







As the People of the Johnstown Trade Area Buy--

they logically look for the news of their favorite shops and stores in The Tribune. They know that every day the advertising news of progressive merchants is found in The Tribune, and it is a guide and directory to the latest sales opportunities for all the community.

There is great reader interest in the advertisements in The Tribune as well as in the general news of the world and the special features.



ISAN NAMESTAN NAME (SA CANADA





PREPSTER LONGIES

"A Suit Like Big Brother's"

- —Full of style in the new loose-fitting English model coat, wide bottom trousers. Vest cut medium high, for the lad from 12 to 16 years of age.
- —Nathan's Men's Store as usual has the new things
- —Made in the new shades of biscuit and English grays.

Priced at

18.00

An Extra Pair of Trousers, If You Want Them, at \$4.00

Nathan's Men's Store

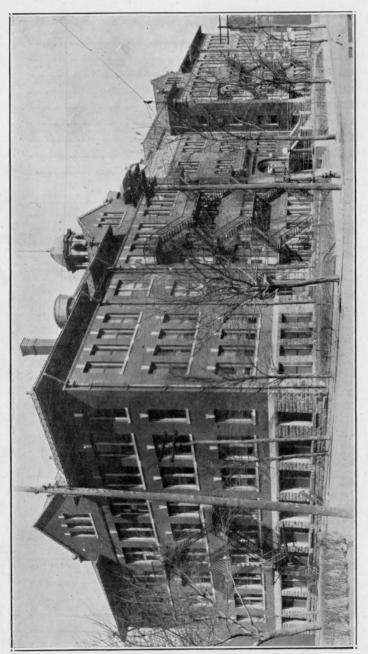
The Spectator Senior High School

June, 1925

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

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SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Dedication

TO our fathers and mothers, through whose untiring efforts and unselfish interests we have been able to complete our four years of high school, we, the class of 1925, dedicate this, our Senior Spectator.

Appreciation

E, the class of 1925, wish to express to the faculty our appreciation for their guidance and help in making our high school work successful.

Senior Program

Senior Chapel—May 26, 1925 High School Auditorium

Senior Vacation-May 26 to June 3, 1925

Baccalaureate Sermon Rev. C. C. Gohn, D. D. Vine Street United Brethren Church

Class Play, "Beau Brummel"
June 1 and 2

Commencement Exercises—June 3, 1925 Cochran Junior High School

Class Motto—"He Conquers Who Conquers Himself"

Class Flower—Yellow Tea Rose and Sweet Pea

Class Colors—Old Rose and Gray

Class of 1925

HIGHEST HONOR

JOSEPHINE PAUL GERMAINE CARNES THEODORE BUHL

HIGH HONOR

WILLIAM ROBERTSON SAM TEITELMAN IDA RABINOWITZ BETTY HOFFMAN JOSEPH PRUCNAL LULA GINDLESPERGER ROBERT DUNMYER ROBERT WRIGHT MARY DIBERT VALERIE ROONEY RALPH MOSTOLLER

HONOR

EVELYN SNABLY
HELEN OVERDORF
JOANNA WALBECK
DOROTHY KLAHRE
MARGARET HOGUE
HAZEL FETTERMAN
SARA BLOUGH
ROSE ALICE CURRAN
JAMES HARRIS
DOROTHY HANEY
MARY HERTLEIN
TOM KREDEL
JOSEPHINE WALLING

Class Officers



President LUKE RHOADS



Vice President ROSE MARY FLINN



Secretary BETTY HOFFMAN



Treasurer ROBERT DUNMYER



PAUL ABELE

"Lank"

Banker Interclass Gym Exhibition Student Council

"He who appreciates contentment is wealthy."



HARVEY ANKENY

"Ank"

Band—Four Years Orchestra—Two Years Dramatic Club—Two Plays "Beau Brummel"

"I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives."



RAYMOND ANTHONY

"Bud"

Basketball Track Surveying A-B Club—Two Terms

"To business that we love we rise betime, And go to it with delight."



GEORGE BACH

"Johann Sebastian"

Orchestra

"His qualities are beauteous as his form."

GERTRUDE BAKER

"Baker"

A-B Club Reflector Staff Dramatic Club Girls' Chorus

"Principle ever is my motto, not expediency."



MADOLYN BAKER

"Mad"

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."



ALICE BAUMER

"Al"

Corresponding Secretary of Library Club—Two Terms Executive Committee Gym Exhibition

"She is coming with laughing eyes."



WILLIAM BAUMER

"Bill"

Football '22-'24 Basketball Track Team Surveying Club

"Now grave, now gay, but never dull."





HELEN BERKEBILE

"Berk"

School Band School Orchestra Basketry Club Girls' Orchestra

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



BRUCE BLACK

"Innocence"

Dramatic Club

"Hail, thou, who dost inspire Sweet mirth and youth."



SARA BLOUGH

"Sal"

A-B Club Reflector Staff Girl Reserves Honor Roll

"She lives for something, has a purpose and that purpose keeps in view."



BLAIR BLUE

"Mong"

Student Council Business Manager of "Reflector" Hi-Y Club

"Taste the joy That springs from labor."

BETTY BOLE

"Bessie"

"Beau Brummel" A-B Club Dramatic Club Glee Club

"She's always good natured, good humored, and free."



ETHEL BOWMAN

"Eth"

Orchestra

"For she breathes mind and music from her face:"



SAMUEL BOWMAN

"Sam"

Football '24 Basketball '23-'25 Track '24-'25 Student Council Room Banker Varsity Club

"Here comes a man of comfort; You'll find him wholesome."



ANICETA BOYLAN

"Bud"

Dramatic Club
Glee Club
Entertainment Committee for Class
Party

"With every change her features played, As aspens show the light, then shade."





IRENE BRANAGAN

"Reinie"

English Play Glee Club Room Banker Interclass Basketball

"A face with gladness overspread."



MARY BRANT

"Sally"

Interclass Basketball
"Softness and sweetness she wears."



IDA MAE BRAUGHLER

"Mae"

A-B Club

"She has a pleasant look upon her face, Which speaks of an inborn grace."



BERNADINE C. BUETTNER

"Bernie"

Glee Club Girls' Varsity Team

"Grace is in all her steps, laughter in her eyes."

THEODORE BUHL

"Ted"

President of Student Council '25 President of Junior Class '24 A-B Club—Eight Terms Banker Honor Roll

"He's young in years, and great in understanding, He has a mind that's verily commanding."



HARRIET BURGRAF

"Hal"

Girl Reserves

. . . "Around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone."



CHARLES CAPLES

"Charlie"

Hiking Club

"I live not in myself, but I become Portion of that around me."



GERMAINE CARNES

"Jerry"

A-B Club Interclass Basketball Spectator Staff '241/2 Editor-in-Chief '25 Honor Roll Salutatorian

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."





