THE JUNE 1928
WITAN
THE WITAN

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS
THE WITAN
Charlotte High School
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

VOL. VII. JUNE 1928 No. 4

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THE WITAN

Mrs. Ward, Senior Class Advisor
I often frequent the Buccaneer's Arms near Ludsy Lane and listen to the rare stories told there. One afternoon a white headed sailor sat across from me. He had blue eyes. Across his face ran a scar not more than two weeks old, I thought, but later found to have been made at least thirty years ago. We chatted for several minutes about ships and captains. Then he commenced this yarn as if it were a favorite.

"Wal, Captain Splifins was a far-sighting man. Yes sir, he could see ahead as far as behind. He could tell a sail ten minutes afore the watch. He could read the sky like a book. He could predict a storm of half hour and it would last just that long, no more, no less.

"One day we were haulin' along, fourteen knots or thereabouts. The water shoaled 'round the bow and spray flew up as if we were making twenty. But the cap'n said fourteen and fourteen she was. The sky was as clear as drinking water from the mainland. I said 'Narry a storm today, mate'. But the captain overheard me and piped right off: 'There's wind to west o' southwest, 'bout fifteen. A yowler before three.' He was right.

"We had a crew o' twenty-eight, half white, t'others black. A good lot were they, the whites mostly beachcombers from Australia and India, the blacks from a tribe of natural sailors on Toulos, or something o' sorts. Wal, as I was saying, they were uncommonly good men, not at all stylish like these doodabs that dress up like Timbuctoo chieftans and handle the wheel as if it ware a Barb'ry jewel. The capt'n liked them and they liked him.

"Toward three the wind dropped. Cap'n gave orders to reef her down, saying we'd have a rip snorter. We were glad of the change but later felt quite diff'rent. The breeze picked up a bit, causing the sea to rise in short chop. We waited like Carey's on the yard arms at eight bells. An eternity passed; then six strokes sounded from the poop. The storm piled in on us. We were tight, but did not reckon on an old break in the boat's hull. After'ards skipper said as how he was afreard something'd happen there afore it did.

"When the gale was at its topmost we felt a little lunge. The whole craft quivered. At first I thought we'd struck something, but not so.

"The captain sent me below to investigate. I looked everywhere and finally, figuring from the direction of the lunge, I opened a small door that led into the little used fo'ard parts, the mainland. I said Narry a storm... Water poured in. After a short struggle I closed and locked it. Then I fastened the hatch.

"The captain already had the pumps set up. Two men got to work. But there seemed no stopping that sea, no sir, it just filled up hold after hold. The captain became alarmed, though he tried not to show it.

"The storm abated. Like the ball-hooing of dancing natives. The noises gradually died away. But the boat leaked more. The captain had turned toward the Caloos, but Fate (Continued on Page 17)
"Teacher," said I, "thing of evil! teacher still, if living being!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, in this edifice enchanted,
In this school by wisdom haunted, tell me truly, I implore,
Must we—must we do our homework?
Tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the teacher, "Evermore."

Margaret Hersey, '28.

O pardon me, my English teacher,
That I am slow and scrawly with my compositions;
That I don't stand in the center of the aisle
And that I whisper all the while. You are the best teacher I ever had,
And I promise not once more will I make you mad,
But "A's" shall deck my monthly report
Like six-inch guns on Niagara fort;
Good marks shall be so in use
That you will but smile you behold
My name on every Honor Roll
And then you will be glad
You gave me one more chance when I was bad.

Frank Smith, 8A2.

Breathes there a stude with mind so dead
Who to himself has never said:
"Darn those lessons, I'm off to bed!"

Burton Kirby, '29.

The Lady of Charlotte

On western side the river grew,
Its roofs emulsed in morning dew
Or lapped in red as ev'n drew
Her chariot to the west anew,
The far-famed village of Charlotte.
And in its midst like Pantheon's dome,
Older than the oldest tome,
Far from the madding crowd and home
O'ertopped the school of old Charlotte.

Within its chambers high and low
No fairer damsel could it show,
Nor wiser maid of mortal glow,
Whom wisdom taught its ways to know,
Than the lady of Charlotte;
Her cheeks as rosy as the rose,
Her nose as nosey as a nose,
Her figure posy as a pose,
She painted best in all Charlotte.

The only thing that spoiled her face
(Tis said it was a witch's grace
That wished it there and wished apace
In twenty years the spell replace
A smile) the frown of dear Charlotte;
And naught but he who rode the plane
And bathed his soul in her sweet reign
Could break a smile there once again,
Yea, nght but he, Sir Laughalot.

The story goes, she sought a file
And met with he whose winning wile
Would force her face to crack a smile
In Pepsodent's unheard of style;
She found straightway her Laughalot;
But he in sadness lost his mind,
And she, meanwhile, essayed to find
Her teeth—unfound, away she pined
'Till Genesee claimed her, Charlotte.

Philip Burgeon, '28.
"It was a cry such as one would
utter with a hot potato in one's
mouth—very indistinct, but clearly a
sign of distress. I hurried forward
as quickly as I could with practically
no light and greatly hampered by the
treachery of the footing. The driver of the
battery had cast off the ready flow of
invective and apparently halted the
difficult progress. There was a great
running about and confusion of per-
plexed calls. All this my ears told
me as I hurried to bring my eyes
within range.

"A short flash from a lighted match
gave me my bearings and helped me
momentarily. It was followed by an
even deeper, more oppressive dark-
ness than before but this didn't last
long, as the gunners managed to get
a lantern going. In the pale yellow
light a strange sight was revealed.

"The two teams of the battery
stood in half shadow steaming and
dripping with sweat, sides blowing,
and mouths wide with heavy breath-
ing. The gun was tipped high in the
air, muzzle up, with its trail on the
edge of the path, while the limber was
half in the ditch where one wheel had
slid. Bad stuff, that mud, especially
in the dark. Well, anyway, the gun
squad was huddled around the off
wheel of the limber and it was from
somewhere among them that these
muffled cries seemed to come. I
hollered for the looey in charge,
meanwhile managing to get some of
the stupid fools out of the way. The
looey stepped up as I stared at a
vague heap in the ditch, and reported
that they'd had no light, the limber'd
lost the path, slipped into the ditch,
and here was the result.

"I should say it was! The squad
was so fagged that I had to tell them
twice before they lifted the off side of
the limber while I and the looey
dragged that heap on to its feet. Yes,
it had feet, darn clumsy ones too! I
held the lantern up and looked into
the face of one of the dumbest fools
I knew, Gifford. His uniform was all
wet and mud covered and his helmet
was all drawn and pinched on the top.
It looked just as tho he'd put a French
helmet on sideways. The limber'd ev-
idently slipped down off the path and
the wheel had landed right square on
the top of his helmet. He, drunk and
tired, had probably fallen into the
ditch on the way down after mess,
and gone to sleep. And I reckon it's
no joke to wake up suddenly with
your war hat all pinched up on top
of your head, your chin strap so tight
you can't speak, and held down by a
blame gun limber. No wonder he
tried to holler! Well, we cut his hel-
met off and sent him up to the doctor
for general overhaul. The fellow we
sent with him said he never saw a
man so scared before. At any rate,
the camp got a big laugh and Gifford
a nickname—'Squee Jee'.

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THE WITAN

were a lively lot of chaps and I had a time holding them quiet and ready. A long wait besides, not like what we were used to. I managed to keep pretty close attention on a little hill to our right, however. It was from here that flag and whistle signals were going to be given to our clean-up wave.

"About thirty minutes before the time to rise and shine, the concentrated heavy batteries opened up suddenly from the woods and hills we'd left the night before. We couldn't see any flashes from them but we settled down under the parapet, looked down a gap where a communication trench entered, and watched the clouds, blast them, reflect the intermittent glow. The men didn't even bother to watch the effect on the enemy lines, it was an old story to them. More interesting to talk about Squee Jee's accident! With about five minutes to go, however, the field batteries started the old faithful barrage from a ravine directly back of us and from a hill on the left flank. The enemy weren't having beer and pretzels either, and were certainly helping to make the graying dawn all fired noisy. Men down the trench a way got a bad one and a whole squad went out of commission. My men were rather pale and tight lipped, waiting grimly, when suddenly—

"A shrill whistle piped and a red and white diagonal broke out from about half-way up the back side of the hill I'd been watching. I turned in time to see the first line advance leap out on its way. This was something like. The crashing confusion of deafening explosions arose from all sides, broken only by the chattering of the Vickers and the rolling rifle fire. A thick haze of smoke and dust drifted skyward as the sun finally broke over the horizon. It had begun.

"A second flag was displayed and special code semaphore gave my company the job of backing a rush on an enemy nest about a quarter of a mile straight forward. Orders were checked, O. K.'d, and we went over. The squads separated and deployed in skirmish order while we made it on the double. I had been noticing the trouble we were having with this certain nest on the top of a little knoll ahead and was wishing for some tank support, but there wasn't any. So, I ordered a flanking movement which was rather easy with very little stray resistance on either side. Bombing didn't have a very marked effect and even when completely surrounded, the blame knoll was a good position, and those two machine guns they had there were letting us know about it. There wasn't much cover and we'd already lost about a third. A runner reported a ravine on the far side however, so I crawled around there and organized a squad of fellows on whom I could depend. We armed with as many grenades as we could carry safely, and started up.

