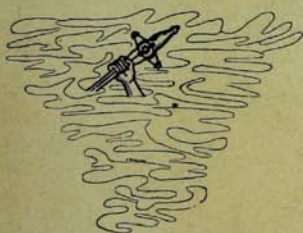


The Witan

Excalibur Number



"Take thou and strike; the time
to cast away
Is yet far off."

June 1927
Charlotte High School
Rochester

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ROCHESTER
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—
THE GIFT OF

Nathaniel G. West

Nathaniel G. West
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THE WITAN

For East is East and West is West
BUT
CHARLOTTE IS ON THE TOP
'RAH---'RAH---'RAH

SO, TOO, ARE THE
GRADUATION SUITS
AT
THE WARDEN BOYS' SHOP

ALL WOOL BLUE CHEVIOT SUITS
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ROCHESTER

'RAH---'RAH---'RAH

THE WITAN

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Ross Ferrara

THE WITAN

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Lake Ave. at Flower City Park

Telephone: Glenwood 1192

We are not buying this space with the idea that it will be of great value to us as an advertisement. We are buying it as an encouragement to the Class of June 1927, and to show our appreciation for the patronage they have accorded our theatre. ::

A. S. RITTENBERG
Manager

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While attending the Riviera Theatre, park your car at Hynes Parking Station, where you are sure of safe and courteous service. We carry a complete line of accessories the same as usual.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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THE WITAN

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THE WITAN

A YOUNG STUDENT

Starting out in life asked a certain rich and wise man how to become rich.

The rich and wise man, being too busy to answer, reached into the drawer of his desk and handed out a printed sheet of paper.

"But," said the student, "This is only a compound interest table."

"True," said the rich man, "But, it is the best guide I can give you."

This same guide is offered to you every Monday that you may build for the future with the aid of compound interest

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Machine with floor polisher, \$69.00; cleaning attachments, \$10.50 extra; \$3.00 will be added if liberal monthly payment plan is desired.

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Rochester Gas and Electric Corp.

89 EAST AVENUE

THE WITAN



Published Four Times
Students' Association of

a Year by the
Charlotte High School

VOL. VI

JUNE 1927

No. 4

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THE WITAT

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REPORT
OF THE WITAN
FOR THE
YEAR
1921



Mr. Roy L. Butterfield, Principal

THE WITAN



Miss H. Jean Carter, Class Adviser

AS WAS



MR. PRES.



EDITOR



BUS. MGR.



VICE-PRES.



LITTLE NELL



HOBART



M.E.G.



BOB-B.



IRISHMAN



CHUB



JAMES HASTE



LOTTIE



HELEN



SAD GLAD



DRUMMER-BOY



ARLENE



A-BELLE



BUD



PAUL



TINY



GWYN



DICKIE

THE WITAN



“202”

A certain room, number 202,
Is the abiding place of English IV-2,
Where questions of great magnitude
Are daily considered and sometimes subdued.

You may come to scorn, but remain to praise,
When you see how we conquer Emerson's essays.
A question is asked, then all of a sudden
Up pops Hasty Reid, or austere Bob Dutton.

“He means this,” quotes our wide-awake Jim.
“The way you get away with it,” says Bob, “is a sin.”

Then out of this chaos and terrible confusion,
We see arising—can it be an illusion?
Nay, 'tis Tarrant who joins the debate,
His face working terribly with rage and hate.

His audience is awed by his magnificent style,
As he conclusively proves, he would walk a mile,—
If need be, absolutely, for the sake
Of sinking the essays beneath the lake.

And thus it goes, as orators orate,
The snoozers snooze and debaters debate.

Paul Martin, '27.

THE WITAN

Station C. H. S. Broadcasting

Gladys Miller Announcing

In the year nineteen hundred twenty-three there entered the portals of Charlotte High School the largest and one of the most distinguished classes the school has ever known.

So remarkable were we that the upperclass men held a ball in our honor and we ourselves celebrated by taking a most enjoyable trip to Cobourg. Those were happy days when: the boys and girls both gathered together in the same study hall; assemblies were held in the gym, where all raised their voices in cheers led by those famous leaders, "Ed" and "Red"; everyone made a grand rush for the gym, which was known during the lunch hour as "Danceland."

So enjoyable were the days that we sped into our second year before we knew it. Events, however, were different now, for the boys and girls were separated and put into different study halls; our assemblies were few and far between; "Ed" graduated, leaving "Red" to carry on the vocal lessons alone; our boys' basketball team sent us into fits of joy by beating East High and carrying off the city championship; the door to the gym was locked during the lunch period, thus barring us from "Danceland." The

days dragged by for awhile and then, then we were seniors.

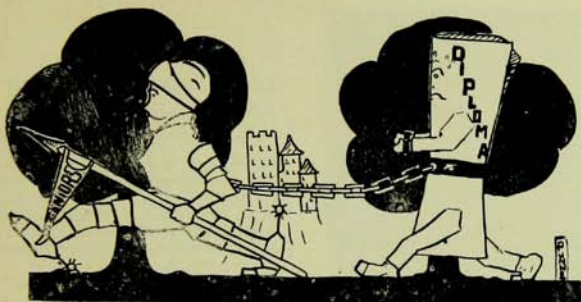
Our senior year has been one of remarkable events. The girls have had the advantage of a Practice House; the whole school has enjoyed the new lunch room and a large athletic field; also in the portables, the good old routine of weekly assemblies has been resumed. Miss Carter, our class adviser, had the seats removed from her class room and had tables installed for the comfort of her dear seniors (that's what we like to think). Then the room became the scene of many dancing lessons, and eventually the pupils put their knowledge into practice at the several class parties and the grand Senior Ball. We called ourselves the Excalibur Class. The tables in the class room were not round but, by using our imagination, they served very nicely. In the first half of our senior year we did not "Stoop" but we helped "to Conquer."

The key to our success we will leave with you so that you may profit by it and follow in our footsteps: "TAKE THOU AND STRIKE; THE TIME TO CAST AWAY IS YET FAR OFF."

Station C. H. S. signing off.



THE WITAN



- SENIOR 5 -

The Excalibur Class

*Motto---"Take thou and strike; the time to cast away
Is yet far off."*

Colors---Azure and gold.

Flower---Fleur-de-Lis.

THE WITAN



John P. Alofs 261 Ridgeway Ave.

Jefferson Junior Syracuse University

"A fellow of plain uncoined constancy"

Baseball, 2, 3, 4 (Captain 3); Basketball, 3, 4 (Captain 4); Class President 4; Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4 (Vice-Pres. 3); Reserve Basketball, 2; Reserve Soccer, 3; Safety and Order Committee, 3; Social Committee, 3; Student Council, 4; Swimming, 3.



Floris A. Ferguson 44 Britton Road

No. 42 University of Cincinnati

"Smooth runs the water,
Where the stream lies deep."

Candy Committee, 4; Class Vice-president, 4; Interclass Soccer, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Publicity Committee, 3; Senior Play, 4; Student Council, 4; Swimming, 3; Track, 4; Witan (Business Manager) 4.



A. Marguerite Heydweiller
369 Seneca Parkway

Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester

"She is so free, so kind, so apt, so
blessed a disposition."

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Association, 3, 4 (Sec. 3, Pres. 4); Guardian of the Flag, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play, 4; Toastmistress Girls' Banquet, 4; Tri-Y, 4; Witan, 3, 4 (Editor, 4).



John H. Donoghue 80 Jackson St.

St. Andrew's University of Rochester

"They say that miracles are past."

Athletic Committee, 4; Publicity Committee, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play, 4; Soccer Manager, 4; Standard Bearer, 4; Witan, 1, 2, 3, 4.

THE WITAN

William S. Andrews 122 Glendale Pk.
Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester
"Gold without glitter."
Hi-Y, 4.

Katharine B. Bates Lake Breeze Rd.
No. 38 Geneseo Normal
"A, please," she asked, "please, A,"
and patient sat,
While softly through the din came
back B flat."
Candy Committee, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2,
3, 4.

Francis M. Bellis 27 Electric Ave.
Susquehanna, Pa. Undecided
"Something between a hinderance and
a help."
Freshman Baseball, 1; Freshman Bas-
ketball, 1; Freshman Soccer, 1; Re-
serve Basketball, 4; Senior Play, 4;
Interclass Basketball, 2; Swimming, 3.

