

SENIOR OCCIDENT



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Rochester, N.Y. West high school
"Senior annual"

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To

MR. CHARLES A. VALLANCE

Who, during our years at West High, has enriched
us through his philosophy, his counsel, his
ever-ready help, and his loyal friendship

The Class of January 1933

proudly dedicates this,

their

Senior Annual Occident





WEST HIGH CAMPUS

—PHOTO BY ROBERT A. ROBINSON

OUR CLASS ADVISERS



ETHEL L. BEARSS



HARVEY J. LOCKWOOD

*To the unfailing kindly guidance of
Miss Ethel L. Bearss
and
Mr. Harvey J. Lockwood
the Class of January 1933 owes its
successful and happy career*



CLASS OFFICERS

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Wolcott Marsh
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Edna Mae Brewer
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Evelyn Consler
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Wesley Elliot
Cheer Leader	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Miller

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

FLORENCE M. ADES

"Flossie"

69 Wooden Street

A tireless worker, a worthwhile pal,
Who could forget her? We never shall.
Swimming 3; Basketball 2; Choir 4;
Choir Party Committee 4; Typewriting
Award 2.

Madison Junior

Rochester Business Institute



FRANCES ATTRIDGE

"Fran"

280 Flint Street

A charming way, a gracious smile
Most obliging all the while.
Swimming 2, 3; Chorus 2; Sock and
Buskin Club 4.

Madison Junior

General Hospital



DOROTHY E. ALBERTSON

"Dot"

560 Chili Avenue

Her sunny disposition wins her many
friends.

Tap Dancing 2; Gym Meet 2; Numerals
2; Drill, second place; Dancing, third
place.

Madison Junior

Undecided



MADELINE E. BARTELS

"Madie"

210 Shelter Street

The smiles that win, the tints that
glow are ever on her face.

Baseball 2; Tap Dancing 3; Sock and
Buskin Club 4; Gym Meet 2; Numer-
als 2.

Madison Junior

Undecided



CHARLOTTE ALDRIDGE

"Char"

400 Wellington Avenue

Grace, poise and charm
And all that is ideal,
In her lovely character
Is easy to reveal.

Occident Staff 3; Assistant Statistical
Editor; Senior Occident; Baseball 2;
West High Nites 3, 4; French Club 3;
Sock and Buskin Club 3, 4; "Tri-Y"
Club 4; Girls' Gym Meet 2; Athletic
Award 2; G. A. A. Numerals; First
Place in Drill; Armistice Day Program
Committee; "First Year" Staff; "The
Garbage Man" Staff; Senior Party
Committee.

Madison Junior

Wellesley College



MARGARET BARTH

"Marg"

627 Woodbine Avenue

Mary is every senior's friend,
Loyal to the very end.

Tennis 3, 4; French Club 4.

No. 37

William Smith College



DORIS ALLEN

"Dorey"

20 Epworth Street

She has the rare gift of being a good
listener.

Tennis 3, 4.

Madison Junior

Undecided



HARRY BASSETT

"Babe"

25 Home Place

Football is a wonderful game,
Quarterback has won him fame.

Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Home
Room Basketball 3, 4; Letter Award
for Reserve Baseball.

Jefferson

Springfield College



LILLIAN ROSALIA ARGENTO

"Lil"

1002 Arnett Boulevard

Slow in word, and slow of pace
In the end she'll win the race.

Tennis 2, 3; Swimming 3; Chorus 1,
4; Choir 4.

Nazareth Academy

Business



HELEN M. BATES

"Helen"

3 Walter Park

A charming smile, a heart of gold,
That's Helen.

Madison

Business



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

JENNIE M. BIANCHI

"Jen"

201 Glide Street

*A joy to our class, a true friend and
pal,
We all hope you'll succeed and we
know you shall.*
Appennine Club 2, 3, 4.
Jefferson Business



EDNA MAE BREWER

"Ed"

277 Bronson Avenue

*Behold, our rising journalist, our lady
of affairs, editor-in-chief of the
Occident.*

Honor Society; Member of Literary,
Art, and Dramatic Committee 4; Vice-
President of Class 3 and 4; Junior
Prom Committee 4; Service Corps 4;
Banking 4; Executive Council 4; Occi-
dent Staff 4; Local Editor 4; Editor-
in-chief 4; Advisory Committee of Sen-
ior Annual.
Madison Business



ELINOR M. BITTNER

"Elinor"

15 Margaret Street

*Faithful, courteous and prudent,
She's a true West High student.*
Tennis 1, 2; Tennis Tournament 3;
Dramatics.
No. 37 Undecided



GENEVIEVE BURKE

"Jerry"

496 Woodbine Avenue

*One of the immortal names that was
not born to die.*

Swimming 3, 4; Tennis 3; Captain
Ball 3; Baseball 3; Honor Algebra;
Honor English; Debating Club; Honor
Society.
New York City
Rochester Business Institute



JANET BODENSTEIN

"Jan"

56 Shelter Street

*"Since brevity is the soul of wit, I
will be brief."*
Junior Party Committee; Sock and
Buskin Club 4; Committee Senior Oc-
cident Agent.
Madison Taylor University



PAUL BURKE

"Pat"

870 Seward Street

Who said I didn't like love stories!
Baseball 2, 3, 4.

Aquinas Colgate



KENNETH BOTTING

"Flash"

944 Jefferson Avenue

I'm the caveman type.

Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Cross Country Squad
1, 2; Soccer Squad 3; Basketball
Squad 3; Home Room Basketball 1, 2,
3; Choir 4; Home Room Soccer 1, 2.
Ohio State



PEARL BURNE

"Pearl"

41 Paige Street

*There's something fine about most of
us, and everything fine about
Pearl.*

Home Room Representative 2; Tap 3;
Swimming 1, 2; Baseball 2, 4; Service
Corps 4; Sock and Buskin 4.
No. 37 Genesee



JULIA E. BRENNAN

"Julie"

11 Henion Street

*Her witty remarks enliven many a
dull class.*

Soccer 1; Tennis 1, 2; Swimming 1;
Gym Meet 1; Sock and Buskin Club
3, 4; Chorus 2; Choir 3, 4; West
High Nites 4; Sock and Buskin Play-
Assembly 4.

SS. Peter and Paul's
Buffalo Children's Hospital



KENNETH BUTLER

"Bill"

523 Brooks Avenue

*Men of few words have the highest
ambitions.*

Home Room Baseball 4.
Madison College



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

NORRIS R. CARYL "Lefty"

31 Ellicott Street
Beware of silent men!

Baseball 1; Home Room Soccer 3, 4;
Home Room Basketball 2; Interclass
Track Meet 2; Honor Math.
No. 37 *Colgate*



ANTHONY COCUZZI "Tony"

29 Dengler Street

*A man of many friends,
Who cares naught for the "fems."*
Wrestling Team 2, 3, 4; Cross Coun-
try Squad 3; Inter-class Track 3; In-
door Baseball 3, 4; Home Room Soccer
2, 3; Senior Occident Staff; West High
Nites 4.
Jefferson Business

DOROTHY CASE "Dot"

351 Ravenwood Avenue

*Of all the girls that we have met,
Dot is one we'll never forget.*

Choir 4; French Club 4.
Madison Mechanics



MARY A. COCUZZI "Mary"

29 Dengler Street

She says little but thinks much.
Baseball 2, 3; Tap Dancing 3; Swim-
ming 2, 3, 4.
Jefferson Undecided

ROSE M. CERRA "Ro"

2 Trento Street, Coldwater

*She spreads sunshine wherever she
goes.*

Tap Dancing 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3;
Swimming 3, 4; Service Corps 4; Ap-
ennine Club 4; Entertainment Com-
mittee; Sock and Buskin Club 3, 4;
Senior Occident Staff.
No. 43 *Business*



DOROTHY COLE "Dot"

195 Aberdeen Street

A Dot with much dash.
Home Room Representative 3; Tennis
2; Choir 2, 3, 4; Chorus 2; Sock and
Buskin Club 3, 4; Debating Contest 3.
Madison Undecided

RENA CLARK "Rene"

108 Burlington Avenue

*Rene greets you with a smile,
Keeps you happy all the while.*

Executive Council 3, 4; Occident Staff
Reporter 3; Swimming 1; Tennis 2, 3,
4; Tennis Tournament 3, 4; Hiking
Club; French Club 3, 4; Sock and
Buskin Club 4; Orchestra 1; Senior
Occident Staff; Honor Society 4.
No. 37 *University of Rochester*



LORETTA ANN CONROY "Connie"

437 Flint Street

*Even though she is a beauty,
At office work she'll do her duty.*
Associate Blurb Editor Senior Occi-
dent; Assistant Home Room Represen-
tative 3; Sock and Buskin Club 3;
Book Store 3, 4; Class Secretary 2;
Sophomore Party Committee.
St. Monica's Business

EDNA MAE CLEELAND "Eddie"

Scottsville, New York

*So very neat in all her things,
But always happiest when she sings.*
Swimming 2; West High Nites 3, 4;
Honor English; Music Pin 4; Choir
Party Committee 3, 4; West High Sing-
ers 2, 3, 4; Interhigh Choir 3, 4.
Out-of-town University of Rochester



EVELYN CONSLER "Connie"

435 Columbia Avenue

*Secretary of our class is she,
What the seniors think of her is plain
to see.*
Executive Council 2; Advisory Commit-
tee Senior Occident; Swimming 2, 4;
Baseball 2; Soccer 2; Sophomore Par-
ty Committee; Secretary of Class, Jan-
uary '33; Junior Party Committee;
Sock and Buskin 4.
Madison Business

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

DORIS COOK

"Sis"

111 Tremont Street

*Quiet, smiling, friendly, sweet,
In her all fine things you'll meet.*

Madison

Highland Hospital



BETH DAVIS

"Babe"

1360 Chili Road

"Miss Coldwater, 1932"

Basketball 2; Soccer 2; Tennis 2, 3;
Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4; Tap Dancing 2;
Riding 2; Baseball 1; Gym Meet; Art
Play; West High Nites 4.

No. 43

American Academy of
Dramatic Arts

KATHRYN J. COOK

"Kate"

327 West Avenue

*Kate is lively, full of fun,
We shall miss her, everyone.*

Executive Council 4; Basketball 2, 3,
4; Swimming 2; Tapping 2, 3; Base-
ball 2; Tennis 2, 3; Hiking 3; Recrea-
tion 3.

Madison

Presbyterian Hospital



HOWARD DAVIS

"Howie"

1 Judson Terrace

*Just a little boy who knows where
he's going.*

Home Room Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4.

Madison

Undecided

DOROTHY M. COON

"Dot"

150 Flanders Street

*This girl we all admire,
For her genial ways and neat attire.*
Tennis 1, 2; Sock and Buskin Club 4.
No. 37

Undecided



GEORGE DAY

"George"

180 Roxborough Road

Trumpeter, I hear you calling me.
Executive Council 4; Honor German;
Band and Orchestra 2, 4; Home Room
Representative 4.

Madison

College

ROSE MARIE CORSICA

"Ro"

96 Lorimer Street

*A merry girl we'll admit,
Who's always laughing at someone's
wit.*

Soccer 3; Baseball 2; Swimming 3, 4;
Tap Dancing 2; Tennis 3; Hiking 3;
Basketball 2; Typewriting Award 2;
Sock and Buskin Club 4; Apennine
Club 4; Numerals 2.

Jefferson

Business



JOSEPH B. DEISHER

"Joe"

170 Westminster Road

Sa Mo!

Home Room Soccer Manager 2; Honor
Math 3; Choir 2; Dramatic Club 3, 4;
Occidental Forum 4; Assembly Debate
3; French Club 3, 4; Tennis Tournament
4.

Madison

University of Pennsylvania

JAMES M. DALTON

"J. P."

303 Sherwood Avenue

Let the others labor, I'll do the rest.
Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Home
Room Baseball 2, 3.

Marshall

Travel



JACK C. DENSE

"Jack"

876 Arnett Boulevard

I guess I'll change my name!

Home Room Baseball 1, 2; Home Room
Basketball 2; Home Room Soccer 1, 2,
4; Golf Tournament 3; Choir 2; Hi-
Y 4; Scientist Club.

Madison

G. M. I. T.

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

MICHAEL DI QUATTRO "Mike"

32 Dana Street
Quiet, silent, powerful and cool.
Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Home
Room Baseball 2, 3.
Jefferson Rochester Business Institute



DOROTHEA DREGER "Billie"

412 Thurston Road
Loving, kind, gentle, eager
Is our sweet Dorothea Dreger.
Baseball 2; Honor Algebra; Honor
English.
Madison Rochester Business Institute



ELEANOR DUNCAN "Skip"

63 Cottage Street
Good things come in small packages.
Typewriting Award 2.
Madison Undecided



CHARLES DUNN "Chuck"

325 Ellicott Street
Let's have a party!
Track 2, 3; Reserve Basketball 2, 3;
Home Room Soccer 3, 4; Home Room
Baseball 2, 3; Home Room Basket-
ball 4.
Madison Cortland Normal



AUDRIE B. EAKIN "Aud"

770 Jefferson Avenue
Blue eyes, golden hair,
A lovely girl we all declare.
Tap Dancing 2.
Madison Rochester Business Institute



ELIZABETH ERB "Liz"

251 Sherwood Avenue
The golden-tongued orator of West
High.

Girls' Sports Editor 4; Home Room
Representative 3; Tennis 2, 4; Swim-
ming 2; Basketball 2, 3; Honor Eng-
lish; Honor Algebra; Chess Club; Man-
ager Debating Club; Vice-President Na-
tional Honor Society; Armistice Day
Contest 3; Poetry Contest 4; Associate
Editor Senior Occident; Service Corps;
Vice-President Class 2.

