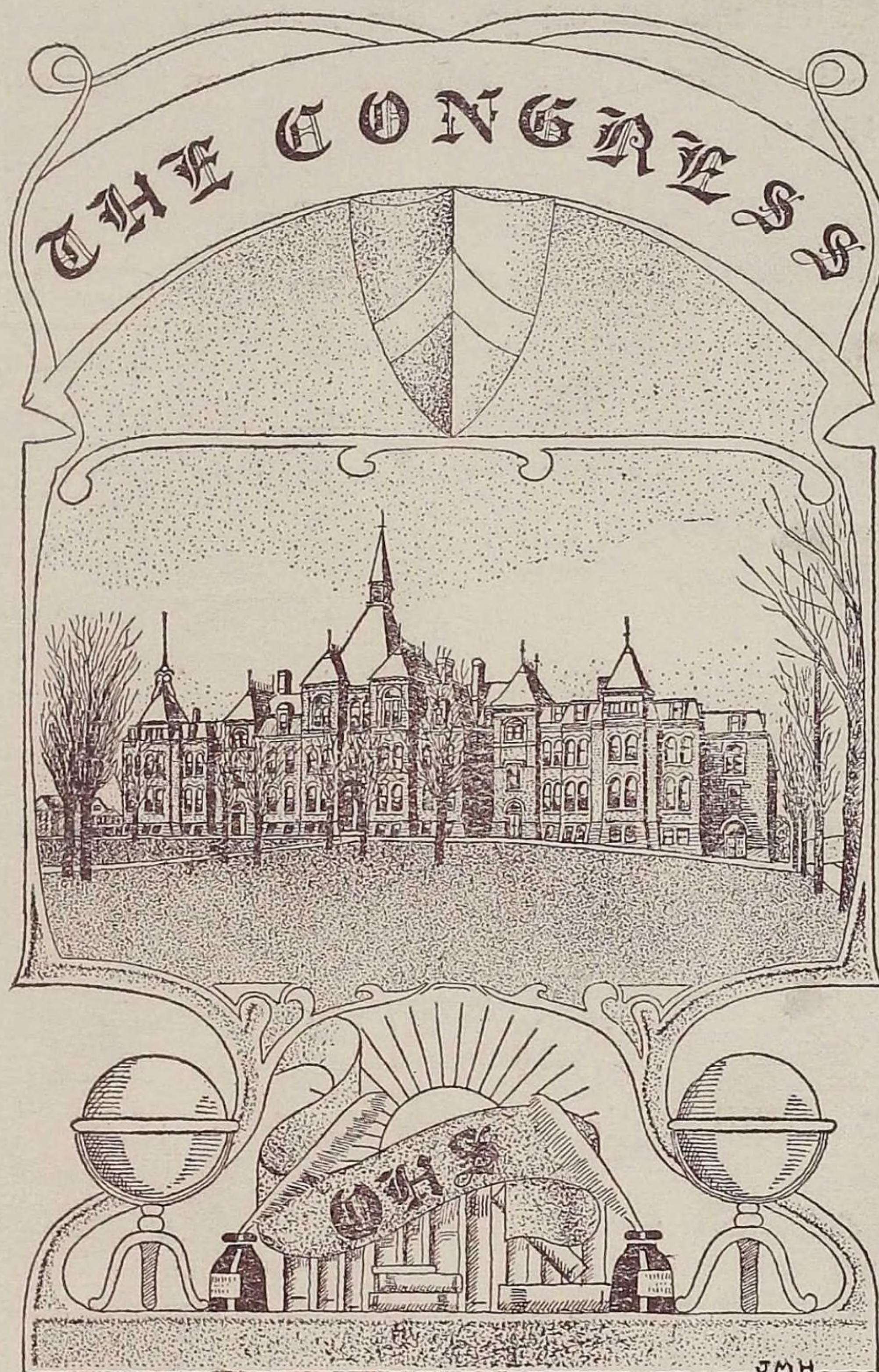


OLEAN PUBLIC LIBRARY



February Number 1913

Volume VIII

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE OLEAN HIGH SCHOOL

Number 5

☞ It should interest you most materially to know that our Mid-Winter Clearance Sale is on from Feb. 15th to March 1st.

☞ All Young Men's Suits and Overcoats are included and there's still mighty good picking.

☞ Its just at such times as sale time that this store's reputation for dependability comes in good play. You know to a certainty that your going to get something worth while.

BAKER & GELDER

THE STORE WITH THE GUARANTEE

Our Annual Sale of Suits and Overcoats

Will Begin on Saturday, Feb. 15th

A distinguishing feature of this sale will be that each dollar marked down will represent a real saving to you of 100 cents from the lowest price at which our Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Clever Clothes have been sold during the season.

We have a standing offer of \$100 in gold to any person who finds a single case of misrepresentation or "marking up" in this store.

The Fitzgerald Company

GOOD CLOTHES

OLEAN, N. Y.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

After testing our delightful, refreshing drinks you will be compelled to admit that they are certainly "out of the ordinary." :-: The prices are right.

A. M. PALMER & COMPANY

Shoes!

Shoes!

Shoes!

No matter what style shoe or what price shoe you want, come and see us about it.

Girls \$5.00 High cut Storm Calf, Button Shoe \$3.75

COUGHLIN & McCORMICK

205 NORTH UNION STREET

Insure With

W. H. Mandeville Co.

Olean, New York

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

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CASH CAPITAL PAID IN - \$100,000.00

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YOUR PATRONAGE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

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SENIOR ENTERTAINMENT

“The Shepherd of the Hills”

the most popular American book and play before the public today will be given under the auspices of the Senior Class by George C. Williams of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music on

MARCH 14th, 1913

in the

High School Assembly Hall

Tickets 25 cents from any member of the Senior Class

Remember the DATE, the PLACE and the MAN



SPECIAL SALE

of Men's and Women's Walk-Over Shoes, Winter Weight

\$4.00 grade sale price \$3.49

\$3.50 grade sale price \$2.98

Other makes of Men's and Women's Shoes \$1.49, \$1.98 \$2.49, \$2.69.

Lester Shoe Store

THE BUSY STORE 228-230 N. UNION ST



**Many Styles
of Spring Shoes**

now ready for your inspection. Always look to us for the new ones.

HANNIFAN & MARONEY

147 N. Union Street

Olean's Best Shoe Store

SPRING CLOTHES

are arriving each day at the Fashion. Come in and try on the pretty Coats, Suits, Dresses, Waists and Skirts. You will be enthused over their beauty and surprised at the very modest prices. Please remember you are just as welcome to look as though you were going to buy.

Best alteration department in the city.



170 North Union Street

Olean, N. Y.

