

JAN, 1928

*Mid-Year
Graduation
Number*

THE WITAN



*December 20, 1927
Charlotte High School
Rochester, N. Y.*

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THE WITAN



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THE WITAN

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FOR HER

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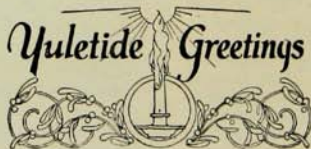
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The Witan

Charlotte High School
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VOLUME VII

NUMBER II

DECEMBER

1927

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Miss Carter	
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THE WITAN



Mr. Roy L. Butterfield, Principal

THE WITAN

Christmas Greetings

Service

An individual's conception of the meaning of the Christmas season grows as his years increase. To the infant of pre-school age the idea suggested is that of a holiday which always means gustatory satisfaction, in this case with the added significance of profiting immensely at the hands of a well-beloved and philanthropic old elf. To the elementary school pupil it means further, a vacation, an occasion never lightly to be regarded. But as we acquire age, insight, and wisdom, we find in it a particular opportunity to make those about us happy.

Now, if we are to believe those who should know, in this idea of service is to be found the germ of a new era which is to come in this old world—an era which will rescue our hard-won civilization from present dangers. This is an appropriate Christmas theme applying, however formal and artificial our observance of Christmas may be, and following the precept and example of Him who gave a name to the day.

As the successive New Years with increasing rapidity confront us, let us resolve to regard the talents we possess as a trust, to be neither buried nor abused, but to be cultivated through the opportunities opened to us and then to be used unsparingly in making more satisfactory and complete the lives of those whom we affect.

R. L. BUTTERFIELD

THE WITAN



Miss Goff, Class Adviser

THE WITAN

Harold Snyder 50 Wren Street

Jefferson Jr. High Business

Harold is a busy lad,
Always gay, and never sad.

Class President 4; Forum Committee 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y 3, 4; Music Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Student Council 3, 4; Witan Staff 3.



Arthur Newcomb Charlotte Station

Greece No. 14 Business

The "handy man" of the class is Art,
In all the activities he takes part.

Athletic Committee 3; Baseball 1, 3, (Reserve) 3; Basketball 1; Candy Committee 4; Class Vice-President 3, 4; Safety and Order Committee 3, 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4 (Captain 1, 3, 4); Student Council 3, 4; Swimming 1, 2, 3; Thrift Committee 3; Track 2, 3, 4; Witan Staff 4; Wrestling 2, 3, 4 (Captain 2).



Lois McCone 265 Bidwell Terrace

Jefferson Junior High Business

Lois is the class red-head,
Without her we would be quite dead.

Book Exchange Committee 3, 4; Class Secretary 4; Senior Play 4; Social Committee 4; Student Council (Treasurer) 4; Swimming 3; Thrift Committee 2, 3; Witan Staff 4.



THE WITAN



Harold Benham 125 Hermitage Rd.
West High University of Virginia
Laughing, angry, bluffing Bus—
If you're wrong he'll make a fuss.
Forum Committee 4; Wrestling 4.



Henry Brown 61 Flower City Pk.
Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester
Henry is of a serious mind,
A boy like this we're glad to find.
Athletic Committee 2, 3; Book Exchange Committee 2, 3, 4; Freshman Party Committee 2, 3; Hi-Y 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Traditions Committee 3.



Mertie Carmichael 257 Alexander St.
LeRoy High
Strong Memorial Hospital
She's popular, pretty,
Elusive and witty.
Basketball 3; Glee Club 4; Safety and Order Committee 2; Senior Day Committee 4; Senior Party Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Student Council (Secretary) 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.



Clifford Carpenter 239 Bidwell Ter.
Jefferson Junior High Undecided
Our modern Long-fellow is he,
Although his poems are of the sea.
Basketball (Reserve) 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Music Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer (Reserve) 2, 4; Swimming 1; Witan Staff 3, 4.

THE WITAN

Warren Case 125 Wedgewood Pk.
 Jefferson Jr. University of Rochester
 In a hopeless fix is Warren Case
 When he stands up, the class to face.
 Hi-Y 4; Tennis 4; Wrestling 2, 3.

Margaret Connor 8 Holmes St.
 Jefferson Jr. Mechanics Institute
 Maggie, so demure and sweet,
 Sells the candy that we eat.
 Candy Committee 4; Scholarship Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Swimming 3.

Constance Decker 4169 Lake Ave.
 No. 38 University of Rochester
 Connie's quiet mien would ne'er betray
 Romantic tales that in her mind hold
 sway.
 Candy Committee 4; Class Secretary
 1; Glee Club 4; Thrift Committee 3;
 Tri-Y 3; Witan 4.

Dorothy Doell 209 Ravenwood Ave
 Jefferson Junior High Business
 Who'd think this busy, clever lass
 Could be the baby of our class?
 Class Secretary 3, 4; Guardian of the
 Flag 4; Publicity Committee 3; Scholarship
 Committee 2; Student Council
 (Treasurer) 4; Swimming 3; Thrift
 Committee 2, 3; Tri-Y 3; Witan Staff
 3, 4, (Editor-in-Chief 4).



THE WITAN



Hazel Duffy 192 Desmond St.
Jefferson Jr. High Brockport Normal

Hazel Duffy is small to the eye,
But she figures big in the school
Tri-Y.

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



Elizabeth Heinrich 214 Lake Ave.
Monroe High Converse

"Heinie" has the riding habit keen,
Off and on her horse she's often seen.

Basketball 3, 4; Riding 4; Senior
Party Committee 4; Swimming 4.



Irma Holverson 240 Albemarle St.
Jefferson Jr. Mechanics Institute

Irma, wisely, her money to save,
Went and had a permanent wave.

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 2, 3
4; Tri-Y 3, 4.



Melvin Howcraft 17 Tacoma St.
Jefferson Junior High
Eastman School of Music

Melvin of the raven locks
Sells our candy by the box.

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

THE WITAN

Frank Hutchinson
25 Hanford Landing Road

No. 42

Business

A very patient boy is Frank
His Ford he always has to crank.

Freshman Party Committee 4; Glee
Club 3, 4; Senior Party Committee 4;
Senior Play 3; Standard Bearer 4;
Tennis 4; Witan Poetry Contest Win-
ner 4.



Pearl Jones 32 Chalford Rd.

Mynderse Academy

Highland Hospital

Pearl, the tall and stately beauty,
Never fails to do her duty.

Glee Club 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.



Karl Kapell Stone Road

Jefferson Junior High

Business

"Kap" Kapell (so they say)
Does his lessons every day.

Hi-Y 3, 4; Safety and Order Commit-
tee 2; Senior Play 4; Soccer 3, 4, (Re-
serve 2); Track 2, 3; Wrestling 2, 3.



Leona Miller 259 Summitt GrovePk.

Jefferson Junior High

Business

"Better late than never,"
Spikie's motto is forever.

Basketball 2, 3; Girls' Athletic Associ-
ation 3; Riding 3; Swimming 3;
Thrift Committee 2, 3; Witan Staff 4.



THE WITAN



Eleanor Morse 135 Cameron St.
Jefferson Jr. Mechanics Institute

Little Esh, trying hard to reduce,
Soon found out it was no use.

Forum Committee 4; Glee Club
Riding 4; Ring Committee 4; Senior
Party Committee 4; Tri-Y 4; Thrift
Committee 4; Senior Day Committee
4.



Virginia Smith 83 Locust St.

Jefferson Junior High
Pennsylvania Academy of Art

Virginia, the artist of the class
Is quite a deliberate little lass.

Tri-Y 3; Witan 4.



Harold Stienfeldt 436 Ridgeway Ave.
Jefferson Junior Oswego Normal

Seldom before was a full-back seen
Like Bouncer of our own Soccer team.

Baseball 2, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Soc
cer 1, 2, 3, 4; Wrestling 2.



Wilhelmina Van Kesteren
Charlotte Station

No. 41 Cornell

Your Georgia peach is cried up far
and near,
Our Grecian peach is what we boast
of here.

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 2, 4;
Publicity Committee 1, 2, 4; Ring
Committee 4; Safety and Order Com
mittee 2; Senior Play 4; Swimming 2
3; Thrift Committee 2, 3; Tri-Y 3, 4.

THE WITAN

Lena Watson 270 River St.
No. 38 Undecided

Lena has been at Charlotte many
years,
Now when she leaves, start she'd
tears.

Class Secretary 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3
4; Orchestra 2, 3; Senior Party Com-
mittee 4; Senior Play 4; String Quar-
tette 2, 3; Tri-Y 3, 4.



Viola Westfall 668 Lewiston Ave.
Kodak High Undecided

A quiet lass of manner coy,
Pursuit of knowledge is her joy.

Candy Committee 4; Scholarship Com-
mittee 3.



Helen Whitney 3231 Lake Ave.

Brockport Public School
Monroe Post Graduate

Helen, we hear, is of no kin
To Whitney of the cotton gin.

Glee Club 1; Publicity Committee 4;
Swimming 2; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan Staff
4.



THE WITAN

THE INTELLECTUAL EPOCH

The Intellectual Epoch began in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred twenty-four, upon our entrance into Charlotte High School, and will probably come to a close with our exodus in January 1928.

We have three members in our class who started in January 1924: Constance Decker, Helen Whitney and Wilhelmina VanKesteren. Constance tells me they didn't have an initiation party. The freshmen met and elected Waldner Sexton, president; Wilhelmina VanKesteren, vice-president, and Constance Decker, secretary. Oh, they knew they had made a very intelligent choice when they made "Billy" and "Connie" class officers. We didn't want to deprive the school of all the original members of this class, so we leave "Kate" Bailey, "Red" Albright and "Duke" Duquette to help carry on the school's activities.

You ask why wasn't I in that original class? Well you see, I stayed back one, two, three—well, it doesn't make any difference how many terms.