"The cover was pretty good until the last twenty or thirty yards from the top were reached. This was absolutely bare except for the wire, which was bad. We cleared quite a stretch with the grenades, then at an agreed signal, all of us spread out and charged right in the face of one of the machine guns. One of my men dropped dead at the very start of the race and another, a big burly Marine weighing at least two hundred pounds, fell wounded right in front of me. Of course it meant that I had to carry him back. Imagine me carrying a two hundred pounder! Well, he turned his face up at me and had the nerve to grin. Boy, I was mad! As I knelt to pick him up, I could feel the blame pellets just grazing my helmet; then they stopped and I knew that my squad, or what was left of it, had won thru. All I could think of was why I had to carry this lummox. The lucky dog! Why couldn't they have picked me out for a target instead of him. He might be bigger but I was an officer. Thus I last carried a man out.

"Anyway, it all happened during one of the annual military maneuvers near London, England, and we got a big write-up in the paper."

(Pass the cheese!)

THE WITAN

SKETCHES

A REVIEW

I am a librarian. Each day I see before me many people, and each a type. These people's characters are mirrored by their words and actions. I believe it would be an interesting, yes a very interesting experiment to line these people up and to guess their character, then allow them to go unmolested to say the library, and watch them. What a revelation there would be!

For example:
A woman drives up to the curb before the library in a long sleek car, gathers an armful of books and magazines, and comes to the door. To see her there one would think she was a very nice lady, polite in all her actions and gracious in manner. But, wait, this very lady enters, and strews her armful of books over the desk and hurries on into the library. I scratch my head (figuratively) and wonder what her name is, and if I am lucky I remember it, if not, I slip all the books and look up the names by the numbers on the book slip. Then I search through the files and probably find no cards. Then I make out a special slip, compute the fines on the magazines (which are two days overdue). After all this, I tell the fair lady that she can't take books without her card. She comes to the desk and asks if her sister-in-law's card is in. I ask the name and look for the card; and nine chances to ten, it isn't in. I, then, tactfully mention the fines, and seeing a questioning look clouding her face, I hasten to explain that the books were due Monday and here it is Wednesday with two cents per day for two days makes four cents due on each magazine of which there are nine, making in all a fine of thirty-six cents.

She remonstrates, and informs me that I should tell her when she has seven-day books. I reply that all periodicals may be taken for only seven days, and take the money which she reluctantly offers me.

Again I tell her that she is unable to draw the books she wishes without her card, and upon receiving her change she pouts out.

I heave a sigh and mentally sum her up as a slave driver and a nickel nurser.

People like this make nice statues. Irving G. Hanford.

STUBBY

One night about two years ago my father told me he had a present for me in his overcoat pocket. I put my hand in the pocket and pulled out a funny ball of a kitten. It was totally black. It was the cutest thing, all the girls said so.

One day curiosity got the better of him and he put his tail in a trap and lost it. That is why we called him Stubby.

He was always into something. One day we found him with his head in a bottle of jam. He was a likeable little thing and only had one enemy. This was the dog next door.

I have always heard that cats have nine lives, but I don't believe Stubby had that many. One day the dog chased him up the electric light pole. Somehow he got in the wires and was quite shocked.

Poor Stubby found this a killing experience.

B. Kirby.
THE WITAN

SAFE?

Water, water, nothing but blue-green water, stretched from horizon to horizon. On the surface of the wildly tossing sea, a raft floated shoreward, not in a straight line but continually changing its course at the least whim of the wind. The wind hurled the raft up one mountain-like wave and down the next.

A poorly dressed sailor of unknown nationality huddled in the center of the raft. To the watchers on the beach, the raft seemed to be in danger of overturning but always it would right itself and stagger, in its uncertain course, toward land and safety. The wind hurled the raft up one mountain-like wave and down the next. Totally unprepared defense. Cold shivers crept down my spine as I thought of my coming doom. My watch, once in complete rhythm with my heart, now lagged far behind, ticking off its minutes with such mechanical exactness that I shuddered as if with a chill. Ah, it had come at last! I looked up bravely, prepared to meet the end, when raining interrupted my thoughts with startling rapidity.

I wager that not a person in my Cicero class left it more gladly than I did that morning.

C. Hogan, '29.

THE FIRST WATCH

BEING COMPLETED

I crouched lower in my weak, self-made fortress, the victim of almost unbearable circumstances. I was all alone in my misery, not a soul in all this cold, bleak world was able to help me. My oppressor's eyes gleamed through a huge aperture in my totally unprepared defense. Cold

THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP

I have never been so disappointed in a book as in the end of "The Haunted Bookshop," by Christopher Morley. It seems to me that a man ingenious enough to have created Mifflin, the book-seller with his multiplicity of unusual ideas, could have developed something more unexpected than the plot he thrusts on Mifflin. I think the reason that this is noticeable is the extraordinary beginning. I wish to meet Mifflin again to talk over his philosophy of dishwashing and household duty, and his opinion of the reading world and of the rest of it too. I want to attend another meeting of the Corn-Cob Club and I desire to chuckle over the comically true signs which Mifflin was in the habit of placing everywhere. I am going to meet him too, for I am going to re-read the first half of the book and forget the rest of it, for it destroys him.


WEEDING GARDENS

I heard someone say, "Weed them and weep!" and certainly it is true. The first weeding in the spring is perfectly terrible. You can hardly tell the weeds from the tiny new plants which are coming up from some wind-scattered seeds. There are violets, honeysuckles and baby's breath for instance, mixed in with rag-weed, other weeds and grass. If you aren't careful you pull out the baby's breath and leave the rag-weed, because they look so much alike.

However, the "weep" part is not only on account of the flowers you have destroyed for weeds, but also for the stiffness of your bending apparatus on the next day.

THE WITAN

PAINTING

“Oh! how I love to paint!” I spent part of my only day at home painting. Painting! As for the looks of the room, you may draw your own conclusions. Here is how I did it.

First I sanded the surface to be painted, then shellacked the knot-holes and puttyed the cracks and nail holes. Now comes the sad part of the story. I started to paint, actually spread white, sticky stuff on the wall with a brush. What fun! It ran and ran and I ran after it, catching some but missing most of it. Then my parents came to the rescue of the room and I quit, glad to be rid of the job.


WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SCOUT

What does it mean to be a Scout? Many times people ask that question when they see a party of scouts hiking by. Being a scout does not mean that every little while the boy dresses up in a uniform and has a good time hiking or the like. It means that the boy has taken an oath “to do his duty to God and his country and to obey the scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep himself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.”

In the scout’s regime, the boys are taught First Aid, signalling, and in the merit badge section there is work to take up in many branches.

BROADCASTING


“‘Well, whatever it is, I am not going to settle any arguments,” replied Mother, “but please be quiet; I am trying to read.”

“Well, I don’t care; I___” said Dick. “Don’t say another word about those ear-phones or you both will go to bed,” interrupted Mother. And so the quarrel ended.

Doris Kemp, 8A2.

DAVY JONES’ PUZZLE

(Continued from page 9) was unwilling to lose her prize. She poured more water into the holds.

“Captain Splifins ordered the men to line up. We were in regular form before you could say Davy Jones. He said: ‘Men, today shall be the last day for some of you. The Heavens will it. I’ve hoped and prayed. I must lose some of you or all’; We stood breathless. ‘We can only have half the crew. Every ninth man must walk the plank’.

“Only fourteen men remained and they were all white. But Davy Jones still wanted the ship. It never reached harbor.”

I waited a moment for him to explain how the feat was accomplished. He merely shrugged his shoulders and became lost in reverie. I puzzled over the situation awhile, then left him to his dreams.

What was the original lineup?

Philip Burgeon, ’28.

SPRING

What makes folks feel glad and gay,
And drives all their cares away?

When the first flowers of Spring peep out,
Old men forget their troublesome gout.

When boys forget to study their books,
And take up rod, and line, and hook.

Pray tell! what is this magic thing?
Why, to be sure, it is glad Spring!

In Memoriam

William Wratten

The I-2 Class mourns the loss of their dear classmate, William Wratten. Though his life was short, he had much to be proud of. All who knew him will always remember him and his cheery smile.

Evelyn Henderson

Sympathy is extended to Mrs. Walter Henderson on the death of her daughter, Evelyn, a former member of the 7A-1 grade.

VOCATIONAL DISPLAYS

The boys of the craft shop and of the print shop have been very busy this term.

The craft shop crew turned out some splendid articles, ranging all the way from jewelry to furniture. Some of these objects are on display in the main office. There is one desk there which draws attention, and it seems almost unbelievable that such a product could be made by an amateur wood worker. Nevertheless, we are told that this is the second of its kind to be made by the boy. There are end tables and a lamp, the latter a product from the lathe. There are also examples of pottery and metal work, other than the jewelry, which are real "objets d'art!"

