

SPECTATOR



Kathryn E. Her

SENIOR NUMBER
1924

CLARK

Congratulations, Class of '24 Johnstown High School

This store extends felicitations to you members of the Class of '24, Johnstown High School, on having so creditably completed the required course of study and hopes you may attain in the years to come the fullest measure of success and happiness. Graduation means only the commencement of sterner duties—of life's real activities—and we trust that your fondest dreams of pleasure and profit may be realized.



Should the future keep you in or around Johnstown it is our hope that you will remember this store as Headquarters for Apparel for the Family, Furnishings for the Home and Groceries for the Table and will always bear in mind—as your parents have done these many years—that

YOU CAN ALWAYS DO BETTER AT
SCHWARTZ BROS
JOHNSTOWN'S LOW PRICE LEADERS

TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN

When you read a **TRIBUNE** Want
Ad which interests you, act quickly.

Answer it at once.

Many other **TRIBUNE** readers
have noted the same opportunity.
Those who are prompt in answering
these little advertisements are the
ones who profit.

Time—tide—and opportunity—
wait for no man.

The Tribune

The Paper With the Want Ads.

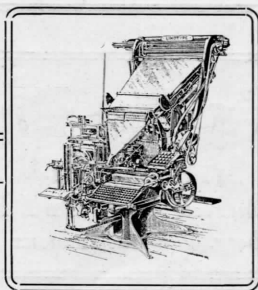


BIG DAYS

Graduation day.
Your first day in college.
Your first day at work.
The day when you pass your first \$1,000.
Your wedding day.
The day when your home is built.

Most of these high points of life are still happier if you have a good reserve in the bank. In fact, saving makes some of these days possible. To promote yourself, fix upon an objective. Then save to reach it. Open your account here.





THIS BOOK IS A PRODUCT OF OUR PLANT

WEIGEL & BARBER
INCORPORATED
PRINTERS

204 BEDFORD ST.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.



999

Nathan's The Big Store

Main Street Franklin Street Lincoln Street

*Buying Offices in New York, Paris, Belfast, Brussels,
Berlin, Nuremberg, Vienna, Gablonz and Frankfurt*

A Store for Boys---and
Girls---of your age.

One that strives hard
to please you!

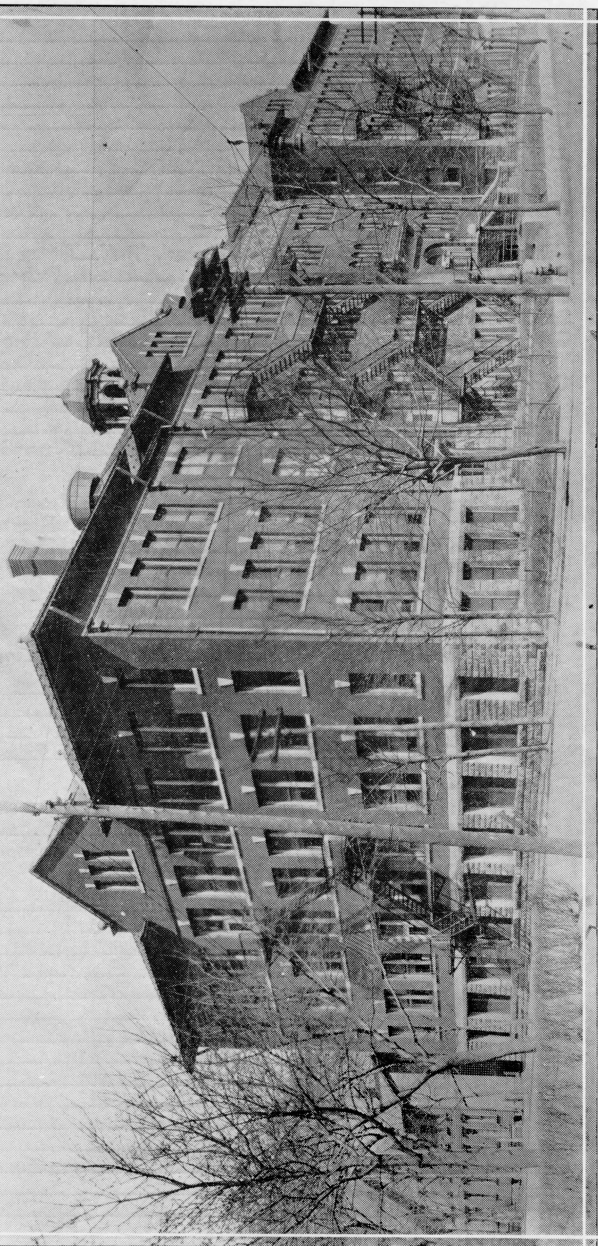
AND DOES!

Nathan's The Big Store

Franklin Lincoln Main Sts.

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JOHNSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Dedication

AS a tangible means of showing a measure of our gratitude to our fathers and mothers, to whom we owe all that we are and have, we, the class of 1924, dedicate this Senior number of our Spectator.

Appreciation

IF we, the class of '24, have attained to any measure of success in our class activities, it has not been through our efforts alone, but through the warm support and untiring interest of our faculty, to whom we extend our sincere thanks.

We are especially grateful for the help received from these staunch friends,—Miss Margaret Evans and Mr. Donald West, our sponsors, who have guided us safely through our Senior year; Miss Katharine Ulery and Mrs. Myrtle Roubush, who have labored incessantly in behalf of our Senior Spectator; Miss Anna Woodring, whose efforts have made possible our Senior play; and Mr. Ripple, who has continually shown his interest in our class and has been ever ready to give us individual help.

The Senior Program

Class Day Exercises—May 28, 1924

Senior Vacation—May 28 to June 4, 1924

Baccalaureate Sermon, the Progressive Brethren Church, June
1, 1924

Class Play, "Monsieur Beaucaire," High School Auditorium,
June 2 and 3, 1924

Commencement Exercises, Wednesday Evening, May 4, 1924,
High School Auditorium

Senior Dance—June 6, 1924

Class Motto—"Non palma sine labore"

Class Flower—Tea Rose

Class Colors—Blue and Gold



HONOR ROLL

HIGHEST HONOR

DONALD BUCHANAN *Don'*
 MARGARET ECKEL *Marg*
 MARION KRESS *Marion*
 MARGARET KANTNER *Marg*
 MILDRED FURRY *Mildred*

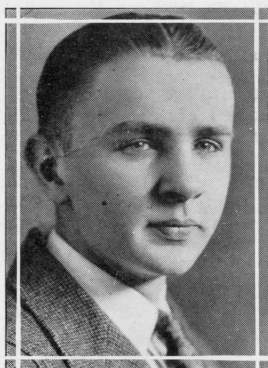
HIGH HONOR

ROSE MARIE BRUCKNER *Rose*
 HARRIET HOSMER
 NINA BADER
 KATHRYN YOUNG
 VANCE SMITH
 FLORENCE KEARNS
 CATHERINE LONG
 SARAH BERNET
 REBECCA COOK
 RUTH ASHMAN
 LOUISE PLOTKIN
 HERBERT TEITELBAUM
 ROMOLA SWOPE
 DOROTHY HAMILTON
 PAUL HOOVER
 BETTY MONAGHAN
 HELEN SHEARER
 ALICE LAMBERT

HONOR

MARIE HILL
 DOROTHY GEISEL
 CARL SMITH
 CATHERINE HEINZE
 ROBERT MILLER
 MARY ELIZABETH FURRY
 FLORENCE HENDLER
 FRED ZIMMERMAN
 CHARLES FLINN
 ALICE PAESSLER
 DONALD BEAS
 FLORENCE McCONAUGHY
 LEE DRIGGS
 AMELIA PUMA
 HAROLD ELDRIDGE
 JOHN WARREN
 MADELINE HUGHES
 IRA RIBBLET
 IRENE DEVLIN
 PAULINE FASSINGER
 KATHARINE KURTZ

Class Officers



FRITZ MOORE
Pres.



VANCE SMITH
Vice Pres.



ANNA McANENY
Sec.



JOHN GRADY
Treasurer

Class of 1924



RUTH ASHMAN

"Buttercup"

Honor Roll
A-B Club
Glee Club

"And her modest answer
And graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."



NINA BADER

"Doc"

Honor Roll
A-B Club—7 terms
Specator Staff
Dramatic Club
"Monsieur Beaucaire"

"Would I could duly praise her."



H. BLAIR BAKER

"Bake"

Band '23 and '24
Business Manager of Band '23
Orchestra '23 and '24
Dramatic Club—one play

"Mirth admit me to thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free."

MARGARET BARNES**"Peg"**

Hiking Club
"Our Motherland"

"A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured."

**MARGARET BARTOK****"Dycke"**

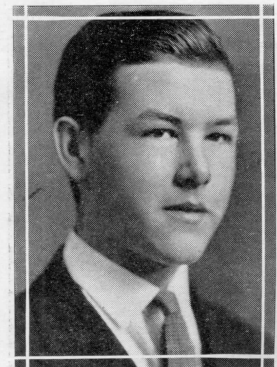
Glee Club
Dramatic Club

"Begone, dull care. I pray thee begone from me!
Begone, dull care. Thou and I shall never agree."

**DONALD BEAS****"Don"**

Honor Roll

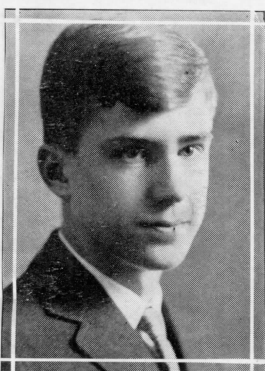
"He studied as he walked and he did both with equal ease."



**BLANCHE BEERMAN****"Snookie"**

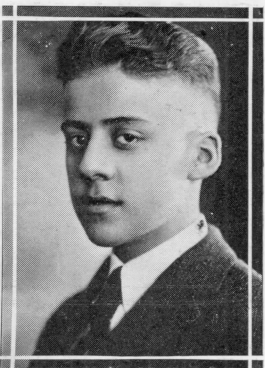
Dramatic Club
Glee Club

"A good disposition is more valuable
than gold."

**FLOYD BENSHOFF****"Benshoff"**

Inter-Class Track Meet '21
Inter-Class Basketball '21

"A diligent hand maketh rich."

**KENNETH E. BERKEY****"Ken"**

A-B Club
Stage Manager
Band
Constitutional Oratorical Contest
Inter-Class Basketball
Dramatic Club—6 plays
"Monsieur Beaucaire"
Class Activity Committee

"A man in all the world's new fashion
planted
That has a mint of phrases in his brain."

SARAH BERNET

"Sally Anne"

Spring Concert '21
"The Nativity," '22
Assembly Room Banker '22
A-B Club
Honor Roll
Basketball Club '21

"Her virtues will plead like angels,
trumpet-tongued."



MICHAEL BIFANO

"Mike"

Nature Club
Inter-Class Basketball

"And latent strength is within him."



EILEEN BITTNER

"I"

Spring Concert '21
Dramatic Club
Hiking Club

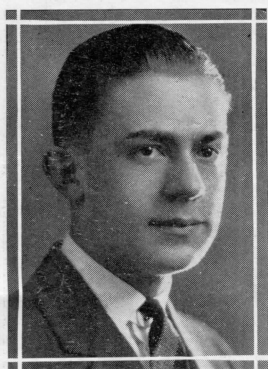
"Diligence is the mother of good luck."



**JACOB BLAYMAN****"Duke"**

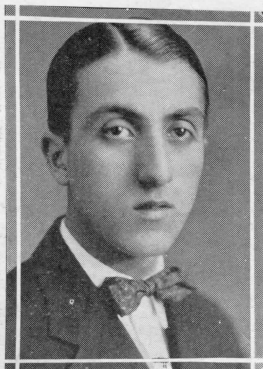
A-B Club
 Pep Club
 Mock Trial
 Dramatic Club
 Wireless Club
 Inter-Class Basketball

"Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
 Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

**GLENN BOHN****"Glen"**

Orchestra
 A-B Club
 Band
 Home Room Representative

"With mirth and laughter let old
 wrinkles come."

**STEPHEN BONDY****"Steve"**

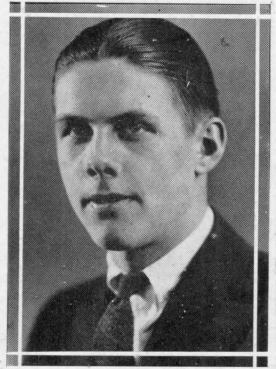
Jazz Orchestra
 Glee Club
 Hiking Club
 Mock Trial
 Assembly Room Orchestra
 Manager of Inter-Class Basketball

"To him who retains his poise on all
 occasions, praise is due."

MASON BOWMAN**"Mace"**

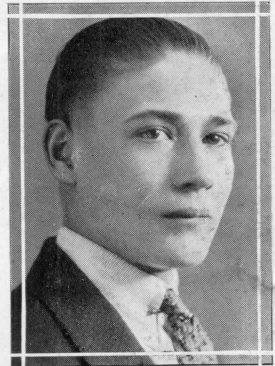
Surveying Club
 Dramatic Club
 Cashier
 "Bardell vs. Pickwick"
 "First Thanksgiving Dinner"
 "Miss Civilization."

"His tallness seemed remarkable, his
 gaiety so, too."

**EVERETT BOYER****"Boyer"**

Mock Trial

"Ambition has no rest."

**CARL BRANDLER****"Senator"**

Dramatic Club—five plays
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"
 Coal Club
 Spectator Staff
 Athletic Booster
 Commencement Speaker
 Horoscope Committee

"Oh yes! he's our would-be senator
 From dear old Johnstown High;
 If by chance he goes to Congress,
 We'll all wonder why."





MYRTLE M. BREHM

"Sis"

"We saw her charming, but we saw
not half
The graces her modesty concealed."



ROSE M. BRUCKNER

"Rosica"

Honor Roll
Student Council '21
A-B Club

"Courteous, coy and gentle, though
clever."



DONALD BUCHANAN

President of Student Council
Banking Commissioner
Valedictorian
Dramatics—six plays
"Monsieur Beaucaire"
Oratorical Contest—first honor

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good
one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and per-
suading."

ROBERT BURGGRAF

"Bob"

Band and Orchestra '22 to '24
Minstrel Band
Dramatic Club—six plays
"Monsieur Beaucaire"
Chairman of Ring Committee
A-B Club
Quotation Committee

"His learning, like the lunar beam, affords light."

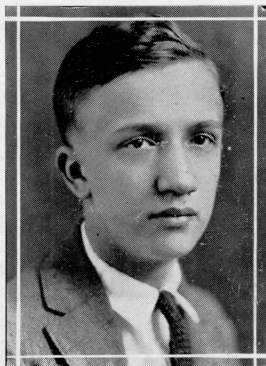


YAROSLAV CHEMERYS

"Jerusalem"

Coal Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Inter-Class Track

"The man of wisdom is the man of years."



GENEVIEVE CONSER

"Gen"

A-B Club
Spring Concert '21
Girls' Sports Club
Gymnasium Exhibition '21
Sewing Club

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look."





DORIS CONSTABLE

"Peaches"

Camp Fire Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Sewing Club

"Her heart is like a garden fair,
Where many pleasant blossoms grow."



REBECCA COOK

"Becky"

Dramatic Club—two plays
"Monsier Beaucaire"
A-B Club—six terms
Student Council
Honor Roll
Advertising Mgr. of "Spectator"

"She looks clear as morning roses
Newly washed with dew."



VIRGINIA COOK

"Jean"

May Day Festival
Sports Club

"With eyes that looked into the very
soul
Bright—and as black and burning as a
coal."

ANNA COOPER

"Annie"

Spring Concert '21
Girls' Sports Club
Mock Trial
Basketball

"True eyes
Too pure and too honest in aught to
disguise."



LILLIAN COYLE

"Lil"

French and Italian Opera Club
Mock Trial
Band
Gymnasium Exhibition
Sewing Club

"Of all her parts the eyes express
The surest kind of bashfulness."



LEORA CRISSEY

"Orie"

Basketry Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Sewing Club
Mock Trial

"Begone, dull care; I pray thee be gone
from me;
Begone, dull care. Thou and I shall
never agree."





MARY CUSTER

"Cussie"

"Trials of Bad English"
 Dramatic Club
 Sports Club
 Orchestra
 Girls' Orchestra
 Glee Club

"How near to good is what is fair!"



ALMA DEVLIN

"Irish"

Basketry Club
 Gymnasium Exhibition
 Girls' Basketball
 A-B Club

"Impulsive, happy, prompt to act and
 make her generous thought a fact."



IRENE DEVLIN

"Devlish"

A-B Club
 Honor Roll

"Knowledge is the only fountain both of
 love and the principles of human lib-
 erty."

MARGARET DORER**"Peggie"**

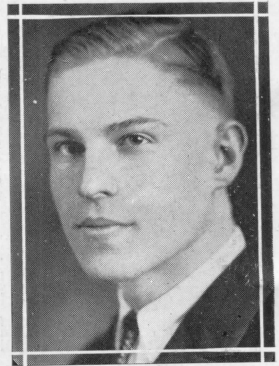
Glee Club

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple,
Joy made those dimples."

**LEE DRIGGS****"Deacon"**

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Surveying Club
"The Trysting Place"
Wireless Club

"A full rich nature full to trust
Truthful and almost sternly just."

**PERRY DRISCOLL****"Ham"**

Dramatic Club
"Bardell vs Pickwick"
"The First Thanksgiving Dinner"
"The Birds' Christmas Carol"
"Washington's Birthday Pageant"
Mock Trials

"No duty could overtask him,
No need his will out run,
E'er our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done."





ARTHUR DRUMMOND

"Art"

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."



THIRZA EASTERBROOK

"Thirza"

Hiking Club
Mock Trial
Gymnasium Exhibition

"A blue eye is a true eye."



MARGARET ECKEL

"Marg"

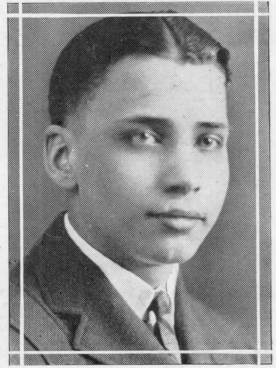
Student Council '22
Spectator Staff '24
Class Secretary '23
Salutatorian
Dramatic Club—one play
A-B Club—eight terms
"Monsieur Beaucaire"

"Her true brown eyes with friendliness
glow,
Sweet her demeanor to all that know
Thee, blithsome maiden fair."

HAROLD ELDRIDGE**"Harold"**

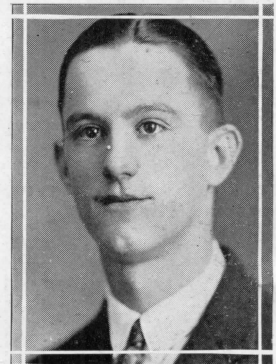
A-B Club
Dramatic Club
Honor Roll
Constitutional Oratorical Contest
"Bardell vs. Pickwick"

" 'Tis good-will makes intelligence."

**NORMAN ENGH****"Collie"**

Campus Club
Inter-Class Basketball
Inter-Class Track

"Tall of stature and a jolly good fellow."

**CATHERINE EVERSOLE****"K"**

A-B Club
Hiking Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Assistant Cashier of Room 212

"Thy fair hair my heart enchained."

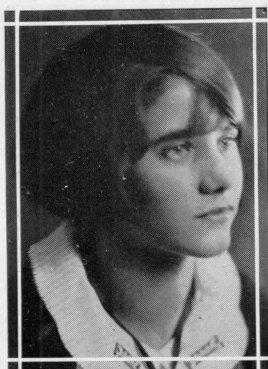




MARGARET FRITZ**"Marg"**

May Day Festival
Girls' Sports Club

"The gods smile upon th' industrious."

**ROBERT FRITZ****"Red"**

Football '22 and '23
Track '21
Dramatic Club
"Monsieur Beaucaire"
Hiking Club

"It's a fine thing to have the strength
of a giant."

**LAWRENCE FURLONG**

Football '21 at Conemaugh High
School
Sophomore Class play at Cone-
maugh
A-B Club III and IV at Conemaugh

"Work is my recreation."





MARY ELIZABETH FURRY

"Bish"

A-B Club
 Dramatic Club
 Student Council
 Honor Roll
 Tennis Club

"How may full sailed verse express
 The full flowing harmony
 Of thy swan-like stateliness."

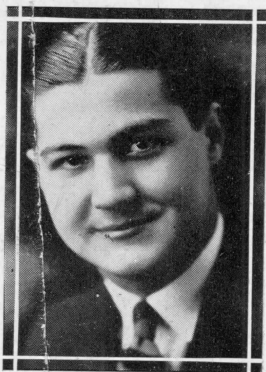


MILDRED FURRY

"Mig"

A-B Club
 Honor Roll
 Inter-class Basketball
 Constitutional Oratorical Contest
 —Second Honor

"They are never alone that are accom-
 panied with noble thoughts."



ANTHONY GALLO

"John D."

A-B Club
 Dramatic Club
 Basketball Manager '23½, '24
 Asst. Basketball Manager, '22-'23
 Manager "Quadrilla Novellas"
 Track '21

"He knew what ever's to be known,
 He knew much more than he would
 win."

ANNA GARDNER

"Ann"

Dramatic Club
Girls' Sports Club
"The First Flag"

"So mild, so peaceful, so good, so loyal"



DOROTHY GEISEL

"Dot"

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Hiking Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Dramatic Club

"Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that mock the hyacinthine
bell."

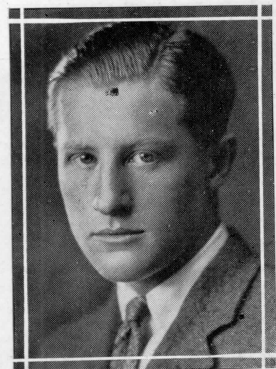


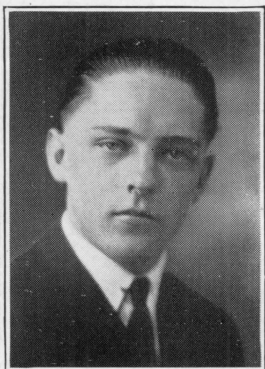
ANDREW GLEASON

"Andy"

Basketball '23 and '24

"He seems a timid bashful lad,
And yet is courteous and always glad."





JOHN GRIFFITH

"John"

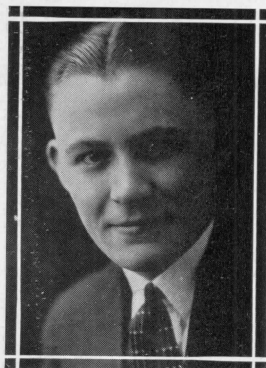
"Sensitive, swift to resent, but
Swift in atoning for error."



JAMES GRADY

"Jim"

"Simplicity is the keynote of every mas-
terpiece."



JOHN L. GRADY

"Irish"

Class Treasurer
Pep Club
President of Assembly 307
Inter-Class Track
Dramatic Club

"What spirit of mischief doth he hide."

KATHRYN GRIBBLE**"Kay"**

Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival
Dramatic Club

"O, her beautiful eyes! They are blue
as the dew
On the violets' bloom, when the morn-
ing is new."

**OWEN GRIFFITH****"Dutch"**

Tumbling Team
Inter-Class Basketball
Class Track Meet

"He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentle-
man."

**N. VAUGHEN GRIFFITH****"Griff"**

Basketball '20-'21
Track '21
Orchestra
Band

"He who binds
His soul to knowledge, steals the key
of heaven."





ADA HADDLE

"Toots"

Glee Club
Gymnasium Exhibition

"Her smile was prodigal of summery
shine—
That goes making merry always."



DOROTHY HAMILTON

"Dot"

Business Mgr. Spectator '23-'24
Advertising Mgr. Spectator '22-'23
Ring Committee
Honor Roll
A-B Club
Dramatic Club—5 plays
"Monsieur Beaucaire"
Chairman A-B Pin Committee
Gymnasium Exhibition

"Is she not more than painting can ex-
press,
Or youthful poets fancy when they
speak?"

RAE JONES

"Rae"

Knowledge is more than equivalent to
force.

SHELDON HARGREAVES**"Shel"**

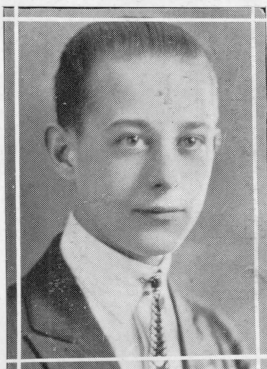
At Kane High School
"Springtime"
Football
Baseball
Basketball

"I have labored
But now my task is smoothly done."

**RHEON C. HASSEL****"Hassell"**

Wireless Club
Rifle Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Inter-Class Basketball '21 and '22
Inter-Class Track '21 and '22

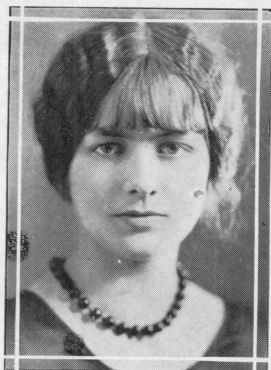
"An affable and courteous gentleman."

**DOROTHY HAVICE****"Dot"**

Sewing Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Mock Trial

"Her smile was like a rainbow flashing
through a misty sky."





HANNAH HEAD

"Jack"

A-B Club
 Band
 Orchestra
 Girls' Orchestra
 Glee Club
 Saxophone Choir
 "Yanki San"

"Whate'er she did was done with so
 much ease
 In her alone 'twas natural to please."