Robert F. Belknap 106 Gorsline St.
Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester
"Just at the age twixt boy and youth."
Senior Play, 4.



THE WITAN



Philip H. Booth 405 Raines Park
Mt. Herman Prep. U. of Cincinnati

"A word to the wise is impossible,
The wise talk all the time."

Baseball, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Hi-Y, 2,
3, 4 (Treasurer, 4); Reserve Baseball
2; Reserve Basketball, 2; Safety and
Order Committee, 3; Social Commit-
tee, 3.



Elwood G. Bridgeman North Greece
Greece No. 6 Business

"I often have a use
For a very good excuse."

Baseball, 3, 4; Freshman Baseball, 1;
Freshman Basketball, 1; Reserve
Baseball, 2; Reserve Basketball, 2, 3,
4; Skating, 3; Safety and Order Com-
mittee, 2; Interclass Basketball, 2;
Thrift Committee, 3; Track, 2, 3, 4;
Wrestling, 2, 3.



Bruce P. Cambies 164 Lexington Ave.
Jefferson Jr. Springfield Y. M. C. A.
"No heritage is so rich as honesty."
Hi-Y, 3, 4; Skating, 4.



Gwyneth P. Chapman
189 Augustine St.

Jefferson Junior High School
Philadelphia College of Osteopathy

"As pure in thoughts as angels are,
To know her is to love her."

Candy Committee, 4; Senior Play, 4.

THE WITAN

Arthur B. Chappell, Jr. 86 Cole Road
East High—1 year U. of Rochester
Irondequoit—2 years

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

Baseball, 4; Class Vice-Pres., 4; Hi-Y, 4; Interclass Basketball, 4; Skating, 4; Soccer, 4; Student Council, 4 (Pres.); Traditions Committee, 4.

Roy D. Clark Dorsey Road
No. 41 University of Rochester

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

Freshman Baseball, 1; Freshman Soccer, 1; Reserve Soccer, 4; Senior Play, 4.

Walter B. Couch 59 Cheltenham Rd.
No. 42 College

"He tells you flatly what he thinks."

Orchestra, 2, 3; Senior Play, 4; Witan, 4.

Hobart H. DaBoll
555 Seneca Parkway

Jefferson Jr. R. P. I. Troy, N. Y.

"Up! Up! my friend and quit your books,

Or surely you'll grow double!"



THE WITAN



Hazel M. Duffy 192 Desmond St.
Jefferson Jr. Geneseo Normal

"Reason is not measured by size."

Girls' Banquet Committee, 3; Safety and Order Committee, 3; Swimming, 2; Tri-Y, 3, 4 (Secretary, 4).



Mildred W. Farnen
Ridge Road, R. D. 6

Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester

"Good nature radiates from her in every smile."

Girls' Athletic Association, 3, 4; Glee Club, 2; Senior Play, 4; Swimming, 4; Tri-Y, 3, 4.



Louis K. Gordon 4717 Lake Ave.
Washington Jr. Mechanics Institute

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth."
(Class baby)

Baseball, 3, 4 (Captain, 4); Basketball, 4; Orchestra, 4; Interclass Basketball, 2; Soccer, 4; Swimming, 2.



Mildred Estelle Grant 15 Catalpa Rd.
Irondequoit High—2 years
University of Rochester

"A rosebud set with little, willful thorns."

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

THE WITAN

Isabelle V. Hathaway
480 Augustine St.

Jefferson Junior High School
Eastman School of Music

"Filtering sunshine and beauty,
Like a measure from Mendelssohn's
Spring Song;
And blessed with a mind of her own."

Candy Committee, 4; Glee Club, 3;
Safety and Order Committee, 3, 4;
Senior Play, 4; Tri-Y, 4.



Kathryn J. Ihrig 125 Pierpont St.
Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

Candy Committee, 4; Scholarship
Committee, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play, 4;
Tri-Y, 4; Witan, 4.



Ruth H. Kramer 515 Lexington Ave.
Jefferson Junior High School
Strong Memorial Hospital

"A song to the oak the brave old oak,
Who has ruled in our high school
long."

Girls' Banquet Committee, 3; Safety
and Order Committee, 4; Swimming,
3; Tri-Y, 3, 4 (Treasurer, 3; President, 4).



Albert W. Lathrop
60 Cheltenham Road

Jefferson Junior High School
University of Cincinnati

"Albert speaks an infinite deal of
nothing;
More than any man in all Charlotte."

Band, 4; Orchestra, 3, 4; Senior Play,
4; Social Committee, 3; Thrift Committee, 2; Track, 4.



THE WITAN



Ruth E. Lott Stonewood Ave.
No. 42 Undecided

"A light heart lives long."

Basketball, 4; Girls' Athletic Association, 3, 4; Girls' Banquet Committee, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2; Swimming, 4; Senior Play, 4; Tri-Y, 3, 4.



Helen R Marshall
309 Maplewood Ave.

Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester
"A frank child who also delights in coquetry."

Candy Committee, 4; Forum Committee, 4; Safety and Order Committee, 2, 4; Senior Play, 4; Tri-Y, 4.



Paul R. Martin Hilton, N. Y.
Dayton, O. Defiance

"Happy am I; from care I am free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Forum Committee, 4; Interclass Basketball, 4; Senior Play, 4; Track, 4.



George F. McLaughlin
5116 Summerville Blvd.
St. Mary's Business

"I am not of many words."

Class Vice-President, 3; Freshman Baseball, 1; Freshman Basketball, 1; Reserve Baseball, 3; Reserve Basketball, 2; Sophomore Basketball, 2; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4 (Captain, 3, 4); Traditions Committee, 3.

THE WITAN

Mary A. McLaughlin
1276 Lyell Ave.

Holy Apostles
Rochester Business Institute

"Her voice is ever soft gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

Tri-Y, 3, 4.



Glady's I. Miller Maiden Lane Road

District No. 15
Rochester Business Institute

"A friendly heart with many friends."

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4 (Manager, 4);
Girls' Athletic Association, 3, 4 (Sec-
retary, 4); Swimming, 3, 4.



Irving T. Mix 331 Augustine St.

Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester

"We are never so happy or unhappy
as we suppose."

Basketball, 4; Class Vice-President, 3;
Hi-Y, 3, 4; Reserve Baseball, 4; Re-
serve Basketball, 2, 3; Student Coun-
cil, 3; Tennis, 4; Wrestling, 2.



Karl T. Naramore
268 Lexington Ave.

Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester

"A man of good repute, carriage,
bearing and estimation."

Baseball, 3, 4; Freshman Party, 4;
Hi-Y, 3, 4; Soccer, 4; Wrestling, 3.



THE WITAN



Richard Post Flynn Road
Greece No. 7 Mich. State University
" 'Tis a wise saying: 'Drive on your
own track'."

Freshman Baseball, 1; Reserve Soccer,
4; Senior Play, 4; Scribblers' Club, 3.



Frazer D. Punnett Ridge Rd., Greece
Dist. No. 11 University of Rochester

"And I oft have heard defended—
Littlest said is soonest mended."

Candy Committee, 4; Witan, 4.



James Haste Reid
462 Seneca Parkway

Jefferson Junior High School
Philadelphia School of Osteopathy

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I open my lips, let no dog
bark!"

Athletic Committee, 2, 3, 4; Freshman
Baseball, 1; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Reserve Bas-
ketball, 2; Student Council, 2; Swim-
ming, 2; Wrestling Manager, 3.



Gilbert E. Sandholzer
30 Couchman Ave.

West High—3 years Tufts College

"His enemies shall lick the dust."

Wrestling, 4.

THE WITAN

Norman Scheer 13 Alonzo St.
No. 42 Undecided

"I never take a nap after dinner,
But when I have had a bad night, the
nap takes me."

Freshman Baseball, 1; Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4;
Student Council, 2; Swimming, 1;
Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Wrestling, 2.

Margaret Scholes 16 Electric Ave.
Dalton High School Undecided

"Sweet, neat and quite petite."

Girls' Banquet Committee, 3; Scholar-
ship Committee, 2; Thrift Committee,
2, 3; Tri-Y, 3, 4.