In the printing display there are the two large size sheets of the school song, which were drawn by Mr. Lee, the two reduced zinc plates of the same song, and the two pages of the finished article. There are also displays of four-color printing.

We are very much interested in the work of both these shops and like the novel method of introducing their work.
THE WITAN

Our orchestra is becoming really erudite. They are learning to play "The Poet and Peasant" and "Carmen."

We ought to be greatly pleased with the new cosmopolitan spirit at Charlotte. Even dogs are invited to the assembly.

We have some budding cartoonists around here, but they never bloom.

We cannot help noticing the cleanliness of the Girls' Study Hall for the past term. We congratulate Mr. Tracy on his efforts.

The Witan is indebted to the printing department for the worthwhile insert in the last issue. It was both artistic and interesting.

The whole school cannot but feel great appreciation for the senior class. They are graduating.

A Junior visited a Freshman class recently. He was impressed by the studious air. But oh, the sophs!

We notice that the Practice House lawn is beginning to resemble the gradually growing bald spot of a middle-aged man. The doctor prescribes a rest cure for the lawn and renewed activity for the sidewalk.

The school clocks of Charlotte resemble a Senate debate. They agree only when you don't want them to.

Didn't you enjoy the last school party? We have had so many since the new president was elected.

Don't miss the new weekly posters over the front hall stairs. They're worthwhile!

The four senior high pupils and seven junior high pupils who attended the concert given by the Music Department at No. 38 School are to be congratulated on their excellent taste. They will need no urging to attend again next year, we feel sure.

Note the addition of six junior high school representatives to the Witan staff. The paper thus becomes more truly the voice of C. H. S.

SILHOUETTES

The silhouettes which appear on page 55 are identified as follows:
1. E. Marsh 5. H. Josh
2. O. Huber 6. E. Bergener
3. J. Halbleib 7. E. Dawson
4. H. Fraser 8. E. Fuhrman

WELL?

We are offering you a few statistics—you may do as you wish about them.

At the Glee Club-Orchestra concert, (which, by the way, was a very excellent concert), there was a disgustingly small audience, seventy-six in all. It appears that the teachers possess more of that well known virtue, "school spirit," than the pupils, for there were eleven teachers as opposed to four high school students, and seven junior high pupils. The remaining sixty were relatives and friends of the performers.

In the combined Glee Club and Orchestra there were about sixty students (two teachers in the orchestra). It was necessary to import seven boys to supplement the orchestra and to attempt to augment the base and tenor sections of the Glee Club. The girls showed their superiority by not needing any aid whatsoever.
HOMEMAKING

The girls of the homemaking class quickly donned their uniforms, all ready to prepare one of the several luncheons to be served. Soon the clatter of dishes and egg beaters broke the silence of the room. As the minutes passed quickly, delicious odors came creeping from the ovens. The two girls who were to serve assigned certain duties to others and then proceeded to set the table correctly.

The usual washing of dishes and the housekeeping duty for each girl ended the period, so those who had finished slipped quietly off to lunch, leaving the two girls to serve in a somewhat anxious state of mind. But in every respect the luncheon proved successful.

The guests at the first luncheon were Miss Newman, Miss Stowell, Miss Keeffe and Miss Werner. Winifred Rabjohn and Irma Holverson served.

The guests at the second luncheon were Miss Traver, Mr. Butterfield, Miss Sharer, Mr. Lee, Miss Miner, and Mr. Chamberlain. Evelyn Gallery and Elsa Schmidt served.

The guests of the third luncheon were Mr. Woodman, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. True and Mr. Kingston. Eleanor Bergerner and Elise Tackabury served.

The guests of the fourth luncheon were Mrs. Stacy, Miss Sharer, Miss Curtis and Miss Harvey. Helen Josh and Elsa Schmidt served.

The senior homemaking girls have had the opportunity of serving the teachers, so the junior homemaking girls will serve the senior girls some time in the near future.

Beside the serving of luncheons, the girls are completing the making of various articles which will add a more home-like atmosphere to the apartment.

The girls held a homemaking exhibit in the assembly to show what had been accomplished this term.

Aside from these things, each week the homemaking girls have prepared something to be sold in the lunch room, such as: cream puffs, Scottish Fancies, Chocolate Eclairs, sponge cakes, lady fingers, sponge drops, fudge, and a variety of other things.

Myron Kelly, of Mr. Kingston's department, made a dressing table to go in the bedroom of the model apartment of the Practice House.
TRANSITION

In September's morning we came,
Green as spring,
And mellowed through a year
Until summer's scarlet touched us,
The scarlet of noon-day.

From rustics to warriors
We belligerent red sophomores had passed,
As ardent and sagacious
As Penelope's suitors.

We caught the cornucopia of those four years,
Golden autumn,
From whose teeming embrace
Were gathered fruits and grain
Of three years cultivation,
The judicious harvest time
When everything is stored
Until the coming year.

Like a storekeeper taking inventory
When the snows set in,
So we reviewed our stock and filled
The vacancies. We sat back
And hurriedly enjoyed those things
That previously were barred.

Four pale arduous years thus gone
We think of years to come.

How uncertain is our future
Whose configuration, unexplored,
Rests as an Everest,
The very foundation of which
May be moved by earthquake or storm;
And from whose top a Carbuncle gleams,
A hazy luminous goal where none
But deserving adventurers arrive.

Now we start our gem-ward journey.

ALLEN KING, Class Poet.
Howard V. R. Fraser  
85 Birr St.  
J. J. H. S.  
Undecided

They call him sheik and lady's man  
And razz him about the girls.  
But just the same in the East High game  
That home-run had the whirls.

Baseball 4; Class President 2, 3, 4;  
Freshman Party Committee 2, 3, 4;  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Publicity Committee 3;  
Senior Party Committee; Senior Pin Committee; Senior Play 4;  
Student Council 2, 3, 4.

Ray. Winegard,  
260 Lexington Ave.  
J. J. H. S.  
Michigan State

What secret rules his turbulent ways  
What dreams fill his nights, what longings his days?  
We hear it from his own eager lips—  
His heart is "Down to the sea in ships."

Class Vice-President 4; Senior Day Committee; Soccer (Reserve) 4;  
Student Council 4.

Isabel Harper  
209 Harding Rd.  
J. J. H. S.  
Mechanics Institute

If we could paint her future  
Like the pictures which she draws,  
'Twould be all joy and sunshine  
And free from any flaws.

Class Secretary 4; Orchestra 4; Tennis 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan Staff 4.
Frank Arioli
No. 43 School
34 Stenson St.
Undecided

Music and passion in his dark eyes gleam
A frank, fine comradeship he offers you.
Where others promise lightly—it does seem
There is no "bunk" to Frank—his friendship's true.

Baseball 3; Glee Club 1, 2, (President) 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Music Committee 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2; Wrestling 1, 2.

C. Coleman Austin
72 Hopper Ter.

Sleep and be merry,
Rest when you please,
And at the month's end
You'll have C's, D's and E's.

Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Glee Club 1; Soccer 1.

Thomas C. Baggan, Jr.
245 Birr St.
Holy Rosary
U. of R.

Baggan's quite the autocrat,
At least that's what we hear;
That he will be a pugilist
Is what we really fear.

Baseball 1; Basketball 4, (Reserve) 2; Hi-Y 3, 4; Tennis (Manager) 4; Thrift Committee 1.

Eleanor Bergener
338 Glenwood Ave.
West High School Mechanics Institute

Her voice is her character,
Her smile her attraction;
She's a friend of everyone
And in every faction.

Riding 3; Swimming 3, 4; Tri-Y 3.
Roberta Bogart  Charlotte Station  Nazareth Academy  Undecided

An arbutus recently came
Within our friendly wood
And now it must depart
Little seen, but passing good.

Baseball 4; Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 4.

Alfred Caruana  347 Platt St.  J. J. H. S.  University of Rochester

He can strum on the guitar
On the mandolin he’s great,
But he kept his talents from us
’Till it is almost too late

Baseball (Reserve) 3; Basketball (Reserve) 4; Glee Club 4; Soccer (Reserve) 3, 4.

Wilbert Charity  27 Hewitt St.  No. 38 School  Undecided

Remember what a salesman
Wilbert used to be?
What happened to that art
Which he had in English III?

Class President 3; Publicity Committee 3.

Harold Conlin  55 Kingsley Rd.  J. J. H. S.  Undecided

If you’re looking for “Butch” Conlin
To the print shop go.
For cleverness in printers’ ink
He has much to show.

Baseball 3, 4, (Reserve) 2; Basketball 4; Hi-Y 4; Soccer 4; (Reserve) 3.
Arthur Dale
M. J. H. S.
Britton Rd.
Undecided

Art has a car
From which he gets much fun.
But what is the magic
That makes the blamed thing run?

Thrift Committee.