KATHRYN HEINZE

"Kitty"

A-B Club
 Honor Roll

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience."



FLORENCE G. HENDLER

"Flo"

A-B Club
 Honor Roll
 "The Albany Depot"
 May Day Festival
 "Our Motherland"
 Glee Club
 Girls' Sports Club

"The fairest garden in her looks
 And in her mind the wisest books."

RALPH HERSHBERGER "Bull Montana"

Football '22
Football '23
Wireless Club

"If he can't make you laugh, you're
sad indeed."

**RICHARD HERSHBERGER**

"Dick"

Rifle Club
Wireless Club

"A gleam of seriousness and mirth un-
told,
Beneath it all a heart of gold."

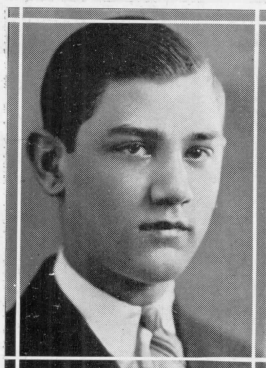
**MARIE HILL**

"Sue"

A-B Club
Honor Roll

"For her heart was in her work, and
the heart giveth unto every art."





PAUL HOOVER

"Hoover"

A-B Club—5 terms
 Student Council
 Honor Roll
 Gymnasium Exhibition
 Assistant Bank Cashier
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"

"Knowledge is more than equivalent to force."



ALBERT HORNER

"Abbie"

Spectator Staff '21 and '22
 J. H. S. Minstrel
 Hiking Club
 Glee Club
 Banking Cashier

"Long shall we seek his likeness,
 Long in vain,
 Nature formed but one such man."



HARRIET HOSMER

"Har"

Editor-in-Chief of Spectator '23½,
 '24
 Honor Roll
 "The Trysting Place"
 "The Birds' Christmas Carol"
 A-B Club—seven terms
 "The Neighbors"
 Constitutional Oratorical Contest

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

FRANCIS HUDSON

"Bump"

Tumbling Team
Inter-Class Track '21
Inter-Class Basketball
"Comedy of Errors"
Wireless Club

"If I cannot do great things I can do
small things in a great way."

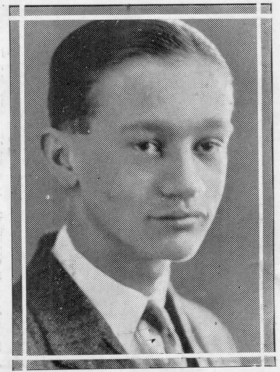


GEORGE HENRY HUDSON

"13"

Horoscope Committee

"Where is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"



MADELINE HUGHES

"Mad"

Band and Orchestra
A-B Club
Honor Roll
Sewing Club
Cashier

"One of her many attractions is her
bright and happy smile."





FLORENCE JAMES

"Flop"

Glee Club
 "Yanki San"
 Camp Fire Club

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
 A full assurance given looks."



BARTON JOHNSTON

"Bart"

Glee Club
 Football '22
 Cheer Leader '22-'23½
 Surveying Club
 Assistant Basketball Manager '21
 Stage Manager

"But a merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal."



MINERVA JONES

"Min"

Sewing Club
 Mock Trial
 Dramatic Club

"In character warmly pure and
 strong."

MARGARET KANTNER**"Bill"**

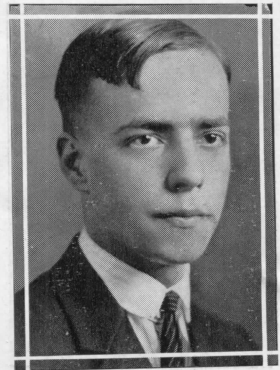
Vice Pres. of Dramatic Club '23
 Spectator Staff '23
 A-B Club
 Honor Roll
 Class Color and Flower Committee
 Quotation Committee
 "The Man in the Bowler Hat"

"Knowledge comes of learning well re-
 tained."

**BLAIR KAUFFMAN****"Baldy"**

Home Room Representative
 Home Room Reporter
 Hiking Club

"'Twas certain he could write and
 ciper, too."

**FLORENCE KEARNS****"Pinky"**

A-B Club
 Honor Roll
 Student Council '23
 Bank Cashier
 Treasurer of Assembly 307
 Ring Committee
 Treasurer of A-B Club

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





MARTIN KEIHL

"Mart"

"I was never less alone than when by myself."



WALTER KEIM

"Walt"

A-B Club
 Surveying Club
 Inter-Class Basketball
 Class Activity Committee

"He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly."



FERN KELS

"Kelly"

"But in her cheek rich tinge, and in
 the dark
 Of darkest hair and eyes, she bears
 a mark
 Of kinship to her generous Mother
 Earth."

CATHARINE KNEPPER**"Kate"**

Spring Concert '21
 Mock Trial '22
 Student Council '23
 Dramatic Club—2 plays
 Ukelele Club
 Senior Class Play Committee

"A hand eager to help."

**HARRY E. KNUDSON****"Haps"**

Gymnasium Exhibition
 Wireless Club
 Home Room Reporter

"Let me silent be,
 For silence is the perfectest herald of
 joy."

**LOUIS KOLAKOSKI****"Louie"**

Rifle Club
 Dramatic Club
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"
 Wireless Club
 "Washington Birthday Pageant"

"'Tis the mind that makes the body
 rich."





CHARLES KOOSER

"Charlie"

"All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them."



MARION KRESS

"Marion"

A-B Club
Honor Roll
President of 307
Gymnasium Exhibition '21
Class Activity Committee
Student Council

"As pure as a pearl, and as perfect;
A noble and friendly girl."



KATHERINE KURTZ

"Mike"

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Horoscope Committee

"It's amazing that her small head can carry its increasing store."

CLARENCE K. KYLER

"Fat"

Surveying Club
Future Plans Committee
Gymnasium Exhibition '21

"It's the effort and strong desire that
wins praise."



ALICE LAMBERT

"Alice"

Student Council
Honor Roll
Vice President of A-B Club
Dramatic Club—two plays
"Monsieur Beaucaire"
Gymnasium Exhibition
Spectator Staff

"Ah, yes! we were the better for her
passing here."



HARRY LECKEY

"Leckey"

A-B Club

"Gentle in manner, firm in reality."





WILLIAM LEITENBERGER

"Bill"

Wireless Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Orchestra

"He from whose lips persuasion flows."



CATHARINE LONG

"Kate"

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Dramatic Club
Student Council
Spectator Staff
Basketry Club
Chairman of Future Plans Com-
mittee

"I love vast libraries."



MARION LONG

"Nan"

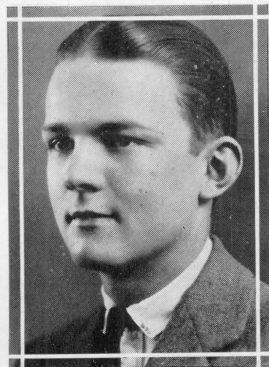
At Westmont High
Girls' Club
Basketball
Dramatics

"A noble maid of high degree,
Maid Marion by name."

CLOYD LUTTRINGER**"Lute"**

Band and Orchestra
Track '22 and '23
Inter-Class Basketball '20, '21, '22
Home Room Secretary
Spectator Staff
Assistant Basketball Mgr. '21, '22

"Did ye ever see gallant like young
Luttringer?"

**ROBERT MAMULA****"Bell Hop"**

Wireless Club

"I've done my duty, and I've done no
more."

**KATHLEEN J. MANSFIELD****"Kitty"**

Girls' Sports Club
Glee Club
Dramatic Club

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and
low."





LILLIAN MARCHL

"Toots"

Football Song
 Cashier of 407
 Gymnasium Exhibition
 Basketry Club
 Class Poem
 Quotation Committee

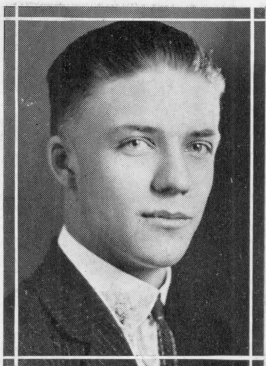
"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."



OLIVE MARSH

"Ollie"

"Her silver voice is the rich music of a summer bird."



CHARLES MEYERS

"Chick"

Band '22

"The man who laughs must sure do well."

REBEKAH MILES

"Becky"

"Yanki San"
 "The Toreadors"
 "Finders Keepers"
 "Birds' Christmas Carol"
 "Washington Birthday Pageant"
 "The Bishop's Candlesticks"
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"

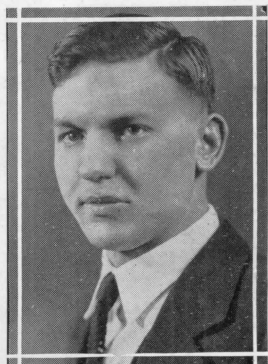
"Who is 't says 'The tiny woman steals
 into our hearts?'"



EARL M. MILLER

"Henry"

"A spirit superior to every weapon."

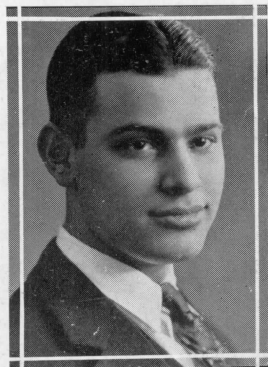


ROBERT MILLER

"Bob"

A-B Club
 Honor Roll
 South American Club
 Quotation Committee
 Secretary of Room 307
 Junior-Senior Reception Committee
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"

"Capacity for joy
 Denotes the truly great mind."



REBEKAH MILES

"Becky"

"Yanki San"
 "The Toreadors"
 "Finders Keepers"
 "Birds' Christmas Carol"
 "Washington Birthday Pageant"
 "The Bishop's Candlesticks"
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"

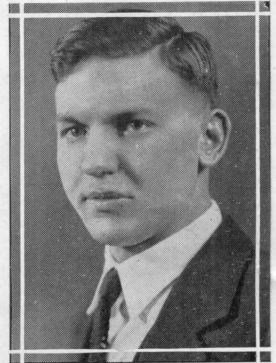
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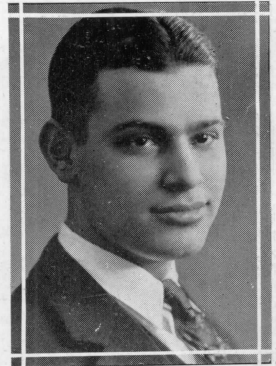


ROBERT MILLER

"Bob"

A-B Club
 Honor Roll
 South American Club
 Quotation Committee
 Secretary of Room 307
 Junior-Senior Reception Committee
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"

"Capacity for joy
 Denotes the truly great mind."





BETTY MONAGHAN

"Betty"

A-B Club—six terms
 Honor Roll
 Basketball Club
 Ruthless Rimes Editor
 Assistant Editor
 Constitutional Oratorical Contest

"She with all the charm of woman,
 She with all the breadth of man."



FRITZ MOORE

"Fritz"

Orchestra
 Banker
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"
 Treasurer of Term V and VI
 President of Term VII and VIII
 Spectator Staff
 Surveying Club
 Gymnasium Exhibition

"He has done the work of a true man."



BETTY MORRIS

"Betty"

May Day Festival
 Girls' Sports Club
 Mandolin Club
 Dramatic Club
 "The Adventures of My Aunt"

"O, she sits high in all the people's
 hearts."

ANGELINE MOWRY

"Angie"

Outdoor Club
Mandolin Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Glee Club
"Our Motherland"
"The Adventures of My Aunt"

"Her eyes are wells, her hair the cloud
of night."



CATHARINE MUNROE

"Kitten"

Spring Concert '21
Student Council

"Talent shapes itself in quiet stillness."



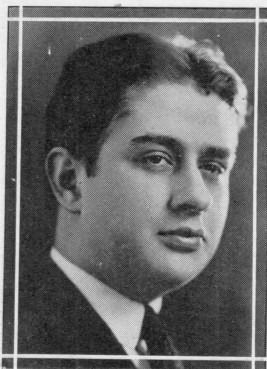
ETHEL MURPHY

"Ethel"

Spring Concert '21
Basketry Club
Hiking Club

"Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue
As someone somewhere sings about her
eyes."





GEORGE MacDONALD

"Mac"

Dramatic Club
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"
 Constitutional Oratorical Contest

"His hair is of a good colour,
 An excellent colour; your chestnut was
 ever the only colour."



ANNE McANENY

"Mac"

Spectator Staff
 Class Secretary VII and VIII
 Chairman of Quotation Committee

"Good it is to gaze upon her,
 She's so gracious, kind and fair!
 For the gifts and graces in her
 All her praises do declare."



MILDRED McCALL

"Dean"

Band
 Mixed and Girls' Orchestra
 Girls' Sports Club
 May Day Festival

"Ah, thy beautiful hair! so it was once
 braided for me."

FLORENCE McCONAUGHY

"Flo"

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Glee Club
May Day Festival
Spectator Staff
"Bishop's Candlesticks"
"Monsieur Beaucaire"

"There's a language in her eye, her
cheek and her lips."



ALMA McCURDY

"Al"

Glee Club
Hiking Club

"Her merry heart pled for her."

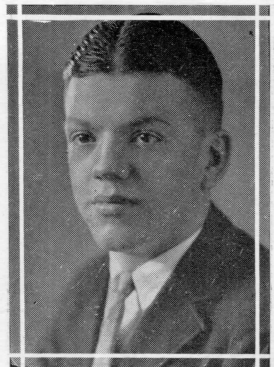


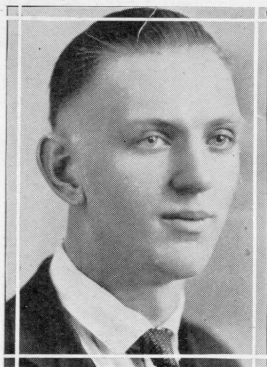
KENNETH McMULLIN

"Red"

Dramatic Club
Track '21-'22
Color and Flower Committee
Hiking Club
"First Thanksgiving Dinner"
"Monsieur Beaucaire"

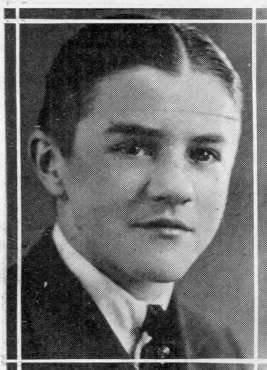
"Rare compound of cleverness, frolic
and fun!
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in
a pun."



**JOSEPH O'CONNOR****"Joe"**

Spectator Staff
 A-B Club
 Photography Club
 Penn Relays
 Varsity Basketball '21 and '24
 Varsity Football '21 and '22
 Varsity Track '22 and '24

"Poets utter great and wise things
 which they themselves do not un-
 derstand."

**BUDD OTTO****"Budd"**

A-B Club
 Wireless Club
 Student Council
 Cashier
 Class Activity Committee

"It is the mind that makes the man,
 and our vigour is in our immortal
 soul."

**JENNIE MAE OVERDORFF****"Jackie"**

A-B Club
 Mandolin Club
 Hiking Club

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in
 her eyes,
 In every gesture dignity and love."

PHILIP PACINA**"Phil"**

Booster Club
Hiking Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Track '23-'24

"There is something of mystery and much of frankness in his dark, smiling face."

**GAYNOR PALMER****"Gaynor"**

Surveying Club

"A great mind becomes a great fortune."

**ALICE PAESSLER****"Pat"**

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Student Council
Cashier
Basketry Club
Gymnasium Exhibition

"The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just Alice's pleasant smile."





WAYNE PATCH

"Patty"

Student Council
Orchestra

"But a fellow in whom seems much
worth."



HELEN PLACK

"Helen"

Gymnasium Exhibition
Spring Concert
Tennis Club

"Her smile is like the noon
Splendor of a day in June."



LOUISE PLOTKIN

"Lib"

Honor Roll
Picture Committee
"Los Pantalones"
President of A-B Club
Office Assistant
Washington's Birthday Pageant

"Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er her
brow
Bright with intelligence and fair and
smooth."

AMELIA PUMA

"Millie"

Honor Roll
A-B Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Health and Hygiene

"Wisdom and Goodness are twin born,
one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen
apart."



MILDRED RAGER

"Tootie"

Glee Club

"A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend like her is life too
short."

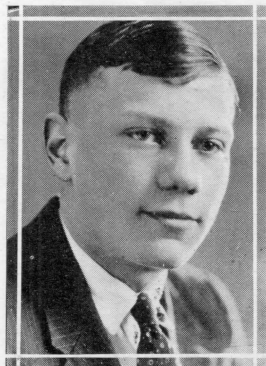


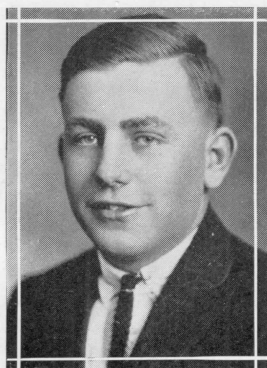
WILLIAM REILLY

"Bill"

Inter-Class Basketball
Varsity Basketball '24
A-B Club
Hiking Club
Track '23
Spectator Staff

"A man of courage is also full of faith."



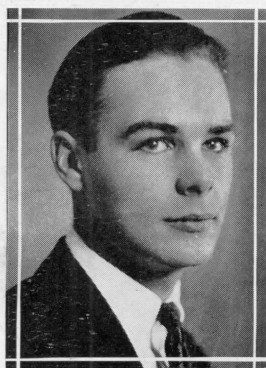


IRA RIBBLET

"Spivis"

Honor Roll

The greatest men in all history
 Reveal that success is no mystery,
 But gained by toil toward a great desire
 And exerting your strength for the
 guiding power.



WALTER L. RICKABAUGH

"Ricky"

President of Assembly
 Banker of Assembly

"For his heart was in his work, and the
 heart
 Giveth grace unto every Art."



GERARD E. ROONEY

"Art"

Sketch Club
 Dramatic Club
 Student Council
 Rotary Representative
 Cartoonist '21, '22, '24
 Art Director '24
 Asst. Track Manager '22

"In forming an artist art hath thus de-
 creed
 To make some good, but others to suc-
 ceed."

EVELYN RUTLEDGE

Gymnasium Exhibition
Hiking Club
Glee Club

"O lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook that run
Limpid and laughing in the summer
sun."



KATHRYN RYAN

"Katzy"

Student Council
Dramatic Club
"Monsieur Beaucaire"
Glee Club
Quota Club Representative
Spring Concert '21

"An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance,
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."

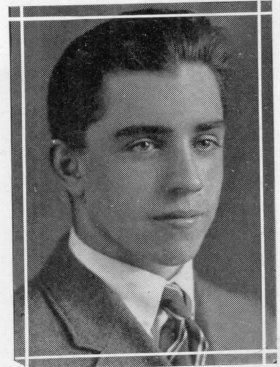


FREDERICK SARGENT

"Fred"

Hiking Club
Track
Inter-Class Track

"So wise, so grave, and so kind withal."





JOHN SAYLOR

"Red"

A-B Club
 Student Council
 Track
 Dramatic Club—five plays
 Rifle Club

"They laugh that win."



HELEN SCHNABEL

"Schnible"

Mixed and Girls' Orchestra
 Banker
 Basketry Club

"Quiet and grave but friendly withal."



BEATRICE SHROCK

"A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured."

JACK SCHUCHMAN

"Jack"

Spectator Staff
Student Council
Inter-Class Basketball
Track
Dramatic Club
"Bardell vs. Pickwick"

"Friends speak for a man and he has a
host of them."



VANDA SEIDEL

"Her words bring daylight with them
when she speaks."



JOHN SEIGH

"John"

"Thought is the wind, knowledge the
sail, and mankind the vessel."





HELEN SHEARER

"Helen"

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Orchestra
Home Room Treasurer

"Such a mind is great, contemplating
and kind."



WARREN SHERIDAN

"Kid"

Pep Club
Orchestra
Band
Saxophone Choir
High School Minstrel

"He had wisdom that doth guide his
valor."



JOHN SKELLY

"Irish"

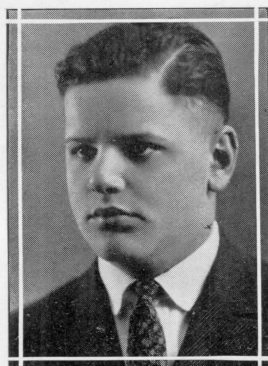
At Latrobe High School
Boxing and Wrestling Club '20
Military Club '21

"Ambitious for the best that life may
bring."

MOSES SKY

"Moses"

"Nowhere so busy a man as he—
And yet he seemed busier than he was."



CARL W. SMITH

"Smitty"

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Chess Club
Gymnasium Exhibition

"Knowledge often favors those who do
not favor study."



GEORGE A. SMITH

"Smitty"

Tumbling Team
Wireless Club
Coal Club
Inter-Class Basketball
Gymnasium Exhibition

"There is an art in knowing a thing."



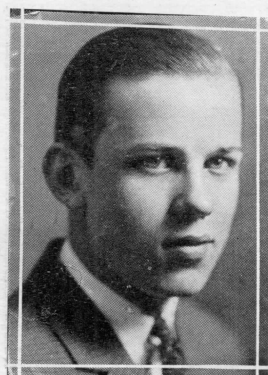


VANCE SMITH

"Bluffer"

Vice President VII and VIII
 A-B Club
 Honor Roll
 Wireless Club
 Quotation Committee
 Banker

"A brave, generous soul is a thing
 which all things serve."

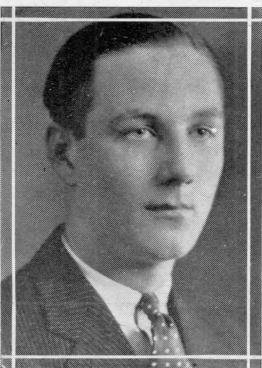


WARREN SMUCKER

"Smuck"

Chess Club
 Cashier
 Orchestra
 A-B Club

"What a man thou art with thy grac-
 ious mien!"



WILLIAM STANCEL

"Bill"

A-B Club
 Football Scrub Team '22

"None but himself can be his parallel."

IVA STATLER

"Iva"

Cashier
Gymnasium Exhibition
Sewing Club

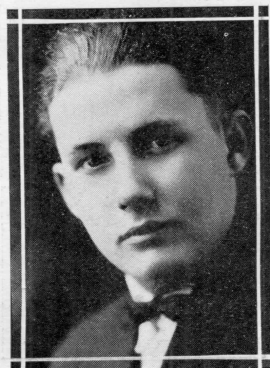
"She labors ceaselessly with zeal."



RICHARD STEELE

"Dick"

"It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."



CATHERINE STEPHAN

"Kate"

Out-Door Club
Basketry Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Dramatic Club
"Our Motherland"

"Her looks do argue her replete with
modesty."



IVA STATLER

"Iva"

Cashier
Gymnasium Exhibition
Sewing Club

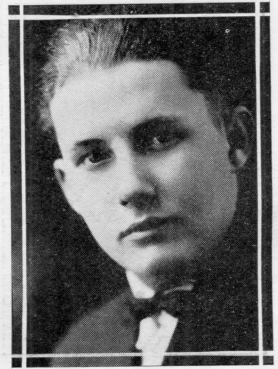
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Basketry Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Dramatic Club
"Our Motherland"

"Her looks do argue her replete with
modesty."





CATHERINE STEPHENS

"Steve"

Basketry Club
 Glee Club
 "Yanki San"
 Gymnasium Exhibition
 Musical Exhibition

"She was a charmer, and could almost
 read the thoughts of people."



PAUL STEVENSON

"Red"

Band
 Inter-Class Track
 Inter-Class Basketball
 Hiking Club
 Rifle Club

"Thou speakest a word of great mo-
 ment calmly."



CHESTER STEWART

"Chet"

Band
 Track '22
 Wireless Club
 Inter-Class Basketball
 Basketball '23 and '24

"His heart as far from fraud as heaven
 from earth."

MARGARET STINE**"Peggy"**

Spring Concert
Glee Club
Hiking Club
Gymnasium Exhibition

"One sees the sunshine in her eyes,
And is taken as by storm."

**WADENA STUTZMAN****"Stutzie"**

Mandolin Club
Band
Orchestra
Saxophone Choir
Gymnasium Exhibition

"Help us exalt our joy with thy music."

**FRED SUHRE****"Socker"**

Wireless Club
Inter-Class Basketball
Track
Pep Club
Football

"Enflamed with the study of learning
And the admiration of virtue."



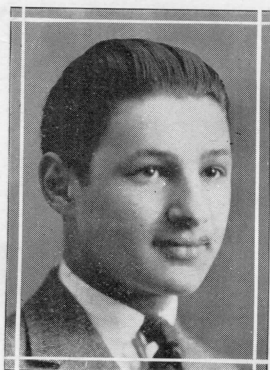


ROMOLA SWOPE

"Rom"

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Glee Club
Spectator Reporter

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart
More loving or more loyal never beat
Within a human breast."



S. HERBERT TEITELBAUM

"Herb"

A-B Club
Honor Roll
Camera Club
Red Cross Delegate from Room 110
Gymnasium Exhibition

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."



IRENE TOMB

"Tommy"

Dramatic Club
May Day Festival
Girls' Sports Club
Glee Club
A-B Club

"A noble type of good
And gracious womanhood."