FLORENCE CHRISTENSEN

"Flossie"

Interclass Baseball Interclass Basketball

"Her heart and hand both open, For what she has she gives."



MARY HELEN CAUFFIEL

Dramatic Club—Two Plays Girl Reserves

"With hair a sunlight yellow, And eyes a morning blue."



HELEN CLARK

"Helena"

A-B Club Secretary of Girl Reserves

"She is kind-hearted, lovable and true, With a pleasant smile for all in view."



LEE CONRAD

"Lee"

Spectator Staff Assistant Track Manager '22 Mock Trials Civics Play

"His heart is merry, and his soul sincere."

MARGARETTA COVER

"Marg"

Glee Club A-B Club Reflector Staff

"The eye-lash dark, and dark brown eye; The mind expression spoke a mind In duty firm, compos'd, resign'd."



MARY CUNNINGHAM

"Pep"

President Term V Dramatic Club Student Council Ring Committee Glee Club

"I know a maid and she's dark-haired, Take care!"



ROSE ALICE CURRAN

"Ray"

A-B Club Reflector Staff Dramatic Club Interclass Basketball Gymnasium Exhibition Honor Roll

"Wit, Grace and Love in one constellation shine."



VIRGINIA CUSTER

"Jinny Jane"

Girls' Chorus Spectator Staff Sewing Exhibition Dramatic Club Nursing Club

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes."





HENRIETTA VON LUNEN DAVIS "Hiney"

Assembly Room Secretary English Playlet Tennis Club Girl Reserves

"So dainty and sweet, so fully complete, She steals our affections away."



FRANCES DE PASQUALE

"Fritzie"

Girls' Chorus Nursing Club Dramatic Club

"Whose words all ears took captive."



MARY DIBERT

"Sok" (Socrates)

Ruthless Rimes Editor A-B Club—Six Terms Honor Roll Sentiment Committee

"Modest and simple and sweet."



BLANCHE DIEHL

"Bid"

Student Council Interclass Basketball

"With thy clear keen joyance Languor cannot be; Shadow of annoyance Never came near thee."

ELEANOR DIXON

"Nell"

Interclass Basketball Gym Exhibition

"Like to islands in the seas Stand our personalities."



THOMAS B. DIXON

"Dix"

Banker
Boys' Glee Club
Chairman of Eentertainment Committee
Hi-Y Club

"Be ruled by time, the wisest counsellor of all."



FRANCES DRISCOLL

"France"

Interclass Basketball, '23 Nursing Club

"Blythe, blythe, and merry is she."



ROBERT B. DUNMYER

"Bob"

A-B Club—Seven Terms
Class Treasurer
Spectator Staff
Student Council—Three Terms
Boys' Glee Club
"Beau Brummel"
Honor Roll

"He plans, he strives to succeed, Yet does not boast, that we may heed."





JULIA ANN ELLIOTT

"Judy"

Glee Club Chairman of Flower Committee Girl Reserves Club Social Committee

"She was active, stirring, all fire— Could not rest, could not tire."



EARL ELLIS

"Earl"

Spectator Staff Interclass Track Invitation Committee "Beau Brummel"

"And the greater tomorrow is on its way."



HARRY EMERICK

"Hap"

"Beau Brummel" Spectator Staff

"For he maintains his manly sense and energy of mind."



ALICE EVANS

"Al"

Gym Exhibits Student Council—One Term Dramatic Club Glee Club

"Mirth and innocence, happy mixture of happy days."

BERNICE EXLER

"Rusty"

"As merry as the day is long."



KATHRYN EXLER

"Kate"

Gym Exhibition Interclass Basketball Librarian

"And she sits and gazes
With those deep and tender eyes
Like the stars
Looking downward from the skies."



HAZEL FETTERMAN

"Boots"

A-B Club Band Interclass Basketball Gym Exhibition '23, '24 Honor Roll

"With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies."



BEN FISHER

"Bennie"

A-B Club Interclass Basketball Dramatic Club "The Continental Congress"

"Like some undaunted youth Afield some undaunted youth





DOROTHY FITZHARRIS

"Dot"

Dramatic Club Interclass Basketball Gym Exhibition Library Representative Commencement Speaker "Beau Brummel"

"The bloom of op'ning flowers, Softness and sweetness she wears."



LOUISE FLINN

"Flinnie"

Orchestra—Six Terms Interclass Basketball

"The little cares that fret me, I cast them all away."



ROSEMARY FLINN

"Rosie"

Student Council President of Room 306 Vice-President of Senior Class Banker Dramatic Club

"And they her face who view, They know that truth is there."



EILEEN FORD

"["

Interclass Basketball Gym Exhibition Glee Club

"I love tranquil solitude and such society As is quiet, wise and good."

MARTHA GAFFNEY

"Gaff"

Glee Club

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."



WILLIAM GAFFNEY

"Bill"

Football Glee Club J. H. S. Midgets

"Happy and free with no care for the morrow,

He scatters dull care and vanquishes sorrow."



WINTON GASTMANN

"Wist"

Orchestra Band Saxophone Choir Glee Club

"And when a lady's in the case You know all other things give place."



MARY GEIGER

"Mary"

Gym Exhibition Dramatic Club Interclass Basketball Glee Club

"Those smiles and glances let me see, That make the miser's treasure poor."





LULA GINDLESBERGER

"Lu-Lu"

A-B Club—Six Terms Girl Reserves Club Banker—408 Honor Roll Motto Committee

". . . She has the fragrancy, The freshness of young flowers."



HELEN GLEASON

"Nell"

Dramatic Club

"Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a
brook."



CECELIA GOCHNOUR

"Cece"

Gym Exhibition '23 Interclass Basketball Interclass Baseball A-B Club—Two Terms

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."



ROMAINE GOHN

"Bobbie"

Band '23 Orchestra '24 Director of Girls' Orchestra

"A mind of peace with all below."

ELEANOR GOOD

"Goodie"

Glee Club Dramatic Club Gym Exhibition '23, '24 Athletic Booster Interclass Basketball '23, '241/₂ "Beau Brummel"

"She comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure."



MARY GRAZIER

"Mary"

Secretary of Home Room Dramatics Class Will Committee "Beau Brummel"

"Faithfulness and sincerity first of all."



ALBERTA GREGORY

"Bert"

Band Gym Exhibition Ring Committee Interclass Basketball Dramatic Club

"Fair, kind and true have often lived alone Which three till now never kept seat in one."



JOHN GREY

"Jackie"

Varsity Football Varsity Basketball Varsity Track A-B Club Student Council Captain of J. H. S. Midgets

"Popularity is more often a reward for not displeasing than for pleasing people."





ELIZABETH GROSCH

"Betty"

Interclass Basketball '22, '23 Gym Exhibition '23

"She's not to be mistaken, Somehow one loves her truly when she smiles."