Madison Denison University



MARYE F. FALASCA "Mae"

102 Romeyn Street
Her days are all a smile;
She knows not gloom nor guile.
Home Room Representative Assistant
2; Tennis 2, 4; Swimming 2, 3, 4;
Basketball 2; Tap Dancing 2; Base-
ball 3; Typewriting Award 2; Apen-
nine Club 2, 3, 4.
Jefferson Rochester General Hospital



DOROTHY FLANNERY "Dot"

39 Orleans Street
Dot's twinkling Irish eyes,
Certainly match her cheery smiles.
Assistant Statistical Editor Senior Occi-
dent; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3,
4; Swimming 2, 4; Soccer 2, 3; Tap
Dancing 2, 3; Track 4; Hiking 3;
Recreation Club 4; Gym Leader 3, 4;
Gym Meet 2, 4; Champion Soccer Team
3; Captain, Third Honor Basket-
ball Team 4; Basketball Referee 4;
G. A. A. Basketball Banquet Commit-
tee; G. A. A. Emblem 3; Junior Party
Committee; Subscription Committee,
Senior Occident; West High Nites;
Tri-Y 2, 3, 4.
Madison P. G. Course



BURDETT GARRARD "Burt"

22 Roslyn Street
I'm not well known,
But I've served my time.
Tennis 4; Home Room Baseball 4.
Madison .. University of Alabama



ARTHUR E. GLEW "Shadow"

407 Woodbine Avenue
I'll havnt yuh, I'll get in your hair,
yowzah!
Blurb Editor Senior Occident; Home
Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Home Room Bas-
ketball 3; Class Baseball 4; Hockey 2;
Honor Math 3; West High Nites 3;
Service Corps 4.
Madison Mechanics Institute



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

JERROLD GOLDBERG "Joe"

39 Evangeline Street
Boxing and studying are his favorite sports.
Soccer 1; Basketball 1; Baseball 1;
Track 2, 3; Interclass Track 2.
No. 37 *Purdue*



MORGAN HADSELL "Tarzan"

610 Wellington Avenue
Found in the wilds of Africa.
Reserve Soccer 3; Soccer 4; Reserve
Baseball 3; Reserve Basketball 3.
Schenectady High Hobart



WAYNE L. GORTON "Wayne"

127 Aldine Street
A man of high ideals.
Track 3, 4,
East High College



RALPH R. HADSELL "Hetz"

610 Wellington Avenue
Nothin' serious, though—
Baseball 2, 3, 4; Reserve Basketball 3;
Bowling 2, 3; Winner, Golf Tourna-
ment 3; Basketball 4; Math 3.
Schenectady High Babson Institute



STELLA GRANATA "Sal"

65 Magnolia Street
*"Sal" spends not her time in sighing;
She's forever, ever trying.*
Swimming 4; Junior Life Saver.
Madison College



CARL HAEFELE "Carl"

32 Normandy Avenue
The athlete who took up studying on the side.
Home Room Soccer 3; Swimming Team
3, 4; Swimming Club 2, 3, 4; Honor
English 4; Honor German 3; Band 1,
2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Little
Symphony 2, 3, 4; Inter-high Band 2,
3, 4; Inter-high Orchestra 2, 3, 4;
Occidental Forum 3; Choir 4; Honor
Society 4; West High Nites 3, 4;
Standard Bearer 4.
No. 37 *Syracuse*



KENNETH M. GRAVES "Kenny"

169 Troup Street
A ready laugh and a more ready smile.
Home Room Soccer 1; Home Room
Baseball 2.
Madison Business



L. ROBERT HAMMOND "Bob"

West Henrietta, New York
Clever, bright, and full of fight.
Choir 3, 4; West High Nites 4.
Madison Undecided



CHARLES GROET "Chuck"

225 Penhurst Street
I have ideas of my own.
Occident Reporter 2; Home Room
Baseball 2; Home Room Soccer 2;
Honor English 4; Service Corps 4.
Madison Syracuse



ELLEN LOUISE HARMON "Harmon"

284 Ravenwood Avenue
*Wherever Ellen meets you,
A pair of smiling eyes is sure to greet you.*
Tapping 2; Honor Math 3.
Madison University of Rochester



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

LUCILE HARMON
"Red"

504 Brooks Avenue

R. G. H. will surely be lively when "Red" gets there.

Choir; Voice Training Recital 4.

Utica Free Academy

Rochester General Hospital



JOSEPH HAYES
"Joe"

601 Child Street

*Mischievous and ambitious;
A rare combination.*

Home Room Soccer 1, 2, 3; Home
Room Basketball 1, 2, 3; Home Room
Baseball 1, 2, 3; Cross Country 2;
Track 2; Wrestling 2, 3.

Cathedral

School of Commerce



HELEN HARNISH
"Lee"

119 Milton Street

*Her personality plus wins all our
hearts.*

National Honor Society Representative;
Honor Math; Honor English; Service
Corps; Chairman, Scholarship Commit-
tee; Department of Public Welfare.

Madison Philadelphia School of
Occupational Therapy



THOMAS M. HAYES
"Tommy"

Coldwater, New York

"How's the crops, Tom?"

Senior Occident Advisory Committee 4;
Business Manager Senior Occident;
Home Room Soccer 2; Home Room
Baseball 3; Choir 4; Junior Dance
Committee 3.

Gates No. 1

School of Commerce



NANCY HARRIS
"Nan"

525 Plymouth Avenue

*Her winning way and pleasant smile,
Keep up cheerful all the while.*

Monroe

Undecided



RICHARD E. HEGNER
"Dick"

104 Inglewood Drive

*Dick found the lost chord, and nobody
claimed it.*

Assistant Business Manager, Senior
Occident; Bowling 1; Home Room
Basketball 1, 4; Home Room Soccer 2,
4; Band 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin
Club 4; West High Nites 4; Chorus;
West High Symphonic Jazz Orchestra
4; Hi-Y 4.

No. 37

University of Rochester



PAUL HARTWIG
"Paul"

230 Aberdeen Street

*A stranger who has made a place for
himself.*

Golf 4.

Monroe University of Pennsylvania



EDWIN HENNICK
"Ed"

31 Prescott Street

Another silent man.

Service Corps 4.

Madison

Undecided



ELIZABETH G. HATCH
"Bette"

53 Normandy Avenue

*A happy heart, a lovely face,
A sweet, attractive kind of grace.*

Executive Council 4; Senior Occident
Assistant Literary Editor; Home Room
Representative 4; Gym Meet Award 2;
Swimming 2, 3; Honor Math; Honor
English; West High Nites 3, 4; Sock
and Buskin Club 3, 4; "The Wedding"
Staff, "Dulcy" Staff, "The First Year"
Staff; National Honor Society 4.

Madison

Undecided



MABEL HERBERT
"Mibs"

59 Shelter Street

*Gee, I never knew Duke was so far
from home.*

Occident Reporter 3; Baseball 2, 3;
Tap Dancing 2; Book Store 4; Finance
Committee, West High Nites 4; Mod-
ern Version of "Macbeth" Cast 3;
Sophomore Party Committee 2.

Madison

Business



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

MARGARET R. HERTEL
"Sunshine"

316 Post Avenue

"Sunshine" is happy and care free;
All enjoy her company.
Madison Undecided



HELEN WINIFRED KENNEY
"Boots"

790 Chili Avenue

Ever happy, ever gay;
She always knows what to say,
Tennis, Swimming; Typewriting Award
2.
St. Augustine's Undecided



ELEANOR HETZEL
"Blondie"

427 Sawyer Street

Eleanor's wave is the envy of everyone.
French Club 4.
Madison University of Southern California



RODNEY S. KEPLY
"Rod"

68 Winbourne Road

A winning smile is a valuable asset.
Basketball 1; Home Room Basketball
3, 4; Home Room Soccer 3, 4; Honor
Intermediate Algebra; Service Corps
3, 4.
No. 37 Cornell



RAYMOND J. HILTS
"Count"

96 Enterprise Street

Down for the count.
Band 4.
Madison Mechanics Institute



VIRGINIA KINCAID
"Ginny"

347 Woodbine Avenue

"Oh, that Math—"
East High Undecided



MARY JANE HOPKINS
"Mary Jane"

309 Genesee Park Boulevard

The charm of friendliness radiates
from her.
Honor Algebra.
Madison Keuka College



ELEANOR KINCAID
"El"

347 Woodbine Avenue

She believes in being happy.
Service Corps 4; Choir 2, 4.
East High Undecided



MARGARET L. IGGLEDEN
"Mig"

5 Madison Street

With such initiative and vim,
Our "Mig" is sure to win.
Occident Reporter 3, 4; Swimming 2,
4; Honor English 4; Choir 2; Chorus
2; French Assembly Program 2; Sock
and Buskin Club 3, 4; Service Corp
4; Honor Society 4.
Madison Undecided



THOMAS E. KINNANE JR.
"Tom"

270 Genesee Street

Shakespeare—my pal!
Chess Club Representative, Department
of Public Works 4; Tennis Tournament
3, 4; Indoor Interclass Track Meet 3;
Home Room Soccer 4; Honor Inter-
mediate Algebra; Band 2, 3, 4; Orchestra
3, 4; West High Nites 3, 4; Choir 4;
Manager, Chess Club 4; "Pursuit"
Cast; "The Flower Shop" Staff.
Aquinas Fordham



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

JAMES KIRVAN
"Jim"

Howard Avenue, Coldwater, N. Y.
A ladies' man!
Cross Country 2; Home Room Basketball 1; Choir 2, 3.
Englewood High Business



MONICA LARKIN
"Monie"

826 Seward Street
A late comer to West High, but a welcome one.
Nazareth Business Course



FRANCES KLENKE
"Fran"

40 Genesee Park Boulevard
*Tho' in fashion she would lead,
In all things else she will succeed.*
Swimming 1, 2; Gym Leader 2; Basketball 2; Gym Meet 1, 2; Honor English; Sock and Buskin Club 4; West High Nites 4; Junior Class Party Committee 3; Assembly Program 2; "The Garbage Man" Staff.
No. 37 Undecided



ALICE ROOSEVELT LENHARD
"Al"

1509 Jay Street
*Merry, gay and full of fun,
She's the friend of everyone.*
Assistant Home Room Representative 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Track 4; Basketball 2, 4; Tap Dancing 2, 3; Gym Leader 2, 3; Gym Meet 2, 3; Banking 4.
No. 43 Undecided



BERNICE KNIGHT
"Bernice"

412 Wilder Street
*She is quiet and precise,
But very, very nice.*
Baseball 1.
Out-of-town Undecided



WESLEY M. LENT
"Wes"

123 Poole Street
*Full of dynamite and pep,
He's our cheerleader—hep! hep!*
Baseball 1; Basketball; Track 1; Basketball 2; Inter-class Track Numerals; Soccer 3, 4; Assistant Cheerleader 4; Engineering Club 4; Sock and Buskin Club 4.
No. 43 Oregon



JOHN KNOWLES
"Johnnie"

54 Arnett Boulevard
What curls, what curls!
Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Little Symphony 2, 3.
Madison University of Rochester



JOHN H. LEONARDO
"Johnnie"

368 Genesee Park Boulevard
Quite the athlete!
Baseball 1; Reserve Baseball 2; Home Room Soccer 3; Choir 2.
No. 37 Undecided



NORVAL KRAMER
"Norval"

A lovely girl with unusual executive ability.
Executive Council 4; Tennis 3, 4; Swimming Numerals 2; Basketball 2; Honor English; Debating Club 4; President, Honor Society 4; French Club 3, 4; Art Play 3; "The Florist Shop" Cast 4; Department of Government 4; Sock and Buskin Club 3, 4; Vice-President Students' Association.
Madison University of Rochester



JOSEPH F. LEONARDO
"Lefty"

368 Genesee Valley Boulevard
A good man in any line or game.
Baseball 1; Reserve Baseball 2; Chorus 1; Choir 2; West High Jazz Orchestra 4.
No. 37 University of Rochester



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

FANNIE LEONETTI
"Fay"

296 Curlew Street

*With her winning smile and carefree air
She makes good friends everywhere.*

Tennis 2, 3; Swimming 3; Basketball
2, 3; Typewriting Award 2.
J. J. H. S. Undecided



THELMA IRENE MAINE
"Peggy Bell"

248 Steko Avenue

*What Peggy lacks in stature,
She makes up in good nature.*

Home Room Representative 2; Basket-
ball 2, 3; Baseball 2; Swimming 2, 3;
Tennis 3; Soccer 2; Typewriting
Award 2.
Madison Business



HAZEL A. LERCH
"Hacks"

Norman Road

A perfect dispeller of gloom.

Soccer 2; Chorus 4.
Madison Undecided



RALPH MARINO
"Fat"

461 Colvin Street

An all around good sport.

Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Wrestling
2; Sophomore Basketball; Home Room
Basketball 2, 3; Interclass Wrestling.
Holy Family
University of Southern California



HAZEL W. MACKIE
"Hazel"

58 Campbell Park

*Very quiet, most demure,
We all like her I am sure.*

Swimming 2; Tap Dancing 2; Type-
writing Award 2; Choir 3, 4.
Madison Undecided



WOLCOTT MARSH
"Marsh"

634 Plymouth Avenue

*Defend me from my friends; I can de-
fend myself from my enemies.*

Executive Council 4; Senior Occident
Advisory Committee; Home Room Soc-
cer 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball 2;
Home Room Basketball 2, 3, 4; Assistant
Manager of Track 3; Intermediate
Algebra Honor 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Presi-
dent Jan., '33 Class; Sock and Buskin
Club 3, 4; "Duley" Staff; "The First
Year" Staff; Sophomore Party Com-
mittee; Junior Party Committee; Hon-
or Society 4; Senior Party Committee.
Madison University of Rochester



VIOLET MACKIE
"Vi"

546 Plymouth Avenue South

*A wee bit Scotch,
But we like her a lot.*

Swimming 2; Tennis 2; Honor Eng-
lish; Sock and Buskin 4; Junior Party
Committee.
Madison Taylor University



FRANCIS B. MARVIN
"Fran"

173 1/2 Bartlett Street

The smartest men say the least.

Honor Intermediate Algebra.
Syracuse Syracuse University



MARY MAGRO
"Mar"

136 Anthony Street

"Oh, for a day off!"

Madison Undecided



EDITH ANNE MASTERMAN
"Babe"

430 Hawley Street

*She is tiny, she is witty,
She is dainty, she is pretty.*

Choir 3, 4.
Madison Undecided



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

MARY MASTRANDREA
"Mary"

307 Exchange Street

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Typewriting Award 2; Tap Dancing 2.
Madison Undecided



BARBARA MILES
"Barb"

20 Elgin Street

A very quiet girl.

Basketball 2; Baseball 2; Honor Math 3; Choir 2, 3.

Madison

Undecided



DOROTHY W. MILLER
"Dot"

53 Jefferson Terrace

In basketball she is a star.
In life, we're sure she will go far.

Executive Committee 3, 4; Typing Award 2; Senior Occident Advisory Committee; Girls' Sports Editor; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3; Swimming 2, 3; Tap Dancing 3; Volley Ball Manager 4; Soccer 2, 3; Recreation Club 4; Hiking 3; Track 4; Class Cheer Leader 2, 3, 4; School Athletic Committee 4; Basketball Manager 4; Four-inch "W"; Two-inch "W"; Numerals; G. A. A. Emblem; Vice-President G. A. A.; Athletic Honor Roll; Bookstore 4; Gym Leader; Honor Reserve Team 3; Honor Team 4; Class Team Basketball; Tri-Y 2, 3, 4; West High Nites; Senior Party Committee; Gym Meet 2, 4; Second Place Drill in Gym Meet.