Rose Schwartz 663 Clark Ave.
No. 42 City Normal

"The Rose looks fair, but fairer we
it deem
For that sweetness which doth in it
live."

Basketball, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Asso-
ciation, 3, 4 (Vice-President, 4); Girl
Scouts, 1, 2, 3; Safety and Order Com-
mittee, 3; Senior Play, 4; Thrift
Committee, 3, 4; Tri-Y, 3, 4.

Florence I. Smith 425 Birr St.
No. 38 Undecided

"She taketh most delight in music."
Glee Club, 4; Tri-Y, 4.



THE WITAN



E. Gordon Snider
1691 Hudson Ave.

Irondequoit High—4 years
Syracuse University

"He trudged along, unknowing what
he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of
thought."

Wrestling, 4; Hi-Y, 4.



Ruth A. Statt
Statt Rd., Coldwater, N. Y.
Nazareth Academy—3 years
City Normal

"A soul as gentle as calm."

Tri-Y, 4.



Harry Tarrant 3686 St. Paul Blvd.
Manlius Colgate University

"Eight years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy at Charlotte."

Athletic Committee, 3; Baseball Man-
ager, 3; Charlotte Day Committee, 3;
Freshman Party Committee, 2; Glee
Club, 2; Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 2;
Reserve Baseball, 2, 3; Reserve Soccer,
2, 3; Safety and Order Committee, 3;
Social Committee, 4; Student Council,
2; Swimming, 2; Traditions Commit-
tee, 3; Witan, 2; Wrestling Manager,
2.



Arlene J. VanDerhoef
21 Lake View Park

Jefferson Junior Cornell University

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

Candy Committee, 4; Girls' Athletic
Association, 4 (Secretary, 4); Girl
Scouts, 1, 2; Orchestra, 3, 4; Scholar-
ship Committee, 2; Thrift Committee,
1; Tri-Y, 4; Witan, 3, 4.

THE WITAN

Edward William Vinton
221 Bryan St.

Jefferson Jr. Business

"The printer is one of the absolute
forces of culture and intelligence."

Basketball, 4; Reserve Basketball, 4;
Reserve Soccer, 3; Soccer, 4; Wrestl-
ing, 3.

Frank M. Waterhouse
35 Brockton St.

Alfred Plant Junior High School
University of Rochester

"The force of his own merit makes
his way."

Class President, 3, 4; Publicity Com-
mittee, 2; Student Council, 3, 4;
Witan, 3, 4.

Dorothy E. Wedel 45 Stonewood Ave.

Jefferson Jr. Post-Graduate

"Whose life is a bubble and in length
a span."

Girls' Athletic Association, 3, 4; Tri-
Y, 4.

Nellie M. Weeks 10 Frey St.

West Lake, Ontario City Normal

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks."

Basketball, 1, 2; Girls' Athletic Asso-
ciation, 3, 4; Girl Scouts, 1, 2, 3; Glee
Club, 3, 4; Safety and Order Commit-
tee, 3; Swimming, 4; Traditions Com-
mittee, 4; Tri-Y, 3, 4.



THE WITAN

As Will Be

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Martial footsteps resounded through the little town of Chingtu.

The struggle in China, begun in 1927, had continued for fifteen years, until now in 1942, a private expedition, financed by two American millionaires, Floris Ferguson and Frazer Punnett, had arrived to shoot up the situation.

Suddenly around the corner swung Arthur Chappell and Paul Martin, immaculately dressed, followed by a double file column of rough looking characters. Elwood Bridgeman lunged along at the left of the first pair, carrying a massive piano leg with which he was cutting down lamp posts and hydrants ruthlessly. Beside him Norman Scheer dragged along, thoroughly disgusted with the whole business, but entirely good-natured about it.

"Halt!" bellowed Captain Alofs.

The sudden stop sent Gordon Snider from the rear rank to the foremost, mowing down the whole army as he came. The mud of the Chinese streets was very soft and comfortable; they all remained sitting or lying as they had landed.

"Booth," said Alofs suddenly, "I want-----"

"----- to borrow another match, I suppose," finished Philip Booth.

"No! Take a hundred men and go off to the east and capture the town," ordered Alofs, closing his eyes.

"East?" yelled "Blisterin' Billy" Andrews, famous automobile racer. "Go west, young man, go west; Pat Henry said so!"

"Hey, listen boys, don't fight," broke in Harry Tarrant, rising, "the book here says, 'go north'."

"What do we care? North, east, south or west, let's at 'em! Come on!" cried Gilbert Sandholzer, seizing several men by the collars and starting.

"But the book says-----" began Harry.

"Down with the book!" bellowed Walter Couch. "Down with it!"

"Yeh; it must be wrong," commented Francis Bellis, looking wise.

"Well, standing heah ain't doin' any good," said Frank Waterhouse. "Why not -----"

Just then a procession of hooded Chinamen came down the street, bearing a white flag.

"The town's surrendered," said Paul Martin with a grin.

"Oh, Heck! This gun won't work at all," muttered Richard Post, yanking away at the bolt of his rifle.

Rapidly the Chinamen collected themselves and drew off their hoods. Before them stood Albert Lathrop, the peace promoter. Behind him stood a remarkably efficient appearing secretary, George McLaughlin. In the group were also several missionary workers: Ruth Kramer, a nurse; Nellie Weeks, teacher; Gwyneth Chapman, osteopath; Roy Clark, dentist; Mildred Farmen, minister; Hazel Duffy, cashier; Robert Belknap, undertaker.

When Hazel Duffy espied Harry Tarrant, she dashed toward him. After a brief colloquy, Harry rode off on a spirited merry-go-round nag, crying, "Vo dee do Vo dee you do dee yo do;" and thus disappeared forever.

Albert Lathrop had just begun to recite of peace when in strode James Haste Reid.

"Well, boys," he boomed, "that's all we want to film around here, with you

THE WITAN

guys." Then turning, he beckoned, and the great "Ferguson-Punnett" moving picture organization drew up in the street. The rest moved on down the alley, where they began immediately to match pennies.

"I guess the love scene comes next, doesn't it?" asked Reid.

"Love scene, my eye!" bellowed John Donoghue, "it's the murder scene."

"It is not; it's the happy homecoming scene," said Marguerite Heydweiller.

"You're crazy, yuh Dutchman; it's the murder scene," cried John.

"Well, I wrote the thing; I guess I ought to know if anybody does," answered Marguerite.

"Let's see the manuscript," said James Haste Reid.

The manuscript was produced. Everybody began unrolling it and pulling on it. Soon yard after yard of paper had been unrolled and was either wrapped around everybody in general or was on the ground.

"Guess we went by it," said Mildred Grant.

Accordingly they tried to follow through the tangled mess again, but this time back end to.

"Oh, I got it," piped up Rose Schwartz. "It's right here in the middle. Wasn't that funny?" she laughed. "Wait a minute while I tear it out, and then we won't have to roll up all this mess again." She ripped it out. "There, that's better. Now throw all this stuff away and let's get busy, because we haven't much time left." She looked at Florence Smith, eminent New York music teacher, lately returned from Italy, who passed her a broom.

Rose had hardly taken it when Edward Vinton came rushing in with a movie camera, bumping into her and smashing the broom.

"Well, folks, here I am. Better late than never," quoth he, setting up his apparatus. "When does the shooting begin?"

"Guess the shooting begins right now, boys," said Director Reid. "This finally turned out to be the scene where a mob of women try to mas-

sacre another mob, but the meeting is finally broken up by the arrival of Bruce Cambies. Let's go!"

Katherine Bates, Ruth Lott, Mary McLaughlin, Dorothy Wedel, and Ruth Statt formed a line at the corner, so as to be invisible to anyone approaching from the side street.

Kathryn Ihrig, the property lady, passed out an issue of rolling pins. Eddie Vinton made ready to grind. Louis Gordon, the company's sign painter, began posting danger signals at fifty paces distance.

"Camera! Skate in the wheeled dummies! Action!" called Reid.

At that moment, it so happened that the VanDerhoef Trust Company, owned and directed by Arlene VanDerhoef, had sent a delegation to China, which was just then arriving at its point of business by rounding this particular corner. Hobart DaBoll, the company's engineer, was the first to stagger clear of the melee.