JOSEPHINE GUARDINO

"Jo"

Interclass Basketball Gym Exhibition Banker

"She has an air, a grace, She charms, but who can trace The process of bewitching."



STANLEY GUZIK

"Stan"

Cartoonist of Spectator '241/2 Cartoonist and Art Editor '25

"A kindly man moving among his kind."



RUTH HAHN

"Boots"

Gym Exhibition A-B Club Dramatic Club "Beau Brummel"

"With thee conversing, I forget all time."

JOSEPHINE HAMILTON

"Jo"

Student Council President of Assembly Room Gym Exhibition

"There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,

Than all your poets can your praise devise."



MALCOLM G. HAMMER

"Mal"

Track '24 Interclass Track '24 Dramatic Club "Beau Brummel"

"I like the road that leads to prospects bright and fair."



DOROTHY HANEY

"Dot"

A-B Club Secretary Girl Reserves Treasurer of 407 Nominating Committee Honor Roll

"I am sure cares an enemy to life"



JAMES HARRIS

"Jim"

Invitation Committee Interclass Baseball '24 Honor Roll

"Great Temp'rance, open air, Easy labour, little care."





KARL C. HARRIS

"Kacy"

Varsity Basketball '23, '24, '25 Varsity Football '23, '24 Varsity Track '23, '24, '25 Varsity Club

"Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile."



FREEMONT HARRISON

"He never from his word departed, Yet he was jolly and light-hearted."



MARGARET HATCHER

"Peggy"

Girls' Sports Club May Day Festival Gym Exhibition Girls' Glee Club

"A kind and gentle heart she has, To comfort friends and foes."



CHARLES HEINZE

"Heinze"

"Beau Brummel"
Student Council
"Continental Congress"
Dramatic Club
Saxophone Quartet
Orchestra
Band

"And he bursts bonds for madcap holiday, The eternal boy."

MARY P. HERTLEIN

"Tod"

A-B Club Dramatics President of Room 205 Honor Roll

"She never makes a feint of serious things."



LOUISE HERZBERGER

"Louise"

"Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye Look through its fringe to the sky Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall a flower."



ELIZABETH HIGGINS

"Betty"

Assembly Room Secretary Interclass Basketball Interclass Baseball

"'Tis good nature only wins the heart."



ERMYL B. HILL

"Bunk"

"As staunch and constant as his name implies."





BETTY HOFFMAN

"Bets"

A-B Club Secretary V, VI, VII, VIII Dramatic Club Banker President of Girl Reserves Student Council "Beau Brummel" Honor Roll

"She turns night-time into day-time With the sunlight of good cheer."



EUNICE HOFFMAN

"Nick"

Gym Exhibition Interclass Basketball Girl Reserves

"A youth, light-hearted and content."



MARGARET HOGUE

"Marg"

Vice President of A-B Club Dramatics Library Representative Vice President of Girl Reserves Spectator Staff "Beau Brummel" Honor Roll

"Man has his will—but woman has her way."



MILDRED HOOD

"Mid"

Interclass Basketball '21, '22

"The quiet mind is richer than a crown."

RUTH HOWARD

"Rusty"

A-B Club—Two Terms Interclass Baseball Interclass Basketball Gym Exhibition '22

"But for modest graceful mein The like I never saw."



HOWARD HUMMEL

"Men of few words are the best men."



ALMA JENKINS

"Alny"

Glee Club President Room 301 Girl Reserves A-B Club

"A friend is the comfort of life."



DOROTHY JOHNSON

"Dot"

Dramatic Club Banker—Assembly Room Girl Reserves

"She is as good as she is fair, To know her is to love her."





MORGAN V. JONES

"Bones"

Football Athletic Booster "Beau Brummel"

"To me, fair friend, you never can be old."



ROSE KADETSKY

"Rosie"

Dramatic Club Girl Reserves

"Hers is the comradeship of joy and mystery."



MARTHA KAMINSKY

"Muffet"

Girl Reserves Dramatic Club Gymn Exhibition '21 Glee Club A-B Club

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."



TELFORD KEIM

"Spivis"

Basketball '21 Hi-Y Club Gym Exhibition

"Diffusing kind beneficence around, Boastless, as the silent dew descends."

DORIS KISHBAUGH

"Kish"

Dramatic Club Senior Party Committee Glee Club

"... Lightly was her slender nose Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."



DOROTHY KLAHRE

"Dot"

Secretary Student Council Student Council—Two Terms Glee Club Girl Reserves A-B Club Honor Roll

"And as the bright sun glorifies the sky, So is her face illumin'd with her eye."



J. MAHLON KNISELY

"Knisely"

Hi-Y Club Radio Club

"A comrade blithe and full of glee, Who loves to laugh out loud and free."



MARIE KOCSIS

"Cherry"

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





TOM KREDEL

"Tim"

Cheerleader A-B Club—Three Terms Treasurer of Junior Class Banker—Room 301 Class Will Committee Honor Roll

"Singing he was all day; He was fresh as the month of May."



CHARLES KRISE

"Doc"

Varsity Football '22, '23 Varsity Football Captain, '24 Varsity Basketball '22, '23, '24, '25

"Cheerfulness is a spring of power and pleasure."



PHYLLIS KRESS

"Phil"

Girls' Orchestra Assembly Room President A-B Club Banker Student Council

"Fair flower, that dost so comely grow."



IDA REVA KWAIT

"Id"

Interclass Basketball Gym Exhibition Girl Reserves Glee Club

"As the wild-rose bloweth;
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In her heart forever."

MARGARET LEAHEY

"Peg"

Interclass Basketball Gym Exhibition A-B Club Banker

"Her words do show her wit incomparable."



VERDA LEHMAN

"Berba"

Interclass Basketball Glee Club Girl Reserves

"She cheers the morn, yes, Brightens all the day."



GEORGE J. LEPERA

"Lep"

Football '23, '24 Track '23, '24 Interclass Track Student Council Surveying Club

"His thoughts are busy ever-all alive."



HARVEY LOCKARD

"Eph"

Interclass Basketball Student Council—Two Terms Dramatics Gym Exhibition

"I will get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high."





MARY LOHMAN

Gym Exhibition A-B Club Interclass Basketball Dramatic Club

"She is all my fancy painted her."



MINNIE MAE LOHR

"Min"

Gym Exhibition Band Interclass Basketball Interclass Baseball Girls' Orchestra

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."



MARY LUCKEN

"Shingles"

Glee Club Banker Interclass Basketball

"But that she is both beautiful and good I have a true hint."



EDWARD R. LUGAR

"Ed"

Band '23, '24, '25 Saxophone Band '23, '24

"A young man's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

CATHRYNE LUTHER

"Kay"

Student Council—Four Terms Glee Club Girl Reserves Banker

"I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet and fair."



MADELINE MALLOY

mors chased."