Madison Ithaca Physical Education



EMIL E. MAY
"May"

212 Bronson Avenue

A very quiet young man.

Madison Undecided



VIOLET E. MAY
"Vi"

58 Spruce Avenue

Whether it be play or her work
Her part "Vi" will never shirk.

Track 4; Recreation Club 4; Swimming 2, 3; Tennis 3; Soccer 3; Tap Dancing 3; Baseball 2, 3; Basketball 2; Champion Soccer Teams.

No. 11 Undecided



ANGELYN M. MCCARTHY
"Angie"

328 Plymouth Avenue

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."
Academy of the Sacred Heart
Rochester General Hospital



LYLE N. MORGAN
"Sailor"

1099 Genesee Street

He who has a good reason for going to school is most likely to succeed.

Madison University of Buffalo

ELMER MYERS
"El"

376 Cottage Street

Heroes are made, not born.

Executive Council 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Home Room Basketball 2, 3; Math 3; Honor English; Band 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Choir 2, 3, 4; Honor Society 4; Honor Society Leadership Chairman 4; Occidental Forum 4; Choir Committees 3, 4; Engineering Club 4; Inter-High Band; West High Nites 3, 4; Inter-High Orchestra; Debate 3; Jazz Orchestra 4; "The Florist Shop"; Staff; President Students' Association 4.

Madison University of Rochester

JEANNE McMAHON
"Jeanne"

598 Woodbine Avenue

These talented people!

Honor English; Choir 2, 3; French Club 3; Sock and Buskin Club 3, 4.

Madison Undecided

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

WILLIAM C. NEUMANN
"Bill"

18 Parker Place

*Blessed is he who expects nothing, for
he will never be disappointed.*

Jefferson

Business



DONALD S. PEOPLES
"Don"

297 Hawley Street

A tow-headed boy with dimples.

Home Room Soccer 3, 4; Home Room
Basketball 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Orchestra
3, 4; West High Nites 4; Sock and Buskin
Play 4; School Dance Orchestra.

Madison

University of Rochester



VIRGINIA A. NICHOLS
"Ginny"

174 Milton Street

*We all love "Ginny" because she's so gay.
We hope that she'll tell us the secret some
day.*

Madison

Undecided



MARIE G. PFAFF
"Marie"

50 Colgate Street

*Marie is both dignified and tall;
She has been a pal to one and all.*

Swimming 2; Tennis 4.

Madison

Syracuse University



MADELINE M. O'KEEFE
"Madeline"

665 Plymouth Avenue South

*Life to Madeline ever brings
A chance for doing bigger things.*

Basketball 1.

Out-of-town

Post Graduate



CATHERINE POLSINELLI
"Kay"

554 Clarissa Street

She takes life seriously.

Madison

Undecided



HELEN JANE OLSON
"Janie"

64 Stanton Street

*She comes from afar,
But her worth's above par.*

Dubois High

School of Commerce



ALBERT O. PREISS
"Al"

283 Child Street

Loved by the ladies.

Photograph Editor, Senior Occident; Re-
serve Basketball 2; Basketball 3, 4; Base-
ball Reserves 3, 4; Soccer Home Room 2;
Class President 2, 3; Soccer 3, 4; Chair-
man of Sophomore Party; Office Play in
One Act; Chairman of Junior Party;
"Modern Version of Macbeth" 3.

Jefferson

Undecided



HAZEL LOIS OTT
"Haze"

235 Arnett Boulevard

*With a smile wreathed in gladness
She dispels each student's sadness.*

Sock and Buskin Club 4; Choir 2, 3, 4;
Choir Dance Committee 4.

Madison

Business



EDWARD PROVENZANO
"Pro"

465 State Street

Go ahead! Ask me, I know.

Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Reserve Bas-
ketball; Home Room Basketball 2, 3; Soph
Basketball.

Irondequoit

Notre Dame



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

ALEXANDER PURDY

"Poison"

28 Nellis Park

A self made man who worships his Creator.
 Executive Council 4; Senior Occident
 Sports Editor 4; Class Representative 4;
 Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Home Room
 Basketball 2; Reserve Basketball 3; Cross
 Country Squad 3; Sophomore Party Com-
 mittee 2; Sock and Buskin Club 3, 4;
 Vice-President Sock and Buskin Club 4;
 "Nathan Hale" Staff; "First Year" Staff;
 "Pursuit" Staff; West High Nites 3, 4;
 Department Government 4; Choir 4;
 Band 2; Class Treasurer 2.
 Madison University of Nebraska

**LELAND F. ROOT**

"Lee"

Rochester, R. D. No. 2

Most of us farmers favor a high tariff.
 Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Home Room
 Baseball 3; Service Corp 4; Dramatic Club
 4; Assistant Business Manager, Senior
 Occident.
 East Henrietta High
 Rochester Business Institute

MILDRED QUETSCHENBACH

"Millie"

40 Dakota Street

A darn good kid.

No. 43 Undecided

**WILLIAM D. ROWE**

"Bill"

191 Genesee Park Boulevard

The pen is the tongue of the mind.
 Home Room Soccer 3, 4.

No. 37 Cornell

ROBERT J. REILLY

"Bob"

36 Mineola Street

A good reputation is more valuable than money.

Occident Reporter 4; Associate Local Edi-
 tor 4; Local Editor 4; Senior Occident
 Statistical Editor; Home Room Basketball
 Home Room Soccer 3, 4; Choir 3; Choir
 Attendance Committee 3; Choir Proctor 3;
 Sock and Buskin Club 3, 4; Sock and
 Buskin Constitution Committee; Vice-
 President, Sock and Buskin Club 4; "Mod-
 ern Version of Macbeth" Cast 3; West
 High Nites 3, 4; "A Wedding" Staff 4;
 "Dulcy" Cast 3; "Nathan Hale" Cast 4;
 "The Florist Shop" Staff 4; Business Man-
 ager, "The Garbage Man" 4; French Club
 3; Swimming Club 3; Scientists Club 4;
 President, Scientists Club 4; Hi-Y 3, 4;
 Hi-Y Platform and Membership Committee
 4; Treasurer Hi-Y 4; Senior Party Com-
 mittee.

Red Creek High
 United States Military Academy

**PETER RUDY**

"James"

61 Glide Street

The silent lover.

Madison College

**VERNA O. SALZER**

"Vern"

321 Hawley Street

True to her work, her word, and her friends.

Riding 2; Honor Math 3; Honor English
 4; Choir 2, 3; Sock and Buskin 3.

Madison Rochester Business Institute

FRED L. ROBISON

"Butch"

Brooks Avenue, Coldwater, N. Y.

If Butch had the ambition to walk to school,

He'd be a mere shadow of his former self.
 Home Room Soccer 2; Home Room Base-
 ball 1, 2.

Aquinas Mechanics

ANGELINA M. RONCONE

"Babe"

65 Ambrose Street

"Babe" is a devoted girl and a true blue friend.

Swimming 2; Treasurer of Apennine Club
 3; Vice-President Apennine Club 4.

Jefferson Undecided

**JEAN G. SCHMITT**

"Lightning"

111 Troup Street

Such speed!

Madison University of Buffalo

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

LILLIAN M. SHACKLETON
"Lill"

194 Frost Avenue
"Thar's gold in that thar hair."
Swimming 2; Typewriting Award 2.
Madison Undecided



MARTIEL W. SIMONS
"Marty"

Coldwater, New York
"Now, my neighbor down the line here
see—"
Out-of-town Undecided



BUTLER SHAW
"Butt"

12 St. Clair Street
A quiet soul who joined the glee club.
Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Tennis 4;
Choir 2, 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Inter-High
Band 4; Inter-High Choir 4; Choir Party
Committee 3, 4; Choir Secretary-Treasurer;
Choir Librarian.
Madison Eastman School of Music



ROBERT E. SLY
"Bob"

1461 Jay Street
"Now, Emerson, wherein lies the compensation!"
"And you, Burke—!"
Editor-in-Chief of the Senior Occident;
Home Room Soccer 3; Honor English; De-
bating Club 4; Chairman, Constitutional
Committee Debating Club 4; Chorus 1;
A cappella Choir 4; National Honor Society
4; Armistice Day Speaker 4; Bonus De-
bate 4; Chess Club 4.
No. 43 Undecided



MARGARET L. SHAW
"Marg"

642 Genesee Street
A loyal pal.
Tap Dancing 2, 3; West High Nites 4.
Madison Mechanics



BARBARA SNOW
"Bab"

14 Burlington Avenue
"Nor words, nor bells enough are there
To ring her praise from pole to pole.
Athletic, fair, and, withal, wise?
She reaches fairly every goal."
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Gym Meet 1, 3;
Tennis Tournament 1; Soccer 1; Honor
Basketball Team 3; Honor Reserve Bas-
ketball Team 2; Class President 1; First
Place in Gym Meet 1; Numerals 1; "W"
3; Faculty Take Off Play 4; Poetry Mem-
orization Contest; Memorial Day Program
1; G. A. A. Council 2; Gym Leader 2, 3;
Assembly Usher 3; Chorus 2.
No. 37 Cortland Normal



WARREN AMOS SHELTON
"Swede"

666 Seward Street
I have lived and loved, but!
Executive Council 4; Soccer Manager 4;
Home Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Home Room
Baseball 2, 3; Home Room Basketball 2,
3; A cappella Choir 2, 3, 4; Choir Party
Committee 2, 3, 4; West High Nites 3, 4;
West High Tumblers 2, 3; Inter-High
Choir 4; Sock and Buskin Club House
Manager 3; "Duley" Staff; "The First
Year" Staff 3; First Prize Disarmament
Debate 3; Bonus Debate 4; First Prize
Memorization Contest 3; Service Corps 3,
4; Choir Librarian 4; Sock and Buskin
Club 3, 4.
Madison Cornell



VIOLET SOUTAR
"Vi"

57 Salina Street
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Here, there, and everywhere.
Executive Council 4; Swimming 2; Home
Room Representative 4; Junior Party Com-
mittee; Sock and Buskin 3; Gym Meet 2.
Madison Undecided



RUTH M. SIGGELOW
"Siggie"

55 Elmdorf Avenue
Fashion and style
By the mile.
Executive Council 4; Swimming 3; Type-
writing Award 2; Choir 3, 4; Choir Party
Committee 3, 4; Secretary of Class 3;
Senior Occident Subscription Committee.
Madison Undecided



ROSARIO JOSEPH STAGNITTO
"Rosy"

483 Clarissa Street
Demosthenes, Emerson, and Webster—
what a man!
Home Room Basketball 2, 3, 4; Home
Room Soccer 2, 3, 4; Home Room Baseball
2, 3; Winner Tennis Tournament 3; Ten-
nis Team 4; Interscholastic Tennis Tourna-
ment 4; Honor French 2, 3; Honor Eng-
lish 4; Choir 2, 3, 4; Inter-High Choir 4;
Choir Party Committee 4; Choir Proctor
4. Honorable Mention in Oratorical Con-
test 3; Second Prize Memorization Contest
4; Winner Debaters' Contest 3; Debaters'
Club 4; Appennine Club 2, 3; Honor So-
ciety 4; Armistice Day Speaker 4; Bonus
Debate 4; Senior Occident Staff 4.
Madison University of Rochester



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

BERTRAM L. STANDING

"Bert"

25 Epworth Street

Aie, I wasn't doin' nothin'!

Senior Occident, Assistant Statistical Editor; Basketball 2; Home Room Basketball 2.

Madison

University of Rochester



LORETTA THOMAS

"Ta"

34 Depew Street

A helping hand she always lends, Loretta is a true and loyal friend.

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3; Soccer 2, 3; Typing Award 2; Honor English; Honor French; National Honor Society.

Madison

Undecided



DON R. STEVENSON

"Don"

212 Thurston Road

I have often regretted my speech, never my silence.

Madison

Business



KATHLEEN M. THOMPSON

"Kay"

91 South Washington Street

"Where do I sit?"

Swimming 2; Typing Award 2; Sock and Buskin Club.

Madison

Rochester Business Institute



HELEN STONE

"Stoney"

70 Dunbar Street

In Helen's large dark eyes, A witching twinkle lies.

Baseball 2; Swimming 2; Tennis 2, 3; Typing Award 2; Choir 2, 3, 4; Choir Publicity Agent 4.

Madison

Rochester Business Institute



HELEN TIGHE

"Red"

Lee Road, Greece, N. Y.

Brilliant hair, brilliant mind.

Home Room Representative 2; Basketball 2; Honor French 3; Honor English 4; Band 1; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-High School Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Little Symphony Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Honor Society 4; Service Corps 4; Custodian, Girls' Flag 4.

No. 43

Eastman School of Music



ELIZABETH STRUBLE

"Betty"

384 Champlain Street

"Am I tired!"

Immaculate Conception

Hospital



FLORENCE TILDEN

"Flo"

57 Hillendale Street

Her wit never fails her.

Swimming 3; Orchestra 2, 3.

Madison

Mechanics



PAUL F. SULLIVAN

"Sully"

115 Genesee Park Boulevard

"Sully" must be playing football, because he comes in every Monday limping.

Swimming 2, 3, 4; Wrestling 2, 3, 4; Home Room Soccer 3; Service Corps 3, 4; Choir 3; Inter-Class Swimming; Inter-Class Wrestling; West High Nites 4; Baseball 1.

St. Monica's

Notre Dame



CHARLES TOPHAM

"Chuck"

63 Shelter Street

I confess I really am fond of girls.

Home Room Soccer 2, 4; Home Room Basketball 3.

Madison

Rochester Business Institute



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

PETER J. TORRELLI
"Pete"

170 Oak Street

*The toughest man seen around these parts
in years.*

Executive Council 2, 4; Home Room Basketball 2; Home Room Baseball 3; Home Room Soccer 3; Home Room Baseball 4; Reserve Basketball 3; Typing Award 2.
Jefferson Undecided



CARL THOMAS WEBER
"Rugged"

799 Woodbine Avenue

And then she said to me—

Advertising Agent 1; Assistant Sports Editor 2; Chairman of Advisory Board, Senior Occident 4; Soccer 1; Basketball 1; Home Room Soccer; Basketball and Baseball 2, 3, 4; Intra-mural Tennis Tournament 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-class Swimming Meet 1, 2, 3; Swimming Team 3, 4; Band 1; Sock and Buskin 3, 4; President Sock and Buskin Club 4; Members of Literary Department; Musical, and Dramatic Clubs 4; Chess Club 4.

St. Michael's

Michigan

ANGELA VACCARO
"Toots"

158 Genesee Street

An all around good athlete.

