

SENIOR OCCIDENT

JANVARY 1918



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Jan. 1918



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THE MODERN AND HYGIENIC WAY

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Dedication

α α

WE, THE CLASS OF JANUARY 1918, DEDICATE THIS BOOK OF OURS TO

MR. BEZANT

WHO HAS BEEN A GOOD AND FAITHFUL
FRIEND TO EVERY ONE OF US. THRU
HIS WORK WITH US WE HAVE LEARNED
THINGS FAR MORE WORTH WHILE
AND BETTER THAN LATIN
AND GREEK



MR. BEZANT

E. De Mars Bezant

William M. Bennett.

Margaret E. Weaver

Donald H. Houghton

Bentley W. Lyman

Grace M. Malcolm

Belle E. Wright

Theresa M. Mahon **Honor Roll**

Ethel M. Manchester

Clarabel Millington **Girls**

Mae Eleanor Underhill **Ethel Edick**

Jessie T. Ray

Lucy Gay

Ruth Loomis

Mildred Smith

Katharine F. Hogan

Edua Adela Gibbs

Mildred E. Lincoln

Marion McMillan

Donald Houghton

Donald McKie

Roswell Marshall

Ferdinand Powell

Alfred Sproat

Mary Carroll

M. Zwickler

M. K. Halsted

Verua L. Robinson

Elizabeth Dunbar

Boys



Seniors



Morris Almstead

ALMSTEAD, MORRIS J.....36 Jefferson Ave.

Prepared No. 3.....Undecided

At the girls we see him glance, but with them seldom dance. (He's got the rheumatiz.)

Class Soccer, 1; Tennis Tournament, 2;
Chess Club, 3.

ALTPETER, VERNA A.....247 Brooks Ave.

Prepared No. 7.....R. B. I.

Verna is a gentle lass who always does what's right,
She carries seven books around and studies half
the night.



Verna Altpeter



Sarah Bond

BOND, SARAH.....258 Troup St.

Prepared No. 3.....Undecided

"Her voice is low and sweet."

Sarah Bond

BRAUTIGAM, LILLIAN.....257 Averill Ave.

Prepared No. 12.....*Brautigam*

"Lend me a looking glass."

N. Y. School of Fine and Applied Arts
Senior Dance Committee.



Lillian Brautigam

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT

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Franklyn E. Burke



Franklyn Burke

BURKE, FRANKLYN J.....79 Birr St.

Prepared No. 7.....Cornell

"Been to the Temple this week?" This is Franklyn's, better known as Brother Burke or Fr-rankie's stock remark. Besides being up in all high brow musical comedy, classy vodelville, etc., he is the prize bluffer of his class (or thinks he is).

Orchestra 1, 2; Assistant Business Manager Occident, 1, 2; West High Day Committee, 2; Business Manager Occident, 3; Soccer Team 4; Vice-president Senior Class, 4; Senior Vaudeville Cast, 4; Fire Prevention Committee, 4; Senior Announcement Committee, 4; Senior Day Committee, 4.

DANIELS, FRANCIS R.....264 Reynolds St.

Prepared No. 19....University of Rochester

His mamma's pride, his papa's joy,
Oh isn't he the sweetest boy?

Middleweight Basketball, 1; Class Basketball, 2, 3; Class Soccer, 2, 3; Class Baseball, 2, 3; Tennis Numerals, 2, 3, 4; West High Day Committee, 2, 3; Sophomore Party Committee, 2; Science Club, 2; Chess Tournament, 3; Junior Prom Committee, 3; Runner-up Junior Tennis Tournament, 3; Class Tennis Team, 3; Senior Vaudeville Cast, 4; Senior Dance Committee, 4; Assistant Editor Senior Occident, 4; U. S. Food Administration Canvass, 4; Y. M. C. A. Campaign Committee, 4; Golf, 2, 3; Boys' Banquet Committee, 4.



Francis Daniels

ECKHARDT, RALPH A.....72 Bronson Ave.

Prepared No. 3.....University of Rochester

He fain would be a lady's man.

Sophomore Party Committee, 2; West High Day Committee, 3; Science Club, 3; Advertising Manager Senior Vaudeville, 4; Advertising Manager Activity Staff; State Military Census Worker, 4; U. S. Food Conservation Canvass, 4; West High Day Committee, 2, 3.



Ralph Eckhardt

EDICK, ETHEL FAY.....66 Normandy Ave.

Prepared No. 29University of Rochester

"How goodness heightens beauty."



Ethel Fay Edick

E. F. Edick

Ralph Eckhardt



Rita Eyer

EYER, RETA.....369 Birr St.

Prepared No. 7.....Business

"I've learned to judge men by their deeds."

Rita Eyer

FITZGERALD, MARIE S.....51 Rosalind St.

Prepared, Clayton, N. Y.....Normal

She smiled at me. I beamed with ecstasy.



Marie Fitzgerald

Marie Fitzgerald



Lucy Jane Gay

GAY, LUCY JANE.....40 Essex St.

Prepared No. 29.....Mount Holyoke

"Care killed a cat."

Class Treasurer, 1; Trust Buster State Committee, 2; Secretary Bird Club, 3; Editor-in-chief Senior Occident, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Executive Council, 4; Honor Roll, 4; Home Room Representative, 4.

Lucy Jane Gay

GHENT, RAYMOND C.....190 Reynolds St.

Prepared No. 4.....University of New York

All I ask is to be let alone,
With no dog will I pick a bone.

Freshman Reception, 1; Home Room Basketball, 2; Advertising Manager, School Activities.



Ray Ghent

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT

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Louise Gibbs

GIBBS, LOUISE.....52 Linden St.

Prepared No. 13.....Business

She does full well
To play and work,
We know indeed
She'll never shirk.

Tennis Tournament, 2; Class Basketball, 2;
Home Room Basketball, 2.

HAINES, FREDERICK W....79 Kenwood Ave.

Prepared No. 29....University of Rochester

"Spare the rod and spoil the child,"
That's what some folks say;
But, if they'd used it more on Freddy
I think it would have paid.

West High Day Committee, 1, 2; Debating
Society, 2; Home Room Representative, 4;
Home Room Debating, 2; Chess, 1, 2, 3; Y.
M. C. A. Campaign, 4; Business Manager,
Senior Occident, 4; Senior Play Cast, 4; As-
sistant Stage Manager, Senior Play, 4.



Fred Haines



Monica Hayward

HAYWARD, MONICA.....14 Trafalgar St.

Prepared No. 19.....Geneseo Normal

I am a nice girl,
My name is Monica Hayward,
The editor can't put me in rhyme,
Because my last name doesn't rhyme with anything.

Trust Buster Committeeman, 2; Sleighride
Committee, Basketball, 3.

HECKEL, RUTH.....26½ Cayuga St.

Prepared No. 24.....Business

"A violet by the mossy stone."



Ruth E. Heckel

Dorothy Heinrich



Dorothy Heinrich

HEINRICH, DOROTHY.....15 Rogers Ave.

Prepared No. 17....University of Rochester

Cheeks so white and pinky,
Eyes so soft and blue,
A sweeter child than Dotty
Ne'er came upon the view.

Class Secretary, 2; Basketball Teams, 1, 2;
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3.

HORNER, GRACE.....112 Comfort St.

Prepared No. 13.....

Little Grace Horner sits in her corner,
And hasn't a thing to tell.
If that noted old spider should sit down beside her,
I doubt if she'd even yell.

Grace Horner



Grace Q. Horner

HOUGHTON, DONALD CHARLES.....

.....880 West Main St.

Prepared No. 29....University of Rochester
A lad who concentrates his mind.

Middleweight Basketball, 2, 3; Tennis Tournament, 4; State Military Census Worker, 4; U. S. Food Administration Canvass, 4; Inter-Home Room Basketball, 4; Assistant Editor Senior Occident, 4; Senior Announcement Committee, 4; Honor Roll.



Donald Houghton

HULS, RAYMOND T.....27 Atkinson St.

Prepared No. 3.....Ann Arbor, Mich.

A born heartbreaker.

Midget League Basketball, 1; Tennis Tournament, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Vaudeville Cast, 4; Y. M. C. A. Campaign, 4.



Ray Huls

Raymond Huls

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT

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Emilie Isler

ISLER, EMILIE L.....381 Troup St.

Prepared No. 4.....City Normal

"She lette ne morsel from her lipes drope,
Ne wette her fingers in her sauce depe."

JENNINGS, ROBERTA.....131 Jefferson Ave.

Prepared, Munich.....Vassar

A soul as pure as snow.

Junior Play, 3; West High Day Committee,
3, 4; Occident Staff, 3, 4; Editor of Occident,
4; Y. M. C. A. Campaign Committee, 4;
Lunch Club Committee, 4; Senior Dance, 4;
Home Room Representative, 4.



Roberta Jennings



Maude Kahler

KAHLER, MAUDE.....145 Curtis St.

Prepared No. 30....University of Rochester

Speak up, speak up, dear Maudy,
We can't hear what you say,
I'd get a megaphone if I were you
On graduation day.