"Madge"

Interclass Basketball Gym Exhibition Glee Club Girl Reserves

"Her eyes like twinkling stars in evening clear, Were decked with smiles, and all sad hu-



EDNA J. MANGUS

"Eddie"

Gym Exhibition Nature Club Girl Reserves

"Her music comes untwisting all the charms that tie The hidden soul of harmony."



MARGARET MILES

"Peg"

Orchestra Special Orchestra Spectator Reporter Girls' Orchestra

"More flowers I noted, yet I none could see, But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee."





FLORENCE MILLER

"Flo"

Gym Exhibition '22, '23, '24 Girls' Interclass Basketball Interclass Baseball A-B Club

"Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought."



HAZEL MILLER

"Haz"

Student Council Girl Reserves Glee Club Banker

"Correct in every particular."



RUTH OLIVE MILLER

"Rufus"

Gym Exhibition '22, '23, '24 Interclass Basketball Interclass Baseball Glee Club

"She that kept us in constant good humor."



OMAR MILTENBERGER

"He only is a well-made man Who has a good determination."

LESTER MORGAN

"Les"

"Beau Brummel"
Banker
Spectator Staff
Dramatic Club
Orchestra
Radio Club

"Tis death to me, to be at enmity; I hate it, and, desire all good men's love."



RAY MORGAN

"Ray"

Boys' Glee Club Banker—Room 407 Assistant Law Instructor

"Whose heart is free from all dishonest deeds, or thought of vanity."



JOHN F. MORGART

"Johnny"

Orchestra and Band A-B Club Dramatic Club—Four Plays Banker Glee Club "Beau Brummel"

"He attains whatever he attempts."



RALPH MOSTOLLER

"Sike"

A-B Club—Seven Terms Honor Roll Class Play Committee

"Silence often persuades, when speaking fails."





JOSEPH McANENY

""Joe"

Invitation Committee Pep Club

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."



MARGARET McCLEARY

"Peg"

Student Council
Dramatic Club—Three Plays
Gym Exhibition
Ring Committee
Treasurer of Girl Reserves
"Beau Brummel"

"Yet loveliest are thy smiles, and fair."



MARY McFEATERS

"Thy folded secrecy doth like a charm Compel to thought."



ELIZABETH McMEANS

"Betty"

Interclass Basketball Interclass Baseball Glee Club Dramatic Club Student Council Girl Reserves

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

LAURA NOFFSINGER

"Tommie"

Gym Exhibition Interclass Baseball—Seven Terms Interclass Baseball Tennis Club

"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."



HOMER NYCUM

"Nick"

Student Council Wireless Club Hi-Y Club

"A good sport, and a staunch friend, Who would stand by his comrades till the end."



EDWARD O'NEILL

"Ed"

Radio Club Pep Club

"He cometh to you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner."



HELEN OVERDORF

"Jeff"

A-B Club
Dramatic Club
Interclass Basketball
Interclass Baseball
Girl Reserves
Librarian
Honor Roll

"She was a Phantom of delight, When first she gleamed upon my sight."





CECIL PARK

"Cessel"

Orchestra Glee Club

"Music, joyous, clear and fresh— Doth take his fancy."



JOSEPHINE PAUL

"Joe"

A-B Club Student Council—Four Terms Orchestra—Six Terms Girls' Orchestra '24 Class Secretary Banker Valedictorian

"And what she dared to dream of dared to do."



HOWARD M. PICKING

"Milt"

Assistant Basketball Manager '24, '25 Dramatics "Beau Brummel"

"I find earth not gray but rosy, Heaven not grim but fair of hue."



HELEN PEARCE

"Those graceful acts,
That daily flow from all her words and
actions."

JOSEPH PRUCNAL

"Joe"

A-B Club Honor Roll

"No man is born without ambitious worldly desires."



IDA RABINOWITZ

"Till"

Glee Club Dramatics Girl Reserves Interclass Basketball '21, '22 A-B Club Honor Roll

"The past unsighed for and the future sure."



JOSEPH RATOWSKY

"Joe"

A-B Club—Four Terms Orchestra—Five Terms

". . . My will is mine;
I'll enjoy it without fear."



LUKE RHOADS

"Harmony"

Class President Dramatic Club—Five Plays Banker "Beau Brummel"

"Oh happy you! who blest with present bliss, Not a dear moment of enjoyment miss."





EARL RHINEHART

"Riney"

"Stately and tall he moves through the hall."



WILLIAM A. ROBERTSON

"Bill"

A-B Club—Eight Terms
Spectator Staff
Student Council—Two Terms
Banker Room III
Interclass Basketball '21, '22
Chairman "Class Motto" and "Senior
Chapel" Committees
Honor Roll

"He knows what's what and that's as high As metaphysic Wit can fly."



VALERIE ROONEY

"Val"

Vice President of Term Six Class Vice President of Student Council, '231/2, '24 A-B Club Dramatics Glee Club Honor Roll

"Her armour is her honest thoughts, And simple truth her utmost skill."



MARGARET L. SCHAEFER

"Pidge"

Vice President of 307 Pantomime Glee Club

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

HERBERT SCHMIDT

"Herb"

A-B Club—Two Terms Perfect Attendance—Three Years Hi-Y Club Pantomime

"His power of thought—the magic of the wind."



FRANK SCHWARTZ

"Hank"

Band '23, '24, '25 Dramatic Club Spectator Staff Interclass Track "Beau Brummel"

"He is a man, take him for all in all."



MILDRED SELL

"Mid"

Spectator Staff Sewing Club Gym Exhibition Hiking Club Interclass Basketball

"Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child."



MARY LUCINDA SHAFFER

"Cinders"

Dramatics Gym Exhibition Interclass Basketball "Beau Brummel"

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."





ANGELINA V. SICILIANO

"Angie"

Gym Exhibition Interclass Basketball Interclass Baseball A-B Club

"Ofttimes nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, right grounded on just
and right
Well managed."



FRANCES SLICK

"Slicker"

Orchestra Girls' Glee Club Girls' Orchestra Dramatic Club Girl Reserves Interclass Basketball

"Unarmed, if any meet her, I charge him, fly!"



EVELYN SNABLY

"Ebby Mae"

Spectator Staff A-B Club Sewing Club Student Council Honor Roll

"Kind, considerate, and polite, Everything she does is right."



CHARLES SNAVELY

"Charlie"

Band '22, '25 Stage Manager Interclass Basketball Interclass Track Gym Exhibition

"All who joy would win,
Must share it—happiness wsa born a
twin."

WILLIAM SPIRES

"Bill"

"A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day."



OLIVE STAGER

"Abie"

Interclass Basketball Sewing Club Hiking Club "Lochinvar"

"Like the winds in summer sighing; Her voice is low and sweet."



ANNA STAMMLEY

"Toots"

Invitation Committee Gym Exhibition Banker Glee Club Sewing Club

"Her good disposition is more valuable than gold."