Soccer 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Swimming 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Tap Dancing 2, 3; Volley Ball 4; Honor English 4; Honor French 3, 4; G. A. A. Award 3; Letter Award, 2-inch "W"; Gym Meet 2; Singles Tennis Tournament 4; West High Nites.

Madison

Eastman School of Music



NORMA M. WHITE
"Norma"

790 Thurston Road

Pretty, witty, and mischievous is our Norma.

Swimming 2, 3; Tap Dancing 3; Chorus 2; Sock and Buskin Club 4.

Madison

Undecided

MARY VAN HORN
"Van"

288 Rugby Avenue

West High's loss is the world's gain.

Basketball 2; French Club 4; Sock and Buskin Club 4; Assembly Program 4; Freshman Tea Committee 4.

Madison

Mechanics



CLARK WHITED
"Whitey"

6 Colbert Place

Now, when I was at Springfield.

Reserve Soccer 1; Reserve Basketball 1; Soccer 2; Reserve Basketball 2; Soccer 4.

Madison

Springfield

MARY JOSEPHINE VOLPE
"Jo"

Buell Road, Coldwater, N. Y.

"Jo" is courteous and polite;

Always welcome to our sight.

St. Augustine's

Business



GERALDINE A. WICKMAN
"Jerry"

142 Milbank Street

"Open wide, please."

Tennis 2; Chorus 2; Sock and Buskin 3, 4.

No. 37

Dental Dispensary

BERNICE L. WAGNER
"Babe"

33 Copley Street

*A personality that binds you fast,
And holds you to the very last.*

Senior Occident Staff; Basketball 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3; Tennis 2; Tap Dancing 2; Typing Award 2; Book Store 4; Committee, West High Nites 4; Sophomore Party Committee; Honor Society 4.

Madison

Undecided



ERNA LOUISE WIEDERHOLD
"Wiedy"

210 Hawley Street

*Music, music everywhere,
And "Wiedy" in the center.*

Swimming 2, 4; Baseball 2; Band 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin 4.

Madison

Business

THE SENIOR OCCIDENT OF JANUARY 1933

R. MONTGOMERY WILLIAMS
"Monty"

178 Brooks Avenue

My time is too valuable to share with the women.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; West High Little Symphony 2, 3, 4; Inter-High Orchestra 2, 3, Occidental Forum 4; Service Corps 4.
No. 37 University of Michigan



WESLEY WRIGHT
"Wes"

5 Schwartz Street

Let every man mind his own business.

Honor Math 3; West High Nites 3.

Madison

Undecided

GLADYS WOLFE
"Glad"

314 Ellicott Street

*A pal so good and true,
She'll captivate the heart of you.*

Tennis 1, 2, 3; Le Cercle Francais 3, 4; Sock and Buskin 4.
No. 37 University of Rochester



MARIE WRITZ
"Ritzzy"

258 Woodbine Avenue

"It takes an educated man to say, 'I don't know!'"

Senior Occident Staff; Choir 3, 4; Sock and Buskin Club 4; Gym Meet Award 2; Swimming 2.

MAXINE WOODSIDE
"Max"

10 Algonquin Terrace

The perfect lady.

SS. Peter & Paul's
Rochester Business Institute



MARION E. YOUNG
"Giggles"

302 Congress Avenue

It's fun that makes the world go 'round.
Swimming 2, 3; Tennis 2; Honor French 2.

No. 37

Undecided



CLARENCE S. WOODWORTH
"Forty"

3035 St. Paul Boulevard

The darling of the house parties.

Home Room Representative 2; Home Room Basketball 2, 3; Home Room Baseball 2, 3; Sock and Buskin Club 3, 4; "Trysting Place" Cast.

Madison

Syracuse Embalming School



OUR LAST WORDS

WE, the Class of January, nineteen hundred and thirty-three, feeling it necessary to inform the faculty and the underclassmen what we have left intact after our turbulent career in this institution of learning, and having attained the ripe old age and wisdom of seniors do hereby bequeath with all good intentions the following:

1. To Mr. Bennett, our congratulations on his increasing good health.
2. To Uncle Jim, the satisfaction of having at least one lesson recited perfectly for him: "Four years of English, etc."
3. To Miss Bullard, a collection of facts concerning the sinking of the Lusitania and other subjects.
4. To Miss Bearss and Mr. Lockwood, the grand and glorious feeling of having successfully launched the best senior class yet. (According to our thinking.)
5. To Mr. Watson, specimens of our handwriting to be shown to future assemblies.
6. To Mr. Keyes, our sincere appreciation of the plays which brightened a few of our assemblies, and more than some of our evenings.
7. To Mrs. Wright, an automatic switch to open all lockers before and after school.
8. To Miss Manchester, the hope that there will be a few absent slips left in her office after graduation.
9. To Mr. Sauer, our regret that students didn't buy a Season ticket, and the merit of beginning such a good plan.
10. To the sub-seniors, the advice not to save seats in the front of the assembly for their Junior friends.
11. To Mr. Coon, our old schedules with their numerous changes that he so loved.
12. To the school at large, the traditions and ideals of the best high school in Rochester.
13. To Miss Davenport, the hope that her future classes will learn to set up apparatus to the right, or is it the left?

Believing this number of thirteen requests to be a lucky omen, we do solemnly set our seal upon this worthy document on the 25th day of October, 1932.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



*We owe a vote of thanks
To all the Sock 'n Buskin gang,
And to the A'Capella choir
For the many songs they sang;*

*As for the teams of basketball,
Soccer and the track,
We wish them one and all success,
They're always welcome back;*

*Mr. Jaffray organized a team
Of "Chess-nuts"—so they say,
They know their Bishops and their Kings
When they set out to play.*

*If Tilden and Miss Wills could see
Our tennis team at play,
You can bet your boots
They'd blush with shame,
And from the courts they'd stay;*

*Our swimming team learned everything
That little fishes know,
Their diving can beat anything,
And believe me they're not slow;*

Loretta A. Conroy.



THE SENIOR OCCIDENT STAFF

January, 1933

Editor-in-Chief	- - - - -	Robert Sly
Associate Editor	- - - - -	Elizabeth Erb
Literary Editor	- - - - -	Bette Hatch
Photographic Editors	- - - - -	Rena Clark, Albert Preiss
Sports Editors	- - - - -	Dorothy Miller, Alexander Purdy
Statistical Editor	- - - - -	Robert Reilly
Asst. Statistical Editors	- - - - -	Dorothy Flannery
		Bertram Standing, Charlotte Aldridge
Business Manager	- - - - -	Thomas Hayes
Asst. Business Managers	- - - - -	Richard Hegner, Leland Root
Art Editor	- - - - -	Jeanne F. McMahon
Blurb Editor	- - - - -	Arthur Glew
Asst. Blurb Editors	- - - - -	Loretta Conroy, Anthony Coccuzzi
Secretaries	- - - - -	Rose Cerra, Bernice Wagner, Marie Writz

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Wolcott Marsh, Edna Mae Brewer, Evelyn Consler, Wesley Elliot,
 Carl Weber, Janet Bodenstein, Norval Kramer, Ruth Siggelow,
 Peter Torrelli, Rosario Stagnito, Emil May, Paul Hartwig.



HONOR SOCIETY

Stella Bamburowski, Donald Barber, Nancy Beman, Richard Bills, Andrew Birch, Edna Mae Brewer, Norman Brown, Elizabeth Bushnell, Chester Carpenter, Marjorie Church, Roger Coakley, Pearl Cogger, Shirley Crosland, Barbara Davis, Pewilla Dick, Philip Donald, Estelle Doyle, Elizabeth Erb, William Ernisse, Ruth Goodman, Josephine Hagstrom, Helen, Harnish, Bette Hatch, Margaret Johnston, Ada Klonick, Dorothy Knight, Norval Kramer, Vincent Kron, Wilma Kujawskik, Vieno Lahde, Charles Lake, Eleanor Leek, Hermina Leipold, Jessie Lenhard, Edith Lyon, Elizabeth Magliozi, Robert McGrath, Jeanne McLain, Adelaide Miles, Joseph Mira, Mildred Moelk, Earl Moore, Elmer Myers, Eleanor Nicholson, Herbert Nowack, Eilleen O'Brien, James Phillips, Mary Rose Reichard, Robert Robinson, Ralph Rozzi, William Schafer, James Scotland, Grace Siracusa, Paul Smith, Isadore Steinberg, Helen Tishe, Andrew Trost, Madeline Trouskie, Edward Weingartner, Robert Weingartner, Vernon Wickman, Richard Wrighton.

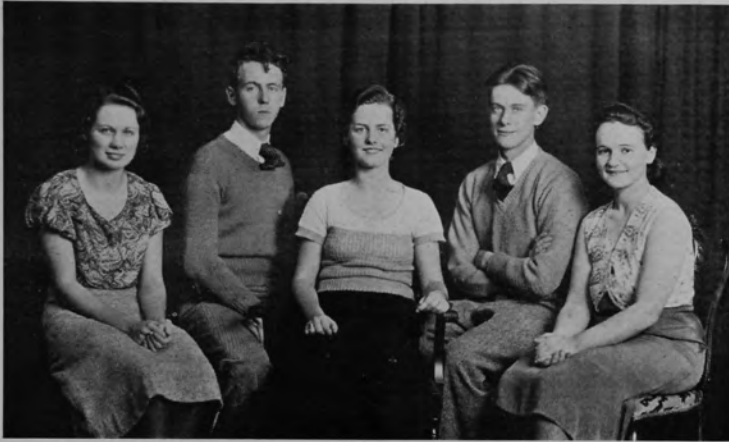


STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Elmer Myers
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Norval Kramer
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	George Lehman
Cheer Leader	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Robert Drum



OCCIDENT STAFF



SOCK AND BUSKIN OFFICERS



A'CAPELLA CHOIR AND COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES



BASEBALL TEAM

Louis Sellitto, Carl Groh, Paul Burke, (Captain); Martin Hudson, Gene DePrez, Ferdinand Ferrari, Gerald Williams, William Bowe, William Harrington, Emil Hulek, (Coach).



SOCCER TEAM

Robert Schantz, Carl Groh, Robert Brown, Frank Cordaro (Capt.), Clark Whited, Louis Obdyke, Morgan Hadsell, Kenneth Haire, Eddie Pulvino, Ronald Byford, Harold Thon, Warren Shelton (Mgr.), Myron Sweeney, Albert Preiss, Herbert Smith (Coach).



TRACK TEAM

Edwin Cooper, Charles Parrinello, Lloyd Kraushaar and Sam Mammano (Co-Captains), William Weller, Wayne Gorton, Sam Caputo, Michael Della-Ventura, Herb Smith (Coach), Wesley Pritchard, Kenneth Donoghue, Warren Philips, Ranson Richardson, Gordon Cole, Kenneth Botting, and Jack Bennett (Manager).



TENNIS DOUBLES

Helen Murphy and Ruth Bagley



MEMBERS OF G. A. A. COUNCIL

President, Beverly Cogswell; vice-president, Shirley Emerick; secretary, Evelyn Fogarty; tennis manager, Lucille Millner; assistant manager of swimming, Betty Hamilton; volley ball manager, Dorothy Miller; "Occident" reporter, Elizabeth Erb.



GYM LEADERS

Margaret Giglia, Ruth Bagley, Eloise Crispin, Janet Goodlein, Edith Strangland, Marguerite Maeder.



THE FINISH

*Oh, it's easy to make the start
With muscles all tense for the deed,
And it's easy to run, at the crack of the gun,
With legs that just ache for speed;
But the test of the man is the finish line,
When the heart must bear the brunt
Of the crucial hurt of that one last spurt
To breast the tape in front.*

*When your eyes start forth and your breath is spent,
And your rival is shoving ahead,
And you haven't the strength to make the grade
And your feet seem shod with lead,
Remember he of the frantic stride
Is feeling just as bad.
A moment more and your stock will soar,
Tear in, and sprint like mad.*

*Oh, throw yourself at that spanning tape
Like a bolt from the storm-lashed sea,
For the prize is the goal of your longing soul,
A game man's victory.*

Thomas E. Kinnane, Jr.

Merry Christmas

BY NORVAL KRAMER



The two were gazing moodily out of the window of the small shack, idly watching the large snowflakes land on the window pane and melt into little streamlets and then rush madly down to the pane to form a tiny pool at the bottom.

Then, one stirred and spoke, and there was a wealth of disgust in his tone: "Merry Christmas! That hands we a laugh!" The other moved over to the little stove and threw in a chair leg to encourage the undernourished gleam that was the fire.

He answered mournfully, "Oh, indeed, business is no longer flourishing. People aren't carrying their valuables about with them these days, it would seem. Why, do you know that this morning I came into close contact with a very rich looking gentleman's pocket, and what do you suppose I was able to procure?"

The one by the window looked up eagerly and reached out his hand quickly for the wallet that was handed him. "Chee, Doc, I didn't know yer made a haul." He opened it up, gave one look at its contents and threw it disgustedly on the floor. "I. O. U.s! Kin yer beat that!" and turned morosely back to the window again.

Doc sighed profoundly, nearly blowing out the tiny fire. "I could indeed at this moment relish a tender, roasted chicken." His eyes grew rapt as he visualized that savory dish, and he drew in a deep breath as if he could actually smell its tempting odor.

"Plain hamburger would suit me," came the doleful answer; and he too sighed a deep sigh which steamed up the window and prevented him from any further observation of the antics of the snowflakes. Listlessly he rose from the window and went over to where the other was tending the fire.

"Say, Doc, remember last Christmas? Chee, dat was swell! We had toikey and dressin', and all the fixin's—and that pie! 'Member the pie, Doc?" Doc did remember, and they were both silent for a minute, tasting over again that delicious pie.

Finally Doc had an inspiration. "I say, old fellow, we might have our Christmas yet. I have an idea! We haven't tried Worthington Street, and that's fairly classy. Who knows but what we shall be able to do business tonight after all?"

The other looked at him without enthusiasm and remarked, "It don't sound so good, but I guess anything's better than hangin' around here. Let's go."

So the two of them, Doc and the other, went out into the cold, cold night, slamming the door behind them.

Although there was no one around, they walked stealthily, from force of habit; and their two shadows, one tall and thin, the other short and burly, melted into the night. Presently they came to the richer section of the city; the streets glowed with people hurrying back and forth. The two disappeared into the deeper shadows of the night that haunted the circle of light around the street lamps.

After some time, Doc whispered to the other, "Here's Worthington Street. You go down that side and I'll go up here. Meet me here in an hour."

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"O, K." came a harsh whisper. "So long, Doc. I'll be seein's yer." And each went his own way.