In January 1925, Jefferson Junior High School sent to us quite a large number of students, increasing our class to seventy-four members. During the second year this class seemed to be asleep, for I can't find any record of a single class party.

At our first meeting in our junior year we elected class officers and chose Miss Riley as our class adviser. We dragged thru that third year, giving our attention to scholarship only, with no social functions in view. We let the seniors borrow Frank Hutchinson to take a leading role in their play.

Last September 1926 we started our longed-for senior term. The first thing we did, after electing officers,

was to decide upon our class rings and pins. This term we held a huge sausage roast at Sunset Point.

At last we now are senior "finals." We have twenty-six members in our class. Miss Riley, our class adviser, resigned from the faculty and we went in search of the best adviser a class ever had and we found her right in our own home-room, Miss Goff.

Our class has played a very important role in the school affairs. Arthur Newcomb, the Business Manager of the Witan, hurries from place to place securing advertisements for the magazine. Leona Miller keeps her right hand busy taking down the notes of the meeting, while Dorothy Doell, Editor-in-Chief, has her hands full making Miss Sharer and Mr. Lee get to work on time. Lois McCone rushes over at the last moment with luncheon reviews from the Practice House. Oh, yes, I played the piano in the high school orchestra for several years, and what would the boys' quartette do without "Cliff" Carpenter and "Duke" Snyder?

On November 12, we had a dancing party at Elizabeth Heinrich's home. Ask the people who went whether or not they had a good time.

Now we come to the Senior Play, "Step Lively." Karl Kapell, with his quick temper "stepped lively" and grasped the part of Joseph Billings, while "Howie" Frazer, of the IV-1 class, with his winning ways, took the role of Joseph Billings Junior. "Billy" VanKesteren, who is very temperamental, just fitted the part of Aunt Mary. Of course it was a success.

And now we are ready for the fourth and last act of our high school career—senior day and graduation.

Lena Watson, Class Historian.

THE WITAN

JANUARY 1928 CLASS PROPHECY

A horrible crash heard all through the station; snatches of conversation and I knew, after a minute of thinking that there had been an accident. I rushed forward, eager to be in the way and I was surprised to hear someone bellow, "Eleanor, Eleanor, in the name of Charlotte High School, go in that room and see if you can stop Lena's crying!"

I went into the room he pointed out and saw an old classmate of mine—Lena Watson. She was laughing and crying and it took me several minutes to secure the information that she had been in the wreck. She was on her way to visit her old home after an absence of several years, during which time she had been teaching little savages to stop eating peas with a knife.

Just as Lena stopped her antics, the person who had asked my help, so very gently, came in and then I recognized in the guise of a plain clothes man no less a personage than Harold Stienfeldt, our old "Bouncer." Directly behind him stood another person, merely an everyday sort of person, except that he did look more intelligent. He started to recite poetry, something about the beauty of the reflecting moon on the water as the yawl skimmed by. It sounded very familiar to me and evidently to the others, for we all spoke at once, "Clifford Carpenter, have you been hurt?"

They shouldn't have worried, however, for Cliff must recite poetry when he is inspired and everyone excuses him because of his genius.

Another interruption:

"Would you mind clearing the room? There are some patients we should like to bring in here." This from a nurse.

I looked again at the nurse—yes—no—yes, it was Pearl Jones. I'm afraid I nearly choked her and she didn't recognize me for a minute, but when she did, well, she called another nurse and introduced me to her colleague, Miss Mertie Carmichael, Dr. Benham's favorite nurse. THE Dr. Benham, too.

Harold Benham came in at that moment and gave us the coolest of nods, as though we were excused, but we didn't pay any attention for it wasn't every day we met such a celebrity.

Finally when I left the station, I started to walk in the direction of Sibley's store, when I heard a very undignified, "Hey, Esh, want a ride?"

It was Billie Van Kesteren in a wonderful LaSalle roadster. It seems she's a dealer, now. She has risen from the—er—ranks—of Fords. Before she let me out I had ordered a red roadster. Beware, she's a wicked saleswoman. Remember when she served on the Candy Committee?

I walked through Sibley's to the grocery department and was just starting to leave without the pastry I absolutely needed for my tea-room (rush order), when an exceedingly important looking person rushed up and said, "See here, Eleanor, if you don't let me help you, I'll lose my job."

"Harold Snyder, what are you doing here?"

Harold, it seems, is very successful in the handling of groceries.

After leaving the store I walked up East Avenue where I thought I might find a new frock. I had heard of a clever new shop—Mlle. Lois—and I was very anxious to visit it.

THE WITAN

A page opened the door for me. I felt very insignificant in the beauty of the interior and was just going to make a stumbling exit when someone desired to know if she could assist me. Oh, but yes, they had all types of dresses. Madame would be delighted. Just then the important personage turned into a red haired, clinging person. You see it was Lois McCone, and she was Mlle. Lois. I congratulated her and she told me to save just fifty per cent of my felicitations until she called the business head. Remember Dot Doell? Well, she was it.

We talked and talked, as women will, and we made arrangements to go to a special service at the beautiful new church designed by Henry Brown, a well-known architect. I was surprised at that but then they told me that Frank Hutchinson was the minister and Melvin Howcraft was the organist. (It is wonderful to meet such people).

After I left the shop I was walking along, when some woman came up to me and wanted to know if I was Eleanor Morse. Of course, I was, I always was, and I still am. I recognized the speaker immediately. She was Irma Holverson. It seems that she has a wonderful stable down South, somewhere, and is training one horse for the Kentucky Derby. She told me that Elizabeth Heinrich was teaching riding to some stupid girls at some finishing school in North Carolina.

Irma and I invited each other to dinner but I took her to my own tea-room and perhaps you think she wasn't delighted to see my partners, Viola Westfall and Leona Miller. Viola has a wonderful business head.

Nothing seems to make her nervous, or upset her even temperament. Leona, however, is always flying into the air over every cup of tea.

Irma had to leave immediately after dinner, so I decided to meet Constance Decker and go to the beautiful new theatre lately completed by the well-known contractor, Warren Case. Warren even persuaded Virginia Smith to paint one of her marvelous pictures for one of his beautiful wall spaces. Warren must be very persuasive, for Virginia is always so busy.

I met Constance at her "Little Men's Shop," which she owns in partnership with Arthur Newcomb. Arthur's specialty is sweaters, and the more the merrier.

After the theatre we went around to the stage entrance to congratulate Helen Whitney on her successful portrayal of "Juliet" in the play "Step Lively." She is a brilliant actress. While we were talking to her a newspaper reporter asked for an interview with her at her earliest convenience. Three guesses, who was the reporter. It was Karl Kapell.

We all invited him to supper and we arrived at a fascinating little place just in time for a ballet named "The Persuad of Youth." It was very lovely. From the shadows came the figures, swaying as if caught by a breeze. Then another figure, old and bent, hurried from the shadows, clutched at Youth who skillfully evaded. Suddenly a darkness—then a soft light, and Age stood all alone.

I looked at my program—Youth danced by Hazel Duffy; Age interpreted by Margaret Connor.

Eleanor Morse,
Class Prophet.



THE WITAN

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

We, the January Class 1928, of Charlotte High School, Rochester, New York, United States of America, being of sound mind and body, do hereby make our Last Will and Testament:

First: To Mr. Butterfield we leave our sincere thanks for the help he has given to us in our four odd years of high school.

Second: To Miss Goff, though she was our class adviser for but one term, we leave our appreciation for her help in our class affairs.

Third: To the paper borrowers of the school we leave a whole stack of math pads to be used at their disposal. We hope the English teachers won't object to the use of the paper for their classes. Wendell Fishbaugh has been appointed to see that each student gets his share of the paper.

Fourth: To the freshmen we leave a few dozen market baskets to replace the ever-cumbersome brief cases. May the people who did stumble over brief cases fall safely into the baskets.

Fifth: To Miss Doehler we leave some dog biscuits. We hear that she is starving her dog to keep it small.

Sixth: To the student body in general we leave "Pat" Wharity and "Harve" Halloway to replace "Duke" Snyder and "Cliff" Carpenter (our two famous Harmony Boys).

Seventh: Because we are taking with us three of the best poets, we hope that as we are leaving Herman

Duquette and "Beans" Campbell, the Witan will not suffer seriously.

Eighth: Because Paul Van Doorn always has excuses handy, we have asked him to publish a book so that the other students (?) may use his alibis. We advise him to leave it at the Book Exchange so that it will not be lost.

Ninth: We regret to take with us "Bouncer" Stienfeldt, the hero of the Soccer team, but in his place we leave the well known heavyweight, Paul Graden.

Tenth: We believe that the teachers need someone to advise them in student affairs, so we are leaving the post to "Larry" Pennington. May he advise them wisely.

Eleventh: In order that "Howie" Fraser's experience as campaign manager for the student elections may not be wasted, we leave him the sole right to make the campaign speeches for the next ten years upon condition that he judiciously alternate his efforts on behalf of the Athletic and Independent parties.

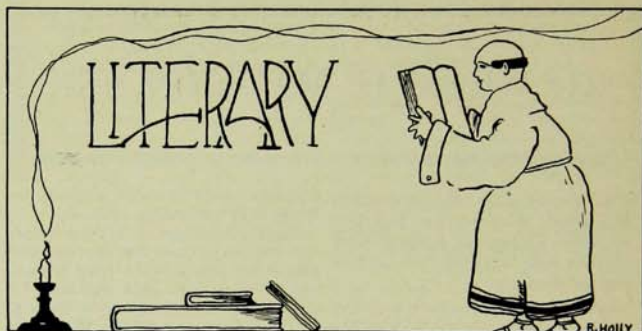
Twelfth: Boris Warden has had the post of cheer leader alone for many years; therefore, we leave him Horace Frisbee as an assistant.

Thus we shall conclude our Last Will and Testament. We appoint the June Class of 1928 the sole custodian and Executor of this document.