Tuthill & Macdonald

Olean's Most Popular Store
The Style Store

Dry Goods, Cloaks,
Suits, Millinery

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
SCHOOL of
Established 1824 **ENGINEERING**
Civil, Mechanical, Electrical
Send for a Catalogue. **TROY, N.Y.**

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

The only widely known candy on the market
today containing neither artificial flavor nor color

Pound Boxes 60c 80c, \$1.00—Halves 30c, 40c

Sold in Olean by

F. R. BROTHERS & COMPANY

THE ELECTRIC SHOP

It is fitted up with just about everything there is in the electrical line—electric chafing dishes, percolators, radiant toasters, grills, curling irons, washing machines, vibrators (beauty doctors they are called) and all the rest of the electric appliance family.

Drop in and let us demonstrate how they work. You will certainly be interested, and we shall certainly be pleased to show you all about our electric appliances.

By the way, have you broken the news to your people yet about wiring the house for electricity? Let us help you persuade them. We are as anxious as you are to get the "light that's right" into your home.

Olean Electric Light & Power Co.
COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT
111 WEST STATE STREET

"You wire for us and we'll wire for you"

The Congress

Olean, New York

VOLUME VIII

FEBRUARY, 1913

NUMBER 5

MY FIRST TRIP IN AN AEROPLANE.

By Raymond Kiesel.



WHILE visiting friends in Chicago, I was taken to the great aeroplane grounds some distance from the city. Many famous meets had been previously held here and many aviators had given up their lives in attempting to better the speed and altitude records.

At one end of the field which was very level and hard, were a large number of sheds for housing the air-monsters. Although there was no meet being held just then, there were many aeroplanes and aviators experimenting and trying out new machines.

While peering into one shed where there seemed to be more activity and noise than anywhere else, a tall, slim, genial-looking man approached me and introduced himself as the owner and inventor of the half-finished machine which occupied most of the shed. When I told him that I was a stranger but very much interested in aeroplanes, he took me into the shed and began explaining the various features and new inventions on his machine.

It was a large machine of the monoplane type with very graceful lines. The framework was already constructed and the canvas covering was partially on. The engine was also in its place and the great propeller seemed impatient for its first trip.

From what I knew of aeroplanes, I had every reason to believe that the machine would be very successful, and Henry Morcey, for that was the inventor's name, seemed very learned and an inventor of no small ability.

As the aeroplane was to have its first trip in one week, he invited me to come and if I desired, I might take a trip with him. At first a trip in the air did not appeal very strongly to me, but after thinking over the queer sensation experienced by people on their first flight, I determined to go on the appointed day and take my first trip in an aeroplane.

When, a week later, I arrived at the field, I was surprised to find only the shed and the mechanics. These men were looking intently toward the eastern horizon and following their gaze, I finally located a tiny speck which they told me was Henry Morcey in his new monoplane. As I gazed upon it, it seemed to be getting larger and larger until finally the outlines of the machine could be plainly seen and the roar of the engine heard. When he neared the shed, he made a complete circuit of the field and when he was in the right position, he cut out the engine and gracefully glided to the earth, alighting very easily and running but a short distance.

As he climbed down from his seat, his face beamed with an inventor's triumph. Shaking hands with me, he announced that everything worked perfectly, and after a short inspection of the engine and other vital parts, said that he was ready to take me up.

With a slight feeling of awe, I climbed to my seat, directly behind Morcey and fastened the belt about my waist. While a number of mechanics held the machine back, another gave the propellor a sudden whirl and a roar, as from a gattling gun, began. Looking back, I saw the men straining themselves to hold the machine back. Suddenly they let loose and the aeroplane began to move swiftly over the ground. As it curved into the air, all the jerky motions of passing over ground stopped and instead I felt as if I were in a boat. He kept alternating climbing and running on a level until we were perhaps five hundred feet above the earth.

I had not experienced any fear in watching Morcey control the machine as it was very interesting. But as I peered cautiously over the side, I suddenly felt as if I were sitting on the edge of a cloud. I was afraid to move sideways for fear of upsetting the machine. Gathering more courage, as I found that looking over the side did not dis-

turb the equilibrium, I peered over again. I had never known how high five hundred feet really was before and the thought of making altitude records made me shudder. The earth looked like a beautifully colored map, the rivers being tiny, silver threads. Toy trains and miniature houses were numerous and forests appeared as ink blots on the map.

I was brought back to my senses by a sudden pitch of the machine to one side. I grasped the sides of my seat tightly and with my eyes shut awaited the drop. But it never came. The machine easily righted itself and to my surprise I found we had only turned around and were now on our return to the grounds. We had been flying rather swiftly as I knew by the wind dashing against my face, but, as the roar of the engine increased and Morcey put on more power, we seemed to be literally tearing through the air. If it were not for the belt about my waist I would certainly have been swept from my seat by the wind. After a short ride at this terrific speed, the strain suddenly relaxed and I found we were flying at the same speed as before. Although we had covered the same distance we came back in less than half the time.

When we were directly over the field, I felt as if I were tipping on my head, and probably would have done so if it were not for the strap. The wind whistled about my head and as I shut my eyes, I felt a queer sensation. It seemed as my finger-nails were curling up and the skin on my back creeping up around my neck.

Suddenly the roar of the engine ceased and I opened my eyes to find that we were running lightly over the ground, not far from the shed. As we stopped, Morcey turned a smiling face to me as I sat in the same position as when we started. My fingers were numb with the cold and my limbs so stiff I could scarcely move them. Finally, I managed to get to the ground and in a few minutes the coldness and stiffness were gone and I began to think of the real pleasures in flying.

Thus ended my first trip in an aeroplane. I laugh many times as Morcey and I talk over that first trip of a new man in a new monoplane.

I BUY A VALENTINE.

by Frances E. Seely.



SI SENOR."

"I'll 'See Senor' you, you black hearted greaser. See Senor! That's all you've said for the last century to everything I say to you. You settle down, my fine sir, and get me a Valentine. Valentine, do you hear?"

"Si Senor."

I struggled with a very proper Arrow collar, and a very improper collar button. I was becoming a trifle irritated. Possibly I spoke slightly louder than was necessary, but under the circumstances, well, you see I just naturally had to have a Valentine, even if it was way down in Greaser Territory. Let me advise you, never go to Mexico to buy Valentines.

"Now give me something simple, but, a---or, you know, something she'll like"---

"Si Senor," vacantly.

"Well, if you see, why don't you be about it?"

"Si Senor," and he started off. I regained my composure and calmly awaited his return. I was so glad I waited. He came, bearing a string of garlic. For her! A string of garlic! This was too much. Straightway I proceeded to give to this Greaser gentleman, a detailed and flowery description of himself, his ancestors and his latest escapade in particular. All I got out of it was a very vacant expression and---

"Si Senor!"

"I'll explain. Now, you to have pretty much everything here," flatteringly.