An hour later, the two met again at the corner, and hurried swiftly homeward. Doc spoke breathlessly. "Well, how was business?"

"Swell! Say, that was a great idea of yours all right! Now we kin have our Christmas the way we ought. I cleaned up seventy-five smacks!"

"Not bad, not bad indeed. I myself procured sixty-four—sixty-four fifty to be exact. Well, old fellow, can't you just see that chicken now?"

"And that pie, Doc. Don't fergit the pie!—What the—!" The speaker stumbled over something lying in the stret and mumbled an oath. He started to kick it aside and go on, but the Doc hissed, "Wait! It's moving!" and he stooped down to examine it more closely. Two terrified eyes stared up at him, and a feeble voice cried out, "Please, mister, don't hit me! I ain't done nothin', honest I ain't."

"Why it's a kid!" exclaimed the Doc. "What's the matter, boy?"

The other one looked aghast. "Well, fer the—a kid! Kin yer beat that!"

The weak voice answered, "I was a goin' home, mister, an' I slipped an' fell. Guess I broke my leg or somethin'. I can't walk." The terror gradually died out of the boy's eyes, and he said timidly, "Please, mister, could I go home to me mother? I live over there by the railroad tracks."

"Sure, kid, we'll take yer home. Easy now! Am I hurtin' yer? Well, fer the—he's gone and knocked himself out, Doc!"

"Hurry up, then," said Doc. "We've got to get him home." So between the two of them they carried the boy home to his frantic mother and laid him gently on his bed. Doc, living up to his name, fixed the boy up the best way he could until the family doctor should arrive. The woman went over to the neighbor's to call the doctor, and while she was gone, the two looked around them. Everything was neat and clean, but extremely shabby and bare. There was a purse lying on the table. Unconsciously Doc's hand went towards it. Then he remembered himself and drew back shamefacedly.

"Chee, Doc, I bet they ain't got no money. Go ahead, look and see," said the other. So Doc opened the purse, put in his hand and drew it out again—empty. The two looked at each other, then they looked over at the boy in the corner. They looked at each other again: "She'll be comin' back soon with the doctor."

"Yes, maybe we better beat it." Simultaneously the two drew forth the wallets from their pockets, took the money out and put it on the table beside the purse. Then they went out silently, closing the door softly behind them.

When they reached their shack they entered wearily and again sat in their former places by the window gazing moodily out at the snowflakes. The one stirred, and went over to put another chair leg on the almost invisible fire. The other spoke, and in his voice there was a wealth of disgust, "Merry Christmas! That hands me a laugh!"

SUNSET

by Robert E. Sly

*Molten shafts of beaten gold,
Pearly-edged clouds unfold,*

*Dying embers of the sun
Clasp the day that just is done.*

*A sweet rainbow entertains
The sad aftermath of rains.*

*In the distance hark to taps;
Very softly twilight raps.*

Thirty-five

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IT REALLY HAPPENED

BY MARGARET IGGLEDEN



THE Sunny, brisk autumn days were rapidly turning into the dull, drear, cheerless days of November. Trees, whose leaves, just a short time ago, had been brilliant red and yellow spots of color, were now just bare branches silhouetted against a sullen sky. Thanksgiving and then Christmas were fast approaching.

Ivan Ondorf, a tall, shabby man of about thirty years of age quickened his steps as he walked along in the chilly twilight. Maybe the thought of a cheery fire crackling or the aroma of a delicious meal was his incentive. Who knows?

Finally he turned up a short flight of stone steps, leading to what had once been a proud dwelling but now bore the marks of a tenement.

He opened the creaky door and went quickly in.

"Hello, there, Lucy. How's your father to-night?" he greeted a darkhaired young girl who was standing in the hall.

"Better, thank you Mr. Ondorf," she replied, secretly wondering why such a usually moody and silent young man had suddenly become so friendly. She had often asked her father why he had rented the rooms on the top floor to such a person as he—one who was always trying to write music although he never seemed to get anywhere. Oh well, why worry? They paid their rent. As for his mother, she certainly was a dear.

Meanwhile, the subject of Lucy's thought was bounding up the stairs to the third floor. He opened a door at the top of the stairs, burst into a small, rather dark room, clasped a short, white-haired woman by both hands, swinging her to her feet.

"Mother, I've been asked to direct the Christmas concert if my music is ready. Isn't it grand!"

His mother nodded. Joyous though she was, she was unable to express her feelings verbally, because she had been born speechless.

Ivan worked every day and sometimes far into the night writing his composition. He knew it would be a success for he felt he couldn't fail again.

Life is sometimes very hard for those who dream and can't afford to. He knew that. Hadn't he and his mother felt the tantalizing, cruel pangs of hunger? Wasn't he used to the cold?

However, he pushed such thoughts to the back of his mind and worked on!

One day in the midst of his work he stopped. What was that singing sen-

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sation he felt in his ears? Queer he hadn't noticed it before. Everything seemed so quiet! Strange he hadn't noticed that he lived in such a calm neighborhood. But look, there were children out playing in the street. Why couldn't he hear them?

Suddenly he put his hands on his ears and exclaimed, "Oh God, what have I done that You should do this to me! First, my father, then me."

He sat down at his piano and played his music. How it soothed his nerves! Every vibration comforted him! It was beautiful and he had created it!

He told Lucy that he had become deaf and she was kind—taking pity on the unfortunate genius. Each day she carefully wrote down all the important happenings of that day and each night it was she who patiently listened to his music and encouraged him when he found his deafness unbearable.

The night of the concert was drawing near. Ivan became more and more nervous. He felt his fate was in his music.

Then the night came. It was a crisp, starry night. Snow crunching underfoot and snow topped roofs above.

The concert hall was a great blaze of color. Christmas was in the air. People were happy to be together and cheery greetings were heard on all sides.

Finally the noise was stilled. The concert was about to begin. Ivan waited impatiently to conduct his own number. What if all his work were for naught?

At last the time came for his composition. With baton in hand, he gave the signal to the musicians. The music began. Though his physical ears were deaf, each accustomed note was clearly transmitted to Ivan through his sensitiveness to every vibration. He sensed each little run and twist of the music like a spring bubbling over tiny stones. He put his whole soul into directing his wonderful composition.

Then, with a soft, light farewell his music was over. Ivan waited—there must be applause—why didn't it come? With a slight stoop to his shoulders he turned slowly.

People were applauding and smiling broadly at the new genius. He had become so absorbed in the music as he felt every vibration that he had forgotten he was deaf, and therefore, when he could not hear the approval of the audience he had felt beaten again.

He looked at the front row and there was Lucy whose eyes were tenderly smiling at him.

GLOOM

Today I am sad.

A damp, grey fog hangs over my spirit.

I ask the sun:

"Why do you shine when I am unhappy?"

And a host of children's voices cry out,

"Weep alone!"

—Ann Hellen

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RAINY DAYS

BY ELIZABETH HATCH



Rain

Everyone is said to have some peculiar liking for something very commonplace which seems queer to other people. Some folks choose cornbeef and cabbage; others, studying. Some like painting furniture, and still others favor window shopping. One of my greatest pleasures is a lovely, grey, rainy day.

Rainy days are taken by most people with the philosophical attitude that they just have to be. They are filled with little inconveniences: rubbers, umbrellas, wet stockings, and a general dampening of everything, including spirits. The drain clogs up, or the rain beats in an open window; Johnny gets the sniffles, or the dog tracks up the clean linoleum with his wet paws.

To me, however, a rainy day is the most comforting thought I can have. I always think of a bright fire in a dark oak-panelled, low-ceilinged room, and incidentally, although I haven't yet been in such a place, it is my ambition to have a room just like that some day. The rain suggests a wooly sweater, a tweed skirt, an intriguing book, a molasses pop-corn ball, and a comfortable wing chair. Chummy odors are kept inside. The smell of burning wood, the fragrance of a pine pillow, or the aroma of a cooking meal are so pleasant and real within the closed doors while the rain is beating down outside. One can at last dream and think, and it's a lovely occupation, this building castles in the air while the world is grey. There are real clouds outside now, above which one can build a satisfying castle.

I love the soft greyness of the skies in contrast to the hard brilliance of yesterday's copper sun. Such a day has a soothing, enveloping peace, and when one has a chirky red-striped umbrella she can call the world her own.

Anyone who finds a rainy day uninteresting loses all my sympathy. If it were not for such days life would be too much of a hurried race. It seems to me as if the Earth itself were taking a holiday of rest and I, for one, am an ardent follower of such a plan.

*"Give me a house by the side of the road,
With the wind and the rain outside,
A book, a fire, a moment to dream,
And peace in my heart will reside."*

*The cloud of worry which bedaubed the skies
of yesterday
Has vanished on and off into eternity—away.*

*Oh Mighty Power, or if Fate Thou be,
Thanks of the body, mind, and soul are unto
Thee!*

*Relief and joy—the earth again may sing—
'Tis things like that make life interesting.
—Dorothy J. Morris.*

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THE GLORIOUS NIGHT

by

Robert E. Sly

*The evening sky was soft and deep
And peace was spread afar,
When over all that lay asleep
There shone a glorious star;
The lonely shepherds quaked to see
It was of such a size,
Its blinding rays of purity
Did flood all eastern skies;
They bowed and knelt in sudden fear,
Beside their trembling flocks,
That ceased their grazing and drew near
To shelt'ring shrubs and rocks.*

*They feared the mighty hand of Fate
So neither cried nor stirred,
When all at once the Heaven's gate
Swung wide, and then they heard
A great Angelic host proclaim,
"The world's King has come!
Christ Jesus is your Master's name;
Fear not! for He has come!
Rise up, rise up, and journey far
This night, to Bethlehem;
You'll find Him lying 'neath that star,
His royal diadem!"*

*That night across the desert came
Three Oriental Kings,
For though they had great pomp and fame
And precious worldly things,
They sought the Babe, who, Angels said,
Was Master of the Earth;
A lowly manger was His bed,
A barn, His place of birth;
They sought to worship 'round His seat,
Give sacrifices, too,
By laying treasures at His feet
To show their faith was true.*

*In wonder, and in fear, and joy
The multitudes did come;
The splendor 'round about the Boy
Did strike each person dumb.
There in the manger did He lie,
His head on Mary's breast;
And Angels sweet in glory high,
Insured a peaceful rest;
Some sheep and lambs and oxen were
Beside that humble stall;
And there was frankincense and myrrh,
And gifts both great and small*

*The kings and shepherds meekly knelt
Before His modest bower,
And all who bared their foreheads felt
The greatness of that hour;
The whole world heard the Angels sing,
"Rejoice! the Lord is here!
Go now and greet your new-born King
Whose reign brings love and cheer!
Rise up, rise up, and journey far
This night, to Bethlehem;
You'll find Him lying 'neath that star,
His royal diadem!"*

*Oh, bless the night when Christ was born,
And bless the guiding star
That shone all eve, and early morn
To spread the tidings far;
Oh, ye of many clans and lands
Who trust in Him above,
Join hearts and spirits, thoughts and hands—
One Brother-hood of Love!
We kneel in tender memory
Of Thee, our Saviour dear;
Oh, Ye of Love and Purity
Our humble praises hear.*

Puppies and Pearls

BY MARIE FAHY

IT was a great day for society in New York City. The Countess Gloria Du Preaux was landing in America from France. As she came down the gangplank with her dog in her arm, her picture was snapped by reporters from nearly every newspaper in New York.

That night a party was to be given in her honor by the Van Gelders, one of the leaders of New York society. It was to be a grand affair, for everyone was anxious to make the grand lady feel at home.

The Countess was the usual type of snob. She was pleasingly plump, a blonde, and the kind who must always have her dog near her. In her spare time, which she had a lot of, she lounged around in pajamas, read love stories and munched candy. Nevertheless, New York fell for her, for she was a lady with a title.

Guests began to arrive early, and by eleven o'clock the ballroom was glittering with satin and velvet gowns and sparkling jewelry.

Outside, now and then taking a look at the gay party, stood Don Martin, star society reporter of the *Times*. He was there to get all the information about this wonderful party. How he envied them! He would like to be in there dancing. As he stood there surveying the happy scene he decided that Jean Darrington was the prettiest girl on the floor. He had met her on several occasions and had long ago decided that he could care for her. But he could say nothing about it, for millionaire's daughters and newspaper reporters were not meant for each other. The only real break he'd ever had was his job on the paper. Oh well, he was just unlucky in love. He did not like the looks of the man Miss Darrington was dancing with. He was shifty-eyed and had a moustache, the very sort that makes a good villain in a play. Still, he found himself wishing that he was that man and dancing with Jean and smiling down at her.

Suddenly the lights went out; a hysterical scream rent the air. More screams and the lights were on again. The Countess had fainted

and her pearl necklace was gone. She was soon revived but was too ill to talk. Miss Darrington's jewels and those of other guests were also missing.

Then footsteps approached Don and a voice demanded who went there. Without waiting for a reply, the owner of the voice dragged our hero into the house. The shifty-eyed man proved to be Martin's escort. This was an embarrassing situation to be in, especially when your ideal was present. However, when the police arrived he was pronounced all right and identified as the "window-peeping reporter from the *Times*."

The Countess had retired and with her went Precious, the dog who had occupied the place of honor on a cushion on the grand piano. Thus, the guests left after being searched and questioned. The party had not been such a success.

That night Martin thought it all over but could not remember who had been near that light switch. Chauncey Dexter, our shifty-eyed friend, had been dancing with Miss Darrington near the window on the other side of the room from the switch. Well, he would work on it tomorrow. Tough luck for the guests and the Van Gelders, but what a story for him!

The next day he called on Miss Darrington to find out a few things about Dexter.

"Now, Miss Darrington, tell me about last night, just where you and Mr. Dexter were."

"I was dancing with Mr. Dexter near the window, when suddenly the lights went out and I felt my necklace slide from my neck, and my bracelet slipped from my arm."

"Did Mr. Dexter stay with you?"

"I don't know when he left, but he wasn't there when the lights went on, but soon came in from outside with you."

"Thank you, Miss Darrington, I'm sorry to trouble you."

"I'm glad to be of assistance. I hope you solve the mystery."



He took his departure, and his heart was light, for she had smiled at him, a humble newspaperman. He'd find an excuse to call on her again.

He was sure that it was an inside job. He resolved to work on the case until the end. He decided to call on the Countess. She must be all right though, for her pearls were stolen and she had fainted; still maybe this was just a "blind."

A week passed, and hope was given up of ever seeing the lost jewels or the thieves again. The Countess was still confined to her room, for she had received a terrible shock.

Within the next week Don interviewed her but gained nothing by it, except that he didn't think she was ill enough to be in bed. She certainly was a fool over that dog.