Wilhelmina Van Kesteren,
Class Testator.



THE WITAN



HE WHO COULDN'T FORGET

A perfect day in June, across the waters came, "What a day was yesterday, since yesterday"----a violent splash----a deathly silence----a piercing shriek----Help! Help!----a silence, forever.

The next morning a light canoe, bottom-side-up, was found on the shore and caught in the canoe was a victrola with a record still on it—"Yesterday." That evening the body of Mary Anne Sherry was brought out of the depths of the lake; Mary Anne, nineteen years young, fiancée of Douglas Lanner.

Everyone wondered; everyone pondered, but Douglas Lanner worked. He worked to forget, to drive it out—that last awful shriek, that mocking "Yesterday." If he had gone with her, if he had not selfishly chosen to play golf yesterday.

All through July, August, September, sullen October and November he worked, slaved, trying to forget, but everywhere, always he heard a mocking "Yesterday."

One week 'til Christmas. Last year he had had Mary Anne. They had shopped together; had planned together—oh, such happiness. This year he had nothing, no one.

Five days 'til Christmas—he couldn't stand it—the joy on every face, the laughing, happy children,

the people who were living for this Christmas, for every Christmas.

And Christmas Eve.

"God, God, you have forgotten me!" Unconsciously he uttered it aloud, standing in a dark corner, just away from light and happiness. "God, God, oh God."—an unmistakable plea.

"Mister, He forgot me, too." From a dark corner, a wavering voice, a little cry, and it startled Douglas Lanner.

"What! Who's there?"

The sudden, forced cry of Douglas seemed to startle the voice, for it almost whimpered as it said, "I'm sorry, Mister, but I had to talk to somebody, my back hurts so and I'm cold and I guess I'm hungry, too." Sobs came, muffled sobs of a brave little somebody.

"Oh, I say, you poor little kid. Come out here where I can see you."

A short pause, and then in a mere whisper, almost timidly, came the entreating, "Promise you won't laugh. Promise, Mister."

"Cross my heart, I won't laugh." Douglas solemnly gave the sacred promise of childhood. He heard a little cry of pain and a shuffling, lagging step and into the light came a pitiful little body.

A little boy's dark brown eyes looked up into his and Douglas' eyes filled with tears. The poor little kid

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was twisted and the face had lines of pain, pain from a little body, cruelly treated.

* * * * *

"Merry Christmas, young fellow. It's a beautiful day, with enough diamonds in the snow to make you a millionaire."

"Oh, gee, Mister. Say, what's your name? I guess I forgot to ask or something."

"It's Douglas Lanner, and I'm here to serve you." This from the unhappy Douglas of "Yesterday." "What do you wish for breakfast, sir?"

"Say, do you mean it? Can I have anything I want?"

"You bet you can—anything."

"Well, I'll take an egg or two—my mother used to give me eggs, Mister—and some toast and can I have cocoa, too?"

An hour later, a well-filled, scrubbed

and happy boy limped into the big, big living room where Douglas Lanner waited; into a room of a hastily purchased and trimmed Christmas tree, into a bower of presents and joy.

Just Douglas, a poor little kid and a mother-housekeeper, but it was a heavenly day—a day of freedom from it all.

For an hour hardly a word had been spoken. Thoughts seem to fill the room and then, as if the thoughts were too valuable, too precious to keep, it came first from the little boy, yellow curls nodding, dark brown eyes heavy, wanting a pillow—"Mister, do you think God could forget?"

"While I have you to love, little fellow, God will never forget."

A smile of happiness, a sleepy nod.

"Poor little kid"—and it was no longer Yesterday.

Eleanor Morse, '28.

THE RESTORER

In the year 1817, there came to the little village of Moline, France, a young stranger. Evidently of good family and associations, he was, nevertheless, a recluse, desirous of living alone, and seeming to be very content among his books and instruments.

"Strange," the villagers often whispered. And the small children glanced wistfully at his little old house, set far back from the road, where he spent most of his time without being visited by friend or foe. Thus it had been now for ten years or more. And the people of the town had long ago ceased to worry over this mysterious person.

Once in a while a traveler would stop at the village inn, and the conversation would lead to the peculiar actions of "the doctor." This would only last for a few minutes, however, after which he would be completely forgotten for many days to come.

But little did the town know what was passing through the doctor's brain during the years he had spent in his little out-of-the-way house.

During all these years he had worked to perfect a composition of herbs and drugs which he thought would restore the dead to life. He had at last succeeded, and was waiting patiently for his first opportunity to try his great discovery.

At last he had his chance. A cat, long a member of his household, and in truth his only friend, died. Shortly after, the doctor, with nervous fingers, approached the lifeless animal, the hypodermic syringe full of his new liquid. Carefully, he injected a few drops into its veins. He waited with beating heart. Wonder of wonders! The lifeless figure moved slowly from side to side as the potent preparation acted upon it. In a few minutes it stood up and ran around the room. Overcome, the doctor shouted, "Thank God! Thank God! I have found it!"

The village had been attending to its business, having no conception of the doctor's activities. But on this morning there was sadness among the townsfolk, for the old and revered priest had met death's call. The vil-

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lage bell tolled its deep tones to the countryside, mournfully telling the people that one in their midst had gone beyond.

But had he gone beyond? That was the thought in the doctor's mind. And he answered it emphatically, "No."

The funeral was arranged for the next day, and the doctor made up his mind to be there. The morrow came. Great was the town's surprise when the tall form of the doctor moved down the aisle, and he took his place in a front seat, close to the coffin.

Still and peaceful in death, the priest lay, his face wearing an untroubled expression, as it had in life. The doctor gazed at it long and earnestly, a thousand emotions coursing through his breast. Here was a body, once living and breathing, stilled by the God of the Universe, and he, he was assuming the powers of God.

The service went on, the prayers were said, and the hymns sung; then each in turn walked by the bier for a last look at his friend. The one to stoop over the dead man last was the doctor, and he held in his hand the syringe. Deftly he pierced the veins in the man's arm with the delicate needle, and in a fraction of a second had lifted his head and passed on with the rest. Suddenly as the people

were gathered for the procession to the grave, the casket bearers shouted. No wonder. Walking along with their burden, they had felt a movement from within the casket. The lid was pushed off from the inside, and the bearers set it down. Shrieking with fright they ran away. The astounded congregation approached the casket, and craned their necks in wonder. A faint blushing pink slowly crept over the dead man's face, his muscles twitched violently. His eyes opened. Staring vacantly at the crowd who had assembled to witness his funeral, he suddenly pointed at the doctor and shouted, "You fiendish devil, you have disturbed my peaceful rest!"

In a horror a hundredfold more intense than that of the villagers, the doctor stepped back. Out into the air he ran, towards his house, trying to collect his scattered wits. Pushing the door open, he stumbled over the cat and pitched forward upon his face. The hypodermic syringe in his pocket pierced his skin and he received a drop of the liquid. A dose for the dead injected into a living man! Fire danced before his eyes; for a moment he recalled troublesome problems which had always perplexed him; then with a last heavy sigh he died as he had lived—a madman.

Roswell C. White, '29.

THE FELINE REST FARM

Bill Tuttle, Bob Ellery, Ronald Wilkins (commonly known as Red) and I (my name is Dan Baxter) were seated on a board in my dad's lumber yard. We were discussing various ways of making money. Red suggested that we raise rabbits but Bill thought that raising dogs would net better receipts.

"Nonsense," said I, "why not board cats?"

"Cats?" said Bob, "are you crazy?"

"Not at all," I replied. "In large cities such as Chicago, Boston and New York, the owners of pet shops board cats."

"Who would be silly enough to send their cats to a small town such as Ashton?" said Red.

"The sanitarium is located only a mile from here," said I.

"Maybe the rich people that come to the sanitarium will board their cats with us," said Bill Tuttle.

"Where will we keep the cats?" asked Bob Ellery. Here was a question that stumped us. We couldn't put the cats in our barns; our parents would not allow it. All at once a brilliant idea struck me!

We would keep the cats in my Dad's lumber yard.

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"I have it," I cried, "in the lumber yard is an abandoned mill. My Dad will let us use it."

"Oskey wow wow!" cried Red. "Just the place!"

The others agreed that the mill would be an ideal place, so accordingly we marched down to Dad's office to obtain the permission to use it. The mill had been used a long time ago for the purpose of storing lumber. Now some of the windows were shattered and the mill was slowly crumbling to pieces. When we reaching the office we broached the subject to Dad. He is a very considerate man. I guess he knows what a boy likes to do. After much urging, he finally consented to our scheme.

In a few minutes we were at the mill looking it over. The upper floor was in very good condition. At one end was a great door which, when opened, admitted a great deal of light. We swept the floor and threw water over it to make it cleaner. Then we went to Bob Ellery's father's store and carted some boxes from the cellar to the old mill. In the mill were some slats. These we nailed on the boxes. Then we sat down and wrote an advertisement which read,

SEND YOUR CATS TO OUR
FELINE REST FARM
ONE DOLLAR A WEEK
SEND THEM NOW
780 BROADWAY
ASHTON, NEW YORK

After we had written this we sent it to the "New York Sun." It was to be put in the Sunday edition of the paper. Monday morning came. We had put the finishing touches on the mill and we were all ready for business. Pretty soon the expressman's boy came running up the hill to the mill crying, "They have come!"

"What's come?" asked Red.

"The cats," cried the boy.

Hearing this joyful news we ran to the Ashton express office to find three crates of cats. They seemed to be

having a good time. Such a yowling and spitting you never did see. There were large cats, and small cats, middle sized cats, and calico cats. Some had hair and others had none at all. They did not look like rich people's cats. They looked more like alley cats. We ran back to my Dad's lumber yard and borrowed a wagon. Everybody in Ashton had heard of our crazy cat scheme. When we drove down to the express office a crowd of people were gathered around the cat crates, and when we started to load the cats on the wagon the crowd hooted and shouted funny suggestions to us. We didn't mind them a bit; we just kept right on loading the cats, and when finally the wagon was loaded we hit the horse with the reins and started to the mill.