RICHARD TREDENNICK

"Dick"

Student Council

"There's a brave fellow! There's a
man of pluck!
A man who's not afraid to say his say
Though a whole class is against him."

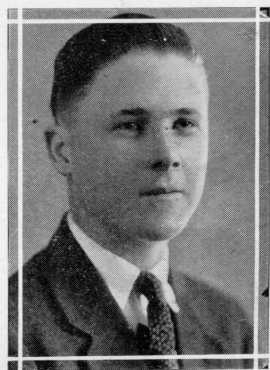


WILLIAM TREDENNICK

"Bill"

Spectator Staff
Horoscope Committee
Nature Club
Home Room President
"Bardell vs. Pickwick"
"First Thanksgiving Dinner"

"What should a man do but be merry?"



CLARA TREMAIN

"Boots"

Band
Girls' Orchestra
Glee Club
Student Council

"She possessed simplicity and liberal-
ity."





ALICE URBAN

"Gerry"

Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival
Glee Club
Spring Concert '21

"What a world of graces is contained
in one small girl!"



HELEN VICKROY

"Vick"

Girls' Sports Club
Glee Club
Spring Concert
May Day Festival

"A pleasing countenance is no slight
advantage."



GEORGE VUKOBRA TOVICH

"Vuko"

Tumbling Team
Gymnasium Exhibition
Future Plans Committee
Track Team
Inter-Class Basketball
J. H. S. Midgets Basketball
Cross Country Race

"He realized a world's at his feet."

JOSEPHINE F. WALLING

"Joe"

Spring Concert '21
"Our Motherland"
Embroidery Club
Gymnasium Exhibition

"Mystery of mysteries,
Sweet, smiling Josephine."



ANNA WALTERS

"Sis"

Mandolin Club
Dramatic Club
Outdoor Club
Gymnasium Exhibition
Glee Club

"Then I saw her eye was bright
As a well or spring of light."



JOHN WARREN

"Jack"

Honor Roll
"The Man with the Bowler Hat"

"In his duty prompt at every call."





CATHERINE WHITAKER

"Kate"

"Bardell vs. Pickwick"
 Glee Club
 Tennis Club
 Gymnasium Exhibition

"And kind the voice and glad the eyes
 That welcome our greeting at school."



HAROLD WICKS

"Gates"

Hiking Club
 Rifle Club

"He was a man, and faithful to duty."



DALE WILLEY

"Chick"

Wireless Club
 Glee Club
 Cashier
 Spectator Staff
 Inter-Class Basketball

"What an indescribable air he has."

CATHERINE WISOR

"Kate"

Gymnasium Exhibition
Camp Fire Club

"She had a heavenly gift of prophecy."



GWEN WISSINGER

"A fair young girl with light and happy
spirit."

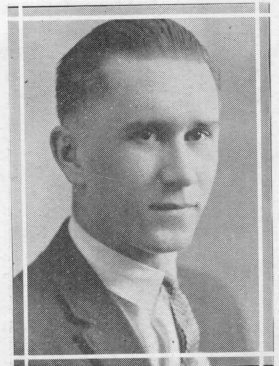


GERALD WOOD

"Splinter"

Inter-Class Track Meet
Class Basketball
Cross Country Race
Athletic Exhibition

"Great thoughts, great feelings, came
to him
Like instincts unawares."





KATHRYN YOUNG

"Kate"

A-B Club—seven terms
 Honor Roll
 Dramatic Club
 Spectator Staff
 Chairman Horoscope Committee
 Chairman Announcement Committee
 "The Neighbors"
 "Monsieur Beaucaire"

"Her merry eye is full and black,
 Her cheek is fair and bright."



FRED ZIMMERMAN

"Fritz"

A-B Club
 Honor Roll
 Pep Club
 Spectator Staff
 Class Activity Committee

"The rule of my life is to make business
 a pleasure, and pleasure my business."



VERDA ZOLBE

"Verda"

"Our Motherland"
 Camp Fire Club
 Dramatic Club
 Gymnasium Exhibition

"One feels that there is strength in her
 small hand."

HELEN LIVINGSTONE

Movie Club
Our Motherland
Gymnasium Exhibition
Girls' Glee Club

"But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight."

**FERN FETTERMAN****"Shorty"**

Tumbling Team
Inter-Class Basketball
Music and Health Exhibition

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might
stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This is a
man.'"

GRACE ROUNSLEY**"Gracious"**

Glee Club
Track Meet

"In her countenance gaiety contends
with dignity."

WALTER SHAFFER**"Eggie"**

Football '22
Varsity Football '23
Basketball '22
Varsity Basketball '22, '23, '24
Track '23

"There is honesty, manhood and good
fellowship in him."

RUTH THOMAS**"Thomas"**

Spring Concert
Gymnasium Exhibition
Dramatic Club
Camp Fire Club

"The sweetest sound on earth, a wo-
man's tongue,
A string which has no discord."

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Betty Monaghan, '24

Where are you going, '24,
Now that you're leaving here?
The path is new,
The sign posts few,
And the way not always clear.

Where are you going, '24?
Is it fame that you would seek?
The way is hard,
There is much to discard,
And the trail is often steep.

Where are you going, '24?
Is it wealth you would pursue?
That path is fair,
But pitfalls are there
And hard climbing the whole way through.

There's one little path, '24,
That is not so hard to find,
Its ways lie sweet
To tired feet,
The path to a clean, pure mind.

It may lead you to fortune and fame, '24,
Or neither may lie at its end
But its trail lies straight
Through an open gate
Where love and contentment blend.

ALL ABOUT US

Rebecca Cook, '24

As flowers bud and blossom into loveliness, so our class, the class of 1924, blossomed into a happy group of Seniors, rivaling the flowers, for hard study benefited our minds as dew and rain benefit the sturdy flower garden.

We shyly admit the frightened days experienced in our Freshman year in Johnstown High. Then we were as the closed buds in the springtime with latent energy and strength, extremely anxious to open our eyes and take part in all the big events happening around us—yet afraid to venture forth, lest we should attract dreaded attention. However, during those first days in surroundings different from the favored grade school days we meekly responded to teachers' demands and rebukes—liking them because they tried to make us feel at home in this new and interesting garden so unlike the old, well-known one, from which we had come.

But sunshine does not glow long on closed buds before they begin to warm and develop; likewise school life had the pleasant effect of making us feel a part of the essential activities carried on in our school. We were in despair at the thought of going to college, a plan so often mentioned to us, for we were mindful of the four long years that loomed ahead, promising increasing and difficult problems. Why trouble about a future beyond that remote period? Even the Seniors, whom we held in awe, seemed far from their goal.

In our Sophomore year, interest in athletics and in the school paper was keen and we strove for envied positions on teams and the Spectator Staff. We were constantly cautioned to co-operate with our teachers and to make our lessons a large part of our day, so that we might be ready to venture forth into the world successfully.

When we were Juniors we felt as proud of our environment as the delicate flower that holds her head a trifle above the other flowers to see the green beauty around her. Our knowledge increased by leaps and bounds. We were a little bolder, a little more ambitious for the future, and decidedly harder to manage. A wand waved over a closed rose, bidding it be will-nigh full-blown, could not have brought a speedier change than that which took place in this third year. We appreciated and cherished the wise plan of student gov-

ernment set forth by our principal. We carried this plan forward in the Dramatic and A-B clubs and to it we owe the complete organization of Juniors and Seniors.

Social events followed this election and appointments to responsible positions of school life made us feel that we were an important element in the school life of Johnstown High School.

Yet like the imperfectly developed flower, there were imperfections even in our promising career, for alas, where was the class spirit so praised and glorified by other classes?

The largest social event in which we participated was the annual Junior-Senior reception. A clever play was presented which proved the dramatic ability of several gifted class members. The seniors, our worthy guests, we entertained in halls and gymnasium decorated with apple and peach blossoms, intertwined with laurel and our green and white class colors.

Suddenly a great change developed that made us regard the world with new interest. We were Seniors! The walled-in flower garden became a more colorful and inviting beauty spot. Fragrant, full blown blossoms, tinted every corner with their rainbow shades. As Seniors a year of fun and popularity opened for every girl, a year of class and athletic activities for every boy. All of us worked doubly hard. Definite accomplishments toward going to college were our aim. We considered our teachers' warnings and sought their advice about the college life that had seemed so far off in 1920, but now was a near reality.

Then just as quickly as it had come our Senior year drew to a close. Had we achieved our ambitions of being "splendid superiors," or was that last year merely a slight move to reach success? Graduation seemed as a niche in the garden wall, through which we had longingly watched great worldly affairs. For four years we have seen a light in this big world garden, a light ever around the turn—yet its brilliant rays tempted and tantalized us into advancing and following. We lifted our faces toward that light as the flowers show their beauty and are drawn nearer to the sun. The bright light was Success and our four years in High School have helped us to move toward that light.

Memories—rich and sweet—will always be dear to us. How proud we have been of our many athletes and musicians and those who took part in plays! What happy and eventful

days we spent under the guidance of our Presidents in our Junior and Senior years; how loyal and helpful our teachers have been; how devoted to all our interests our Principal! Do we not experience the same sensations of fright upon departing from school life to life's school as when we came timidly from familiar environments into the unfamiliar Johnstown High School? We have a growing understanding of the truth of our motto: "No victory without labor."

So as the flowers bloom and unfold the petals covering their hearts, we, with the unfolding experience of four years, go forth in the springtime of our lives and in the springtime of the year to unfold to the world the results of our High School work—to meet new experiences, new adventure.

CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1924, having sound reasoning and enjoying excellent health and fine times, make this, our last will and testament, hoping that the way in which we dispose of the many possessions and talents of our class will be satisfactory to all.

Section I

We hereby appoint as our executors, Professor J. D. Ripple and Mr. H. P. Liggett.

Section II

To the faculty we bequeath the memory of our inspirations, perfect recitations and accomplishments. With this bequest goes the assurance that we forgive our beloved teachers for causing us so much mental anguish.

Section III

To the class of twenty-five we bequeath "Argumentation and Debate" and "Carlyle's Essay on Burns." To our sister class we also give our dignity as seniors, hoping they will maintain this place of honor and do all within their power to hold high the standards which we have tried to establish.

Section IV

We bequeath to the diligent sophomores the position of giddy Juniors, hoping that in the future they will produce men who will shine in our athletic world and keep Johnstown High School on the map. We also hope that they will co-operate with our principal in everything that may arise in the future.

Section V

We bequeath to the struggling Freshmen, the right to occupy our building for four long years. We hope that they will outgrow their childish desires of playing with toys and paper-dolls and take up work that will aid them in future years.

Section VI

To the girls of the class of '25 we leave the telephone booth, which has served our handsome girls as a mirror.

Section VII

Of the personal belonging of the class we make the following bequests:

1. Harriet Hosmer's exalted position as "high priestess of the 'Spectator,'" to some poor innocent member of Term VII.

2. "Flo" McConaughy's dramatic ability to Cecilia Casey.

3. "Dot" Hamilton's seat in 304 to Orval Smith.

4. Ralph Hershberger's weight to John Taylor.

5. Donald Buchanan's ability to speak foreign and profane languages, to Theodore Buhl.

6. John Saylor's "gift of gab" to Dempsey Snow.

7. Helen Vickroy's conglomeration of signs, movements, giggles and other strenuous motions to Dorothy Jane Davis.

8. Joe O'Connor's stature to "Ned" Rose.

9. Ralph Hershberger's laugh to anyone capable of handling it.

10. Andrew Gleason's ability to bluff teachers to any one who needs it.

11. Harold Eldridge's fourteen-inch shoes to any one who can wear them.

We, therefore, the aforementioned class of 1924, do hereby close our last will and testament with the request that any other useless possessions remaining after we are gone, be cremated and floated down the Stonycreek, accompanied by a squad of our beloved little Freshmen.

THE CLASS OF 1924.

Per George Fockler

Kenneth McMullin

Witnesses

Kenneth Berkey

Carl Brandler

MA! MA!



HELEN SCHANABEL



SARA CRISSEY



MARY ELIZABETH



MAD



BECKY



M. ECKEL



GLAD



ALICE



MILDRED AND G. HENERY



RUTH



SARA



NINA

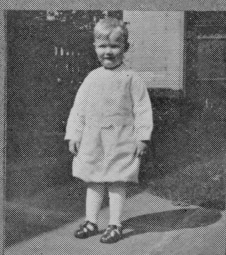


BILL KANTNER

PAST HISTORY



Francis



Harriet



FRITZ



Red



Marion

19



24



Catherine



Vance



Dorothy

HERE AND THERE



TOOTS



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



BOB



KATHRYN



CABBAGES AND QUEEN



IRENE



THE THINKER



FLO HENDLER



HULLO!



GEORGE



REBECCA.



G.A.R.

THE GIFT BOX

Alice Lambert, '24

I was seated at my desk with pencil and paper, trying to think of gifts to bestow on my classmates when my thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the door bell. The summons proved to be from the high school. It seemed imperative so I snatched my coat and ran to the building. I hurried through the familiar halls to the auditorium. As I opened the door I could see that the room was changed. The lights were soft and at the back of the stage was a beautiful new curtain. Then I saw a tall handsome woman, dressed in a gorgeous robe, followed by a page carrying her train, move gracefully to the center of the stage, where she seated herself on a throne-like chair. After the page arranged her train he left the stage, but almost instantly returned with two persons in livery who carried a small, beautiful chest which glittered and sparkled as though it were set with diamonds.

At a signal from the woman the page advanced, took me by the hand and led me to the side of the throne-like chair.

"Alice," the beautiful woman said cordially, "I realize you are having a hard time to find suitable gifts for your classmates. I am Dame Fortune. It is my pleasure to help you. A group of your classmates is coming. As they move across the stage you may present these gifts."

At a command the page opened the chest. Dame Fortune lifted a package and handed it to the page, who in turn gave it to me. It was a miniature modiste shop labeled "Madeline Hughes." In rapid succession came parcels for Helen Schnabel and Mary Custer, Stradivarius violins; for Fred Sargent, an official looking paper indicating that he had been made a director of the Y. M. C. A.; for Katherine Munroe a "tabby," and for Ralph Hershberger a mysterious looking box which contained a laugh regulator. To Albert Horner and Kenneth Berkey she awarded "Kittys" and to Andrew Gleason a box of powder to hide his blushes.

With a wave of her hand Dame Fortune indicated that the group should move to make room for others.

The second group moved toward Dame Fortune with expectant expression. It was strange how they fell in line and with courteous bow accepted the gifts which passed through my hands. They were a curious assortment, bottles of hair dye for Kenneth McMullin and Robert Fritz; scholarships—

in the University of Michigan, for Louise Plotkin, in Rennes-laer Polytechnical School for Harold Eldridge, in Ashland College for Mildred Furry. Florence Kearns and Harriet Hosmer stretched out their hands for scholarships but their packages contained a "Sailor" for Florence and a bouquet of "Johnny"-jump-ups for Harriet. With these they seemed contented.

"Let me see," said Dame Fortune, "that next girl, Florence Hendler, would like to see the world. She shall have this book, "How to Travel." These two cartoonists, Clarence Kyler and Gerard Rooney, shall have cartoonist's pens.

"And who are these two?"

"William Reilly and Joe O'Connor," I explained hurriedly.

"Very well, they shall have girls to wear their basketballs."

This group gave place to a third, the first of whom, Grace Rounsley, Dame Fortune smiled upon kindly and the parcel which passed through my hands was a dictionary. The next was a framed motto—"Speech is silver, but silence is golden."

"That," said Dame Fortune significantly, "goes to Carl Brandler, while this package entitled 'New Excuses' you will pass to Fred Ellsworth."

To Mildred Rager the page handed a typewriter and to Richard Steele the pen of the great Richard Steel. Vaughn Griffith's gift proved to be a key to the high school book room and Jacob Blayman's a Maxim silencer. Sheldon Hargreaves had his heart's desire in a miniature laboratory without girls, while John Grady was delighted with a beautiful "Fern." Blair Baker carried off an amalgamated potentiometer, Fritz Moore, a little "Cook," and Angeline Mowry a "Palmer" pen.

As Elizabeth Morris approached, Dame Fortune smiled and said "That Elizabeth may rise on time you shall give her this clock.

"For Mason Bowman nothing will probably be more satisfactory than this package of chewing gum which he may keep without fear of interference in 306.

"Katherine Kurtz shall have this book of "Bobby Burns." and Romola Swope a megaphone. And this"—as the page raised what seemed to be a curiously wrought vase of gold—"this is a pot of luck for Fern Fetterman."

"A hundred more classmates to come!—but perhaps first

you would like to know what the future holds for you. This is yours. Look into your future."

And just as another group of my classmates surrounded us she placed in my hands a gazing crystal. Eager to look into the "seeds of time" I raised the crystal. In its depths curious figures passing rapidly against a background of vibrating rainbow colors, must have confused me for, by a sudden incautious move, I released my hold. The globe slipped from my hand and fell with a resounding crash. At the same instant Dame Fortune and her magic chest melted away like a swiftly changing film. I found myself seated before my desk with idle pencil and blank paper. To this day the problems of bestowing gifts on my classmates has remained unsolved for without Dame Fortune's power to read the desires of my classmates and her sparkling chest to draw from, how can I hope to satisfy the varied tastes of the members of 1924?

Ye Olde Family Album

NAME	NICK-NAME	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	PASTIME	DESIRE
Ashman, Ruth	"Buttercup"	Demure	"Oh heck!"	Studying	Sissies	Making A's	To be a second Galli-Curci
Bader, Nina	"Doc"	Peppy	"Let's eat!"	Eating	Stopping	Going to Moses'	To own a drug store
Baker, Blair	"Bake"	Dignified	"I'll up a tree"	Jazz	Quietness	Talking	To be a bachelor
Barnes, Margaret	"Peg"	Heavenly	"You say the cut-est things"	Dates	Studying	Meandering down the halls	To be an old man's darling
Bartok, Margaret	"Peggy"	Jolly	"Oh fishin' baits"	Music	Staying at home	Chewing gum	To own a beauty parlor
Beas, Donald	"Don"	Youthful	"Hot dog"	Wednesday	Soup	Resting	To drive an auto-mobile
Beerman, Blanche	"Suookums"	Pleasant	"It's the berries"	Everything	English	Eating candy	To make a good wife
Benshoff, Floyd	"Benshoff"	Quiet	"I hope to tell you"	Holidays	Public speaking	Studying	To become wealthy
Berkey, Kenneth	"Ken"	Misleading	"Wait a while"	Managing the stage	To be kidded	Typewriting his note books	To take a trip around the world
Bernet, Sarah	"Sally Anne"	Studios	"Good gracions"	Everybody	C's	Sharpening pencils	To become famous
Bifano, Michael	"Mike"	Roguish	"Atta Baby"	Lots of friends	Stern girls	Making a noise	To become chief of police
Bittner, Elleen	"I"	Amiable	"Oh gee! Oh gosh"	A's and B's	Fresh boys	Pushing a pencil	To be somebody's stenog
Blayman, Jacob	"Duke"	Occupied	"Well, well"	Playthings	Girls (?)	fooling his time away	To become governor of New York
Bohn, Glenn	"G. C."	Bashful	? I I—	Studying	Compliments	Playing the violin	Doesn't have any
Bondy, Stephen	"Steve"	Sporty	"Shoot a game"	Teasing teachers	Poor sports	Playing the banjo	To play in Paul Whiteman's orchestra
Bowman, Mason	"Mace"	Classy	(Censored)	Movies	More than two	Going to Indian	To rival Rudolph Valentino
Boyer, Everett	"Boyer"	Shy	"Holy cats"	His teachers	History	Seeking advice	To get a position
Brandler, Carl	"Senator"	Mischievous	"Don't do anything I wouldn't"	Wild women	Policemen	Giving lectures	To be an influential bootlegger
Brehm, Myrtle May	"Sis"	Neat	"I'm a wio"	To be bored	Buckwheat cakes	Cooking	To be a good cook
Bruckner, Rose Marie	"Rosica"	Friendly	"Heavens"	Fun	Jazz	Playing the piano	To rival Pader-
Buchanan, Donald	"Don"	Business-like	"Pipe down"	Girls	Rude boys	Conducting chapel exercises	To erski To become Pres-ident of U. S.

NAME	NICK-NAME	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE-EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	PASTIME	DESIRE
Burggraf, Robert	"Bob"	Reserved	"Judas Priest"	Big words	Discords	Playing the trom- bone	To be a musician
Chemerys, Yaroslav	"Jerusalem"	Busy	"Hello Crumb"	Ice cream	Soda water	Shooting paper wads	To drive a police patrol
Conser, Genevieve	"Gen"	Attractive	"Well I'll be—"	Most any- thing	A's	Sleeping	To be a good house-keeper
Constable, Doris	"Peaches"	Interested	"Oh gosh"	"Loren"	Paint and powder	Giggling	To teach
Cook, Rebecca	"Kid"	Unusual	"You quagie"	Our presi- dent	Laucaister (?)	Going to Somerset	To get some Moore
Cook, Virginia	"Cookie"	Correct	"Good grief"	Movies	Fellows	Dreaming	To earn money
Cooper, Anna	"Ann"	You'd be surprised	"Don't"	Bill	Cars	Being tardy	To be a chorus girl
Coyle, Lillian	"Lill"	Curious	"Gee"	Excitement	House work	Manicuring her nails	It's too high
Crissey, Leora	"Orle"	Sweet	"Jumping Cats"	Noise	Pretty clothes (?)	Keeping quiet	To be a lighthouse keeper
Custer, Mary	"Cussy"	Studious	"Oh gee"	Freddy	Social problems	Fiddling	To be heard
Devlin, Alma	"Almie"	Clever	"He did, too"	Dolls	Shicks	Making noise	To graduate
Devlin, Irene	"Devlish"	Naughty	"I don't give a damn"	To come late	Hard work	Dodging work	To invent a dust- less duster
Dorer, Margaret	"Marg"	Like a rose	"Sure"	Her looks	Mashers (potato and otherwise)	Minding her own business	To live to be 100
Driggs, Lee	"Deacon"	Sleepy	"Now this is the way"	Term VI	Nobody	Making maps	To own the "Penn Public"
Driscoll, Perry	"Ham"	"Sorta" Stout	"Gwan"	Nina	To hurry	Teasing	To be an under- taker
Drummond, Arthur	"Art"	Tired	"I can't see that"	Geometry	Physics	Writing up exper- iments	To own a mattress factory
Easterbrook, Thirza	"Thirz"	Just so	"Oh for gosh sake"	Good com- pany	Neatness	Working	To own a hair dressing parlor
Eckel, Margaret	"Marg"	Diminutive	"Hey, Bill"	Politics	Virgil	Working	To drive a Chandler
Eldridge, Harold	"Fighting Kid"	Studious	"How do you do"	To be active	Being annoyed	Asking questions	To knock out Dempsey
Engb, Norman	"Norm"	Friendly	"Hay"	Math	Hard work	Doing solid	To be able to play basketball
Eversole, Catherine	"K O"	Neat	"What I meant"	"Tom"	To walk	Working	To help build houses
Fassinger, Pauline	"Paulie"	Friendly	"What were your marks?"	Boys	Getting up	Studying	To be a milkmaid
Fetterman, Fern	"Fern"	Fun loving	"Got your En- glish?"	Sleep	English	Thinking	To smoke 50c cigars

NAME	NICK-NAME	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	PASTIME	DESIRE
Flinn, Charles	"Toss"	Behind a counter	"How do you get that way?"	Typewriting	Dictation	Typing	To invent a vest-pocket typewriter
Fockler, George	"Geo"	Mischievous	"Try and find out"	M. E.	Studying	Playing jokes	To rival Marconi
Fritz, Margaret	"Marg"	Shy	"Hey, Kate"	Kate	Being small	Making A's	No one knows
Fritz, Robert	"Red"	Athletic	"You big brute"	Football	Training	Jerking sodas	To be on the A.P. team
Furlong, Lawrence	"Boss"	Just Big	"Let's see it"	Long hair	His blushing	Making dates	To marry
Furry, Mary Eliza-both	"Bish"	Sedate	"Oh, you don't mean it"	State College	Wild parties	Talking of Charles	To be a good housewife
Furry, Mildred	"Mig"	Scholarly	"Did you do your English?"	Books	Low marks	Forgetting things	To be a "Hello" girl
Gallo, Anthony	"Tony"	Dignified	"I don't know"	Virgil	Being in a hurry	Trying to be a manager	To own the "Nemo"
Gardner, Anna Margaret	"Annie"	Ready to go any place	"All right, what is it?"	Fords	50 minute slips	Chewing gum	To own a glue factory
Gerhardt, Miller	"Miller"	Indescribable	"Oh golly, gosh"	To sleep	Exertion	Keeping his hair back	To boss somebody
Geisel, Dorothy	"Dot"	Any place	"What do we have tomorrow?"	Spanish	Low marks	Taking the roll	To rival Miss Schmeil
Gleason, Andrew	"Andy"	Bashful	"Oh gosh"	Himself	Buicks	Sleeping	To be president of Mexico
Grady, John	"John"	Irish	"Oh Fern"	Ferns	Flowers	Collecting dues	To get married
Grady, James	"Jim"	Shy	"The nerve"	Smiling people	Girls	Talking	To be a bachelor
Gribble, Kathryn	"Kay"	Vampish	"Oh heck"	Dancing	Long hair	Fixing her hair	To be a movie actress
Griffith, John	"Johnnie"	Shiekish	"Where am I?"	Physiology	To be looked at	Eating in school	To own a drug store
Griffith, Owen	"Dutch"	Diligent	"I don't know"	Spanish	Girls	Helping somebody	Try and find out
Griffith, Vaughn	"Grif"	Indescribable	"Heavens"	Book-room	Study hall	Driving the "Caddy"	To be a great musician
Haddle, Ada	"Toots"	Tiny	"For crying out-loud"	Singing	Movies	Laughing	To be a music director
Hamilton, Dorothy	"Dot"	Important	"Do you hear me?"	To dance	Poor sports	Arguing	We never found out
Hargreaves, Sheldon	"Shel"	Manly	"Na2 So4"	Chemistry	Girls	Doing chemistry experiments	To teach girls chemistry
Hassel, Rheon	"Hass"	Bejeweled	"I'll sock you"	Scarfs	Bashful women	Walking across Franklin St.	To work just once
Havice, Dorothy	"Dot"	Cute	"Say, kid"	Making hair-pin lace	Freckles	Sewing	To be a private secretary