Bruce Cambies stepped in to break up the fight. Meanwhile Donoghue had been quietly but vigorously busy with a pencil.

"There!!" said he, "that's the biggest header the New York American has had since I got out of high school, be jabbers."

Irving Mix also had himself rearranged before the others were ready. He presently bawled for his secretary. Gladys Miller promptly appeared.

"The contracts are ready?" he asked her.

"Yeah, I got them right here," broke in Karl Naramore. "I take no chances with a secretary. I keep them right in my coat pocket." He turned to his secretary, Margaret Scholes. "What did you do with my coat?"

She produced it.

"Are we ready for business?" asked Arlene VanDerhoef, looking them over.

"We are," said they.

Arlene turned to the picture company and asked for the boss. Nobody knew anything about him at all.

(Continued on Page 48)

THE WITAN

Now - - - And Then?

You are so near to us just now, Charlotte,
We cannot realize—
Three weeks, two weeks, one week, and then, Charlotte,
Then we are gone.

Ten years from now we'll be but history,
Mere names upon a dusty record book,
Forgotten e'en by those who put them there;
But will we care? I scarcely think we will;
It is not rooms and empty halls and desks
And dust beneath the lockers that we love.

The friendships we have made; the pals we've found;
The thrill we feel when we have won a game;
The satisfaction of some work well done;
The deep respect and happy comradeship
Of those who are our teachers; these are what
Ten years from now we'll fondly recollect.

Some other people's friends will then be there
Filling our halls and desks; some others' friends
Will win our games and do the work we did;
Perchance some other teachers then will fill
The places our instructors used to hold.
We will not care so much—ten years away.

But now—you are so very near, Charlotte,
We cannot realize—
Three weeks, two weeks, one week, and then, Charlotte,
Then we are gone.

Marguerite Heydweiller.

THE WITAN

Our Last Will

We, the class of June 1927 of Charlotte High School, Rochester, New York, United States of America, being in full possession of our senses and of sound mind and memory, do hereby ordain and establish this, our Last Will and Testament. To those who have yet to suffer in this unexcelled institution of learning, after due consideration and meditation, do we bequeath the following (May they abide by these, the last wishes of their departed schoolmates):

1. Though forced in leaving to take with us our well earned reputation of courage and bravery, to show our unselfishness we, "dauntless as a wolf," bequeath to the Junior class—"Our fangs."

2. To the girls of the freshman class we leave a new sheik, Howie Fraser, to replace the old standby, Jimmie Reid.

3. Those who were honored by admission to the Senior Ball, well know the ability of our social chairman, Mildred Grant. We do hereby designate said esteemed position to Mertie Carmichael with the hope that Harvey will leave her in peace long enough to enable her to give this office the time and attention it deserves.

4. To anyone who will take them, we leave the miscellaneous auto parts belonging to young men of the class. A true mechanic may be able to construct one whole car.

5. To all true Irishmen, with proper qualifications, we are delighted

to leave John Donoghue's blarney-stone.

6. To Harold Stienfeldt, little Frankie Bellis wishes to bequeath his basketball togs, provided Bouncer puts in enough tucks.

7. The whole school will mourn the loss of the Nation wide athlete, John Alofs. We leave his uniforms and equipment (if they are turned in) to Thomas Baggan, selected as the most likely to be Nigger's successor.

8. To the girls of Charlotte we leave the old floor register, the gathering place of the elite for the latest news and scandal. May it keep their hands warm when we are no longer there to see that the job is done properly.

9. To our successors we leave a teacher who has aided and guided us through four years of diligent (?) study. We are truly sorry to leave behind us our class adviser and friend, Miss H. Jean Carter.

10. We trust that our example in the great wide world will be an inspiration to all underclassmen. Execute our decrees faithfully and you will be rewarded with the happiest school days possible. It is with sorrow that we take only memories with us.

CLASS OF JUNE 1927,

Harry A. Tarrant,
Testator.

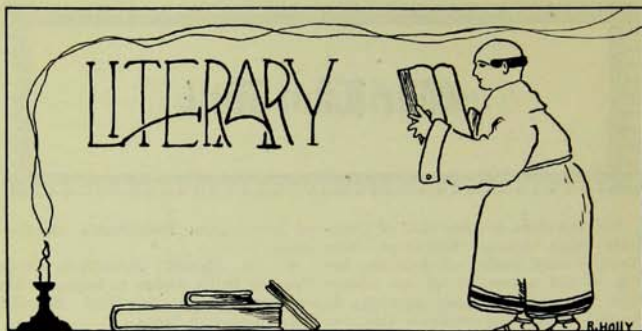
Witness: John Alofs, President
Marguerite Heydweiller,
Secretary.

Miss Cashman: "Which way is the rain coming?"

Vinton: "Down."

Mr. Biddle (in assembly): Now we'll sing America the Beautiful and pass out."

THE WITAN



STRANDED

It was gone!—gone—lost! She had no more idea where she had lost it than...well, than the grinning street urchin staring at her standing bewildered and very much surprised in the middle of the road. She looked about her and anxiously scanned the busy street, but of course it was not there.

The passing crowd saw a slim young girl, smartly dressed in a plain but expensive blue suit, with tan shoes, stockings and gloves. She presented such an appealing, pretty picture of helplessness that some of the crowd inquired her misfortune and advised her return to the last store she had been in and inquire. So she retraced her steps, with a feeling that she would not find it. Her last faint hope was dashed to pieces when the clerk replied that she had not seen a dark blue and tan purse with a little silver buckled strap.

Then with a gasp she realized that she had no money and that she was stranded in an unknown city, where she knew not a single person! All she had was a little new hat she had just bought. Ah—her pockets—just perhaps—. She ripped off her blue and tan gloves and eagerly searched. A little sigh of thankfulness escaped her as she finally extricated a single car check. At any rate she did not have to walk to her home, ten dusty

miles away, even if she couldn't finish her shopping.

She had come two days before from a neighboring state to attend a college in this city. The buildings overlooked a picturesque lake which the doctor had recommended; and to shop one must go to the city.

Things seemed so strange and new but she would get used to that. It was fun to be her own boss, she mused. She walked leisurely down the street, wondering about her purse, when suddenly she realized that the little paper floating down toward the gutter was her car check! With her heart in her mouth she saw it disappear!

For a moment she stared spellbound at the spot which had swallowed it up.

"Good heavens!" she said weakly. "Why," she chokingly laughed, "I'm stranded in a strange city." The title of a movie which she had once seen flashed across her mind—"Stranded in Paris." Now she had her own movie with Reena Roberts as the star. She must make it a good movie. As a good beginning, she took out her new hat and, after tossing the old one to a wide-eyed little foreign girl, she set her charming chapeau jauntily over her reckless, flashing eyes.

THE WITAN

She set out at a leisurely pace down the street, looking in all the windows, picking out the things she would buy if she had her purse with her. (It would have to be a fat purse, she mused, as she saw so many desirable things). She roamed aimlessly on until she came to a little park. She sat down on one of the benches, and watching a flitty warbler, began to realize the seriousness of her situation. For a moment she was a bit frightened. She might ask a policeman (a nice looking one stood over there). No, too much questioning and red tape. She might explain her predicament to that nice, elderly gentleman playing with the children—but no, she couldn't do that—that would be begging, and Reena was too proud to do that. She might ask for a job as a clerk in some little store for the afternoon. But who would hire a clerk for half a day?

She dismissed these plans as impossible, when she espied a little piece of heavy paper in the dust. Maybe a car check, she wildly whispered. But no, it was a theater ticket. Upon closer examination she discovered it was for this very afternoon! With a sudden impulse she decided to attend that matinee. She glanced at her watch, feeling glad she had not pawned it, as she had considered. It was two o'clock, and the performance began at half past. She found the theater with the direction of the smiling "cop" and fearfully submitted her ticket to the usher, who readily accepted it and showed her her seat, an excellent one.

Reena enjoyed the program immensely and forgot all about her misfortunes.

When she came out of the theater the sun was setting. The blue sky and the shafts of brilliant sunlight over the buildings and the golden windows were a beautiful sight. But darkness was at hand and she simply must do something immediately about getting home. The situation was desperate. She walked along by the inviting restaurants and food shops. How good everything looked. As her longing eyes left the appetizing windows she glanced about her.