Maude Kahler

KNEELAND, EDITH.....345 Augustine St.

Prepared No. 7.....R. B. I.

A Miss is as good as her smile.

Edith Kneeland



Edith Kneeland

Isabelle Lanson



Isabelle Lanson

LANSON, ISABELLE.....985 Jay St.

Prepared, Holy Apostles....Geneseo Normal

Isabelle can chew gum, eat lunch, talk and study at the same time. Marvelous, what?

Class Sleighride, 1; Hallowe'en Social, 1; Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Gymnasium meet, 2; Gymnasium meet, 3; U. S. Food Administration Canvass, 4.

LEWIS, HOMER H.....379 Wellington Ave.

Prepared No. 29....University of Rochester

Stately and tall he moves in the hall, king of a thousand for grace.

Class Soccer, 1, 2; Choral Union, 1; Class Basketball, Senior Dance Committee.



Homer Lewis



Clinton Lintz

LINTZ, CLINTON.....24 Rugby Ave.

Prepared S.S. Peter and Paul's.....

.....Post Graduate

In the process of evolution—Clint has acquired long trousers.

Midget Basketball, 1; West High Day, 3; Weihnachtsfest, 1.

LOGAN, DORIS WHITNEY....Barberton, Ohio

Prepared No. 17.....Ohio University

On the light, fantastic toes,
That's the way our Doris goes,
Though she never knows quite where,
If we did we'd all be there.

Class Basketball, 1; Junior Dance, 3; Class Treasurer, 3; Senior Occident Board, 4; Glee Club, 2.



Doris Whitney Logan

Doris Logan

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT

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Ruth Loomis

LOOMIS, RUTH.....35 Warwick Ave.

Prepared No. 29....University of Rochester

In all her lessons Ruth's always been so smart,
We wonder if she bothered to learn them all by
heart.

Science Club, 2; Y. M. C. A. Campaign Com-
mittee, 4; Custodian of Flag, 4; Honor Roll.

MADDEN, JAMES K.....210 Kislingbury St.

Prepared Holy Rosary.....Undecided

He knew the precise, psychological moment when
to say nothing.

Glee Club, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Liberty
Bond Social, 4; Fire Prevention Commit-
tee, 4.



James Madden

MARSHALL, ROSWELL R.....94 Spruce Ave.

Prepared No. 19....University of Rochester

When Ros says "unprepared" the teachers have
to be carried out.

West High Day Committee, 1, 2; Class Pin
Committee, 1; Home Room Debates, 1, 2;
Class President, 2, 3; Debating Society, 2;
Sophomore Party, Executive, 2; Finance
Committee, Junior Prom, 3; Junior Play
Cast, 3; Property Manager, Junior Play, 3;
Finance Committee, Senior Dance, 4; Senior
Vaudeville Cast, 4; Stage Manager, Senior
Vaudeville, 4; Associate Editor, Senior Occi-
dent, 4; State Military Census Worker, 4;
U. S. Food Administration Canvass, 4; Ex-
ecutive Council Member, 4; Class Historian,
Y. M. C. A. Campaign Committee, Honor
Roll.



Roswell Marshall

MASTERS, NELDA.....153 Bronson Ave.

Prepared No. 4.....University of Rochester

We had a perfectly good poem made for you,
But it was censored because Nelda didn't seem to
rhyme with Melba.

To be brief, we think you are a very nice girl.



Nelda Masters

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT



Donald James McKie

McKIE, DONALD JAMES. . . . 54 Lakeview Pk.
Prepared No. 7. . . . University of Rochester

Here's to the noble president
Of the class of Jan., 18,
He is our pride and joy all right,

Tennis Numerals, 2, 3, 4; Occident Reporter,
2; Second Basketball Team, 3; Tennis Team,
3; West High Day Committee, 3; Class
Basketball, 3; Senior Dance, Executive, 4;
U. S. Food Administration Canvass, 4; Man-
ager Tennis Team, 4; Farm Cadet Corps, 4;
Standard Bearer, 4; Basketball Team, 4;
President Senior Class, 4; Honor Roll

MILLER, ROY F. Lincoln Park, N. Y.

Prepared, Chili, N. Y. . . . Mechanics Institute
"Roy can draw lots of things beside attention."

Class Pin Committee, 1; West High Day
Committee, 1, 2; Class Vice-president, 2;
Class Soccer, 1; Occident Pin, 2, 4; Farm
Cadet Corps, 4; Advertising Committee,
Senior Dance, 4; Senior Vaudeville Cast, 4;
Advertising Committee, Liberty Bond Social,
4; Occident Staff, Art Editor, 4; Senior Occi-
dent, Art Editor, 4.



Roy Miller



Basil Moore

MOORE, BASIL E. 721 Seward St.

Prepared No. 29. Albany Law
"They go wild, simply wild over me."

Class Soccer, 1; Class Basketball, 1; Sopho-
more Party Committee, 2; Executive Com-
mittee, Junior Prom, 3; Music Committee,
Liberty Bond Social, 4; Assistant Business
Manager, Junior Play, 3; Property Manager,
Senior Vaudeville, 4; Senior Dance Commit-
tee, 4; Athletic Editor, Occident, Senior
Occident, 4; Assistant Advertising Manager,
Occident, 2; Soccer Team, 4; Executive
Council, 1, 2, 4; Secretary Students' Associa-
tion, 4; Secretary Executive Council, 4;

Senior Day Committee, 4; Senior Boys'
Banquet Committee, 4; Chairman Dance
Committee Dance West High Day and Chair-
man Booster State Committee, 4.

NIPPERT, MARGUERITE. 99 Roslyn St.

Prepared No. 20. . . . University of Rochester
How'er it be, it seems to me, 'tis only noble to be
good. . .

Refreshment Committee, Hallowe'en Social,
1; Gym Meet, 4; U. S. Food Conservation
Canvass, 4.



Marguerite Nippert

*McKie
Don
Miller
Moore
Nippert*

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT

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Just
"Patty"



Ruth Patrick

PATRICK, RUTH.....24 Bryan St.

Prepared No. 6.....R. B. I.

Pat's the happiest girl there is on the earth,
Wherever she goes there is laughter and mirth.

Glee Club, 1, 2; Basketball, 1, 2; Freshman Reception Program, 2, 3; West High Day Program, 3; State Census Work, 4; Food Conservation Canvass, 4; Senior Occident Board, 4; Senior Vaudeville, 4; Captain, Y. W. C. A. Campaign, 4; Class Will and Testament, 4; Class Prophet, 4.

POWELL, FERDINAND.....75 Glendale Park

Prepared No. 6.....New York University

Ferdie is a student,
That, I'll have you understand,
Though to you he may look prudent,
He's a darn good business man.

Home Room Basketball, 1; Glee Club, 1; Debating Society, 1, 2; Sophomore Party Committee, 2; Business Manager Occident, 3; Executive Committee, Junior Prom, 3; Business Manager, Junior Play, 3; Refreshment Committee, Liberty Bond Social, 4; Honor Roll.



Ferdinand Powell

Ruth Rahn



Ruth Rahn

RAHN, RUTH M.....7 Plover St.

Prepared No. 30.....

"I know the ten original excuses backwards."

"Miss Manchester's left hand!"

REED, EARL.....80 May St.

Prepared No. 13.....Undecided

"Veni, vidi, vici."

Class Track, 1, 2, 3; Second Track Team, 1; Manager Home Room Track, 1; Captain Class Track, 2, 3; Track Team, 2, 3; Cross Country Team, 2; Assistant Manager Track, 2; Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain Class Basketball, 2, 3; Captain Home Room Basketball, 2; Class Soccer, 1, 2, 3; Class Baseball Captain, 1, 2, 3, 4; Second Soccer Team, 1; Captain Class Soccer, 1, 3; Soccer Team, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 4; All-Scholastic Soccer Team.



Earl Reed

Earl Reed

Adelaide Schaefer



Adelaide Schaefer

SCHAEFER, ADELAIDE....65 Normandy Ave.

Prepared St. Augustine's.....Business

She brings a whiff of laughter when she comes.

Freshman Reception, 1; Class Basketball, 2;
Lunch Club Committee, 3; Senior Announcement Committee, 4.

SCHNEIDER, FLORENCE.....154 Brooks Ave.

Prepared No. 19.....General Hospital

"I don't want to get well."

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Librarian of Glee Club, 3;
West High Day Committee, 2, 3.

Florence Helen Schneider.



Florence Schneider



Erwin Schoeffel

Erwin Schoeffel
SCHOEFFEL, ERWIN.....469 Lake Ave.

Prepared No. 6....University of Rochester

"Here is a simple child."

Assistant Business Manager Junior Play, 3;
Tennis Tournament, 3; Senior Tennis Championship, 4; Assistant Advertising Manager Senior Occident, 4; U. S. Food Administration Canvass, 4.

SCHWENDLER, ALBERTA.....406 Linden St.

Prepared No. 13.....Undecided

My crown is in my heart not my head.