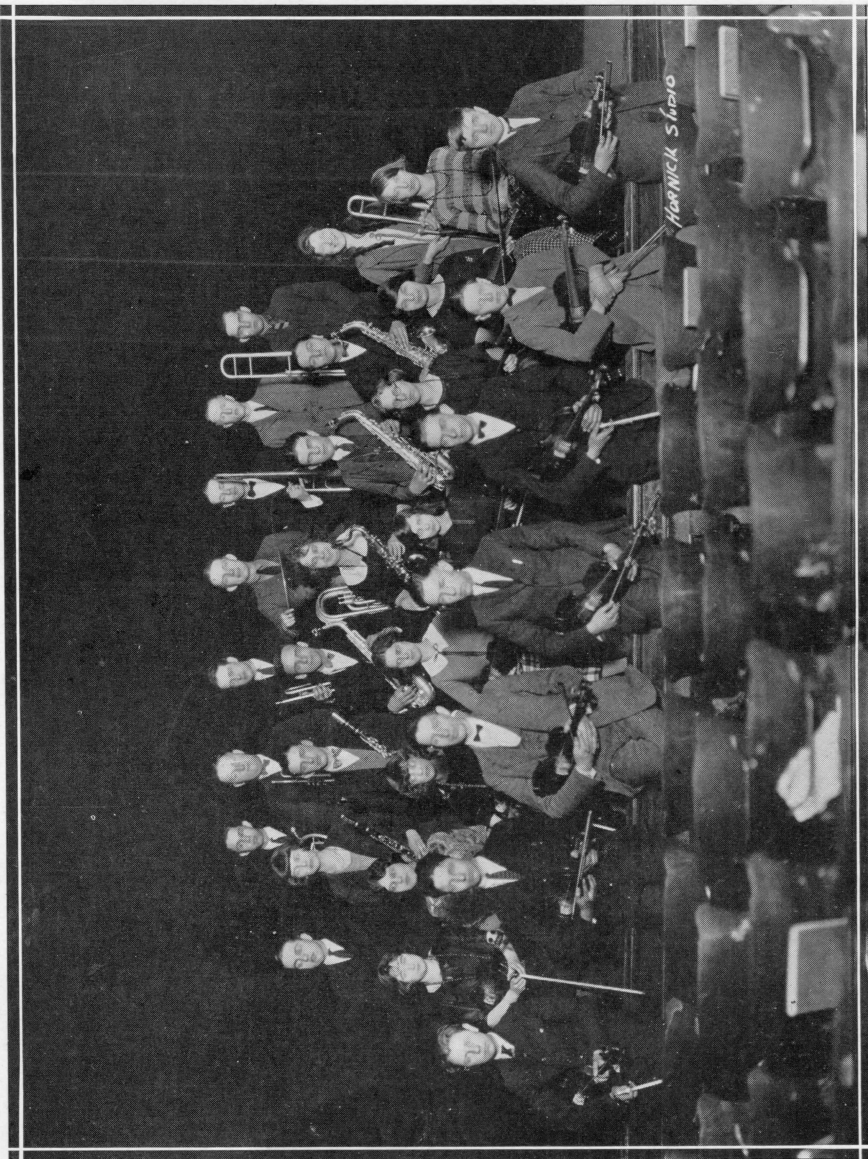
NAME	NICK-NAME	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE-EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	PASTIME	DESIRE
Head, Hannah	"Jack"	Tall	"Carlie"	Robbed hair	Freckles	Looking pretty	To go to California
Heinze, Kathryn	"Kitten"	Quiet	"Oh, heavens"	We wonder	Nothing	Working	To be a school "marm"
Hendler, Florence	"Flo"	Carefree	"Honestie"	New York	Study in 305	Starting into space	That's a secret
Hershberger, Ralph	"Herh"	Sticky	"Good for you"	Loafing	Being beaten	Earning a foot-ball letter	To rival "Pull Montana"
Hershberger, Richard	"Dick"	Fresh	"Oh my gosh"	Wasting time	School	Resting	To be a street car conductor
Hill, Marie	"Sue"	Shy	"Sugar"	Walking	Nothing	Studying	To be somebody's stenog
Hoover, Paul	"Hoover"	Serious	"Say"	Public speaking	Late hours	Playing basket ball	To be a bachelor
Horner, Albert	"Abbie"	Devilish	"I hope to tell you"	Kitten	Studying	Taking things easy	To own a tinless Ford
Hosmer, Harriet	"Har"	Energetic	"Shades of Aeneas"	Tall folks	Sarcasm	Hustling	We can't tell
Hudson, Francis	"Bump"	Bashful	"Oh, Mary"	Long chapels	Work	Being good	To be six feet tall
Hudson, George	"13"	Horrible	"Where's Mary?"	Himself	A-B Club	Writing notes	To be a preceptor at Dixmont
Henry, Henry	"Mad"	Chic	"Isn't it perfectly adorable?"	Sewing	Debates	Introducing new styles	To be a modiste
Hughes, Madeline	"Flopp"	Studious	"Scaramouche"	Conemaugh	Knocking	Everything in general	To be a nurse
James, Florence	"Bart"	Suappy	"Give me a cigarette"	To be stage manager	Study hall	Killing time	To travel with the Brandon-Park Co.
Johnston, Barton	"Min"	Small	"Gee whizz"	Derry	Slow people	Looking wise	To grow up
Jones, Minerva	"Jonesy"	Stylish	"Oh, I don't know"	Everything	Nothing	Day-dreaming	To be a stenog-
Jones, Rae	"Bill"	Salutly	"Oh, gosh"	Sweaters	Getting up early	Talking	To be a Latin teacher
Kantner, Margaret	"Bill"	Imperial	"Isn't that the angle worm's knuckles?"	Good luck	Whizz Bang	Buying Whitman's samplers	To go to a house party
Kauffman, William	"Rusty"	Active	"Oh, heavens"	New vanity cases	Red hair	Talking	To become a "sailor"
Kearns, Florence	"Walt"	Sleepy	"How are you now?"	Sleeping	Disturbance and 50 minute slips	Strolling the halls with—?	To come to school on time
Keim, Walter	"Irish"	Neat	"Gimme my mon-ey, John"	John	Anyone to annoy him	Walking with John	To be mistress of the treasury
Kels, Fern	"Mart"	Timid	"Who's next?"	Long hair	Boysish	Monkeying around	To be ambitious
Kehil, Martin	"Kate"	Dandy	"Isn't that pa-thetic?"	Meyersdale and Buds	Robbs	Gathering frat.	To drive a Dodge
Knepper, Catherine	"Extra"	Backward	"Extra"	Stout girls	Physics	Talking to Marion	Never showed any
Knudson, Harry	"Harry"						

NAME	NICK-NAME	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	PASTIME	DESIRE
Kalokoski, Louis	"Louie"	Sleepy	"See you again, so long."	Dancing	Annoyance while sleeping	fooling with his Ford	To learn to dance
Kooser, Charles	"Fuzz"	Snappy	"Aw!"	Anything at all	Nothing in particular	Talking	To become a plumber
Kress, Marion	"Joe"	Studious	"Oh, dear heart"	Joe	Less than an "A"	Studying	To become a Virgil teacher
Kurtz, Katherine	"Mike"	Carefree	"Try and find out"	Pickles	A bawling out	Talking to somebody	To own a Ford
Kyler, Clarence	"Fat"	Restless	"Pardon me"	?	Women	Doing nothing	To really do something
Lambert, Alice	"Al"	Healthy and wide awake	"How does my hair look?"	Miffinburg	Virgil	Writing to Miffinburg	To pass Virgil
Lambert, Eugene	"Lambert"	Foggy	"Defense"	Basket ball	Personal fouls	Going to State College "just for the ride"	To pass English
Leckey, Harry	"Hap"	Cheesey	"You tell 'em"	To work in Cupp's	Girls	Working for a living??	To manage a Cupp store
Leitenberger, William	"Bill"	Absent-minded	"I don't know"	Riding	Macbeth	Working in a garage	To invent a pocket Reo sedan
Helen Livingston	"Hene"	O. K.	"Oh, Helen"	Dancing	Getting up in the morning	Doing arithmetic	To become a dancing teacher
Long, Catherine	"Shortie"	Small	"Good night"	Work	To loaf	Reporting school news	To do something great
Long, Marion	"Marion"	Fussy	She says everything	Talking	Studious people	Talking during assembly	To have two tongues
Luttringer, Cloyd	"Lut"	Harmless	"Mind your own business"	Them all	Bashful girls	Coming to the Point	To try to get a car
Mamula, Robert	"Bob"	Rational	"Just wait"	Apple pie	Stacomb	Looking on	To run West Point
Mansfield, Kathleen	"Kate"	Fair	"Have your English, Marian?"	That "school girl complexion"	Little kids	Missing a day of school after a date	To be a nurse
Marehl, Lillian	"Toots"	Vampish	"Oh I thot I'd die"	Boys	Sober people	Falling in love	To rival Maria Zaccardi
Marsh, Olive	"Ollie"	Hurried	"Aw, Gwan"	Eskimo pies	Nobody	Keeping Fern company	To pass Commercial Course
Meyers, Charles	"Cuick"	Tall	"I don't know"	Pie (?)	Physics	Talking	To teach physiology
Miles, Rebekah	"Becky"	Sassy	"Oh, sugar"	Dramatics	Red (?)	Strolling through halls	No one knows
Miller, Earl	"Earl"	Silent	"Oh, boy"	To loaf	Studies	Going out	To be an angel
Miller, Robert	"Bob"	Scholarly	"Got your physics?"	Mules	Pests	Bluffing	To be a chauffeur
Monaghan, Betty	"Betty"	Irish	"Dumbell"	Walking	Curly hair	Doing Spectator work	To be a farmer



NAME	NICK-NAME	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE-EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	PASTIME	DESIRE
Smucker, Warren	"Smuck"	Good looking	"Let me see"	A good time	Dumbbells	Going to Ferndale	To be a funeral director
Stancel, William	"Bill"	Absent minded	"Hot dog"	Poker	School	Sleeping	To be a dog catcher
Statler, Iva	"Stat"	Small	"Oh, Ken"	Kenny	Any color but "Red"	Winning Spectator cover contest	To be Mrs. M.
Steele, Richard	"Dick"	Bright	"Well"	Talking	To live in New Florence	Catching trains	To be a railroad inspector
Stephan, Catherine	"Kate"	Neat	"Great Scott"	Stanton Military Academy	Studying	Acting as librarian	To teach school
Stephens, Catherine	"Steve"	Pretty	"Great Scott"	Harold	Dates (?)	Flirting	To be married
Stevenson, Paul	"Steve"	Careworn	"Yes"	Singing	To study	Loafing	To be a singer
Stewart, Chester	"Chester"	Industrious	"Yes, we have no bananas"	Anything	The ladies	Bootelegging	To be a taxi driver
Stine, Margaret	"Peggy"	Pleasing	"Of all the crust"	Dick	School	Riding the Hudson	To change her name
Stutzman, Wadena	"Ann"	Fickle	"Oh Lolly"	Jay	Straight hair	Walking with Jay	To be a saxophone player
Suhre, Fred	"Stutzie"	Reserved	"And so—"	Loafing	Working	Acting tough	To win a race
Swope, Romola	"Romie"	Pretty	"Oh"	School	Physics	Digging in the past time	To know as much as Miss Pearl
Teitelbaum, Herbert	"Herbie"	Active	"I guess it was"	Compliments	Poor dancers	Studying	To control Wall St.
Thomas, Ruth	"Ruth"	Extraordi- nary	"Cabbage"	A certain teacher	Dancing (?)	Talking	To be a nurse
Tomb, Irene	"Tommy"	Angelic	"Oh, gosh"	Flirting	Kidding	Being behind time	To be a nurse
Tredennick, Richard	"Dick"	Like a judge	"Cut it out"	Mustaches	Razors	Shaving	To be a High School Grad.
Tredennick, William	"Bill"	Merry	"Tee Hee"	To disturb teachers	English	Laughing	To be small
Tremain, Clara	"Boots"	Happy	"For Crap's sake"	Harrisburg	Going to bed early	Looking for Han- nah	To be a musician
Urban, Alice	"Alice"	Sleepy	"Shut up"	Charlie	Caesar	Going to church	To be an old maid
Vickroy, Helen	"Vie"	Talkative	"Let me think"	Rhubarb	Washing dishes	Babbling	Marriage
Vukobratovich, Geo.	"Vuko"	Strong	"Well for—"	Athletics	Virgil	Flirting (?)	To be a clerk
Wakefield, Ellis	"Ellie"	Gallant	"Ain't that too sweet"	Toys	Cradle snatchers	Taking orders	To be a fireman
Walling, Josephine	"Joe"	Thoughtful	"Goodness"	Tom	Public speaking	Talking (?)	To be a music teacher

A NAME	NICK-NAME	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	PASTIME	DESIRE
Walters, Anna	"Ann"	Delighted	"Well, I'll see"	Sour grapes	Candy	Talking about fellows	To serve on the jury
Warren, John	"Jack"	With the girls	"Well I'll be —"	Pretty girls	Fords	Sleeping	To own the Hendler
Whitaker, Catherine	"Kate"	Different	"I'll be darned"	Nashes	Flat tires	Speeding	To beat Jimmy Murphy
Wicks, Harold	"Wicks"	Trustful	"Oh! I don't know"	Studies	Street cars	Walking	To be great
Wiley, Dale	"Chick"	Elegant	"Ah, come on"	Money	To spend it	Bumming	To get rich
Wisor, Catherine	"Wise"	Quiet	Anything that comes to her mind	Fudge	Loud people	Busy	To find a man as tall as she
Wissinger, Gwen	"Gwen"	Hurried	"Oh heck"	Dwight	60 minute slips	Falling off roofs	To own a football
Wood, Gerald	"Gerald"	Meditative	"Te-te-tee"	Excitement	Girls	Sleeping	To play English
Young, Kathryn	"Kate"	Innocent (?)	"I should gargle sawdust"	Grove Ave.	Anything pertaining to bananas	Gobbling like a turkey	To go to Africa
Zimmerman, Fred	"Fritz"	Neat	"As it were"	A pipe	Loading	Collecting jokes	To be a janitor
Zolbe, Verda	"Verda"	Ambitious	"Oh, darn"	Fruit	Cigarettes	Cleaning up her desk	Has too many



ORCHESTRA

SENIOR PLANS

NAME	VOCATION	SCHOOL
Ruth Ashman	Teaching Languages	Ashland College
Nina Bader	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Blair Baker	Radio Engineering	Coast Guard Academy
Margaret Barnes	Marinello Work	Chicago
Margaret Bartock	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Donald Beas	Undecided	University of Pittsburgh
Blanche Beerman	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Floyd Benshoff	Engineering	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Kenneth Berkey	Medicine	Jefferson Medical
Sarah Bernet	Stenography	State College
Michael Bifano	Drafting	State College
Eileen Bittner	Stenography	University of Pennsylvania
Jacob Blayman	Law	Gettysburg College
Blen Bohn	Medicine	University of Pittsburgh
Stephen Bondy	Dentistry	State College
Mason Bowman	Electrical Engineer	Otterbein
Everett Boyer	Y. M. C. A. Directing	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Carl Brandler	Mechanical Engineer	Indiana Normal
Myrtle M. Brehm	Teaching	State College
Rose M. Bruckner	Stenography	Undecided
Donald Buchanan	Law	Michigan
Robert Burggraf	Music	Margaret Morrison
Yaroslav Chemerys	Medicine	Goucher
Genevieve Conser	Designing	Indiana Normal
Doris Constable	Millinery	Indiana Normal
Rebecca Cook	Advertising	Seton Hill
Virginia Cook	Stenography	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Anna Cooper	Teaching	Michigan Institute of Technology
Lillian Coyle	Stenography	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Leora Crissey	Stenography	Goucher
Mary Custer	Stenography	State College
Alma Devlin	Teaching	Potomac State
Irene Devlin	Library Work	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Margaret Dorer	Stenography	Michigan Institute of Technology
Lee Driggs	Electrical Engineer	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Perry Driscoll	Electrical Mechanism	Michigan Institute of Technology
Arthur Drummond	Mechanical Engineer	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Thirza Easterbrook	Stenography	Goucher
Margaret Eckel	Journalism	State College
Harold Eldridge	Law	Potomac State
Norman Engh	Medicine	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Catherine Eversole	Stenography	State College
Pauline Fassinger	Stenography	Mercersburg Academy
Fern Fetterman	Electrical Engineer	
Charles Flinn	Business	
George Fockler	Hydro-Electric Engineering	
Margaret Fritz	Stenography	

SENIOR PLANS - *Continued*

NAME	VOCATION	SCHOOL
Robert Fritz	Dentistry	University of Pitts- burgh
Lawrence Furlong	Medicine	University of Pennsyl- vania
Mary E. Furry	Domestic Art	Bucknell University
Mildred C. Furry	Teaching	Ashland College
Anthony Gallo	Business and Finance	Wharton School of Business and Finance
Anna M. Gardner	Stenography	Undecided
Dorothy Geisel	Stenography	State College
Miller Gerhardt	Undecided	University of Pitts- burgh
Andrew Gleason	Engineering	State College
John Grady	Dentistry	University of Pitts- burgh
James Grady	Engineering	State College
Kathryn Gribble	Stenography	State College
John Griffith	Undecided	Undecided
Owen Griffith	Engineering	State College
Vaughen Griffith	Engineering	State College
Ada Haddle	Stenography	State College
Dorothy Hamilton	Law	University of Pennsyl- vania
Sheldon Hargreaves	Pharmacy	University of Pitts- burgh
Rheon Hassel	Linotype Operating	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Dorothy Havice	Stenography	Ithaca
Hannah Head	Music	Indiana Normal
Kathryn Heinze	Teaching	Undecided
Florence Hendler	Undecided	Undecided
Richard Hershberger	Undecided	Undecided
Ralph Hershberger	Chemistry	State College
Marie Hill	Stenography	Susquehanna College
Paul Hoover	Ministry	Washington and Jef- erson
Albert Horner	Business	Wilson College
Harriet Hosmer	Teacher of Mathe- matics	Wilson College
Francis Hudson	Technical Engineer- ing	Carnegie Institute of Technology
George Hudson	Medicine	University of Pitts- burgh
Madeline Hughes	Dress Designing	Margaret Morrison
Florence James	Nursing	Memorial Hospital
Barton Johnston	Electrical Engineer- ing	State College
Minerva Jones	Nursing	Memorial Hospital
Rae Jones	Stenography	Memorial Hospital
Margaret Kantner	Teaching	Oberlein
Florence Kearns	Secretarial Work	Goucher
Walter Keim	Structural Engineer- ing	State College
Fern Kels	Designing	Mechanics Institute
Martin Keihl	Kindergarten Teach- ing	Indiana Normal
Catherine Knepper		

SENIOR PLANS - *Continued*

NAME	VOCATION	SCHOOL
Harry Knudson	Electrical Engineer- ing	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Louis Kolokoki	Business	State College
Charles Kooser	Undecided	Undecided
Marion Kress	Secretarial Work	Vassar
Katharine Kurtz	Teaching	Lock Haven Normal
Clarence Kyler	Cartooning	Undecided
Alice Lambert	Secretarial Work	Bucknell University
Eugene Lambert	Engineering	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Harry Leckey	Bacteriology	Lebanon Valley
William Leitenberger	Engineering	University of Detroit
Helen Livnigston	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Catharine Long	Teaching	Undecided
Marion Long	Teaching	Salem College
Cloyd Luttringer	Accountancy	University of Pitts- burgh
Robert Mamula	Pharmacy	Pittsburgh
Kathleen Mansfield	Nursing	Memorial Hospital
Lillian Marchl	Undecided	Indiana Normal
Olive Marsh	Undecided	Undecided
Charles Myers	Medicine	Washington and Jef- ferson
Rebekah Miles	Kindergarten Teach- ing	Indiana Normal
Earl Miller	Machinery	Undecided
Robert Miller	Mercantile Business	University of Pennsyl- vania
Betty Monaghan	Farming	Wilson College
Fritz Moore	Medicine	Washington and Jef- ferson
Elizabeth Morris	Teaching	Ohio Wesleyan
Angeline Mowry	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Katherine Munroe	Chemistry	Philadelphia
Ethel Murphy	Teaching	Indiana Normal
George MacDonald	Medicine	Johns Hopkins
Anne McAneny	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Mildred McCall	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Florence McConaughy	Undecided	Undecided
Alma McCurdy	Nursing	Memorial Hospital
Kenneth McMullin	Engineering	State College
Joe O'Connor	Undecided	Notre Dame
Budd Otto	Business	State College
Jennie M. Overdorff	Nursing	Bucknell University
Philip Pacina	Engineering	State College
Alice Paessler	Stenography	
Gaynor Palmer	Engineering	
Wayne Patch	Law	Penn State
Valentine Philips	Engineering	Undecided
Helen Plack	Teaching	Undecided
Louise Plotkin	Teaching	Hood
Amelia Puma	Teaching	University of Michigan
Mildred Rager	Stenography	Goucher
William Reilly	Engineering	State College

SENIOR PLANS - *Continued*

NAME	VOCATION	SCHOOL
Harold Rhode	Electrical Engineer- ing	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Ira Ribblet	Pattern Making	Undecided
Walter Rickabaugh	Machinery	Undecided
Gerard Rooney	Advertising Art	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Grace Rounsley	Music	Hood
Evelyn Rutledge	Stenography	
Katherine Ryan	Teaching	College of St. Eliza- beth
Frederick Sargent	Farming	State College
John Saylor	Law	Mercersburg Academy
Helen Schnabel	Supervising of Music	New England Conser- vatory
Beatrice Schrock	Undecided	Undecided
Jack Schuchman	Undecided	State College
Vanda Seidel	Stenography	
John Seigh	Undecided	State College
Walter Shaffer	Engineering	Georgia Institute of Technology
Helen Shearer	Nursing	Undecided
Warren Sheridan	Medicine	University of Pennsyl- vania
John Skelly	Radio Engineering	Coast Guard Academy
Moses Sky	Accountancy	Wharton School of Accountancy
Carl Smith	Undecided	Franklin and Marshall
George Smith	Business	Undecided
Vance Smith	Undecided	Washington and Jef- ferson
Warren Smucker	Medical Missionary Work	Allegheny
William Stancel	Undecided	Undecided
Iva Statler	Undecided	Albright College
Richard Steele	Pharmacy	University of Pitts- burgh
Catherine Stephan	Library Work	Hood
Catherine Stephens	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Paul Stevenson	Undecided	Western Union
Chester Stewart	Engineering	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Margaret Stine	Domestic Science	Otterbein
Wadena Stutzman	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Fred Suhre	Engineering	Ohio State
Romola Swope	Journalism	Ohio Northern Uni- versity
Herbert Teitelbaum	Business	Undecided
Ruth Thomas	Nursing	West Penn Hospital
Irene Tomb	Nursing	West Penn Hospital
Richard Tredennick	Medicine	Temple University
William Tredennick	Undecided	State College
Clara Tremain	Music	Lebanon Valley
Alice Urban	Dress Making	Howard

SENIOR PLANS - *Concluded.*

NAME	VOCATION	SCHOOL
Helen Vickroy	Nursing	Mercy Hospital, Pitts- burgh
George Vukobratovich	Business	State College
Ellis Wakefield	Undecided	Undecided
Josephine Walling	Teaching of Music	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Anna Walters	Teaching	Temple University
John Warren	Osteopathy	Philadelphia College of Osteopathy
Katherine Whitaker	Kindergarten Teach- ing	Miss Illman
Harold Wicks	Law	University of Pitts- burgh
Dale Willey	Undecided	Undecided
Catherine Wisor	Stenography	
Given Wissinger	Teaching	Indiana Normal
Gerald Wood	Machinery	Ashland College
Kathryn Young	Undecided	Smith College
Fred Zimmerman	Engineering	Carnegie Institute of Technology
Verda Zolbe	Teaching	Indiana Normal

PET EXPRESSIONS OF OUR BELOVED FACULTY.

Mr. Ripple—Now let's get together on this. (Co-operation.)

Miss Ulery—What is your understanding of this?

Miss Fearl—Run along, sister!

Mr. Davis—Yes, mum.

Miss Woodring—Learn your lines.

Miss Evans—Make an outline.