On the next corner a ragged boy was crying out the headlines of his papers to the passersby, many of whom did not pass him by. Suddenly Reena's downcast face lit up like a sunbeam. She dashed across the street to the paper boy and as he stared at her in amazement she offered to be partners with him if he would give her money to get a car check. He had to accept, carried away by her eagerness, and yielded several papers.

She dodged traffic and was on a neighboring corner shouting her wares in a sweet voice in a moment. She smiled as she noticed looks of surprise and disdain cast in her direction. A pretty young girl stylishly clad in a blue suit, with gloves on, selling papers on a street corner like the little urchin yonder—well, it just wasn't done, that's all! Many tried to question her, but she was too busy with attracted customers to answer any queries. With a lull in business, she smiled reassuringly at her ragged partner across the street and was rewarded with a sheepish grin.

After the rush was over and the returns were ascertained, with much profit and every paper sold, the boy said, "Say, sister, c'mon over every night and we'll make a go of it, fifty-fifty, what say?" Reena replied that she'd like to very much but that she lived out of town.

After she had received an equal share of the profits, which he insisted on giving her, she asked him to go around the corner for a bite to celebrate, as her treat. They went, and never did weiner, cheese sandwich and cup of coffee taste better. They became good friends and Reena promised to stop and sell papers again sometime.

After her pleasant, long ride, she reached home in time to relate her experiences to her new friends, who reminded her that it was Friday the thirteenth. The next morning when her purse was returned she decided it had been a very lucky one.

Constance Decker, '28.

THE WITAN

BRAVERY

Bravery is the gesture of the soul at its highest reach, baring itself to a fatal wound in its eagerness to deal a mortal blow at something it abhors. Bravery is poetry, but drama in deed instead of word.

At times good fortune plays a part in conspicuous heroism, for instance at the zero hour a troop may go over the top, nearly every man doing his duty with complete courage, but to a single man will fall the opportunity to do a deed picturesquely or with ingenuity that will catch the fancy of the world.

It is rather unjust when all have forgotten selfishness and given their lives that only a few should gain fame. Yet, because we cannot remember all our heroes, it would be a mistake to favor no one.

Fame, the reward of valor, is a lottery with few capital prizes. Sometimes the winners show no more wisdom, no more courage than all the other gamblers. But to succeed, a lottery must have capital prizes and pay them. And war is the greatest lottery, when the chips are men and the loss, lives. War brings out the best and the worst in men and offers the greatest field for bravery.

There has always been an appetite for tales of heroism. The earliest literature records them in the deeds of Achilles, Hector, Leonides, Homer and others; and the latest literature world war heroes such as York, Nungesser and Guynemer.

Since no man has more to give to his country than his life, all heroisms are equal—it matters little how he gives it. Bravery is not new, but it is versatile and its quantity is unlimited.

Men are sometimes forced into deeds of valor, of which there is no better example than the world war, where men were drafted or compelled to enlist by the very prospect of the draft. One of the most noted heroes of the late war, Sergeant York, was a conscientious objector; he was not fanatically opposed to war, but his religious scruples did make him a reluc-

tant and tardy entrent into the war.

Race or creed means nothing when the moment comes when he must prove his courage or admit cowardice. A complete list of heroes would include clergymen, waiters, gunmen, farmers, convicts, chorusmen, gamblers—the entire list would exhaust any classification of the human race.

To speak in algebraic terms, a hero is a man plus, a coward a man minus. In its individual heroes, moral, spiritual and physical, lies the prosperity of a nation. It is well that a nation should keep its eye on its heroes and regard them well, at least with fame. A few heroes will counteract the influence of many cowards or even lend them strength enough to become heroes also.

Hero worship has always been a most human trait. Setting someone upon a pedestal and worshipping him begins in childhood with a small boy's worship of his Dad.

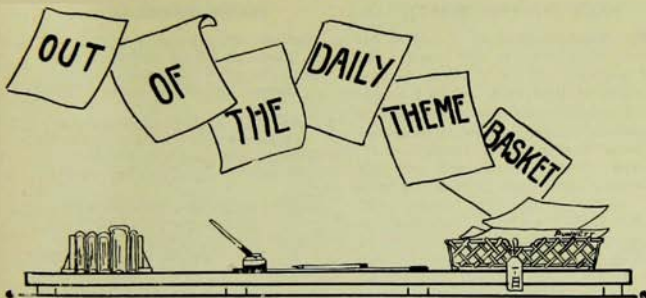
Deeds of heroism have also been inspiration for generations, ever inciting the newer generations to the heights of bravery.

PESSIMIST OR OPTIMIST

The pessimist is a nuisance; so is the optimist. There the similarity ends and the contrast begins. A pessimist is one who views only the dark side of life; the optimist is one too foolish to regard it. The pessimist is too negative minded; the optimist is far too assured. The pessimist sees the clouds in the east and says, "Rain;" the optimist sees the sun in the west and says, "No rain." Consequently, half the time the former loses his fun; the other half the latter gets wet. The pessimist sees the approaching financial crisis and prepares for it, but he ignores the chance of gain; the optimist blindly seizes this chance, wins, only to lose in the panic, while the pessimist, although he did not lose, neither did he win. Both are extremely boring, so be a middle man; he always gets the most profit.

David Babcock. '29.

THE WITAN



BE GONE, YE REBELS!

Seated at the table with a straw between his lips
Is a drug-store cowboy with a quarter doing flips.
"Give me another milkshake," comes loudly from his throat;
"Make it chocolate ice cream and be sure and let it float!"
The store is filled with fellows and the air is blue with smoke;
Some try to borrow money, but they all seem badly broke;
The talking gets much louder, and they stamp upon the floor.
Suddenly a voice is heard quite a distance from the door,
And to stop this fearful crowd would certainly be vain,
For the cause of this commotion is Mr. Chamber-lain.
He walks in very quietly—the door shuts with a bang—
Takes his hat from off his head and says, "Good morning, Mrs. Fang."
Lloyd Sandholzer, '28.

PARISIAN SWEETS

I'll tell you how
To make a kind
Of candy good and sweet:
A pound of figs,
A pound of dates,
Ten cents for walnut meat.

You grind them up,
And mix them well,
You pat each in a ball,
You sugar them,
You pass them 'round,
Your guests will eat them all.

Edith Hulse, '29.

BLUE!

People feel blue—at least they say
so. Skies are blue and make people
rejoice, especially the picknickers and
farmers. Eyes are blue, dreamy
blue, steel blue, and deep pools of
azure blue, and violets are blue. They
begin a deep purple blue and fade
lighter and lighter until they're white.

The lake sparkles and dances and is
blue. The pretty fluffy blonde wears a
dress of blue, soft billowy blue, rising
and falling around a slight figure.

Blue cries out in every corner of
the world. You can't keep it out.
When skies are gray the mist is blue.
When fires smolder the smoke is blue.

Florence Rich, '29.

WHY?

Why did she send me from study hall?
Why did she humiliate me before
them all?

Why did she not give me time to ex-
plain?

But no, my good record she had to
stain!

Why did not the other get up and con-
fess?

She couldn't have done so very much
less!

What wouldn't I have done just to sob
And tell what I thought of her! The
snob!

THE WITAN

SENT TO THE BOARD

My heart jumped as I heard my name called to go to the board. She will probably ask me to write the conjugation of that verb which I forgot to learn two weeks ago! No—that is too ancient. Oh, I know; I will have to write the conjugation of that irregular verb we rehearsed so much yesterday. Let's see—does it end in "es" or "s" in the first person singular? Well, I am safe from that, as she has asked someone else to write it. Such a life. She is asking the girl next to me to write the only conjugation I know perfectly.

"Mademoiselle ecrivez (write)"—buzz-zz-zz. There's the bell. What could be sweeter?

MY FRIEND

My friend loves me. He is true, trustworthy, honest and loyal. I quarrel with him, but I make up. I give him severe talkings to—yet he confides in me. I neglect him—yet I love him. Sometimes his eyes sparkle; that is when I am glad. Sometimes his eyes are wistfully sad; that is when I am blue. Again he is mischievous; that is when I am very, very good.