When we got to the mill we found that we had twenty cats in a crate. The total number of cats were sixty. When we unloaded them from the wagon and into their cages we breathed a sigh of relief. The cats were in their cages yowling and spitting at each other. But we didn't care; they were there at a dollar a week each. They certainly were not any beauties.

All at once Red asked this question, "What are we going to feed them?" We had not thought of that. What were we going to feed them! We looked blankly at each other.

"We might feed them rats and mice," said Bob.

"Yes, and cats like meat from the butcher, and milk," said Bill.

"Bill," I said, "run down to Mr. O'Shonsey, the butcher, and ask for some scraps of meat. And Bob, you and Red set some traps. I will run home and get some milk."

We owned a cow. I would milk her and obtain milk for the cats. That would not be stealing; it would be borrowing. I milked the cow and Bob and Red caught some rats and Bill brought some scraps of meat from the butcher. Those cats were hungry and when we fed them we were glad that to eat they would have to cease yowling for a while.

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The next morning Bill came back with the news that there were two crates of cats waiting to be taken to their quarters. Those two crates of cats certainly knew how to yowl and spit and fight. We got the wagon and carted them away. Cat fur was strewn all over the station and all up the street to the mill.

What we would do with them we did not know. The people had not sent us any money and we began to realize it was a joke. Bob suggested letting them loose. We couldn't do that for the neighbors would have us arrested. The only thing we could do was to let them loose outside the town limits.

Mr. Jasper Grinder owned a dairy just outside the town limits. He was very mean to boys and so tight he wouldn't give a tramp a drink of water. Here was a chance to get even with him! We borrowed a wagon at Dad's lumber yard and piled the cats in it. As we drove through the main street of Ashton everybody that saw the cats smiled. Finally we got outside the town limits. Mr. Jasper Grinder's home was only a few hundred feet away. We unloaded the wagon and dumped the boxes in the road. The cats were set free and they were certainly glad to get their freedom. Every single one of them scampered up the road toward Jasper Grinder's home. We rejoiced over our good fortune of getting rid of the cats. That night we were all sitting in Red's hammock when up the street came Jasper Grinder's wagon. We were amazed.

"Are you the boys that dumped the cats near my farm?" Jasper Grinder said.

"Yes, sir," we answered.

"Well, here are your dingbusted cats," he said.

And there they were, every last one of them. Big cats, and small cats, middle sized cats, and calico cats, cats with an abundance of hair, and cats with no hair. Mr. Grinder drove the wagon full of cats over to the mill. He helped us unload them. We shoved them in their boxes and fed

them. Such a spitting mass of Animality you never heard. They spit and scratched and howled and yelled until we couldn't stand it much longer.

Bill had the price of four movie tickets in his pocket. We went there so we could forget those cursed cats for a while.

Two hours later as we were coming out of the movie house we heard the fire bell. Up the street clanged the fire wagon. It was in the direction of the lumber yard.

Somebody shouted, "It's the old mill!"

When we heard that we ran all the faster. I was thinking about the lumber yard. Supposing that would burn down. Dad would be a poor man then. By this time we had reached the mill. The lumber yard was not on fire, but the mill was burning fiercely.

Somebody shouted, "Save the cats, save the cats!"

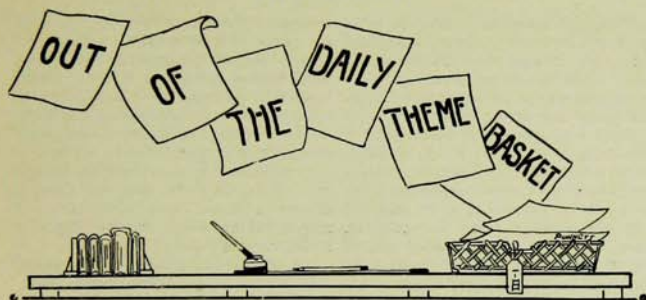
The mill was beyond saving now. (So were the cats). Suddenly the great door at the top of the mill flew open. The heat had caused it to expand. Cats appeared in all directions. They jumped from the upper floor, every one of them, and ran through the crowd. Finally the fire was extinguished and the crowd went home. The next day Dad caught a tramp in one of the lumber sheds. After a severe grilling at the station house he confessed that he had set the mill on fire. There were big cats, and small cats, alley cats and calico cats, cats with an abundance of hair and cats without hair, perched on telephone poles, barns and houses. The tramp was sent to prison but the cats remained in Ashton. And now we have nothing but cats, cats, cats. One cat was even bold enough to make its home in the church bell. Ashton is full of cats. Frank Upton Frey, '31.

At the Senior Play

Margaret C.: (from stage) "Help! Quick! Here he comes!"

The door opens quickly and Mr. Butterfield unexpectedly appears.

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ON CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

At Christmas time most sane and right-minded people go mad. If they don't, there's surely something the matter with them. They begin to go mad about a week before Christmas and the climax comes about the second or even the last day before the holiday.

Let me take, for example, my neighbor, Mrs. Bennett. Ordinarily she is just a kind-hearted, pleasant-faced, well-mannered woman with two children and a cheerful, little husband who fairly worships her. We often talk over the back fence, informally, and I might add that that is an excellent method of finding out what people are really like. Along about the last of the second week before Christmas we were shoveling out our respective walks and paused to chat.

"I suppose you have all your Christmas shopping done?" I asked because I understood that it was the proper question to ask at this time of the year.

"Oh, no," she smiled sweetly. "I just can't realize that Christmas is so soon to be upon us and I haven't an idea what Tom wants, moreover. I do think Christmas shopping is the worst!"

I agreed, politely, and soon after went into the house. I did not see Mrs. Bennett again for some time—in fact until the fateful second day before Christmas. As I was going out of my front door, Mrs. Bennett

was just locking hers after her. Naturally we met and I walked as far as the car-stop with her.

"I'm going shopping," she smiled, sweetly. "I confess I didn't get around to it before. Don't you think the decorations on our street are pretty?"

I nodded, and reflected on what a perfect shopper she must be. She would never bump into anyone rudely and growl politely after the victim. She would not push and crowd at counters. She would be ever polite, ever lady-like, ever pleasant. What a restful change! I left her at the car-stop, small and sweet and smiling in her big fur coat with purse and shopping basket over one arm. She waved me good-bye.

Of course I never would have confessed to Mrs. Bennett but I, too, was going shopping that afternoon. There was just one old maiden-aunt down in the country whom I had forgotten. I hadn't gotten any farther than silk handkerchiefs and jazz-garters for her and I was just a little afraid they wouldn't do. But how should I know what maiden-aunties like? By afternoon I had about decided on a pair of opera glasses and by the time I reached the surging crowds my mind was made up.

It is no easy task fighting your way through Christmas crowds, especially for one as naturally polite as I am. I wondered what my little neighbor

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did and decided not to shove quite so hard for her sake. At last I reached the store I wanted. There didn't seem to be much of a demand for opera glasses; so I bought them without much risk of my life.

Then I happened to think that a Christmas card ought to go with it. So I set out towards them. I had fairly good luck, considering the number of elbows and black looks cast my way, in getting near the counter. Now there was only one more elbow, but unfortunately that elbow was doing just the same thing mine was. It

became a matter of rivalry. At last its owner turned square on me. But I hope she only got a blurred vision, for I ducked down into a sea of handbags and galoshes and beat it. By the time I was half-way down Main street I decided to stop. I hope such shocks won't come often in my life.

For the woman was my little neighbor, Mrs. Bennett, her hat awry, cheeks flaming and eyes fiercely angry and her elbow was the sharpest I had encountered all day!

Oh, the joys of Christmas shopping!
Helen Haven, '29.

THE ALDER LEAF

No doubt you remember the lonely weather-beaten house not far from Hopkin's grist-mill between Fruitland and Lakeside, a rambling structure of an antiquity that apparently dates back to Noah and yet, almost incredibly, has avoided Time's sharp teeth and the slow death of decay. Man unravels a mystery from every stone, and, as may be expected, this house is not an exception.

Twenty years ago, it is said, Mary Burgeon, buxom mistress of the house, left one evening contrary to her husband's wishes, to visit a neighbor who lived five and twenty minutes over the hill. She had crossed its crest many times before and felt no ill effects from it, but this night, whether by an over-exertion to reach the top or an indefinable fear, her heart, she affirmed beat louder and faster than ever before.

Fancy often flavors the tale; still I do not doubt her word, for was she not a high-minded person known miles around for her exactness? I cannot, therefore, pass her comments as mere fantasy. In a letter to Elizabeth Carroll, an old friend of her school days, she writes: "As I stepped upon the little bridge that crosses Fish Creek, I can swear I saw the alders that grow there in one clump, move and no wind was blowing." Although I did not dwell upon this phenomenon

at the time, it did come back to me later, and under undesirable circumstances. She also notes: "I was not a little startled to hear an unearthly screech issue from the old elm known here about as Mother Beauty's Chestnut Tree. Of course, it was dark and lonely on the road, and I was somewhat frightened with pictures of ghosts and spirits walking beside me, and petrifying me with hypnotic incantations. But as I review the scene I remember seeing a white something flitting among the branches."

For all these unnatural occurrences, she finally reached Vane's unhurt. The congenial conversation soon subdued her presentiments, and upon leaving the warm glow of her neighbor's fire, her disturbing experiences were nearly forgotten. Now as she stepped out into the cool night air and found herself once more alone, they returned full force. Bravery appears in times of distress; I believe, in her sudden despair Mistress Burgeon found a latent fortitude which drove her homeward.