VIOLA STATLER

"Diz"

Interclass Basketball Dramatic Club Glee Club

"Fair was she, truth to tell, As Oceanus' child."





ALICE STEDMAN

"Pinky"

Basketball Sewing Club Lochinvar Hiking Club

"If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all."



EDWIN STEWART

"Eddie"

Hi-Y Club Lochinvar

"He is given to loftiness of thought."



THEONA STIBICH

"Stib"

Dramatic Club Gym Exhibition Interclass Basketball Interclass Baseball A-B Club

"A bright, happy thing, Like the dawn of the morn, Or the dew of the spring."



ELEANOR STONER

"Speedy"

Interclass Basketball Hiking Club Girl Reserves "Lochinvar" Sewing Club

"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

ARTHUR STUTZMAN

"Napoleon"

Banker of Room 111 Spectator Staff Vice President of 203 Hi-Y Club

"I'll not confer with sorrow Till tomorrow, But joy shall have her way This very day."



ROY SWARTZENTRUVER

"Reke"

Spectator Staff Pep Club

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."



YOLANDO SZABADOS

"Yokie"

Glee Club Gym Exhibition Interclass Basketball

"A merry heart that goes all the day."



TOM SWABB

"Rip"

Banker Student Council Assembly President

"I remember him worthy of thy praise."





GERTRUDE TEETER

"Gert"

Student Council May Day Festival Dramatic Club

"She brings such gay and shining things to pass."



SAMUEL TEITELMAN

"Sam"

A-B Club—Eight Terms Banker Varsity Basketball Interclass Baseball President of Library Club Honor Roll

"Nothing is impossible to one whose ambition is high."



SARA THOMAS

"Sally"

Class Photograph Committee A-B Club

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."



GEORGE VIERING

"Dord"

Student Council Athletic Booster Cashier Gym Exhibition

"We must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures."

MILDRED VINCENT

"Mid"

Gym Exhibition Camp Fire Club

"There was a soft and pensive grace, A cast of thought upon her face."



KATHLEEN WAGNER

"Sis"

Gym Exhibition A-B Club Girl Reserves

"For she is the spring-laden breeze
Out of the gladdening west."



JOANNA WALBECK

"Jo"

Gym Exhibition
Spectator Staff
Class Secretary '23
Interclass Basketball Team
Interclass Baseball Team
Room President
Assistant Banker
Honor Roll

"She sees books in the running brooks, Sermons in the stones, good in everything."



JOSEPHINE WALLING

"Jo"

Gym Exhibition A-B Club—Four Terms Assistant Banker Girl Reserves Honor Roll

"She meets with smiles our bitter grief, With songs our groans of pain."





HELEN WEAVER

"Kenny"

Gym Exhibition '21 Room Reporter A-B Club

"Kind, pleasant, and dependable In every way commendable."



BENJ. F. WEBBER

"Shiek"

Hi-Y Club Student Council "Lochinvar" Home Room Officer Mock Trials

"I know him of a noble mind."



ETHEL WHITE

"Whitie"

Room President Spectator Staff Dramatic Club "Beau Brummel" Glee Club Girl Reserves

"Her reputation is complete, And fain without a flaw."

VIRGINIA WILLIAMS

"Skinny"

"Away with weary cares and themes, Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams."



LUELLA WILLIAMSON

"Lou"

Gym Exhibition '22, '24 Interclass Basketball '22, '23, '24 Interclass Baseball '24

"'Tis good nature only wins the heart."



BEATRICE WILSON

"Bee"

Interclass Basketball Girls' Glee Club Gym Exhibition

"We grant, although she had much wit, She was very shy in using it."





HAZEL WILSON

"Reddy"

"Not fearing toil, nor length of weary days."



LUCY WISSINGER

"Wis"

Captain Interclass Basketball Interclass Basketball Student Council

"The world delights in sunny people."



ROBERT WRIGHT

"Bob"

"Beau Brummel"
Band '22, '25
Orchestra '24, '25
Spectator Staff
A-B Club—Seven Terms
Student Council
Honor Roll

"The scholar longing for unlimited knowledge and for power to grasp the universe."

STELLA ZAYAZ

"Stedda"

Baseball Basketball Hiking Club Girl Reserves

"Ambition makes us what we are, I have hitched my wagon to a star."



JENNIE ZION

"Jen"

Miscellaneous Club

"Forward and frolic glee is there, The will to do—the soul to dare."



ROBERT BRENNAN

"Booty"

Athletic Booster Mock Trial

"And the road runs east, and the road runs west,
And he knows no haste and he knows no rest."

RAYMOND BROSCH

"Ray"

"Great men are they who see that thoughts rule the world."

JAMES CARNEY

"Jimmie"

Football '22, '23, '24 Varsity '23, '24 Varsity Club Student Council

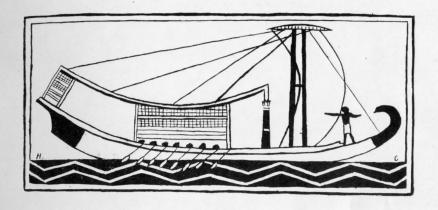
"Want and woe which torture us, Thy sleep makes ridiculous."

STANLEY KITZMILLER

"Stan"

Manager of Football Team '23

"God meant, I should ever be as I am, content."



1925 PAST PRESENT FUTURE

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '25

Spring has come and with her she has brought sunshine and flowers, poets and lovers, and the Senior Class of 1925. If there is any doubt in the mind of the reader as to which of the above mentioned is the most important of the companions of spring, we, at least, do not share in that doubt. We are the most envied, the most discussed of all the pupils in high school, for we are the class of '25!

Of course we shall be glad to leave—have we not been waiting for this moment for the past four years? But we shall be sorry, too, sorry for those whom we shall leave behind us. For what will they do without us? There will be others, no doubt, who will sit in our seats, wear our dignity (?) and claim our privileges. These privileges seem to consist mainly of the expectation of a little more leniency from the dignitaries of the office toward us than due the under-classmen. Needless to mention that this expectation was not always realized. But those who take our places will not be the capable class of 1925.

It seems to us an almost incredibly short time since we first entered here as Freshmen. But perhaps four years is not long. It was all different then. We were the humble and noisy Freshmen, and the possibility of our ever being Seniors seemed as far off as the possibility of our ever being president of the United States. We might say, in passing, that some of our number are so surprised at graduating that they think the presidency a hopeful possibility.

Not all of us entered Johnstown High School as Freshmen. Those who came from the Junior High Schools missed the patronizing which comes of being Freshmen in Senior High and perhaps they lost some vital experience in their education as well. It taught us something of how we should conduct

ourselves as Sophomores.