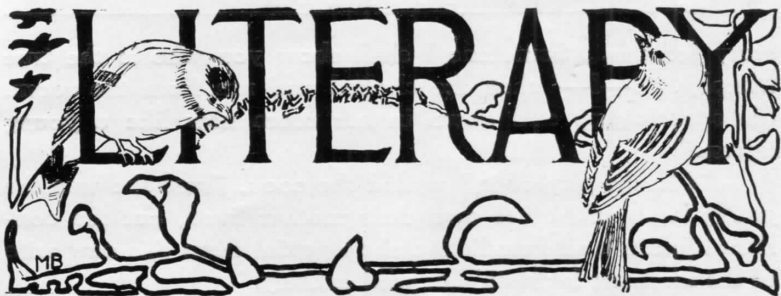
Mr. Liggett—"Fifty minutes!"

Mrs. Roudebush—Your assignment for to-morrow will be—.



GROONEY

The WAY THE
WORLD LOOKS
TO YOU WHEN
YOU'VE JUST
GRADUATED!



HER STEP-MOTHER

Anna McAneny, '24

"It's just another of them scenes Miss Eileen hates so," muttered the maid, hurrying into the kitchen. "She was in the study, writing a letter to one of her young friends when that Alfred peeped over her shoulder and read a bit of it. He began screeching right away and blamed her for complaining about his mother. Of course, she turned on him and said something about him being abominably rude, and just then the old dragon came in from the hall. She—"

"It's the cruel stepmother and jealous step-brother they are, in earnest, right from the story-books," broke in the cook impetuously.

"Yes," nodded the maid, warming to her subject, "the old vixen landed onto poor Eileen with both feet. She blamed the poor girl for hitting Alfred, and I guess she did, for I heard something that sounded like it. Any way, he deserved it. Then she said, 'Your temper is that of a savage, you may go to your room. Also, instead of accepting the invitation to Clare Nevin's party you will send your regrets.' Now imagine! And I seen the letter myself," slyly, "and there wasn't a bit in it about her step-mother, either praise or blame."

"And how did the poor dear take it?" questioned the cook, as the narrator paused for breath.

"Well, she was stalking from the room with her head in the air, when all of a sudden she wheeled around and she was so mad she was white to the lips and that red hair of hers—"

"Red hair, red, indeed!" fumed the cook, "I'll have you know, Julia, that Miss Eileen is a Titian beauty."

"All right—that titian hair of hers stood almost on end and she pointed her finger at her stepmother and screeched so loud that her voice broke several times. 'I shall make you

sorry for this. Sometime I shall show you who is the true Murphy. I—I—' then she choked and ran from the room. She's pacing up and down in her room now like a young tigress."

"Oh, the pity of it," wailed the cook, "sure she was the young lamb whilst her own dear mother lived, but the constant scoldin' and humiliation she's gettin' from this new wife of the masthers is drivin' her wild entirely."

It was in a wild mood, indeed, that Eileen stormed impotently in the room that was at once a retreat and a prison, striving vainly to repress her anger. However, the sound of her own voice, curtly refusing the services of her maid, broke the last vestiges of restraint and in a perfect fury she screamed "I hate her! It's not fair!" then fell in a crumpled heap to the floor.

The next morning a brisk ride in the park had restored her usual good spirits. On her return, a servant informed her that her father desired to see her in the library. Swinging gaily in, she dropped into the nearest chair, "Morning, Pops. Were you out? It's glorious this morning. Think I'll round up the crowd and run down to the bay for a swim."

"You will please listen to what I have to say first," interrupted her father drily. "Your conduct of last night is unbecoming of my family, so"—he was hurrying now to the end of his carefully prepared speech, Eileen's eyes were so disconcerting—"I shall send you away to school—but you may choose your own college." This last was a concession to the pleading of her eyes. Still mindful of the morning's talk with his wife, he forced himself to make this last remark. "Without doubt your tutor considers you perfectly capable of taking college work. That is all."

He turned sharply to his desk. He wished desperately that she would go. Somehow her eyes with their startled pain made it difficult for him to convince himself that he was right.

After a week of farewell parties and dress makers, of innumerable callers and gifts, Eileen was ready to leave. Racing down the hall in a last romp with her dog on her way to the waiting car she encountered her father. Immediately she stiffened and, for an instant, faced him—a defiant little figure. He did not see her as she stood there—he saw instead the pain-shadowed eyes that had haunted him since he had told her of her coming banishment. Too bad that she did not see how blindly he groped his way into the library after last echoes of

her good-humored farewells to the servants had died away.

Three weeks later Eileen received a telegram which imperatively demanded her presence at home.

"It was this way, Miss Eileen," began the maid as she met her at the door, "your father wanted you back and Mrs. Murphy—well—she didn't. There was an awful row and in the midst of it your father's eyes got big, an'—oh, it was too terrible! I can't explain. 'Course we got the doctor an' he said paralysis or something, so we sent for you right off. Now do you wish to go to him?"

"Yes, Julia, yes."

Hurrying quickly to his room she found her father wan and quite helpless. To think that she had hated him—her Pops—he needed her now—and she loved him.

The next day Eileen had to undergo the ordeal of being formally invested with the title to her father's fortune. He had insisted upon this, saying that in case he should die there would be no trouble in the adjusting of his will. And though he mentioned no names both knew perfectly what he implied.

During the course of the proceedings Mrs. Murphy forced herself into the room and protested violently against the legality of the affair. The scene that followed was a stormy one. Mr. Murphy bitterly accused his wife of being mercenary, while Eileen, torn between fear for the effect the ordeal would have on her father's recovery and hatred for the woman who so persistently insulted her, finally made good the threat she had uttered a little over a month ago. Not many hours later Mrs. Murphy, accompanied by her amazed son, left the house.

It was a difficult task to drive Eileen back to school after the doctor had pronounced her father out of danger. She wanted desperately to make up to him for his past unhappiness. But one day Mr. Murphy called her to him and said, "Eileen, you understand that I would keep you with me always if I could, nevertheless, my daughter, in the years to come I want you to be proud of your education and I want you to be recognized as a cultured woman. Now will you go to college and prepare yourself to become what I have always intended that you should be?"

Of course, at the request, Eileen went back to school. And so absorbed in her studies did she become that she grew to despise the frivolous, stupid crowd of which she had been leader and became instead the leader of her class. It was in

this position that Eileen found herself in her senior year. On her depended the success of many of the social affairs, on her shoulders too, fell much of the work that inevitably occurs at commencement. And, back of it all, was the dogged determination to fulfill her father's dream. But the worry and strain of this was almost unbearable. It was only by fixing her eyes on the nearing commencement day that she was able to keep up.

On the last day, after bidding an affectionate farewell to her many friends, Eileen made her way, draggingly, back to her room where she knew her father was waiting for her. She stood a moment limply in the doorway, then hurriedly crossing the room she threw herself into her father's arms, laughing hysterically. "I've done it, Pops, I've done it. Aren't you proud of me? Pops, I tried so——"

But the overwrought girl collapsed utterly and fainted in her father's arms.

"It is a nervous breakdown, the girl has overworked herself to a ruinous degree. I insist that she be taken to the country immediately," stated the doctor in attendance, firmly. After a moment's thought, "I know just the place. I shall take her down myself. By the way, Mr. Murphy, I prefer that you do not accompany us. You are rather excited yourself and you know that is dangerous for you. You know you can trust me to place your daughter in the best care possible. I am taking her to a lady who is very highly esteemed in her community. Furthermore she is a personal friend of mine."

"With that recommendation, Doctor, I feel that my daughter is in worthy hands. You have my full confidence. I—you realize that she is all I have. Please take care of her."

Despite the precautions taken to spare Eileen the hardships of the short trip she was in a state of unconsciousness at its close. The hearty old doctor carried her from his car into the home of his friend.

"Dear lady, I have a very precious charge for you. This young woman is suffering from the most serious breakdown I have encountered during my years of practice. Will you take care of her?"

"Yes, Doctor, I am more than willing," was the quiet reply.

For many days Eileen, in her dreadful pain, was delirious, but tenderly helpful hands cared for her and watchful eyes kept vigil through the nights. At last she came out of

her delirium and her clear eyes after an amazed survey of the room met those of the attendant at her bedside. Instantly they became clouded with annoyance that deepened into anger. The woman in whose bed she was lying was none other than her step-mother.

"You had a nervous breakdown, Eileen, and were brought here to my house. You have been very ill, but you are on the road to recovery now. I promise to take very good care of you, my dear."

The astonishment caused by the kind speech gradually left and at the last statement a glimmer of distrust, almost of terror was added to the anger mirrored in Eileen's eyes. But sickness had weakened her so that she could only murmur, "Pops."

"Your father knows, Eileen, and he shall be informed of your improvement immediately."

Mrs. Murphy left the room, Eileen failing in her weakness to meet her perplexity, turned her face to the wall and wept.

Two days later the doctor and Mrs. Murphy had a conversation. "You say she refuses to eat, Madam?" he repeated.

"Yes, doctor, I have prepared every delicacy I can think of to tempt her."

"That should not happen now," he mused. Then suddenly, "You seem to know her, can you give any reason?"

"I believe—I think she is afraid of me," replied the woman in a low voice, and the expression in the woman's eyes caused the worthy man to make use of what tact was in him. He refrained from asking other questions. But he trudged upstairs and had a talk with his patient. He praised in a carefully impersonal manner the goodness and patience of her hostess, at which some of the anger died out of the girl's eyes and a great deal of bewilderment appeared. Then he mentioned movingly the work and time her hostess herself had spent in concocting dainties to tempt the appetite of her guest. However, at this the anger that had disappeared from his listener's eyes came back and deepened into scorn and distrust. The poor doctor left, shaking his head and muttering to himself.

The next week he stood at the bedside and, looking sternly down, stated in a matter-of-fact voice, "Your condition is so poor from lack of nourishment and stubbornness that artificial means may have to be made use of to aid you. I think a transfusion of blood may be necessary."

"If that is the case, doctor, I hope I can be of some use," broke in Alfred, who during his stay under the roof of his step-father's house had been a good example of the hot-house variety of American youth, but who during the intervening years since he had left the Murphy home had become a better specimen of young American manhood.

"Yes, my son, I know you are able and will gladly do it for Eileen."

Then the miracle happened. Eileen, because she was essentially fine and hated bitterness and quarreling; because she, too, had changed in the intervening years; but most of all because she deeply appreciated a kindness shown her—stretched out her hands to the two who had so steadily befriended her while she had repulsed their kindly advances.

At this point the doctor stole away chuckling that (and his observation was uncannily correct) his services would hardly be necessary to bring the young lady back to health and happiness. Had he remained a moment longer he might have heard these words, "We'll all go home to Pops now, I think we have learned to love, really love, one another."

As she uttered these last words Eileen's face had been turned towards her stepmother, but a shy hand had stolen flutteringly back to the eager one of Alfred.

A TRIP TO A COAL MINE

Richard Steele, '24

Ray and I walked to the tramroad that leads from the mine to the tippie. Here we were fortunate enough to get a ride to the mine on the train of empty mine cars. In about ten minutes we arrived at the entrance to the mine.

In the yard the motorman shifted cars and got supplies from the store-house.

The sun was very warm but as we plunged into the mine we found a decided drop in temperature.

The light of our lamps made grotesque shadows on the jagged sides of the main entry. The walls were lined with posts across which from one side to the other were beams to keep the roof from falling in. The motorman warned us to watch for the large beams and "duck them." Once I failed to judge distance and found myself sprawling in the bottom of the car with a sore spot on my head. Along the walls we

could see water running down and every here and there a drop of water would fall from the roof and strike us on our necks.

The distance we went into the mine was about a mile, up hill and down hill and around many curves. From the sides of the main entry smaller tunnels led off. These the spragger told us were headings and that miners were working in rooms that led off from these headings. Finally we saw ahead what looked like a wall. When we came to it we found it was a wall, but to the right and to the left long entries opened to different parts of the mine.

The train ran into the left entry and stopped. Here the motorman shifted cars into the various headings and rooms.

Ray and I decided to go into one of the rooms to watch the miners dig coal. We followed the track until we came to a room. By this time my back was beginning to ache from stooping, as the roof was so low that we could not walk erect.

The room seemed empty, but when we saw coal thrown from the front of the room into a car we knew some one was there. We shouted. Immediately two black faces came into view from beneath the car and one of the men invited us to enter. We did so, but found the roof so low that we had to crawl in on our hands and knees.

The miners told us that they were just going to shoot down some coal. One of them took an auger, probably six feet long and two inches in diameter, put a breast piece on the end of it and began to bore into the coal.

The men exchanged places from time to time until they finished the hole. Next, they cleaned all the fine particles of coal from the hole and inserted in it a tube made from newspaper and filled with powder. Then with a long wooden stick they placed a cap and fuse in the powder. With fine dirt they packed the hole tight by pounding dirt and packing it tight with the stick. After they finished about two inches of fuse stuck out of the packing. As there was no gas in the mine one of the men lit the fuse and we ran out of the room and around the corner of the rib. Here we sat on the track until—after what seemed a long delay—we heard a low thud followed by a roar. The ground seemed to shake and the miners said, "There she goes." We waited probably fifteen minutes until the smoke and dust had cleared out of the room. When we went back we found that the blast had loosened the coal. Five minutes work on the part of the miners with their

picks brought the coal tumbling down. Their work was difficult, for in low vein coal the miner has to lie on his side to dig.

As soon as the coal was dislodged the men began to shovel. As the car was not near to the face of the coal, one of them shoveled it back while the other loaded it on the car. They were obliged to work on their knees because of the low roof; nevertheless they were very skilled and it did not take them long to load the car.

Loading coal looked easy and Ray suggested that we should try our hand at it. The miners smiled and willingly yielded their shovels. Ray took the position at the face of the coal and shoveled it back to me. I was to load it. With a low lift shovel with a square point I got all set on my knees. When I threw the first shovelful the shovel struck the roof, threw me off my balance and the coal came down over me instead of going into the car. My misfortune made the wise miners roar with laughter. After repeated attempts and repeated failures at throwing the coal through the six inch space between the roof and the car I suggested that we give up, and, although Ray was faring better than I was, he agreed. We surrendered the tools to their owners and acknowledged that as coal miners we were failures.

When the motor came in for the loaded cars we rode out tired, but glad that we had received a definite impression of coal mining, but gladder still to return to the brilliant sunshine of the summer day.

THE FATE OF A SPINSTER

Harriet Hosmer, '24

Many years ago, in a little New England town, lived a wealthy family, the Twitchells, consisting of Abel Twitchell, his wife, Deborah, and their daughter, Abigail. Abby, as she was called, had everything she wished for except beauty, and that she sadly lacked. Even as a child, she was tall and angular and her appearance did not greatly improve as she became older. The young men of the neighborhood never seemed to notice her, except to pay their respects at her numerous elaborate parties, and to dance with her, merely out of politeness. Lack of popularity did not affect her, however, except in the case of one young gallant, Drury Moss, who be-

longed to the only other wealthy family in the little town. Abby held Drury in high esteem, and the two were constantly thrown together. Their parents, having in mind the advantages of the combined wealth, favored the match. At each meeting Abigail's regard for Drury increased, until she was deeply in love with him and tried harder and harder to ensnare him with her "woman's charms," making herself seem ridiculous in the eyes of everyone except herself and her doting parents. Poor Drury chafed at this state of affairs, for although Abigail's manner was charming, he, like every other young man, could see nothing but her unlovely features. Finally, in order to escape her unwelcome attentions, he left town. A year later Abigail heard that he was married.

After that Abby did not care what happened, and even the fact that her father died, leaving her mother and herself a very scant income, hardly roused her from her apathy. Mrs. Twitchell saved enough of their fine old furniture from the wreck of their fortune, to make them comfortable in a small white house, which was her own property, and there they hoped to hide themselves from the haughty glances of their one-time friends. But the loss of her wealth was too heavy a blow for Mrs. Twitchell's pride. Within a year she died, leaving her daughter a lonely "old maid."

Abby felt so bitter toward life for the way it had treated her that she ceased to care how she looked, and continued to wear black, long after the period of mourning for her mother had passed.

Her one pleasure was to gloat over a chest of her mother's beautiful clothes, which she preserved carefully against the ravages of time. Her New England pride and delicate breeding would not permit her to seek employment and soon her income dwindled away until a day came when she found she could not even pay her taxes, due very soon. After a long struggle with her stubborn will, she put a neatly printed sign in the window, reading—"Rooms for Rent." For weeks she waited almost breathlessly for applicants, but none came, and the day arrived when her taxes were due. So stubborn had been her pride that she had never taken counsel to keep herself out of her difficulties and, in her ignorance of business matters, feared she would be turned out of her home without warning. Strange to say, her worst fear was that she would lose the chest of beautiful clothes, for by handling them, her thoughts were drawn back to her old life and to the man whom she

had never ceased to love. She was almost in despair at the thought of this, when she had an inspiration.

Perhaps, if she were to put on some of these clothes, the tax collectors would pity her, and allow her to keep them. With pathetic eagerness she hurried to the chest and pulled out her mother's one-time ball dress, a gorgeous creation of brocaded velvet, with a fichu of rarely beautiful lace. The years had dealt kindly with Miss Abby and for all her poverty she had become quite plump, her skin was as fresh as it had ever been, and now excitement lent color to her cheeks. She put on the dress, added some of her mother's rich jewelry, clad her small feet in satin slippers and arranged her hair, now very white, in the style of her mother's day, a style very becoming to Abigail. She turned to view herself in the mirror and was astounded at the reflection she met. She was accustomed to seeing herself, a colorless figure, clad in unbecoming black with no adornment. Now she saw before her a tall, good-looking woman, with quite a handsome face and beautiful white hair. She had just begun to admire herself, when the door-bell rang. A feeling of terror seized her.

"It's the tax collectors!" she thought. "I shall never dare to go to the door like this! I must have been crazy to think of it!"

However, she knew that in the end she should go, and so, at last she timidly opened the door, and stood behind it to hide her raiment.

"Good morning," said a pleasant voice.

"Good moining," quavered Miss Abigail. "Come in. I'll be ready to leave in a f-few d-days! But," and here she broke down, "please don't take my clothes."

"Why, what on earth!" the man exploded, for the voice proved to belong to a man. "I hope you won't leave so soon. I was wishing to stay here all summer. Don't you have a sign out—but what a picture you make! Won't you let me paint you? I'll make it well worth your while."

Abigail finally looked up and saw that she was confronted not by the tax collectors as she had feared, but by a very nice-looking man, fifty years of age. Her fright then vanished and soon she found herself telling him all about her troubles. He, in turn, told her that he was an artist, looking for types to paint, types such as she, although he had not hoped to find his subject ready to pose. She agreed to sit for him and to rent him a room, for which he paid her in advance, so that when the

tax-collectors did come, she met them fearlessly, secure in the knowledge that she would be able to keep everything she owned.

During the summer Abigail posed many times for the artist. Mr. MacDonald, for such was his name, proved to be a remarkable man and he seemed to understand Abigail. Before long she was no more an old maid, but a fascinating, handsome, middle-aged woman.

One afternoon they were resting in the little back yard when Mr. MacDonald suddenly seized her hand and said, "Miss Abby, you are wonderful. I love you and I want—well, will you marry me? I haven't much to offer you, but I know that if I always have you to pose for me I can make a success of my work. Will you, my dear?"

Abby was completely surprised by the words, which coming from other lips, would have been so welcome to her ears. Although she liked Mr. MacDonald, she did not love him, while she did still love Drury Moss, or rather his memory. So she calmly refused her suitor, even while knowing that he was her first and would perhaps be her last.

Mr. MacDonald went away soon after that, crushed in spirit, and saying that he could never paint again, but hoping to make enough money to live on by selling the pictures he had painted this summer, while he had been inspired by his love and admiration for Abby.

Thus, Abigail was once more left alone, but not so much alone as before, because she had put aside her reserve and had made friends again among the towns-people. Then, too, she always had her thoughts of Drury as companions, and these thoughts seemed more alive than ever, now that she had made a sacrifice for them.

Just about one year after the episode of Mr. MacDonald, Drury Moss returned home and opened his old house. He was, by then perhaps fifty years old, a widower, rich and handsome. Their first meeting was rather restrained and painful, but during subsequent times Abigail lost her shyness and when Drury began to call for her in his car and to take her for long drives, things progressed more smoothly. As the months passed and Drury continued to shower his attentions upon her, Abby became her old, clever self again, but she did not dare let him see that she had never forgotten him, until, one evening when he said, "You've never asked me why I came back."

"No," she replied slowly. "I thought you wanted to come home."

"When I left town, it was to get away from you. But, somehow, even though I married, I was not contented. I didn't know it, but it must have been you whom I missed. Then, my wife died and I was all alone, and becoming more miserable every day until my old friend, MacDonald, came back and showed me his paintings. There was something about his subject which seemed familiar to me, but I did not know what it was. Soon, MacDonald, who was so broken by your refusal that he could think of nothing else, told me all about you. Then I knew it was you whom I needed, so I came back home—and to you. You know the rest. Abigail—will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Drury! My dear!"

These words were all Abby could say to the man of her dreams.

A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

Romola Swope, '24

In a New York park a man sat on one of the benches and thought of all the things which had happened to him recently.

Less than a year ago he had left Hulmville, dear old Hulmville where he was born and reared. As if it were only yesterday, he could see his mother smiling through her tears as she bade him goodbye.

"Be a man, son. That is all I ask of you. Write often and tell me even if things do go wrong."

"Yes, Mother, I will. But, you see, things are not going to go wrong. Everything is going to be gloriously right and in less than a year I'll return a millionaire. Then you may have whatever your dear heart desires. Won't we be happy?"

A troubled look came into the mother's eyes as she replied, "I don't know, son. Money is not easily gained and it does not always bring happiness. In fact, it often brings unhappiness and trouble. Don't forget that when you wish you had a fortune."

"Maybe you are right, Mother, but I can't see things that way. Gold surely does look good to me now." He laughed with the gay carelessness of youth. His mother laughed too,

though not so heartily, for she was afraid that she would break down and cry before he went away.

"You're sure you'll be all right, Mother?" he continued. "Won't you be lonely when your boy is gone to New York? You'll be all alone, you know. Thanks to the Penates, we own our own home, even though it's only a wee bit of a cottage. When my ship comes in we'll build a palace for the best Mother in the world. But I must go now for my train is due in ten minutes, so 'a fond kiss and then we sever.'"

He had held the dear mother in his strong young arms for a moment as he looked deep into her tear-dimmed, though smiling, eyes and heard her say in a voice suddenly grown hoarse: "Be a man, son. Goodbye."

He had nodded his head for there was a lump in his throat and he was terribly afraid that he was going to break down. He dared not do that, so he released her, picked up his suitcase, and ran down the street to the station. He paused once to turn back and wave to her, as she stood so bravely by the little green gate.

On the train that night he dreamed that he was a millionaire standing in the center of an immense palace not surpassed in beauty by those of kings. There were three thrones in a row in the far end of the room. A few minutes later he found himself seated on the center chair. His mother was on his left. But who occupied the right-hand chair? In the dim light he saw a feminine vision dressed in long flowing robes of deepest blue. Her face was half-concealed but not enough to hide the red lips curved in a smile, or the eyes of blue glowing with sympathy and comradeship. He passed his hand over his eyes. She could not be mortal. Surely such a creature as she was a daughter of the gods, immortal, ever beautiful. Then he heard a clear, ringing voice, "Courage, youth! Have the courage to pursue your ideals. Don't give up your dreams. Have courage always, always—"

"Time to get up, sir," came the porter's voice. "We'll be in New York in twenty minutes."

"All right. Thanks," the boy replied, suddenly brought back from the dream world to unlovely reality.

And now as he sat dejected on the park bench he renewed that period. He had found New York an unlovely reality for he had spent many days in hunting work. There was work, oh yes, there was plenty of hard manual labor which required no particular education or intelligence, but his ambi-

tion was journalism. He had no formal education beyond high school, but he had read many good books and had studied much in his spare time, hence, he knew more than many other young men of his age, and his dream was to be a writer.

But dreams and realities do not always coincide. Thus it happened that instead of being a reporter on one of the large newspapers of the city, he found a job as sorting-clerk in one of the post-offices. It was his duty to sort letters and to put each into the right bag. His mind was not on his work and he often dropped a letter in the wrong bag. He was constantly troubled by the problem: How was he to make enough money to keep himself and his mother in comfort and at the same time realize his ambition? The more he thought about it the more despondent he became. When he was in Hulmville he had not known that things would be like this. He had not come into close contact at home with the cruelties, the sorrows, the pathos, the tragedies of life. But now, well—the great city had taught him many things.

At the end of six months the bitter experience of finding a slip in his pay-envelope which informed him that his services were no longer needed had driven him almost to despair. What was he to do? His money was almost gone, for he had sent every penny that he possibly could to the brave little mother waiting so patiently at home. She must never know that her son was a failure.

Luckily he had paid all his debts so far and had paid his room-rent for a month in advance. For a few weeks he had found little jobs that irked and harassed. The thought of his mother at home was the only thing that made him determine to go on.

He rose and walked through the most unfrequented part of the park and flung himself on a bench. Wearily, he placed his head on his hands.

A few minutes later he became aware of the presence of a man beside him. As he raised his head he saw a well-dressed stranger looking at him inquiringly.

"Having hard luck, buddy?" the stranger asked.

"Yes. I want work for I want money. If I only had a lot of money I'd be content," he cried passionately. "Then I could spend all my time writing."