Elsie Dawson
No. 41 School
193 Eastman Ave.
Normal

She won four blue ribbons
In the Girls' Gymnastic Meet,
Proving that our Elsie
Is a true athlete.
Baseball 3; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Tennis 3.

J. Wendell Fishbaugh
No. 43 School
27 West Pkwy.
R. B. I.

Wendell is quite friendly
With all the banks in town,
Keep him ever in your mind
If your funds run down.
Book Exchange 2, 3; (Chairman) 4; Candy Committee 4; Senior Pin Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Thrift Committee 2; Witan Staff 4.

Marion Fleming
No. 38 School
129 Clayton St.
Business

She hurries home from school each night,
She never wastes a minute,
And when it comes to skipping Marion isn't in it.
Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Senior Play 4; Thrift Committee 2, 3; Tri-Y 4.
Edith L. Fuhrman 60 Rochelle Ave.
No. 42 School Undecided

She's the girl who knows her Latin,
Cicero's like pie,
She thinks it's wrong to punish men
By causing them to die.

Class Vice-President 1; Swimming 4; Tennis 4; Thrift Committee 2; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Evelyn Gallery 102 Pollard Ave.
Holy Cross Business

Nurse, poet or teacher
Some say she ought to be
But we will venture, Evelyn
Will be none of these three.

Baseball 4; Basketball 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Scholarship Committee 1; Tennis 4; Tri-Y (Treasurer) 3, (President) 4; Music Committee 1, 2, 3, 4.

Edward Gomm 194 Augustine St.
J. J. H. S. Syracuse University

The solemn class is disturbed by a laugh
The teacher scolds for an hour and a half
Only his face has a slight grin on it
For Ed has a passion to pass as a wit.

Baseball 4; Basketball (Reserve) 4; Freshman Party Committee 1; Hi-Y 4; Publicity Committee 2; Soccer (Reserve) 4; Social Committee 1; Thrift Committee 2, 3, 4.

Ruby Habgood Maiden Lane
M. J. H. S. Business

Often we hear of opals, amethysts, and pearls
But 'tis the jewel Ruby that outshines all our girls.

Basketball 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Senior Play 4; Student Council (Treasurer) 4; Tennis 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Jo with her quaint and pleasing smile
Took the school by storm.
For her the boys would "walk a mile"
To gain her friendship warm.

Class Secretary 4; Freshman Party Committee 4; Glee Club 4; Social Committee 4.

Margaret E. Hersey 342 Thomas Ave. Seneca School U. of R.

One time on the honor roll
Her name did not appear.
The moon was black and white that night
For this was all so queer.

Baseball 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Class Vice-President 3; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Guardian of the Flag 4; Publicity Committee 4; Tennis 3, Tri-Y 3, 4.

Ottillie Huber 723 Harvard St. No. 38 School William and Mary Col.

A butterfly sips lightly from each flower
We would not blame its fragile wantoning.
So who would scold when Tillie starts to shower
Her arts upon each passing boy in Spring.

Basketball 1, 2, 3; Class Secretary 1, 3; Girl's Athletic Association 2; Riding 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Tri-Y 4.

George Humby 209 Curtis St. J. J. H. S. Plattsburg Normal

"Jigger" the athlete, scholar and sheik,
But in class he's very meek.

Baseball (Reserve) 2, 3; Basketball 4, (Reserve) 3; Glee Club 4; Hi-Y 4; Soccer (Reserve) 2, 4; Thrift Committee 4; Track 3; Witan Staff 4.
Mildred Hyland 3187 St. Paul Blvd.
J. J. H. S. Strong Memorial Hosp.

It's a good thing oral topics
Weren't not assigned each day,
Or soon we'd find poor Mildred's
hair
Was turning silver gray.

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association; Swimming 4; Tennis 2, 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Helen B. Josh
Ridge Rd.
Greece No. 11 School
Business

Helen is the manager
In many school affairs,
And she very gladly
All her duties shares.

Baseball 4; Basketball 4; Book Exchange 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Swimming 3; Tennis 4; Thrift Committee 3; Tri-Y 3, 4; Witan Staff 4.

Allen King
79 Estall Rd.
M. J. H. S.
Business

Give us of your philosophy
And we will be at ease,
Read to us your poetry
Of nature and the trees.

Book Exchange 4; Constitution Revision Committee 4; Glee Club 4; Senior Play 4; Thrift Committee 3; Witan Staff 4.

Marguerite Leavitt
Denise Rd.
No. 38 School
Normal

Bards and scholars have ripped up
their bonnets
To discover the "Dark Lady" of Shakespeare's Sonnets.
I've pondered the answer and now I
heved it
The mysterious lady is Marguerite Leavitt.

Baseball 4; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Glee Club 4,
Walter Malcolm
No. 38 School
4523 Lake Ave.
Undecided

A quiet reserve that's hard to break
May hide a will that nothing can shake.

Baseball (Reserve) 3, 4; Basketball 1, (Reserve) 3; Forum Committee 4; Hi-Y 4; Scholarship Committee 2, 3; Soccer (Reserve) 4; Thrift Committee 2.

Beth Manning
J. J. H. S.
161 Alameda St.
U. of R.

She would not a duty shirk,
Nor would she say a thing
To hurt a person's feelings
Nor to them sorrow bring.

Candy Committee 4; Girls Athletic Association 4; Glee Club 4; Scholarship Committee 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Elinor Marsh
J. J. H. S.
117 Mason St.
U. of R.

Elinor's duties find their way
To the book exchange we see.
Now the question comes to us,
Could it be a "He"?

Candy Committee 4; Glee Club 2, 4; Senior Play 4; Social Committee 3; Traditions Committee 3; Witan Staff 4.

Marian Meyerhoff
No. 38 School
41 Upton Pl.
Mechanics Institute

In olden days before Maid Marion's charm
And gentleness, the bold gay Robin Hood
Bowed in allegiance. Nor is this fair maid
Less gentle, less appealing or less good.

Riding; Tri-Y.
Erwin Murphy 35 Lapham St.  
Sacred Heart  
College

The excusing force will miss him
When his face from them is kept.
For they've filed and filed excuses
With the same word "Overslept."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, (Captain) 4; Class President 2, 3; Class Vice-President 2, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3; Skating 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2; Wrestling 2.

Marjorie Napier 4820 St. Paul Blvd.  
Seneca School  
City Normal

Marjorie, the studious,
Marjorie, the wise,
Till her mind wanders,
Off into the skies.

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 4; Girls' Athletic Association; Glee Club 3, 4; Tennis 4.

M. Dorothea Nolte 178 Stonewood Av.  
No. 42 School  
City Normal

She's a cheerful sort of girl,
Never in a whirl
As she trudges on her way
Thru' her classes every day.

Baseball 4; Basketball 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 4; Swimming 4; Tennis 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Lawrence Pennington 4763 St. Paul Blvd.  
Milford High School, Conn. Undecided

Amongst the girls, upon the team
He's a regular wow.
With his twisters, with his twirlers
He's the cat's—and how!

Athletic Committee 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball (Manager) 4; Book Exchange 3, 4; Class President 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Scholarship Committee 2; Student Council 3, 4; Swimming 2; Thrift Committee 2, 3, 4; Wrestling (Manager) 3.
THE WITAN

Winifred Rabjohn  551 Lexington Av.
J. J. H. S.  R. B. I.

A little star amid the skies
Discernible and waxing bright
Perhaps to be, we but surmise,
Another star of worldly light.

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

Lloyd Sandholzer  30 Couchman Ave.
No. 38 School College

Who sidles by in the hall as you pass
All but his eyes looking innocent?
Who strolls up to the desk after class?
Only Lloyd on mischief bent.

Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Hi-Y 4;
Soccer 3, 4; Witan Staff 2, 3; Wrestling 2, 3, 4.

Mary Sayer  Pine Grove Ave.
Lincoln H. S. Jersey City Buffalo

In certain regal dignity she moves,
Almost convincing us (we must confess)
That her calm manner and ease and soft repose
Is poise and not just common laziness.

Basketball 4; Tennis 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Elsa M. Schmidt  108 Bryan St.
J. J. H. S. R. B. I

’Tis said blondes are light-headed
But it doesn’t seem quite true,
For here’s our student secretary
And she’s serious thru and thru.

Candy Committee 4; Class Secretary 2, 3; Glee Club 4; Publicity Committee 4;
Student Council (Secretary) 4; Tri-Y 3, (Secretary) 4.
Allan Snider 1691 Hudson Ave.
Irondequoit H. S. U. of R.
The "old black Joe" of long ago
Is not the "Jo" for whom he's strong;
But "Jo, I'm coming, coming Jo"
Is still the content of his song.
Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Class President 3; Freshman Party Committee 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Soccer 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; Traditions Committee 4; Witan Staff 4.

Frank Stevensky 75 Lapham St.
Sacred Heart College
If teachers figure that Frank cuts no ice,
They should adjourn to some famed skating rink,
And see him break all records in a trice
Or watch him with his girls—well, I don't think!
Baseball 1, (Reserve) 3; Basketball 1, (Reserve) 2, 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Publicity Committee 2; Skating 2, 3, (Captain) 4; Soccer 1, (Reserve) 2, 3, 4; Tennis 4; Track 4.

