miller, '28.

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#### Heard in Chemistry

Mrs. Du Vigneaud: "What is an enzyme?"

James H. R.: "An officer in the navy."



THE WITAN

## EDITORIALS



### GREETINGS FROM THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Gusts of cold weather have appeared. There is snow in early abundance. Winter has been royally ushered in by bountiful snowfalls and just as real as the winter that is here are the Christmas and New Year greetings from the Student Council.

Raymond Savage, President

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### OUR COVER

The cover on this issue represents very original work on the part of the Printing Department. The mottled effect was obtained by dipping each individual cover into a preparation of water, oil, and green, blue, orange and red ink. The credit for the work belongs to Donald Gibson, Lawrence Cooper, Elmer Pepper, Donald Conlin and Fred Messersmith of the technical printing class who are to be congratulated upon the artistic result which they have been able to obtain. The idea, developed by Mr. Lee, is a modernistic adaptation of the old account-book cover that was colored by laying on oil.

### WE WISH TO SERVE

The Book Exchange Committee wishes to thank the student body for their cooperation in the buying and selling of school books.

It is getting near the end of the term and there will doubtless be a large number of books which will no longer be used. It is a duty of the Book Exchange to serve you in the sale of these books. Be very prompt in turning them in, for if you wait until the rush of the new term, you may not be served so quickly.

Don't forget the free ink in the Book Exchange for those who have fountain pens or those who are likely to receive one for Christmas.

## THE WITAN

### THANKS!

The Candy Committee takes this opportunity to thank everyone who has so generously patronized our counters. From the profits we have paid to the Memorial Scholarship Fund, twenty-five dollars, and to the Homemaking Fund, ten dollars. The balance will be used to help defray the expenses of the senior class.

### GYMNASIUM CHANGES

The Charlotte High School gymnasium, formerly the school assembly hall, has been completely remodeled and now stands as a modern gymnasium. The old stage has been ripped out and more floor space given for the basketball and volley-ball courts.

Before the close of the summer vacation the gymnasium was completed and the offices adjoining it were ready for use. It was not until the close of the soccer season that the floor was marked and the tennis court laid out.

The gymnasium, which before was not used very much for athletics, is now enjoying great popularity among the students. It is possible now to stage a good basketball game and not to enforce the "ground rules" which were formerly necessary.

The Interclass basketball series, which formerly met with serious setbacks, was played off this year with remarkable speed and interest, much more so than in former years. It was even made possible to have eight teams in the interclass league, double the number participating previously. This series was attended with little of the arguing and nonsense which arose in other years on account of the faulty court.

An experiment was tried by Miss Keffe, the girls' gymnasium instructor at Charlotte High, in laying out an indoor tennis court on the gymnasium floor. This was done with the result that many students are making use of this added opportunity for after-school sports.

### EXCHANGES

The Witan acknowledges the receipt of the most recent issues of the following high school publications:

The Beall Heigh Chime, Beall High School, Frottsburg, Maryland.

The Jeffersonian, Jefferson Junior High School, Rochester, New York.

The Horace Mann Life, Horace Mann Junior High School, Wichita, Kansas.

The Madigraph, Madison Junior High School, Rochester, New York.

The Monroe Life, Monroe High School, Rochester, New York.

The Mur-Mur, Oswego High School, Oswego, New York.

The Orange and Black, Port Byron High School, Port Byron, New York.

The Pathfinder, Washington Junior High School, Rochester, New York.

### THE UN-FLAPPER

(Continued from Page 24)

She cried that night, after she was alone in bed. Vainly she persuaded herself that they were a shiftless, unreliable lot, with low ideals and lower accomplishments. Vainly she recalled that she was studious, trustworthy, respected for her unflapperistic attitude. She envied them, and in her mind arose the fanciful picture of a dainty Un-Flapper dancing gaily, charmingly, with the curly black head and blue necktie. She shook herself angrily and mashed the pillow flatter under her head. "History, Latin, English, Physics, French," she muttered.

Who knows what is in the quiet heart of the Un-Flapper?

Marguerite Heydweiller, '27.

### CURRENT EVENTS OF 1960

(Continued from Page 19)

Dec. 18—Miss Teresa Rapp has recently returned from Sydney, Australia, where she has been editor-in-chief of the "Sydney Carton" for the last ten years. Miss Rapp does not expect to return to Australia again.

THE WITAN

## SPORTS

# CHARLOTTE STARTS BASKETBALL SEASON

## Chamberlain Expects Great Results From The Team This Season

Coach Chamberlin's basketball men, after opening their 1926-27 season in basketball, are now in the middle of a long, hard season.

The practises commenced in the early part of November in the Charlotte gymnasium. It was here that the team practised until the first cut was made in the squad. After the squad was cut down, the remaining players were carried over for the Monroe High work-outs. The team

was pruned and trimmed at each practise, until the select sixteen remained on the squad.

We expect the team this year to duplicate the feat of the 1923 team, which, as it is remembered, captured the city championship after a season exactly like the present season.