Alberta Schwendler

Alberta Schwendler



Maude Shone

SHONE, MAUDE.....43 Gregory St.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Maude Shone

SIBLEY, RUTH NOYE.....497 Plymouth Ave.

Prepared No. 19.....Business

Ruth will be one of those Theda Bara effects when she grows up.



Ruth Sibley

Ruth Sibley



Mildred Smeed

SMEED, MILDRED E.....10 Alexander St.

Prepared No. 13.....

A combination of dimples and ukelele which is very pleasing.

Pin Committee, 1; Girls' Team Y. M. C. A. Campaign, 4; Senior Vaudeville Cast, 4.

Mildred Smeed

SMITH, MILDRED.....156 Plymouth Ave.

Prepared No. 3.....Undecided

Oh maiden with a quiet air, what shall we say of thee?

We always know you are right there
Just where you ought to be.

Gym Meet, 1, 2; Guard of Honor, 2; Gym Club, 3; Basketball, 2, 3; Honor Roll.



Mildred Smith

Mildred Smith



Alfred Sproat

SPROAT, G. ALFRED.....732 South Ave.
Prepared No. 13.....Dartmouth College

Al talks Latin in his sleep,
And I'll bet he prays in Greek,
He knows everything about syntax,
And he sight-reads like a streak.

Tennis Numerals, Class Track, Home Room Basketball, 1; Class President, 1; Executive Council, 2, 4; Sophomore Party Committee, 2; Science Club, 2; Vice-president, 3; Junior Prom Committee, 3; Junior Play Cast, 3; Debating Society, 3; West High Day Committee, 3; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Vaudeville Cast, 4; Advertising Manager Senior Occident, 4; Y. M. C. A. Campaign Committee, 4;

Class Secretary, 4; Senior Day Committee, 4; Honor Roll.

TOWSLEY, LEE I.....826 Exchange St.

Prepared No. 3.....University of Rochester

The more haste, the less speed.

Junior Play Cast, 3; Tennis Tournament, 2, 3; U. S. Food Administration Canvass, 4; Assistant Advertising Manager Senior Occident, 4; Y. M. C. A. Campaign Committee, 4.



Lee Towsley



Phyllis Van Cise

VAN CISE, PHYLLIS.....470 South Ave.

Prepared No. 13.....Undecided

"Phyllis has such charming graces."

VANDERPOOL, MARGURITE.....

.....259 Jefferson Ave.

Prepared No. 19.....Mechanics Institute

Business before pleasure.

Girls' Club, 4.



Marguerite Vanderpool

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT

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James Waring

WARING, JAMES.....30 Wellington Ave.

Prepared No. 29.....Undecided

"A man who can think and ne'er disclose his thoughts."

WETMORE, DOROTHY E.....4 Lake View Pk.

Prepared No. 7.....Wellesley

Dotty Wetmore, sweet sixteen,
Glides up in her limousine,
She's always on time, rain or snow;
There's a reason donchaknow.

West High Day, 2, 3, 4; Class Treasurer, 4;
Senior Occident Stall, 4; Senior Vaudeville
Cast, 4; Standard Bearer, 4; Senior Dance
Committee, 4; Captain, Y. M. C. A., 4;
Wizard State Committeeman, 4.



Dorothy Wetmore



Vera Wilbur

WILBUR, VERA.....386 Clay Ave.

Prepared No. 7.....R. B. I.

Though Sister Vera lithps she can talk as fast
as the rest of us when she gets started.

Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.

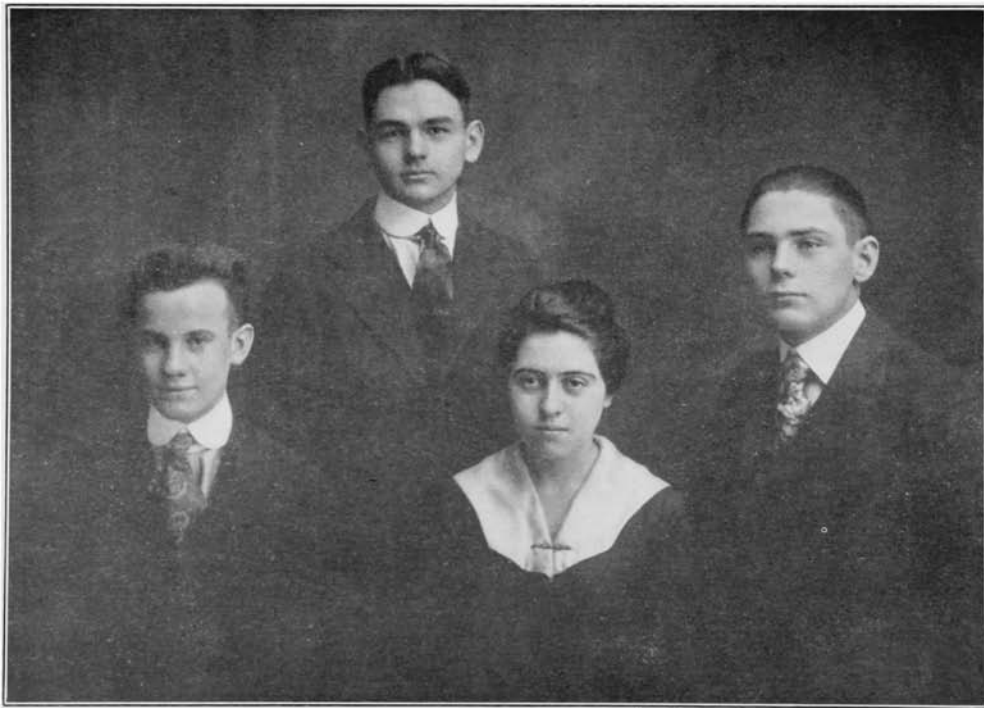


Roger Wixted

WIXTED, ROGER.....5 Terry St.

Prepared Cathedral

Here we have Mr. Jenner's right-hand man.



THE OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT

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Class Officers

Donald McKie	-	-	-	President
Franklyn Burke	-	-	-	Vice-President
Alfred Sproat	-	-	-	Secretary
Dorothy Wetmore	-	-	-	Treasurer

Class History

Mark Twain has said that, "A lie if repeated often enough is history," to which we heartily agree—at some times. But on the other hand, history may also be the true story of the affairs of mankind in general, and of this class in particular. And although we do not think of contradicting that famous humorist, still we have decided to make this exposition as true a history as the memory will permit.

Four years ago we entered into a strange world. At first we were somewhat disappointed when the teacher did not ask us to remain after school and wash the blackboards, but later on, much to our sorrow, we found ourselves staying after school, but not to wash blackboards. Four years then seemed to be ages away, but they have passed in a very short time, and now that we are leaving these dear old halls, we are all hopeful that our brief sojourn here has been one of value, both to ourselves and to our Alma Mater.

Having completed the organization of the class in our first year, we were then well prepared for the events of the second year. In this year we held one of the most successful Sophomore Parties ever held in this school. Dancing and a most wonderful track meet were held in the corridors. Many times during the year the members of the class were called upon to assist in school activities, and at all times did they respond to any call for support.

Entering upon the third year of our school life we found ourselves more deeply involved in school activities. During this year two events took place which tended to add more glory to the name of the class. The Junior "Prom" which was held was one of the most brilliant affairs in the history of the school. Departing from the time-worn custom of giving a single play, we staged a remarkably successful performance, consisting of four playlets written by members of the graduating Senior class. Thanks to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Ellis, Ferdinand Powell, Michael Crino and many others, the affair was a great success, and incidentally the treasury of the American Red Cross was enriched by a neat little sum.

This fourth year has been the most successful of all. Although the numbers of the class have been greatly depleted because many of our boys have answered our country's call for men, nevertheless, we have accomplished many tasks. The Senior Dance was very successful, in spite of the war conditions, and again the devotees to the pastime of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle enjoyed an evening long to be remembered. Again throwing aside the customs of the past we ran a vaudeville (or perhaps it's vode-ville as Ruth Patrick and Dorothy Wetmore persist in saying) performance for two nights, the proceeds of which were used to purchase

a motor truck for Base Hospital Unit No. 19. In this way we have tried to combine our service with our own and the community's amusement.

Although we are but few in number, still we have been well represented in the various school activities. In athletics we have been notably conspicuous in the persons of Donald McKie, Earl Reed, Francis Daniels and others, while Roberta Jennings, Roy Miller, Ferdinand Powell and Basil Moore have held up our honor in literature and art by serving the OCCIDENT to the best of their ability.

Strange though it may seem, the boys out-number the fair sex on the Honor Roll, which brings out the truth that the boys will by some unaccountable reason, prove themselves just the least bit superior to the girls. But by no means is the entire ability of the class centered in the Honor Roll, for every member of the class is far beyond the lower classes of the school in intelligence.

So therefore do you children who remain in school to complete your small store of knowledge, look to the example of the illustrious class of January, 1918, and profit thereby.

ROSWELL R. MARSHALL.



What ho! Draw near!
What have we here?
A creature new!
Is't from the zoo?
But why so queer?

Methinks for sooth
It's Puss in Boots,
In stories told,
Or knight of old,
Who stalks so bold.