When I whistle he comes, like Mary's lamb, wagging his tail behind him.

H. I. G.

IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

The waving branches of the trees,
The gentle sighing of the breeze,
The sweet perfume of flowered trees,
In apple blossom time.

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

Oh, yes, the joys come thick and fast,
As gentle breeze is sweeping past;
The joys you have are those that last,
In apple blossom time.

Margaret Rowley, '30.

THOSE FROGGIES

Six and fifty little froglets,
Green as school had ever seen,
Just emerged from polywogdom,
Hopped about the campus green.

Soon their gallant little pipings
Could be heard in hall and room;
Many added to their number
Merrily hopped to their doom.

Stuffed with rank sophistication,
Next they hopped to and fro,
For of course they apprehended
They 'twas made the old school go.

Eight and forty wiser froggies
Now sit sadly on the fence,
Soon to leave the dear old frog-
pond,

Out into the great world hence.

Marguerite Heydweiller, '27.

ORATIO CICERONIS DE C. H. S.

Cives, I shall not need to list the many reasons because of which we all love Charlotte High School. I shall not mention the Practice House, the beautiful fields surrounding this place of acquiring knowledge, the many studies offered to those desiring them, the athletic opportunities, and last and most important, our beloved staff of teachers. I shall pass over the excellent location of the school far from the noisy strife of the city, the great lake in the distance, the quiet beauty of the little cemetery trans viam. I shall not mention the excellent car service procured for those of us who have not yet reached the dignified age necessary to drive collegiates.

It is not necessary for me to state at this time these facts so well known to all of us. It would only waste your valuable time, you who have thus far listened to me so attentively, to mention all these reasons. Pro omnibus his causis, cives, we are most worthy and most loyal supporters of Charlotte High School.

Marion Weston, '28.

THE WITAN

MOUNTAINS

The mountains are the fathers of the little hills. They rear their great crowns protectingly over the little, green foothills. They stand guard over the little lakes and bury the streams in their deep crevices. The mountains are blue and purple, and sometimes they wear a crown of silvery snow upon their heads. At other times their tops are hidden by fog—then they are communing with God. The moon often hangs over the tops of mountains to look down into the valleys. When the rain falls upon the mountains it brings the wild flowers, and the sun warms them into life. In the winter the snow forms a warm blanket and the mountains look like great, sleeping giants. But still they are guarding the little foothills so that when they waken in the Spring the leaves of their trees may be softly green and their flowers well-formed and beautiful. This is the loving duty

of the mountains—to watch over the little foothills.

H. E. Haven.

THE MUSING MIND

Rambling thoughts, mellifluous
As Spring! Sweet waters, flowing by,
Turn upon life's moments swiftly
passing.
And dwell there in ecstasy;

Joy, what is joy but a frail thing
Broken by the transient wind?
Sorrow, built upon joy's foundations
Falls soon to a tempting laugh;
Love's but an avenging hate
Cast in all hearts alike;
Pity a cruel sympathy worth nothing,
Left as an arrow to pierce aching
hearts;
Greed a fantastic demon found every-
where,
In the souls of men.

Thus flew such meditations past
To end.

Allen King, '29.

Suzanne: "Have you seen Wilson Zieres?"

Teacher: "No, what about them?"

Haughty Seniors

A girl walks down the corridor,
Her head is held up high;
The glances of Freshmen are scorned
As swiftly she sails by.

She looks as though she thinks herself
Superior to all,
And meeting her, one often feels
Comparatively small.

But not the weaker sex alone
Act so; for we have proof
The species known as masculine
Do also act aloof.

Suzanne Bogorad, '31.

Undernourished

Prof.: "Are you underweight, Howard? I notice you drinking a lot of milk."

Fraser: "Yes sir. The doctor says I am five pounds underweight."

Prof. (to Frisbee, just coming up):
"Are you also, Horace?"

Frisbee (blankly): "Yes sir."

Nosey!

A. M. H. (after long discussion on the subject): "Anyway, mine's a nice nose. I may as well stick up for it; no one else ever does."

Arlene (the Roman): "You don't need to; it sticks up for itself."



Senior Play

Left to Right: (standing) John Donoghue, "Tony Lumpkin"; Hazen Burhans, "Sir Charles Marlowe"; Robert Belknap, "Roger"; Walter Couch, "Diggory"; Helen Marshall, Mistress of Wardrobe; Isabelle Hathaway, "Maid"; Lloyd Diehl, Stage Manager; Albert Lathrop, "Stingo"; George Street, Asst. Stage Manager; Raymond Savage, "Young Marlowe"; Tessie Lighthart, Property Manager; Harold Pellett, Electrician; Floris Ferguson, "Hastings"; Roy Clark, Richard Post, Paul Martin (seated), Francis Bellis, Ate-house Characters.

Seated—Frank Hutchinson, "Mr. Hardcastle"; Marguerite Heydweiller, "Mrs. Hardcastle"; Margaret Powers, "Miss Kate Hardcastle"; Anna Roller, "Miss Neville."

THE WITAN

She Stoops to Conquer

The creature in the left hand corner opened his mouth and roared forth his ludicrous part. The audience before him opened their mouths in ready response. The old Hardcastles argued and fussed; the lovers loved and blushed and twiddled their thumbs in embarrassing positions; the servants frisked and frolicked and made their lords grow grey (note picture). And the ale-house fellows—ah, the ale-house fellows—they became sublimely drunk on ginger ale!

On the memorable night of December 18, the combined classes of January and June 1927 produced the longest and one of the most successful senior plays in Charlotte's modern history—"She Stoops to Conquer."

Both classes cleared over \$40, in spite of the ridiculously low admission fee, and all who had any part in it received several hundred dollars worth of enjoyment and experience from it. The coaches, on their part, gained several hundred grey hairs. It is with the deepest gratitude that we remember the work of Miss

Sharer and Miss Carter, in coaching the play. Also Mr. Butterfield, who taught Florie how to make love.

It was but a short month of steady practice and considerable fun. And then----

The creature in the left hand corner opened his mouth-----

Between the acts the senior girls, under the able direction of Miss Keeffe, pranced through two delightful little English country dances and a very beautiful Scarf dance, in which, fortunately, the sunbonnets did not get mixed with the scarf.

English Country Dancers—Mildred Farmen, Esther Graham, Kathryn Ihrig, Margaret Webster, Ruth Lott, Margaret Scholes, Arlene VanDerhoef, and Gwyneth Chapman.

Scarf Dancers—Helen Hondorf, Mildred LeFevre, Helen Marshall, Katharine Bates, Rose Schwartz, Teresa Rapp, and Irene Bebee.

The high school quartet, under Mr. Lee's direction, furnished music between the acts.





The Student Council

THE WITAN



Seated—Louis Gordon, Philip Booth, John Alofs (captain), Allan Snider.
Standing—Harold Suenfeldt, Mr. Chamberlain (coach), Henry Brown (manager).
Absent—Irving Mix, Vito D'Antonio, Harold Pellett.

BASKETBALL

For the first time in several years, our basketball team did not win the league championship. We put up a good fight and managed to win second place. The only team that was able to defeat us twice was Monroe High, the present champions.

The most promising candidates for next year are: Captain-elect Irwin Murphy, Allen Snider, Jess Lee, Lloyd

Sandholzer, Harold Stienfeldt, Vito D'Antonio and George Humby. We will lose John Alofs, Harold Pellett, Philip Booth, Irving Mix and Louis Gordon through the June graduation.

The team won a majority of games played, fought hard and clean, and acted as gentlemen, and so quite worthily represented us on the court.

THE WITAN



Seated—Vito D'Antonio, John Alofs, Louis Gordon (captain), Irwin Murphy, Frank Arioli.
First row standing—Allan Snider, Philip Booth, Boris Warden (manager), Mr. Tracy (coach), Harold Conlin, Elwood Bridgeman.
Second row standing—Jack Bork, Gordon Snider, Lawrence Pennington.
Absent—Arthur Chappell, Harold Stienfeldt, Anthony Agostinelli.

BASEBALL

With three wins and no losses the baseball team has the best chance of winning the pennant in the Rochester and Vicinity League. The team has defeated East High, West High, and John Marshall and hopes are high that they can go through the season without a defeat. Coach Tracy deserves much of the credit for turning out such a good team.