He began to suspect the Countess and Dexter. He had seen Dexter go into her hotel many times, but still that was no reason to think he called on her.

Then, came the telephone message from Miss Darrington, asking him to call at her home. Well, this was luck for Don.

She wanted to tell him that the person that took the pearls was standing in front of her, for she felt the arm around her neck, and that also the Countess had been sitting near the light switch when the lights went out.

"I wanted to help you, rather than the police, but, please, I don't want any publicity."

"Thanks a lot. It will help me a lot if I can solve this problem."

"Could I help?"

"Why yes, I'd be glad to have you if you really want to."

He was to come back the next evening at eight o'clock to figure out a plan. As he went away, he thought how lucky it was for him that the Countess had decided to come to America and bring him all this unlooked-for luck.

Promptly at eight o'clock the next evening, the reporter was ushered into the Darrington drawing room. Soon Jean came down, and for an hour they talked of their plans. Jean was to call on the Countess the next afternoon.

The Countess was in, and the two society women talked of different social events for two hours. Then Jean saw something. She almost gasped aloud. There on the table was the very necklace that Gloria had worn at the party. As she was leaving, she ran into Chauncey Dexter who was just entering. Well, she had learned two things; that the Countess and Dexter had something in common, and that was the Countess' necklace. Of course, she had no proof that the necklace was the same one she had worn that night.

Don was glad to hear this news, and it was decided that he should call at the hotel the next night, unknown to the Countess.

Then, that night a thought came to Martin that Precious had never barked when the lights went out. He asked Jean about it, but she had been too excited to notice.

Outside the Countess' living room window on the balcony, the next night, stood Don Martin, reporter on the *Times*. He saw Dexter come at eight. He heard them talk about things he didn't care for. He saw them leave for the opera.

(Continued on page 62)

VICTORY!

The "Occident" Short Story Contest has come to an end. The judges are unanimous that the contest this year brought out a large group of really finer stories than ever before.

The winning story by Marie Fahy appears in this issue of "Occident." The other stories will be published during the year.

Here are the winners and their stories:

First Prize of Five Dollars: "Puppies and Pearls," by Marie Fahy.

Second Prize of Three Dollars: "Overheard," by Rosario Stagnitto.

Third Prize of One Dollar: "The Green Room," by Violet Mackie.

Honorable Mention: "Trees," by Eleanor Springer; "Merry Christmas," by Norval Kramer, and "Fear of the Unknown," by Evelyn Orisini.

The "Occident" expresses thanks to Miss McMillan, Mr. Pickard, and Mr. Webber who were the judges for this contest.

Harvardania

BY ROBERT ROBINSON

WHAT looks more foolish than a little frog in a big puddle? Alumnus' words, like those of an oracle, stand true in any test, for the only thing that looks as foolish as a little frog in a big puddle is a Harvard freshman.

As I entered the gate to Harvard yard, one fine fellow stepped up, took my baggage, and led me to my room. His technique was perfect. I never knew he wanted to sell me anything until I was thanking him for his kind welcome. I had just told him how well he fulfilled the Harvard tradition of courtesy, when he smiled a wicked smile, pulled out a contract and pen, and asked me to send my dirty clothes to the Students' Laundry. That's the last time I ever thought anything about Harvard courtesy. My experience with it has been too painful to allow further speculation on its merits.

In the Union halls there are cases filled with the trophies of athletic conquest. How significant that they should be exhibited in the dining hall! Let's climb the stairs slowly and look at the pictures of ancient Harvard athletes. Like Samsons they sprawl among their teammates, their great unshaven faces reminding us that man is the result of evolution.

But now, at the top of the stairs, we have reached the windowed hall from where the eating freshmen may be viewed. From this vantage students gaze upon their acquaintances and freely discuss them while they eat unsuspectingly below. If you dislike someone it is only necessary to stand at these windows long enough and you will meet a fellow-hater. Many friendships are formed here by expressions of common dislike. The place could be called either Hater's Haunt or Friendship Hall with equal verity.

Any essay about Harvard wouldn't be complete unless it mentioned a custom unique to the college yard. Until a few years ago, all

students who lived in college buildings lived in the Yard. Then the University built fine Houses for the upper-classmen. They moved out of the Yard. The freshmen were left, and with them there remained the custom-yelled, "Rhinehardt." Late at night when every fellow is studying, a long drawn cry, "Rhinehardt," is sent volleying from hall to hall. The yell gains volume as the studying crowd ceases its work and lets loose its shout. Suddenly the yell stops. Everybody laughs. Here and there a voice calls again, but the spirit that moved the crowd has waned, silence is restored to the Yard.

If assignments are especially burdensome, the yell will be repeated that evening, but on average nights the cry may occur but once.

None of the students seemed to know how this custom began, but President Lowell knew, and he told this story of its origin.

In the late Nineties there was a lonely student who lived in the Yard. Rhinehardt longed for companionship but the fellows shunned him. Existence was miserable for this boy until he thought up a plan of home-made popularity. Each evening he opened his window, ran down-stairs, and shouted, "Rhinehardt." Then, running up-stairs, he called down, "Hello." Rushing again to the place below his window he hollered, "Are you coming out tonight?" When he was back in his room Rhinehardt answered, "Maybe. I'll see if I can finish this work early."

The suddenness of the lonely fellow's popularity caused wonderment and suspicion, which led the other students to discover and expose Rhinehardt's plan. Since then the custom of yelling "Rhinehardt," has become a tradition of Harvard Yard.

To various students, Harvard is a serious life, a joke, or an unfathomable puzzle; but to me, it is a combination of all these living, laughing, puzzling phases. Life at Harvard is real. Work is the motive of that life and "the truth that makes men free" is its goal.



My Prince Charming

Every girl in the world, at some time in her life, usually in her "teens," dreams of a Prince Charming. She makes this Prince her ideal. He possesses all the good characteristics any girl could wish for. He is perfect in her estimation. He is always handsome, and sometimes rich. I, too, have a dream man, and I'm going to try to give you an idea of what I want my Prince to be.

I want him to be honest and a good sport in everything. I don't care if he swears. Of course, I don't want him to swear every other word, but almost every man, in order to express an opinion, must use a little harsh language. I don't care if he smokes. It is masculine. It seems to be a pleasure, and of course I want him to be happy. I draw the line at drinking. I don't want him to be soft or sentimental. I want him to be dominant or the cave-man type. I hate to see a man whom a woman can wrap around her little finger. I want his respect and love at all times, but as this is only an ideal boy friend about whom I am writing, I don't care if it is only puppy-dog love.

His religion does not matter, Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, as long as he believes in God. I don't desire a perfect person, for with such a one there is no fun. He should be popular with everyone; a good dancer, and able to play some instrument. I want him to enjoy cards. A sense of humor is a good quality, too. A wise crack now and then helps a conversation along. Naturally, I want him to have a good education. I should want him to be active in all sports and games. Neatness and politeness are good points, too.

As for looks, I prefer the tall, dark type. Brown or black hair, brown eyes, even teeth, and an ordinary nose are my idea of a handsome face.

He need not be rich. Money doesn't matter to me. A show, a dance, a supper now and then would content me.

Although a girl hardly ever gets the type of man she dreams of, that's my idea of an ideal boy friend. I can't make you see him as I see him, but I think I've given you the main points I want my dream boy to possess.

My Ideal Girl Friend

Who wants to have a perfect girl-friend? I don't believe there is such a thing as an ideal girl-friend. Nevertheless, a girl should have certain characteristics. She should, to be ideal, be beautiful, but unfortunately, few girls would take a beauty prize. Nevertheless, a girl can make herself attractive, and that is an important characteristic. She should wear pretty clothes and make herself as comely as possible. She should be of average height and have a well-proportioned form. 'Tis said that gentlemen prefer blondes, and I guess I'm a gentleman.

An ideal girl should be intelligent and inter-

ested in things that I am. She should be able to converse with me intelligently concerning various subjects. She should be a good sport—able to take a joke on herself. A good sense of humor is essential, so she can appreciate the jokes one might tell.

A girl should be sociable, courteous, and friendly. Every girl should learn to be a good dancer. Many times a homely girl, who is an excellent dancer, is much more popular than a pretty, shy girl who can not dance a step.

An ideal girl should not be conceited. She should be one of whom I could be proud.

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DECEMBER, 1932

May I Present—

Interview by KAY BROWN

Mr Charles Vallance was born in a little town in the Genesee Valley that has since become a deserted village—York Town.

As a small boy he was forever getting caught with his face and fingers covered, and his mouth full, of the forbidden jam. He also had visions, at that tender age, of being the town's mail carrier. His plans failed to materialize, however, for he went to Genesee Normal School, then to the University of Michigan, where he graduated with high honors.

He had taught school for a few years when the smouldering urge to travel burst into a real flame. He went to the Philippines and there spent some of the happiest years of his life. He was there when that terrible plague, the Asiatic cholera, swept the entire islands. Many of his friends died with it, but Mr. Vallance still lives to tell the tale. After staying in the Philippines about five years, he came home with the intention of returning. He took his Masters Degree in organic chemistry at the University of Michigan. He then went to work as a chemist in the Chicago Stock Yard, but he didn't care for this; so he went back to teaching. His intention to return to the Philippines revived, but he didn't go; the reason being fittingly explained in that French phrase *cherchez la femme*!

After teaching in Indianapolis for about nine years, his health gave out, and he was forced

to resign. He bought a farm near his old home town and took to the agricultural business in a serious way. He advanced so far and so well in a short time that he was elected vice-president of the Livingston Farm Bureau Federation. He was also one of the founders of the now well-known Dairymen's League.

Teaching, however, seemed to be his life's work, for in 1922 (when teachers were few and far between) he came to West High and has remained with us ever since.

He has instilled in all his pupils and all who know him, not only a knowledge of civics, history, chemistry and physical geography, but respect and admiration founded on the friendliness, co-operation, and understanding he has given them.

Library News

Good news for readers!—Mrs. Duncan has ordered more new books. They bid fair to be well received, if one may judge from those displayed during Book Week.

Mrs. Duncan is planning several library lessons before the Christmas vacation.

Book Week, November 14th-18th, was fittingly observed. A tea and display were given for the faculty. English classes heard most entertaining chats about new books. An exhibit of these same books was held for the pupils. In assembly, Mr. Donald B. Gilchrist, librarian of the University of Rochester library, talked of books in general.



Class Interest?

By JEAN HASLIP

The senior class attempted to have a party; it failed to materialize because of lack of co-operation. This fact is trivial, though the principle involved is of phenomenal importance.

This school is woefully lacking in class interest. The clubs and societies are enthusiastically supported, but when it comes to rallying under class leadership—West hits a new low. It seems to be an accepted fact that because the classes are large, organization should not be attempted. Under these circumstances the present conditions cannot be wondered at.

Class meetings are miserably attended. Officers are elected by about one-third of the class members; about one-half of these voting with any intelligent interest. Any attempt at a class function invariably flops. If these are the results of the present policies, why not make an attempt at unification?

A class is but a miniature government. It is here that the seeds of good politics should be cultivated. Then later in life, a transition of these acquired ideals will prove beneficial in regard to national politics.

The seniors, at any rate, should have reached the degree of intelligence to realize that consolidation and co-operation are the only means of establishing an effective body. Perhaps if they were a highly organized group, taking pride in their achievements, the other classes could be lured into following the precedent set by them.

If classes were more closely united, and class interest ran higher, graduation might have a greater emotional value. One would feel that he was an essential factor of this great unit. He could gleam with satisfaction over the fact that his efforts had helped make the class worthy of the eulogy it inevitably receives. He would be necessary to his class; he would be proud.

It is not a preposterous thing to ask that students have class interest. It is to their own

Ex-Teacher Now Vice-principal

By DOMINIC PARIS

Doctor Charles H. Holzwarth, former West High teacher, is not a new acquaintance. In 1914 he came to West High as head of the Modern Language Department. In 1919 he was recognized as an outstanding leader of Modern Language in our own city. During that year he became the acting director of Modern Languages of the High Schools of Rochester. He held this position for several years.

Doctor Holzwarth's education began at No. 8 School. After graduation from that school, he attended the Rochester Free Academy, now the Board of Education building. He was a member of the last graduating class. The following year he attended East High School. After graduation he went to the University of Rochester for two years, and then went to the University of Syracuse. After graduation from there, he attended the University of Leipzig in Germany.

In 1926 he was appointed vice-principal of Monroe Junior-Senior High School. He remained as vice-principal until 1929, when he decided to take a trip abroad. In 1930 he returned to Rochester and regained his position as Director of Modern Languages in the High Schools of Rochester.

At present, Doctor Holzwarth is going to try to maintain both positions; those of vice-principal of West High and Director of Modern Languages.

Doctor Holzwarth says that his hobby is golf. He doesn't play the game because his doctor recommended it, but for the simple reason that he likes and enjoys it.

advantage as well as a duty to their school. This indifferent attitude assumed by many profits no one. In short, to use the trite, but effective phrase, "Let us not cut off our nose to spite our face."

Are You Listening?