A word, my friend,
Will quickly clear
Your wonderment,
So listen here.

A damsel fair
Is passing there
About the streets,
You'll see she sloshes,
For on her feet
She wears galoshes!

—MILDRED SMEED.

Class Prophecy

The following article appeared in the "Accidental Accident" during the month of May, 1923:

PEACE SHIP TO SAIL.

The "Fifty-Seven" to Embark. Noted Financiers on
First Cabin List.

May 30.—With minds crammed with conciliatory ideas, peace delegates under the invitation of Mr. Franklyn Burke, the manufacturer of the famous floating fish food, sails next week for Mexico. First cabin list is as follows:

His Highness, The Earl of Reed, Mr. Ferdinand Powell, member of the staff of the "Accidental Accident"; Roy Miller, manufacturer of war munitions; Roswell Marshall, historian of the trip; Reta Eyer, the editor of "Eat and Grow Thin," with her agents, Ruth Sibley and Isabelle Lanson; Vera Wibur, the famous writer of free verse; Ruth Heckel, the most wonderful diver the world has ever produced; Maude Kahler and Maude Shone, agents for the 20-Mule-Team Borax; Mildred Smith, champion exponent of Speech Arts; Roberta Jennings, superintendent of schools in New York State; Ruth Rahn, a missionary to Africa; Homer Lewis, inventor of toothpicks for horses; Donald Houghton, maker of soft drinks; Emilie Isler and Ruth Loomis, ballet dancers.

After reading this article I laid the paper down and allowed my mind to drift back to January, 1918. I was soon aroused from my reverie by the postman's knock. Much to my surprise I received an important looking letter from Mr. Franklyn Burke, inviting me to join his peace party. As soon as possible I completed all preparations for the journey and on June 2, I left Rochester for New York. When I reached Albany I was obliged to transfer to a different division of the railroad. Just as I was mounting the steps leading up to the train I heard a strangely familiar voice calling:

"All aboard for New York, hurry lady!"

"Ralph Eckhardt," I shouted, "whatever are you doing here?"

"Just waiting for the stock market to go up," he replied. At this point he rushed to the assistance of an old woman carrying two band boxes and a bird cage; and my train pulled out. The next thing I remember was the conductor shouting in my ear, "Fares, please." I looked up and recognized Marguerite Vanderpool. She smiled in a sheepish way and I said: "You are doing active work, aren't you?"

"Sh," she answered, "I thought I would like it, but one is so conspicuous on a train as a conductress, so I'm going to get off next week, with the excuse that I'm to be married, but I haven't got the man yet."

As soon as I reached New York I went at once to the harbor and here joined the first cabin list. On June 4, amid great cheers the "Fifty-Seven" sailed out of New York Harbor. Three guns were fired in our salute. For the first three days there were no meetings held on board the ship. The reason for this was the calm condition of the water, Ahem! even the strong-minded superintendent of schools in New York State, Roberta Jennings, was scarcely able to eat her usual hearty meal. On the fourth day Mr. Burke called a meeting and many speeches were made. During the thrilling talk given by Frederick Haines who never swears, Mildred Smith interrupted.

"Miss Smith," shouted Mr. Burke, "Mr. Haines has the floor." For the first time in her life Mildred Smith took her seat without expressing her opinion.

For three days and five nights we sailed on the old Atlantic. On the 4th day we reached Vera Cruz. Here we were welcomed by a regiment of troops who were to take us to the new Ghent Hotel, which as I afterwards found out belonged to Raymond Ghent. Just as we were leaving the ship, a young man stepped up to Mr. Burke and said: "I beg your pardon, but I am the reporter for the Ukelele Telegram, and have been instructed to find out your plans. Could you give me a few moments now?" We gazed in astonishment at the audacity of the request, and then all shouted in unison "Roger Wixted." He shook hands with each of us and wished us success on our expedition. But he seemed so full of business cares we did not have the heart to detain him long.

On our way to the city we were greatly puzzled at the immense crowd ahead of us. The people seemed to be gathered around one center of attraction. Our curiosity knew no bounds and on questioning one of our guides, we learned that a famous moving picture under the production of Towsley and Waring Company, was just in the operation of being completed. We also were told that their leading lady was Ethel Edick with Louise Gibbs, Grace Horner and Marguerite Nippert as understudies. Ethel dismounted gracefully from her horse and came toward us. We offered her our congratulations and again started on our journey. This time we reached the hotel without further happenings.

There was a ball to be given in our honor on the night of our arrival in Mexico. The great Villa was to entertain us at his home. We arrived punctually at 9.45 o'clock (this was the stylish hour in Vera Cruz), Villa greeted us cordially and while the other members of the party were paying their compliments to the host I walked to the farther end of the room. Directly opposite to me stood a tall, dignified young woman. When she turned around I was almost guilty of an exclamation of surprise. I quickly crossed the room and greeted Miss Lillian Brautigam. After a few remarks I asked her what she was doing in Vera Cruz. In a very haughty voice she replied: "Evidently you have not read the newspapers lately. If you had you would have known I have been posing in the 'Hay-yard Studio' for some time past."

After this remark I hastily made my adieus, for fear I might commit another unpardonable offense.

A few mornings after the ball Mr. Y— and I decided to see the sights of Mexico. We hired an auto for the morning and started on a tour of inspection. When we were about five miles out of the city we noticed a narrow but pretty road leading off the main road. It was soon decided that we investigate this novelty. Of course we saw a huge sign covered with hieroglyphics. But after one has been in Mexico for a time he soon becomes accustomed to these things. We had gone about half a mile up this road when we met a man carrying a large gun. "Stop," he ordered, "didn't you see that sign down yonder telling you this here land was private?" He took off his cap and waved it frantically in the direction whence we had come. Both Mr. Y— and myself gazed in astonishment at Clinton Lintz. "Clinton Lintz, we plead guilty," I replied. "Is it necessary to relate that we did not pay a fine to the plantation owner for trespassing?"

Later on in the A. M. we were not so fortunate. We had promised to return to Vera Cruz at 12.30 o'clock. A little after eleven we were 45 miles from there. To add to our misfortune we had one of those cars

which would not go over thirty-seven miles an hour. Mr. Y— opened the throttle wide. We were soon making fine time when suddenly a man pointing two revolvers at us, ordered the machine to be brought to a standstill. He told us the speed limit was twenty-one miles an hour. He took us back to the nearest attorney. You may imagine the surprise when upon reaching the city we read in large letters: Alfred Sproat, City Counselor and Attorney. As we entered the office four stenographers rose to greet us (this was the custom in Mexico). We naturally felt chagrined, but our embarrassment knew no bounds when we recognized the four stenographers to be the Misses Dorothy Heinrich, Edith Kneeland, Monica Hayward and Alberta Schwendler. When we greeted Mr. Sproat he gave one of his old time hearty laughs. And then he charged us a heavier fine than any other tourists have ever had to pay.

At last we again started for Vera Cruz. When we were about ten miles from the city we had a blow out. As there was a large high school building a short distance away, I decided I would wait there until the machine was repaired. My knock at the door was answered by a very small girl. I asked to see the principal and was soon shown to the office. Much to my surprise I found Miss Dorothy Wetmore just in the act of punishing a refractory child. She greeted me with blushes and cordiality; then asked me to step into one of the rooms until she would be at liberty. In the next room I found Miss Verna Altpeter calmly instructing thirty youngsters. Before I had time to chat our machine was repaired and at the door. For the third time we were riding toward our destination. When we finally reached the city we decided it would be wise to go to the bank before meeting the rest of our company. The experiences of the morning had greatly diminished our funds. Something seemed familiar in the appearance of the girl at the cashier's window. I stopped a moment to look more closely and was soon shaking hands with Nelda Masters. As I walked to the farther end of the bank, I met Florence Schneider just coming out of the private office with Phyllis VanCise. After waiting some time for Mr. Y— I came to the conclusion that it was taking too long to write a check. Thoroughly out of patience, I went over to the teller's window to see what was keeping him. I found him calmly conversing with the young girl in charge of the window. He seemed to be quite unconscious of the long line of business men he was detaining. But I too forgot about them when I recognized the young lady as no other than Doris Logan.

On passing out of the bank I noticed Morris Almstead, about whom I heard later that he was married to Adelaide Schaefer, and going out with other women. I noticed also Francis Daniels, who spoke to me and told me that he had established a system of academies all over the country, and had Mildred Smead as his private secretary and Lucy Gay as the fessor of French.

As we stepped out of the bank I saw a limousine stop and out jumped Ray Huls; as he passed I noticed he had another boil on his neck. We got into the machine and started for the hotel. On our way we passed a large home and on the porch was this astonishing sign: "McKie and Schoeffel, Undertakers." A little farther we noticed a little governess wheeling a baby carriage. It was Sarah Bond. She waved to me and we stopped. She told me she was governess at the Madden Homestead, and that she was wheeling James K. Madden's son. I took a peek and found him to be the image of his father.

We drove on and soon came to the hotel, where we met Basil Moore, who told us he was winning fame with his speeches on "World Peace."