"Si Senor."

"And you must have a Valentine of some sort. You know, I've just got to have one. That old rich Spaniard is making an awful hit with her, but if I could just send her a Valentine, it would help, yes, I think I could expect to cut him out. Now, do you see?"

"Si, Senor," and he began to get excited. Gabbering to himself, he again left me. I began some explorations on my own account. I found nothing, however, that could in any stretch of imagination, be called a Valentine. Af-

ter a time, the fellow returned. I looked at him questioningly.

"Si Senor," he said, plumping a couple of boxes on the floor at my feet. These boxes made him very happy, and he began tearing the coverings from a long, slender box. His delight was contagious, and so was his activity, and I began unwrapping a smaller, square box.

We uncovered them simultaneously, and I beheld the Greaser's idea of a Valentine. He had gathered the fact that there was a girl in the case, and a rival, and had brought me a pair of dueling swords and pistols!

—o—

An Unfortunate Student.

Now friends this awkward little poem,
May seem to you quite cruel,
But from the bottom of my heart,
This is a true experience in school.
When I was a Freshman
And that was quite a while,
I well remember altho' past,
I wasn't allowed to smile.
But when I was a Sophomore,
And yet I hate to ncock,
The only privilege that I had
Was glancing at the clock.
At last I was a Junior,
Oh! what a glorious time!
If I had been exceedingly good
I might march out in line.
But, alas! I was a Senior
And had to keep quite mum,
For I was now an inmate
Of the Senior Asylum.
Now you know I don't like knocking,
And soon I will say "Vale,"
But I don't enjoy sitting
One whole year in jail.
So to the faculty I'll say,
This poem is meant in fun,
But out of every hundred
This is true of ninety-one.

I. C., '13.

"THE WAY TO DO IT."

I'll tell you how I speak a piece:

First, I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
As plain as I know how.

Next, I throw my hands up---so!

Then I lift my eyes---
That's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next, I grin and show my teeth,
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides;
That's the sign of fun.

Then I start and knit my brows,
Hold my head erect;
Something's wrong, as you may see,
To which I do object.

Next I wobble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near;
Tremble well from top to toe;
That's the sign of Fear.

Now I start, and with a leap
Sieze an airy dagger.
"WRETCH!" I cry, that's tragedy,
Every soul to stagger.

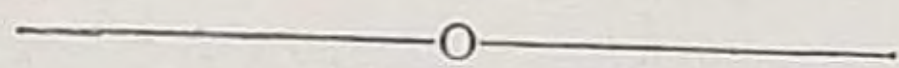
Then I let my voice grow faint;
Gasp and hold my breath;
Tumble down and plunge about;
That's a villian's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
(Pardon me the fraud)
With a bow my speech is done,
Now you'll please applaud.

ANONYMOUS.

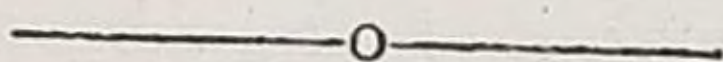
The Seniors as They Appear to Us

A is for Atkins, the boy with a grin.
B is for Bisett, tall, brainy and thin.
C is for Conklin who has a bad "case."
D stands for Dugan who is swift in a race.
E is for Ethel, a student of knowledge.
F is for Fisher, who will go to college.
G stands for Gesse, who worships her Ray.
H is for Hannon, who wants it that way.
I is for Isaman, our cabinet-maker.
J is for Johnson who will make her mark later.
K stands for Koontz, staid, sober and short.
L is for LeRoy, who is quick with retort.
M stands for Miller, Murray, Murphy and Mack.
N is for Nolan, whose presence we lack.
O is for Orvis, our star baseball player.
P is for Page, who will some day be mayor.
Q stands for Quinlan, with hair so grand.
R is for Ray, who is lacking in sand.
S is for Sheldon, the wanderer of the school.
T is Triesky who ne'er breaks a rule.
U stands for Units, the credits we lack.
V is for Victory in everything we attack.
W is for Walldorff, with manner so sweet.
X and Y stand for the unknowns that we meet.
Z is for Zimmerman, who likes a good time.
And this of necessity is the end of our rhyme.



With Apologies to "Madame Sherry."

Every little student has a record all his own,
Every test and classmark on his report card can be shown,
And every failure to bring his card back the following
morning, signed by his parent with proper warning,
Will find him wandering home to fetch it all alone.



A man who protests against losing a half hour's sleep
with the baby would eagerly sit up all night with his wife
before marriage.

DELMER ELLIOT BATCHELLER.



During the Thanksgiving recess, the resignation of Superintendent of Schools Samuel J. Slawson was presented to the Board of Education. Mr. Slawson became Superintendent of Schools in 1908, and during his stay in Olean, he won the respect of all who knew him. Mr. Slawson has accepted an important position as Superintendent of Schools in Stamford, Conn., and our good wishes follow him in his new work.

All anxiety as to who was to be our next Superintendent was quieted when it was announced that Delmer E. Batcheller was to return to Olean. Delmer Elliot Batcheller was born February 27, 1862, in Pomfret, N. Y., and resided on his father's farm until fifteen years of age. He graduated from the State Normal School at Fredonia, N. Y., and took a course at the Illinois Wesleyan University. Mr. Batcheller taught school several years in Chautauqua county. He became principal of School 39 in Buffalo and later of School 45. Mr. Batcheller was principal of this school for thirteen years, having twenty-seven teachers and thirteen hundred pupils under his supervision.

In July, 1902, he became Superintendent of Schools at Olean, and continued in this position until February 1, 1908. He had many warm friends in this city who remember the benefit to the educational system of the city during these years. In 1908 he engaged in the business of real estate and insurance, and after a success of one and one-half years he was invited to become Superintendent of Schools at Dunkirk, N. Y. When offered the position at Olean the second time, Mr. Batcheller, anxious to be with his old friends, accepted the appointment. He is an active member of many educational associations.



THE CONGRESS.

Published monthly during the School Year by the students of the Olean High School.

Subscription, 50 cents per year. Single copies, 10 cents.

Editor-in-Chief Rudolph W. Sandburg, '13
Assistant Editor-in-Chief Francis Barry, '14
Business Manager Leslie J. Atkins, '13
Assistant Business Manager Charles Gates, '14
Circulation Manager Raymond Hannon, '13
Athletic Editor Arthur Fitch, '14
Society Editor Helen LeStrange, '13
Staff Artist Norbert Goodwin, '14
Personal Editors—Florence Walldorff, '13; Marion Luther, '14; Marie Coughlin, '14; Blair Wormer, '15.
Short Story Editor..... Elizabeth Conklin, '14

Junior High School.