Lawrence Pennington, our twirler, is the best pitcher in the league. In the East High game, he struck out eighteen men and allowed but three hits.

Frank Arioli, Louis Gordon, Vito D'Antonio and John Alofs make up an infield combination that would be difficult to duplicate.

John Alofs, Gordon Snider and Vito D'Antonio have each hit one home-run. In the West High game, Snider hit a homer with two on and in the Marshall game D'Antonio hit one with one man on. Alofs' home-run was hit in a non-league game with the U. of R. Freshmen.

The rest of the team includes Arthur Chappell and Philip Booth, catchers; Allan Snider, pitcher; Irwin Murphy and Harold Conlin, outfielders.

TENNIS

The sunny weather is here and the tennis team is taking advantage of it. The team started the season by defeating John Marshall, 5 to 1.

THE WITAN



Seated—Paul VanDoorn, Elgar Warden, Henry Brown (president), Philip Booth, John Alofs, Jess Lee.
First row standing—Norman Scheer, Frank Stevensky, Mr. Kindig (Y. M. C. A. leader), Boris Warden, Allan Snider, Harold Pellett.
Second row standing—Karl Kapell, Thomas Baggan, Clifford Carpenter, Karl Naramore, Gordon Snider.

HI-Y

The Hi-Y is distinctly a high school organization and is recognized the country over as one of the leading high school boys' organizations. It stands high in the eyes of the school officials not only for its good clean sportsmanship ideals but also for its desire and willingness to cope with all school problems that arise in the student body.

It is the earnest desire of the Charlotte Hi-Y to help promote the general welfare of the school and at all times to be ready to back the students and the wishes of the faculty.

At present we have tackled the problem of completing the hand-book for the school and we hope that the

school, especially the incoming freshmen, will find it of invaluable information to them, as it will be a guide to them and will help them to adapt themselves to high school life.

Students desiring to become members of the Hi-Y must have a member propose their names at one of the regular meetings. The members then vote upon the name submitted.

We have many things planned for the coming semester and we expect to make things buzz.

We wish to extend to the student body and the faculty the hope that they will have a very enjoyable vacation and our best wishes for a successful year.

Henry Brown, President.

THE WITAN



Girls' Athletics

The first girls' gymnasium meet since that of 1923 was held on Friday, May 6. Over forty girls participated in the events and they were a fine appearing group. Each class wore different colored ties. The freshmen wore blue, the sophomores red, the juniors yellow, and the seniors green.

The events were floorwork, dancing and apparatus work. The seniors won the lively relay race, defeating the freshmen by a small margin. This relay was a new one, conceived by Miss Keeffe, played with cage balls, and is to go down in history as the Charlotte High Relay.

During the entire meet the posture of the girls was being judged. Ruth Manuel, '31, was awarded first place; Marguerite Heydweiller, '27, second, and Katharine Bates, '27, third.

The individual awards according to merit were as follows: Freshmen: floor work—Ruth Manuel, Vera Porter, Marion Leonard; dancing—Verna Lawrence, Ruth Manuel, Vera Porter; apparatus—Ruth Manuel, Margaret Heagerty, Vera Porter.

Sophomores: Floor work—Dorothy Preston, Mary Heydweiller, Edith Gassett; dancing—Dorothy Preston, Edith Gassett, Fern Soucie; apparatus—Dorothy Preston, Velma Kelly, Mary Heydweiller.

Juniors: Floor work—Helen Josh, Edith Hulse, Gladys Entwistle; dancing—Elsie Tackabury, Edith Hulse,

Evelyn Gallery; apparatus—Gladys Entwistle, Elsie Dawson, Mary Leary.

Seniors: Floor work—Arlene Vanderhoef, Marguerite Heydweiller, Rose Schwartz; dancing—Wilhelmina VanKesteren, Dorothy Doell, Margaret Connor; apparatus—Marguerite Heydweiller, Rose Schwartz, Gladys Miller.

The awards by classes in floor work were: seniors, sophomores, juniors; dancing: seniors, sophomores and freshmen.

The individual cup was awarded to Ruth Manuel, '31, who scored 18 points. The class cup was won by the seniors with 56 points; the freshmen were second with 47 points.

The judges of the meet were: Miss Foster and Miss Parker, supervising teachers; Miss Fisher and Miss Dunbar, from West High; Miss Wangman and Miss Wetherell, from East High, and Miss Pettingill, Girls' Club Director.

The girls' gymnasium meet is to be an annual affair from now on. The classes of 1927 and 1928 were the fortunate ones to have their numerals first inscribed on the new class cup. The cup is to be in the trophy case as a permanent possession of the school. This year the individual cup was given to the girl with the highest score during the meet. The future plan may make it necessary for a girl to win the highest score in two annual gymnasium meets before the cup becomes her permanent possession.

GIRLS' TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Friday, May 20, lots were drawn for partners in the girls' tennis tournament. The tournament was begun

the following week, matches being played off at the convenience of the opponents.

THE WITAN



This semester the homemaking girls are "on their toes" furnishing and adorning the Practise House.

In the dining room they have very attractive curtains which Miss Werner and her classes designed and painted. These certainly give an unusual touch to the room and are admired by everyone who has seen them. The furniture has been placed and it is altogether an attractive sight when the girls bring on the new ivory tinted dishes and bright flowers. There have been four weeks of luncheon cooking twice a week. These were to give the girls practice in advanced cookery. On Tuesdays and Fridays, six girls have been served a luncheon upstairs where two other girls received practise serving. During the past few weeks the seventh and eighth grades have been holding luncheons twice a week in the

practise dining room. The sixth grades have been serving breakfasts. Our only regret now is that we don't live in Washington so that we could give President Coolidge a treat.

In the kitchenette are all the supplies and utensils for preparing luncheons, to say nothing of a fully equipped cabinet, a refrigerator, and a china cabinet.

The girls have made a cretonne bedspread for the bedroom and have finished the hooked rug which also goes in that room. Altogether, with the maple chest of drawers, chair, bed and white ruffled curtains, it is a temptation for any girl to have a headache so she may go in and lie down.

Not much has been done yet on the living room, but that will come later and doubtless will be as attractive as the other rooms. Dorothy Herman.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

May 3—The Parent-Teachers' Association held their annual business meeting and tureen supper.

May 6—The Freshman class held a party. The guests were Mrs. Denise, Miss Goff and Miss Sharer.

May 18—The council of Elementary School Principles held their annual

meeting. Dinner was prepared and served by the girls of the homemaking classes.

May 20—The senior term class had a bridge party and dance.

June 10—The Seniors will have a supper and dance at the close of Senior Day.

THE WITAN

General Notes

ASSEMBLIES

April 27—Mr. Tracy Jones, a Y. M. C. A. field secretary, from Hong Kong, China, was the principal speaker of the assembly. Mr. Jones gave a graphic survey of the revolt of the South China citizens against the conservative rule of the Northern government of Peking. He contrasted in detail the influences of the foreign countries over both the Canton and Peking governments. He illustrated his talk with several personal experiences. Mr. C. W. Kindig, executive secretary of the Maplewood Y. M. C. A., introduced the speaker.

May 12—Dr. Meyer Jacobstein, Congressman from the thirty-eighth district of New York, was the principal speaker of the assembly. He described in detail the day's work of a Congressman while in office, and stressed the welcome of letters from constituents in Rochester. He mentioned that most of the work of the Congressman was outside of the chamber of the House of Representatives, and that a large part of the work is in the committee chambers.

May 20—Among other announcements, Mr. Butterfield stressed the necessity of a fitting celebration of Memorial Day in the local high schools. He described the past activities of the school in regard to this civic day, mentioning the Charlotte Alumni memorial trees in Ontario Beach Park. He also issued a call for boys to march under the Charlotte High School flag in the Memorial Day parade.

FRESHMAN NOTES

Our Freshman class has had many good times this term. Early in the spring we visited the Memorial Art Gallery and Eastman Kodak Company, and we are planning to visit the Rochester Folding Box Company.