This is the future of the Class of January, 1918.

SONG OF THE SWEATER: MY ROWS-AWRY

My rows-awry,
 The hours I've spent in sweater art,
 Are like a string of pearls, I sigh
 To count them over every one a part,
 My rows-awry, my rows-awry.

Each hour I purl, each purl take care,
 To drop no stitch, lest I be stung,
 To count, yea count unto the end;
 And then a sleeve is hung,
 Of memories that blurr and burn,
 Oh memories that blur and burn,
 I drop a purl, yet strive at last to learn
 To knit across, sweet art, ot knit across.—Ex.

Learn—

How to look grave and dignified.

How to survive 4 years' hard labor and still be a decoration to society.

The Proper Care and Cultivation of a Stand-In.

The little Idiosyncrasies of the Faculty.

Their Manners and Customs, etc.

How to pass the posture test alive.

How to take gym and go to the Temple in the same afternoon.

How to return safely from the drugstore and many other helpful processes invaluable to ambitious, young high school students. All your problems may be successfully solved if you but ask the Seniors—THEY KNOW all these useful little parlor tricks by heart and will be glad to give you the benefit of their age and experience.

“HOT FROM THE CLASS ROOM”

“Here we have a simple homogeneous parametric quadratic simultaneous equation.”

“You can't come in this library again.”

“Now Alfred—”

“Confession is good for the soul.”

“The girls in this class certainly are athletic; they can talk and breathe at the same time.”

“Francis has been looking at his notes.”

“You may go to the board.”

“Got your lesson?—Get out.”

“Down to Scotty's Academy.”

“Use your head.”

“Now, when I was in England—”

“Beginning with the last row the assembly is dismissed.”

Sproaty—“Hey, can you tell a bad egg from a good one?”

Roswell—“I don't usually tell a bad egg anything, but if I do I break it gently.”



Litorary

A Substitute Cousin

A young man walked briskly through the crowd outside of a station in Boston, from which he had just come, towering above other individuals. He was very brown, as the result of the hot sun in Mexico, where he had spent the last several years.

He was really a Bostonian, but was taken by many people who saw him and watched him, to be a westerner.

This young man produced a card from his vest pocket and, having hailed a taxi, gave the address, scribbled on the card, to the driver. Ten minutes later the servant who opened the door at this address, took his card and preceded him to a large room from which came the sound of music and laughter. His guide entered the room, advanced to where a young woman stood laughing with her dancing partner, and addressed her.

"A gentleman, madam."

"Madame" took the card and read, "John M. Rodney."

"Oh, it's Jack already!" she exclaimed, and turned eagerly toward the door.

Jack stood in the doorway. His eyes swiftly swept the room in search of his friend. But to his surprise and disappointment, he did not see the man whom he had promised and arranged to visit. Instead, coming quickly towards him, with outstretched hands and a happy, expectant smile, was a young woman who was an absolute stranger.

"Oh, Jack, this is splendid!" she cried, when Jack had, with some embarrassment, taken her hands in his, "I didn't expect you until eleven-thirty! Jim!" she broke off to address a young man who was approaching, "Jim, Jack has come earlier than we expected."

As "Jim" extended his hand to the bewildered Jack, she continued: "This is my husband, Mr. Whittier, Jack——. Goodness! You are browner and taller than I had expected."

Jack, up to this point, had had no opportunity to put in a word edgewise, except to murmur, "Glad to know you," when introduced to Mr. Whittier, and now he wet his lips, preparatory to protesting and questioning Mrs. Whittier, when that worthy person turned and addressed her wondering, curious guests.

"This is my cousin, Jack Rodney, a westerner, who is to spend a few weeks with Mr. Whittier and myself."

The guests all surged forward to meet him, and Jack was certainly, as he expressed it to himself, "in deep."

By the time introductions were over Jack had realized that Mrs. Whittier had been expecting her western cousin, a second Jack Rodney, and had naturally taken himself, blundering idiot that he was, for her cousin. He collected his scattered thoughts and pondered. There were two ways of escape. One was to explain to Mrs. Whittier that he hated to disappoint her, but that he was not her fortunate cousin, but had blundered into the house without even inquiring at the door whether he had the right house; and then, having made a fool of himself generally, leave the house with a feeling that he was about two cents. Decidedly he did not relish this method. The other way was to continue his deception, remain until eleven-thirty when the regular cousin would be due, and take leave of Mrs. Whittier, using some excuse. He liked the latter method a great deal more.

At this point his meditations were abruptly interrupted by a young girl, who demanded stories, exciting and western. For a minute Jack was "stumped." How could he tell these people of the West when he had never been there? His adopted-for-the-evening-cousin soon added to his trouble with:

"Oh, Jack, tell us about that escapade in Mexico, which your mother wrote me of."

"What next?" Jack groaned to himself. If he could get out of this house without losing his dignity—! What could he say to that? The guests added their pleas and settled comfortably expectant.

"Ah—er—the fact is—a—mother—," he began desperately and then an inspiration came to him. "Mother didn't say how much she had told you of that—er—incident."

"Oh, begin at the beginning, Jack, your mother merely mentioned it and said you would tell us about it when you came east. She also said that she had heard it through letters, and she thought it would be much more interesting if you told it."

"Ah!" Jack breathed freely again. So his mother thought that! Also he could leave out his brand new mother in whatever he said! He could tell them of that time when—.

"All right," he answered, "here goes! The trouble all started with mistaken identity." Jack chuckled inwardly at that, "mistaken identity." "Several years ago, having arranged with a friend to meet him in Mexico City, I arrived there one day ahead of time, and upon entering an eating place, I learned that two men (Mexicans) were following me. I was considerably amused when they sat down at the same table with me and so I engaged them in conversation.

All that day they trailed me and the next morning when I met my friend, as arranged, I informed him of it, and asked him to follow them, which he promised to do.

"I waited until it had grown dark and then I went out, picked out a dark, empty street, and then turning around, I waited for the two Mexicans. When they reached me, I said:

"If you will kindly tell me why you are following me, gentlemen—"

"One of them interrupted, sneeringly, 'I guess that isn't necessary,' he said with the peculiar accent which Mexicans use when speaking English. 'Now you better come with us and carry out your original intentions.'

"Evidently you have mistaken me for someone else," I began.

"Oh, we know you all right! Come on this way."

"Glancing back, I saw my friend and motioned him to follow.

"All right," I agreed.

"After a few minutes' walk we entered an old house, which we entered. Inside I saw a sullen but striking Mexican girl, who rose as we entered.

"That is not he, father," she cried.

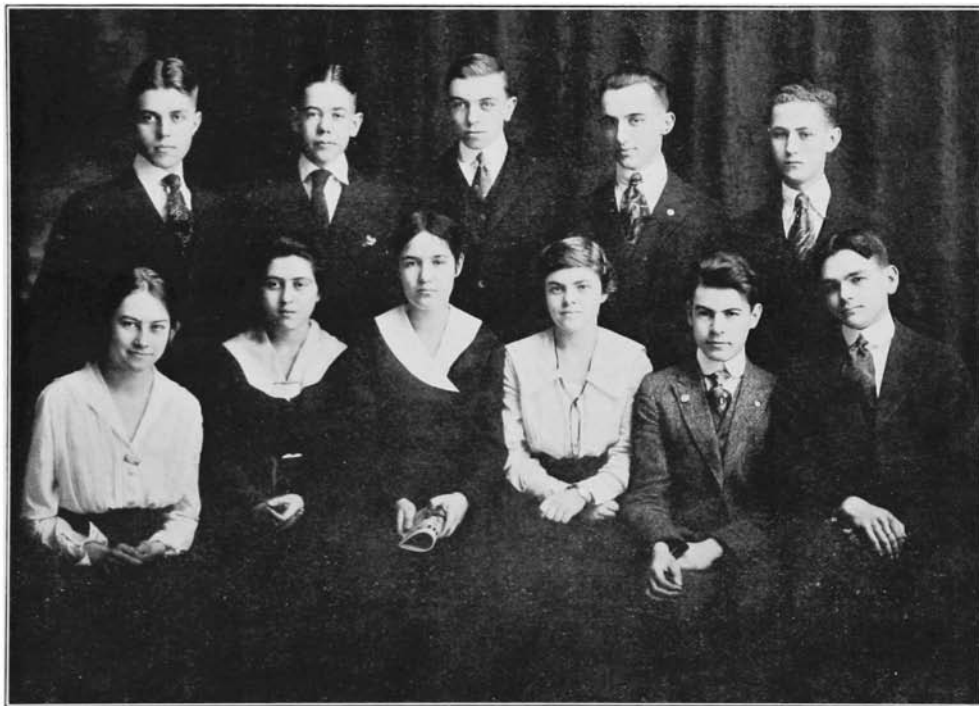
"What! the man who had done the speaking formerly, shouted.

"I never saw him before, father!"

"Well, he's as good as the other one and if the other suited you, this one will have to. I'm sick of your fooling. Stand over here and marry this one!"