Elsie E. Tackabury 7 Alonzo St.
No. 38 School Business
Rush, dash—crash Typewriter, shorthand—hash!
This is Elsie's menu for the day.
Sharer, Ward—Newman Race, Pace—Acumen—
Aside from this she finds a time for play.
Basketball 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Publicity Committee 4; Thrift Committee 2, 3, 4; Tri-Y 3, (Treasurer) 4; Witan Staff 4.

George Taylor 392 Augustine St.
J. J. H. S. U. of R.
A voice like the waves of the ocean
A mind like the depths of the seas,
A character strong as a mountain
And a firm desire to please.
Basketball (Reserve) 2; Glee Club 2, 3, (President) 4; Handbook Committee 4; Hi-Y (Secretary) 4; Orchestra 2, 3; Senior Day Committee 4; Senior Play 4; Soccer 3, 4; Standard Bearer 4; Student Council (Vice-President) 4; Track 3, 4; Witan Staff (Editor-in-chief) 4.
Dorothy L. Thomas
204 Kislingbury St.
J. J. H. S.
Business

*With cool assurance (perhaps because she's tall)*
She looks o'er our heads and smiles at us all.

Freshman Party Committee 2; Music Committee 3; Social Committee 3.

Lillian Vogt
127 Argo Park
J. J. H. S
City Normal

*She's neat and she's modest. She's careful, she's gay.*
*What more can we say of a miss who's so formal?*
*If she has any faults she has hid them away,*
*E'en her plans for the future are "perfectly normal."*

Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Tri-Y 3, 4.

Carol Walker
168 Augustine St.
J. J. H. S.
Columbia University

*Carol's generosity*
*And enterprising nature*
*Perfect her (unofficially)*
*An excusing teacher.*

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

Robert C. Walker
127 Flower City Pk.

*Ray Winegard's other self, the sailor Bob,*
*Makes up some long lost sleep when he's in school.*
*But his keen mind, alert in honest look*
*Shows clearly that our Bob is no one's fool.*

Hi-Y 4; Thrift Committee 2.
Edward Waterhouse  263 River St.  
No. 38 School  Business

Across the sky where Nurmi's blaze is spread. 
His feet will never make a record track; 
But in the hall where Economics rules Ed's seat will never be the one in back.

Baseball 4; Basketball (Reserve) 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Soccer 4, (Reserve) 3; Wrestling 4.

Marion Weston  178 Alameda St.  
J. J. H. S.  U. of R.

"Snapshots" is her hobby we hear 
She collects them by the score 
She put some in our "Witan" 
Now we're anxious to see more.

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

Harold Wharity  3862 Lake Ave.  
No. 42 School  Mechanics Institute

Pat is good natured 
Pat tries hard 
Pat, you're a loyal 
Good-hearted "pard."

Baseball 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Soccer 2, 3.

Edythe Wratten  29 Camden St.  
No. 38 School  Undecided

"Blessed are the peacemakers" 
If I have my guess 
Here's a lucky maiden 
Who'll get her share of "bless."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Candy Committee 4; Girls' Athletic Association 2, 3; Safety and Order Committee 4; Tennis 3.
THE WITAN

100 YEARS HENCE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Cause of Demise</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FRANK ARIOLI</td>
<td>Famed Musician</td>
<td>Attempting to please a Rochester audience.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COLEMAN AUSTIN</td>
<td>Salesman</td>
<td>Lack of breath while selling one of his articles.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THOMAS BAGGAN</td>
<td>Chemist</td>
<td>Experimenting with nitro-glycerine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELEANOR BERGENER</td>
<td>Society Queen</td>
<td>Withered as all wallflowers do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROBERTA BOGART</td>
<td>Dye Demonstrator</td>
<td>Dyeing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALFRED CARUANA</td>
<td>French Professor</td>
<td>Result of being crushed in the Dollar Day crowd in Paris.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WILBERT CHARITY</td>
<td>Banker</td>
<td>Grief when his wife cashed in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAROLD CONLIN</td>
<td>Business Man</td>
<td>Disappointment over results of the World Series.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARTHUR DALE</td>
<td>Mechanic</td>
<td>Fright when a Ford broke loose.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDYTHE WRATTEN</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>Natural causes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WENDELL FISHBAUGH</td>
<td>Factory President</td>
<td>Died with the business.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARION FLEMING</td>
<td>Stocking Saleswoman</td>
<td>Exhaustion after a long run.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOWARD FRASER</td>
<td>Broker</td>
<td>Heart trouble when Murphy paid a back debt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDITH FUHRMAN</td>
<td>Frigidaire Agent</td>
<td>Snow storm—found frozen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RUBY HABGOOD</td>
<td>Stenographer</td>
<td>An illness of a long period.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOSEPHINE HALBLEIB</td>
<td>Lawyer</td>
<td>A long case of yellow fever.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ISABELLE HARPER</td>
<td>Artist</td>
<td>A drawn out illness after a brush with the critics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARGARET HERSEY</td>
<td>Book Agent</td>
<td>The result of a twelve-story fall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEORGE HUMBY</td>
<td>Laundry Owner</td>
<td>Burns received when hot under the collar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDWARD GOMM</td>
<td>Egg Dealer</td>
<td>A beating.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OTTILLIE HUBER</td>
<td>Bathing Beauty</td>
<td>Sun stroke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MILDRED HYLAND</td>
<td>Dietician</td>
<td>Indigestion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EVELYN GALLERY</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>Hardship of training three husbands.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HELEN JOSH</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>An infection caused by a file.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLAN KING</td>
<td>Poet</td>
<td>Existence went blank after a long stanza in life.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ERWIN MURPHY</td>
<td>Big League Star</td>
<td>Shock of a broken ankle; struck out for good.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WALTER MALCOLM</td>
<td>Electrician</td>
<td>Shock. Death has a stronger current than life.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Occupation</td>
<td>Cause of Demise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
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<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marguerite Leavitt</td>
<td>Hairdresser</td>
<td>Drowning in a permanent wave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beth Manning</td>
<td>Librarian</td>
<td>A book-worm infection—now shelved away.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elinor Marsh</td>
<td>Writer</td>
<td>Disease of an unknown character.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marian Meyerhoff</td>
<td>Actress</td>
<td>Her foot lights on the stage no more.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothea Nolte</td>
<td>Missionary</td>
<td>Converted from something into nothing. Now in a foreign land.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie Napier</td>
<td>Manicurist</td>
<td>Nailed up for good in the files of time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winifred Rabjohn</td>
<td>French Pastry Cook</td>
<td>Sunk into her soggy grave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lloyd Sandholzer</td>
<td>Doctor</td>
<td>Lack of patience.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Sayer</td>
<td>Cooking Teacher</td>
<td>Sifted into the ingredients of the soil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allan Snider</td>
<td>Engineer</td>
<td>Gone on a road of unknown construction.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elsie Tackabury</td>
<td>Music Teacher</td>
<td>Called by the song of fate to a better land I know.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Stevensky</td>
<td>Tenor Singer</td>
<td>Perhaps pitched to the depths below or in harmony with those above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Taylor</td>
<td>Newspaper Editor</td>
<td>Pressed away for good far beyond the last edition.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Thomas</td>
<td>Historian</td>
<td>Relation of the past and the future unknown.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lillian Vogt</td>
<td>Mathematics Teacher</td>
<td>Now resting in a rectangular box with the roots below.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carol Walker</td>
<td>Cave Woman</td>
<td>Rebound of rolling pin on husband’s head, killing two birds with one stone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Walker</td>
<td>Ship Owner</td>
<td>Sailing in strange waters with no compass to guide him.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Waterhouse</td>
<td>Chiropodist</td>
<td>Reading “Pilgrim’s Progress.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Weston</td>
<td>Piano Teacher</td>
<td>The key notes of time played their part.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold Wharity</td>
<td>Automobile Dealer</td>
<td>Lost his bearings, causing death; may he have a strong clutch on the life hereafter.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elsie Schmidt</td>
<td>Private Secretary</td>
<td>Her records were good, but her fate was not recorded.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raymond Winegard</td>
<td>Navigator</td>
<td>Now resting peacefully in Davy Jones’ locker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elsie Dawson</td>
<td>Star Athlete</td>
<td>Her life sprinted onward but her soul won the race.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawrence Pennington</td>
<td>Man of Leisure</td>
<td>Idled away from this earth and is still unoccupied.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Lloyd Sandholzer, Class Prophet.
We, the June class of 1928, of Charlotte High School, Rochester, New York, being of sound mind and body do hereby make our last will and testament:

To Mr. Butterfield we leave a football and tackling dummy with which to get in trim for the faculty versus varsity basketball game next fall.

To the Janitors we leave a new furnace.

To Roswell White we leave a face cream for actors, which is 99 44/100 pure glue, that he may maintain a constant serious expression.

To Harrison Grotzinger, the French class artist and female impersonator, we leave a burglar proof compact, a drawing pencil and a French book with blank pages.

