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The CONGRESS



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“HOME OF THE MATCHLESS LIGHT”

H-74

Now that the question is decided as to his guilt the query arises as to the validity of the decision and the right to try Sulzer for crimes committed before he took his oath as Governor.

Inasmuch as we do not possess a legal mind, we cannot authoritatively render a legal decision. There is some doubt in the mind of the common citizen as to the court's right to convict Sulzer on Articles I and II. We ourselves are convinced that Sulzer's conviction on Article IV, pertaining to his suppression of testimony desired by the Frawley Investigating Committee, is right and just. There is no doubt that this crime was committed, and committed while the Governor was in office. The Governor in a conference with a proposed witness named Mr. Peck, urged Mr. Peck to "forget" a contribution of \$500 to the Sulzer campaign fund. This damaging evidence was sworn to in court. The defense could produce no witness in rebuttal of this fact. The verdict was of course "guilty."

Now, if the Governor was guilty of influencing this Mr. Peck to "forget" his contribution of \$500, it surely follows that as the Governor did not include this \$500 in his expense account, he was guilty of making a false campaign statement. As surely as he swore that a false campaign statement was correct, when he knew it was not, he was guilty of the crime of perjury. Therefore, we have proven the Governor guilty of all three crimes, by proving him guilty of one.

It makes little difference whether or not the crime of misrepresentation of campaign funds and the false affirmation of the campaign report were committed before the Governor took his oath. He was guilty of these crimes and he should make amends the same as any other citizen. He had no loophole in the charges of Article IV, because that crime was committed in July during his term of office. The court declared him guilty by a vote of forty-three to fourteen, and whereas he has been declared guilty it is only right that he should give up his office as Governor.

We must take into consideration the forces which convicted the former governor. We all know that Tammany is the greatest political factor in the United States

favor of the red and gold. It was very evident even in the short period of play that Olean outclassed her opponents along all lines of the game.

Manager Alderman of the football team, because of his numerous duties, resigned in favor of Woods. By the efforts of both an excellent schedule has been arranged. The schedule is as follows to date:

Nov. 1—Olean at Bradford.
 Nov. 8—Olean at Alfred.
 Nov. 15—Olean at Bradford.
 Nov. 22—Olean at Technical of Buffalo.
 Nov. 29—Olean at Hornell.

O. H. S. vs. Alfred Agricultural School.

Friday afternoon, October 24th, Olean defeated Alfred Agricultural school in football by a score of 12-0. It was very hard for our boys to demonstrate the best of their open playing on account of the wet field. Nevertheless, they gained ground at each attempt. Alfred relied on old style football and although heavier were outplayed by Olean.

FIRST QUARTER.

Alfred kicked off to Olean, who, unable to advance the ball in direct rushes, resorted to more open play. A neat forward pass was worked in this quarter, Bardenette advancing the ball about 30 yards. On the next play Wormer ripped off 20 yards on a play around the end. Then, by a series of mass plays, Woods secured a touchdown. On account of the slippery ball the kick for a goal failed. Score—Olean 6; Alfred 0.

SECOND QUARTER.

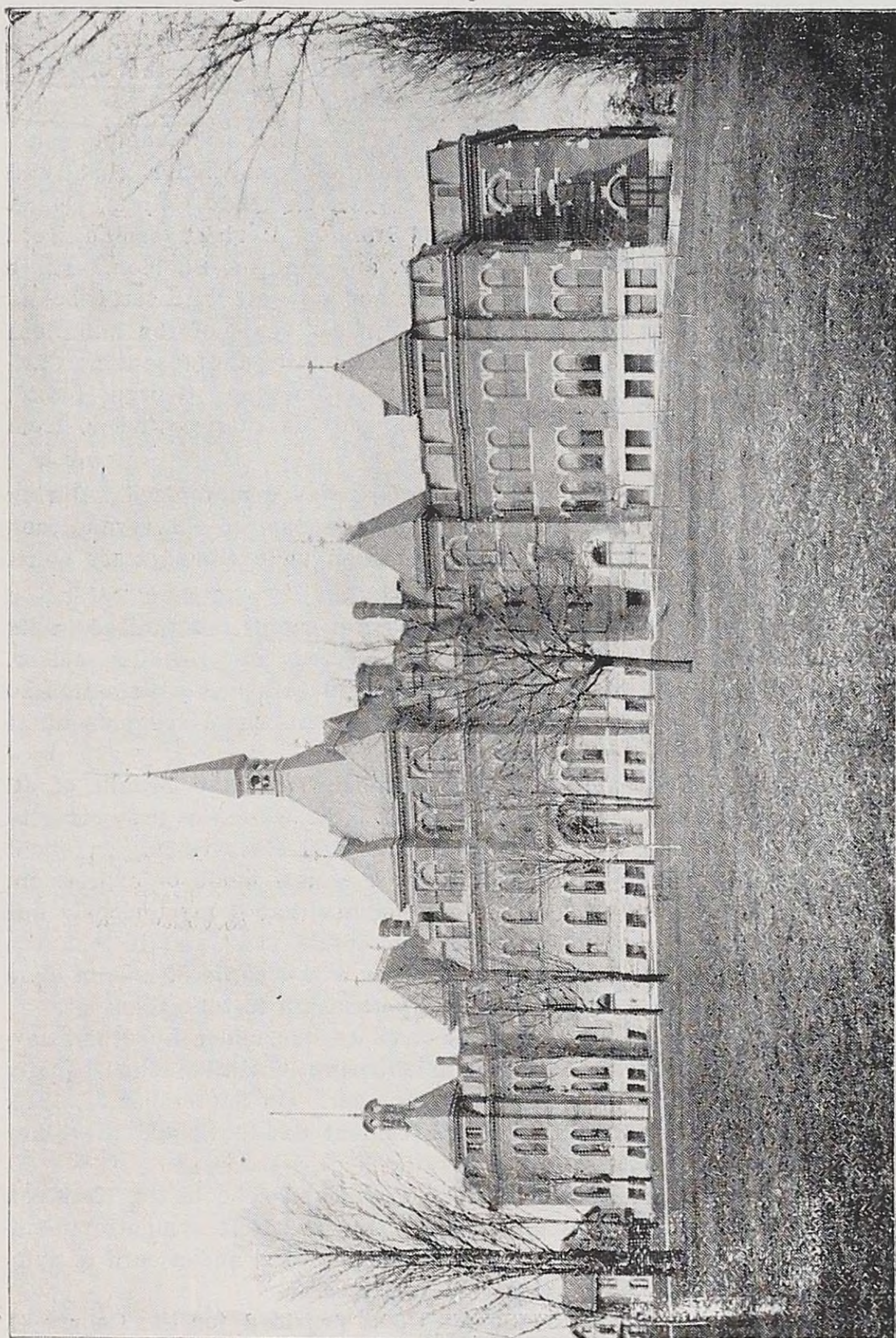
Both teams fought hard, most of the playing, however, being in Alfred's territory. End of half—Olean 6; Alfred 0.

THIRD QUARTER.

In this quarter Wormer pounded the turf for 60 yards and a touchdown. Hannon's interference in his behalf was excellent. Score at failure to kick goal—Olean 12; Alfred 0.

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Dean High School

Class History

During the eventful year of Our Lord 1909 our present illustrious class was organized for the first time under the then acting principal, Albert T. Bouck, with Raymond J. Hannon occupying the office of president.

The honor list was headed by Mary Connor, and Rudolph Sandburg, as he still does, wore the shoes of the second honor. Last and least were the other honors, Esther Clyde, Gertrude Collins, Donna Crandall, Marguerite Frank, Raymond Hannon, Herbert Isaman, Vera Koontz, Hayden LeRoy, Frances Seely, and Maurice Sheldon. Three of these have still survived the shock and now sit with fetter-bound feet and speechless tongues in the honorless seats of the honorless honors. Besides these we have Elizabeth Conklin and Josephine Carlson from the June class of 1910; Bessie Tomes and George Herold, from the St. Mary's Parochial School, and Marguerite Fisher, from the class of 1909.

For one and one-half years our class was disorganized. During this time nothing of any great importance transpired. Everyone took steady recourse to his books, and our then undeveloped class spirit rested to take a greater flight.

In the early fall of 1911, our class was again reorganized in its Junior year. President Sandburg was elected as presiding officer. The annual picnic was given with great success and satisfaction to all, and, a luxurious repast was served to all who were present at either of the two annual receptions.

Later in our Junior year we established for the benefit of all future Seniors and Juniors a precedent. We were the first class to secure during the Junior year class pins and class rings. At about this time the class spirit began to seek a new mode of expression. One night it rose to such exorbitant heights that it mysteriously left engraved upon the steeple roof the numerals "13," and it took the combined efforts of a bottle of turpentine, a few yards of muslin, some of the Junior boys and Mr. Emmons' persuasion to take them off.

In September of 1912, we welcomed to our midst Luce and several other Hinsdalites. All other neighboring localities added equally as generously to our present goodly number. On September 23, 1912, we again reorganized and elected President Sandburg and the other necessary class officials.

To the direful regret of all, our friend and schoolmate, Kathleen Murphy, was taken from our midst. Our heartfelt sympathy manifested itself in a manifold contribution of flowers, and a card of sympathy to griefstricken parents and relatives.

On March 24, 1913, the Senior Class provided for the George C. Williams' recital. A good crowd was present, an enjoyable evening was spent, and a handsome sum of money was realized. This is to be used for the purchasing of a memorial to the Senior Class of 1913.

On Arbor Day we presented to the Junior Class of the Olean High school the spade which now hangs in the Senior Study Hall.

THE CONGRESS.

This as our precedent provides, will be presented each successive year by the president of the Senior Class to the president of the Junior Class. A tree was planted to our memory and by hearty co-operation each Senior was enabled to place over its roots, a shovel of dirt as a token of his or her love for the Olean High School.

During the forepart of last March the Senior boys all came to believe that promotion does the soul good, so all the Senior boys were promoted to Room 106, where we remained for nearly two weeks until finally with much regret we were again requested to return to Study Hall A. The Senior retreat was ended, nothing was gained, nothing lost. Teachers and students both were as happy as larks and as chipper as crickets.

One of the last feats of the class was the Senior-Junior reception given in the evening of May 16th, 1913, under the auspices of the Senior Class of the Olean High school. This event was undoubtedly the best known in the history of our school. The large crowd present will long remember this dance, the grandest high school function that ever took place in Olean.

The Senior Class of 1913 has been the best class ever produced by the Olean High school. It has been gathered from far and near, high and low. Its members represent many of the most commonly pursued industries of the section. They represent the thinkers of the community. Good fortune and happiness have ever attended us, and soon, when our brief period of school-days has ended we will rise to still unexplored heights and then we hope to be of some real service to mankind.

HERBERT W. ISAMAN, '13.



Class Poem

I.

'Twas on the shady Campus,
Where lofty trees abound,
And from a tree there came to me,
A queer and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmured overhead
And sometimes underground.

II.

Amongst the leaves it seemed to sigh,
Amid the boughs to moan;
It muttered in the stem and then
The roots, took up the tone;
And beneath the dewey grass,
I heard a fearful groan.

III.

No bird was singing up aloft,
No rustle of a wing;
No squirrel in its sport appeared,
From bough to bough to spring;
The solid bole, had ne'er a hole,
To hide a living thing.

IV.

But still that sound was in my ear—
And sad it was to boot;
It came from overhanging boughs,
And each minutest shoot.
'Twas on the shady Campus,
Where never owl does hoot.

V.

In still and silent slumber hushed,
All nature seemed to be;
From heaven above and earth below,
These whispers came to me,
These sounds so solemn and so sad,
From that 1913 tree.

VI.

"Why are those hollow sounds?" asked I,
"Why sing such solemn strains?"
"Be still!" it said, "And I will try
My sorrow to explain,"
And then it heaved a heavy sigh,
And spoke to me again.

VII.

"You know that your illustrious Class,
The grandest ever known,
Have taken me from humble life,
And me great honor shown,

THE CONGRESS.

And I am cut as by a knife,
They'll leave me soon alone.

VIII.

"They'll go, I can't repay them,
For what they've done for me;
You know my one ambition was,
To show fidelity;
But, I must stay here on this ground,
That's why I'm a lonely tree."

IX.

"A very sad and touching tale,
Is the tale you own,
But think not always of yourself,
For, I must write a poem;
But, sad no power here can help,
So onward I must roam."

X.

"But stay!" the tree said cheerfully,
"No more I'll have to sigh,
Now something for your Class I'll do,
To help you I will try,
And then my conscience will be clear,
For old '13 I would die."

XI.

"So dig from underneath my roots,
The names of all of them,
And as you name them all to me,
To you, I will tell of them."
I dug beneath those crooked roots,
And lying there near tender shoots,
I found that glassy gem.

XII.

Miss Conklin, our first honor,
She's difficult to please,
For, most of the boys in this class,
She has been tempted to tease.

XIII.

Sandburg, our worthy president,
Editor of "Congress" is he;
But second honor to Betty Conklin,
Seems rather suspicious to me.

XIV.

Then Anderson, Snyder and Beckman,
Were never heard to moan,
They are so very playful,
They can't leave their neighbors alone.

XV.

Ruth Besley, our great musician,
Would drive Maude Powell to shame,

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Some day she'll play before crown heads,
In the Ischua hall of fame.

XVI.