Overhead a white moon soared upon its eternal journey, shining most awfully in its black setting of night. Below, stark shadows lay as if on an airless world. No sound escaped the Erebian darkness; no living thing startled her fitful progress; nothing

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disturbed the monotonous landscape that lay on either hand.

As Mistress Burgeon felt the rough wooden bridge beneath her feet she recalled with overwhelming vividness the moving alders, and glanced, half fearfully, toward them. Her thoughts reverted to spirits and ghosts, perhaps lurking within the clump. That was natural, for who would not think of the supernatural in such circumstances? But her thoughts were not idle fancy, for suddenly a white ghastly figure entered the road.

She ran, even faster than the screams that followed her. One thing was necessary, to reach her room where her husband slumbered unknowingly, to awaken him and have his protection. Up the hill she flew, unmindful of its steepness, across the long lawn she sailed, and, before the long grass by the bridge had bowed twice, the door of her room was barred. No immortal would enter her room that night.

She hastened to arouse her husband who snored unevenly and almost laboriously, as if troubled with a burdensome nightmare. He sprang, wide awake, from the ruffled bed and was soon listening attentively, if not believingly, to her tale.

It is doubtful if the story be true, but, nevertheless, Mistress Burgeon never visited her neighbors at night again, and Farmer Burgeon went about his work with a satisfied air. There also must be noted that on wash day Mistress Burgeon was a little surprised to find an unnoticeable grass stain on the top sheet and an alder leaf beneath the bed.

Anonymous

NEIGHBORS

The only animal devoid of these creatures is the hermit, and he probably has had them at one time; hence his hermitage.

In almost every neighborhood there is found at least one of a number of what may be termed "standard characters."

There is Mr. Shwartz, the chubby German butcher, in whose window are seen long links of weiners, bologna, and pork sausages hanging from hooks. He always has a slice of bologna for the little boys or girls who bring him orders from their mothers.

Then there is Mr. Peters, the kindly old gentleman, who always has a group of children about him to listen to stories or for peppermint sticks. Mr. Peters served in the Civil war, where he lost a leg, the stump of which he displays proudly. He lives with his elderly sister. She is a prim old lady who sees no sense in Mr. Peters' fondness for children and will not have them in the yard "to trample on the flowers and pull the cat's tail," as she expresses it.

Next comes Mrs. DeSmith (her maiden name was O'Rourack). As soon as she married Mr. DeSmith, she began to put on airs. Now she has one child, Percy, a sickly youth with a studious bent, and she has become president of the "Ladies' Missionary Society."

Then there is Mrs. Bennet, a rather stout cheerful woman, whom the children call "Ma." She knows how to make real swell doughnuts and she knows who likes them. Mr. Bennett is a quiet apologetic man who wears a derby hat and smokes a pipe (except when he's home).

Next comes a type with whom we are all familiar. I will not mention his name, but suffice it to say that he is always doing things to make other people dislike him and delights especially in going about at picnics spilling the liquid refreshments upon the clothing of other people in a way that appears to be accidental and then apologizing in a sickish manner. But now I must stop. The lightning is striking too close for comfort.

Eugene Mater, '30.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Every man born into the world has an individual standard by which he consciously or unconsciously measures

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and shapes every action of his life. With many in this commercial age the question is, "Will it add to my possessions? Will it increase my wealth?" and to others it is, "Will it add to my enjoyment?" But with the wiser man it is, "Is it worth while?" This is the question everyone in this school should ask himself before he goes into any undertaking.

It very often happens that tourists or travelers will find themselves compelled to change trains in a strange city which has many interesting sights. Of course, the time is too brief to visit many of the places. The tourist, naturally, after carefully noting the time, considers the attractions near at hand and decides what is most worth while to view. The same old question of what is most worth while.

But when the decision of what is worth while is reached, there is the equally important question, "How am I to determine this at all times?" A general answer to this question cannot be readily given, since humanity cannot be considered in the mass. Why? Because it is made up of individuals with individual needs and goals. What might be good for one would be far from the needs of another. It must rest largely upon each person to answer for himself the ever present question, "Is it worth while?"

Douglas I. Copeland, '29.

M. le CHIEN et M. le CHAT

M. le Chat outranks M. le Chien in every respect, with the exception of one. Yet this one failure means so much that practically every one, in this old world, prefers M. le Chien. M. le Chien, you may know, is your friend Fido. While M. le Chat is that particular martyr Fido occasionally chases up a tree.

Few people admit that they like the cat—it has never been the fashion. Nevertheless the cat survives. If we were such cat-haters as we pretend, most certainly M. le Chat would have used up his nine lives before now. But M. le Chat commands our affection,—more than our attention, re-

spect and even a peculiar kind of love—by his indomitable perseverance. Because of his immemorable force of character, we consider him only as M. le Chat, a small animal with devastating, sharp claws.

Now most people profess a great love for M. le Chien. Why? Because he is a weak-willed individual, incapable of any resistance to our, at least a little, stronger minds. Therefore he must grovel and adapt himself to each deviation of our mood. He must love us, whether we pat or kick him. Not so M. le Chat! Of course we,—mastered by the organization we have created—love him,—for we love to be masters, too. M. le Chien brings to mind not M. le Chien, but Airdale, Bull, Terrier or Collie. He has adapted himself to so many different climes that sometimes he is hardly able to recognize himself. To-day he is this; tomorrow he will be that. He has degenerated, (or is it developed?) to that point where he can adapt himself to readily changing conditions, but only at the loss of his most valuable asset, his personality.

David Babcock, '29.

HELLO!

A cheery, rollicking word, thoroughly American in its origin and use, is that little word "Hello." Purists have tried to dissuade us from its use, especially in telephone conversation. But the little word "Hello" sticks. The Briton says over the wire, "Are you there?" which never fails to strike the funny-bone of the American. Picture one's self lifting the receiver and saying "I am here." It can't be done.

There is something friendly in "Hello." It has a merry ring and is a good beginning for the voice with the smile, which good sense advises us to adopt at all times. It is a lusty, youthful word, this "Hello," and sits on the top of many a tongue, ready to dart away and ring cheer to a passing friend. "Good morning" is all too formal; "How do you do" is impersonal; "Hello" is just the word.

Catherine Wilkinson, '29.

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SOME DREAMS OF A STUDENT BOOKWORM

Midnight

All's well—Enter Daniel Boone, Kit Carson—forest

Boone—How now, Carson, what did ye kill this fine marnin' in the woods?

Kit—Nothin', Dan, nothin' but a bunch o' redmen. How's the spaghetti and coffee? I'm hungry.

Boone—Here try some o' this. (In a whisper) A good appetizer, fifty years old.

Kit—Well cut open the Hostess Cake an' let's eat. (In a stage whisper) Say, what is this? It smells funny.

Boone—Limburger; use it three times and the smell's yours.

Kit—Where'd you get it?

Boone—Sears, Roebuck.

Kit—Yeah?

The Scene Fades

King Arthur's Court

All the trimmings

Artie—Well my hearty lairds, bring in the round table and we'll play roulette.

1st Servant—K. O. boss.

Sir Galahad—What would ye do for a burn?

Artie—Use Unguentine.

Galahad—Mercy! Merci!

(Silence. Soon the servants are heard fighting and vociferating vociferously).

Artie—Ho, my moonshine night, to arms and quell this rebellion.

Galahad—(Galahad dons football togs and starts out).

Galahad—What ho there, you insectives?

1st Servant—Say, behead this bird, will ye? He pinched my ear in the table.

2nd Servant—You're a bare faced prevaricator.

(Whereupon a scrimmage ensues and Galahad gets away with a long boot).

Enter Artie

Artie—Say, I thought I told you to put down this mutiny. (This to Galahad).

Galahad—(Burning with pride because he couldn't find the Unguentine)

Well, I, hic, did it, didn't, hic, I? I've pickled it in, hic, alcohol, hic.

Artie—Oh, phoo! Let's play roulette. (They play while servants vocalize but do not do any damage).

Galahad—Ho, hum! Let's quit.

Artie—Yah, just when I begin to win, you quit. Bah!

(Enter butler with card on platter)

Butler—Caesar wishes to speak with you, sir.

Artie—Show him in. (Aside to Galahad) That's queer! I didn't hear his flivver rattle up. D'you think he walked over on foot?

Galahad—No! Of course not. The new Fords are out. He came over in the ambulance.

(Enter Caesar with train-retinue)

Caesar—Gar Blyme, what service. (He slays part of the king's help without any aid and sticking his nose into the king's business, whereupon more bad words are to be heard).

Artie—Calm yourself, Julius!

(Pushes Caesar's nose away and offers him a cigarette).

Caesar—Ah, this is more like it.

Artie—Like what, Julius, like what?

Caesar—Oh, why bother with that?

(Soon Caesar begins to doze, then dies as he turns grey about the esophagus).

Artie—See how easy it is?

Galahad—How'd you do it?

Artie—I gave him an 'Old Gold'. He died of contentment. (The door swings open and Mark Antony enters with upwards of 50,000 of his countrymen who follow like sheep).

Mark—Friends, Romans, gentlemen, and Arthur, lend me your ears.

Someone—I can't; I've sold them for \$5,000.

Galahad—Oh, stow it! Let him speak!

Mark—Now, friends, if I may have the floor-----

Artie—Take chairs and ceiling, too, for all of me. Good-bye!

(Exit Artie in an awful temper-ature).

Mark—And now, friend, may I have your attention while I tell----

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Court Fool—Sure, it's free! Line forms on the right.

Mark—Aw, rats! What's the use? (Out goes Mark and in comes Franc Cicero with Cataline hanging on his neck).

Cicero—What's the crowd for, I wonder?

Galahad—(Seeing Cicero, finds his way through the crowd and slaps him on the face).

Cicero—Oh, you invective invective. I'll get even yet. (Whereupon a big riot starts which results in complete extermination of all).