In our Sophomore year we became more noisy and far less humble. There were things to do now other than work. We began to take part in the life of the school. We played our last and bitterest football game with Greensburg. Our own class basketball team ranked high in local standing. It was in this year that a new and important force first manifested itself in Johnstown High, that of the Student Council. This Council has proved highly successful, and much of this success we like to take upon ourselves.

As Juniors every remaining trace of self-consciousness vanished. We were indispensible to the school, and those who were unfortunate enough to ignore the fact were soon informed. Did we not entertain the Seniors, bully the Sophs, torment the teachers, and write and publish, not one newspaper, but two? We were mildly enthusiastic over these newspapers. We made it a moral responsibility for every student in Johnstown High to buy a copy. There was no getting away from us. A book agent might have spent profitable hours in studying our methods.

Other activities of our Junior year were our assembly room programs and parties. We took an active part in all the life of the school. We shone in athletics, on the stage, on the Spectator staff and in the class rooms—sometimes a bit to warmly here, and so brilliantly that it was necessary for us to retire to the office to cool our ardor. Even such experiences, however, did not seriously affect us for we continued to shine.

At last we became Seniors! How different school was then. The very building took on a new air. Did we not rule it as well as the rest of the world? It was given to us to sit on the third floor and to take such hitherto forbidden subjects as English VII, Social Problems and Virgil. The names in themselves are terms to conjure with.

The mere thrill of being Seniors has somewhat worn off, but the crowning reward of our struggle—Graduation—looms just ahead. We have only a few more days to rush through the halls, to stroll nonchalantly into class late, and to swear at the teachers (when they are safely away). All this seems fine. Yet the thought of leaving somehow gives us a cold feeling.

We have had our class party; the Junior-Senior has come and gone in a blaze of color and a blare of music. Our play was a great success. Our thoughts of graduation, itself, are mixed with sombre gowns and weak knees. It, too, will soon be over.

Many of us will go elsewhere to school. Others will work. Let us plead with all the members of our class and of our school for the reserving of a little niche in the memory of each individual for these school days and these school friends of 1925.

VIRGINIA WILLIAMS THEODORE BUHL WILLIAM GAFFNEY

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE

We, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred twenty-five, of the Johnstown High School, of the City of Johnstown, County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, being not less than four years of age, of sound mind and body, of amiable dispositions and guileless character, and realizing the inability of the under classmen to traverse the road ahead of them unaided, do make, declare and publish this, our Last Will and Testament.

Item 1. Advice to all underclassmen:

Never skip periods unless there is no one at home. We have tried it much to our sorrow.

Furthermore, to said under-classmen we leave the privilege of patronizing Earl Kidd's store, when Mr. Ripple, Mr. Liggett and Miss Rodgers are sick.

- Item 2. We will Luke Rhoads's cleverness and diplomacy to William Plack.
- Item 3. We leave Theodore Buhl's marked ability to Joe Mattan. J. H. S. will never have another one like Theodore.
- Item 4. We bequeath Ethel Bowman's dream of being Paderewski the second, to Esther Blayman.
- Item 5. We will Frank Schwartz's dramatic eloquence to Harry Blansett.
- Item 6. We leave Sam Bowman's courtly manner in vamping girls, especially a particular one, to Paul Boden.
- Item 7. We will Lee Conrad's ability to sleep on hard wood desks to William Wagner.
- Item 8. We willingly pass on Morgan Jones's shoes to anyone who can wear them.
- Item 9. We will Howard Picking's dexterity in aiming paper wads to "Coke" Hershberger.
- Item 10. We bequeath John Morgart's collegiate airs to Merritt Moore.
- Item 11. We leave Karl Harris's gentlemanly ways to anyone who needs them.
- Item 12. We will Jim Carney's cleverness in skipping periods to Luther Snyder.
- Item 13. We bequeath Robert Dunmyer's business tact to Walter Freed.

Item 14. We leave Edward O'Neil's toys and doll babies to Gale Heslop, so that the teachers can amuse him during study periods.

Item 15. We will Madolyn Baker's supposed ability to bluff the teachers to Marjory Reed. We know that Marjory

will appreciate this act of benevolence.

Item 16. We leave our dignity to the coming Seniors. We earnestly hope that they will carry it off as well as we have done.

Item 17. We will to the future Term VII's our beloved Woolley's Handbook. Little do they realize what lies before them.

Item 18. We bequeath to the Sophomores the splendid advice of Miss Young, because they surely need it.

Item 19. We bequeath an appropriation to buy new desks of smaller size for the Freshies so that the study hall teachers will be able to see them when they mark the roll.

Item 20. We leave John Owens and Harry Given in our beautiful high school another year. They didn't want to leave it because they loved it so.

Item 21. We give to Mr. Ripple our best wishes and hope that some day in the near future his dream of co-operation will be realized.

Item 22. We hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Lockner as executor of our last Will and Testament and desire that he be paid a fee of one dollar (\$1.00) for his services as said executor provided he promises to purchase with said money a copy of the book "How to Become a Great Orator."

Witness our signature this twenty-sixth day of May, 1925, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in the presence of the subscribing witnesses hereto.

SENIOR CLASS OF 1925.

Testators,

Mary Grazier Tom Kredel Earl Ellis

CLASS TREE

This tree the Class of Twenty-Five has grown from a shoot. The fertile Johnstown High School soil has fed its hungry root, Till now its limbs are bowed beneath its "graduating" fruit.

A shrub, it borrowed from each tree A slight peculiarity; And grew until it was, you see, A most amazing oddity.

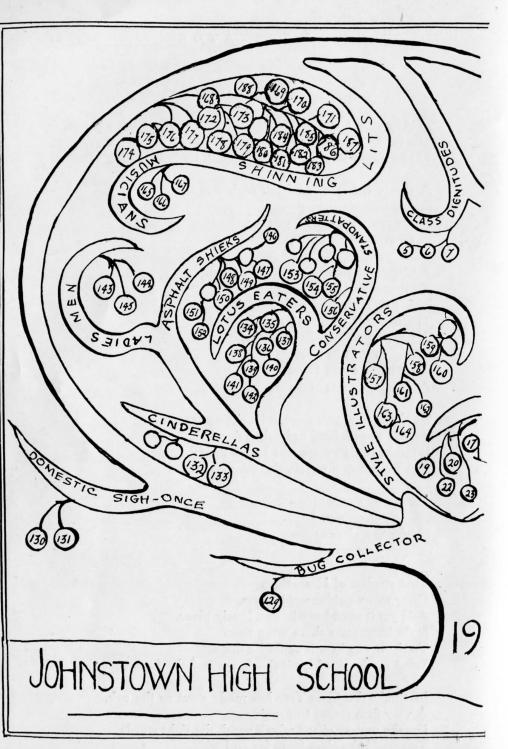
A Christmas tree wears candles small
To dress itself with light,
This tree is decked with "Shining Lits,"
The students who are bright.
A Christmas tree affects a star,
Clear jewel in its hair,
The Ossifers and Dignitudes
Are valued gems and rare.