The stranger smiled pityingly. "Wealth won't bring contentment or success. My father is wealthy so I did not have to work for a living as every man should. I thought of noth-

ing but my own pleasure, my own amusement and excitement. My so-called friends—actually my enemies—set the pace, and it was a fast one. I foolishly followed where they led, and now my health is completely shattered. My doctor tells me that I can't live a year. Nice prospect, isn't it? I haven't been happy since I left my sweetheart. If I could only live my life over, how different it would be."

As he spoke he gazed off into space; he had forgotten the boy on the bench. He finally remembered him and said:

"I place most of the blame on my wealth. It brought me only unhappiness, sorrow, and regret. My boy, I tell you that too much money is a curse! Don't forget that."

He rose abruptly and disappeared around a curve in the path.

The boy on the bench felt a great wave of pity for the stranger who had nothing to live or hope for. He remembered his mother's words: "Money does not always bring happiness. It usually brings unhappiness and trouble." Now, his own difficulties appeared much smaller when he compared them with those of the stranger.

A few days later his money was completely gone, and worst of all, he could find no work. At twilight he went to the part of the park where he had met the stranger. He thought of all the things which had happened since he had left home. His mother's "Be a man, son," rang in his ears.

"Ain't lookin' fer a job, air ye?" a rough voice inquired. Its owner was a man with a malevolent expression on his face.

"Yes, I am. I need work badly."

"Wal, buddy, there's a hundred dollars in it if ye keep yer mouth shut."

A hundred dollars! A month of freedom from worry! A month in which to do nothing but write, write, write!

"What is the job?"

With a diabolical grin, the man said, "Air ye a good shot?"

"Be a man, son," whispered a voice.

"No. I could not do it," the boy replied in a resolute tone.

The fiend immediately disappeared.

Almost at once a girl, dressed in blue, came smilingly toward him. She looked familiar. Where had he seen her before? He searched his memory but was puzzled.

"I overheard and I'm glad, so very glad, that you re-

fused," she said. "You remind me of a very dear friend back home."

The girl's voice was so sympathetic and understanding that in a few minutes he found himself telling her his story.

When he had finished speaking she said, "I know just the place for you. There is a vacancy on the staff of 'The Leader.' I am employed there as a stenographer. Come around tomorrow morning and I'm certain the position will be yours. Good-bye."

Her prophecy came true; he was employed as a reporter for "The Leader."

* * * * *

Some time later one of the leading magazines in the country printed a story of the courage of youth, of ambition, of discouragement, and of ultimate happiness. The author was not known but the critics hailed him as a writer of great promise.

In Hulmville a happy mother stood waiting by a little green gate as her son came running down the street from the station.

His dream had come true—he was launched on his literary career; but best of all, he had proved himself a man.

MAPLE SYRUP

Betty Monaghan, '24

One early March day, three years ago, I chanced to overhear a scrap of conversation in a local department store.

An irate housekeeper was vigorously berating an apologetic and perspiring clerk. "It's preposterous," she exclaimed, "Four dollars and twenty-five cents for a gallon of ordinary maple syrup! I never heard tell of the like! It's robbery, that's what it is, downright robbery! Why, all you have to do to get all the syrup you want, absolutely free, is to hold a bucket under a tree! And to think you have the nerve to bring it here and charge four dollars and twenty-five cents a gallon for it! It's outrageous and I won't stand for it!" And she flounced indignantly out of the shop.

That set me to thinking. In front of our house there was a good sized forest containing a large stand of sugar maples. So far as I knew, the precious fluid rising annually in their stems had never been tapped. A fortune, locked up in tree

trunks, had been going to waste all these years! I resolved that it should no longer be wasted.

Accordingly I acquainted a few of my best friends with my newly conceived plan and we set to work enthusiastically to secure the necessary materials. Our united efforts produced an imposing array of jars, buckets, pots and pans with which to catch the sap. The spouts—dozens of them—we made from the always useful elder branch; and, having secured an auger, we set out to make our fortunes.

In spite of our seemingly inexhaustible supply of utensils we were soon forced to scour the neighborhood for lard tins and old buckets. All available elder of suitable diameter was cut to meet our needs. We tapped all the maples we saw—so many that we never afterwards could find more than half of them. In fact we didn't confine ourselves to maples, we even tapped an occasional chestnut and a beech or two. But these were small mistakes and no one can comprehend what dreams of wealth and luxury the steady, satisfying drip of clear, sweet sap conjured in our heads.

Within a few hours enough sap had oozed out to begin boiling. We collected it in water buckets, poured it into a large white preserving kettle capable of holding four or five gallons and set the kettle on the kitchen stove.

It began to boil shortly and as fast as it boiled away we poured more sugar water in. But that kettle could dispose of an unbelievable amount of sap. Gallon after gallon went into its ample interior. Clouds of steam rose continually from its wide mouth to collect on the window and roll in big drops down the pane.

After a few days the contents of the thirsty kettle began to look muddy. More days and many more gallons produced a muddier effect. Still more time and sap only tended to make the contents of the kettle still muddier.

As the days passed and the thirst of the big kettle seemed unquenchable, our enthusiasm slowly waned. After almost two weeks of steady boiling, a time came when our interest sank to the zero point and none of us carried any sugar water that day. The stuff in the kettle boiled down slowly. Towards the end it began to thicken and finally we took it off the stove—a scant pint of sticky syrup, flavored with a fly or two and bits of bark and bugs and leaves—all that was left of that great volume of sugar water.

In sober silence we strained the sickening stuff through

numerous salt bags; but no amount of straining could remove the taint of the foreign matter that had been in it. By common consent, it was put in a jar and relegated to a dark shelf of an old, unused cupboard, where it remains to this day, a mute witness of the disappointment which invariably follows the bite of the get-rich-quick bug.

Sugar water, I have found, may be had for the taking, but maple syrup, to my mind, is worth its weight in gold!

The Champions

George Vukobratovich, '24

The basketball season was on. The candidates reported for practice at the Pershing High School gymnasium. One of these candidates was a stranger. When he reported to the Coach, the following conversation took place:

"Out for the team?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Frank Austin."

"What position do you play?"

"Forward."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"All right, get dressed."

When Frank re-appeared on the floor the players regarded him curiously and admiringly, for they saw a broad-shouldered lad, about six feet tall, weighing probably one hundred and sixty-five pounds, ideally built for a basketball player. Coach Marks introduced him to the other players. His reputation had preceded him, for the day before the boys had read with interest an article which had appeared in the "Evening Herald."

"Frank Austin," the article said, "one of the best high school forwards in the eastern part of the United States, will make his future home in Pershing City with his parents. Austin has played for the famous Patterson High School basketball machine. He will enter the Pershing High School as a junior. His addition will, no doubt, greatly strengthen our sadly demoralized team."

In practice, as the weeks went by, Frank seemed to live up to the high praise given him by the press. Coach Marks

smiled at his excellent playing and decided to use him at the forward position for he saw in him a born leader of men who would go through thick and thin with his mates.

As the season advanced the members of the team showed marked improvement in their playing and the school noticed a new spirit in the team. At the request of the coach, Frank introduced a five man defense system which the opponents could not penetrate and against which they eventually went down to defeat. The team played game after game and not once did they lose to their opponents.

The big game of the season was scheduled on March the twenty-eighth when the home team was to play Lake City High School, their bitterest rivals, on the home floor. The Lake City High School basketball team had gone through three seasons without a defeat and had been champions of the eastern section of the United States for two years. They were out for the championship of the Eastern High Schools and the permanent possession of the coveted Robertson Cup which would be theirs if they won the championship three times.

In the last two weeks of preparation for the big game Coach Marks introduced new plays and worked with the team for many hours every night.

On the night of the battle he addressed the players as follows:

"Boys," he said, "get into the game to-night and never let up. Play your best, for a victory means the championship of the Eastern High Schools of the United States, our re-establishment in the eyes of the public and the permanent possession of the Robertson Cup, for we hold two championships of four years standing. Lake City High School has won two championships in the previous two years. For us it is complete victory or utter defeat. Our reward comes if you win to-night. Watch Olson. He's dangerous, no doubt about it. The lineup will be the same, Red and Austin at forwards, Summers at Center, Bronson and Captain Ring at guards. That's all."

When Lake City High School put in their appearance on the home floor they were roundly cheered.

Ten minutes later the home team took their places on the floor and were given a greater ovation than had been accorded their rivals. They realized that the gymnasium was packed to capacity, holding over two thousand rooters from Pershing and about half that number from Lake City. Both teams prac-

ticed well. They were evenly matched in weight and height.

Referee Quigley called, "Ready Lake City? Ready Pershing?" Both captains answered in the affirmative.

The whistle blew, the ball soared into the air. Summers tipped the ball to Austin who threw to Ring as he came up the floor. He passed it to Reed who was "hanging" the basket. Reed scored. From then on it was anybody's game. The battle was centered around Austin and Olson, the stars of the opposing teams.

At the end of the first half the score stood at ten to ten. Each team scored nine points in the second half, ending the regular game in a tie, nineteen to nineteen. Twice the time-keeper sent the rivals into the battle for an extra period of play.

Early in the first extra period Austin scored by a field goal from the center of the floor, but just before the bell Olson "hooked" a side shot which tied the score at twenty-one to twenty-one.

In the next five minutes of play Austin and Ring scored successively for Pershing. Then Olson cut loose and scored a field goal and two fouls. One minute remained. Ring broke up a play near his basket and passed to Austin who was under the basket. He shot. The ball whirled round the rim, poised for an instant, then dropped through.

The players relaxed. The fans went wild with enthusiasm.

Pershing had won. The long fought for championship and the coveted cup were theirs.

VISIONS OF BLUE AND GOLD

Florence McConaughy, '24

Murray Bainbridge sat thinking over the events which had happened after his homecoming from college. His sisters, Charlotte and Caroline, were all right, but to think he had to miss his wonderful trip to Maine on account of a lot of silly fussing which his sisters called "making their debut." He well remembered Charlotte's surprise at his refusal to be included in any of the invitations. Charlotte informed their mother of his intentions and Murray had found himself surrounded by his mother, Charlotte and Caroline. Even while slowly thinking events over, he did not remember how they had made him promise to stay at home.

Disgusted? He was more than disgusted with all women. He would show them whether he would go to their silly parties. They might make him stay at home, but they could not make him go anywhere with them. With this thought uppermost in his mind he went upstairs to dress. When he opened the door of his room he saw a Spanish Toreador suit lying on his bed. Then he remembered Caroline's saying that they were going to the Club to attend a Masque Ball, which was to be given in their honor. So they expected him to go.

He could hear his sisters giggling and talking about the young gentlemen who were to be their escorts for the evening. How silly girls were and they all seemed to be alike. Why, look at his own sisters! If Caroline did not have shingled hair and Charlotte fluffy curls, how could he tell them apart? A rap at the door and a whiff of burning hair interrupted his reverie.

"We shall be ready in fifteen minutes, old dear," Charlotte said. "Look your nicest, for the titian haired Cynthia will be there."

"Why should you bring that young lady's name into our conversation? You know that I do not care for Cynthia. Besides I don't intend to go this evening," Murray said, in the most exasperating manner, which only eighteen year old brothers can affect when speaking to younger sisters.

"Not going!" she demanded. "Why, what will the neighbors—."

The appearance of Caroline and his mother followed this exclamation. They used all the reasoning and persuasion at their command, but to no avail. A half hour later as they drove off he felt proud to think he was master of the house, that is, when father was not at home.

He settled himself in a large Morris chair in the library and prepared to read a book. But somehow the book could not hold his interest. He kept thinking of his mother's rebukes and wondered what he had gained by his unpardonably selfish act. After all, it was not so late. Maybe he might go this once, just to make amends. Racing upstairs he dressed in the Spanish costume. His mirror told him that the suit was a good fit. He was not a little pleased as he stood for a moment gazing at his tall figure reflected opposite him.

Within a half hour he was at the Club. He took up his stand near the door. Five minutes later found him still look-

ing for his mother and sisters. A stunning costume went by. Perhaps it was his sister. No it could not be, for if he remembered rightly their costumes had been blue and orange, not blue and gold. "I wish I had taken a good look at their costumes," he muttered to himself. Again that stunning costume. With what grace the possessor wore it! Had she smiled at him? He thought so and he was sure he heard, "Greetings, Murray." Who was she? He must find out.

Leaning over to the young men beside him, he said, "I beg your pardon, but could you tell me who is the young lady in blue and gold?"

"Which young lady in blue do you mean?" questioned the stranger. "I see at least three young ladies dressed in costumes of blue and gold."

"Why, the stunning one, of course. There she is sitting near the balcony, to your left," answered the anxious Murray.

"Oh, way over there. Why, I don't know."

Murray, seeing that he could get no more information, moved on. Directly he heard the page announce that everybody would unmask at twelve o'clock. Why hadn't he thought of that before? Now he could tell who his vision in blue and gold was. He felt sure he knew her and the voice—he had heard it before, but where? He glanced at his watch. Ten minutes to wait.

The dancing had started again and to his dismay he saw the vision of blue and gold coming down the steps with her wrap flung over her shoulders. She seemed in a hurry, and when she reached the bottom step, where her escort awaited her, she took off her mask. It was evident to Murray that she had forgotten it in her haste. He could not see her face, but he got a glimpse of titian hair.

He made his way to the cloak room, claimed his wraps and rushed down the steps. It was too late. She was gone. Despondently he got into his car and drove far into the country. An hour later he drove slowly home.

The house was ablaze with lights, so he knew that his mother and sisters had arrived. He went upstairs intending to stop to talk with his mother before retiring. The door of her room was slightly ajar and he could hear voices. Evidently something had happened which amused his sisters.

"I was sure he would go and it was a splendid way to punish him, just to see him looking for us and then to see her," laughed Caroline.

"Yes, and to think he didn't know her. Wasn't it too bad that she had to go? But her sister hasn't been well for the last two weeks." This came from Charlotte.

Murray's curiosity was aroused. He stayed concealed and listened.

"I certainly hope that her sister is not seriously ill, for Cynthia—"

He waited for no more. His vision of blue and gold had been Cynthia.

Well, he might as well go in and be laughed at to-night, for if not to-night it would be to-morrow. He gave the door a push and with the air of a martyr walked into the room. Blue and gold again! Surely he was mistaken. The vision came forward and shook hands with him.

"Wake up, Murray," giggled Caroline, "and the next time you want to listen pull the door tight and put your ear to the keyhole, then we can't see you."

"Why, Cynthia, is it you?" asked Murray, disregarding Caroline's remark.

"Yes, it is. My sister is resting well and so—well, I came over to tell your mother. I thought you might want to know," she hastily added.

"Can you ever forgive me?" asked Murray, and turning to his mother he said, "If there is a Ball Masque tomorrow night I shall be there fifteen minutes before time."

A SHADOW AND TWO EYES

John Saylor, '24

One winter evening Bob Evans sat alone in the house wondering how he could amuse himself until the rest of the family returned. He half wished he had gone with the family to Dr. Merri't's. But he just despised Jane Merri't, so he chose to remain at home. Reading held no attractions, neither did solitaire.

Suddenly he realized that it was chilly. He donned his sweater and went to the cellar to look at the furnace. Having attended to the fire he was mounting the stairs when he noticed on the wall behind the kitchen door opening to the cellar way, the distinct shadow of a man. He was too badly frightened to cry out. Indeed crying out would have done little good as the house was set off from the rest of the town

by hedges and a grove of pines, and consequently was a very lonely place. He reflected for a moment. Then he carefully descended the stairs and sought a weapon of defense. In the furnace room he found a heavy piece of wood. After turning out the light, he started in the direction of the shadow. When he came to the top step—lo! the shadow was gone! He raised the club over his head, cautiously approaching the door, jerked it back suddenly and savagely struck downward—only to strike nothing but space. After he had closed and locked the door to the cellar, he looked into the living-room and there behind the French door was the shadow. He turned out the kitchen light, that he might be less conspicuous, and found that the shadow had again fled.

With a feeling of relief, he remembered that his father's revolver was in the drawer in the living room. He lost no time in getting it and with it in his hand he explored the first floor, but found nothing.

He wished that his father had not built their large and spacious house, the only beauty spot in Charleroi, so far away from their neighbors' homes.

After completing this search, he sat down and tried to read, but the book could not hold his attention. He kept looking up and imagining that he saw shadows in the room beyond. Not only did he see shadows but he also heard sounds. At these he gave sudden starts until his nerves became so taut that he was in agony.

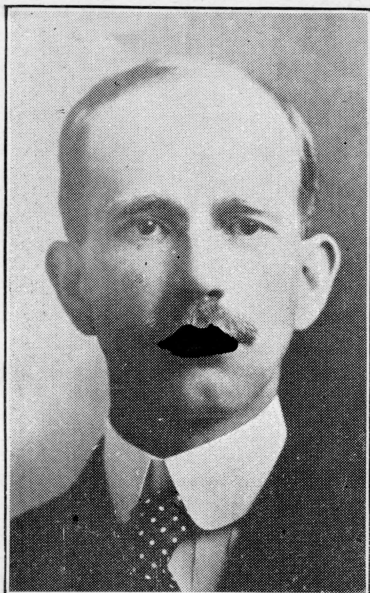
Then he heard a noise similar to that of a muffled foot-step. It came from above. Courage is a valuable asset to one in dire distress and Bob decided that no one should ever say that he was a coward. So, mustering all his courage, he seized his weapon and mounted the stairs. He found nobody or nothing unusual on the second floor. But again he heard the muffled foot-step and it still came from above. He mounted the third floor stairs and at the top two flaming eyes met his. Should he shoot or should he retreat? With his revolver cocked and aimed at the eyes, he turned on the light. There, on the shelf in his father's laboratory were two bottles of phosphorous. They were the eyes.

Heaving a sigh of relief, he went down stairs just as the family drove in.

Since he had solved one mystery, that of the eyes, he determined to solve the mystery of the shadow on the wall.

He proceeded to make an examination. Standing on the cellar steps and turning on the light he found the shadow there. But when he moved it also moved. It was his own shadow that the cellar light had thrown on the darkened space behind the kitchen door.

When he had discovered how the different lights had thrown his shadow on the wall, another true ghost mystery—like most ghost mysteries—was happily solved.



J. D. RIPPLE, Principal



ARE YOU READY?

For every high school graduate who gets "kicked out" of college because he is unprepared to do the work that colleges require a dozen are sent home because they are unprepared for college life.

The hardest course of your Freshman year is not going to be Mathematics, or French or Physics, but **"the right use of freedom."** You may have the required fifteen or sixteen units, you may rank among the first third of your class, your intelligence tests may show to the joy of your parents that you have much native ability, but if you are unprepared for this one course, if you cannot stand this one searching test of your character and self-control, you will soon land on the college scrap-heap.

Forget for a moment, therefore, all questions of grades and units and diplomas, and solemnly ask yourself this question: Am I "getting ready" for the **intoxicating freedom of college life?**

In your four years of high school you should have learned to assume some responsibility, you should have learned some self-control, some self-reliance and not to lean too heavily on "Dad," Mother and teachers. If you have learned these things in some little degree, at least, it will be easier for you to approach the dangerous "no man's land" between the ordered, controlled, supervised life of the home and high school, and the freedom of manhood on a college campus. Are you getting ready to order wisely your own daily program of work and play with no parent or teacher to remind you, guide you, or "make" you?

At college you can, **if you wish**, idle away your time, evade your duties, waste your money and slide into the foul

mire of sensual indulgence. Or, **if you so elect**, you can utilize every opportunity, grow in self control, and climb a four year college road to usefulness, honor and happiness. It isn't a question of units but of manhood.

Rest assured, my young friends of the class of 1924, that if you go to college you cannot dodge this supreme issue. This new-found liberty will not leave you as it found you when you quit high school. It will either nourish you or poison you, uplift or degrade you, make or break you according to the use or abuse of it.

The wisest of all pedagogical maxims is, "We learn to do by doing." In our High School we have at least made an effort and a beginning to have you assume a steadily increasing range of personal liberties, responsibilities, self-control and self-direction, with proper supervision of the faculty, with the sole motive that your daily routine of living, and working, and your conduct when you quit high school will require less direction of teacher and parent; and that you may be ready for this new freedom that you must assume when you enter college.



*Horvick
5/19/40*

SPECTATOR STAFF

The High School Spectator

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A "STICK-TOGETHER" CLASS

Graduation will widely separate the members of the class of 1924 of Johnstown High School, just as it has done every class. But, need it separate us so completely that we must feel that our years together in High School have been of no value, in so far as acquiring worth-while friends is concerned? There must be some way by which this can be avoided. When a group of people have been, for four years, in such close contact as the members of a class in a moderate-sized high school have been, it is not right that after graduation friendships gained thus should come to naught.

May not our class, merely because it is our class, and because of the pride we have in it—may it not be a little different from other classes, regarding this subject? We believe that a good plan for gaining such an end is to have a goal toward which each of us may work all our lives. Therefore, let us resolve that we, as a class, will try to do more for school, for country and for humanity than any other group of graduates coming from Johnstown High!

We know there are talent and ability in our class, for they are found in every large group of people. Every class, we suppose, can claim a few brilliant, successful men and women, but our goal, if we attain it, will mean that our whole class will be upright men and women. Let us try this plan, and we feel, that by doing so, there will be an unbreakable bond of sympathy drawing us together, no matter how widely we may be separated.

H. A. H.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

Perhaps, when twenty years have come and gone since this memorable June, someone from the scattered ranks of the '24 class, calling to mind dear, half-forgotten memories of school days, may conceive a desire to bring his old classmates together again. Perhaps old Greystone will be chosen for the

reunion. The illustrious old banquet hall will be elegantly adorned with the blue and gold and the timid little tea rose will hold the place of honor once more.

Such a gathering usually marks a time of stock taking, a breathing space in the upward and onward struggle in which each one may look for a moment inward and backward to consider his accomplishments, weigh his success and determine whether or not he is proceeding rightly.

How many musical geniuses, talented artists, or captains of industry, we wonder, will leave most important business to be present at that gathering? We know there will be some; we hope there will be many!

How many financial rocks of the community will break away from their moorings to grasp the hands of half-forgotten classmates? How much will the class of '24 be worth, financially, twenty years from now? We sincerely hope that none may be in want and that many may be unusually well endowed with earthly goods!

How many children will there be bearing the names of those who come together after twenty years? How many of the yet unborn class of '44 or '54 or '64 will be able to say, "My father (or mother) graduated in '24?" We heartily hope that the class of '24 may be tripled or quadrupled in its children!

How many will there be whose strength has broken down under the strain of life's demands? We hope there will be none such and that the health and physical vigor of the class may be as great in '44 as it is in '24.

But can the class of '24 measure its success in these things? What of those who may not be able to claim a high position in the working world? Shall we count them failures? What of those whose strength may have given way? Are they failures? Every life which has been nobly lived, every clean and healthy mind, every right instinct, bears witness to the fact that true success cannot be measured in these things.

Who, then, shall be counted successful when the class comes together once more? Those who can truthfully reply to a questioning conscience, "I have used the powers which God gave me to better my corner of the world." Therefore, we hope more than anything else, that after twenty years each one may look backward and know that the spot in which he chose to live has been bettered according to his capacity for doing good!

B. R. M.

ADIOS

No es necesario decir que nosotros, los miembros de la clase graduanda de veinte y cuatro, pasamos por uno de los tiempos mas grandes de nuestras vidas. Es una epoca cuando nos damos cuenta que el mundo exterior parece estar cerca, y, con la valor de juventud, nosotros estamos ansiosos de encontrar todo lo que este en el futuro.

Todavia no esta jubilo por este tiempo, porque sabemos que dejamos otras, muchas amistades felices, que creamos por los anos de nuestra escuela alta, y no nos gusta. Tambien estamos opresos de dejar aquel grupo de maestros, el que nos sostuvo asi fielmente, como sabemos que careceremos sus sabios cosejos.

Pero hay otra parte de la pregunta, que otros como una compensacion a antedicho. Son los esperos del futuro. Por eso, haremos nuevas amistades, pero sabemos que pecos de los nuevos conocimientos seran tan intimos como nuestra amistad vieja.

En conformidad, nosotros de las clase de veinte y cuatro se despedimos.