R. Trayhern.

MONOLOGUE

"Well, Sandy, here you and I sit all alone. Just because we picked the cherries off my sister's cake, that was made for her party, is no reason at all for us to be sent to our room on Christmas eve. Do you think it is? Well, anyway, Sandy, we're going to pay her back, aren't we? Quick, catch that mouse running across the floor! Now sneak down stairs and, when the ladies are about to sit down to lunch, run in front of them with the mouse. Be sure you sing.

Ho! Ho! Ho! Listen to them scream! Good work, Sandy! Keep it up! Well just look at that cat! He has laid the mouse in the middle of the floor and is coming back to me.

Well, Sandy, we haven't had such a bad Christmas after all, have we? Do you think Santa will come to us?

Fern Clark, 8A.

BOOKS

Many pages bound together and put into a cover we call a book. As everyone knows, there are many different kinds of books. Certain books are interesting to certain people. To an industrious student in school who has a definite purpose in mind, text books to fit his particular desire are the most important. Reference books also fit in this class. Most students would not get very far if it were not for reference books. There is one book which fits in all places and that is the dictionary. If it were not for the

dictionary there would be many words of which many people would not know the meaning.

An altogether different type of book is the story book. Under this type comes the novel, the biography, poems and travel. These books are also very important and would be very hard to get along without in most cases. But although they are very important, there are a few which we could get along without. One of them is the novel. Novels are mostly for pastime reading and are not absolutely necessary, although it would be very queer not to have them when we wanted something quiet to do.

Books are queer things but are very interesting and certainly very helpful in this world. Pearl Jennings, '29.

A PORTRAIT

It was an old, musty, damp, dreary, abandoned house. The old picture had hung on the wall in the same spot for many years. The old mother who had first owned it, had been dead many years. Her youngest son was an old gray-haired man. Since his childhood no one had seen the picture.

A man of questionable character had happened to wander into this place in an effort to evade the police. At first he did not see the picture. Then as a cloud floated away from the sun, a bright stream of light flooded the room. The old masterpiece hung there, looking down at the man, as if to say, "Now that you have me, what are you going to do with me?"

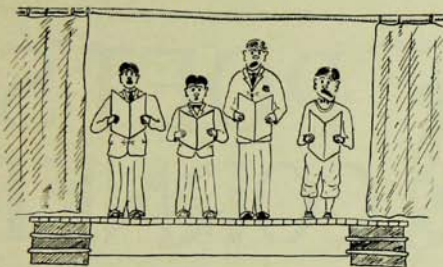
The man looked away and then back again. Then hearing the tread of authority coming, he snatched the old picture down and ran.

First he tried to sell it. The best offer he could get was not worth the chance of getting caught. So, not knowing the value of the rare old piece, he took it back where he found it.

The thief who found it died. The old gray-haired man whose mother had owned it died. But still, to this day, the old picture stands and smiles back at the crumbling walls.

Horace Frisbee, '29.

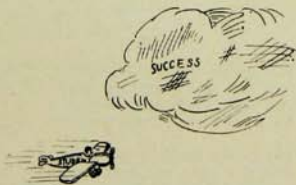
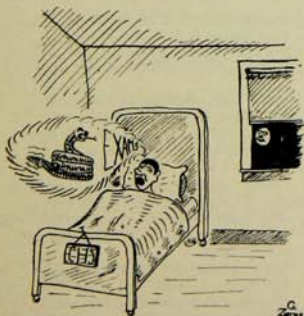
THE WITAN



HEAT ABSORBERS
(IN FRONT HALL)



HOWIE FRASER
(THEY JUST
WORSHIP HIM)



THE WITAN



THE FRESHMAN'S SENTIMENT

It is only a large brick building,
But to us it means many things,
A place for study and working,
For pleasures and thrills that it
brings.

We love every room and each stair-
way,
The desks and the sounds of its bells,
The corridors where oft we linger
To gossip and chat with our pals.

Each year now our school days grow
shorter,
And the day for our parting grows
near;
But no matter where time may find us
We will have the old memories so
dear.

Susanne J. Bogorad, '31.

FALL

The air is getting colder
And the sky is getting gray;
The snow is getting bolder
As winter creeps this way.

The green grass is departing
And the trees are getting bare,
As the cold wind creeps, exulting,
O'er remains of summer's fare.

The roofs with frost are coated,
As we rise at early morn;
And we go to tasks devoted,
And brave old Winter's storm.

Harold Rich, '3A

A CHRISTMAS POEM

There in the East
A star shines;
A star that is dear to me,
A star that every traveler
Should follow on land or sea.

And by that star
Three Wise Men
Were brought to Christ our King.
You may see it shine in the East today
As it did at the birth of the King.

That star is still a symbol
To more than the Wise Men three,
That Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Reigns over you and me.

Gertrude Altpeter, 8B

HOMEMAKING

Across the road we hustle
In sunshine, rain or snow;
"What do we do today, girls?"
Take notes—how well we know.

We'll take notes on Anemia,
The rheumatiz' and gout;
Miss Childs has a smile to give,
But the girls all have a pout.

"Notes again today, Miss Childs?
We'll never remember these;
We 'most forgot the Purin free foods
Of eggs, nuts, milk and cheese.

What good are all these notes
Of foods to eat, and why?"
The answer given is logical,
"They'll be useful bye and bye."

Elsie Tackabury, '28.

THE WITAN

CREW ON A ONE-MAN SLOOP

"Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate on the good ship 'Nig',
The bo'sun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's 'gig'.

"Oh, I sail the craft and I navigate
And study the charts and maps,
So if by a gale or storm or such,
I were swept overboard perhaps,
The whole boat's crew would get in Dutch,
And the ship would be left to the rats.

"It's like this, dear reader, as I will explain,
From where in the cockpit I sit,
I can handle all rails and belay all lines
And survey the rest of the ship.
The captain's congenial, the bo'sun is fine,
The mate and midshipman are fair,
An' the crew and the bo'sun spend most of
their time
Try'n' to lure the sea winds from their lair.

"On a ship like mine it's easy to live,
And sail the craft near and far,
Since the sails are all one and that rather
small,
And the crew consists of one 'tar'.
Because I'm the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the good ship 'Nig',
The bo'sun tight and the midshipmite,
And crew of the captain's 'gig'.

"Oh, what,—it grieves me to think of such,
Oh, what,—would the good ship do
If I suddenly slipped from the deck
And left only the rats for a crew."

Raymond Winegard, '29.

CHRISTMAS EVE

By the chimney-place are hung
Fine white stockings, washed and wrung.

Says Santa, "This is quite a bit,
But I'll fill them to the tip."

The center one he notes is small,
So in this he puts a ball.

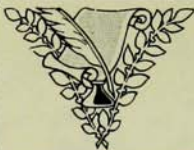
For the rest he finds a drum,
A doll, some candy and a gun.

Then a jackknife and a kite,
He's hurrying now with all his might.

Morning comes and with it joy
Over every gift and toy.

B. Gehring Cooper, 7A

THE WITAN



EDITORIALS

PROPRIETY OF SUPPORT

In the solicitation or giving of support, I believe that there are certain proprieties or cautions to be observed.

Whether it be buying tickets for an athletic event, an entertainment, or the purchase of a magazine, there is usually an appeal to school spirit or the plea that "you'll be doing the same thing when you're a senior." Personally I do not approve of this.

It is my opinion that a sale should be attempted or accepted on merit alone. If the salesman has no belief in his wares, he might as well cease operations before they embarrass him. Lack of belief in the merit of an object usually creates distrust in the mind of the prospective victim. In the same way, resort to state argument creates the same impression.

Set out to sell with the idea that the purchaser is going to dissect your arguments in this light, and you will make your sale, and—the converse has always possibilities of being true.

DISARMAMENT

Why not disarm? Not nationally—but within the school. This practice with paper wads and rubber band's doesn't add materially to our National Defense, so why not discontinue it?

The thing that started me on this trail of thought, and started me forcibly too, was a sharp smack on the ear with one of these wads while I was deeply (?) engrossed in my studies. My wrath rose immediately and the victim became the antagonist as I pursued the fleet freshman around the room.

Having finally caught him, I made some foolish and sheepish attempts to

impress him as to what would happen upon further application of his machine of torture—on me. We both quietly took our seats upon the arrival of Mr. True.

This practice becomes a deadly rivalry between the I's and the I-2's each term, and woe to the person who sits between these factions in study hall.

Now, I'm not at all a pessimist, and I am open to all alibis, excuses and arguments for this. So if anyone can convince me that a boy is better equipped for fun or studies with one of these implements, I will agree to furnish him with bands and ammunition.

But,—why not disarm?

WHERE DO YOU STUDY?

One day out of curiosity we decided to visit the study hall. You see, when we were busily reading the dictionary we had discovered that a study hall is a room set apart for the application of the mind to acquisition of knowledge of some particular branch of learning.

Armed with this definite definition, we entered the room on tiptoe. We recoiled a step (not quietly now)—had we made a mistake?

Here a girl was powdering her nose, there another was surreptitiously slipping a folded bit of paper (which looked suspiciously like a note) onto her neighbor's desk. In another corner two more were earnestly discussing some subject. We moved nearer—this seemed a bit more like study—only to hear that "he was awfully cute, the romantic type, you know, but still not so hot." (When we reached home we looked up cute and hot once more. We are still puzzled—?)

THE WITAN

Shocked, we looked in another direction to see a boy (who looked like a freshman, that is what the younger children are called, isn't it?) snap a rubber band and send a folded piece of paper flying across the room.

By this time we were thoroughly horrified and hurried to flee. What is the world coming to? (A kind friend explained that the "study hall" is a place where the over-worked brains of the students are rested). We hadn't realized that the duties of the classroom were so rigorous and exacting. The only question left in our minds is—where does the student apply his mind to the acquisition of knowledge if he works it in the classroom and rests it in the study hall?

ARMISTICE DAY

On Friday, November 11, the American Legion of Monroe County presented the Armistice Day program at the Regent Theatre.