When time for women to use their brain
Why needs must we to sigh,
Miss Lundberg and Josephine Carlson,
Will surely make the fur fly.

XVII.

Miss Collins, who loves to whisper,
Or, be late as a rule,
Has lost her smile and cheerfulness
For Art Vossler has left school.

XVIII.

Miss Hardell and Christine Holly,
Are destined for a country school,
Where they will find to their delight,
That rubes are easy to rule.

XIX.

Wait till we have woman's suffrage,
And women dethrone every man,
Then will we see a very fine treat,
In Miss Cole, our first policeman.

XX.

Miss Weidman and Mabel Spindler,
On their studies must put a ban,
And go upon the vaudeville stage,
As German comedians.

XXI.

Miss Waldorff is some pedestrian,
For roaming she can't be beat,
Too bad stage coaches have passed away,
For "VanCamp(en)ing" is a rare treat.

XXII.

Atkins, a regular jester,
For others only, he lives,
A fiery orator he'll be,
In the house of representatives.

XXIII.

Wouldn't it seem funny if LeRoy,
Should from the girls run,
But as it is he seems at ease,
While talking to a hundred or one.

XXIV.

Triesky and Markert, the North End boys,
Go on and on with no stops,
Some day they will have a monopoly,
On the Pennsylvania car shops.

XXV.

Shoemaker, who always studies
On the counter of M. B. A.

THE CONGRESS.

The faculty will miss his brightness;
He had his lessons each day.

XXVI.

Miss Hughes and Geraldine Gibbons,
Will hear the clinic call,
And will make surprising records,
In the Memorial hospital.

XXVII.

Carpenter and Crowley,
No commoners will be,
You'll hear of them in years to come,
As Prof's in a university.

XXVIII.

Again, we have graceful Sullivan,
A star in baseball fame;
He'll make the fans and bugs believe
That Ty Cobb is a fictitious name.

XXIX.

We need not fear an invasion,
For Beckwith our country would save;
He'd make a foreign army run
After him. Oh! but he's brave!

XXX.

Sarah Bernhardt, the great actress,
Must toss her fame aside,
For she is bound to be dethroned
By one of our number, "Miss Clyde."

XXXI.

"Luce" you know is no midget,
"Miss Mulcay" is far from a giant;
Can you picture him looking up to her
And her down at him defiant?

XXXII.

The Misses Haugh and Dempsey,
Have a sense unseen,
For several years in the high school,
They have waited of course for '13.

XXXII.

Parcel Post Hall is a wonder,
His knowledge he'll use some day,
For he is bound to rise in jumps,
To Postmaster General of the U. S. A.

XXXIV.

Herb Isaman, a great debater,
Henry Clay would for him have to stoop,
He can argue on everything,
From fourth dimension down to "Free Soup."

XXXV.

And then the tree said cheerfully,
"For you I've done my best,

THE CONGRESS.

And I will live a happy tree,
But now I needs must rest,
And for the rest of the senior names,
Give to your class prophetress."

XXXVI.

"Then place you here the list of names,
Among my roots secure,
And I will shed above their bed,
My shade so cool and pure,
And sigh and wish that each of them,
Life's battle may well endure."

ISRAEL COHN, '13.

—o—

Class Song

Tune—"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

By Elizabeth Mosser.

Now 'tis time for us to leave you, our dear Olean High,
We're the best Class that e'er did pass,
And we know you'll sigh (don't cry)
When we leave you and that is very soon;
You'll wish we were here,
For we know there's none can beat us,
We're the Class so dear.

CHORUS:

We're the Class of 1913,
And our praises you'll always hear
And no matter where we chance to roam
Our throats will e'er turn to this our year
"13" you're the best Class of all;
We all know that your record can't fall
In the years to come we'll ne'er forget you,
And to you we will all be true.

II.

Juniors, you must take our places, now we all must go,
We can see, you will find it hard
For we know you are so slow,
But you will learn in time how we have done
So be of good cheer
Even if you cannot beat us,
Try without a fear.

Letter to D. H. S.

New York, April 30th, 1913.

My Dear Friends of O. H. S.:



HOW often in the last six months of my expatriation I have had a longing to stand once more before the combined assemblies of the High School and Junior High School and hear the long yell. Sometimes my memory has brought, as a telepathic message from the past, some of the many happy hours passed among the students of the "Old High School."

I cannot at all times bring my mind to a realization that seven years of work and play, joy and worry, in my efforts to leave a lasting impress upon the lives of the boys and girls within my care there are over. One cannot easily tear out of the fabric of his life seven years like those, nor would one if he could. Such as they are, they must remain in the design that I have started and so far completed. If I were an artist or artisan I might measure my work; I might see the finished product of my effort. As teachers, however, we merely add our mite to those powerful factors in life that lend to noble manhood and womanhood.

Life is after all like a great tapestry into the design of which we weave our thoughts and acts. Here and there may be a broken thread to mar its outline for a time but at the end, if there is running through it all the great idea of "something worth while," we have not altogether failed.

No matter how ambitious, persevering and persistently industrious we are, there will almost surely be a thread dropped now and then. We must merely catch them up and hurry on. I see many as I look back upon the years now gone. They must nevertheless stand as they were designed. Let us hope that better workmen and better designers of your destiny may avoid my shortcomings and add increased honor to the work of your school and send you out into the world better able to cope with the realities of life to which so many of you are strangers.

"What is my work now?" you ask. Here in the midst of struggling millions it could not be the same as it was in the city of fifteen thousand where everyone knows his neighbor and each one calls by name the men he meets. I sometimes think I have too much of the rustic in me ever to go into ecstasy over big city life. Its opportunities, Oh so countless, draw the ambitious youths on and on, but what then? We are mere atoms here amidst a million others hurrying to and fro utterly heedless of one another, jostling, throttling, killing if need be just to survive ourselves. And yet where is it possible to obtain a broader outlook upon the world? All this is due to the swift play and interplay of mind with mind. Through New York as the gateway of the nation has come our kindreds of all lands. Nowhere can we get a truer understanding of man by man. Here indeed life

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is intense. The physical pressure of a great metropolis is at times almost overpowering but the stimulations to activity are on every hand.

Every morning I go twelve miles or more to get to school. Somewhat different indeed is that to rolling out of bed at 8 o'clock, and with a piece of toast barely passed your palate rushing down Sullivan street up the long front walk to your office.

As I read recently in the Olean Times an account of your new time schedule the thought came to me as to whether the new idea was real progress. I should never have questioned it a year ago, but I do now.

You must acknowledge that the school is for that one purpose—preparation-to-be something. Not alone to do but to be. How can we accomplish this by a short school day, little or no home work as required in some cities. Ponder this query, "Does a five hour school day prepare for an eight hour work day?" Our school answers it in the negative, and the wisdom of its answer lies manifest in its record.

I have now 515 girls, all graduates of the grammar school of New York City, preparing-to-be something in this great maelstrom of human endeavor. They begin their work at 8:40 A. M., and with fifteen minutes for milk and cocoa at 10, and an hour's nooning, close at 4 P. M.

With little or no summer's vacation, in eighteen months they go out into the work-a-day world ready to earn a living. One hundred forty-six graduated March 1st last, and the same number last September. The average earning capacity of the graduates of our school is \$11 per week. This, you must remember, is the result of eighteen months' work after leaving the grammar schools. How many high school students after four years can do as much?

Surely it is not because girls from Russian, Italian and Polish parents—many are even foreign born—are more intelligent than our American boys and girls. No, the reason lies deeper than that. Their parents are, and they know they will be, in that great crowd about the ladder of success clamoring for equality. Education can alone bring it and with an ambition almost born of despair they hunger for knowledge; and what is more, get it.

A book alone would suffice to give you a true picture of my present students. Naturally noisy, only because environment of "L" trains, clanging ambulances, street cars, make them so, they are earnest, hardworking, ambitious to a fault, and like others of their age, full of fun.

Imagine an upstate school where the greatest penalty is a refusal to be allowed in a class, and you have the spirit that prevails here. Picture to yourself a public school where one member, the president, if the teacher were absent, would supervise the class of 36, and keep it in order. They do it here. They need supervision, it is true, but they do remarkably well even under extremely trying circumstances.

We have two courses—Manual and Commercial. In one there is Sewing, Millinery, Embroidery, Cooking, English, Dressmaking, Hy-

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giene, and Drawing; while in the other the girls have Book-keeping, Stenography, Typewriting, English, Arithmetic and Cooking. All the girls have gymnasium work four times a week and swimming pool once a week. I know how much the girls in Olean would appreciate some of the opportunities given to the girls here, and yet when they see how few real joys life holds for some of them at home, not many would willingly change places with them.

I went to the filing cabinet and will now give you the home conditions of the first girl whose record came to my notice.

Both parents were born in Russia. Her father is a cloak operator at a salary of \$12 a week. The family is now living on the ground floor, four rooms, and pay a rent of \$10 per month. The family consists of father and mother and five children.

The conditions of this girl are much better than those of most of her classmates. The girl is the oldest of the children. See how much this school will do for her socially and morally by enabling her at the end of eighteen months to fill a position where she can earn an honest living.

Many of our students leave home at seven in the morning and do not return until five in the afternoon. The aim of the school is to give city girls for whom little has been done so far to make them real wage earners, a chance in life, and with teachers of high ideals and noble character to build lives that can withstand the moral, physical and mental struggle of the coming years.

Our work is intensive not extensive. No algebra, geometry, Latin. No German, you ask? When a parent that cannot speak English comes to my office I can usually call in any girl of any class and she will be my interpreter for German or Yiddish. Why should we teach German when nearly all can speak it fluently?

As I told your Editor, Rudolph Sandberg, I could ramble on interminably giving an account of some of the things we try to do. With all the attractions of a large city, I confess, that I miss the friendships of the upstate communities, and I feel out of my element amidst surroundings where the struggle for existence or worldly gains compels everyone to forget or ignore his neighbor.

With best wishes to all, I am ever,

Sincerely yours,

FRED E. EMMONS.

Letter From Montana



FOR the amusement of my High School friends who may never experience the joys of camping in the Rocky Mountains, I am going to tell you about some real western camp life as I have experienced it.

Last summer, the latter part of August, a party of us decided to go camping in a canyon between two of the mountains here.

We went in a way that was an intense gratification to an eastern-born and raised, on horseback.

The place where we decided to camp was twenty miles from town. We sent a pack wagon ahead loaded with tents and provisions enough to last two weeks. (That was the time decided on to "rough it.")

Those who attempt twenty miles of a horseback ride as their initiative sprint have more imagination than common sense. So I found that my spirits which were soaring to the skies at the pleasure of so novel an experience in the morning, had flagged so perceptibly by the time we reached camp in the afternoon that I was almost on the verge of wishing that there were a trolley system in that section of the country. I was anticipating the return trip with a sickening realization of how I'd feel, not look, when I reached town on the return trip. I was "all in," to use a slang phrase to express my state of mind and body.

My western friends were as gay and enthusiastic as though they had been riding in a parlor car with cushions of down to recline on. Their durability and skill in the art of horsemanship filled me with admiration akin to awe. My racked bones and splitting head were only two undeniable proofs that I was a tenderfoot—a disgrace in the west.

I was just going to say **we** pitched camp, but I retract that statement. **They** did. I, with staggering footsteps, hunted a blanket and some sofa pillows, and stretching out in the shade of a friendly cottonwood, proceeded to dream of home-sweet-home. I was full of good wishes and sympathy for my more strenuous friends, but unfortunately could not advance any more substantial aid that day.

A table, of rough boards, was built under the trees, and seats of the same material were fashioned to recline on, in our banquet hall of rustic inspiration.

Nothing went in the tents but blankets and sofa pillows. Our personal baggage consisted in most cases of a toothbrush, nail file and comb.

We were picturesquely attired in gray flannel shirts, khaki riding skirts, and high laced shoes. There was no possibility for a more respectable costume, although it does hurt one's feelings to look so much like an knight of the road for such a length of time.

Montana is supposed to be in a section of little or no rainfall. I regard this entirely as an hallucination. During this particular time

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it rained, rained, rained. There was a steady downpour for three weeks. There happened to be a hole in the tent in which I slept. It was located directly over my face and many a pleasant dream was interrupted in the "wee sma hours" by the gentle awakening that April sends to the little flowers, (only the poetry was entirely lost at that time.)

Another pleasure I must not forget to mention was that of getting up the still cold dawn, threatening ourselves with a fit of apoplexy in the attempt to draw on shoes that weighed twenty pounds, counting water and all. I believe that was even less enjoyable than holding umbrellas over the campfire in order to cook enough to ward off starvation.

Speaking of eating, if there is anyone who doesn't fully understand the meaning of the word, appetite, let him come west, and camp a week in the Rocky Mountains. Tramping around all day gathering fallen logs, and curiously climbing rough precipices for the pleasure of becoming enraptured over a bit of glorious rock formation are decidedly conducive to transforming a bird's appetite into that of a healthy baby elephant.

On account of the perpetual rainfall, we had to leave our delightful life in the wilderness a week sooner than we had planned.

In spite of the fact that our clothes clung to us like tissue paper during that eventful week, and the water in our shoes made a gurgling sound when we walked, we were reluctant to turn our horse's noses toward home. For after all Montana rain isn't so very wet. It is hard to believe that there is such a thing as dry rain, but that is the only kind that Bitter Root valley in Montana knows. It rains here occasionally, but things don't seem to gather the same degree of wetness that they do at home. Most of the people here are not even on speaking acquaintance with an umbrella.