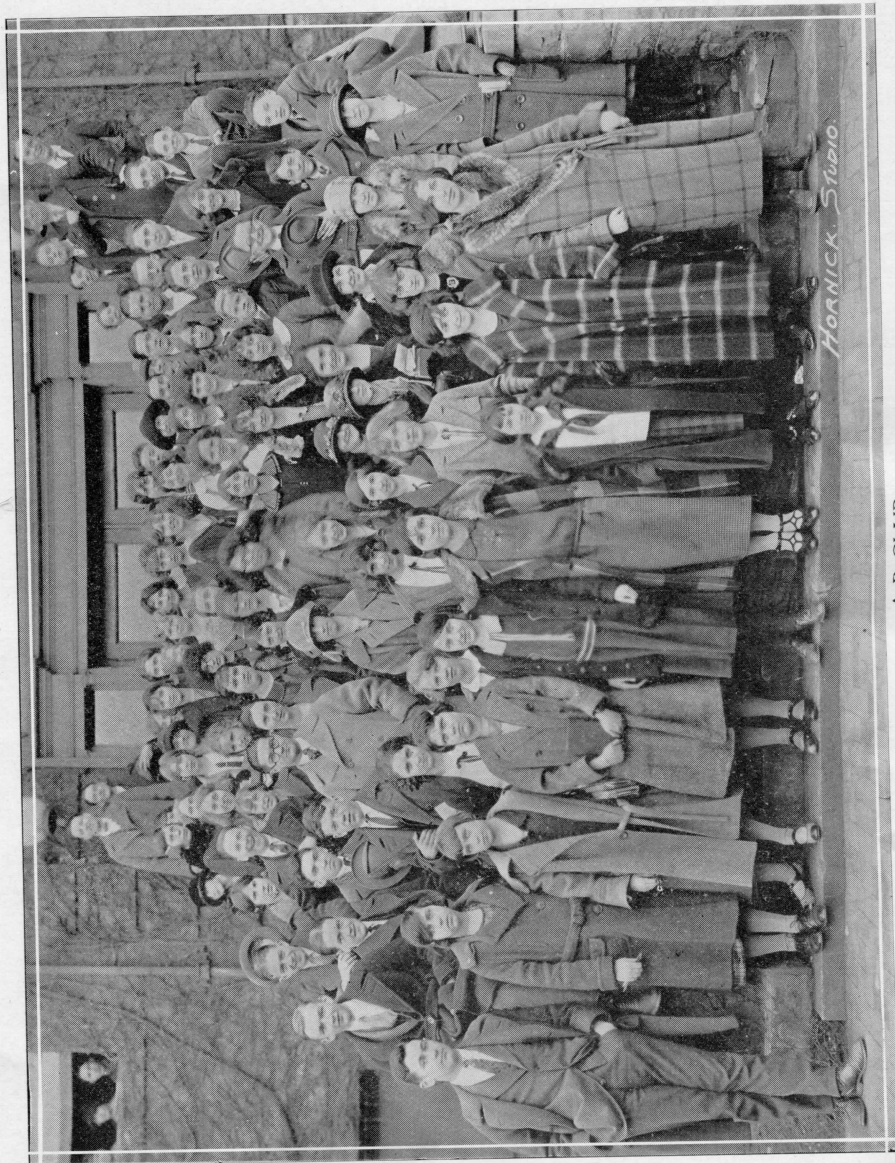
Por Senor Warren Smucher, '24.

LA DESPEDIDA DE LA ESCUELA A LOS ESTUDIANTES DE LA CLASE DE 1924

Me gusta mucho que yo me he escogido escribir cerca de la clase que graduara en junio. La clase tiene numerosos atletas y unos de ellos han ganado honra en el campo. Los afortunados han estudiado muchesimo y se han privado de muchos placeres para que ellos graduasen. Ellos han aprendido uno de los mas mejores lecciones en vida—esa de sacrificio.

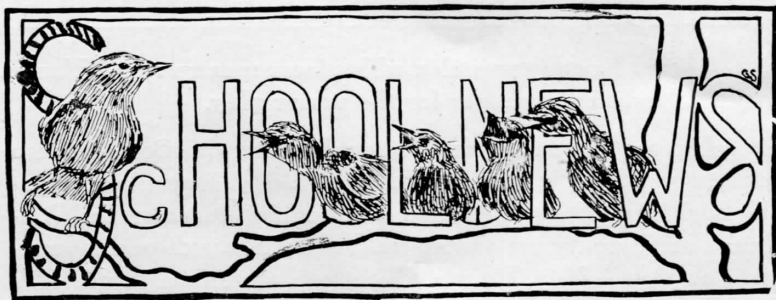
Algunos vayan al colegio y otros que no pueden ir al colegio empezaran a trabajar. Unos de ellos seran medicos, abogados, dependientes, y estenografos. Quizas un miembro de la clase sea presidente de los Estados Unidos. Quien sabe? La escuela se siente la perdida de los estudiantes y espera que ellos ganen sus ambiciones.

Por Senor Telford Keim.



Hornick Studio

A-B CLUB



In the Chapel exercises on March 26, Dr. Barto, a representative of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, gave a very beneficial talk to the upperclassmen on "The Value of a College Education."

A committee, consisting of Mason Bowman, Florence James, and George Smith was appointed by the president of the Term VIII class to select the class banner, since the students did not wish to secure individual pennants.

Mr. D. M. S. McFeaters, of the Kiwanis Club, in his talk on "Clean-up Week in Johnstown" in Chapel on April 3, clearly set forth the plans that the club had made for that week and urged the students to aid in making Johnstown a cleaner city.

On April 3, Rev. Campbell of the First Presbyterian church, gave a talk to the Term VIII English classes on Robert Burns, in which he read many of the poet's poems and songs. In order to enable the students to understand the poems better, Rev. Campbell described the homes and life of the Scottish peasants.

In the Chapel exercises on April 9, Miss Fearl made a call to the youth of Johnstown High School to have courage in whatever profession they may choose to follow, for in courage lies the secret of success. Miss Fearl's talk was one of the most helpful that the upper-classmen have had the privilege of listening to in a long time.

The program and decorating committees for senior chapel were appointed by the president in the Term VIII meeting on April 24. Rev. Ashman of the Progressive Brethren Church was elected to preach the baccalaureate sermon and Rev. Wood of the Brethren Church in Morrellville to offer prayer at the commencement exercises.

Gerard Rooney was elected business manager and Vance Smith advertising manager for the senior play.

The contestants in the National Oratorical Contest from Johnstown High School, Nina Bader, Betty Monaghan, Donald Buchanan, George MacDonald, Harriet Hosmer and Mildred Furry, delivered their orations at the auditorium exercises on April 30. Donald Buchanan won first place, Mildred Furry second, and Nina Bader third.

Mr. Devine, a social-worker from New York, in his address to the lower classmen in Chapel on May 1, presented the ideals that he was striving to attain through social welfare work.

The two contestants in the National Oratorical Contest, Thomas Lansberry and Donald Buchanan, representing Somerset and Cambria counties respectively, competed on May 2 in the High School Auditorium. The judges' decision was in favor of Thomas Lansberry.

The members of the Dramatic Club presented four one-act plays, "The Neighbors," "Finders Keepers," "The Bishop's Candlesticks," and "A Proposal Under Difficulties," on April 30. The proceeds were used to buy new scenery for the High School stage.



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STUDENT COUNCIL



EXCHANGES



Adieu! In this, our last edition, we bid farewell to you, fellow Exchanges. By means of your suggestions we have tried, through this past year, to make "The Spectator" a better magazine and one of a higher standard. Perhaps we have succeeded—perhaps not. At any rate we wish to thank you for your kind interest in us and to extend a hearty welcome to you for the year to come. So, adieu.

List of Our Exchanges

- The Argus—Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio.
- The Argus—Huntingdon H. S., Huntingdon, Pa.
- The Arrow—Midland H. S., Midland, Pa.
- The Black and White—Monessen H. S., Monessen, Pa.
- The Brown and White—Greensburg H. S., Greensburg, Pa.
- The Bucknellian—Bucknell College, Lewisburg, Pa.
- The Cactus Chronicle—Tucson H. S., Tucson, Arizona.
- The Canoe—Rossiter H. S., Punxsutawney, Pa.
- The Canary and Blue—Allentown H. S., Allentown, Pa.
- The Chatterbox—Wells River H. S., Wells River, Vermont.
- The Clairtonian—Clairton H. S., Clairton, Pa.
- Cochran Aerial—Cochran Jr. H. S., Johnstown, Pa.
- The Coker—Connellsville H. S., Connellsville, Pa.
- The Dawn—Connecticut School for Boys, Meridan, Conn.
- The Dickinsonian—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.
- Green Witch—Greenwich H. S., Greenwich, Conn.
- Hi Breezes—McComb H. S., McComb, Miss.
- The High Post—Latrobe H. S., Latrobe, Pa.
- The High School Herald—Westfield H. S., Westfield, Mass.
- The Hilltop—Red Lion H. S., Red Lion, Pa.
- The Jr. News Letter—Anderson Jr. H. S., Anderson, Ind.

The Krik-ut—Union H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 The Libertas—Liberty H. S., Bethlehem, Pa.
 The Lone Star—Texas School for Deaf—Austin, Texas.
 Lore—Lewistown H. S., Lewistown, Pa.
 The Moviar—Dedham H. S., Dedham, Mass.
 The Mirror—Palmerton H. S., Palmerton, Pa.
 The Mountain Echo—Altoona H. S., Altoona, Pa.
 Norwin—Irwin H. S., Irwin, Pa.
 The Owl—Hurlock H. S., Hurlock, Md.
 Panorama—Binghamton H. S., Binghamton, N. Y.
 The Pattersonian—Mt. Joy H. S., Mt. Joy, Pa.
 The Peptimist—Brownsville H. S., Brownsville, Pa.
 The Piquonian—Piqua H. S., Piqua, Ohio.
 The Racquet—Portland H. S., Portland, Maine.
 The Racquet—Bellefonte H. S., Bellefonte, Pa.
 The Red and Blue—McKeesport H. S., McKeesport, Pa.
 The Review—Wilkinsburg H. S., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
 The School News—Philipsburg, Pa.
 The Spectator—Vandergrift H. S., Vandergrift, Pa.
 Spice—Norristown H. S., Norristown, Pa.
 The Spokesman—Tyrone H. S., Tyrone, Pa.
 The St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle—St. Joseph's College
 High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Trident—Neptune Township H. S., Ocean Grove, N. J.
 Metlum—Darby H. S., Darby, Pa.

As We See Others

"The Mirror"—Dedham, Mass.—The two stories "Mysterious Disappearance" and "Playing the Game," were very good. The Foreign Language Department is an unique idea. You must have had some very interesting basketball games, according to the write-ups in the sport column.

"Spice"—Norristown, Pa.—Although the stories of the literary department were short, they were well written. The plots were well developed. The editorial, "To the Contributors to Spice" we judged to be interestingly carried out and we hope the desired results may be obtained. Since so many of your Exchanges commented on "Spice," we suggest that you return the compliment with more lengthy reviews. We certainly were glad to see that your Girls' Basketball Team was given as much consideration as the Boys'—something which we are sorry to admit, is not the case in our school. Your

magazine was completed with some very good jokes. We can not resist printing this clever one:

"By the shores of Cuticura
By the sparkling Pluto Water,
Lived the Prophylactic Chicklet,
Danderine, fair Buick's daughter.
She was loved by Instant Postum
Son of Sunkist and Victrola,
Heir apparent of the Mazda
Of the tribe of Coca-Cola.

Through the Tanlac strolled the lovers
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered
"Lovely little Wriggley Chicklet,"
Were the words of Instant Postum,
"No Pyrene can quench the fire,
Nor Aspirin can still the heartache.
Oh, my Prestolite desire.
Let us marry, little Djer Kiss."

"The Arrow"—Midland, Pa.—Just think! This wide-awake paper had eleven stories in its March number. Isn't that fine? The editorial "Woodrow Wilson," was very true. Woodrow Wilson will without doubt hold a very high place in the hearts of all. The other editorial, "Freak Magazines," was good, as it brought forth the fact that reading poor literature would lower the moral standard of the twentieth century. We agree that the reading of poor literature should be discouraged. The other departments of the "Arrow" also claimed our praise.

"Panorama"—Binghamton, New York—It is a delight to receive your magazine. The paper and printing alone invite one to read it and the cover for the Easter issue was especially attractive. The stories, school news, jokes and everything else helped make your paper a success. "The Rose" was the best story in this number, according to our opinion. Editorials are necessary to any school paper. Yet sometimes subjects are chosen which do not in the least interest High School students. We congratulate your staff on the choice of suitable subjects. The Exchange Department certainly is extensive. We eagerly await your next issue.

"The Spokesman"—Tyrone, Pa.—"The Stained Window" was an excellent story. The author should be complimented on such a fine plot. The Athletic Department was of

special interest to us. It contained the summaries of the sixth district championship games. In large black letter we read, "Johnstown wins from Tyrone High—final game of tournament." How near to and yet how far we both were from the championship of the state. Your April Fool joke was clever. We wager that everyone in the school was caught on that one. Come again—you are always welcome.

As Others See Us.

Red and Blue—McKeesport, Pa.—

(Scene from the Police Court)

Magistrate—Mr. Spectator from Johnstown next on the docket. You are dismissed on account of such a fine literary department. Will you please call again next month?

The Piquonian—Piqua, Ohio—Spectator, Johnstown, Pa.—So you enjoy holding receptions in your high school gymnasium? Evidently! We would advise others interested in exchanges to notice the Spectator.

The Panorama—Binghamton, N. Y.—Spectator, Johnstown, Pa.—The Christmas number is very artistic and well arranged. Ruthless Rimes are very clever. The jokes also are of an unusual quality. The Senior Number is particularly interesting.

The Norwin—Irwin, Pa.—Spectator, Johnstown, Pa.—The literary department was an especially good feature of your February number. We do not often find six good stories in one issue. Your cartoon artists certainly deserve praise for their work.

The Mountain Echo—Altoona, Pa.—The Spectator from Johnstown had a fine literary department. Every story was worth reading, though many of them were very short.

The Canoe—Punxsutawney, Pa.—The Spectator, Johnstown H. S., Johnstown, Pa.—Your jokes are exceedingly good. Your literary is well developed.

The Spectator—Vandergrift, Pa.—The Spectator, Johnstown, Pa.—Senior number is interesting as are all senior numbers of your magazine. It seems unusual to have a class of 23½ because it is not practical in Vandergrift.

Green Witch—Greenwich, Conn.—Spectator—Your Senior number was most interesting. We thoroughly enjoyed seeing what our Johnstown friends look like and learning their hobbies.

Lore—Lewistown, Pa.—The Spectator, Johnstown, Pa.—

Your literary department is splendid. A few cuts at the heads of departments would make your magazine more attractive. The poetry is very good. Why not have a few more editorials? "Just a Moment" is clever.

The Argus—Huntingdon, Pa.—Miss Spectator, from Johnstown, seemed so happy and looked as if she wanted to talk. She had just graduated and had brought all the pictures of her class friends to show us. She told us all about them—what they wanted to do after graduating or where they wanted to go to school and also what they liked. Some jokes ended her merry speech.

St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Spectator—"This magazine proved very interesting. There were quite a number of short stories, and they evinced unusual care in preparation. "Dear Cousin Dorothy" impressed us most favorably. It was written in a natural, not strained style. "Character vs. Basketball" and "The Broken Rule" are also deserving of mention. "The Beauty Spot" was a rather good description of a sylvan scene, although it was hardly exceptional. Of the two editorials that were in this issue, "To the Incoming Students" was the better. But we thought that it was written in rather too fatherly a vein than the topic warranted. The various departments were well conducted though we cannot forbear to suggest that they be made a trifle larger and correspondingly more complete. And we would also advise that in your exchange column, instead of briefly commenting on some twenty of your exchanges, you would, each month, thoroughly review five or six. Yours is a very fine magazine, excellently arranged and quite attractive. We congratulate you on a very successful court team.

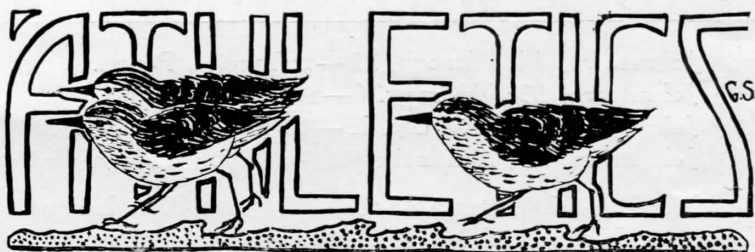
The Class of Twenty-Four

Timid??	John Saylor
Humorous	Florence Varner
Efficient	Donald Buchanan
Congenial	Eileen Bittner
Literary	Harriet Hosmer
Ambitious	Margaret Eckel
Studious	Mary E. Furry
Sincere	Alice Lambert
Original	Betty Monaghan
Friendly	Florence McConaughy
Natural	Fritz Moore
Interesting	Rebecca Miles
Noisy	Blair Baker
Early	John Skelley
Temperamental	Kathryn Young
Enthusiastic	Albert Horner
Energetic	Marion Kress
Naghty	John Grady
Talkative	Ethel Murphy
Witty	Carl Brandler
Earnest	Harold Eldridge
Neat	Nina Bader
Talented	Hannah Head
Youthful	Rebecca Cook
Formal	Dorothy Hamilton
Optimistic	Ruth Ashman
Unusual	Rose Bruckner
Romantic	Lillian Marshall

S. E. B., '24



DRAMATIC CLASSES



The 1923-24 basketball season for Johnstown High was brought to a close when we were defeated by Nanticoke High in the semi-finals of the State College tournament by a 43 to 29 score. The past season was a very successful one, the team winning twenty-four and losing but five games and scoring a total of 1135 points to our opponents 662. We won the championship of Divisions Five and Six of the Pennsylvania inter-scholastic Athletic Association and reached the semi-finals for the State Championship. The members of the team were given a banquet at the High School, April 9, at which time sweaters, medals and letters were presented to the guests. The following is the record of our team:

Johnstown, 71; Alumni, 29—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 49; Windber, 14—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 35; Conemaugh, 20—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 34; Conemaugh, 26—at Conemaugh, Penna.
 Johnstown, 37; Huntingdon, 19—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 24; Westmont, 28—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 31; Westmont, 23—at Westmont, Penna.
 Johnstown, 22; Windber, 25—at Windber, Penna.
 Johnstown, 26; Salisbury, 28—at Salisbury, Penna.
 Johnstown, 33; Hollidaysburg, 28—at Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 Johnstown, 55; Mt. Union, 20—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 60; Indiana High, 25—at Indiana, Penna.
 Johnstown, 55; Altoona, 17—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 53; Latrobe, 15—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 25; Indiana Normal, 20—at Indiana, Penna.
 Johnstown, 52; Salisbury, 32—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 40; Hollidaysburg, 35—at Johnstown, Pa.
 Johnstown, 37; Altoona, 17—at Altoona, Penna.
 Johnstown, 0; Lock Haven, 2—at Lock Haven, Penna.
 Johnstown, 37; St. Patrick, 14—at Mt. Savage, Md.
 Johnstown, 47; Lock Haven, 18—at Johnstown, Penna.
 Johnstown, 29; Latrobe, 17—at Latrobe, Penna.
 Johnstown, 47; Westmont, 23—at Altoona, Penna.

Johnstown, 44; Altoona, 22—at Tyrone, Penna.

Johnstown, 33; Tyrone, 26—at Tyrone, Penna.

Johnstown, 49; Salisbury, 23—at Connellsville, Penna.

Johnstown, 29; Nanticoke, 43—at State College, Penna.

The Diefenbach team of the Girls' Inter-class League of Johnstown High won the pennant, the team going through their schedule without losing a single game.

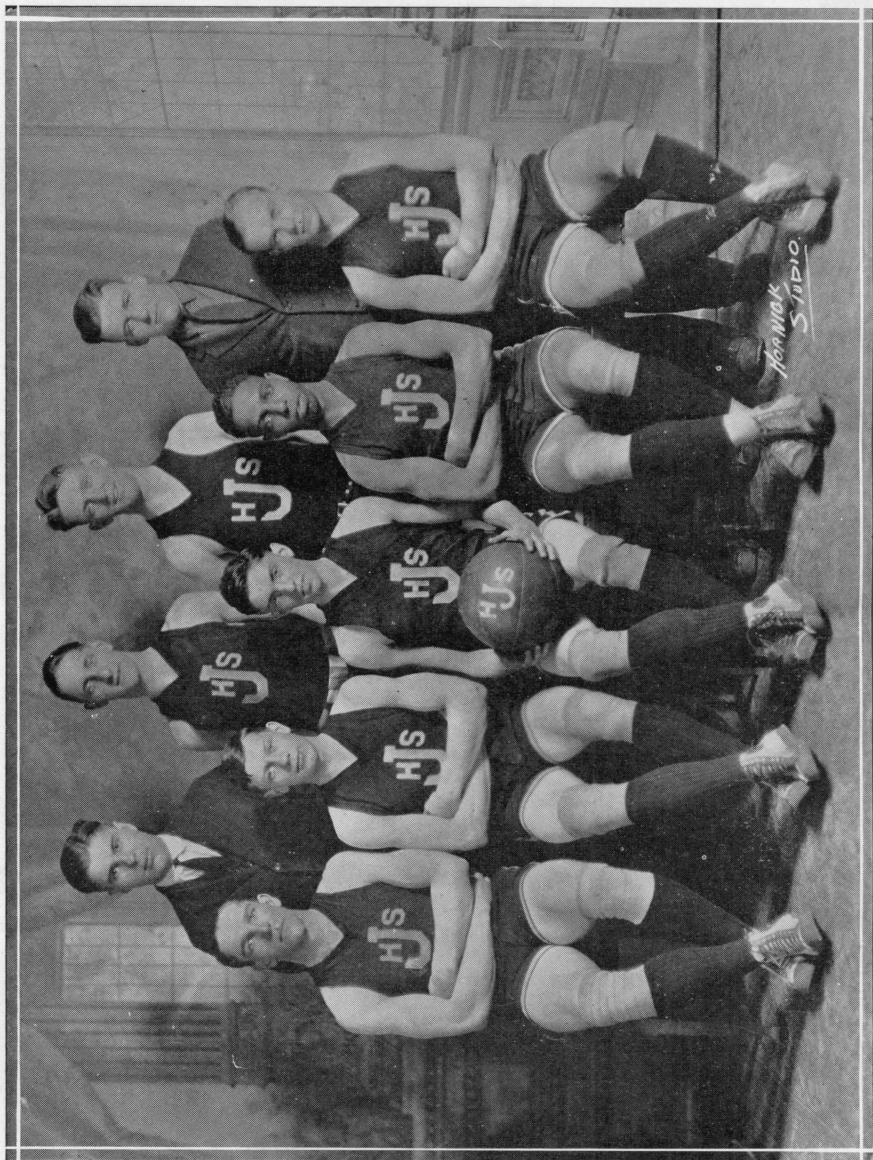
With the basketball season now a thing of the past Johnstown High turns its attention toward track athletics. George Snell will be track coach and M. Horschak, manager. Among the candidates who are showing up well in various events are:

Springs—Luttringer, Harris and Krider.

High Jump—Weigel and O'Connor.

Hurdles—Harris.

Mile run and half mile—Sargent, Pacina, Resley, Griffith and Lepira.



BASKET BALL TEAM



ALUMNI NOTES



To the members of the class of 1924, who will soon be in alumni ranks, the Alumni Association extends a most hearty welcome. With this welcome go the sincere wishes that each one may find in their future endeavors a useful and successful career.

1908—Mrs. Carl Ziff (Florence Glenn, '08) and her two children are visiting relatives and friends in the city. Mrs. Ziff was formerly a member of the High School faculty.

1914—Mrs. Esther Hykes, (Alice Harris, '13) spent several weeks in the city. Mrs. Hykes has been making her home in Denver, Col.

At an election recently held by the Johnstown branch of the American Association of University Women, Sara Smith, '15, was elected Secretary. The retiring officers were Mary D. Glenn, '13, and Margaret Evans, '13.

1918—Miss Helen Ripple, '18, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Jordan D. Ripple, of Oak Street, and Mr. Russel H. Mavis, of Cleveland, Ohio, were united in marriage Saturday morning, May 11, in the parlors of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. C. C. Hays officiating. Mrs. Mavis is a graduate of the Cleveland Kindergarten Training School. Since her graduation she has been teaching in the Kindergartens of the city. Mr. Mavis is a graduate of Kenyon College. Their home will be in Cleveland.

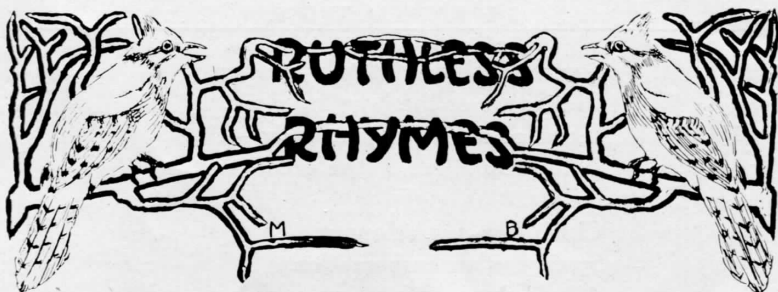
1920-22—On March 27, Anna Frank, '22, and Francis Moore,

'20, talked before the student body during the chapel exercises on their experiences at Goucher College. Their remarks proved most interesting.

1920—Miss Phyllis Hinchliffe, a former student of the High School, and John S. Mitchell, '20, were married in Cumberland, Md., on April 8, the Rev. Mr. Charles, pastor of the United Brethren Church of Cumberland, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell will make their home in Moxham.



FACULTY



THE FUTURE OF '24

Now that all reviews are over,
All the tension's now relieved,
Every Senior breathes more freely—
They such freedom ne'er conceived.

Take a look into the future,
Find out what fate holds in store,
Hoping 'twill be fame and fortune
For the class of '24.

Here is seen a famous preacher,
Here a lawyer, stern and gruff.
Now and then a dashing captain
Accompanied by a cowboy rough.

On the next page Princeton's crew
Rides upon the bubbling foam.
Take a hard look, not a glance,
Can't you see they're boys from home.

This is like a family album
For its pictures tell a tale—
Now could one e'er be mistaken
In that youth? He goes to Yale.

Once in "High" a valiant player
Led his team with zest and fire.
To become a famous coach
Was his mightiest desire.

Here in stately garb and mein
Stands a nurse, the aid of all,
And beside her stands a doctor
Stiff, unbending as a wall.

See that tall and stately maiden
 Bending o'er the heaping desk,
 Head of an important daily—
 A leading sheet of the great west.

China has a missionary,
 Spain has an ambassador.
 All are here, there, everywhere
 From the class of '24.