Dr. Bradstreet, chairman of the Flag Committee, presided over the meeting. The main speaker of the morning was Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who gave a very inspiring address.

The program was concluded with the presentation of flags to the Girl Guardians of all the schools in the city. The flags were presented by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the American Legion. The Girl Guardians are chosen from their respective schools on the basis of citizenship and scholarship. Dorothy Doell received the flag for Charlotte High School. This flag will be transferred to her successor at exercises taking place in the school.

The student body was represented at the theatre by a delegation consisting of the members of the Student Council.

EDITORIAL WRITING

Did you ever try to write an editorial? It's great fun. First you find something to write about, preferably something you are interested in. If you can't find something that does interest you, anything else will do.

Start writing, and before long you have something; hardly anyone knows what, and sometimes you yourself don't. It will generally show your character. If you are a pessimist, it will be plainly written in your editorial. If you are an optimist, an egoist, a stoic, a cynic, or what not, it is all there.

If you have never written an editorial, do so and you will be surprised at the result—one way or another.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Witan Staff is particularly gratified with the number and quality of stories submitted for this issue. The lack of space prohibits our acceptance of all the stories which would be usable. The Feline Rest Farm, while not a winner in the contest, is published because it represents good work from the Junior High School Department.

The Witan would welcome editorials of school interest from others than staff members.

Many of the jokes turned in, and particularly from the Junior High School Department, seem to indicate that students do not clearly understand the type of joke which is desirable. They should be original—that is, something from actual, personal observation. There is no object in copying our jokes from other papers any more than there would be in copying our stories.

We welcome our new cartoonist and hope that he will be able to give us more entertainment in coming issues. Any of you who are particularly interested in this kind of work should consult Mr. Lee, Miss Werner, or Miss Sharer before submitting contributions, as there are special requirements for the drawing of cartoons and none can be accepted that do not meet them. The last two cartoons on the page were suggested by contributions from the Junior High School boys, and the cartoonist has tried to keep their ideas while meeting the necessary requirements.

THE WITAN



COMMITTEE NOTES

A brief, and far from thorough, examination of the second report card marks for this term reveals several facts that should be of interest to all students.

By an arbitrary assignment of numerical values to the letter grades, it was possible to obtain a rather accurate index of the average mark earned by each class. The values assigned were as follows: A, 4; B, 3; C, 2; D, 1; E, 0. For example, if your report card held the following marks: B, C, C, D, D, your average for the month could be calculated by replacing the letters by the numbers, thus: 3, 2, 2, 1, 1, and obtaining the average of these numbers, which would be 9 divided by 5, or exactly 1.80. Since 1 stands for D and 2 for C, the index 1.80 would indicate that your average mark for the month was 8-10 of the way from D to C, i. e. not quite a C average. This example will enable you better to understand the figures given below.

The average for the whole school was found to be 2.11, somewhat better than C. Of the 12 classes in the junior and senior high schools, the

highest average was obtained by the IV-2 class, whose standing was 2.34. At the other extreme were the II-2's, whose average was about half way between C and D. The ranking of all the classes from those earning the highest to those earning the poorest average for the month is as follows: IV-2, 2.34; 8B, 2.25; I-1, 7A and 7B, tied at 2.18; II-1, 2.16; III-1, 2.15; IV-1 and 8A, each 2.10; I-2, 2.03; III-1, 1.93, and II-2, 1.58. Check up on your own average for that month. Did it help to place your class among the highest? Or did you bring the average lower than it should be?

From time to time during the school year we hear much about loyalty, both to your school and to your class. The Scholarship Committee suggests that there are few better ways of showing real loyalty than by so faithfully carrying on your studies that your marks will be an elevator, carrying the average of your class and the average of your school to a higher level. Incidentally, better marks on your card will make school a more comfortable and enjoyable place to spend your time. Scholarship Committee.

We have recently heard some criticism around the corridors in regard to the equipment furnished our athletic teams, and of the fact that the teams of some of the larger schools are sometimes more fully equipped than ours. There seems to be a considerable number who are under the

impression that all teams are equipped at the expense of the Board of Education and so they ask, "Why cannot we have this, and this and this?"

Any and all equipment used by our representative school teams must be purchased from the moneys derived

(Continued on Page 53)

A SOUND PROGRAM

Beginning next semester, a new program in Health Education is contemplated for our school, based on the very latest methods and material available in this field. Heretofore we have tried to interest every student in his or her personal health with the ultimate goal in mind of making better citizens through present and future health, and the development of social and character building assets (courtesy, honesty, self-control, etc.). The administrative method has been faulty and makeshift at best.

We have all had the experience of changing classes after the start of a semester, with the result that we are assigned to a new "gym" class along with others who have neither the same interests, experiences or abilities as we. This results naturally in a somewhat "helter-skelter" type of work that interests and helps some of us all of the time, and all of us some of the time, but never helps all of us all of the time, as it should.

Health education assignment according to classes in school is not a solution of the problem, because classes in school are a mental grouping. What is needed is a sound, scientific physical classification that will provide graded work for each individual as needed.

Such a plan is proposed for our school. Each pupil will be given strength tests, which, when considered along with each pupil's age, height, and weight, will determine his physical capacity index. These tests are purely scientific, and no element of judgment is allowed to enter. On the basis of the strength indices, pupils will be divided into four groups, viz: (1) Those in excellent physical health with P. F. I. of 115 and over. If

their disciplinary record be satisfactory, these pupils will be excused from routine gymnasium work and allowed to elect either a leadership class or after-school recreation in place of the usual gymnasium classes. Regular attendance in the elected work will give credit toward graduation in lieu of the present gymnasium classes.

(2) Those in average physical health, with P. F. I. 100 to 115. This group will include all those of the same relative age, weight, strength and ability. They will meet in a single class twice weekly.

(3) Those just below the average with P. F. I. 85 to 100. These people are under the normal for their age and size, and need some extra work. This class will meet three times weekly as a unit.

(4) Those with marked physical defects; poor musculature and general poor health, with P. F. I. below 85. This class will also include all those who normally are excused from health education by a physician's certificate. Here is the group that needs the most attention and has been neglected under our present plan. This group will meet five times weekly for individual work given by the health teachers under the supervision of a responsible physician.

Such a plan is, of course, fundamentally sound. It means increased interest in after-school recreation with a corresponding increase in intramural activity. Social efficiency is an important product of the after-school program. Cooperation, self-control, courtesy, fair play and good sportsmanship are primary athletic aims, with health as a by-product. Less

(Continued on Page 53)



The Teaching Staff



The Student Council



The Witan Staff

Front Row—Constance Decker, Miss Cashman, Ralph Isaac (business manager), Dorothy Doell (editor-in-chief), Arthur Newcomb (business manager), Lois McCone, Miss Sharer.

Center Row—Mr. Lee, Isabelle Harper, Marion Weston, Miss Donovan, Leona Miller, Dorothy Taylor, Margaret Hersey, Mary Heydweiller.

Rear Row—Percy Andrews, Floris Ferguson, George Humby, Clifford Carpenter, George Taylor, David Babcock, Allen King.

THE WITAN

THE WITAN PARTY

The members of the Witan Staff held a party at the Practice House on November 23. Marguerite Heydweiller was a guest of honor. Refreshments were served and a good time was had by all.

What a rummy way to report a party! Let's have a little more detail.

The evening's fun began with a contest. One by one the contestants seated themselves in the middle of the floor. Luckily the floor was spotless, but anyway, a newspaper was provided for those who doubted that the floor of the students' lunch room could be spotless, even with Mr. Derrin's care. After this position of honor had been taken, the contestant was presented with a knife and a warning to be as careful here as at home. A dish of beans was held on the contestant's head and then began the fun. The beans were to be carried on the knife from the top of the head to a custard cup which was held in the lap of the contestant. If you think that's easy, try it. This feat was won by the Witan Secretary. It must be, her favorite dish is peas. She was presented with a beautiful piccolo, purchased from Woolworth's large department store. As Dorothy Doell, Percy Andrews, Harrison Grotzinger and Lois McCone failed to put the beans in the cup, they were penalized by being made to sweep up the beans they had so carelessly thrown around.

The Virginia Reel followed. If you

have never seen Mr. Lee dance, you don't know what you've missed.

The next game followed close on the heels of the Virginia Reel. The girls formed one team and the boys another. A string was stretched across the middle of the room with a team stationed on each side. Wouldn't you have been surprised to enter and see Miss Sharer and Miss Donovan, to say nothing of the stately seniors, rushing this way and that blowing balloons about? Well, rather! The object was to have the smallest number of balloons on your side at the end of five minutes without touching them. Thanks to the united efforts of the boys and the infallible support of Mr. Lee, the girls won. A delicious chocolate St. Nicholas was their well-earned reward. What could be sweeter?

The coo-coo board was passed at the table and each and every person present had to do as directed by the tiny slip of paper he punched from the coo-coo board.

There were many close seconds, but Miss Sharer and Miss Donovan, as judges, after a heated debate, awarded the prize, a pair of dice, to Leona Miller, as portraying worst what her coo-coo slip advised. She can neigh just like a horse which has the heaves.

A passerby glancing toward the darkened Practice House would hardly believe that the Witan Staff had recently left with memories of a Witan party where all enjoyed a good time.

Leona Miller, '28.

Lost:—One man. Return to Leona Miller. No questions asked. No reward offered.

Dorothy: (playing Cat's Meow)
"Make a noise like a hyena."
David: "Why, just laugh, Dorothy."