I have heaps of more interesting things to tell you about this part of the country, but by intuition I feel that my space is more than filled, so I hasten the finish.

But I advise all you people at home to pack your trunks as soon as possible and come west. It's great.

Your friend in Montana,

MABEL C. HART, '06.

NOTICE.

Owing to a general mixup between the engraving company and express company, the cuts of nine pictures of the various school activities were lost in shipment, and much to our disappointment we were unable to print them. We hope, however, the merits of the rest of the book will make up for the loss of these pictures.

Class Prophecy

I.

Once upon a Spring-Day dreary,
While I pondered weak and weary,
Trying to foretell for my class-mates just what fate had in store.
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping,
"Tis some senior miss," I muttered,
Rapping at my study door.
"Only this and nothing more."

II.

I had been so deeply thinking,
With my eyelids slowly sinking
That I quite forgot the rays so faint upon my study door.
So I roused me from my napping,
As again I heard this tapping,
And went to stop this constant rapping, or at least try to implore.
That this miss might not so rudely,
Intrude just now my mind to bore;
Rapping at my study door,
Only this and nothing more.

III.

Suddenly the door flew open,
And a figure bent and broken,
Shuffled slowly o'er the threshold,
While in her hand a wand she bore.
Presently she started speaking,
Her hands extended as though entreating,
"Pray," she said, "Why are you keeping
Yourself within your study door?"
"Oh," said I, "I have a duty,
I'm class-prophet, such a bore,
Help me stranger, I implore."

IV.

Then a smile came gently beaming
O'er her face—her eyes a gleaming.
"My dear Miss," she said, "Your sadness
Cannot help you on that score;
Come with me, do stop your sighing,
I can help you, no use pining,
To the woods we'll go a flying,
Troubles gone forever more,
For I can well foretell the future
Of your class-mates by the score,
So be calm and sigh no more."

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V.

Off we went then in a hurry,
I never was in such a flurry;
To the abode of this queer stranger,
Under a tree deep in a grove.
Here her wand so quickly beating,
The while mysterious words repeating;
Down came great green leaves a floating,
Falling gently on the floor.
"With these," she said, "I have told
The future of many a class in days of yore,
Still I can help you even more."

My wasn't I elated over the fact that this strange person so old and bent could help me out of this task of prophesying the future of my class-mates. It had caused me a great deal of trouble and worry and now it was to be done for me with no work for anyone.

She told me to read the list of those whose futures I wished to know and she would read them from the leaves which had fallen from this wonderful tree. So I began to read my list. First came Lillian Allen:

She is running the Olean House with Bob Shaner as her able assistant.

Celestine Bisett—She has not stood still in the world, as she is now the principal of the Girl's Seminary of Hinsdale.

Boynton Sisters—She picked up a large leaf and read:

"These two girls so sweet and fair,
Are now taking care of peoples hair."

So I took from that they must be "Hair Dressers" in some large city, but where she did not say.

Israel Cohen and Earl Chew—Great political rivals who are running for the Presidency of the U. S. It seems as though these two young men have not been able to get over their former rivalry even though out of school. Nevertheless they are still the best of friends.

Margaret Fisher—The girls' tennis champion. She began playing at the Oak Lawn tennis courts, never thinking that some day she was to be unexcelled.

Mable Finch—A great society leader in Vassar; with her is Vera Koontz, who has become a great athletic girl and is considered the finest cheer leader that the Vassar girls have ever had.

Florence Sigel—As I read that name the stranger smiled and said: "Tis her name no longer, she is Madame Earl Shiffler, wife of the famous actor, Monsieur Shiffler, who lives in Paris and stars at Le Louvre."

Maurice Briody—Mayor of the city, Allegany, N. Y.

Ella Goodrich and Edith Moore—"The Twin Fancy Dancers" in the "Isle of Smiles," who have made the season's greatest hit in New York, Cuba, Ischua and all the large cities in the eastern part of the Union. Accompanying them are the greatest comedians on the vaudeville stage, George Herold and Harold Murry.

Malcolm Soule.—One of the greatest politicians the world has

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ever known. He has solved many problems which great men such as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Norman Tompkins and Theodore Roosevelt have tried to solve, and is certainly a great credit to the Class of 1913.

Helen LeStrange and Bessie Tones.—The leading suffragettes of the U. S. They have become so prominent that they have influenced every state in the Union to grant women their rights, while in England the women are still fighting desperately for their rights. These two young ladies are now going to England at the request of Mrs. Pankhurst to obtain for them their rights in the government.

Mildred Gesse and Roy Hannon.—Again the stranger smiled and said, "Tis well you asked for them together, as they are now one. Ray is a minister, and his wife, Mildred, a missionary; they are in the dark jungles of Africa, christianizing the heathens of that section.

Charles Dugan.—The leading clown in "Barnum and Bailey's" circus, which is now being run by that great and distinguished man, Earl Zimmerman.

Bessie Herzog.—She is now starring at the Metropolitan Opera House. She has a wonderful lyric soprano voice of wide range and is meeting with wonderful success throughout Europe and America.

Alvin Long.—The first aviator to circumnavigate the world.

Waldron Ray.—On account of his excellent character and untiring zeal, J. D. Rockefeller has taken this young man into partnership with him and of course it is needless to say how he is progressing.

Theodora Harris.—Author of some of the most clever sketches written. She is world-wide renowned and the demand for her work is enormous.

Laurence Page and Edgar Orvis have taken the places of "Ty" Cobb and "Hans" Wagner in the baseball world. They are both married and so their wives travel around with them in a private car during the baseball season. Between seasons they live in the south and oversee their plantations.

Donna Crandall.—The head nurse in the large hospital in San Francisco.

Elizabeth Mosser.—She is now a valued member of Keating's Orchestra. She will not always play for a living, however, somebody is "Holden" a position as housekeeper open to her.

VI.

Now her voice came still more faintly,
While her pale face looked so saintly,
And her queer old eyes gleamed brightly,
Like the sun when day is o'er.
"Oh," said she, "my days are numbered,
Presently," but here she mumbled,
"This strange old tree will all be crumbled,
It is well this work is o'er,
For this day my tasks are ended,
Tho' this fate I do deplore,
My prophecies I'll give no more."

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VII.

Here the strange old figure shuddered,
For the leaves that down had fluttered,
Now had shriveled and had vanished,
As such leaves had oft before.

"See," she sighed, "they are fast flitting
Now away, my power is slipping,
So toward home you may go tripping,
And happy be forever more.

For the future of your class-mates

Do not worry, I implore,

Their mark is made, rest on that score."

FLORENCE WALLDORFF.

—0—

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WHIPPLE—Photographer



Editorial Staff, 1912-13

EDITORIALS.



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.

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

With this issue of Congress Israel Cohen has acted as assistant manager, and deserves much credit for his efforts in that capacity. The same is due Miss Conklin in collecting advertising bills.

How quickly the hand of time moves in its successive revolutions with actions, events and things existing only in memory. With this issue is completed another year in the history of The Congress. It has slipped by very rapidly, indeed, perhaps too much so to accomplish the best results.

This has been a year of reconstruction. The editorial staff was entirely new and inexperienced when the first issue of the year was put out. On account of this circumstance we were often confronted with numerous obstacles which sorely threatened the success of the paper. The management, and in one sense the most important side of a high school paper, has produced the greatest difficulties, as no one seemed willing to assume its responsibilities.

We have, however, overcome these obstacles one by one, gaining

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confidence with experience and now The Congress stands on a firm footing financially and otherwise. From now on The Congress will continue to improve, and will soon hold an enviable position among the high school journals of the country. The members of the staff next year will be more or less experienced and we know they will be satisfied with nothing but the best.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the fact that a good business manager is essential to the success of the paper. This is perhaps the most important person on the staff. We would suggest that after all members of the staff have been appointed with the exception of the business manager, that a board consisting of the editor-in-chief, his assistant, and one or two members of the faculty should select two or three candidates for the position of manager. From these candidates a manager could be chosen by an election of the student body who would be more responsible to the school as a whole and more interested in his work than if he were merely appointed.

The student-body has been generally interested in The Congress this year, and we wish to thank especially those who realize that the editors are not supposed to write everything that appears in the paper.

We have made our mistakes but we have also tried to let the same ones occur but once. Perhaps some have resented the "knocks" that have appeared concerning them. Their appearance, however, has been only in friendly humor, and if your feelings have been hurt please remember we have all been exposed to the same hammer.

In bidding "Au Revoir" with the words of Shakespeare, we will say that if editorially, "we meet again then we shall smile, if not, then this parting was well made."

RHETORICALS.

Friday morning, May 2nd., the annual Arbor Day exercises were held in the high school auditorium. The program was well arranged and it was carried out without the slightest mistake or mishap. If a stranger had entered the assembly room at any moment during the exercises, he would undoubtedly have congratulated our oratory instructor upon the excellent showing made by her pupils. Space does not permit individual criticism, but the same quality of excellence pervaded throughout the entire program.

The opening numbers were selections by the Orchestra and the O. H. S. Glee Club; oration, Theodore Roosevelt on "Americanism," by Norman Tompkins; oration, "Lasca," by Edgar Orvis; recitation, "Sally Ann's Experience," by Irene Mack; selection, "Morning Invitation," J. H. S.; readings from the *Mill on the Floss*—(a) "Boy and Girl," by Mabel Spindler; (b) "The Last Conflict," by Bessie Herzog; recitation, "The Cushville Hop," by Hazel Windsor; soprano solo, "Sleep Ma L'l Baby Coon," by Mary Kelsey; violin solo, Gounod's "Berceuse," Florence Sigel; oration, "The Man with His Hat in His Hand," by Herbert Isaman. Scenes from Sheridan's "School For Scandal." Cast: Lady Teagle, Frances Seely; Sir Peter Teagle,

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Edgar Orvis; selections, "Sweet and Low," "The Two Clocks," Girls' Double Quartette.

Following the selections by the Orchestra, the high school and junior high school students adjourned to the campus, where a tree was planted and dedicated to the Class of 1913 under whose direction the program was given. The spade with which the tree was planted was presented to the Junior Class by Rudolph Sandburg, President of the Senior Class. The response was made by President Gates of the Junior Class. The final number was the Dedication of the Tree, by Elizabeth Conklin, after which school was dismissed for the day.

Tuesday evening, May 20, a German entertainment was given in the high school auditorium. The grade work deserves special praise. A feature number was a selection by the Violin Quartette, composed of Irene Mack, Mary Reitz, Dorothy Eastman and Florence Sigel. Prof. Raymond Smith and his assistants deserve great credit for their work.

The first play, "Doktor Gregory und sein Patient," was an amusing farce. The cast, including Charles Rowland as Doktor Gregory, and Kirby Martindale as Der Patient, deserves especial mention.

The other play was a two-act comedy, "Unter Vier Augen." Harry Schnabel, as Dr. Felix Volkart, artist, and his wife, Mrs. Volkart (Mildred Gesse,) handled their parts very capably. Frank Morton, as Baumann, the butler, acquitted himself in fine style. Elizabeth Conklin, as Lotte, the maid, proved a great favorite to the large audience in her pantomime efforts to please her mistress.

—o—



Class Day Program

(Written by Elizabeth Mosser.)

The program for Class Night opened with the two-act farce, "Up to Freddie." The scene of the first act is laid in Lodge's room at college, where he and his friend, Stanhope, are discussing Lodge's new play. After a serious discussion of some of its faults, Lodge decides to "try out" the proposal scene on one of the girls who is invited to tea in his room later in the afternoon. In his anxiety for his play, he becomes involved in an engagement—at first unwillingly, but later, seriously.

Freddie Thatcher, from whom the play takes its name, is the character whom the four girls plan to "subdue properly" for his ardent love-making to each of them in turn. In the second act, which occurs on Class Day on the South Porch of the college building, Freddie finds that he is in a serious predicament, as each of the girls seems to be not only willing but anxious to accept his proposal of marriage. He is finally brought to the point of complete distraction, and departs, bag and baggage, much to the amusement and satisfaction of the girls.

The play was presented with the following cast:

Greenville Lodge, an amateur playwright, the innocent victim of his own plot who seeks escape and then eludes it.....	Rudolph W. Sandburg
John Stanhope, who starts the game, best friend to Lodge, and one who unintentionally causes all the mischief....	Malcolm H. Soule
Freddie Thatcher, a most propah and irreproachable young man, who fawnies himself quite irresistible to all fair maidens.....	C. Hayden LeRoy
Miss Prince, a dignified and gracious chaperon, aunt to Marguerite, who unconsciously but quite effectively assists in promoting the mischief . . .	Dorothy Hughes
Marguerite Burnett, one who catches and is caught, also a young person "who really and truly knows her own mind".....	Elizabeth Conklin
Mary Stanhope, sister to Jack.....	Theodora Harris
Patty Huges, a fascinating westerner.....	Margaret Fisher
Dorothea Chisholm, timid and tender-hearted....	Catherine Scheiterle
Lenore Crowinshield, dignified and averse to mosquitoes.	Esther Clyde
Four fair and shifty-minded maidens.	