Literary Editors..... Helen Mosser, Constance Murdock
Business Editors..... Eugene Sullivan, Gustav Sweizer
Literary Critic Miss Mary B. Shea

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, OLEAN, N. Y., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

A Reminder.

All material for Congress must be written legibly on one side only of large size paper. Members of the Staff please remember this and exercise more care in the future, thereby saving much time and effort on the part of one or two who have been doing the recopying. R.W.S.

Congress Box.

A box has been placed on the second floor for the benefit of all who desire to contribute to Congress. We hope that this will do away with the modesty of those who seem too shy to hand their materials to the editors. Any article except personals that is dropped in this box must be signed by the writer if he or she wishes to have it published. R. W. S.

Short Story Contest.

This is not another contest but merely a comment on the one that was but wasn't. That is, the contest for short stories and poems which ended last month, but with no results. Evidently no one cared for the prizes of one and two dollars, as we received but one story and one poem. "Enuf sed." If you will not take pay as an incentive to write something really worth publishing, it is beyond our power to force you to do so. It, therefore, rests with the students of this school whether or not t-h-e-i-r paper will be published again this year. We have been spending much valuable time and effort in trying to make Congress a success. We will be only too glad to continue provided we have the co-operation of the student-body.

To the Editor-in-Chief:

I have recently, through the kindness of others, acquainted myself with some of the circumstances involved in the "new lunch problem" and believe that the readers of Congress would like to know a few of its characteristics.

For some time past a few of the people, who eat their lunch in the building, have been in the habit of spending their noon-hour by rambling through the halls. Occasionally, disturbances of minor importance were reported.

These difficulties were taken into serious consideration, and now, as a result, each boy or girl, who carries his or her lunch is daily compelled to undergo certain strenuous ordeals.

Everyone must eat in Study Hall B. Certain seats are assigned to each individual by the one in charge. After lunch each person is compelled to sit quietly in the prescribed seat until at least the clock ventures to announce the arrival of the long and eagerly awaited 1:15 o'clock P. M.

The one in charge is requested to maintain "discipline." Nobody is allowed to leave the room, except by permission, and such permissions are practically unattainable. If by chance some one should be permitted to leave the room, he would, virtually, have to give oath, promising his immediate return. Everyone is compelled to sit erect, or nearly so, with his or her feet squarely under the

desk. Whispering is allowable to some extent, but, amusements of all kinds are prohibited. Should a youngster violate these rules, he is sent to sit in a more remote seat where he endures the careful gaze of the teacher.

Many regard this worse than an imprisonment. When they get home they tell their friends and neighbors how reluctantly they "serve their sentence." Thus, in the minds of many, the school lacks the spirit of self-respect.

"AN INMATE."

* * *

Senior Entertainment.

The Senior Class solicits the interest and co-operation of the school in making its entertainment on March 16, a success. "The Shepherd of the Hills" will be presented by Geo. C. Williams of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Mr. Williams is well known in Olean as he appeared in this city last year before the Shakespeare Club. He is a man of rare ability and will put on an entertainment worth three or four times the price of admission, which is only twenty-five cents. This is the first time anything of this kind has been attempted by the graduating class of O. H. S., and the Seniors earnestly hope that each and every student will help advertise the entertainment and make it an event of the school year. R. W. S.

* * *

Cadet Corps.

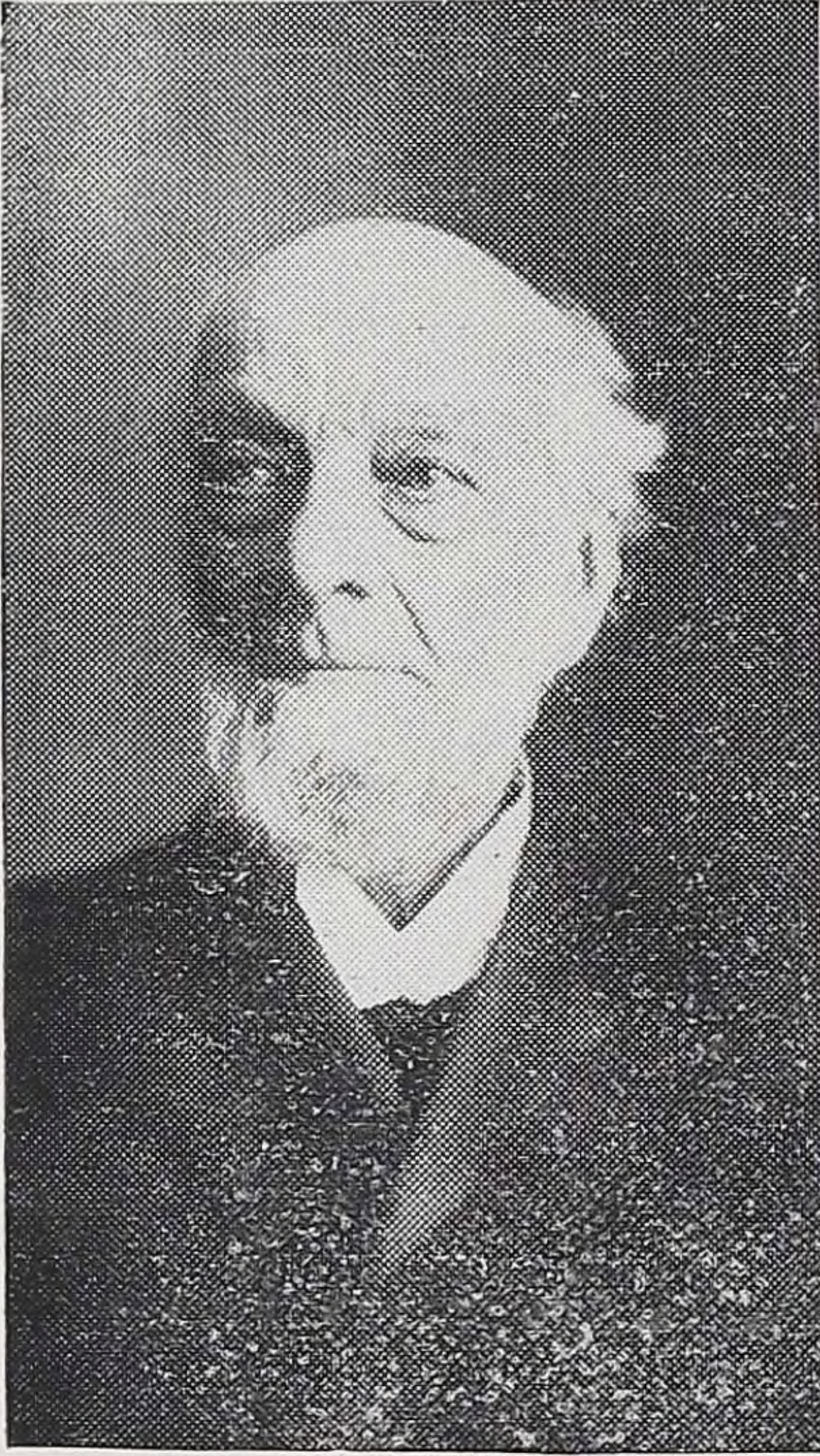
The Cadet Corps is proving very popular to the boys of the High school. The Corps has adopted by-laws and elected its civil officers for the coming year, as follows: President, Duncan Wormer; Vice-President, Edgar Orvis; Secretary, Kenneth Fitch. The Corps has a membership of 61.