This issue of the OCCIDENT betokens the passage of the January, '33 class from our midst The question might well be asked by any member of that class, "What will happen to me?" He has reached a crucial moment, a most crucial moment in his life, when he shoves off from the apron strings of the old Alma Mater and navigates without her aid During all those years between kindergarten and the senior year of high school, he has been sailing blithely along with the thought, "A fig for care and a fig for woe" and having a tremendously good time Now the jumping-off point Well good luck, January, '33 At one of the recent Executive Council meetings, the Hare system of voting had its initiation It was said to be a success If that's so, then we may have a remedy for this hodge-podge of election of school officers Football, the new sport of kings is dead temporarily, and here is basketball on the athletic horizon With its demise, the football jerseys that thronged the corridors have changed to heavy sweaters (servience to "Old Man Winter") Speaking of corridors, I notice that they're thronged as usual This Duckitt-Wilder affair is second to the Gerling-Gardner business The air has been electrified with the many invitations to a certain formal Along about this time of the year certain of the masculine side of the house become more or less good friends with the feminine side of the house for the sake of this very formal In many cases they are disappointed The girls being a bit wise The West High Alumnae are home from college We Have Lloyd Kraushaar, of Duke Rose Woodbridge, of the same place Bob Parsons, of the U. of Penn. . . . John Randall is home from a Boston Prep Bob Robinson, of Harvard Jack Lynn, of Williams Morton Phillips, of Cornell Jean Connor, of fair Cornell Lee Wing, of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute; Lee is an old timer Frank Willing, of U. of Ohio Eva Mae Ball and Marg. Milow, of Skidmore Johnny Odenbach, of Notre Dame Vin Black, of Syracuse Ed Denny, of Annapolis (Hurrah for Army!) Joe Grassi, of Buffalo Carl Bates, of Lima Wesleyan, and Fred Roberts of the same school Well they'll all be there Certainly it will feel good to be back before the parental fireside for all those weary roamers in the pursuit of education Kind of bad for our alumni at the U. of R. . . . All they can do is board a street car and reach the same fireside that they patronize every night Oh Well! A short while back, Bob Jacobs and Bob Reilly hopped a bus for Skidmore College where they slept at a boarding-house, ate at tea shops, lounged in the freshman "dorm," danced at a formal in a house belonging formerly to a famous gambler, and were introduced to a line of college officers, all women, attired in formals that smacked of either Saks or Lord & Taylor of Fifth Avenue A "bonny" experience Hi-Y held a great dance, affording the Fahy Brothers, the McIntyre Trio, and Syl. Novelli's orchestra Those fingers of Syl Novelli fairly dance over the keyboard He has a future "The Garbage Man" was an astounding play West has never seen anything like it At 8:15 P. M., as the curtain rose, I ventured gingerly into the land of the fantastic It was like an old-fashioned nightmare after a heavy exciting day Let me add that it served its purpose It was true entertainment A good play is described as a "cathartic" A purge of the soul "The Garbage Man" held me in his hand and cleansed my heart of all tiresome thoughts Dick Clark was as good as would have been Bela Lugosi Bud Hurlburt and Mary Dick as the young people in love were not quite as natural as I would have liked But for that matter, could such a play be natural? When I was last down town, I seemed to encounter a tinkling bell and a red chimney on every street corner I stopped and regarded the passing crowd It was Christmas Everyone was in a great hurry Even the newsboys flitted quickly through the crowd A prolonged gaze in the direction of the feet of that mass of hurrying shoppers was dizzying and sleep-producing Little fellows were being dragged along by their rushing progenitors Time out once in a while to take care of the youngster's nose and to still his question of "Can we see Santa Claus, Mama?" But underneath it all, there lies that fear of the winter snow, and the cold wind brings to mind the suffering and privation to be prevalent even in what were well-to-do homes All and one have borne the brunt of the depression's knife edge West has the annual Christmas baskets to add to the struggle against poverty Let's hope that they succeed in their mission And then, tomorrow is another day.



Syl Novelli Talks

BY MARY COMENALE

*"Me and my piano—
Now you're talking."*

Syl Novelli speaking—but at one of his rare speaking moments. It just doesn't fit—a shy orchestra leader in this day of baton wielders. Going as far as springing a Greta Garbo on his would-be interviewer is just a bit too much. The big man of mystery is the same Syl who thrilled feminine hearts with his radio broadcasting a few moons back; the one who had them ga-ga at Madison when he led the Show Boat orchestra there; and the one who's slaying them here with the West High orchestra. Notwithstanding all this glory, this wholesale heart-wrecker is still at large. Add whispers—he's a woman hater.

Syl has been coaxing the ivories for a good part of his life and he expects to continue as long as jazz is king. He has an orchestra of his own with which he hopes to make Colombo's and Vallee's sound like a couple of rattle factories. Quite ambitious, if you ask me.

The West High orchestra is not his own. After the 1932 edition of West High Nights went down in history, Mr. Osborne gave Syl full charge of the orchestra for school dancing (thank you Mr. Osborne). At present, the orchestra is about to undergo a change. Thirteen is too notorious for Syl: he hopes to reduce it to the convenient number of six.

At the time of writing, Mr. Novelli was wrapped body and soul in the production of the "Garbage Man." Says Syl, "Music is the thing—and I'll furnish it."

Watch him, West High, he's due for great things!

Frank Stevens, an outstanding singer in West a few years back, is singing tenor in a mixed quartet which is featured every Sunday evening over station WHAM at 8:00 P. M. John Remington sings bass in the same quartet.

Council Progress Continues

BY SARAPHINE RIVERS

Within a few weeks after its first successful step, the Executive Council has launched a new movement, another by-law to the constitution. Due to the length and intricacy of this by-law, I shall not attempt to explain it in detail. It is based upon the Hare System. Instead of having to struggle through the tedious routine of voting until a person has received the necessary majority, this system enables the Council to cast its votes for the required number of candidates all on the same ballot. Before proceeding to choose these candidates, however, the Council fixes, by motion, the exact number it wishes to place in nomination and the required quota for election.

Through this plan, the possibility of certain fraternity groups or other factions gaining control of the Council is eliminated. Both the faculty and Council members are confident that there is no default in this plan. As a whole, the method is thoroughly representative and efficient, and will lay a firm foundation for future Council nominations.

In our acceptance of this by-law, the *Occident* wishes to express thanks to Mr. Stowell, commissioner of elections, who has worked hard and long that West High government may run smoothly and satisfactorily.

Scientists Club

The Scientist's Club has struck into its stride. The first meeting started off with a bang. About twenty-five fellows reported and a program committee was appointed to furnish the topic for discussion at each meeting.

There will be a meeting every other week, and the alternate week, a trip will be made to a factory or a plant.

Mr. Smith says that the Scientist's Club will afford extra credit to chemistry and physics students if the club proves worth while.



Unseen and Absurd

BY ROGER MALONEY

A handsome young man, who, we know, would not like his name divulged, went into a phone booth in the hamburg emporium across the street and put through a call to the only one. "Hello," came the feminine voice.

"Hello," said he. "Say, about that date Friday, would it be all right with you if we made it tonight instead?"

"Surely. Be there about seven, Willie." It happened that his name was *not* Willie.

"Sorry to disappoint you, Sallie, but I'm not Willie," said our friend, feeling rather annoyed to say the least, for they had been going steady for some time. A muffled gasp came through the transmitter.

"Neither am I Sallie!" she exclaimed, and hung up. Now our friend is undecided as to whether he really did get the wrong number or whether Sallie has a remarkable presence of mind.

* * * * *

Norman Miller, who received a broken leg in a motorcycle accident, while confined to a cast has started an autograph collection on it. He has somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-eight signatures on it. They are in several different languages, including Chinese.

* * * * *

Best crack-of-the-month Club. A student in a IV-1 English class was asked to use a metaphor in a sentence. He used a simile. From somewhere behind him came a hoarse whisper, "That's a simile! What's a metaphor you?"

* * * * *

We went to try out for a part in *The Garbage Man*, asking to play the character of a young bum. "You know," said Mr. Keyes, "I've had you in mind as a young bum for some time." Nice guy!

* * * * *

Our contributing poet, Major Weathercock, hands in this poem.

Deaths of all cracksmen remind us

When we make a nifty haul,

We should never leave behind us

Footprints anywhere at all.

West Plays Santa

BY ELEANOR SPRINGER

For years it has been the custom of the students and faculty of the public schools in Rochester to participate in some way or other toward making Christmas just a bit happier for those less fortunate than we. Recently, West has done its part by contributing food to fill baskets to be distributed to the needy.

This year, because of the scarcity of funds, the City Council of Social Agencies has urged the faculties in the various schools to contribute money toward a very worthy cause which provides rubbers and galoshes for the needy. The students have been requested for a continuance of their wholehearted support in supplying either food or money for food to replenish the baskets.

With Miss Storey as its chairman, the faculty committee is comprised of the following members: Mr. Coon, Mr. Naramore, Mr. Pickard, Mr. Slater, Miss Carey, Miss Deland, Mrs. Hoefler, Miss Hogan, Miss Manchester, Mrs. Nash, Miss Verna Robinson, and Mrs. Rourke. The student committee has at its head as publicity managers, Josephine Hagstrom and John Remington.

Jerry Smith, once a member of the West High vocal clubs and a graduate of the Eastman School of Music, has secured a position as head of the music department in Caledonia.

Tom Kinnane, The Groucho Marx of West High, spent this Thanksgiving vacation in New York. We inquired how he liked the big city. "I think it will be swilgent when they get it finished," said he with an evil leer.

* * * * *

"Are you doing your home work now?" demanded Mrs. Agnew, interrupting her discourse.

"No!" said "Forty" Woodworth, "I was just writing Pangro's name over and over." This held her speechless for a considerable time.



Sock and Buskin

"Garbage Man" Asides:

Al Purdy getting a hilarious unsolicited laugh on the line, "What a daring smile!" which he interpreted "What a darling smile!"

Carlton Male and Betty Viegiver engrossed in their painting—and each other.

Mr. Osborne tearing his hair in agonized despair of his orchestra.

Dick Clark going through various contortions in effort to read his lines with part concealed.

Mr. Keyes saying naughty words and blushing furiously.

Bud Hurlburt preferring a red-headed minor to the blonde lead. The latter may well ask "Wherein be the fruits of success?"

Entire cast feeling ridiculous and self-conscious but making a pathetic effort at nonchalance.

With another item augmenting their list of achievements, Sock and Buskin now turn toward the future. There are to be two one-act presentations before Easter. The Friday after Easter vacation will dawn upon the spring three-act production. This presumably completes the plans for that organization this year. If tentative plans materialize as successfully as previous ones, members may well be proud of their club.

The one-act plays are as yet undecided, Philip Barry's "The Youngest," is under consideration for the coming three-act.

The Choir is busy preparing several selections which will be sung at the annual choral festival at Monroe High in January. This yearly event is held to give the high school choruses an opportunity to hear the work that each group is doing. In the past, these festivals have been very popular with the choirs. Since every high school choir sings, each one endeavors to do its best work and a very pleasing program is presented. The feature group at the festival will be the Inter High School Choir.

After-School Dancing

The promising campaign speech of Elmer Myers has at last been put into effect. Several very enjoyable afternoons have been spent dancing to the tunes of Syl Novelli's orchestra.

An unusually large crowd turned out for this revived social function; and it appears that the overwhelming success of the first dance will be to a great extent very influential in continuing them regularly.

For a long time there was continual discussion as to whether or not this social move would be promoted, and now that it has let's do our best to keep the old pot boiling. If the interest already shown becomes at all slack, the committee in charge will not feel it worthwhile to bother giving the students a good time. Naturally, if no school spirit is exercised in these matters, it is then only logical that they be discontinued.

Up to the present the school feels entirely successful in the advancement of the project.

Just a Slogan or Two

Boots Schrader: Sunkist.

Norma Hurlburt: Often a cloud of dust.

Janet Loveny: Quality—not quantity.

Betty Becker: Bon Ami.

Jack Dash: It pays to advertise.

Annette Brancassio: Old reliable.

Virginia Stedman: The genuine article.

Shirley Kenyon: Quality reigns supreme.

George Lehman: Originality plus.

Marion Uffert: The last word.

Jack Gill: Ask one who knows.

Julia Brenman: Be nonchalant.

Bev. Jensen: Peppy at eight or eighty.

Betty Blair: A real friend.

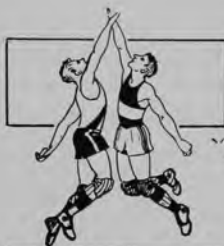
Dick Clark: The strength of Gibraltar.

Louise Sweetman: Judge for yourself.

Midge Barber: Avoid that future figure.

Billie Freer: One of the 57.

Eddie Graves: He had to be good to get where he is.



SPORTS



Did You Know That—

BY DON PERKINS

THE teams in the Rochester Interscholastic Basketball League are not using the new ten-second rule written into the rule books for this year. The ten-second provision provides that a team must advance the ball past mid-court within ten seconds after getting possession of it. One of the reasons for agreeing not to use the rule was that it was felt teams using the zone defense would get an undue advantage. All other rules are being followed.

Although the fall sports are now over and the winter season is well under way, here is a bit of gridiron cleverness which borders on the theatrical, and proves that a coach may be smart in other things than the fundamental rules of football. It concerns the game between Brown and Holy Cross, in which the former, in the last two minutes of play, won by a trick. You may recall that neither team had been defeated or tied, and that Brown was fighting for national recognition. The score at the time was 7 to 3 for Holy Cross, and Brown had possession of the ball near the Holy Cross goal line. Then came the play. It went like this:

With the teams lined up, waiting for the ball to be snapped, the spectators noticed that there was some sort of controversy in the Brown backfield. Chase and Gilmartin, Brown's backfield stars, were involved in an argument, and nobody seemed to know what it was about. Possibly they differed on the choice of the next play, or perhaps Chase was for Roosevelt and Gilmartin was trying to do some late election-

earing for Hoover. The spectacle of two backs engaged in a heated argument at such a time was enough to capture the attention of the bystanders, and the bystanders included the Holy Cross players. They relaxed for a moment to stare at the debaters, and in that moment, the ball was snapped and Frank Gammino went over the line for the touchdown that defeated Holy Cross. It was part of the act, and it brought down the house.

West's basketball team engages in three "double-headers" this season, and one "triple-header." Two of the double bills have already been played, and the "triple-header" was played on Thanksgiving night when West went down to defeat at the hands of Painted Post. Incidentally, that defeat is nothing to be ashamed of, for last year the squad from Painted Post was one of the best in Western New York, and apparently this year is keeping up its past record.

Write down in your little note book the dates Friday, January 13 (unlucky for East), and Friday, February 17, as the dates of the annual East-West classic. West, this year, although it appears to have a very fast team, has an inexperienced one with only Eddie Pulvino back from last year's team.

When Tech won the soccer championship this year, it was their first title since 1927, when West began its championship reign. East High is the only other school ever to have copied the honor.

Are we taking our soccer too seriously? Here is an article from Argentine that reads:



"Leon Arismendi, refereeing a soccer game here yesterday, was shot in the head and critically wounded by A. Celadilla, president of the Soccer Club, when he refused to allow Celadilla's team a penalty kick."

Pop bottles have always been the Yankee bouquets for umpires who have offended, but never a leaden pill.

Marshall, according to pre-season dope, is favored to cop the basketball championship. Marshall has four veterans back, including Sonderman, last year's high scorer, and Nick Nocchi. So far, Marshall has borne out the pre-season dope, but the race will be a close one with Marshall, Tech, and Charlotte favored.

West is having the homeroom basketball league again this year, under the able leadership of Mr. Cone. The league contains about ten teams. At the end of the season, the homeroom that has won the most games will receive a pennant. The purpose of homeroom basketball is to extend the privilege of supervised recreation to those who are unable to make regular teams.

The bowling team, this year, is made up, for the most part, of newcomers and boys who have never bowled before. The only veteran on the squad is Captain Gilbert Veith. Other members are Repp, Kepley, Groh, Heffer, Werth, and Light.

Cagers Start Season

By JACK BENNETT

West High's inexperienced five went down before the onslaught of Sodus and Painted Post in their first two games of the season. West led until the last quarter, but lacked the necessary drive to hold their own. Sodus defeated West 23 to 22 as likewise did Painted Post 20 to 17.