The Senior Play Cast

THE WITAN

HONOR ROLL

The following people are on the Charlotte High School Honor Roll for November:

IV-2—Dorothy Doell, Allen King, Karl Naramore, Virginia Smith. IV-1—Thomas Baggan, Evelyn Gallery, Margaret Hersey, Beth Manning, Elsa Schmidt, George Taylor, Marion Weston. III-2—Darrow Dutcher, Truman Murrell. III-1—David Babcock, Mary Heydweiller, Douglas Copeland, Dorothy Taylor, Tessie VanDam. II-2—Hazel Isaac. II-1—Lois Holmes, Marjory Phelps, Betty Reddy. I-2—Susanne Bogorad, Dorothy Collett, June Estes, Lawrence Kilmer, John Shenton. I-1—David Benham, Dorothy Bubier, Edward Bush, Ruth Comstock, Bessie Evans, Natalya Ivanson, Oscar Judd, Helen Lang, Ruth Manuel, Raymond Richens. 8A—Percy Andrews, Wilbert Buchin, Violet Rentschler. 8B—Edna Johnson, Frank Smith. 7A—Renee Herman, Constance Knapp, Charles LaBelle, Earl Rich. 7B—Janet Barry, Harrington Chase. 7A—Gehring Cooper, Dorothy Dick, Rena Parratt, Elizabeth Wedel.

Uses For a Hairpin

(A personal interview with Harrison Grotzinger)

1. To clean your ears.
2. To button your shoes.
3. To clean out corners.
4. To hold Fords together.
5. Used as various surgical instruments.
6. Sometimes used to keep your hair up.

Leona: (reading her directions from a slip) "'Neigh like a horse' I can't do that when I'm laughing."

Mary: "Sure you can, give a horse laugh."

Humby: (later, after Leona won the prize) "I wonder if it's a saddle."

HANDBOOK COMMITTEE

Mr. Butterfield has appointed the following committee to work on an official Handbook of school procedure for the guidance of students: Henry Brown, George Taylor, Howard Fraser, Helen Josh, Berenice Vogt, Beulah Nellis, Miss Carter, Miss Sharer, and Mr. Butterfield.

The plans of the committee are not yet definite enough to be announced, but it is hoped that the Handbook will be ready by the beginning of the new term.

OCTOBER 20—At the regular assembly, Captain Carrol A. Bryant of the American Red Cross gave a demonstration of the Schaefer method of artificial respiration.

OCTOBER 25—Mrs. Cheek, secretary of the Board of Admissions of Mt. Holyoke College, spoke to the junior and senior girls.

NOVEMBER 2—The Glee Club held a party at the Practice House.

NOVEMBER 11—In the assembly, Captain William Emerson of the 391st Infantry spoke on the subject "The Meaning of Armistice Day."

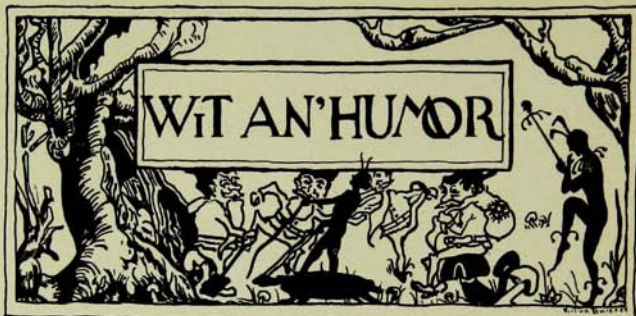
NOVEMBER 12—A senior dance was held at the home of Elizabeth Heinrich.

RESOLUTIONS

It is coming near the time again when we remember all the resolutions we made a year ago—and then forgot. It is nearly time to make them over again. Let us begin now to make a list. We do so promise and resolve:

1. To do our home-work faithfully and conscientiously each day.
2. To take particular care in our personal appearance.
3. To practice courtesy toward our teachers and fellow students.
4. And to so conduct ourselves as to bring credit to the school during the coming year.

THE WITAN



Mr. Butterfield: (speaking from the center of the faculty group posed for the annual picture) "Fraser, did you tell Miss Keefe we were ready?"

Fraser: "Yes, sir, she said 'all right'."

Mr. Butterfield: "But did she start to come; that's the point."

Fraser: "Yes, sir. But she made a funny face."

What's This?

Miss Goff: "George, can you tell me when the opinion in the South changed—the opinion in regard to protective tariff?"

G. T. (after a moment of deep concentration): "Miss Goff, do you want a date?"

Miss Goff: "I'm tempted to give an examination today."

George H.: "Yield not to temptation!"

Congestion is the result of blocked traffic—to the locker room.

Mr. Lacy: "If you girls don't stop talking, I'll come down there and break you up."

Miss Goff: "Were iron plows used in 1800?"

J. O'B.: "I don't remember."

V. R.: "William is a proper adjective."

Miss B.: "Why?"

V. R.: "Because it tells what kind of a Penn."

The Phone Rings

Ting-a-ling! "Hello! Yes—What? No, he isn't—Who? Yes—Why, certainly—Just a minute (scans class)—Yes, both of them—At the end of the period?—All right." Click!

Mr. Butterfield: (indicating Miss Carter's small niece, while sorting out the various groups for the annual pictures) "And what is this little lady in?"

Voice from the faculty group: "Galoshes!"

J. O'B.: "When the Whiskey Rebellion began, Washington called out the militia."

Miss Goff: "Then what happened?"

J. O'B.: "They drank up all the whiskey."

Page Conan Doyle!

A. C.: (in history class) "Hamilton proposed a measure by which there should be a tax on all spirits."

THE WITAN

ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 50)

One notable feature of the game was the fact that the small group of Charlotte rooters was able to hold the bigger, more representative Monroe crowd to a tie score. Let's all pile out and show them who can make the noise, at any rate.

Charlotte Reserves 19—

Monroe Reserves 37

Playing a good game of ball, the second team lost to a stronger, heavier Monroe squad in a game the day before the varsity meet. The game wasn't as bad as the score indicates. Monroe was simply a little better in both defense and offense.

G. A. A. SUPPER

On Friday evening, Dec. 9th, the Girls' Athletic Association of Charlotte High School enjoyed a party at the Practice House. The supper was prepared by the girls themselves, with Helen Sandholzer chairman of the committee. Phyllis Trayhern made a short speech of welcome to those of the faculty and alumnae present. Ruth Johnson, Clara Marvin and Tessie Lighthart of last year's class were there. Miss Keffe, Miss Goff, Miss Emerson, Miss Whelehan, Miss Donovan, Miss Doehler and Miss Sharer enjoyed the occasion with the G. A. A. members. Florene Rich led the group in singing, and Katherine Trayhern provided plenty of noise with some cheers. The dates for the interclass basketball games were announced.

Did you ever notice, in study hall, the way the back seats are always filled first? How is this? What is the attraction? It can't be the windows; it's winter now. As far as we could see, the seats are the same. They aren't any more solid, and they aren't chocolate coated.

Will somebody please explain?

COMMITTEE NOTES

(Continued from page 38)

from admission charges at the games—there is no other source of revenue available. You can readily see why it is essential for you to buy your ticket and come out and support our teams. We need both your vocal and financial support!

In former times the general admission charge at basketball games was fifty cents, and student tickets sold for thirty-five cents. Because the Finance and Athletic Committees believed that it was desirable to have larger numbers of students at games, the price was reduced to twenty-five cents for student tickets and thirty-five cents general admission. Contrary to expectations, the attendance has not increased and as a result the revenue has fallen off.

The solution lies in each and every student and teacher making an effort to attend as many games as possible to support our boys, watch the games and show school spirit. The next time you run across a "squawker" ask him how many tickets he has purchased this season, and how many games he has attended!

All out for C. H. S. and a revival of school spirit!

A SOUND PROGRAM

(Continued from page 39)

emphasis on winning alone, and more emphasis on the other objectives can not help but produce desirable results.

Charlotte is taking the lead in this new program among Rochester schools, and all eyes are focused on us. Let us cooperate with the old Charlotte High spirit, and help put over a real piece of work!

Miss Emerson: "Why is this verb in the right tense?"

Helen: "Because it's in the imperfect tense."

Florence: "How can it be in the right tense when it's in the imperfect tense?"

THE WITAN

Griffith's Confectionery

3200 LAKE AVENUE

NEAR GENESEE DOCKS

ICE CREAM

CANDY

CIGARS

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

TOILET ARTICLES

MAGAZINES

LIGHT LUNCHES

NOTIONS

POSTOFFICE SUBSTATION

EDOUARD'S

WOMEN'S DRESSES

\$5—\$10—\$15

No Higher in Price

Edouard's Sample Dress Shop

1546 Lake Ave. at Lapham St.

Da-da!

Miss Emerson: "Who carries the letters and presents in the mail?"

Johnnie L.: "Santa Claus."

H. Brown: (at the General Committee meeting) "Eleanor, will you get a hold of Mr. Chamberlain some time tomorrow?"

Tra Deedle de Dum

Miss Emerson: "Mademoiselle, traduisez 'Jeanne D'Arc est nee a' Domremy'."

Mademoiselle: "Joan of Arc was born in Do Re Mi."

Miss Werner: (in art class) "Is there anyone using a brush who isn't using it?"

Marion: "What becomes of all the marcells and curls when they go out of your hair?"

Beth: "Oh, they go into the air and make the air waves."

Miss Emerson: "Dites quelque chose." (French for 'Say something).

H. I. G. (thoughtfully): "Quelque chose."

Miss Werner (after calling roll): "Does anyone here know about polychrome?"

Harrison: "I don't think she's in this class."

Not Miss Doehler!

Senior (taking place in assembly): "Aren't you honored to sit next to a senior?"

Miss D.: "I'm charmed speechless!"

B. N.: "My feet are cold."

M. H.: "Well, put your gloves on, silly."

Mr. Omans had a telescope,
He tried to look at Mars,
But it slipped
And hit him in the head,
And all he saw was stars.

THE WITAN

MISS IONE THOMAS

Announces the opening of her new beauty salon
Finest of hair dressing, shampooing, facials
and hair tinting, also finger and
water waving

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Phone, Stone 4722

Manicuring
50 cents

Marcell and Shampoo
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