* * *

Junior High School.

Owing to the promotion of Eugene Sullivan, Gustav Sweizer and Helen Mosser to the High school department, Oviatt Helliker, Adrian Caufield and Annie Hutchings have been appointed in their places. Constance Murdock will continue in her position for the remainder of the year.

BISHOP VINCENT.



Monday morning, February 10th, the students of the High School had the rare privilege of listening to an address by Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor of Chautauqua Institute. The Bishop was introduced by the Rev. Mark Kelley, pastor of the First Methodist church, who called him the greatest American of his age.

Bishop Vincent said that in the face of the eulogy, he felt almost as if he ought to be a corpse, and after expressing his pleasure at being present, talked to the students on the object of school training.

"What is the object of school?" Bishop Vincent said, "To accumulate knowledge?" It is to develop that control of will that enables a man to think around a subject, into a subject, and to become master of a subject."

He said that the real value of education is measured by the thinking a student does on his own account; the ability to think at will, until a subject opens itself to him.

"The measure of a man's personality is the measure of that man's will power," he said, "and the student is not the fellow who has genius to earn money, but the fellow who hangs on, and persists and continues to persist, until he grapples the subject and is master of it. Any duty that is before a man, whether it is the duty of a social life, a business life or a student's life, helps a man to grow as he tackles his task, and puts right before self, and the man who has the power to think independently, and then act on his own initiative, is the man who will succeed in life."

An Enjoyable Talk.

On the 1st day of February, the students assembled to hear Mr. Emurian, an Armenian missionary who was conducting a revival at the Baptist church. The boys and girls obtained much interesting knowledge from his talk on "Armenian Education and Customs." He brought out the countless benefits of the American missionaries to the Armenians, and their aid in refining the manners, ambitions and mode of living in their country. He also spoke of the oppression of the Turks, concluding his speech with the singing of his national song, playing his own accompaniment with wonderful skill. If Mr. Emurian comes this way again he may be sure of a cordial welcome.

* * *

Current Events.

The closing of Hudson River navigation on February 6th, breaks all records in the history of the river for a long season. There has been three hundred seventeen days of continuous navigation, surpassing the remarkable record of 1810 by eighteen days.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has invited William H. Lewis of Boston, the talented negro whom President Taft appointed as Assistant Attorney General, to be the Lincoln Day orator before that body in pursuance of a resolution that the honor "should go to a member of the liberated race." This is a deserved rebuke to the American Bar Association, some of whose members are too narrow-minded and prejudiced to realize that it is only character that counts in building up a sound citizenship, not a man's race, religion or the color of his skin.

* * *

The Class of '87 of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., has presented it with a new gymnasium at a cost of \$150,000. The gymnasium has been built and is now in use. It contains a swimming pool 30x75 feet in size, bowling alleys, rooms for inside baseball, basketball, handball, boxing, wrestling, a squash court and the main gymnasium for general athletic exercise. The building is equipped throughout with the most approved modern apparatus. It is built of Harvard brick with limestone trimmings and is fireproof throughout.



Miss Collins is continually singing "Blessings on Thee, Little Man." Wonder why, Anna?

Rudy had better watch out or his assistant editor will beat him in the girl question. Heh, Betty?

Short Pratt must be a suffragette. She has become quite a Walker.

Miss Crandall (in Am. His.)---There is no way a man can get out of paying the dog tax, is there?

Matt Hart: Yes.

Miss Crandall: How?

Matt: Kill the dog.

Miss Skillen (in German I B)---In the garden, Miss Priestly?

Miss Priestly---In "dam" Garten!

All the spectators at B. B. practice for girls have come to the conclusion that F. Seely would make a better toe dancer than B. B. player.

Art Vossler seems very interested in girl's basket ball. Know anything about it, Joe?

What's the matter, Steve? Wasn't the result of the "ordeal" satisfactory, or why are you leaving us?

Wonder whose ring Ike Norton is flashing? I'm s'prised, Ike!

Ted Harris is becoming quite proficient in capturing all the "new" fellows that come here.

Swain says that Cad will never be anything but a kid. You're right, Mike.

Stew Love must be looking for a girl by the way he lets his eyes wander about.

What's the attraction for all the girls at basket ball practice?

OLFAN PUBLIC LIBRARY



WHIPPLE
1876.

CAST IN "THE STROPS TO CONQUER"

OLFAN PUBLIC LIBRARY

That must have been some sleigh-ride, Short, and without a chaperone, too!

We would like to know where all those "large" letters go, every day, Jane?

Did you notice "Bonehead" Klee home from college? It wasn't because he was kicked out. Simply a little vacation.

Mildred Gesse doesn't like American History so well since January Regents. Why didn't you take it on half time as Ray did, Mildred?

Mamie's friend "Clyde" came home to see her. That accounts for her being so happy lately.

The M. B. A. bunch had better be more careful about breaking chairs at the basket ball games or they will have to be breaking their pocketbooks.

Say, Joe, how is your friend in Dunkirk? Heard from him again?

We welcome to our school our two new teachers.

Isn't it queer that Blair, Allen and Luther always go skating the same time Peggy, Rhoda and Gretchen plan to go?

"The cutest girl I ever saw, is Peggy Walldorff in her Mackinaw."

Elby Bevier's latest nickname is "Short." Very good one, eh Elby?

That's some swell stuff you put on the floor for dancing, Bernard. Won't be able to play basket ball without breaking your neck for a month now. Better get Tommy Atkins with his "hot air" to melt the wax off.

Tuthill wants the manager of the Eagles basket ball team to get more games with Bradford. Have a good time, Curt?

B. Wormer and Miss Allen ought to put up a telephone for their private use in Geometry, fourth period.

Jamestown is an awful place. Burdick got touched for a dime.

Where does "Joe Lyons" get them all? Now it's Dunkirk.

How funny! Sheldon and his love affair.

We are pleased to hear that Bob Shaner is Prop. of the White Palace Cafe.

Who is your friend you left in Buffalo, Miss Waye?

Bob of Alfred says in his letters to Mira, "Minister's sons are all right, but so are farmer's daughters."

Miss Ryan seems to "fancy Nancy," but Miss Wagner seems to fancy "Gaby."