The second part of the program consisted of the following "Class Stunts:"

Introductory Address by the President, and Presentation of Class Memorial . . .	Rudolph W. Sandburg
History of the Class of 1913.....	Herbert Isaman
Statistics . . .	Edgar Orvis
Grinds . . .	Theodora Harris
Class Poem . . .	Israel Cohen
Grumbles . . .	Malcolm Soule
Prophecy . . .	Florence Walldorff
Will . . .	Helen LeStrange
Dedication of Memorial to Kathleen Murphy.....	Bessie Herzog
Class Song . . .	Members of Class of 1918

The Seniors As We Know Them

LESLIE ATKINS.—

Baseball. Football. Debating Team. High School Play, '12.
Basket Ball. Athletic Editor of Congress 1912. Oratory Contest
'12. Business Manager of Congress 1913. Glee Club.

"A merrier man

Within the limit of becoming mirth

I never spent an hour's talk withal."—Shakespeare.

FRANK BECKWITH.—

"A soldier's name

Shall shine untarnished on the roll of fame."—Humphrey.

MAURICE BRIODY.—

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."—Shakespeare.

EARL CHEW.—

"Comparisons are odious."—Marlowe.

ISRAEL COHEN.—Class Poet.

"In arguing too, he holds his skill

For e'en tho' vanquished, he can argue still."—Goldsmith.

JAMES CROWLEY.—

"Anything for a quiet life."—Middleton.

CHARLES DUGAN.—

Football, Captain of Track Team.

"As merry as the day is long."—Shakespeare.

HENRY HALL.—

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit"—Fielding.

RAYMOND HANNON.—Honor from J. H. S.

Glee Club. Male Quartette. High School Play '12.

"And when a lady's in the case,

You know all other things give place."—Gay.

GEORGE HEROLD.—Honor in High School.

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."—Pope.

HERBERT ISAMAN.—Honor from J. H. S.

Oratory Contest '12. Debating Team. Honor in High School.

Glee Club. Class History.

"Whose well taught mind the present age surpast."—Pope.

HAYDEN LEROY.—Honor from J. H. S.

Exchange Editor of Congress '12. Manager of Debating Team.

Secretary of Junior Class. Class Day Farce. Honor in High
School. Grinds on Class Day. Oratory Contest '12.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."—Shakespeare.

ALVIN LONG.—

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident of tomor-
rows."—Wordsworth.

WELLCOME LUCE.—Debating Club.

"The village all declared how much he knew."—Goldsmith.

HAROLD MURRAY.—Honor in High School.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."—Shakespeare.

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EDGAR ORVIS.—Football. Basket ball. Baseball '12-13. Manager of Baseball Team '13. Debating Team. High School Play '12.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again."—Shakespeare.

LAWRENCE PAGE.—Baseball. Basket Ball. Glee Club. Honor from J. H. S. Football.

"His form is of the manliest beauty,

His heart is kind and soft."—Dibdin.

RUDOLPH SANDBURG.—Second Honor J. H. S. High School Play '12. President of Junior Class. President of Senior Class. Debating Club. Editor-in-Chief Congress. Second Honor in High School. Class Day Farce. Oratory Contest '12.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew."—Goldsmith.

MALCOLM SOULE.—Debating Club. Grumbles on Class Day. Class Day Farce.

"Far off his coming shone."—Milton.

LINUS SULLIVAN.—Baseball '12-13.

"We grant altho' he had much wit,

He was very shy of using it."—Butler.

EDWARD TRIESKY—

"'Tis sense, good sense, which only is the gift of heaven."—Pope.

LENEA ANDERSON.—Wayside.

"A quiet lass, there are few who know the treasure hid in you."

AGNES BECKMAN.—

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."—Pope.

RUTH BESLEY.—Wayside. Glee Club. Orchestra.

"And but herself admits no parallel."—Messinger.

CELESTINE BISETT.—Wayside. Glee Club.

"Gentle of speech, beneficial of mind."—Pope.

JOSEPHINE CARLSON.—Honor in High School. Wayside.

"When she will she will, and you may depend on it;

And when she wont', she won't, and there's an end on it."

ESTHER CLYDE.—Honor from J. H. S. High School play '12. Secretary of Glee Club '12. Double Quartette. Wayside. Avon. Class Day Farce.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

—Shakespeare.

MARY COLE.—Wayside.

"Her very frowns are fairer far

Than smiles of other maidens are."

GERTRUDE COLLINS.—Honor from J. H. S. Wayside. Glee Club. Basket Ball.

"A rose-bud set with little wilfull thorns."—Tennyson.

DONNA CRANDALL.—Honor from J. H. S.

"Come, give us a taste of your quality."—Shakespeare.

MARY DEMPSEY.—Wayside.

"The blushing beauties of a modest maid."—Dryden.

MARGARET FISHER.—Wayside. Glee Club. Double Quartette. Basket Ball. High School Play '12. Honor in High School.

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Class Day Farce.

"Oh, you flavor everything. You are the very vanilla of society."—Kerwin.

MILDRED GESSE.—Wayside. Glee Club. Double Quartette. High School Play '12. Avon. German Play.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

ELLA GOODRICH.—Wayside. Glee Club.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn

Sweet as the primrose beneath the thorn."—Goldsmith.

SOPHIA HARDEL.—Honor from J. H. S.

"A spirit pure as her's is always pure."—Moore.

THEODORA HARRIS.—Wayside. Class Day Farce.

"And kind the voice and glad the eyes."—Bryant.

BESSIE HERZOG.—Wayside. Glee Club. Double Quartette.

"Oh, music! sphere-descended maid,

Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!"—Collins.

CHRISTINE HOLLY.—Glee Club. Wayside.

"She was fair, and fairer than that word, of wondrous virtues."

—Shakespeare.

DOROTHY HUGHES.—Wayside. Glee Club. Class Day Farce.

"Shalt show us how divine a thing

A woman may be made."—Wordsworth.

VERA KOONTZ.—Honor from J. H. S. Honor in High School.

"In every gesture dignity."—Milton.

HELEN LE STRANGE.—Secretary of Wayside, '13. Treasurer of Junior and Senior Classes. Glee Club. Society Editor of Congress '12-13. Class Will.

"Those about her from her shall read the perfect ways of honor."—Shakespeare.

EDITH MOORE.—Wayside. Girls' Basket Ball Team. Glee Club. Double Quartette.

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant too, to think on."

ELIZABETH CONKLIN.—First Honor J. H. S. First Honor in High School. Class Day Farce. Story Editor of Congress.

"If the gods were to make a heavenly wager

And on it place two earthly women,

And Elizabeth Conklin one, something would have to be pawned with the other,

For the rude world hath not her fellow."—Shakespeare.

ELIZABETH MOSSER.—Class Song. Wayside.

"Music, where soft voices die

Vibrates in the memory."—Shelby.

MARGARET MULCAY.—Wayside.

"A kind and gentle heart she had

To comfort friends and foes."—Goldsmith.

GENEVIEVE RYDEN—"The heart is its own fate."—Bailey.

FLORENCE SIGEL.—Orchestra, '10, '11, '12, '13. Wayside. High School Play '12.

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"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to melt a rock or bend a knotted oak."

MABEL SPINDLER.—Wayside. Glee Club. High School Play '12.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—Keats.

CLARA SULLIVAN.—Wayside. High School Play '12.

"The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid."—Tickell.

CATHERINE SCHEITERLE.—Wayside. Glee Club. Girls' Basket Ball Team. Class-Day Farce.

"Then she would whisper—ye gods! how she could whisper."

—Anon.

BESSIE TOMES.—Girls' Basket Ball Team. Vice-President of Junior Class. President of Wayside '12-13. Honor in High School.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint

And those who know thee know all words are faint."—Moore.

FLORENCE WALLDORFF.—Glee Club. Double Quartette. President of Wayside, '11 and '12. Vice-President of Senior Class. Manager of Girls' Basket Ball Team. Personal Editor Congress.

"Or light or dark or short or tall,

She sets a spring to snare them all.—Aldrich.

—o—

SOME SINGULAR PLURALS.

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is goose, while two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole lot of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
And cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But the plural of vow is vows, not vine.
If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and the whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
Then one may be that, and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.
And the plural of rat is rats, not rose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him;
Just imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

Ex.



Miss Crandall (Eng. Hist.)—Is there any upper class in the U. S?

M. Hosley—Minister's sons.

A friend, to Shorty—"Do you like that Harem—? but Shorty got in a hurry to make a good impression and answered, "Haven't been in it yet."

If Myrtie is Waitress is Dot Cooke?

A Potato Race.

Miss Hogan in Int. Alg.—"If the basket is 4 feet from the first potato how many feet does the contestant have to run if he goes to the first potato and back to the basket?"

Watts—Sixteen feet.

Miss Hogan—Yes, if he runs on both feet.

H. Lyons has a liking for alliterative names, such as base-ball, basket-ball, Beatrice Bowser, etc.

Helen LeStrange is in charge of "The Walldorff" now.

Wonder what the Seniors would do if they knew where the bottle they buried on Arbor Day reposes?

Marguerite Smith must be trying to get on the right side of Mr. Pierce, going to the reception with a namesake of his.

We would like to know where Celestine got her "Fee" for the dance?

Miss Perkins thinks it is Wright to skip school with those of the opposite persuasion.

Miss Tomes thinks there is no woman Norman so great as a debater.

Our dear high school life is now ended,
And sorrowfully must we part;
But with us we take many treasures,
And some of us try to take Hart.

—"Some" of the Senior Girls.

Horan—"Why is a chick like next Wednesday?"

Woods—"I don't know."

Horan—"Because it's neck's weak."

Woods—"Ah! I heard that about a week back."

Too bad Miss Saunders didn't wait and let you ask Betty the "important question" privately before she asked you to do it in public, isn't it, Rudi?

THE CONGRESS.

Did you ever know Clara Sullivan was curious? If you want to know just mention "Art."

We wonder which Joe will win in the Jimmy Wiles Case. Pretty serious, eh?

Quite an attraction between Douglas Hooker and Cad Scheiterle?

Why does Howard Raub prefer Laurens street to Barry street for example? Perhaps Marie can explain. Ask her.

Where, Oh where has Betty C's Jimmy gone?

Margaret Fisher would get ice cream sodas at Palmer's if it "Buster" her allowance.

Marguerite Smith has a good stand-in with Mr. Pierce. We mean Robbins Pierce.

Schenfield evidently has been taking boxing lessons, as he did some practicing in Physics Lab recently.

Why did Briody stag it to the Junior Reception?

The O. H. S. extend their sincere sympathy to Short Pratt on her recent bereavement of "Ray leaving Olean forever."

Can You Imagine

Vera Koontz without her Virgil,
Charles Rowland without his smile,
Bob Walldorff flirting or
Frances Seely out of style?
Edith Moore without her ribbons,
Robert Jewell at a High school dance,
Chuck Dugan talking serious, or
Bert Rowland running a ranch?

Curtiss Tuttle has two failings, "Chew"ing gum and strolling on Seventh street.

Advice to Miss Perkins: Always keep your shades down, especially when a certain young man comes to call.

Why is Bob Shaner at Brown's Restaurant so much? He's learning the business.

Have you noticed the popularity of Bob Walldorff lately? He has five after him now.

Why is B. Taylor like a Mormon?

I wonder what Mary Allen is going to do after "Shorty" leaves her?

Marie Coughlin and Helen LeStrange think that Howard Raub and his "car" are allright.

The Shakesperian Plays given in the basement of the school will continue next year with "Dunc Wormer" as the manager. Imagine the plays.

There is no limit to "Tommy" Atkins' ability. He practices Grand Opera every night now before baseball practice.

Oh! Gates was seen with his arms around a girl right in the hall. That's a nice example to set us poor Juniors, Chuck.

Tuthill and Lyons are thinking of starting a Ladies' Shoe Store. They were practicing taking off girls shoes at Park's recently.

Here's your chance, girls. Don Alderman has decided to go with the girls, so he says.

WHO'S WHO IN O. H. S.

Principal Franklin E. Pierce
Vice-Principal Claude R. Dye

Senior Class.

President Rudolph W. Sandburg
Vice-President Florence Walldorff
Secretary Leslie J. Atkins
Treasurer Helen LeStrange

Junior Class.

President Charles Gates
Vice President Margaret Morris
Secretary Duncan Wormer
Treasurer Helen Neff

Sophomore Class.

President Norman Tompkins
Vice President Marie O'Connell
Secretary Howard Raub
Treasurer Jane MacDuffie

Basket Ball 1912-13.

Manager Bernard Taylor
Captain Duncan Wormer

Track 1913.

Manager Morrison Swain
Captain Charles Dugan

Baseball 1913.

Manager Edgar Orvis
Captain Waldo Burdick

Wayside.

President Bessie Tomes
Vice President Elsie Luther
Secretary Helen LeStrange
Treasurer Margaret Morris

Debate.

Manager B. U. Taylor, Jr

Football.

Manager Don Alderman

German Club.

President Charles Rowland
Vice President Edgar Orvis

Honors of Class of 1913.

First. Elizabeth Conklin
Second Rudolph W. Sandburg
The rest in alphabetical order: Josephine Carlson, Margaret Fisher,
George Herold, Vera Koontz, Herbert Isaman, C. Hayden LeRoy,
Harold Murray and Bessie Tomes.

Editorial.

We were disappointed in not being able to publish the Statistics
of the Senior Class, as they were not finished in time.

Class Will

Be it remembered that we, the Class of 1913 of the High school in the city of Olean, do make, publish and declare this, our last Will and Testament, that is to say:

We do give and bequeath to Marguerite Smith, Malcolm Soule's studiousness, so that she may be as great a credit to Allegany as Malcolm is.