The Reserves are also in good shape, there being several men in Reserve ranks who may jump into first team suits at any time.

### INTERCLASS BASKETBALL PENNANT TAKEN BY IV CLASS IN EASY MANNER

The IV-1 Class of Charlotte High captured the flag of the Interclass League by winning three straight victories over other class teams. The Senior Term men met their only real opposition in the graduating class of January, but even defeated that team to the tune of 26 to 16.

In the final game the IV-1's captured the flag by defeating the Sophomore men by a 27-12 score.

The winning team consists of ATofs, captain, Chappell, Mix, McLaughlin, Vinton, Bridgeman, Martin and Bellis.

### HOME-ROOM SERIES NEXT

It is the intention of the athletic directors at Charlotte High to operate

a home-room series of games. The teams in this series will be quite similar to those in the interclass series, for the classes and home-rooms are identical as far as possible.

This series will promote the intention of the directors in that all boys in Charlotte High are given opportunities to play basketball. It is far better to have a school which boasts of a hundred good basketball players than to have one which boasts of five wonderful players. It does not show up in the newspapers, but it shows in the record books and in good physical health.

It is also hoped that an interclass baseball series, track meet, swimming meet, skating meet and field hockey series can be arranged. All of these promote the underlying principle of more athletics for more students.



## THE WITAN

### STUDENTS SHOULD PREVENT GYMNASIUM FREE-FOR-ALLS DURING CLASS RECITATIONS

We note that there is an increasing tendency at Charlotte High School to promote the type of basketball practise known as "free-for-all." These riots originate with one or two large boys' rough playing, and are not stopped until someone is hurt or some authority appears on the scene.

The gymnasium teachers would be pleased to let boys take basketballs for practise were they sure that the boys would line up and shoot in turn. But in every instance some boy with greater strength than the others obtains the ball and proclaims warfare.

This procedure is entirely contrary to the principles which Charlotte High boasts. Charlotte High is democratic. The students have their council and elect their cheerleader. The faculty has gladly entrusted to the students' judgment decisions which other faculties reserve for themselves. Even in our classes this same spirit is shown, for in English, Civics, History and language classes much is oftentimes left to the choice of the students. But these riots violate this spirit, for only a few, only the strongest, get the benefit. The heaviest contestant generally has two shots to another man's one in a free-for-all. A large number do not get any shots at all. These are the young boys who cannot get the ball, and who, if perchance they do get it, immediately lose it when it is snatched from them. This is not democracy. It is the right of the strongest. Democracy is equality.

Then, this means of practise gives teachers and pupils in the rooms below the gymnasium no chance to work efficiently, for the noise of the fight is carried to every room in the building. The gymnasium is connected with every other room by a connecting ventilator which enters each room and ends in the gymnasium in the ventilators which are to be seen on the gymnasium floor. It is impossible to study with this noise going on

The teachers have to talk loudly and slowly to be heard, and even then are not wholly understood. Those who study in the rooms directly below the gymnasium know this to be true. Study requires time and quiet and no distraction. The riots in the gymnasium certainly destroy all this.

The boy who participates in such a riot is depriving five others of a chance to study and to learn. It must be understood that this school is a place to learn facts, not only basketball. There are perhaps thirty boys in the riot. There are at the same time a hundred fifty studying in the other seven rooms of the building at the same time.

A line of about ten men "following in" with a basketball will prove as much fun and enjoyment as a riot, for everybody is given a chance, and nobody is hurt. It was in one of these wars last year that the basket on the west end of the room fell down as the boys hung on it, injuring one.

There are some boys who are forever criticising this school and its executives. Let them preach this cause for a while.

---

Mrs. Du Vigneaud: "Where does starch come from?"

Dorothy Z: "The grocery store."

---

Teacher (on the class room phone): "Where is George Street this period?"

Miss Patten: "Off of Monroe Avenue."

---

A moonlight, midnight excursion is being planned on the "Fairy Windsor" for sometime early in January.

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Miss Westfall has written a new novel, "Regents, or Why Students Leave High School."

---

Miss Childs: "Some say that foods in which enamel pans have been cooked are bad."



THE WITAN



STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated—Laura Karl, Miss Goff, Mr. Butterfield, Principal; Miss Miner, Ruth Johnson.

Second Row—Frank Waterhouse, Harold Pellett, Irene Bebee, Raymond Savage, President; Wilbert Charity, Harry Hollenbaugh.

Third Row—Harrison Grotzinger, Howard Rowe, Mr. Denison, Arthur Chappell, Hazen Burhans.

## THE WITAN



### WITAN STAFF

Seated—Floris Ferguson, Business Manager; Marguerite Heydweiller, Teresa Rapp, Editor-in-chief; Raymond Savage, Lillian Leistman, Business Manager.

First Row—Tessie Lighthart, Miss Sharer, Miss Cashman, Mr. Lee, Miss Carter, Miss Abbott, Arlene VanDerhoef.

Second Row—Dorothy Doell, Frazer Punnett, Harold Pellett, John Donoghue, Hazen Burhans, Ethel LeFevre, Anna Roller.