Mr. A. Miller is now hanging his cloak in the girls' (reserve?) cloakroom.

We hear that Miss Besley is not lonesome going to church lately.

Miss O'Connell's favorite expression lately is "Where 'Art' thou going?"

Miss Hogan (in Adv. Algebra after an explanation,) "Sullivan, if you were a piece of chalk, you might make your mark some day."

"Us Eagleses." Of course we do not want to be conspicuous. Our suits show that.

It's a good thing for some people that Emporium H. S. doesn't play here every Friday.

How long has it been since "Steve" and "Putt" have taken a liking to music? This is their latest wail:

"Ain't it funny? There's some folks you can't miss,
And some folks you just miss a pile;
And the folks you can't miss you see lots,
And the others, just once in a while."

A Hot One.

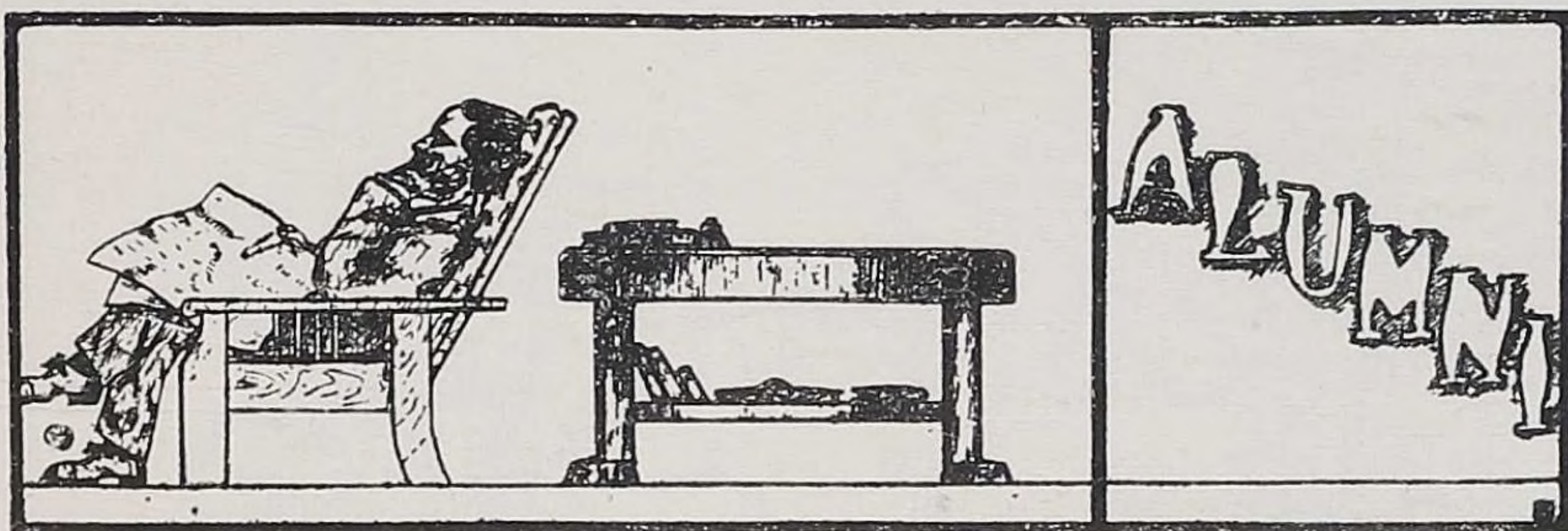
Suppose Shorty should Mary her,
If Hannon could Gess(e),
That Short was a Walker
And can beat all the rest.

But if Frank should (El)sie Luther,
Kay might get lost in a Park,
Would Helen still like a Taylor,
Or would some girl capture a Hart?

If all this should happen,
Would the school keep on going,
With Florence still (Van) Campen',
And Swain his dates knowing.

★ ★ ★

Professor, your fire is going out."
"Stop it and bring it back."---Ex.



Note: The following article seems to hit the nail on the head, but we believe it applies more to ex-O. H. S. students than to us. Nevertheless we may all profit by thinking of what it really means to the O. H. S.---Editor.

Fairness.

When asked to write a short article for "Congress," I looked about for a subject and at length found one at the Olean-Jamestown game.

It is Fairness.

Now I don't intend to criticise the playing of the teams nor the treatment of the visitors by our team, although I have heard it said that Olean should remember that a visiting team has the crowd to defeat in order to win a game. And that's just it yourselves.

You have retrogressed and have not maintained that standard of fairness which belonged to the O. H. S. in the past. Did you people who hissed at that game realize what you were doing?

I remember once when one of our former principals was speaking on this subject from the rostrum. He said: "There are only two things that hiss, geese and snakes. Which are you?"

In doing this thing you are letting your surface emotions show your worst side and in time you will be as narrow-minded as you appear to be now. Don't let such a thing happen! Olean can't stand much more of it.

It is to you, boys and girls, that your country is looking for its citizens. Be careful how it finds you lest anyone can say that you are unfair and incapable of distinguishing right from wrong.

ALUMNUS.