As special personal bequests we leave:
- Fraser's well-worn lungs to assist Warden's none-too-sound one.
- Sandholzner's nonsensical cheers and Gomm's smiling approval to "Noisy" Mel Kneeland.
- Fishbaugh's studied courtesy, to Frisbee.
- Harold Conlin's intense leadership of the "Common Cause" to "Bus" Warden.
- "East Avenue" Bergener's love for Moser's, to Louise Schrader.
- Elinor Marsh's cat and sarcasm, to our dear advisor.
- Frank Stevensky's driving ability, to Miss Goff.
- The Weston-Vogt scandal collection, to Misses Werner and Cashman.

We leave Mr. Erenstone to settle the age old argument over a measuring tape whose ownership is disputed by Mr. Bird and Mr. Chamberlain.

To those who are too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work and have made the mistake of letting their school work interfere with their education, we leave a comfortable looking bed which we have noticed on the second floor of the Practice House.

To Mr. Glenn Denison we leave a large pile of sand and request that he shall find the six trigonometrical functions of each grain in the terms of the other grains. It would be well when this is done to check by the Mollweide Formula and then place the sand in neat piles of fifty.

Mr. Baggan personally bequeaths his extensive knowledge of sailing to a brother yachtsman, Mr. Lawrence Hamilton Cooper.

RAYMOND WINEGARD, Class Testator.
HOWARD FRASER
ISABEL HARPER
Witnesses
This term the boys of the print shop, under Mr. Lee's direction, conceived the idea of a school newspaper which they carried out as an experiment. There have been three copies, the first being a free number and the other two sold at three cents a copy. The last was a patriotic number, issued just before Memorial Day. The two-colored print that was used, was decidedly attractive. Besides boosting all the school activities, the paper proved to be a welcome ally in the advertising campaign for the Witan.

We should like to see the print shop continue the work next term, perhaps establish a paper with regular date of issue and lift "The Northern Light" out of the experimental class.
A Glee Club is a lively organization, a workable part of the school, that promotes dramas, operettas, and group singing. It is a unit whose aid may be enlisted for entertainment at parties, in assemblies, at other school functions, or by the community. A school may be proud to have such a Club as that of Charlotte High School.

Since January the group has grown rapidly. By the time that Charlotte High School was asked to participate in the Community Festival it contained thirty-five members. Twenty more joined before May 1.

In the assembly of April 26 the chorus sang the three songs it was to sing the following week. At the Festival on Wednesday evening, May 2, the choruses of John Marshall, University Annex, and Charlotte High Schools gave their numbers, “The Miller’s Wooing,” “And the Glory of the Lord,” and “A Border Ballad.”

The second half of the Spring Concert, which occurred May 11, consisted of spirituals and other songs by the chorus, as well as solos, duets, quartets. Readings were given by Mrs. Slobbe. The Club hopes the concert will be an annual affair. It was well pleased with the remarkable representation of the student body.

OFFICERS

MR. LEWIS MARSH—Conductor
GEORGE TAYLOR—President
MARGARET HERSEY—Vice-president
ELINOR MARSH—Secretary
GEORGE HUMBY—Treasurer
ALLEN KING, HAZEL ISAAC—Librarians
**THE SENIOR POINT OF VIEW**

**ISN'T IT FUNNY?**

All during the three, four or five years that we are in High School we complain about one thing or another. Everybody does it. We complain about the huge amount of home work, about the heartless teachers, about the car service, about the length of the class periods. Oh, what long periods they are at times, too! But when about the first of June in the Senior year comes, we seem to feel differently about things. We don't seem to mind the home work so much since we can't be doing it very much longer, we think all the teachers are wonderful; we like the uncertainty of the car service, and the periods!...well, really they aren't bad at all. We begin to like school, now that we are about to leave it. Everybody at some time or other in his school career sighs, "If only I were out of school!" But, strangely enough, when the time comes to actually leave, we don't feel the same about it at all. Isn't it funny? Ask the Seniors—they know!

Marion Weston, '28

**THE END OF THE RAINBOW**

"And they found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and lived happily ever after." That was a good fairy tale but it certainly is a Fairy Story. It isn't true! It isn't true! It isn't true!

I have always had a sneaking suspicion that there was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow...but I am disillusioned.

Last night a sudden storm came up. It hailed and rained together and the sun came out. And there, high over the orchard across the road, was a rainbow. One end was behind the Big House up the street and the other end was in front of the tree opposite my window. There were the colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet, but there was no pot of gold. The end of the rainbow was right on the ground.

My pet belief is blasted!

Mary Sayer, '28

**WHY I COULD NOT WRITE THIS ESSAY**

Much ado about nothing might be a better title for this attempt, because that is the way it started. When my dear little boy friend suggested casually that I was not going to write, I suggested that I was. After much deliberation which started on the bed, continued on the floor and under the bed, we mutually decided that I would write the essay. The trouble was that nothing could be decided upon that would be appropriate for school. Many and varied were the topics, varying from Burns to Coolidge. None would suit the situation. Dear little friend did not know what exposition meant, so he was not much help. He wouldn't be anyway, so he was not missed much.

The conclusion is near, because he is starting to throw books out the window. Also he wants a malted milk and I need one after the recent exercise.

Robert C. Walker, '28
ON BEING YOURSELF

As Robinson says, there has been no advancement in the mind of man for about two thousand years; what men thought at that time, we are thinking now. Like a train placed on tracks, we must follow the tracks. Why must a train go on tracks? Why not let it fly? Don’t accept anything that is taken for granted; revolt against it! Should the tall grass bend before a strong wind? Why? The idea is to scorn all appearances and look under the "cover."

Do not be consistent for the sake of being consistent, but reject even your own ideas; if you say something today and see different tomorrow, say so; don’t be afraid of disappointing anyone; give vent to your ideas.

I often wondered if this world were to be destroyed completely, together with its men, women, children and ideas, and another world was created, just as this one was started, with nothing to mould their civilization after except on their own new ideas, what would it be like? Would it be anything like our world? Certainly not! If such a situation could be created, how different and interesting it would be!

We have had the misfortune of listening to someone speak of something we already knew. You know how you despised that person’s ideas, especially if at some time you had pushed the same idea away from your mind as something too obvious or too unreal, that you would be laughed at if you let anyone else know about it, but when you find that he is getting credit for your idea, you feel like telling him he had no right to think so.

When you have guests at home, let them amuse you; don’t you amuse them because it’s “the right and polite thing to do.” Always express a new idea publicly and you will always be sure of getting credit for saying something different because the public is not interested to hear the same ideas over and over again. Break the habit of following along wagging a tail of contentment behind you!

Alfred Caruana, ’28.

HOW TO FALL

Falling is really a very easy thing to do. It may be accomplished after a few easy lessons.

If one backs up against a clothesline, not above the head, not knowing it is there, the desired result may be obtained. One may fall against an obstacle as easily forward as backward. A dog, broomstick, or other convenient piece of wood will do very well. If one block of sidewalk is higher than the preceding, it is no effort at all to fall. If one’s ankle suddenly turns over, it is difficult to keep from falling. Standing on a chair too near the edge is a good way to fall.

If all the above ways of falling are not effective, a sure method is to walk off the roof of a house.

Roberta Bogart, ’28.

THE PENCIL

What a simple object a pencil is, and yet what an important role it plays in life. How lost a person can be with no means of expressing his thoughts, other than speaking them.

A teacher would lose the grip of her authority if she did not have a pencil to rap on the desk, to indicate that she wanted order.

The pencil is a cheap contrivance to keep hungry and nervous people quiet as they find much delight in chewing the end of it and are at the same time exercising their real or false teeth.

Little children, who are generally yelling, are stopped as if by magic when a pencil is put into their hands. They delight in marking up beautiful wall paper, but most parents think this is very cute, and are sure their children have talent as artists. How the little school children delight in rolling their pencils down the desk so that by the time they are ready to go home the teacher is a nervous wreck.

What a handy tool a red lead pencil is to high school students who have the weakness of skipping school. When the excuse is handed in, a perfect counterfeit is on it, thus saving a great deal of sadness and trouble.

Probably the worst part a pencil
THE WITAN

has to play is when it is compelled to
guide a student’s mind on paper.
What awful mistakes it is led on by
a guide that is unacquainted with the
rules of the subject.
When the good old summer rolls
around the pencil is cast aside, and
has a long rest of peaceful sleep, un-
til it is compelled once more to return
to the dreary halls of horror—school.
Lloyd Sandholzer, '28.