The Art Gallery is one of the most beautiful places in Rochester to visit. In it there are many wonderful paintings by noted artists. There are also elegant works of tapestry, one piece of which belongs to the gallery; the others are loaned to it by considerate people. Besides seeing the pottery and statues, we went down to the Little Theater. This is used for entertainments given by various organizations about the University.

Another trip we took was to Eastman Kodak Park where we were met by a very nice old man who told us a few interesting thing about "the home of film."

The first place the guide took us through was the ice plant. From there we went into the dark rooms where many girls were busy attaching films. It is so dark in the rooms that one who is not used to it cannot see readily.

We went into many different rooms and saw how boxes, glue, films and many other articles of interest are made.

We then went up to the chimney. The guide told us how it was built, how high it is and how wide. He also told us to get as close to it as possible, then look up. We did this and found that, although round, it looked square.

We returned to our starting point, claimed our books, thanked the guide and gave a cheer for him.

Margaret Kirby, '31.

THE WITAN

Junior High Page

JANE'S FIRST NIGHT

AWAY FROM HOME

"Jane, my mother would like to see you," said Betty.

"Me?" inquired Jane, wondering why Mrs. Chendyle wanted her. Taking Betty's hand she went next door.

"I want to ask a favor of you," said Mrs. Chendyle. "Would you like to take care of Betty and Helen tonight?"

"Yes, I would," answered Jane.

"All right," said Mrs. Chendyle, "come over about 8:30. I will be home about ten or eleven o'clock."

So that night about 8:30 Jane McCoy went into Mrs. Chendyle's house prepared to spend the night in fun. Jane was just twelve years old.

When Mrs. Chendyle left, Jane decided to read to Betty and Helen. Pretty soon they were tired of that and wanted to play colors. After playing this for some time, Jane looked at the clock and, finding it was 10:30, she suggested that they all sit in the big chair and talk.

Suddenly Jane heard a "Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"What can that be?" she asked. At last it stopped and they settled down again. Just as she was going to sleep, she heard a "Pat! Pat! Pat!" Jane grew very much frightened but at last she got courage enough to lock the door. She soon went to sleep.

Soon Jane was awakened by a bang on the front door. There was Mrs. Chendyle. Jane told her what had happened. "Well," said Mrs. Chendyle, "I can account for those. The 'Bang! Bang! Bang' was the cellar window, which I forgot to lock, and the 'Pat! Pat! Pat!' was the cat."

And sure enough, when the back door was opened, in came the cat.

Virginia Rust.

CHERRY TIME

A cherry blossom's a funny thing,
It comes so early in the spring,
It opens up its little face
And turns to God to give it grace.

And as the balmy breezes blow,
It covers the ground with its white snow,

And hungry children wait in vain
Till cherry time rolls round again.

Josephine Bemish.

A DRAMA OF NATURE

The first budding, green crocus peeped its head above the ground. The birds sang of bravery to their mates. The soft, misty radiance of dew cast itself over some lovers. The cool, green fragrance was powerful. One dare not speak, but just listen, look, and thank God for His greatness. Indeed, 'twas Spring.

But no. Cold winter again transformed the world. The crocuses stood taut and frozen. The little birds shivered. The lovers came not in the garden for lingering, forbidden kisses.

Dame Spring was defeated but not for long. Again the sun presented his guilty, golden head and grinned. But the crocuses—Ah——— The crocuses came not into this new spring. They stood taut, silent, numbed.

The birds chattered gaily. The lovers gazed at the fast fading light of the sunset which transformed the world into an aurora of unreality. The silhouettes of the lovers faded. Black night ascended his throne. All was silent.

Sarah Worth.

THE WITAN

SURPRISE

Mother had bought a new hat. She wanted to surprise Daddy, so she told Betty not to say anything about it.

When Daddy came home that night, Betty innocently asked, "Are you going to wear your new hat to the luncheon tomorrow, Mother?" Then after she thought, she said, "O, dear, I never open my mouth but I put my foot in it." At that they all laughed. Then mother showed the new hat and everything was all right."

Nedra Tozier.

ESCAPED

One day in June, there was a lot of us in the woods looking for wild flowers, when we heard someone call for help. We started toward the call on a run. We soon came to where it had been—but now it was back of us in a tree. We looked and finally noticed a parrot that had escaped from somewhere. We took it home with us. We discovered that it belonged to the lady next door.

Arthur Roy.

THANK YOU

The Witan Staff and members of the Senior Class take this opportunity to express their deepest appreciation to Miss Werner for her unselfish assistance in the Art Department. Under her capable guidance many of the artistic and attractive features of the Annual were accomplished.

FASHION SHOW

A fashion show was conducted by the Fashion Adviser of one of our women's apparel shops on April fifth and sixth. Suitable costumes for all occasions were shown, with the accessories for each costume. Simplicity, beauty of line and color were stressed.

The Senior girls were given an advance showing of graduation dresses by another Rochester store on May nineteenth at the high school.

Ruth Kramer acted as the model from our school at a graduation dress showing held for all the schools at a downtown store on May twenty-seventh.

AS WILL BE

(Continued from Page 29)

"Want to sign up with us, then, for the rest of the picture?" she proposed.

"Good pay, too!" interposed Irving.

"But terrible eats!" said Karl.

"All in favor of going home----" began Helen Marshall.

"Aye!" shouted everybody.

Slowly as darkness was descending, the crowd thinned out, leaving one lonely figure looking anxiously up and down the street. Suddenly there came two violent automobile honks from down the street. Then Isabelle Hathaway appeared.

"Well, John, come on. You're late," she said.

"Yes, my dear," he meekly answered, and disappeared in the darkness with her.

Frank Waterhouse, Prophet.

Exam question: "State briefly the eventual fate of two major characters in 'Ivanhoe'."

Jessie K: (1) Lady Rowena was happily married to Ivanhoe. (2) Ivanhoe was the happy husband of Rowena.

Do You Suppose It Was?

Miss Ruf: "What was LaFayette's full name and title?"

Ralph Happ: "Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de LaFayette."

Tarrant: "Oh, is that why he said WE are here?"

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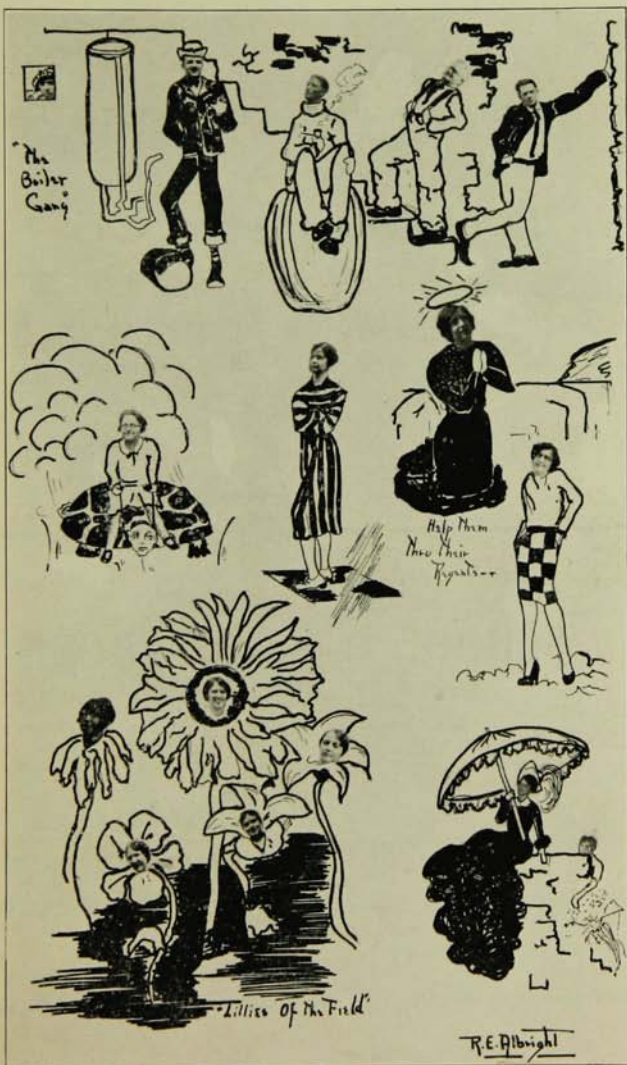
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bettah get 'nother, and get a good one—one
dat'l last."

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