* * *

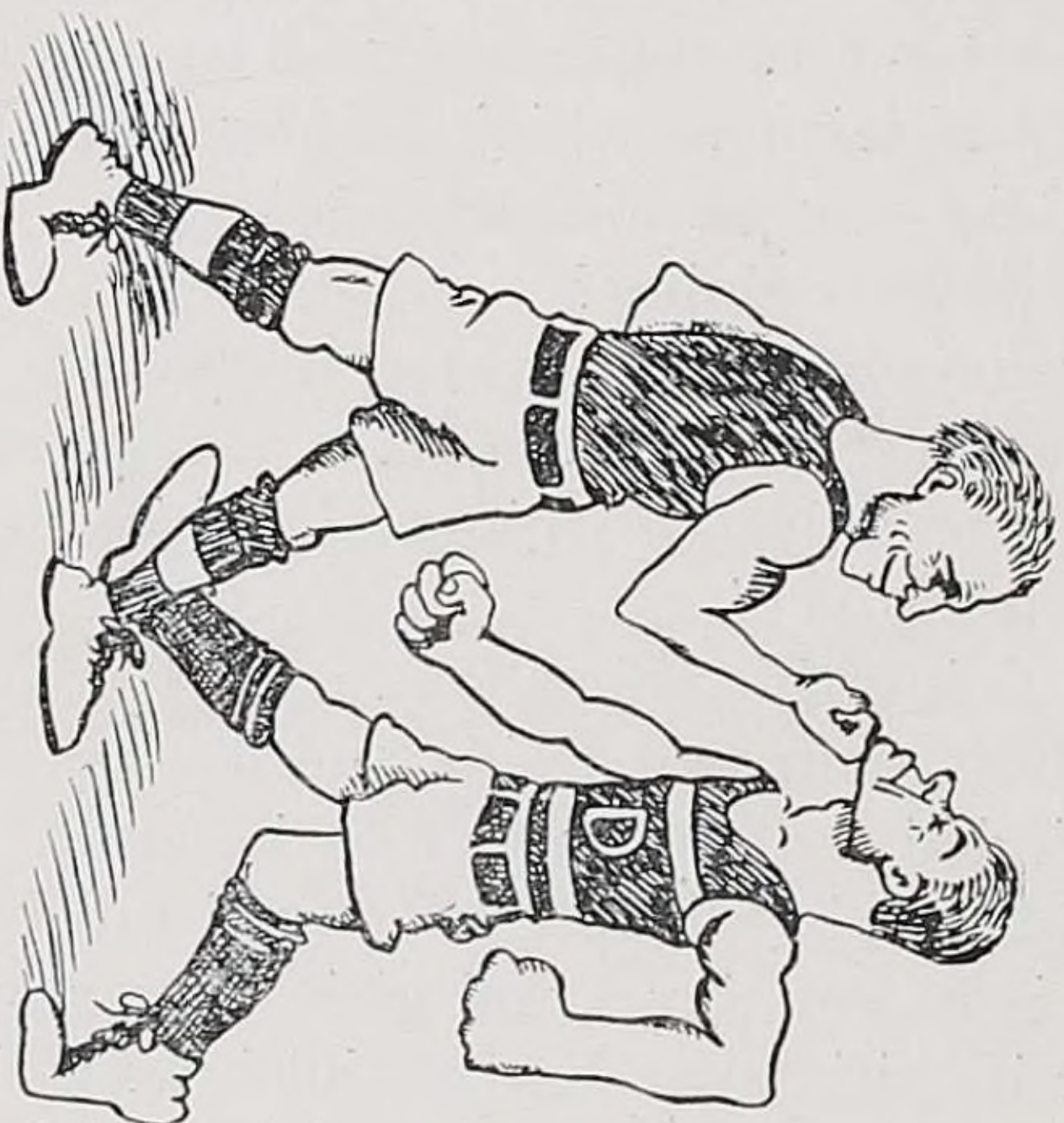
Barber: "Does the razor hurt, sir?"

Victim: "Can't say, but my face does."

A JAB IN THE LAMP



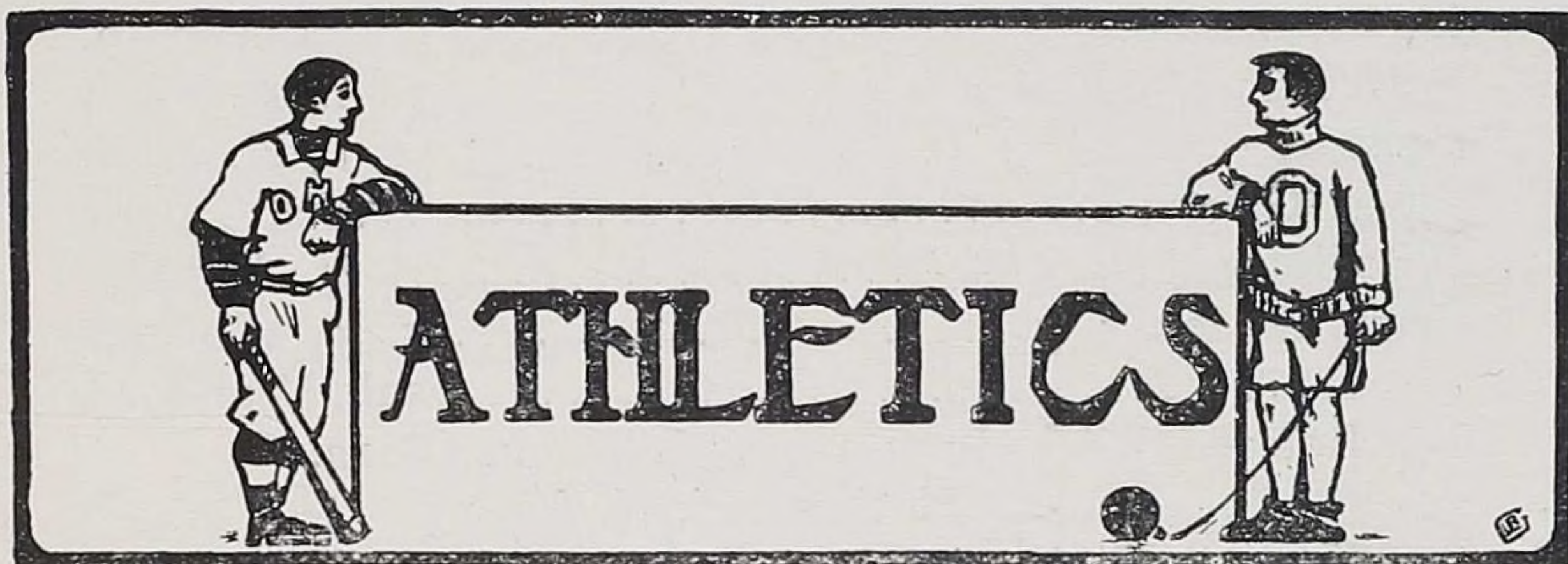
A SCIENTIFIC UPPER-CUT



GOODWIN

— THE STAFF ARTIST WAS UNABLE TO ATTEND THE GAME —
BUT ACCORDING TO A DESCRIPTION GIVEN HIM BY ONE OF
THE PLAYERS — IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE THE ABOVE —

The Olean-Dunkirk Game as Viewed by the Spectator



O. H. S. vs. J. H. S

Olean met its first defeat at the hands of the Jamestown High school five, in that city, Friday, Jan. 10, 1913. The little red team looked still smaller beside the burly Jamestown defenders, and although they played hard, their heavier opponents scored at will, running up the score of 60-19.

First Half: The game started off fast, and for the first five minutes, Olean held the home team 6-4. The Red and Green five, however, soon caged several baskets, and steadily pulled away from the O. H. S. quintette. With both teams playing hard, the first half ended, Jamestown 26, Olean 9.

Second Half: Olean came back strong in this period, and at first held its own. Jamestown used two new men, and soon began again to draw away from the visitors. The game grew very rough and it was clearly evident that Olean could not win over their heavier and more aggressive rivals. The wearers of the O worked hard, and although hopelessly outclassed in weight and height, played with all the vim and rush they possessed.