LATEST SONG HITS

Dorothy Thomas—Sweetheart of Sigma Chi
Geo. Humby—Stumbling All Around
Erwin Murphy—Too Tired
Ottillie Huber—She Knows Her Onions
Edward Gomm—Collegiate
Robert Bozart—Five Foot Two Eyes of Blue
Raymond Winegard—Sail On
Robert Walker—Drifting and Dreaming
Howard Fraser—Three O’clock in the Morning
Marion Fleming—Red Hair
Thomas Baggan—Wobbly Walk
Lillian Vogt—Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella
Frank Stevensky—When Francis Dances With Me
Mary Sayer—O What a Pal Was Mary
Elzie Tackabury—Me Too
Allan Snider—My Best Girl
Frank Arioli—The Sheik of Araby
Marion Weston—Among My Souveniers
Alfred Caruana—Say it with Ukulele
George Taylor—It All Depends on You
Allen King—Dream Pal
Edythe Wratten—Is She My Girl Friend?
Evelyn Gallery—When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Margaret Hersey—I Love Me
Marion Meyerhoff—Ain’t She Sweet
Wendell Fishbaugh—Freckles
Carol Walker—Melancholy Baby
Isabel Harper—Just Like a Butterfly
Harold Wharity—at Peace With the World

Arthur Dale—In My Merry Oldsmobile
Harold Conlin—My Man
Elsa Schmidt—In Your Green Hat
Elsie Dawson—Don’t Mind the Rain
Eleanor Bergener—Brown Eyes
Marjorie Napier—Margie
Josephine Halbief—Side by Side
Elinor Marsh—Laugh It Off
Beth Manning—Honest and Truly
Edith Fuhrman—Bright Eyes
Coleman Austin—Sleepy Head
Wilbert Charity—Billy Boy
Helen Josh—Who?
Marguerite Leavitt—I Never See Maggie Alone
Lawrence Pennington—Henry Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Edward Waterhouse—What Does It Matter
Dorothea Nolte—I’m Satisfied
Lloyd Sandholzer—Hello, Sandy
Ruby Habgood—That Certain Party
Walter Malcolm—Falling
Mildred Hyland—My Hyland Lassie

MY SHIP

My ship goes floating thru the air
At many miles a minute;
It comes back home to me again
With world wonders in it.
Whene’er I wish for Chinese dolls
Or Scottish coats and breeches,
My ship goes floating ’round the world,
Then back to me it reaches.
It flies o’er fields of frozen snows,
Soon passes the equator;
It scares the pickannies, then
It’s home a little later.

TO A FORD

Oh, Ford! you camel of machines,
Can run for months, to me it seems,
Without a drop of oil,
And ne’er give up your toil.
Gasoline you never need;
On every road you keep your speed;
And I often wonder
What makes you thunder?
Alfred Caruana, ’28
GLIMPSES NEAR THE LAKE

There is a school, in the lake or near the lake (I can’t remember which) that is called Charlotte High. The teachers are ultra-typically modern. They knit, embroider, garden, and what not. Some of them are even bold enough to drive vehicles to school. (They seem to prefer autos to bicycles).

Not long ago they recalled their memories of the fifties by a party at the Practice House. They are truly quite frisky!

The students at Charlotte are very remarkable for their intelligence. They read such books as “Peter Rabbit,” “Alice in Wonderland” and other deep stories. They seem to like this high type of literature better than mathematics, history, or the languages. Perhaps it is just a passing fancy.

But when the student body and the faculty clash! They battle together in many ways. One of these is basketball, in which their gay colors shouldn’t be missed by anyone.

The inmates of this institution every now and then are presented by the instructors with little white cards which greatly excite these inmates. They are called either deport cards or report cards. How happy the students are when these deport cards are handed to them! They seem to think they are relics to be cherished.

It is amazing how these students puzzle over logs and other conservation problems.

Some of the benefactors of this school are very useful in their spare time. They either sell candy or eat it.

Although both the students and the faculty love the school, they love their homes more, and, at two-thirty, as the bell rings, are glad that just another day has wasted away.


A RECIPE

After a day of idleness, study proves to be a delicious dessert, although it is rather difficult to make.

First, find a place which is satisfactorily quiet and comfortable. Then make sure that all of your ingredients are at hand: at least two well sharpened pencils, one filled fountain pen (perhaps a bottle of ink, too), three or four pads, all of your textbooks and a reasonable amount of brains.

Spend about ten minutes adjusting your chair, lamp, and self until you have a position which seems fairly permanent. Mix the above ingredients thoroughly for three hours. Sleep well, and by morning your lessons will be well forgotten.

Margaret Hersey, ’28.

GILT

The shiny surface which appeals to the eyes has only to be scraped a little and the true worth of the object will be exposed. How much we achieve by affectation! But how undeniably worthless are these achievements to our true selves.

Some times you assume an air which, inwardly, you reject, yet think it necessary under the circumstances. You cover yourself with the Gilt that you may pass favorably, for other than you are.

Everywhere it is the same; there come times when it is felt necessary to assume a situation, assume an attitude which is not true. It is merely affectation, yet is not affectation in a sense hypocrisy? Are we not more or less hypocrites when we affect? It seems so.

With the term hypocrite, I have not been well acquainted. My first access to it was by reading the Bible, and at that time I had no idea as to its meaning, therefore, the phrase “O, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!” meant little to me.

The term “hypocrite” is harsh and condemning, but if by having it applied to us frequently, we would attempt to throw it off, it would have been used adequately.

Affectation! The Gilt that coats the Truth. If used too long it will warp that Spirit within you. Beware of being Shakespeare’s “Goodly apple, rotten at the heart.”

Elsie Dawson, ’28.
THE WITAN

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

Baseball is again to the fore, riding the crest of popularity as in previous seasons.

"The first thing they ask for" reads one of our highway advertisements; likewise do sport fans of Rochester and vicinity ask about Charlotte's baseball team. Why shouldn't they? We had a team last season that was unequaled in high school circles for seasons back, and we have this reputation to maintain.

The first game of the season was played against St. Andrews Seminary. The game proved to be a very good work-out for Charlotte's bats and legs, and added to Manager Warden's worry of broken bats and lost balls. Warden and his harriers have quite worthily done their work and it is rumored that they will all make the track team next year. The end of the season will also find Warden a likely candidate for crier in the subway.

The East High game was our first league contest and it proved to be our first league victory. Charlotte proved itself a smart club by hitting when hits were needed and tightening their playing in the pinches. Naramore featured with his three-bagger, scoring three runners ahead of him. The final score was 11 to 6. Decisive as the score may look, the boys had to keep hustling, however.

Irondequoit next obliged us with another workout. the final verdict being a 15 to 5 victory for Charlotte.

The West High game proved a setback, the boys losing 6 to 2. Our boys played far below their usual standard. This by no means dims their hope, and they are still fighting hard for the championship.

John Marshall next came down to Charlotte for a game, and what a game it was! It waged for eleven innings, finally ending a seven-all draw. It was a wonderful exhibition on the part of both teams and it tightened the rivalry already existing between the two schools. "Spike" Snider pitched superbly until the ninth inning, when he gave way in favor of "Larry" Pennington. Timely hitting by Charlotte was a feature.

Our next game brought us a victory against Canandaigua. This game was decidedly Charlotte's throughout, our pitchers, "Larry" and "Spike," never being in danger. The final score was 9 to 2.

TRACK

Coach Lacy and Manager Ferguson after much practice, both mental and physical, have rounded together a passable track team.

The first meet of the season was with John Marshall, this lasting two days. Our boys did not score a win, although they made a strong bid for it. Every event, except the 100 yard dash, was close. We were minus Captain Street, who is our best 100 yard and 220 yard man. His usual points were greatly missed. Kelly featured with a first in the 440 yard, second in the mile, first in the 220 yard, and second in pole vault. Humby, high jump and low hurdles; Ahrns, mile, and Taylor, half-mile.

Meets with Monroe, Tech and other Rochester and vicinity high schools are anticipated and should prove good workouts for them.
The girls’ spring sports were: Swimming, hiking, dancing, tennis and baseball.

Mary Heydweiller, Betty LeClare and Billie Norton entered the swimming meet for the advanced swimmers which was held at the Y. W. C. A. in April.

The hiking class was a new feature and proved a success. In the end, the hikes usually turned into picnics.

The dancing was changed from ballroom to aesthetic, by the vote of the girls. So you see they are really out for fame.

Almost everyone who tried to use the tennis courts on Tuesday nights found it impossible, for the simple reason that the courts were reserved for the girls who were learning to play. We will admit that they did look awkward, but some of you very good players had better look to your laurels, for there is good stuff in these beginners. Also for advanced players there was a tennis tournament.

Some girls from the wonderful basketball teams and others who said they had played “all their lives” made some good baseball teams. These brought as much fun as the basketball teams did.

In April, there was a Girls’ Gymnastic Meet, which was considered a great success. In the Junior High School, the first places were awarded as follows: Posture, Mary King, 7B; Inez Stubbs, 7A; Renee Wright, 8B; Marian Wright, 8A. Floor Work, Mary King, 7B; Dorothy Durrans, 7A; Adreen Kirby, 8B; Louise Schrible, 8A. Dancing, Mary King, 7B; Dorothy Durrans, 7A; Adreen Kirby, 8B; Freda Mitchell, 8A. Mary King received the “good fairy” for having the highest individual score.