To the President of 1914 Class we give and bequeath our own worthy President's managing, executive and oratorical ability.

To Anna Collins we give Charles Dugan's friendship.

To Frances Seely we will give Esther Clyde's reputation as a favorite with the boys.

To Ellen Corsett we give Mary Dempsey's conversational ability, hoping it will aid her in overcoming some of her bashfulness.

Upon Helen Seely we bestow Alice Boynton's art of curling her hair.

To Blair Wormer we bequeath Ray Hannon's example of faithfulness to Mildred so that Blair may get over his apparent fickleness.

To the Freshmen Class we give and bequeath Vera Koontz's quiet dignity, hoping it will save them many embarrassments which people so green are liable to encounter.

To Marian Hagadorn we give a back seat in S. H. A. that a Senior with dignity can hold.

We give and bequeath to Luther Crannell, Welcome Luce's superfluous altitude, hoping he may be better able to defend himself.

We give to Duncan Wormer, Leslie Atkins' vocabulary so as to aid him in talking to the girls.

To the French classes we will leave several complete dictionaries, hoping they will have their lessons better prepared next year.

To the future President of Wayside we give and bequeath Bessie Tomes' executive ability.

We give to Robert Jewell the seat occupied by him during the fifth period this year as a memory of the many hours he spent gazing at the clock.

To Bert Rowland we give Edgar Orvis' oratorical ability so that the students in O. H. S. may know the sound of Bert's voice.

To Marie Coughlin we give Betty Conklin's eternal giggle and coquettish glances across the aisles.

We leave Harold Murray's dignity of manner to Morrison Swain.

To some of the Junior boys we leave a portion of the good manners, respectfulness and dignity displayed on all occasions by the Senior boys.

We give and bequeath to Harry Buffington, Hayden LeRoy's record as a lady's man.

We do give and bequeath to the Class Musicians of 1914, all the pieces practiced so arduously by Elizabeth Mosser before she decided which one to use for our Class Song.

To the Junior girls, we give Florence Walldorff's sweetness of manner and popularity.

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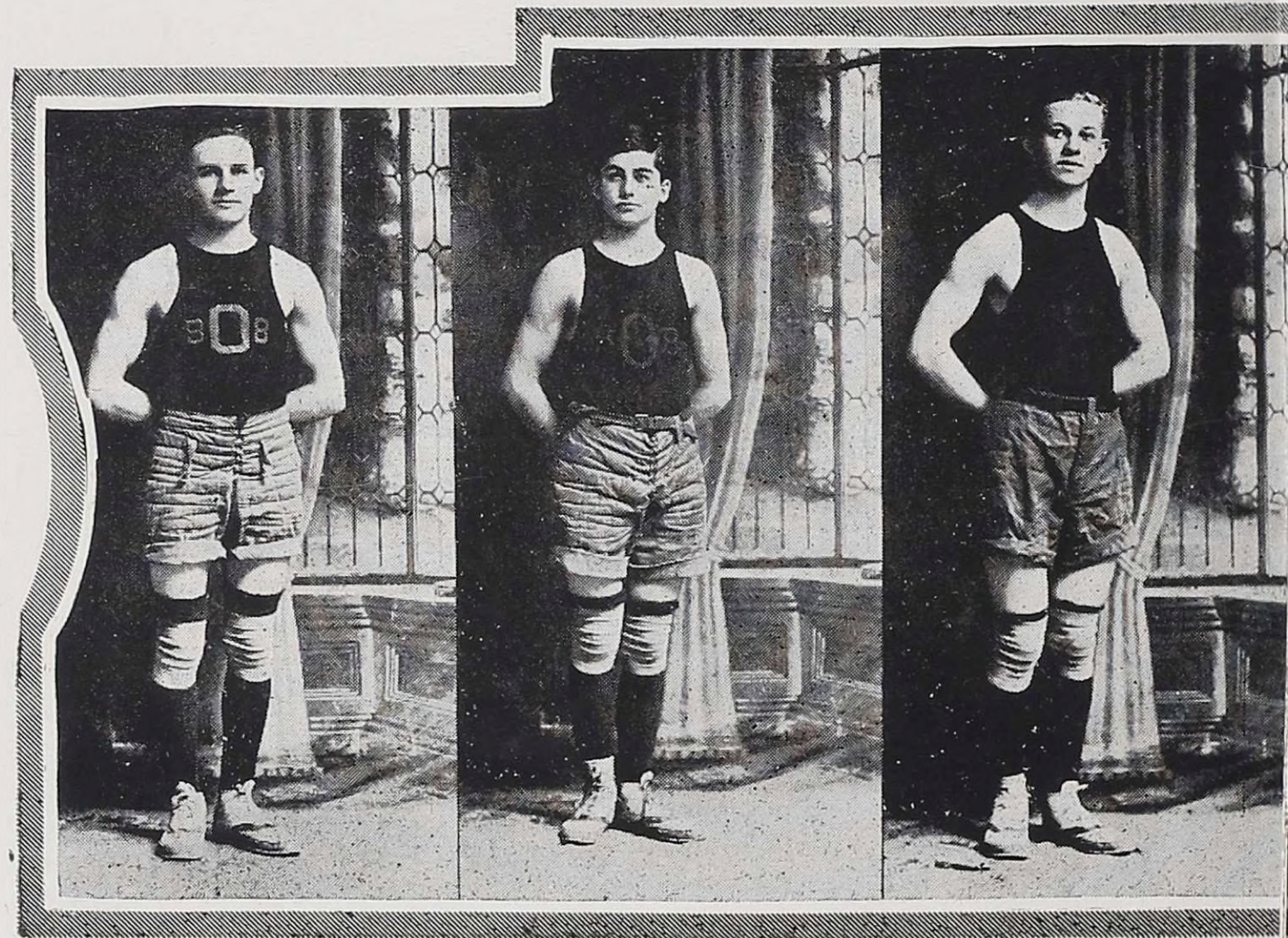
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To some of the Junior boys we leave a portion of the good manners, respectfulness and dignity displayed on all occasions by the Senior boys.

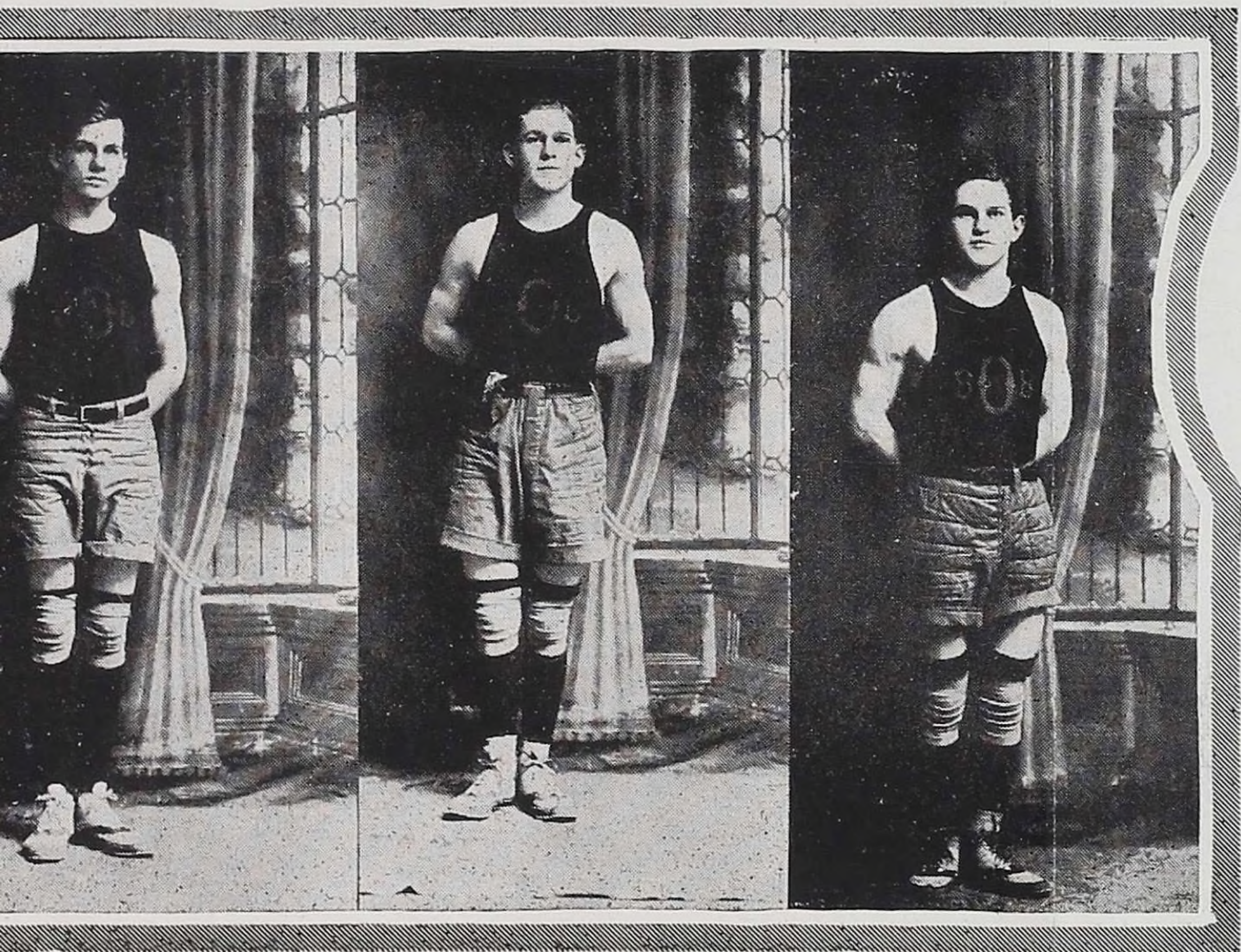
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Basket Ball Team



1912-13

THE CONGRESS.

To Gretchen Mayer we leave Theodora Harris' supply of little curls.

To the Sophomore Class, we give and bequeath a free edition of Waldran Ray's latest book entitled "How to get through school without work." (But he hasn't finished.)

We give and bequeath to Mary Allen, Mabel Spindler's place before the mirror in the cloak room.

To Francis Barry, the faithful and efficient assistant editor of Congress, we give and bequeath all editorials, stories, and other materials unused by the present editor, Rudolph Sandberg.

We hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Pierce and Miss Shea as the executors of this, our Last Will and Testament, and revoke all other and former Wills made and executed by us.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this the twenty-fifth day of June, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen.

Testator:

HELEN LE STRANGE.

Signed and sealed as the Last Will and Testament of 1913, to which we, at the request of Testator in her presence and the presence of each other, subscribe our names as witnesses.

SUPT. BATCHELLER.

MR. COBB,

COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement exercises of the Class of 1913 were held Thursday evening, June 26, 1913, in the Opera House. This year the Commencement orations by the honor students of the class were dispensed with. A program consisting of musical numbers by the Orchestra and Glee Club and Commencement address by Dr. Charles Alexander Richmond, president of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., was substituted.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

The baccalaureate sermon was given to the graduating class by Rev. Boyd of the Presbyterian church, with Rev. Mark Kelley assisting, Sunday evening, June 22, at the Methodist church.

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Class Grumbles

There are a large number of very important matters that should be brought before the inmates of the O. H. S. before the worthy members of the Class of 1913 leave for their future vocations. Many things have happened which have caused the displeasure of my colleagues and myself during the past year. However, I feel it my duty to pass over thousands of minor events in order to do justice to the more important ones.

In the earlier days of our Senior year we were dumbfounded by the appearance of a phenomenon in our midst which bore the title of Welcome Luce. This gentleman from the first was destined to have a paternal influence on all members of the Senior Class. He seemed to have a great knack of getting excuses; whether his size had any influence in obtaining for him these missives or not remains uncertain. However, he had a mania for matching pennies, and at different times during the year Harold Murray, Alvin Long and Edgar Orvis have been detected leaving the laboratory with heads downcast, having been cleaned by the aforestated gentleman. Another faculty which he possessed was that of an entertainer. Many an afternoon has been brightened by his performances. He would stand on his head with his feet gently placed against the ceiling, to the great admiration of Bessie Tomes and Irene Mack, who seem to have a warm spot in their hearts for Mr. Luce.

Of course I do not wish to criticize any of our faculty, nor do I feel that I have any right to knock on his work. But if there ever was a detective, the Principal fills the bill. At any time one is able to catch him sauntering up the hall looking for something. I might state that we are perfectly satisfied with service rendered by him, but we would gladly recommend him for a much higher position, perhaps to that of head of the Burns Detective Agency.