Absent—Lloyd Sandholzer, Boris Warden.

The Witan Staff was represented at the annual Conference of the Eastern Interscholastic Press Association held this fall at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, by Teresa Rapp, Floris Ferguson, Lillian Leistman, Marguerite Heydweiller and John Donoghue. The delegates were royally entertained at the various fraternity and sorority houses on the Cornell Campus and returned with great enthusiasm and many new ideas for the

improvement of the paper. Some of these have been incorporated into this issue and others will be tried out later.

The Witan is also a member of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. A representative of the staff is planning to attend the annual meeting of that association at Columbia University in New York City in the spring.



*Four-One*

# THE WITAN

## FOUR-ONE

Although our class, as all other classes, has diminished somewhat in numbers since our Freshman year, it is rather exceptional as it still has forty-one members. This will be the largest senior class in the history of Charlotte High School. The class president for this term is Frank Waterhouse. This is his second term in that capacity and we have found him exceptionally well fitted for the position. Arthur Chappell is vice-president. This speaks well for him, as he entered Charlotte this term. Marguerite Heydweiller, who is our secretary, is not only a very active member of our class but takes part in many of the other school activities and probably will be Editor-in-chief of the Witan next term. Kathryn Ihrig is a member of the Scholarship Committee, John Donoghue of the Publicity Committee, and Mildred Grant of the Social Committee. This term Helen Marshall is on the Forum Committee and Rose Schwartz has charge of banking in our room.

Our class is very active in the orchestra. Marguerite Heydweiller and Arlene VanDerhoef play violins, Katherine Bates, cello, Floris Ferguson, clarinet, Walter Couch, trombone, and Albert Lathrop, the drums. I am sure they will be missed after they are graduated.

Our efforts to earn money have been quite successful so far. Only those who took part in the Senior Play can tell the amount of time the two senior classes have spent on its production, but it has been worth it. From the beginning of the term up to December 1st we have been selling

Christmas cards to friends, relatives and teachers. From this we have earned about fifty dollars.

We paid the registration fees of the Editor-in-chief, two Business Managers and the Athletic Editor of the Witan staff for the Cornell Interscholastic Press Meet. They reported that they had a most enjoyable and profitable time.

John Alofs is captain and Arthur Chappell and Irving Mix are members of our very promising basketball team this year. The following are members of the IV-1 class:

John Alofs, William Andrews, Katherine Bates, Robert Belknap, Francis Bellis, Elwood Bridgeman, Gwyneth Chapman, Arthur Chappell, Roy Clark, Walter Couch, Hobart Daboll, Mildred Farnen, Floris Ferguson, Louis Gordon, Mildred Grant, Isabelle Hathaway, Elizabeth Heinrich, Marguerite Heydweiller, Katherine Ihrig, Albert Lathrop, Ruth Lott, Paul Martin, Helen Marshall, George McLaughlin, Gladys Miller, Irving Mix, Karl Naramore, Richard Post, Fraser Punnett, Francis Saalwachter, Gilbert Sandholzer, Margaret Scholes, Rose Schwartz, Florence Smith, Ruth Statt, Arlene VanDerhoef, Edward Vinton, Frank Waterhouse, Dorothy Wedel, Nellie Weeks, Richmond Brady, Bruce Cambies, John Donoghue, Jessie Fowler, James Reid, Lillian Smith, Norman Scheer, Ruth Kramer, Mary McLaughlin.

Miss Carter is Class Adviser.

Arlene VanDerhoef.





## THE WITAN



### G. A. A.

Seated—Teresa Rapp, Lillian Leistman, Rose Schwartz, President; Marguerite Heydweiller, Arlene VanDerhoef, Tessie Lighthart.

First Row—Mildred Grant, Nellie Weeks, Pearl Jennings, Beth Manning, Miss Keeffe, Florence Sparks, Evelyn Hunt, Mary Heydweiller, Ottilie Huber.

Second Row—Emily Coon, Laura Karl, Margaret Hersey, Ruth Johnson, Ruth Lott, Mildred Farnen, Lillian Vogt.

G. A. A. stands for Girls' Athletic Association. And it means just that. It is an association, for all girls of the school, to sponsor and encourage girls' athletics. Under its auspices are basketball, tennis, swimming, hockey and other sports. Awards given by the association are different sizes of the old English "C" and the Girls' Athletic Association emblem.

Meetings of the association as a whole are held but seldom. But ev-

ery two weeks the Executive Council, consisting of the officers and managers of the various sports, meet with Miss Keeffe to discuss any problems that arise. The personnel of the present Council is: Marguerite Heydweiller, president; Rose Schwartz, vice-president; Arlene VanDerhoef, secretary; Gladys Miller, basketball manager; Madeline Hildebrandt, tennis manager; Laura Karl, swimming manager.

THE WITAN  
AUTOGRAPHS

THE WITAN

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forget

But now it's hard to remember.

—Tessie Lighthart, '27

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And the New Year bring you whatever  
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