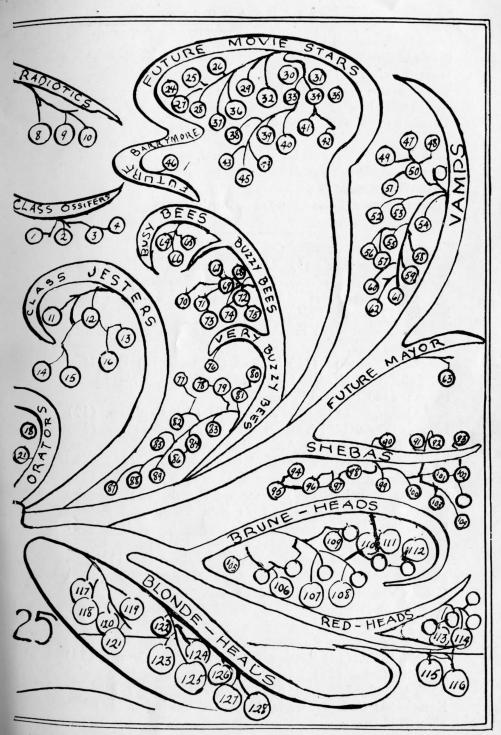
As the willow tree droops its silvery leaves So this tree sighing sedately grieves: It thinks of its vamps, the hearts they'll fire, The lives they'll wreck, the odes inspire.

Leaves to a tree are—
Greenery.
Shieks to a class are—
Scenery.

That garden of Hesperides
Grew many golden apple trees,
And yet it must have been a lonely place.
Style illustrators there were none
To show you how it could be done.
What modes would suit the figure and the face.

Its trunks the Class Tree has made stout as the oak, A very firm stump to provide For the orators gifted who'll speak the right words To spread the class fame far and wide.





Should you amazed be
If this unique tree
Wore the class colors?
Blonde-brune, and red-head
Are present here as
Twenty-five colors!

And now they've grown large and round, These ripened apples must come down To find in rolling o'er the earth, That place which best will suit their worth.

MARY DIBERT

FRUIT OF THE TREE

Class Ossifers: (1) Luke Rhoads, (2) Rose Mary Flinn, (3) Betty Hoffman, (4) Robert Dunmyer.

Class Dignitudes: (5) Wynn Berry, (6) Doris Kishbaugh, (7) Harvey Lockard.

Radio-tics: (8) Franklin Goodhart, (9) James Harris, (10) Cecil Park.

Class Jesters: (11) William Gaffney, (12) Karl Harris, (13) Tom Kredel, (14) Mahlon Knisely, (15) Homer Nycum, (16) Howard Picking.

Orators: (17) Blair Blue, (18) Dick Cartisano, (19) Eleanor Dixon, (20) Thomas Dixon, (21) John Grey, (22) Joseph Ratowsky, (23) Arthur Stutzman.

Future Movie Stars: (24) Gertrude Baker, (25) Katherine Barclay, (26) Irene Branagan, (27) Mary Brant, (28) Ida Mae Braugher, (29) Raymond Brosch, (30) Beatrice Croyle, (31) Rose Curran, (32) Ben Fisher, (33) Alberta Gregory, (34) Freemont Harrison, (35) Ermyl Hill, (36) Dorothy Johnson, (37) Dorothy Joy, (38) Marie Kocsis, (39) Margaret Leahey, (40) Verda Lehman, (41) Laura Noffsinger, (42) Carl Stibich, (43) Theona Stibich, (44) George Viering, (45) Mildred Vincent.

Future Barrymore: (46) Frank Schwartz.

Vamps: (47) Bernadene Buettner, (48) Germaine Carnes, (49) Mary Cunningham, (50) Virginia Custer, (51) Blanche Diehl, (52) Kathryn Exler, (53) Mary Grazier, (54) Romaine Gohn, (55) Josephine Guardino, (56) Ruth Hahn, (57) Dorothy Haney, (58) Elizabeth Higgins, (59) Phyllis Kress, (60) Cathryn Luther, (61) Margaret Miles, (62) Virginia Williams.

Future Mayor: (63) Herbert Schmidt.

Busy Bees: (64) Aniceta Boylan, (64) Madeline Malloy, (66) William Robertson.

Buzz-y Bees: (67) Frances Driscoll, (68) Hazel Fetterman, (69) Louise Flinn, (70) Ida Kwait, (71) Edna Mangus, (72) Mildred Sell, (73) Alice Stedman, (74) Yolanda Szabados, (75) Josephine Walling.

Very Buzz-y Bees: (76) Betty Bole, (77) Frances De Pasquale, (78) Alice Evans, (79) Martha Gaffney, (80) Florence Miller, (81) Ruth Miller, (82) Edward O'Neill, (83) Ida Rabinowitz (84) Charles Snavely, (85) Olive Stager, (86) Eleanor Stoner, (87) Luella Williamson, (88) Robert Wright, (89) Mary Geiger.

Shebas: (90) Dorothy Fitzharris, (91) Eleanor Good, (92) Helen Gleason, (93) Josephine Hamilton, (94) Margaret Hatcher, (95) Alma Jenkins, (96) Mary Lohman, (97) Minnie Mae Lohr, (98) Mary Lucken, (99) Margaret McCleary, (100) Elizabeth McMeans, (101) Mary Shaffer, (102) Frances Slick, (103) Viola Statler, (104) Sara Thomas.

Class Colors:

Brune-heads: (105) Paul Abele, (106) Mary Dibert, (107) Rose Kadetsky, (108) Lester Morgan, (109) Joseph McAneny, (110) Angelina Siciliano, (111) Jennie Zion, (112) Edgar Lugar.

Red-heads: (113) Bernice Exler, (114) Eileen Ford, (115) Stanley Guzik, (116) Valerie Rooney.

Blonde-heads: (117) Alice Baumer, (118) Charles Caples, (119) Florence Christensen, (120) Harry Emerick, (121) Esther Fainberg, (122) Cecelia Gochnour, (123) Malcolm Hammer, (124) Louise Herzberger, (125) Eunice Hoffman, (126) Ruth Howard, (127) Edwin Stewart, (128) Olive Yoder.

Bug Collector: (129) Sara Blough.

Domestic Sigh-Once: (130) Helen Berkebile, (131) Hazel Wilson.

Cinderellas: (132) Morgan Jones, (133) Robert Showe.

Lotus Eaters: (134) Raymond Anthony, (135) Robert Brennan, (136) William Dudek, (137) Miller Gerhardt, (138) Walter Griffith, (139) Telford Keim, (140) Frank Passero, (141) Delmas Price, (142) Robert Wilson.

PAST





BAKER



ALBERTA



DOT



MISS MILES



LIZZIE





VIRGINIA

MIL

BOB

Ladies' Men: (143) William Baumer, (144) Sam Bowman, (145) James Carney.