The one diversion which has been enjoyed by the Senior Class through the entire year is the usual Monday morning assembly. After roll call the students wait impatiently and listen intently for the beautiful strains of ROW-ROW-ROW, which heralds them to the Assembly Hall. There upon the rostrum, sits the Principal with a solemn look upon his face, which Miss Crandall calls Puritanic. Directly after the students have become anchored the Principal arises and announces his engagements for the week. As soon as the students have calmed themselves and the Principal has seated himself, our worthy Chorister ascends to the platform and in words only too adequate tells of the influence of music on the human mind; likewise she tells of the future that the Orchestra and Glee Club have before them. She then selects a few pieces that she expects to be sung, but which appear to be English Opera. We hope that in the future our musical director may have a more appreciative audience than she has had this year, but if there is ever a body of High School students that are able rightly to comprehend her selections it will be in Heaven alone, for the Grand Opera she springs was written for

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In Study Hall A many things have happened that require deep thought and study. Of course it is not necessary to mention the facts concerning the revolt that took place there a few months ago. The young gentlemen will ever retain the thoughts of that memorable morning when they found that the books had been removed to room No. 106 and, that the teacher in charge scorned to look upon them. It was an awful come down to see the Juniors parading the study hall, but then, as they say Miss M— says Seniors are prepared for anything, consequently we endured it. During the absence of the boys from the Senior study hall the young ladies sadly complained that S. H. A. was being converted into an old maid's retreat, at least I wish to state a few of the interests of the Junior Class owing to the fact that we were entertained so delightfully at Riverhurst. Why didn't the Junior Class elect Bernard their president? I am sure that his winning way would have guided the Juniors through many a crisis. He seems to have a great ability for "running things" especially RECEPTIONS. Oratory seems to strike him spasmodically; even Mr. Dye is unable to control him from delivering a Demosthenian oration if he is once started. However, there are two individuals who have exerted, and I might add, are exerting a great influence on his life, and it seems that he is destined to be a man of prominence.

Every article of any worth must somewhere in its fold retain a strain of LOVE, and our class has been blest with sentiment. Raymond Hannon and Mildred Gesse, Rudolph Sandburg and Betty Conklin could advise any ardent questioner just how long it is possible to enjoy each other's company between classes; at least the anxious inquirers might ask them. I am sure no Juniors will acquire the case these four have, because I see the divorce court ahead of our worthy classmates.

Right here I am going to pause to review the athletic events in the near past. Olean had a football team of which she thought she might be proud. After taking a few men to Buffalo who were supposed to be football players, and an equal number of "Ringers" Olean High School received just what she deserved. The football manager should be complimented and the team should be publicly thanked by the Principal for the noble work they performed last fall. Another event that should not be passed by is the work of our splendid track team. This year's track team was certainly a success. The prizes that WERE NOT awarded them should be used to adorn the walls of Study Hall A. After gazing intently at the two beautiful banners that were captured by the 110 and 112 teams, the 113 team have something to be proud of. If O. H. S. was ever disgraced it was at Alfred this year. In behalf of the school we Seniors extend a vote of thanks to Tompkins for saving the day for Olean. The basketball season was marked with a series of quarrels with the members of the 143d Separate Co., and basket ball in the future looks dubious for Olean unless the armory authorities allow themselves to be duped. However, the baseball season has been very successful, although it nearly

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cost the Manager his SWEETHEART. Shorty's loyalty to baseball and Mary's love of dancing did not coincide, and after a short period of separation they were brought together by the "Wayside" dance.

I have thus far concentrated my thoughts upon a few things too long, it seems necessary that I mention a few matters which will right me with those people who have placed me in this perilous position. What do I care if Harold Murray's hair is curly, or whether Margaret Fisher arrays herself in a different dress for each class, but I do wish to state that Herbert Isaman has altogether too many affinities, among which are the two-wheeled vehicle called the bicycle, the arts of cabinet making and debating, and last but by no means least, the beauties of Niagara.

It hardly seems necessary that I mention the carelessness and indifference shown by one of the members of the faculty, but if there ever was a matter that should be brought before the supreme council it is that of the delight that Miss S. obtains from being allowed to slam a chair against the bell button and dismissing the classes a half an hour ahead of time. However, this is only one of the failings of our popular Elocution teacher. We have been informed that she is about to venture forth on the field of matrimony, but we sincerely hope that her betrothed will not have to stand the constant nagging that she has administered (so I hear by way of "Happy" Atkins) to her English classes.

A fact that has caused much displeasure on the part of the Seniors was that we were not to have a "Senior Play" this year. It seems that in some way or other the Class of 1913 is unlucky at any rate. It seems to me that they are as well fitted to appear in the limelight as were the former classes of the O. H. S.. Certainly Miss Saunders and Mr. Dence would administer the ammonia water to any of the members should one of them turn faint hearted. We as a class implore the Principal to allow the Class of 1914 to produce a play and suggest this serio-comedy, "One Man Can Run Some Things Sometimes, But Not All Things at All Times." I will summarize the play in as few words as possible. In Act I a meeting of the Junior Class is called and the officers are elected. Act II—After several indignant meetings, the officers of the Junior Class are called upon to decide the question of a "Junior-Senior Reception." Act III.—Full of rioting and eloquent stump speeches by both parties. Act IV.—B. U. T., Jr. enters and the tide of affairs is quickly turned. The result of the last act is the appearance of the name of this favored gentleman printed in flaming letters on the program of events.

It seems that I would overdo my subject should I linger much longer over the millions of incidents which have caused our displeasure. My work is now completed, and if for any reason I have caused the displeasure or life-long hatred of any of the people whose names I have mentioned, I wish to be pardoned because some one had to do it and the task was given to me. The truth must be told and if anything has been said that will be any benefit to the persons mentioned, I hope they will profit by the advice given, and begin to be almost human.

MALCOLM H. SOULE.

THE CONGRESS.

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MALCOLM H. SOULE.



Class of 1914



of 1913



SENIOR JUNIOR RECEPTION.

The Senior Class of 1913 gave to the Junior Class one of the most delightful receptions ever held by any class in O. H. S.

The reception was held at the K. of C. hall on the evening of May 16. Dancing commenced at nine o'clock and ended as the clock struck one. After the sixth dance the Welcome Address was made by Rudolph Sandburg, President of the Senior Class, and was responded to by the Vice-President of the Junior Class, Margaret Morris.

The hall was decorated very prettily with banners and pennants, the color effect being red and white, the class colors. Refreshments were served in the dining room of the club, and the committee is to be congratulated on its perfect arrangements in this particular. In the center of the table was an immense bouquet of red and white roses.

The reception was pronounced a success and everyone on leaving expressed his appreciation of the good time accorded to all.

The committee in charge was Malcolm Soule, chairman; Esther Clyde, Bessie Tones, Theadora Harris Hayden LeRoy and Lawrence Page.

The chaperones of the evening were the Mesdames Clyde, Walldorff and R. Mayer.

JUNIOR—SENIOR RECEPTION.

Riverhurst was the scene of a very pretty reception given the Seniors by the Junior Class of O. H. S., May 23, 1913.

The hall was prettily decorated with purple and white crepe paper and banners. Where the orchestra was seated, a screen of the prevailing colors made of crepe paper, hung from the ceiling; while the platform was banked in front with huge bouquets of honeysuckles.

After the fifth dance, the Welcome Address was made by Bernard Taylor and responded to by Elizabeth Conklin of the Senior Class.

There was intermission at 11:30 o'clock and a bountiful lunch was served in the pavilion.

The committees in charge were: Music, Robert Shaner, Chairman; Marie Coughlin and Margaret Morris. Refreshments, Gretchen Mayer, Frances Seely. Decoration, Bernard Taylor, Marion Hagadorn and Mary Allen.

The chaperones were Mesdames Clyde, Mayer and Hagadorn.

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WAYSIDE.

A delightful time was accorded the Wayside girls May 21, when seven of their number, Florence Sigel, Christine Holly, Marguerite Smith, Irene Mack, Mary Cole, Josephine Carlson and Lennea Anderson, entertained them at the Grand and later at Herron's, where refreshments were served.

At Herron's the decorative effect was lovely. The back stalls were reserved for the Club, and these were trimmed with yellow and white crepe paper, while on the center of each table was placed a white geranium plant. These decorations combined with the excellent music made this part of the evening's performance much more enjoyable.

The party was chaperoned by two members of the faculty, Misses Saunders and Custard.

SUMMARY OF WAYSIDE EVENTS.

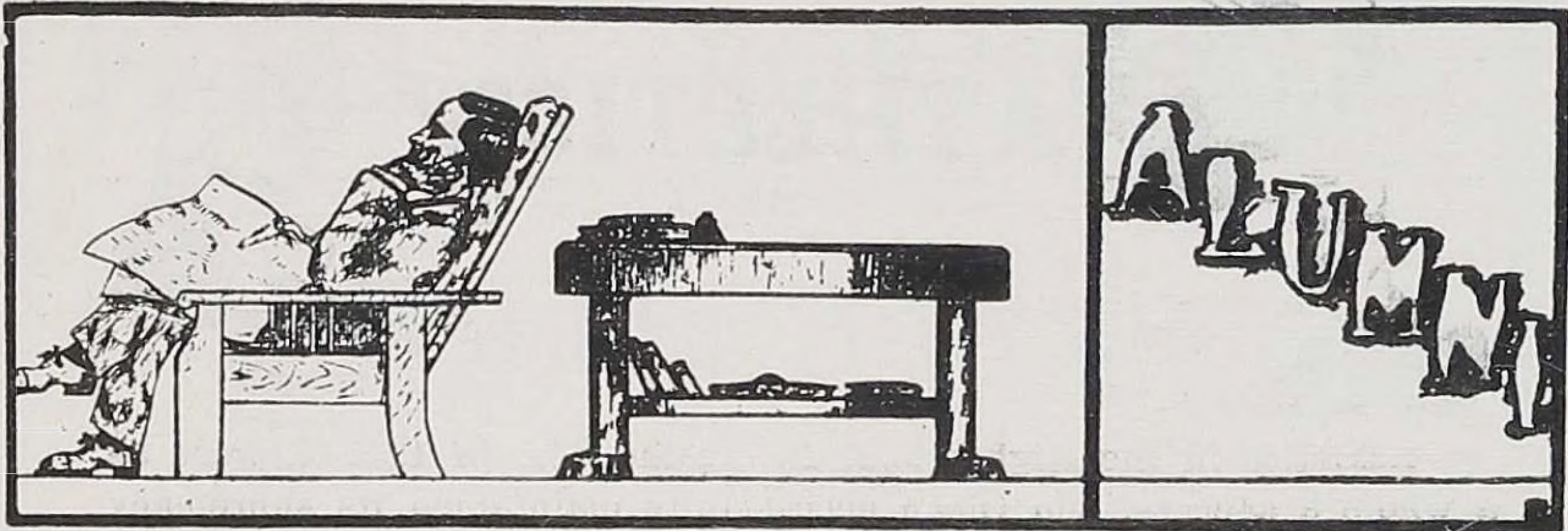
As the school year draws to a close, we look back and recall the many good times enjoyed by the Wayside Girls at the different functions.

Officers were elected the latter part of September. They were: President, Bessie Tomes; Vice-President, Elsie Luther; Secretary, Helen LeStrange; Treasurer, Margaret Morris.

The social season for the club began October 24, 1912, when the four officers entertained at the home of the President, Bessie Tomes. A few weeks later we were again entertained at the home of Mary Allen, where we spent a delightful evening. On December 10, 1912, seven girls entertained us at a theatre party at the "Grand." During January things were quiet as Regents were on hand, but in February entertaining was again resumed at Cecile Johnson's, where a George Washington's party was given. Then the Wayside Dance, one of the most charming affairs ever held by the Club. A month later, a number of girls again entertained us at the "Grand Theatre."

As a fitting and final climax to a well spent year, Wayside Girls gave a picnic at Rock City June 6, 1913. In the evening from 8:30 to 12 o'clock, a social dance was held in the dancing pavilion for their friends. A number of the faculty acted as chaperons.

HELEN LE STRANGE.



President—John G. Duke, '04.

Vice-President—Miss Almena Bradley, '12.

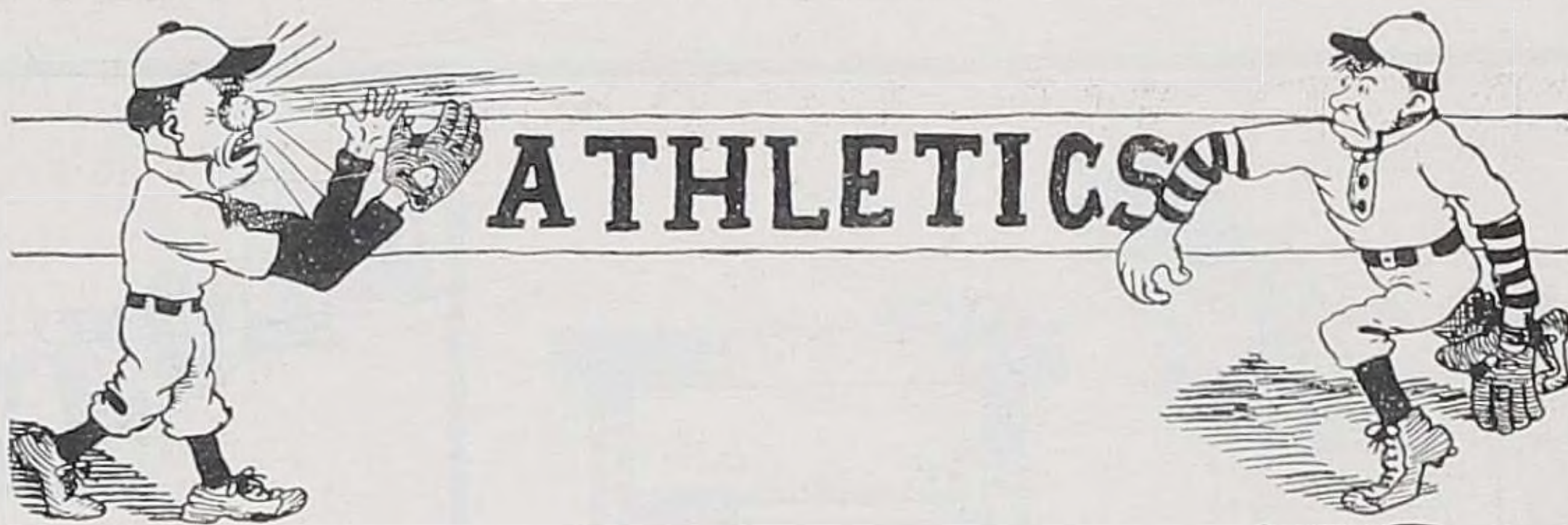
Secretary—Miss Mabel Newman, '06.