R. P., '25½.

O! marvel at the Senior,
 He lives a life of east.
 He has the honor of the land
 And the freedom of the "seize."

R. P., '25½.

THE CHARGE OF THE RADIO BRIGADE

Half a point on the dial,
 Half a point onwards.
 In a silence of Death
 Tuned the two thousand hundreds.

Batteries to the right of them,
 Batteries to the left of them,
 Batteries in front of them
 Sputtered and thundered!
 Stormed at like shot and shell,
 Boldly they tuned and well,
 Only one question to dismay—
 Could they reach WFAA?

E. H.

Our seniors are going to leave us,
 Their diplomas we must hand them.
 We hope they have learned enough so they
 Can talk so common people can't understand them.

Hassel hasn't worked much in High School,
 But it seems his ambitions grow finer.
 We hear he has got himself a job
 Calling stations on an Atlantic liner.

In the senior class are athletes, scholars,
Actors, artists, authors and sports,
But many who appear to be "big guns"
Surprise us by their poor reports.

TO 1924

We know we'll miss you, '24,
You've helped us all along—
And though the way was rough and sore
You've kept on with a song.

You've carried on the ideals
And the mottoes of the past.
You've done your best; and to some end
Have the seeds of honor cast.

But now you've gone we wish you well,
May glory on you shine,
And life for you—not bleak and drear—
But one rare summertime.

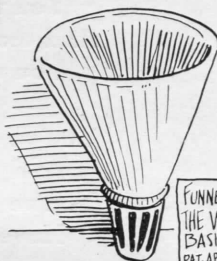
R. P., '25½.

"Just a moment!"

"SENIOR NUMBER - 1924"



"science and invention"



FUNNELS FOR THE WASTE BASKETS - PAT. APPL. FOR

OUR OWN ART GALLERY



SENIOR ADVICE



TO CREATE THAT SENIOR AIR, ALWAYS RECLINE GRACEFULLY IN THE SEAT. THIS INDICATES TO TEACHER THAT YOU ARE A SENIOR AND DO NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED. (TRY TO DO IT.)

things we rarely see!



radio dept



THE SENIOR



HIDE BEHIND NEAREST CORNER — WAIT FOR AN OPEN SPACE — THEN DASH LIGHTLY TO NEXT CORNER. POISE ON TOES OF RIGHT FOOT FOR QUICK START.





Senior—My brains are on the blink. I forget everything.

Junior—You should get some one to re-mind you.

Money talks, but it never gives itself away.

—Goblin.

The dumbest belle we've found yet is the one who thinks a bridal party has to do with horses.

Justice—How did those hundred bootleggers escape?

Jailor—They just formed a rough line and filed out.—Froth.

Mim—Better bail out the boat, she's half full.

Mam—'Salright, it'll run over, soon's she's full.—Ex.

Two Scots were fishing but were new at the game.

"Got a bite yet, Jock?"

"Naw," said Jock, "I don't believe my worm's half trying."—Panther.

Belle—Shall we tango?

Hoppe—It's all the same to me.

Belle—Yes. I noticed that.—Ex.

Crushing

"Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled."

"Gwan wid yez!"

"Well, if ye don't believe me, come and see what the steam roller did to it."



YOUNG MEN OF TODAY

They realize the importance of impression—and the part it has to play in their lives. And so they school themselves in looking their best at all times. A big percentage of these young men in Johnstown turn to this big store and its matchless service. We have a specialized Young Men's Department.

Woolf & Reynolds, Inc.

"CLOTHES THAT SATISFY"

EARL V. KIDD

CANDY AND ICE CREAM SANDWICHES
SOFT DRINKS

OPPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL

Phone No. 783-L

At the Cross-Roads

He bumped into her car.

"I held my hand out," declared the girl indignantly.

"Such a tiny hand," murmured the young man. "No wonder I didn't see it."

Then the traffic cop waved them both along.

Visitor—Does Mr. Poole, the student, live here?

Landlady—Well, Mr. Poole lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman.—Ex.



*Beautiful
Summer
Footwear*

\$2.97

and **\$3.97**

GLOSSER BROS.

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"



The Man Who Knows

THE discriminating use of *White House Coffee* has made the erstwhile hasty breakfast—of thousands of busy business men—a function to linger over—that its invigorating deliciousness may be enjoyed to the fullest.

"None Better at Any Price"

1, 3 and 5 lb. Packages—It is Never Sold in Bulk

DWINELL - WRIGHT CO. BOSTON - CHICAGO

The Ryan-Correll Co.

SOMERSET

JOHNSTOWN

BARNESBORO

Wholesale Distributors

MATERIAL SALES CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF "BILTOSTONE" STUCCO

BUILDERS SUPPLIES

Office Phone 88

Factory Phone 5828-B

OFFICE 528 SWANK BUILDING

Captain—What are you scratching your head for, Rufus?

Colored Private—I got arithmetic bugs on my head, suh.

Captain—What are arithmetic bugs?

C. P.—Dat's cooties.

Captain—Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?

C. P.—Well, suh, dey add to my misery, dey subtract from my pleasure, divide my attention, and dey multiply like the dickens.—Ex.

Silver Dollar—I'm bigger than you are.

Copper Penny—Yes, but I go to church.

Schade *and* Nelson



SPORTING AND
ATHLETIC GOODS



EASTMAN KODAKS

126 Market St.

Opp. Post Office

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Summer Frocks



Printed Frocks Reflect The Spirit of Spring

Alive—gay—really nothing could seem to possess the verve of Spring any more than these printed frocks do. Whether they're in plaid or Roman striped designs; whether they are very straight in long tunic effects or semi-bouffant with the fullness in front they're equally smart and fashion-right. They are ideal for afternoon wear, particularly, and you may select from a number of distinctive styles, and

Prices Are Right.

John Thomas & Sons

520-624 MAIN ST.

Miller's CLOTHES

Where Quality and Value Meet

Pat—Do you know that ten men fell from a ten story building and not one was hurt.

Mike—How's that?

Pat—They were all killed.

Advice

Gather kisses while ye may,
Time brings only sorrow;
For the girls in the halls today
Are the chaperones of to-morrow.

COMPLIMENTS OF

CHARLES W. DAVIDSON

Manager

METROPOLITAN LIFE INS. CO.

New York

At Graduation Time

With school days ended graduates are asking themselves "What of the future?" Practical plans for the NOW mingle in their thoughts with visions seen beyond.

These visions need not be unattainable dreams. The "WILL TO WIN" makes dreams come true.

Enthusiasm and determination are the great spurs to success. Young men, young women—all who are starting out in life today—direct your enthusiasm wisely—make your determination sincere!

This institution encourages and co-operates with young people. We advise all to get the SAVE—AND—BANK habit early and stick to it through life.

It pays!

**Pennsylvania
Trust Co.**

Of Johnstown, Penna.

First National Bank

"THE BANK ON THE CORNER"

Main and Franklin Sts.
Johnstown, Pa.

TOTAL RESOURCES
\$15,000,000.00

Largest Financial Institution in Cambria County
Ready for Service—Large or Small

We Solicit Your Accounts
We Pay Interest on Savings

We Send Money
Anywhere

We Sell Steamship Tickets
To All Ports

MAKE THIS YOUR BANK

Willie's Last Question.

Willie—Mamma, will you answer just one more question?
Then I won't ask any more.

Mother—All right, then. What is it?

Willie—Why is it that the little fishes don't drown before
they learn to swim?—Ex.

Binks (in the show)—Nice song, eh? Do you know the
chorus?

Jinks—Not so loud, my wife is with me. I know the
little blond on the end.—Ex.

For Quality--

Try Standard Bottling Co.

SOFT DRINKS

Wm. Krieger, Prop.

City Phone 2659-L



"Drive"

the new

V-63

Expect Great Things—Then Experience Them

The unequalled smoothness of its harmonized V-Type eight cylinder engine; the safety of Cadillac Four-Wheel Brakes; the remarkable power, speed and riding comfort of the new V-63—these qualities cannot be estimated. —They are the "revelation of a ride."

CADILLAC

Standard of the World

Johnstown Automobile Company
DISTRIBUTORS

V-63

THE man who conquers
in the strife

And leads his fellows is the
man

With wit enough to plan his
life

And grit enough to live his
plan.

TITLE TRUST AND GUARANTEE CO.

Johnstown, Pa.

An Unusual Mother

She—Why do you say she is an unusual mother?

He—Because when her son was married last night I
heard her say the bride was really worthy of him.—Copied.

Applicant—Will the manager see me before I go out?

Office Boy—No, he saw you before you came in.—P. B.

Robber 1—Gee, I can't see a thing in this alley.

Robber 2—Me neither. Must be one of these blind al-
leys we've heard so much about.—Sun Dial.

COMPLIMENTS OF
OF

Vendome Cafe

409 MAIN ST.

511 Locust Street

Johnstown, Penna.

S. M. IRWIN

DISTRICT AGENT

*State Capital Savings
and
Loan Association*



Resources \$11,600,000.00

**5% Certificates Tax Free****Mortgage Loans**

Call, Write or Phone for Booklet

City Phone 6048

Bell Phone 113

Getting Ahead

To get ahead and stay ahead you must save.

Whatever your aim in life, a savings account represents your real resources. Let this bank be of service to you. One dollar will start your account.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK

Home Savings Banks for the Little Folks

No Words Wasted

A teacher in Illinois set for her pupils the task of writing a composition about the Sagamon River, which flows through the town and told them to say at least three things about the river. The shortest and pithiest was as follows:

"The Sagamon River: I have lived near it, I have skated over it, I have fallen into it.—Stolen.

Burggraf—What makes that red spot on your nose?

Brandler—Glasses.

Burggraf—Glasses of what?

LET'S MEET AND EAT AT THE

Coffee Mill

310 MARKET STREET

Luncheon 11 till 2 p. m.

Dinner 5 till 7 p. m.

MARGUERITE EAKLE

Galliker's

Quality

Ice Cream

Phone - 350

Johnstown Real Estate Co.

WALTER C. SWANK

COAL AND TIMBER LANDS

FIRE INSURANCE

A SAFE PLACE TO BUY OR SELL

235 FRANKLIN ST.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A Mind of His Own

Judge—The jury finds you guilty.

Prisoner—That's all right, judge. I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say.

Ralph—Say, did you know that I belong to the Sceptic's Society?

John R.—No. What's the latest?

Ralph H.—Well, last night I tested out the theory that chewing gum loses its flavor on the bed-post over night and proved it false.—O. I. See.

*Patronize
Our Advertisers!*

*High School Girls Who
Buy Their Clothes at*

Widener's Style Center

Know that their costumes are in the very latest
mode, well made and very

REASONABLY PRICED!

That's why so many of them shop here.

WIDENER'S
—*Johnstown's Style Center*—
527 MAIN STREET

Lee-Strauss Co.

Wholesale Druggists

Largest between Philadelphia
and Pittsburg

Little Sam was sitting on the stairs watching a violent thunderstorm, with evident delight.

"What yo' all doin' out in the rain?" called his mother.

"O, Mammy," he cried, "I was sittin' heah and the Lawd done took a flashlight of me."

Edith—Papa is immensely pleased to hear you are a poet.

Ferdy—Is he?

Edith—Oh, very—the last of my lovers he tried to lick was a football player.

COMPLIMENTS

H. G. Sheeler & Son

622 Franklin St.

QUALITY GROCERIES

We Deliver to all parts of the City

Phone 5477-5478

Pay by Check

It is the modern way to handle funds—because it saves time and money. It gives you an exact record of what you pay out, eliminates mistakes in amount and embarrassment or loss. It aids intelligent operation of your “budget,” and always shows where you stand.

But Heed These Precautions:

Write checks properly, **in ink**—filling blank spaces. Never use a check on which erasure has been necessary.

Open a Checking Account with

The Johnstown Trust Company

“A Modern Commercial Bank as
Well as a Trust Company”

HAVE YOU TRIED

*Samoset's Cloth of
Gold Chocolates*

A Wonderful Assortment of Fruits and Nuts

On Sale at Your Favorite Retail Store

W. E. Johnson & Co.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS

572 Vine Street

Johnstown, Pa.

First Flea—What makes you so thin?

Second Ditto—All run down; been on a contortionist for three weeks.—Swiped.

He—I notice you're not eating much candy nowadays.

Fiancee—No. I've pretty nearly gotten out of the habit since I've been going with you.—Stolen.

She—Hello, Jack, how are you?

He—Wonderful, thanks.

She—Well, I'm glad someone thinks so.—Y. R.

No matter what your travel requirements are, we can meet them.

Call or inquire for details.

B. HENDLER

Foreign Exchange Banker and Steamship Ticket Agency

326-30 Washington Street

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Telephones Bell 498. City 752

"An ever-growing patronage tells our story"



Valley
Engraving
& Co.
JOHNSTOWN
PENN.

• DESIGNERS •
• ILLUSTRATORS •
• ENGRAVERS •

Ⓢ
A FULLY-EQUIPPED
PHOTO ENGRAVING PLANT
AND AN EFFICIENT ART
DEPT. GUARANTEE WORK
OF THE HIGHEST ORDER
Ⓢ
FINE LINE HALF-TONE
AND COLOR WORK
ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR
ADVERTISING

OUR POLICY IS NOT
"HOW CHEAP"
BUT
"HOW WELL"

IN JOHNSTOWN SINCE 1904

W. B. SEIBERT

STOCKS AND BONDS

403-404-405 Johnstown Trust Building
JOHNSTOWN, PA.Direct Private Wire to
LAWRENCE J. DIETZ & CO.Members
CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE
of New York**Jewelry Advertisement**

Bailey, Banks and Biddle Co.

Watches for Women of Superior Design and Perfection
of Movement.

Health Hint—After eating onions, look at tomorrow's
Math. assignment and it will take the breath away.

She—"Why did you get these tickets for row E?"He—"Didn't you ask for tickets in some row between
H and L?"

COMPLIMENTS OF

Johnstown Dry Goods Co.

Notice.

We take this method of extending our sincere thanks to the firemen who so courageously fought the fire in our baking establishment last Sunday evening, and were successful in preventing great losses to our neighbors.

We also express our sincere thanks to those who offered assistance, and to those who offered professional services, trucks and equipment that patrons of Ferndale Baked Goods might be served the same as usual.

Our other plant, a few doors above, is taking care of our trade, but we will be hampered until installation of a new electric oven on the second floor, which will require a few days, when Ferndale Cookies and Pastries will again be on the market. Grocers will serve the public Ferndale Bread in plain wrapping paper until regular Ferndale wrappers are received.

Hammer & Waring Bakery

The McCloskey Co.

DRY CLEANERS AND DYERS

TAILORING AND PRESSING

Phone 2770

106 Market Street

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bits of Truth, Humor and Wit.

Many a man would like to parade his virtues, but it takes too many to make a parade.

The fellow who elopes with a girl must later on wrack his brains to learn what he was in such a deuce of a hurry about.

Kellogg's

MOTHERS BREAD
AND
FRENCH BREAD
UNSURPASSED FOR
ITS QUALITY
AT YOUR GROCERS

Mrs.—Have you ever swept under the davenport?

Maid—Yes, mum, everything.—P. P.

"That man has a rabbit farm."

"He must lead a hare-raising life."—Sun Dial.

F. A. NORTH CO.

SUCCESSORS TO PORCH BROS., INC.

LESTER PIANOS

LEONARD PIANOS

VICTOR TALKING MACHINES

237 Franklin Street

Johnstown, Pa.

Cambria CORDS

JOHNSTOWN TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Mister McGinty owned a goat. One fine Monday morning the tax-collector called at the door and after ending his assessment of the property, he added—"and one dollar tax for the goat."

Mister McGinty—"How do you get that way?"

The Tax Collector—"Well, that's the law. I'll read ye—fifty cents for all front feet abutting and abounding on this street."

Have you heard that one about the chocolate pie? Well, it's rich.—Ex.

COMPLIMENTS OF
HARRY T. CORRELL

L. L. LAMBERT

306 Swank Building

Real Estate
Automobile and Fire Insurance

Any girl can be nice in a coupe,
In a taxi they all can be jolly,
But the girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When you're taking her home in a trolley.

Rastus—"Ah can't get this spot off'n yo' trousers."

Student—"Have you tried gasoline?"

Rastus—"Yas, suh."

Student—"Have you tried ammonia?"

Rastus—"Naw, suh, but I'm almost sure they'll fit."

Millinery

For
OUTING
WEAR

Neal's

JOHNSTOWN'S
LARGEST
MILLINERY
SHOP

THE CAPITAL HOTEL
and
THE Y. M. C. A. CAFETERIA
TWO GOOD PLACES TO EAT

Little Willie—"I don't want to go to that d—— school anymore!"

Father (who is a bricklayer)—"Why, Willie, where did you ever learn such a word as that?"

L. W.—"Why, William Shakespeare uses words like that."

Father—"Well, then, quit running around with him."

COMPLIMENTS

LUTTRINGER CLOTHING COMPANY

MEN'S, YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING

MEN'S FURNISHINGS AND HATS

MAIN STREET

Philosopher—Watch and you'll see a pretty little dicky bird come out."

Modern Child—Oh, don't be a fool—expose your plate and let's get this over.

VIERING'S
Prescription Pharmacy

Corner Horner and Poplar Sts.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

COMPLIMENTS

Of

R. F. MARSHALL, D. S. C.**CHIROPODIST AND FOOT SPECIALIST**

Room 1009 U. S. Bank Bldg.

Tel. 6573-J

The young lady palmist at the church bazaar said to one of her girl clients: "I see by your hand you are to be married."

"Wonderful," said the girl.

"You are engaged to a man named Wilkins," continued the amateur seer.

"How amazing," gasped the girl. "Surely the lines in my palm cannot reveal the name—"

"Lines," sniffed the palmist. "Who said anything about lines? You're wearing the ring I returned to Mr. Wilkins three weeks ago."

C. A. Young Co.*Manufacturers of***DIXIE****SAUSAGE****PRODUCTS**

BECKLEY COLLEGE

of

Commerce and Finance**HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY****SECRETARIAL SCIENCE****SHORTHAND, ETC.**

Charles R. Beckley, Pres.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Free Catalog

Agent (selling radio sets)—“I have something here that will bring the world to your door.”

Jones—“How much a quart?”

An Irishman, seeing a fish of unusual size on the shore, looked at it for a few minutes, and turning to a bystander, remarked: “The fellow that caught that fish is a liar.”

Stude—“I want these trousers pressed.”

Tailor—“Do you want a receipt?”

Stude—“No alterations, sir.”

A KODAK—KREDELS!

All the new types shown—large and small. Our practical photography experience qualifies us as experts in explaining the operation and finishing process. Own a Kodak. We have the kind that meets your needs.

Kredel's Drug Store

412 Main Street

Compliments of the
Somerset Dairy Cooperation
 228 Locust St.

"Every Patron a Partner"

The Frost Is On the Pumpkin
 (A Play in One Act)

Cast: A maiden, a beautifully arrayed dumbell companion, and a farmer.

Setting: On the farm.

Dialogue: Farmer—"So ye're a'ter nuts, air ye, miss? Wall, ye got a durn good decoy."

"EVERYTHING GAS AND ELECTRICAL"

The people of this community are familiar with this slogan. It means guaranteed products and workmanship. Whether a large contract or a small repair job, the attention given is met with the same care.

We carry all the newest lighting fixtures and the most modern appliance and our prices are reasonable.

TOWZEY-PHILLIPS & CO.

"Everything Gas and Electric."

Main and Walnut Streets

Phone 980

Wife (reading newspaper)—It says here that men grow bald because of the intense activity of their brains.

Hubby—Exactly. And women have no whiskers because of the intense activity of their chins.—Copied.

Better Furniture For Less
The Geis Store

KLINE'S—The Quality Store at City Hall Square

Quality---

Coats, Suits, Dresses
Exclusive But Not Expensive

KLINE'S

"Let's kiss and make up,"
I was saying to Hon,
When she answered me coolly,
"I do neither one."

"Is the editor particular?"
"I'll say! He raves if he finds a period upside down."

They sat for hours beneath the trees,
Such idleness is crime,
The girl sat on the fellow's knees,
They call that "Lapse of Time."

Sheesley Supply Co.

**BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES**

City Phone 2094

Bell Phone 1079-J

Park Building, Johnstown, Pa.

Photographs of Distinction



TURGEON
The Mark of Distinctive Photography

Bob—I took first prize in school to-day, Pop.

Father—That's good! Let me see it?

Boy—"Aw! The teacher saw me take it and she made me put it back again."

After Graduation

Senior—Well, I certainly worked hard for my diploma.

Alumnus—Never mind. You probably won't work for a long time after you get it.

Music—Here's your vaccination song.

Writer—Whadaya mean, vaccination?

Music—It didn't take.—Ex.

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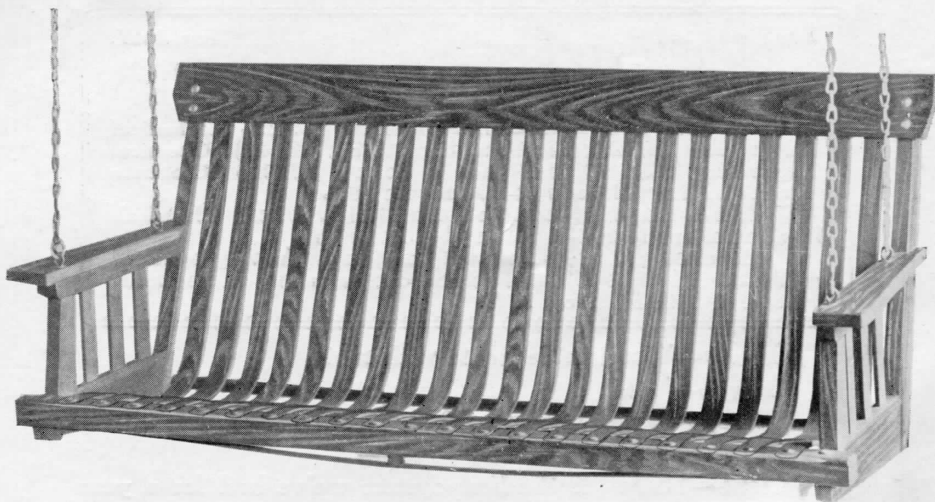
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Alice Urban: It's a beautiful tale.

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Fanned—No. I had my mouth open.—Swiped.

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Google—Yeah.

Barney—Where's your car?—Frivol.

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Nit—Did I ever show you where I was tatoood?

Wit—No.

Nit—Well, we can drive around that way.



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Anna: Bill, on your trip to Africa were the cannibals kind hearted?

Bill: Oh, yes, very! They wanted to keep me for dinner.

Cy—I heerd Jos Perkins is in bed with hay fever.

Ed—Yes, he caught it in town, dancing with a grass winder.—L. P.

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Hap—No.

Mary—That's one on you.

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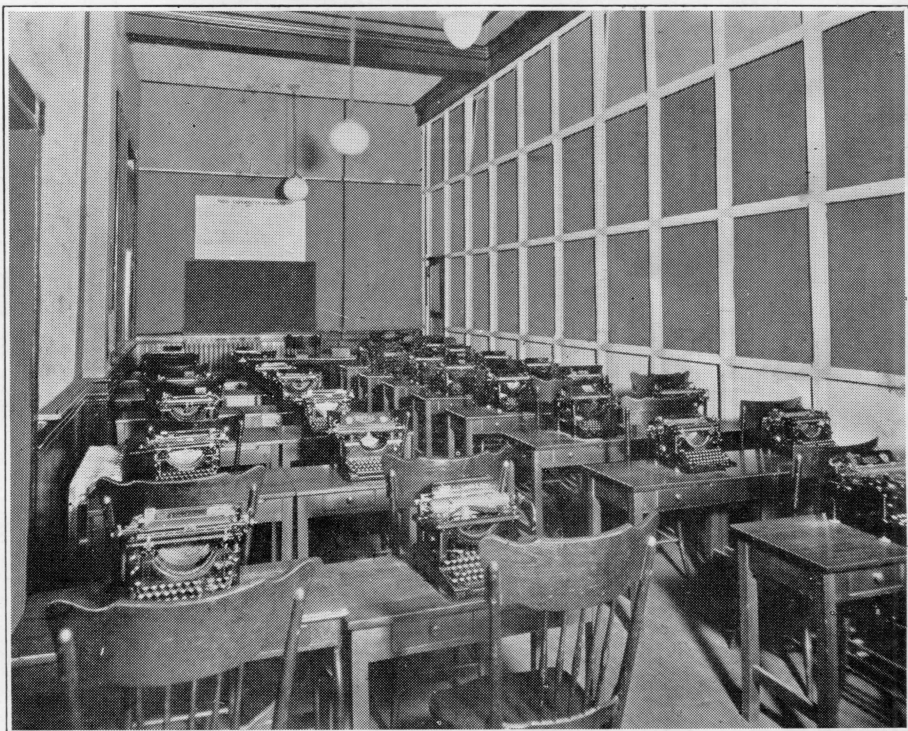
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Sutton Johnson - 'Sark'
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John Grady - 'Irish'
Mina Bader - 'Moc'
Margaret Barnes - 'Peg'
Carl Brandler - 'Senator'
Mason Bowman - 'Mae'
Robert Burgeff - 'Bob'

notes
Kerrietta Hailey of
Petrahe spent the week of
July 16 to 23 in Johnston
visiting her friends Alice
Barringer of 206 South St.
Kathryn Esler of 622 Hood
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