"You cannot imagine how I felt for a moment after he had spoken, but then I knew, by the expression on the man's face, he meant what he said, so then and there, having shouted to my friend outside, I went after them, with the assistance of the girl, who didn't any more want to marry

(Continued on page 172)



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT STAFF

Senior Occident Staff

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Roy Miller	-	-	-	-	Art Editor

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Lee Towlsler	-	-	-	-	Asst. Advertising Manager

The time has come, the walrus said,

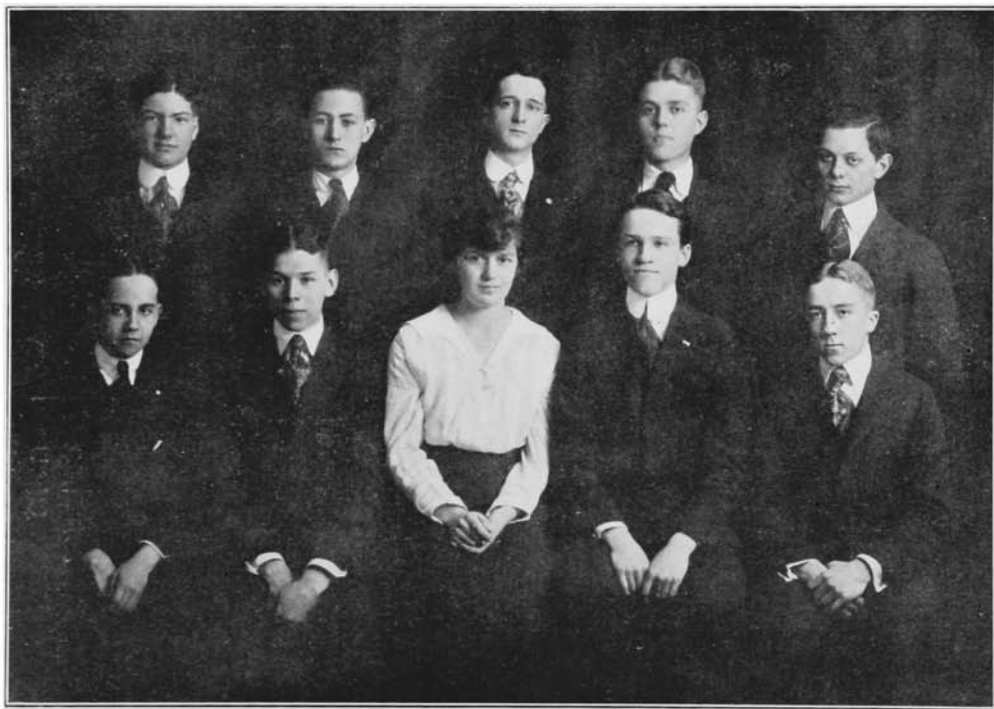
To write some foolish stuff,

In metaphors and similes and other kinds of bluff.

The time is now ripe to fill this space with remarks about our four happy, successful years with thee, dear Alma Mater, and "how can we bear to leave thee" and what will you ever do without us?" Well——

We have spent four happy and highly successful years here (if you don't believe it read the class history). We are now Seniors, Seniors who have trod the paths of learning almost to the jumping off place. We are every one of us flowers of education and cuulture. We can tell a periphrastic when we see one, and we are often able to do difficult algebra and occasional geometry problems. Some of us are sorry to leave thee, dear Alma Mater, and doubtless some of us are glad. I'm positive none of us would retrace our steps even were it possible. No sad pensive feeling steals over us when we think of next year and the year after next and the next and the next spent far away from thy dear portals. Perhaps thou too wilt soon forget the illustrious class of January, '18. We, of January, '18, will soon be on our way rejoicing, to "fresh fields and pastures new"; on to success and happiness. And yet—and yet (will the assistant editor please hand me my handkerchief) it seems a pity to leave you, West High, when we have just begun to appreciate you, just barely learned your ways. Please don't forget us, West High, entirely. When we visit you for a day some Christmas vacation, don't give us a cold stare, but try and remember us as we will remember you, as a guiding hand "onward and upward."

The editors of these bright and witty pages wish to be congratulated. As a result of much rag-chewing they have not dubbed one of their classmates in the words of Shelley, or is it Kelley? "Divinely fair and most divinely tall," nor have they remarked once that "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." It was only after much thoughtful and painful deliberation that they were able to escape these dear, old standbys. By the way, some of our grinds are old enough to walk alone we know, but aren't a few of them rather clever? If you think so, please tell us.



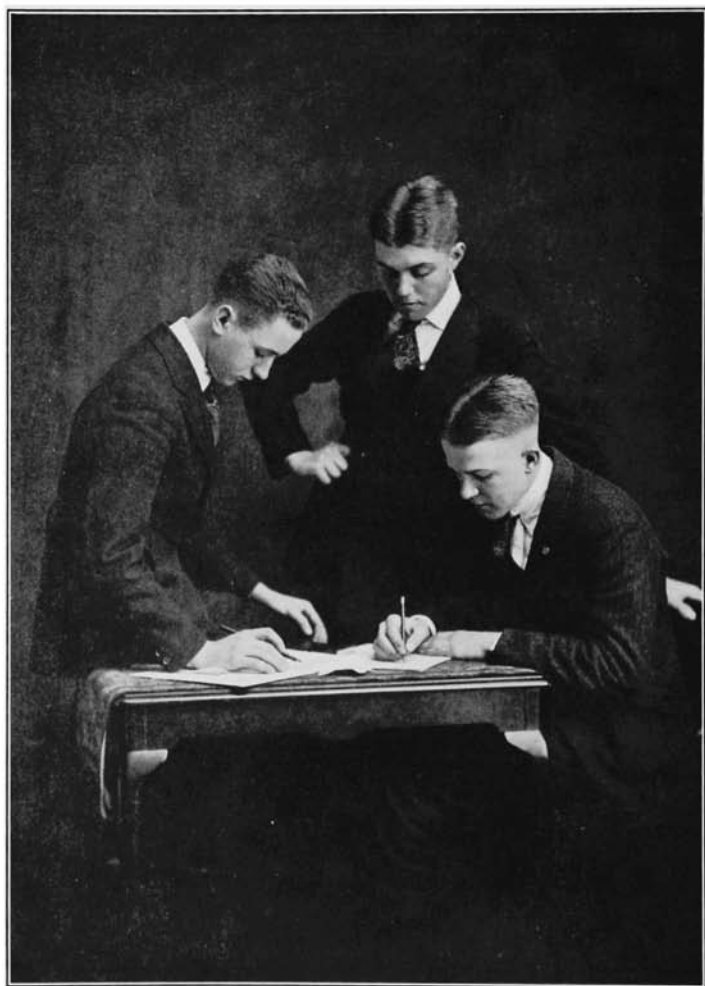
THE OCCIDENT CLASS

Occident Staff

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"There is no such thing as gallantry in West High School." This is rather a sweeping statement, but when you think it over you will see that it is all too true. To come down to the point—every social event of the school has to be chaperoned by one or more members of the faculty. They are expected to attend our affairs not as guests or even as on-lookers, but as people on whose shoulders the responsibility of our good time rests. Do we worry as to whether they enjoy themselves or not ourselves out to entertain them? Not so but far otherwise. This is about what happens. They come unaccompanied, practically no one speaks to them or acknowledges their presence. They spend the evening looking at the statuary and pictures and trying to look pleased and entertained. After it is all over they must see that everything is intact and unharmed. They are the last ones to leave the building, usually considerably past midnight. Ask almost any faculty member and you will find they would rather correct regents papers or wash dishes than attend a West High entertainment. For a school of our size and reputation this condition is awful, for it shows that something is radically wrong with our code of ethics. The only explanation of it is that we are selfish and thoughtless. The only remedy is immediate reformation. The next party we have, shock and horrify your chaperone by asking her to dance, or by talking to him or her a few moments, make her wonder what under the sun's happened by offering her some punch. When you leave wish her good night just for fun. Do your level best, West High, to make the quotation, for it is a genuine quotation, with which this paragraph began, a dark thing of a barbaric past.

Do you still wash the dishes for your mother and do all your studying in the afternoons? Do you continue to cease from using objectionable language known as "slang"? Are you still working for A's and still depositing that dime regularly every week? Can it be that you are still opening doors for teachers and not beating your poor, little sister when she annoys you? In other words, are your New Year's resolutions still alive and flourishing? A new term is almost upon us, a new term in which you may partially at least erase your slate and begin fresh with a new reputation to make. Keep your nice, new resolutions as long as possible, and when you are forced to give them up, break them gently.



THE PRESS CLUB

Douglas Donald

The Press Club

The Press Club is composed of Elbert Angevine, Joseph Knobles, Basil Moore, Douglas Donald and Roy Miller. The very important duty of informing the world of the affairs of the school is intrusted to them. Through their efforts the games and social events have been made more successful.

Teacher (to pupil in back of room 63)—"What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

"The both! It eats nothing but holes."