Treasurer—Dr. R. B. Morris, '03.

After a revival of interest among the members of the Alumni Association which evinced itself in a really enjoyable banquet last year, the officers and committees for 1913 are putting forth an effort to make the banquet to be held Friday evening, the 27th of June, in the Knights of Columbus club, the best in the history of the Association. The problems facing the officers of every Alumni Association, particularly in a high school, are indeed numerous, for the task of making the annual banquet a success, falls on one or two interested people, and the privilege of being adverse critics is reserved by an overwhelmingly large number of members, whose interest has not lived through the years. And, even an interested worker must acknowledge that there are many opportunities for criticisms that could hardly be called flattering.

The membership of the Olean High School Alumni Association dates from 1883, and it will be seen at a glance that between 1883 and 1913 there is a wide difference in tastes, in likes and dislikes, in ideas of what is real entertainment, and naturally, some folks will be sure to voice objections, no matter what course is adopted. But this year, under the very efficient leadership of Attorney John G. Duke, '04, an effort is being made to hold a banquet that will appeal to the interests of a very large proportion of the members. A committee waited on a few of the many Alumni whom Olean High School is proud to claim, for greetings, and messages of interest to every one, and already responses have been received that will be very much enjoyed. The reading of these newsy letters will be a part of the very short after-dinner program which has never been arranged with more care.

The dancing party, which is one of the most enjoyable features of the banquet, will be held in the ball room, but for the many banqueters to whom the strains from the dance hall are not alluring, a most enjoyable program has been arranged. The program is to be the most informal affair, and it is the plan of those interested that the program of readings and music will not interfere, but rather fit in, and become a part of the friendly intercourse that will follow the feast.



Athletics in the High school during the year of 1912-13, were as a whole a success, and Olean successfully maintained its supremacy in the schools with which its battles are year after year, fought. Defeats have come, as they will in all schools, but the victories have greatly outnumbered the defeats. The O. H. S. men took defeat gamely, and it only tended more determination on their part to win and win fairly. They were good losers, and a good loser is far better than a poor winner.

On account of light material the football team was forced to disband. They lined up against Hornell High school, and although almost hopelessly outweighed, won 9-0. Next came Lafayette High of Buffalo. Olean was crushed, and defeated by a large score. The team then disbanded, and went after basket ball.

A fast light team resulted. Hornell, Dunkirk, and Masten Park were the main victories, while Jamestown proved superior. The girls, too, worked hard for a winning team, and although they scored no victories, they deserve much credit and praise for their work. Financially, too, basket ball season was a grand success.

Despite Manager Swains efforts, enough men for the track team would not come out, and all meets had to be cancelled.

Baseball, like basket ball, has turned out with a strong, fast team. Although a few games remain to be played, a glance over the accounts of the previous games is enough to convince you of the work of the team. Always fighting for the Red and Gold the team has won many a hard struggle. On foreign fields or at home the nine has been victorious or has taken defeat the same, and no individual has slumped at his position or has lost the old Olean High school fighting spirit.

So, summing up the activities in the athletic world, of the school on the hill, it will be found that, as of old, the representatives of the school have done their best, and each may be looked upon with pride, and as a defender of the O. H. S.

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

The O. H. S. baseball team lost its first game with the Jamestown High school, at Jamestown, April 26, 1913. The game, after the first two innings, was closely contested, and while the home team out hit the Red and Gold nine, they were clearly outplayed in fielding. Score:

J. H. S.....	4	2	0	0	1	0	1	2	*—10
O. H. S.....	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1— 5

J. H. S.—Sturm and Loomis.

FRED W. FORNESS, Jr.

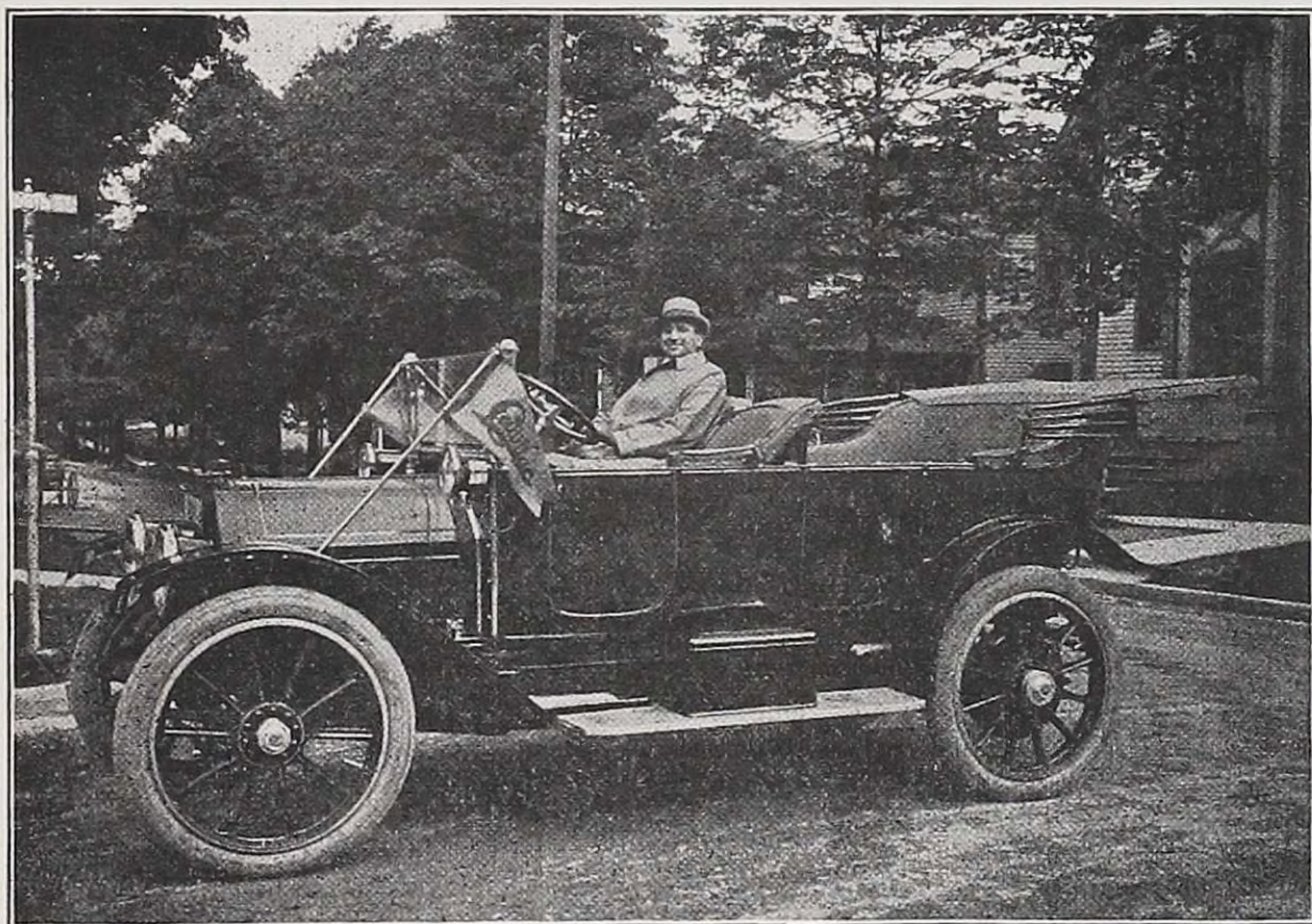
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O. H. S. vs. D. H. S.

On May 3, 1913, Olean journeyed to Delevan, where they defeated the High school team of that borough by the score of 15-5.

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

Olean nosed out Salamanca High school in the ninth inning, when they had crossed the plate five times. The game was played at Salamanca, May 7, 1913, and was the closest yet played this year. Salamanca started off at a fast clip, securing five runs off Fitch's delivery in the first inning. In the last inning two three-baggers by Woods and R. Fitch, a double by Sullivan, singles by Page and Becker, coupled with errors by Salamanca, enabled the visitors to come from behind and take the game from the grasp of the home team. Score:

Olean High School	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5—6
Salamanca High School	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—5

Batteries—O. H. S., Fitch and Hart. S. H. S., Forman and Brennan.

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

Cuba High School defeated Olean High in an 11-inning contest at Cuba May 8, 1913. Having defeated Salamanca the previous day, K. Fitch was unable to pitch. His place was taken by Bardenette, who should have easily won his game had he been properly supported.

O. H. S. vs. B. H. S.

Olean administered a 20-5 defeat on Bradford High school, May 10, 1913. The game was played at the Y. M. C. A. athletic field, and it being the first home attraction, was witnessed by a large crowd of enthusiastic rooters, a good many having come from Bradford to see their team carry away the bacon. They were sorely disappointed, however, and started to leave the grounds about the sixth inning. The O. H. S. team scored frequently, and crossed the plate in every inning except the second. Score:

Olean High School	2	0	1	1	2	4	4	6	*—20
Bradford High School	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2—5

Batteries—O. H. S., K. Fitch and Hart; B. H. S., Murphy and Johnson.

O. H. S. vs. C. M. I.

Olean High met with defeat at the hands of the fast Chamberlain Military Institute baseball team, at Olean, May 17, 1913. It was the fastest baseball played here this year, Chamberlain finally winning 8-6. As in the Cuba game five of the soldier's runs were secured through errors. Score:

Olean High School	0	0	4	2	0	0	0	0	0—6
Chamberlain M. I.	2	1	0	1	2	2	0	0	0—8

Batteries—O. H. S., K. Fitch and Hart. C. M. I., Falkner, Cooper and Colgate.

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

True to their promise, the Red and Gold team took sweet revenge on Jamestown, defeating them 4-1. The ground was wet and slippery, but did not slow up the game any, for both teams played close to errorless ball. Jamestown scored their lone run after two were out in the first inning, and after that did not again complete the circuit

THE CONGRESS.

J. H. S. CLASS OF '13.

At a recent meeting of the J. H. S. Class of '13, the election of officers took place. The result was: Constance Murdock, President; Howard Braymer, Vice-President, and Douglas Weston, Secretary and Treasurer. A pin committee was chosen consisting of Violet Rupprecht and Clara Truby. Some time later a meeting was held, and it was decided that with the help of Miss Saunders, a supper followed by an entertainment should be given. "An Evening at Helen's," was the play decided upon.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL NEWS.

Kaufman: "Bob, do you know who the prettiest girl up to Junior is?"

Bob: "Yes, who is she?"

Kaufman: "Kelly, of course."

Has any one here seen Kelly?

Yes. Walter has.

We wonder why Miss Schott goes to Herron's so much?

Miss Taylor has a new friend. We wonder who he is. Don't blush so, Thalia.

Rhea hasn't decided between Barber and Culbarth, but we think it is in favor of Cullather.

Laura M. does wish to sit nearer the side window. We wonder why.

Weith must like to call up people. So the girls say.

At the annual declamation exercises, held at Alfred, Thursday evening, May 15, Norman Tompkins won second prize. Mr. Tompkins, who was Olean's only representative, delivered Theodore Roosevelt's address on "Americanism." The Congress congratulates Mr. Tompkins, and we predict a brilliant future for him.

Thursday morning, May 29, Decoration Day exercises were held in the auditorium. It was a rare treat for us to listen to our Superintendent of Schools, Delmer E. Batcheller. Mr. Batcheller's subject was "The Gettysburg, Chickamauga and Chattanooga Campaigns." He talked very entertainingly and interestingly for nearly an hour, and the student-body appreciated his address. Having visited the Gettysburg and the other battlefields, Mr. Batcheller used the stereopticon to great advantage. Leslie Atkins delivered Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address."



Base Ball Team

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Home comes a warning telling your mark.
Next in importance is Mr. Dye,
He is a good teacher, but "Oh, my;"
He thinks we all very clever should be,
And know every bit as much as he.
Our Physics teacher is Mr. Dence,
He has a lot of common sense.
Miss Bowerman always makes things hum,
And to the office you'll go if you chew gum.
Mr. Smith has room No. 106,
And if you're not good, you'll feel the yard stick.
Miss Hogan has a funny notion,
For she does not like any commotion.
Miss Fitzgerald teaches Arithmetic,
To her you must answer prompt and quick.
Miss Mackie has charge of Study Hall A,
And to her all pupils attention pay.
Miss Simonds is our teacher of Drawing;
In her class if you whisper you'll get a good jawing.
Miss Saunders has room No. 4;
I'm sure she will keep it forever more.
Miss Moule is well posted in current topics,
From events at the North Pole to the Tropics.
Miss Mary Pratt, a history teacher,
I'm sure that she would make a good preacher.
In charge of Study Hall B is Miss Crandall,
And when in a rage she flies off the handle.
Miss Custard teaches Ancient History,
And to us she is quite a mystery.
Miss Skillen is a very queer lass,
She often permits us to sing in her class.
Miss Fannie Pratt teaches Caesar,
And there's only a few folks who can please her.
In Miss McConnell's class if you're not on deck,
She will point her finger at you and say—Check.
Our French teacher is Miss Coon,
She takes a walk every moon.
Our German teacher is Miss Rosa,
If you haven't your lesson, after school you must stay.
Miss Smith is teacher of sewing,
And all her classes are larger growing.
For cooking we have the prettiest of teachers;
You could not find one with more perfect features.
Last on my list, but not least is Miss Shea;
Who rules the Study Hall with mighty sway.