Our boys came back the following week with a brilliant display of basketball, and downed the Alumni 27 to 21. Many former West stars, such as Eddy and Tommy Kewin, Louy Deutch, Mike Williams, Al DeAnnunzio, George DeForrest, and Reggie Westbrook, a member of the last West team to defeat East, and later a star at West Point, comprised the Alumni team.

Eddy Pulvino, lone returning veteran from last year's team, was chosen captain of the Occidentals. Others on the squad are: Cordaro, Preiss, Bowe, Hadsell, Drum, Brown, Winkleholtz, Obdyke, Whited, Provenzano, Blanchard, Beal, Calnon, Rowley.

Prospects for Swimming

The swimming team is hoping to continue its record by winning the city championship for another year, making seven such victories in all.

The team is faced with a hard schedule, starting early in December. If it is as successful as it has been in the past, the team will make two two-day trips; one to Syracuse and one to Niagara Falls.

This serves as an incentive for the members. The veterans are the Myers brothers, Haefle, Herman, Stoddard, Ammering, Farrell, Lehman, and Robinson. With the old material and the new group from Madison, including Townsend and Williams, West should cop the first place with all its laurels, once again.

Do You Know

Why people think:

"That toads cause warts?"

"That hair can turn white in a day?"

"That rubbing one eye will make a cinder come out of the other?"

"That rust is dangerous in a cut?"

"That green apples cause colic or other illness?"

"That elm or pine leaves placed under one's pillow will cure hay fever?"

Nobody Knows

When or where the domestic dog originated.
When the Suez Canal was first built.

How trees lift tons of water hundreds of feet higher than any vacuum pump (Mr. Kenyon please note).

Why the Arapaho Indians of the Southwest Desert have the same language and habits as those of Alaska without knowledge of the other."

Girls Athletes In Many Activities

BY ELIZABETH ERB

NOW that the white snow covers all the land about school, it seems almost improbable that once girls shouted joyously at volley ball on the green campus, or that fierce battles (friendly ones of course) ensued on the sun-drenched tennis courts at the athletic field. These things were once realities, however, and when the smoke of the tournaments had cleared away, the sophomores had won the volley ball championship. The enthusiasm of the younger girls for volley ball insures them a good time out-of-doors next spring. Ruth Bagley and Hellen Murphy were the victors in the doubles tennis tournament, and are already challenging all oncomers for the singles tournament in May.

When it was announced that social dancing would be taught one night every week in the gym, so many people signed up that the registration had to be limited to juniors and seniors. Now, every Friday after school the tantalizing strains of the latest hits, played by Mrs. Predmore, seem to tell the girls listening outside the gym, that the 70 juniors and seniors taking instruction in social dancing under Miss Fisher and Miss Dunbar are having a most wonderful time.

Why do the girls taking gym, hand thin dimes to one of their number, who carefully crosses off the name of the donor and then disappears on tip toe into the gym office? The Board of Education is short of funds, due to some unknown cause called the depression. This shortage reacts in the Health Education department in several ways. It deprives the gym classes of an accompanist; so that in desperation the classes have banded together and subscribed enough money to have Mrs. Predmore play for them for rhythm and dancing one day a week. Then again, it is neces-

sary to have twice as many members in the swimming classes at Madison in order to have an instructor. As no more than the usual number signed up this term, there is no West High swimming at Madison. Therefore, the depression has got the gym department of West High School.

The gay orange poster in the main hall, with the letters G. A. A. on it, is more than a poster. It is the Athletic Honor Roll, and all girls earning more than fifty points have their names inscribed there. Edith Stangland and Fred Robinson created it, and are aching to add more names to the long list.

Fall is nice with all its tennis, swimming, volley ball, golf, riding, and soccer; but the winter sports are so much nicer. Then we can indulge in skating, tobogganing, skiing, long moonlight sleighrides, and best of all—the thing that keeps us alive, that makes us quick on our feet, deft in judging distances, the sport we really wait for year in and out—basketball. It is especially exciting this term for no class tournaments are played. The girls are put on equal teams—equal number of good and poor players—and four nights of the week, basketball reigns supreme in the girls' gym.

Different teams play each night, and some of the older girls referee with an instructor when they are not playing. Many a fine point of basketball is brought out and learned, perhaps for the first time through one of these volunteer referees. With whistles blowing, commands snapping, the cold air blowing snow upon the heads of the active players, the girls of West High learn the rules of basketball. Not only do they learn the rules of the game, they learn to be good sports, and to pull for the team rather than for themselves. These can be used not only in basketball, but also in all the work they endeavor to do.

Co: "What did Romeo say to Juliet when he met her on the balcony?"

Ed: "Couldn't you get seats in the orchestra?"



Soccer Summary

After nearly two months of hard practice and difficult games, West High's soccer team has finally finished its season. The Occidental outfit, due to a bad break of circumstances, has finished the season tied with East for fourth place.

Captain Frank Cordaro, veteran center for the Occidental club, received a broken arm in the early part of the season and was out of the lineup for the first three games which West lost. With the return of Captain Cordaro, however, West broke its jinx and defeated Canandaigua, Ben Franklin, East High, and tied Monroe.

Result of West's Soccer Schedule

	West	Visitor
West vs. Tech.....	0	2
West vs. Marshall.....	1	3
West vs. Madison.....	0	1
West vs. Monroe.....	0	0
West vs. Canandaigua.....	2	1
West vs. Franklin.....	3	1
West vs. East.....	2	1

Next year, West will have a veteran line, but the back field will be hard hit by graduation. Pulvino, goalie; Thon and Whited, half-backs; and Sweeney and Preiss, full backs, will graduate before the next soccer season rolls around.

Because of superior ability, sportmanship, and cleverness, the following men are to be awarded letters for work done during the past soccer season:

Reserve letter men—Clifford Scott, Gene Provenzano, Jack Lominzo, Ray Stowell, Geo. Simonds, Bill Weller, Robert Cole, Robert McMillan, Edmond Reid, Albert Lamb, Jack Rathbun, James Welch.

Varsity letter men—Frank Cordaro, (Captain) Edward Pulvino, Myron Sweeney, Albert Preiss, Harold Thon, Morgan Hadsell, Clark Whited, Robert Brown, Robert Schantz, Jack Good, Victor Barbour, Carl Groh, Louis Obdyke, Ronald Byford, Kenneth Haire, Warren Shelton, (Manager).

This year is the first time in seven years that West High has not been the champion of the Interscholastic Soccer league. Coach Smith states the causes for the loss of the championship as being: I. At the beginning of the season, only two veterans were on hand around which to build a championship team. II. Frank Cordaro was out of the line up for three of the seven important games, and III. Although the team was good, it was, for the most part an experienced outfit. This last reason is not a blemish on the team, but merely an unpreventable handicap that all teams must pass through at one time or other.

Boners

1. "Pax in bello" means "Freedom from indigestion."
2. An oboe is an American tramp.
3. Paraffin is the next order of angels above Seraphims.
4. Cassius was a selfish man who was always doing his best to make his own ends meet.
5. A Senator is half horse and half man.
6. Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.
7. *Heard in room 128*: "The man put his hand into pocket and distracted a penny."
8. *Written on a theme*: "The detective trained the criminals to their lair."
9. *Also on a theme*: "Pow Wow is a famous Indian food."
10. *From members of the faculty* "She is going to take a course in domestic silence."
11. *Heard in a first year English class*: "When a word ends in a consonant, the distress falls on the last syllable."

London Curio Dealer: "Yes, sir, this is the very handkerchief used by the father of William Penn."

Tourist: "Hm, the original pen wiper."

They Breaketh the Mighty Caesar's Calf

By FREDERICK MILLER

Chapter I.

Verse 1. Goofus, son of Rufus, and Sap, son of Head, wandereth through the halls of West.

2. They stoppeth before the statue of Caesar, and setteth their books upon it.

3. And, Goofus sayeth unto Sap, "What shall we do? I have acquired spring fever."

4. And, Sap maketh reply unto him, "I haveth it also, and I'm too indolent to reply to thy question."

5. At that moment Melvin, son of Coon, passeth them, and retireth into his Temple of Punishments.

6. Then Goofus speaketh, "Thank goodness he passeth us without stopping."

7. And, Sap, son of Head, answereth, "Ditto."

8. Both meditateth, and then Sap breaketh the silence, and speaketh, "I am taking Edna, daughter of Wallace Hopper, to the dance when night cometh."

9. Whereupon, Goofus replieth in anger, "Not so, she hath given unto me her promise to go to the dance."

10. Sap becometh indignant, and sayeth, "Thou art wrong my brother."

11. Goofus, son of Rufus, becometh violent, and smiteth the calf of Caesar, with the book of mathematics.

12. Then, the statue shaketh and the calf breaketh in many pieces.

13. Goofus and Sap, sons of Rufus and Head, pauseth in amazement.

Chapter II.

Verse 1. Melvin, son of Coon, hath inscribed ten commandments of punctuality upon a white tablet.

2. He setteth back in satisfaction on his Throne of the Comfortless, and decideth to proclaim his skill to the multitude.

3. He riseth from his Throne of the Comfortless, and tucketh his tablet beneath his arm, and gloateth over the punishments which he shall inflict.

4. Melvin goeth forth from his Temple of Punishments, and beholdeth the broken statue.

5. He droppeth his tablet in his anger, and it breaketh in many pieces.

6. Thus endeth his hopes of endangering and troubling the sleep of the multitude.

Chapter III.

Verse 1. "Come with me," sayeth Melvin, son of Coon. "Thou hast brought forth the wrath of Coon, and thou shalt experience the wrath of James, son of Spinning."

2. And, Goofus, son of Rufus, and Sap, son of Head, walketh under guard unto the Temple of Principals (or Principles) to endure the wrath of Spinning.

3. James, son of Spinning, receiveth them, and heareth their tale.

4. Then he speaketh, "Thou hast done wrong, and thou shalt answer for thy deeds with the supreme punishment."

5. Melvin, son of Coon, noddeth his approval.

6. James continueth, "Thou shalt pay for repairs on Caesar's calf, and not one thin dime shalt thou be spared."

7. Goofus, son of Rufus, and Sap, son of Head, both heaveth a sigh of sorrow.

8. "And," speaketh James, son of Spinning, "Thou shalt be expelled from these venerable halls for thirty days."

Chapter IV.

Verse 1. And thirty days cometh to pass, and Goofus, son of Rufus, and Sap, son of Head, findeth their way to the Temple of Principals, and meeteth James, son of Spinning.

2. "Hath thou thy money?" asketh James.

3. "Yes," replieth Goofus and Sap. "We have it."

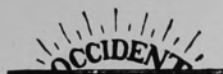
4. And Goofus and Sap commenceth to give forth big beautiful one dollar bills.

5. Then, James sayeth, "Thou hast done well, and thou may go back to thy classes."

6. Whereupon, Goofus and Sap beateth a hasty retreat.

7. Meanwhile, Melvin, son of Coon, hath been in conference with himself in his Temple of Punishments, with his head in crepe from the shoulders up, for thirty days mourning the loss of his ten rules of punctuality, with which to trouble and bother the sleep of the multitude.

The End



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A group of tourists were looking into the crater of Vesuvius and were amazed at the boiling mass.

"Ain't that just like hell?" exclaimed an American.

"Ah, zee Americans!" remarked a Frenchman, "where have zey not been?"

"My girl is like a giraffe."

"What do you mean—long legs?"

"All neck, sap, all neck."



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ACCIDENT



Mr. Keyes (to would-be actor): You wont do; I can't permit any profanity in this auditorium."

Would-be Actor: "But I didn't use profanity."

Mr. Keyes: "No, but the audience would."

Mr. Spinning (to graduate): "I hope you will increase in wisdom, knowledge and virtue."

Graduate (flustrated): "Thank you, sir; same to you."



Puppies and Pearls

(Continued from page 41)

Then, he entered, but was stopped by that savage little thing called Precious. He was easy to get acquainted with, and soon let Martin search the place without interrupting. He found nothing, and very disappointed, turned to go. Before he left he had made quite a friend of the dog. He picked it up and petted it. As he was putting it down, he noticed that the collar was unusually large for a small dog. He began to examine it, and as he touched the fourth brass stud, the whole side of the collar opened, and there were the missing jewels. He looked around for more loot but found none. He called Jean and told her the news and then sent for the police.

When the Countess and Dexter arrived they were surprised. They were arrested and taken in. It was no wonder that the Countess called her dog Precious. She was an impostor and Dexter was her partner in crime.

By this solution Don Martin accomplished two things—he was promoted to a higher position, and he won a millionairess. Despite her money, she loves the reporter, and within a year they will be happily married.

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"Annie," called her mistress, "just come into the dining room a moment. Now look at this. Watch me. I can write my name in the dust on the table."

Anne grinned: "It be a grand thing," she said, "t'ave eddication."

Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Daughter: "I think she's married."

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A Protest

BY ROGER MALONEY

*I wish, among the current Christmas stories,
To find a tale, in which the gunman bold,
Can still maintain his reputation gory,
And never overcome his lust for gold.*

*I hope he really does bump off the widow,
Or socks the maiden's eyes from black to blue.*

*There are the kind of stories I like, Kiddo,
Where Tony sees the bloody business thru.*

*But never once in my intense perusal
Of Christmas stories by these authors great,
I never yet have met with one refusal
Of the thug to quit the racket and go straight.*

*Perhaps it is a tiny tot reforms him—
I wish he'd kick her teeth right down her throat!
Or else his dormant guilty conscience storms him
And he leaves behind a "true confession" note.*

*Just one more of these goofy allegories,
And I'll seize the automatic from the shelf.
Upon the scribe I'll make a vicious foray,
And foully murder him all by myself!*

"No, sir," exclaimed the irate father, "my daughter can never be yours."

"I don't want her to be my daughter," replied the young man calmly, "I want her to be my wife."

Alibi: "Gee, my nose is cold."

Alias: "Let it run—the exercise will keep it warm."

Mrs. Backpay: "Good morning sir, will you take a chair?"

Installment Collector: "No thank you ma'am; I've come to take the piano."

Drunk: "I want a room."

Clerk: "Have you a reservation?"

Drunk: "Do I look like an Indian?"

Stenographer: "Your little girl wants to kiss you over the 'phone."

Busy Manager: "Take the message; I'll get it from you later."

"Good morning, madame," said the serious-looking stranger who had called. "I represent the Society for the Suppression of Profanity. It is our object to take strong language right out of your life. We—"

"Come here, Dad," called the lady of the house. "Here's a man wants to buy our old car."

"Have you done your outside reading yet?"

No, it's been too cold."

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