We as a student body owe a very big vote of thanks to Mr. Carkin and his two assistants, Ray Beers and Harold MacFarlin, for the splendid work they have done for our school this term. It was through their united efforts that the home room competitive system was put in running order. It is due to them that the sale of soccer and other tickets broke all previous records. Especially has the Occident benefited by their work. Some real Occident spirit has been unearthed, some genuine enthusiasm and pep. But most of all, these boys have instilled in us an interest in the financial success of our activities and a desire to do our bit in making them a success which it is hoped will be lasting. They have generously given their time and a great amount of unselfish, hard work. The least we can do is to thank them most heartily and stand behind them.

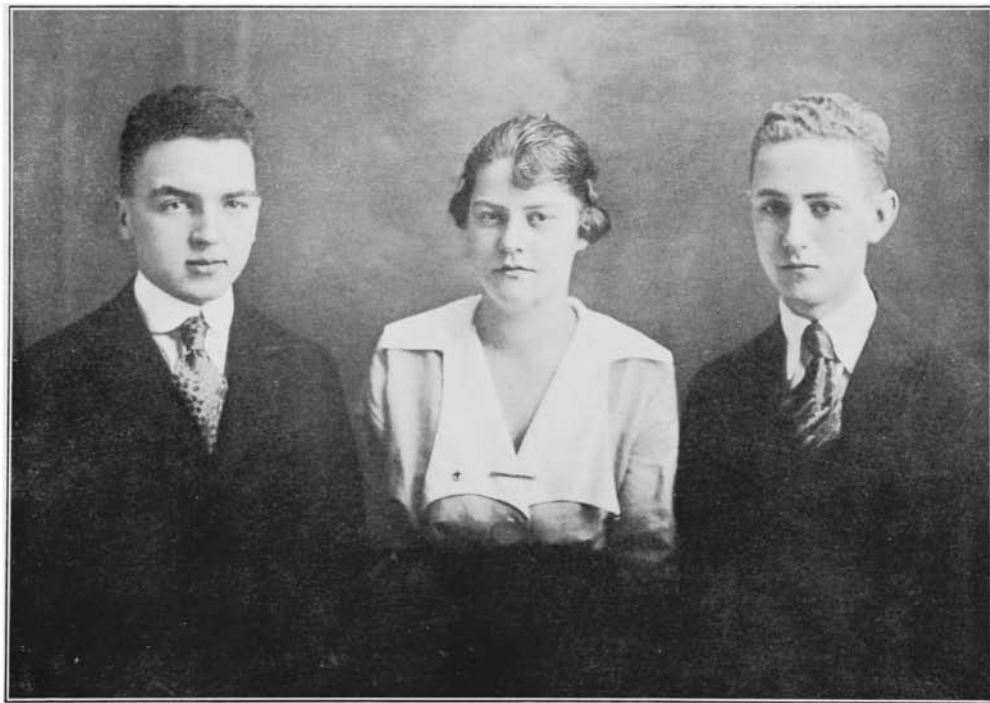
It was the first time Walter Bennett had ever seen a snake, about eight years ago, and as he ran into the house he called to his mother, "O, mother, come quick! Here's a tail wagging without a dog."

We have been obliged to take several reefs in the editorial sails this month. Our worthy predecessors, the regular Occident staff, have set a standard rather difficult to reach. The Occident certainly has taken a new lease of life this term. Several brand new A1 ideas have been caught and a goodly lot of genuine originality has sprung up in these pages. Every number has had some new little idea stunt up its sleeve; we have been tricked into reading the "Dear Editor" complaints under the guise of the "Indig Nut" column and I know that some of us have actually read the editorials since the editors have taken to writing snappy sketches instead of revising antique sermons.

My heart's so full of joy to-day
For all my fellow men,
I'd gladly knock somebody down,
To help him up again.—Ex.

MORE PRACTICABLE

Inventor—"Do you want to buy my newly patented bullet-proof vest?"
Francis Daniels—"No; but I'd be interested in a soup-proof vest."
—Ex.



OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION

POETS' CORNER

Ed. Note—There seems to be so much poetical talent in our class that for the benefit of the school we have made this collection of the choicest bits.

These sprightly little verses will surely raise a fellow sympathy in many of our readers. They are written by the well known philosopher, Hon. Donald Houghton, C. O. D.

Break, break, break
On the lonely road, O Ford.
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the coal man's lad,
As he shoots with his Packard by;
Oh well for the meat man's son,
As he glides along, forever on high.

And the costly autos go on
To their garages on the hill,
But O for the touch of a learned hand,
And the rattle of an engine that is still.

Bend, bust, break,
At the middle of thy journey, O Henry,
And the horrible hate of a motor that is dead
Will ever drive me to frenzy.

Maudy's a little ruff neck,
She cuts up all the time,
She bothers teachers terrible,
It really is a crime.

She shoots paper wads in study hall,
And slides down bannisters too.
There really isn't anything
That naughty girl don't do.

A burlesque on Keat's "First looking into Chapman's Homer," entitled "On First Riding on the Erie Railroad."

Much have I traveled in our native land,
And many a goodly state and city seen,
Of scenic beauty which I did esteem,
And left in me a feeling that was grand.
The means wherewith I traveled o'er this land
Was boat—but most of all by railroad train,
Which truly I enjoyed, and felt no pain,
Till I upon the Erie did expand.
Then felt I like an irate golfer, when
He is stymied at the eighteenth hole,
Or like a driver of a brand new Ford,
Which suddenly departs from his control,
And, skidding off across the road stops stalled,
Silent, upon a little muddy knoll.

G. ALFRED SPROAT.

The following lines are penned by a grateful student who has a reputation for hard riding. For reasons of modesty he has withheld his name.

An ode to *Meus Bonus Equus* by a "note"worthy Vigil student.

That's where my salary goes,
For the purpose of buying me a pony.
I ride him night and day
To haul the A's.
He's worth a lot to me,
\$.50 at Scrantom's.
Yes, boys, that's where my money goes.

"HOW THE CHILDREN DO CHANGE"

1914—This is a specimen of our quaint Freshman prattling. "The first day at high school I was awful scared. Everybody called me freshy and I had an awful time getting around. One steward told me to take the elevator to the 4th floor and there wasn't any elevator or any 4th floor either. I expected the work would be easy because I always use to get 100 in arithmetic and 98 in spelling, but I got stung in high skule—alegabra isn't a bit like arithmetic. Mamma says I don't have to stay in high skule though if it's too hard for me."

1918—This is the way we write our Senior essays. "Theoretically speaking, the higher academic life of which we now take part is a very complex problem. It is a typical example of the homology of the nation as a whole, in truth a veritable melting pot. The ambiguous inconsistencies to be found in it demonstrate the instability of these comatose times—oh tempora, oh mores."

A SUBSTITUTE COUSIN

(Continued from page 163)

me than I did her. It was pretty lively in that house for the next few minutes, and when my friend and I left, we were in a hurry and did not dally on the way.

"That ends my story," he said, "but I wonder if that Mexican girl has yet found her should-be husband."

As he stopped talking, Jack pulled out his watch and saw that it was eleven o'clock. He would stay until eleven-thirty.

"Won't you go on dancing, Mrs. Whittier?" he asked. "I haven't seen any dancing in two or three years and from what I hear, it has greatly changed."

"Why, yes," was the reply.

Then the same young girl who had asked him of the West, offered to teach him the new steps, and he readily agreed.

The time passed swiftly and Jack still remained. Eleven-thirty came and passed, quarter of twelve and then a sleepy but amazed servant entered the room, followed by a husky young man. The latter stopped at the door and waited expectantly.

Jack realized immediately that the real cousin had arrived. He cast one agonized glance at Mrs. Whittier, who was staring in amazement at the newcomer. Then Jack made a dash for the door, pushed aside the man there, raced down the hall and slammed the door after him.

When he stopped for breath, Jack wondered how the real cousin was progressing with Mr. and Mrs. Whittier.

Dramatics





THE SENIOR VAUDEVILLE CAST

Senior Vaudeville Show

Mrs. Ellis	-	-	-	-	-	Director
Mr. Ford	-	-	-	-	-	Director
Harold McFarlin	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
P. Robert Griffith	-	-	-	-	-	Advertising Manager
Masil Moore	-	-	-	-	-	Property Manager
Roswell Marshall	-	-	-	-	-	Stage Manager
Clarence Gibbs	-	-	-	-	-	Electrician

The Senior Class departed from the usual custom and gave a vaudeville show. This enterprise has shown us what we can do for our school and our country when everyone gets behind it. The proceeds have gone to buy a motor truck for Base Hospital Unit No. 19. The school entered into this undertaking with great spirit.

A HINT TO LOVERS

Said James Waring in an off-hand way
To a damsel coquettish and gay,
I wonder if I
Had the heart to apply
For a kiss, would I get it or nay?

Then the maiden with cunning replied,
Such requests should be always denied,
It is safest and best
To defer your request
At least until after you've tried.

Rube Miller—"Say, but ain't the pertato bugs bad this year—why they et our crops up in a week."

Hayseed Moore—"That's nothing, they et our crop up in two days and perched up in the trees to see if we was goin' to plant any more."