Saturday morning, at the Hotel Everett, the team received a bad scare, when Burdick announced that he had been robbed during the night. After an hour's diligent searching (before breakfast too) his money was at length discovered. With every one searching the room, and with Shaner cross-examining the chamber maids, Gink, with a glad cry reached down and from the cuff of his trousers drew forth the much looked for money, a ten cent piece. The line-up:

Jamestown 60.**Olean 19.**

Walkerman, l. f.....	l. f., A. Fitch
Carlson, r. f.....	r. f., K. Fitch
Jones, Gakey, c.....	c., Taylor
Woodbury, l. g.....	l. g., Burdick
Clark, Ogden, r. g.....	r. g., Wormer
.....	sub, Walldorff

Referee, Riley, Jamestown; Johnson, Olean.

44—O. H. S. vs. H. H. S.—17.

Hornell High school met its second defeat at the hands of the Olean five, Friday, Jan. 24, 1913, at the armory.

Owing to the fact that both teams wore almost the same colored suits, the game was hard to follow and resulted in several bad passes and general mix-ups. This, however, was overcome in the second half when the home team appeared with the Orange and Black uniforms of Izzy Cohen's promising bunch of Eagles. The game was cut short to enable Hornell to catch a train back, and was played in only thirty, instead of forty minutes.

First Half: Olean started right off and scored two field goals in almost as many minutes. Hornell, also, found the net and the game remained closely contested, with the Red and Gold a few points in the lead. This period was frequently interrupted by fouls committed by both sides. Kinney of Hornell proved a dead shot for three opportunities. Both teams played fast ball and the half ended with Olean in the lead 18-13.

Second Half: A long shot by K. Fitch seemed to bring the O. H. S. team into its stride. Taylor proved to be a stonewall against Hornell's passwork, and he repeatedly snapped the ball to the forwards. Hornell could not solve the passwork or stop the accurate basket shooting of their opponents, and Olean scored 26 to the visitors 4 points. The line-up:

Olean 44.**Hornell 17.**

A. Fitch, l. f.....	l. f., Kinney
K. Fitch, r. f.....	r. f., Griswold
Taylor, c.....	c., Redman
Burdick, l. g.....	l. g., Halbhook, Co'lins
Wormer, r. g.....	r. g., Preston
Waldorff, sub.....	sub, Collins

Referee, Johnson, Olean; Fry, Hornell.

The preliminary game was in the hands of the girls. The game was played by the High and ex-High girls, who played a very exciting game. One of the features of the game was the good basket shooting of Miss Lyons. The game was won by the team under Miss Hosley by the score of 6-2.

O. H. S. vs. D. H. S.

Friday evening, January 31, 1913, the Olean High school basket ball teams won two out of three games played.

The main game was the most exciting game played at the armory this year.

First Half: A field goal by Olean started the game. Dunkirk quickly followed and the game was nip and tuck. The Olean five held their heavier opponents about even and Dunkirk decided to break a few bones, on the lighter team. Luczkowiciksi, Dunkirk's big center, is evidently a track man, for during the first half, he began practicing throwing the hammer, using A. Fitch for the hammer. After about the third whirl, Wormer had to impress it upon Luczkowiciksi's mind that his men were not to be used for track purposes, just yet. The "impression" made by Dunk was anything but gentle and about ten minutes of dispute followed. The game was at last continued and the half ended Olean 20, Dunkirk 12.

Second Half: Dunkirk did not play so roughly this period and the game went along much better. Olean braced up and drew steadily away from their rivals. The home five proved dead shots for the net and displayed some fine team work, scoring repeatedly. The best Dunkirk could get netted them four points, while Olean scored 19 points. The Dunkirk team made several bad passes and missed some easy shots, while Olean played tight and close, taking every opportunity presented them. Shaner blew the final whistle and Don Alderman chalked up, Olean 39, Dunkirk 17. The line-up:

Olean 39.

Dunkirk 17.

A. Fitch, l. f.	l. f., Kane
K. Fitch, r. f.	r. f., McNeal
Taylor, c.	c., Luczkowiciksi
Burdick, l. g.	l. g., Badgley, Brace

Wormer, r. g. r. g., Rayner
 Waldorff, sub sub, Brace
 Referee, Johnson, Olean; Metzler, Dunkirk.

O. H. S. Reserves vs. C. H. S.

The Olean High School Reserves defeated Cuba High school at Cuba, Friday, January 31, to the score of 34-21. The slippery floor bothered the Olean five, but the baskets caged by Hooker and Page kept the visitors ahead during the second half. The last five minutes were all Olean's. Hart and Lyons kept Cuba's forwards closely guarded, while Page slipped back of his guard for several baskets. The final score was, Olean 34, Cuba 21.

The second team has developed into a fast aggregation. Olean lined up with Hooker and Woods, forwards; Page and Atkins, center, and Hart and Lyons, guards.

Olean H. S. vs. E. H. S. Girls.

The Olean High school girls' team was defeated by the fast Emporium High school girls five to the score of 24-4. The Olean team is not discouraged, however, for the Emporium team is a fast and experienced quintette. This was Olean's first game and they were not quite sure of themselves. Miss Hagadorn scored Olean's points, while the Misses Lloyd and Garrell did the scoring for Emporium. The Pennsylvania team is very good, but Olean would like to try conclusions with them again.

Olean H. S. 4.

Emporium H. S. 24.

Fisher, r. f. r. f., Lloyd
 Hagadorn, l. f. l. f., Farrell
 Hosley, c c., Kront.....
 Lyons, r. g. r. g., Curley
 Moore, l. g. l. g., Lathrop
 Collins, sub sub, Welch

★ ★ ★

The students selected as their track manager, Morrison Swain, in the first election under the new Athletic Association. The choice could not be better, as "Mike" has been a member of the team for the past three years, and is well known on the cinder path. He expects to take the team to Alfred, Batavia, Cook Academy and will try to enter the Princeton meet at Buffalo. The track team has a bright outlook, and Mr. Swain asks only for the school's co-operation in the home meets. A. H. F.

EXCHANGES.

On account of the resignation of C. Hayden LeRoy as Exchange Editor, no criticisms were prepared.

Do You Know Her?

There is a teacher in this school,
Whom none of us ever try to fool;
And when to her class we go,
We always step lively, and never walk slow.
In her class attention we pay,
Not one would a word against her say,
For we all love "Our Dear Miss Shea."

There is a word in the English language the first two letters of which signify a male, the first three a female, the first four a great man and the whole a great woman. The word is "heroine."---Ex.

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice one bright lad turned in the following: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stomick, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy and my dinner."---Newark Star.

Miss M. McC.: Give me a derivation from the verb vulnero.

Student: Vulnerable.

Miss M. McC.: Name a great hero who was vulnerable in only one spot.

Young Progressive: Roosevelt.

It is queer how people enjoy putting "some" things in Congress. Doesn't make any difference how true they are.

Mamma: "How does your hand come to smell of fish?"

Johnny: "Oh, I carried home the Congress and there was a fish story in it." (Raw, raw oysters.)

Olean Evening Herald

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