The Senior High School opened their meet by singing “Charlotte High,” and maybe you think they didn’t sing and that they weren’t glad to have “It” to sing. The first places were awarded as follows: Posture, Rosamund Heath, I; Ruth Manuel, II; Helen Sheehan, III; Elsie Dawson, IV. Floor Work, Rosamund Heath, I; Ruth Manuel, II; Mary Heydweiller, III; Elsie Dawson, IV. Dancing, Rosamund Heath, I; Verna Lawrence, II; Velma Kelly, III; Elsie Dawson, IV. Apparatus Work, Ruth Huck, I; Vera Porter, II; Florene Rich, III; Elsie Dawson, IV. Ruth Manuel won the small individual cup. The Sophomore class won the honor of having their numerals engraved on the large cup.

There are about thirty girls who will have earned their G. A. A. emblems by the closing of school. This means that they have had satisfactory attendance in some sport for a year. Are you one of these?
A TRAGICAL COMEDY

Thursday morning, May 17, 1928, in room 104, the Freshman Play Producing Company of Charlotte High School released a new production. They are greatly relieved to have it off their minds. They staged Act Five of "As You Like It" by William Shakespeare. The audience consisted of Miss Whelehan, Miss Newman, and Miss Donovan, the class teacher. They were exceedingly amused by the comedy.

Gladys Lindsey as Rosalind and David Benham as Orlando were the star players. David, however, was absent, and, after much confusion, James Gallery was asked to take his part. The other characters were Norman Lathrop, Touchstone; Kathryn Trayhern, Audrey; Edward Bush, Oliver; Nedra Tozier, William; Virginia Rust, Phoebe; Donald LeSchand-er, Silvius; Grace Tupper, First Page; Helen Lang, Second Page; Betty Le-Clare, Hymen; Richard MacArthur, Duke Senior; Else England, Jacques; Billy Norton, Jacques Deboys, and Esther Ferguson, Cilia. Betty Le-Clare was stage manager. The only faults of the impersonators were that Rosalind lacked her stature and also had to look down upon beloved Orlando. Poor Oliver lacked his sarcasm and was strikingly tender in his sarcastic speeches. William was feminine instead of masculine, and the melancholy Jacques was very happy.

The scenery was amazing! The Forest of Arden was tacked to a black and green sky and the sunset on such a lovely morning was beautiful.

The first two scenes of the play progressed marvelously, but scene three introduced tragedy. The Second Page upon entering was dismayed at finding himself enveloped by the sky, which had partly fallen. The First Page, preceding the Second, was star gazing upon the green sky and nearly fell over himself. The Second Page, however, finally extricated himself from the numerous folds of the curtain and, with a very red face, proceeded to talk. He was entirely ignorant of the fact that he was to sing a song and, after much stage whispering and a few giggles from the cloak room, he read the song with a still redder face. Poor Touchstone didn't know that he was possessed of such a large vocabulary, and tripped over a few of his words. Gentle Phoebe, bestowing vows upon her lover, was dismayed to find him absent, but nevertheless proceeded. The players were so relieved at the end that they left the poor epilogue to address the trees; nevertheless, all's well that ends well and you may take this saying As You Like It.

Helen Lang, '31.

ASSEMBLY

April 12—The III-2 English classes presented two original dramatizations from "The House of the Seven Gables."

April 19—A debate by the members of the Economics class, led by Boris Warden, the affirmative, and Raymond Winegard, the negative. The question was "Resolved—That labor unions should be abolished."

April 26—The annual Arbor Day program. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Omans showed slides and moving pictures on forestry. Several original essays were read on the some sub-
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ject. The Glee Club sang three selections.

May 9—Mr. Kingsbury, a professional typist, visited the Freshman typing class for speed demonstration.

May 17—Mr. Duffy and Mr. Folsom, from the Harvard Club of Rochester, spoke about the Harvard Scholarships and the new policy of the Rochester branch of awarding their scholarship to a member of the junior class instead of to a senior as heretofore.

HONORS IN ART

Our Art Department had several specimens of work in the Eastern Arts Exhibit this Spring. As the Rochester exhibit was chosen as one to be sent to Czechoslovakia for the International Arts Conference, this work will be on exhibition in Prague during the coming summer. The following pupils’ work was included:

Marion Meyerhoff—Glazed Book Ends.
Harrison Grotzinger—Metal Book Ends.
Virginia Smith—Christmas Cards, Enameled Flower Box.
Arthur Newcomb—Wall Hanging.
Strohn Bliven—Bracelet.
Josephine Chapell—Pin.
Marguerite Leavitt—Pottery.

NAMES

There are lots of dancing Doras,
And sentimental Sues;
There are lots of flirting Floras,
And laughing Mary Lou's.

There are Helens by the cartload,
And Mabels by the score;
You hear the cry of Betty Jane
A hundred times or more.

The lonely name that's seldom heard,
And just as seldom seen,
Is that queer one they gave to me,
The name that is Florene.
Florene Rich, '29

“IDLE” OF ROOM 105

And there is no room like it under heaven,
For stern behind the desk, which is dusty
And covered with much ever-moving paper,
The Study Hall teacher stands: both her hands
Rapping the desk, as attention's being called;
Then like the cross, her great and goodly arms
Stretch over all the heads and silence call:
And scraps of paper fall from every desk,
And down from one a box does drop, from one
A wrapper, either worn by hands or feet;
And across the floor are many blots of ink;
And on all the desks to left of us, and right,
Are initials in weird devices done,
New ones and old co-twisted as if Time
Were nothing, so artistically that girls
Are giddy gazing there, and over all
High on the top, are swarms of flies, the friends of no one,
That should bite us if they could.
Mary Heydweiller, '29.

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THE WITAN

Miss Emerson: “Does he know you?”
Darrow: “No, he doesn’t know anything.”

Mr. Lacy: “Pat, name a commodity that has elastic demand.”
Pat: “Clothing.”
Mr. Lacy: “What for instance?”
Pat: “Bare necessities.”

No Means Yes?
Miss Doehler: “Robert, were you very sick?”
R. D.: “Yes.”
Miss D.: “Did you have to go to bed?”
R. D.: “No, I had a cold.”
Miss D.: “Did you go over to see Gunnar?”
R. D.: “No.”
Miss D.: “Did Gunnar come over to see you?”
R. D.: “No.”
Miss D.: “Did you go to the Doctor’s together?”
R. D.: “No.”
Miss D.: “Then maybe a movie?”
R. D. (No answer).
Miss D.: “Aha! Did you go to the Victoria?”
Both Boys: “No!”
Miss D.: “Fays? That seems to be a popular place for boys.”
Both: “No!”
Miss D.: “Who’s the friend in the family who wrote the excuse?”
Both: “No one.”
Miss D.: “Well! Did Gunnar write yours and you write Gunnar’s?”
Both: “No.”
Miss D. (at end of period) “Better be careful, boys, I know your tricks (eyebrows go up). Was “The Black Pirate” good?”
Both: “Yes.”

At the dawn of darkness
When owls sing their good-day song
And shadows in starkness
Lay unnaturally long,
I feel a funny feeling
Where my mid-ribs come apart.
It seems some love goes stealing
The heart-strings from my heart.

Father: “That candy you ate last Friday is probably what’s making you sick.”
Me: “Why Dad, today is Tuesday!”
Father: “And you caught your cold a week ago Saturday on that old hike of yours to Ellison Park.”
Me: “Say, Dad, evidently you think I catch a cold and stow it away in my pocket book for a couple of weeks!”

E. G.: “Where is Harper’s Ferry?”
A. K.: “In Virginia. My Father used to run it.”

H. P.: “I don’t think I’ll wear my hat to school tomorrow.”
J. G.: “Better look out! The woodpeckers are out in Charlotte!”

Miss Emerson: “Mr. Paige, what are you doing in that seat?”
“Mr.” Paige: “Sittin’ here.”

Try This
Boy: “Robinson Crusoe must have been an acrobat.”
Girl: “Why?”
Boy: “Because I read in a book that after his evening meal he always sat down on his chest.”

Ad Maniac America
An ode to Horace, with apologies to him. Fragments found in a silver flask bearing the initials, “C. J. C.” (With all probability Caius Julius Caesar).

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Helium, congoeleum rinso speedex,
Opium tuxedo gymnasium aratex,
Delco castoria jello galtex.

Bakelite rem, radio ansco,
Rebus anditorium naphtha filmo,
Sunrae linoleum lax tobacco,
Onomotopia montezuma cello.

Mazda dolomite omnibus crustaceae
Frigidaire tromite sluco coco radio,
Phyorrrhea ditto prophylactic aetnae
Stucco tempo banditti alumnae.

Octopus fatima argo reo,
Halitosis domino pax oleo,
Circulum mulatto quorum sapolio,
Fyrax salada phoenix folio.

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What Others Are Saying

Here's another excerpt from a Herbert Hoover speech that's well worth pondering over.

"Some talk glibly of abolishing all government regulations, others want to nationalize or socialize our industries and run them with a bureaucracy. They are surely far from the instinct of American individualism. Both of them would breed the domination of the individual by a group."

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