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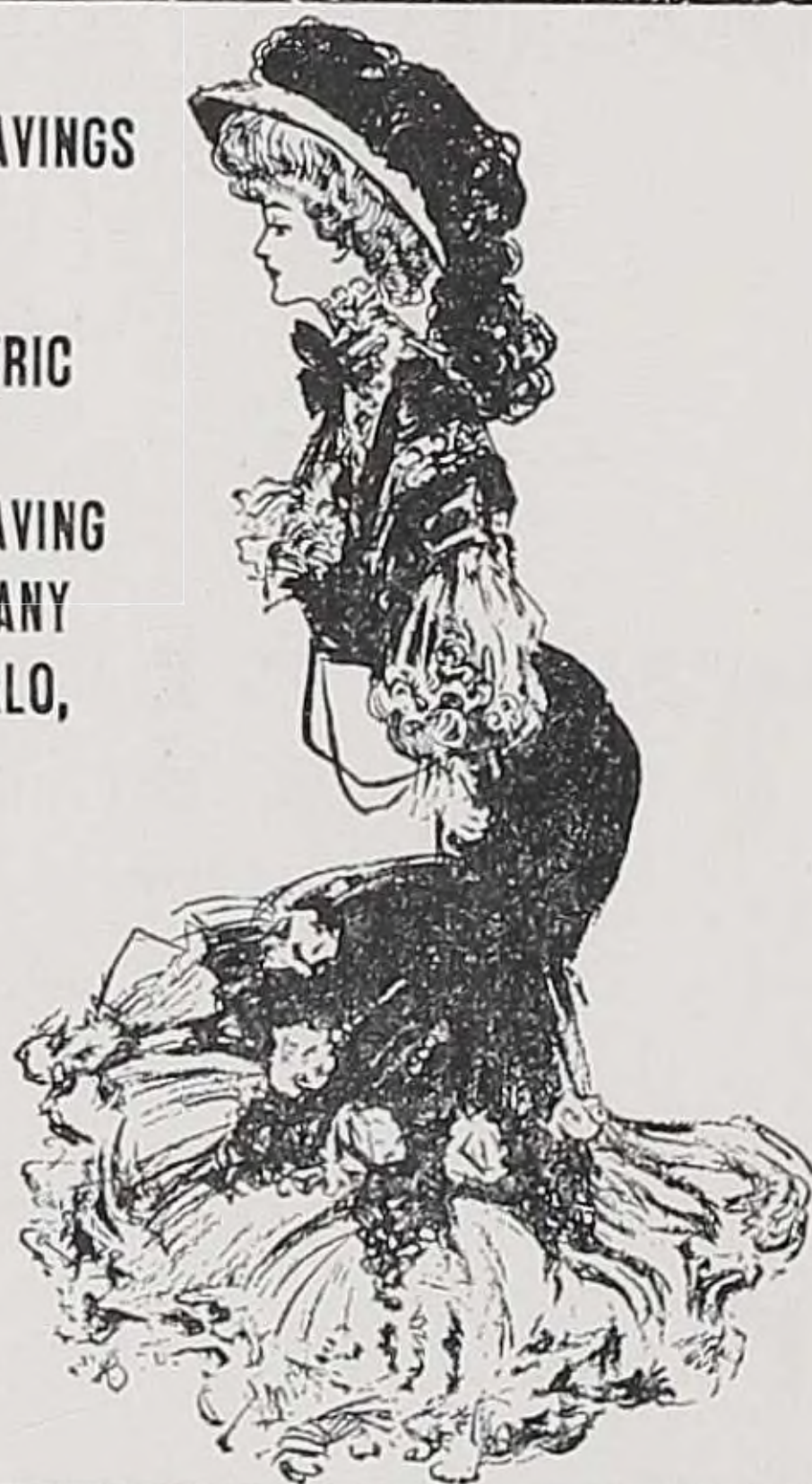
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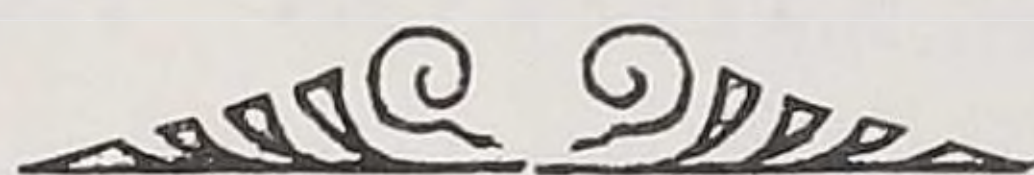
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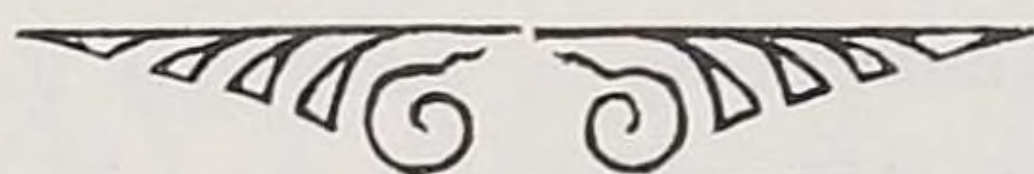
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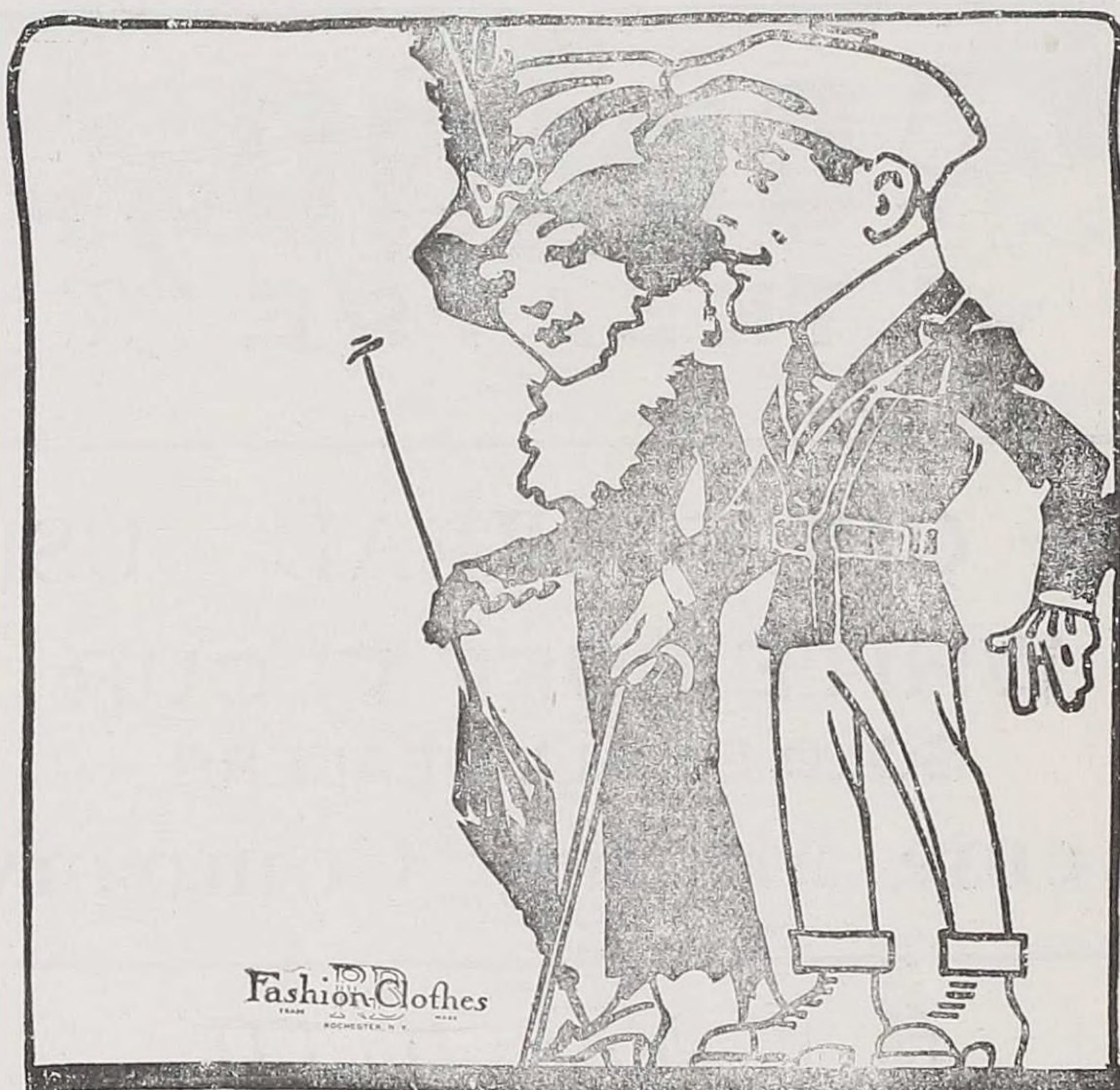
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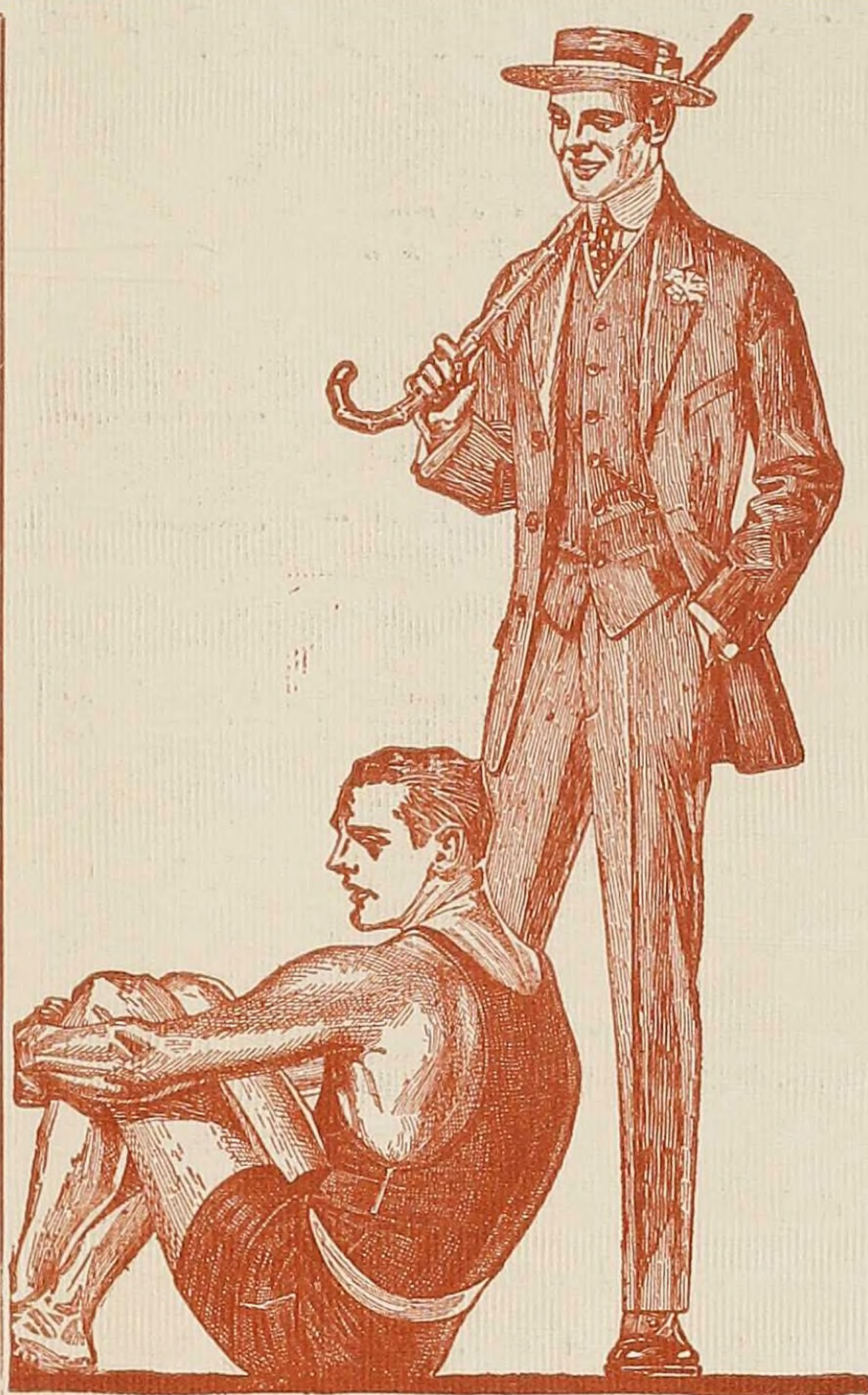
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