Smart City Fellow (who sells seeds)—"Well, bos, down to our place I saw two little potato bugs looking over our accounts to see who was going to buy potato seed."

MODERN

Roberta Jennings (to country storekeeper)—"Have you any ice cream forks?"

Storekeeper (anxious to be up to the times)—"Eh, no, miss, but we're expecting some lemonade knives."

For sale: One cud of spearmint gum. It has given me good service during these 4 long years, but is still fragrant and elastic—just as good as new. It is such a handy little article to have around to seal letters or mend dishes with. My terms are reasonable. Apply at once to this office. Kind-hearted Senior.

Ethel Edick—"Where can I buy powder?"
The Shop Walker—"Face, gun, or bug, madam?"

"Us Seniors"



"DON" SNAPP



"ROS" MARSHALL



"FRED" HAINES



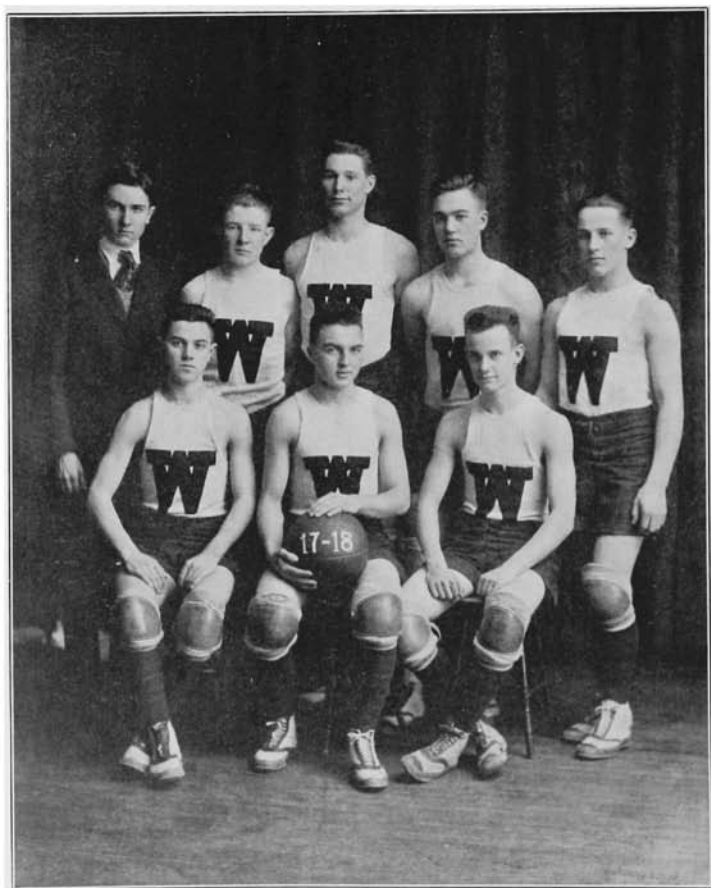
"FERD" POWELL



PAUL LYDDON

Athletics





THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball

The Orange and Black promises to have one of the fastest quintts that ever represented the school. With Pete Howard as captain and Wray Rawlings as manager they have a good start in that direction.

Pete Howard is a veteran of two seasons and will no doubt lead his men at a fast pace.

This year's manager has succeeded in arranging a schedule including many of the fastest teams in Western New York.

The men this season with the team are all players of experience, having played last season with the reserves.

Red Gee and Moshier are developing into a steady, strong defense and will give the opposing forwards much trouble. At center, Harvey Morgan will play a fast game. Butch McKie and Howard will be seen at forward and are expected to play a game which will cause worry in East High's camp.

With most of the schedule before them we wish them much success in the coming season.

Wray Rawlings Manager
Neal Howard Captain
Ralph Tichenor Coach

W. Gee, D. McKie, H. Messenger, M. Moshier, H. Morgan, A. Millanetti.

At the close of this semester West High, with much pride may review her many activities in the sport world. She has lived up to her old standard, one set by the men in the good old days of football.

Under the leadership of Physical Director Conyne and his assistant, Ralph Tichnor, the various teams have budded out into powerful aggregations.

Games that have been played were fair and square and we are sure the future will be the same. West High stands for fair play.

W. H. S.	vs.	Hornell	November 29
W. H. S.	vs.	Lima	December 7
W. H. S.	vs.	Charlotte	Decembber 14
W. H. S.	vs.	Brockport	December 19
W. H. S.	vs.	Newark	December 28
W. H. S.	vs.	Canandaigua	January 4
W. H. S.	vs.	Geneseo	January 11
W. H. S.	vs.	Cathedral	January 18
W. H. S.	vs.	Canandaigua	January 25
W. H. S.	vs.	Geneseo	February 1
W. H. S.	vs.	Lima	February 8
W. H. S.	vs.	Brockport	February 15
W. H. S.	vs.	East High	February 22

Soccer

When Coach Tichenor called for men to form the soccer squad last September, the students responded nobly and came out eighty strong. Tichenor immediately started his eliminating process and soon had two teams which represented West High's best.

In the meantime Manager Crino was arranging a schedule which would include the fastest teams in this part of the country. His success

was beyond all expectations and West High's team had to fight all the way through the season.

The team opened the season by defeating East High by a score of 3 to 2. With this victory behind them they proceeded to clean up every team on the schedule except the Orientals. Here they paused. On the 12th of October they were defeated for the first time that year. East High had the game at their home pitch, which by the way, was flooded at the time, and proceeded to win by the close score of 2 to 1.

This game left the championship undecided so another game was staged on November 9.

At the final game West High was supported by about one thousand rooters who were expecting victory. West High ended the game defeated, 5 to 0. Although defeated in the city championship they represented one of the fastest bunches in interscholastic soccer.

Michael Crino Manager
Earl Reed Captain
Ralph Tichenor Coach

C. Kirchmeir, A. Gillette, B. Moore, R. Vance, M. Adams, T. Caffery, E. Whipple, H. Howard, F. Clark, J. Izzo, F. Burke, L. Knight.

W. H. S.	vs.	E. H. S.	September 28
W. H. S.	vs.	Manlius	October 6
W. H. S.	vs.	Lima	October 12
W. H. S.	vs.	Charlotte	October 15
W. H. S.	vs.	E. H. S.	October 19
W. H. S.	vs.	Canandaigua	October 22
W. H. S.	vs.	Lima	October 26
W. H. S.	vs.	Charlotte	October 29
W. H. S.	vs.	Canandaigua	October 31
W. H. S.	vs.	Manlius	November 2
W. H. S.	vs.	E. H. S.	November 9

Warden—"Have you ever been in any European jail?"

F. Daniels (in Sing Sing)—"No, my motto is to see America first."

Lee Towsley—Grandma, did you like that gumdrop I gave you?

Grandma—Yes, indeed. Why?

Lee—I just wondered. My kitty didn't. She spit it out twice.

ON FIELD DAY

J. Waring—"You should have seen Nelda Masters do the quarter mile."

James Madden—"What did she do it in?"

J. W.—"I don't know what you call the darned things."

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OUR DEAR OLD WEST HIGH

(With an apology to "The Old Oaken Bucket.")
 How dear to our hearts are the scenes in our class room,
 Where teachers try bravely to make us give ear,
 The desks and the benches, the blackboards around them,
 The rapt inattention we gave there, I fear,
 The hot water pipes and the cold that came from them,
 The desk where professors expounded the rule,
 The clock which we looked at with eyes full of longing,
 And e'en the dear bell that released us from school.

There's Donald and Lucy,
 And Doris and Alfred;
 There's Frederick and Francis,
 And Mildred and Roy.

How sad were our hearts when our dear Dido left us!
 How great was our joy when we finished that Burke!
 And Algebra also, I'm sure it did "fuss" us,
 While Physics and German we tried hard to shirk,
 Dear me, how the periods lengthened each moment
 When we wished to go to the "movies" that day!
 But now we are Seniors—we won't make a comment,
 Except that we're sorry to go on our way.

There's Dorothy, Roswell,
 Both Morris and Phyllis;
 There's Marion, Ferdinand,
 Edith and Ruth.

Come, comrades, and join us and sing a farewell song,
 To dear old West High, which we all love so well.
 We hope that we'll see you sometime in the future,
 And run up those stairs at the sound of the bell.
 Both teachers and pupils we hope you will miss us,
 Although we feel sure that our place will be filled
 By Juniors and Sophomores, even by Freshmen,
 Who are very much by our dignity thrilled.

There's Nelda and Ethel,
 Both Grace and Roberta,
 And all of the others
 Of January, '18.

RUTH LOOMIS.

EDITOR'S LAST WORD

You have now finished reading one of the year's best publications. And we presume you don't like it. Doubtless you have located in these pages all your favorite, old chestnuts—if you haven't you can find them with little trouble in the Life, Judge and funny papers for the last ten years. We admit that everything that's good in this book has been cribbed—but all we can say is when your turn comes and you, youthful Freshman, sophisticated Soph or ambitious Junior, reach our plane, try doing this thing yourself and see how you like it.

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