Asphalt Sheiks: (146) Harvey Ankeny, (147) Theodore Buhl, (148) Winton Gastmann, (149) Charles Heinze, (150) John F. Morgart, (151) Ben Webber, (152) William Young.

Conservative Standpatters: (153) Helen Clark, (154) Mildred Hood, (155) Mary McFeaters, (156) Beatrice Wilson.

Style Illustrators: (157) Bruce Black, (158) Harriet Burggraf, (159) Lee Conrad, (160) Henrietta Davis, (161) Elizabeth Grosch, (162) Hazel Miller, (163) Anna Stammely, (164) Joanna Walbeck.

Musicians: (165) George Bach, (166) Ethel Bowman, (167) Julia Elliott.

Shining Lits: (168) Margaretta Cover, (169) Earl Ellis, (170) Lula Gindlesberger, (171) Mary Hertlein, (172), Margaret Hogue, (173) Martha Kaminsky, (174) Dorothy Klahre, (175) Raymond Morgan, (176) Ralph Mostoller, (177) Helen Overdorf, (178) Josephine Paul, (179) Joseph Prucnall, (180) Margaret Schaefer, (181) Evelyn Snably, (182) Roy Swartzentruver, (183) Sam Teitelman, (184) Kathleen Wagner, (185) Helen Weaver, (186) Ethel White, (187) Lucy Wissinger, (188) Stella Zayaz.

KIDS JUST FLO. BLANCHE DOT MARY ROSE ANICETA STAN MARY GEIGER MARY BRANT LUKE BONES



MARG, COVER



HEINZE - 57-



SLICKER

THE SONG OF THE BOBOLINK IN 1945

(Class Prophecy)

Alone again! For twenty years we have had to listen to what other folks have said and have had to do what other folks have wanted us to do. But now there is not a soul within a mile of us. Only trees, babbling brooks; singing birds, clear skies, and fresh, sweet meadows. Is it any wonder that we sing as we walk along the brook this wonderful spring morning? The sun has just risen and the purple and gold seem like a cloak of the Infinite. Our hearts are full of joy as we sing:

"Bobolink, tell us, tell us true

Where does the clover grow?"

But what is that? Echoing our song is the sweetest music that we have ever heard. And high on an old maple sits a bobolink, happy, too, that spring has come. But as we stop his song dies and clear as a bell comes this injuction, "Would you know of the world?

Womanlike we answer, "Yes." And down he fluttered—this feathered friend of ours—and amazed we listen as he speaks:

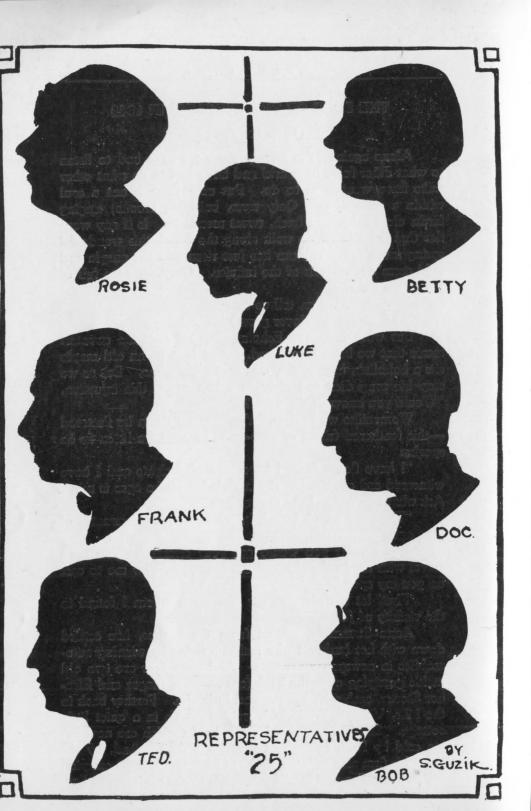
"I have flown far. I have seen glad sights and I have witnessed sad events; but the knowledge of the ages is mine. Ask what you will. I can answer you."

"Then tell us, oh bobolink, where are our classmates of long ago?"

Said he, "If you would see your classmates you must travel with me in the sleep of the happy. Allow me to cast on you my spell."

'First, let me picture your classmates whom I found in the vicinity of Johnstown.

Anna Stammely, retired from the movies, has settled down with her husband who makes a living by winning automobiles in newspaper contests. And next door are two old maids gossiping over the back fence—Olive Stager and Eleanor Stoner, each with her cat, and little else. Farther back in the hills, Virginia Williams is writing novels in a quiet little cottage. She has completed many books which are now being sold by Ruth Miller and Beatrice Wilson. And, by the way, this firm also sells the works of Margaret Hogue, essayist; "Sketches in Pen and Ink," by Virginia Custer; "Collected Lec-

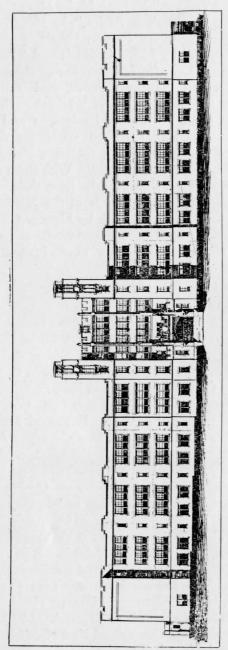


tures on the Art of Talking," Volume 36, by Mary Geiger; "My Work Among the Cannibals in Africa," by Howard Picking; "Dental Hygiene," by Helen Pearce; "My Experiences as a Girl Reserve Worker," by Helen Cauffiel; and "Ten Nights," by Phyllis Kress. They also sell volumes of short stories by Margaret Shaefer and Frances Driscoll, and collections of poetry by Mary Dibert and Joanna Walbeck. Back in the country Frances Slick is painting landscapes and portraits. Righ beside her a blazing billboard announces the coming of the "Wright-Krise" entertainers, featuring Robert Wright, drummer, and Charles Krise, tumbler. With them also travel Robert Showe and Frank Passero, who have their own stunts. Winton Gastmann is dancing master at the Steiffer Dancing School. He is assisted in this work by Eleanor Good. door Catherine Exler and Alice Baumer take turns at selling tickets for the "Nemo." These two "movie lovers" see all the movies now.

Johnstown High School has retained quite a number of the old class of 1925.

Elizabeth McMeans teaches science and delights her classes with her many "fish" stories. William Robertson is principal of the Senior High School. Edward Lugar is a specialist on all modern languages, and William Gaffney is the athletic coach. Germaine Carnes, an honor graduate of Wellesley college, has attained such literary fame that the "Spectator" has been re-named for her. Raymond Morgan occupies the bench as a judge of Cambria County. A new film company has started in Johnstown—the manager, John Grey; the cameraman, Malcolm Hammer; and director, Ermyl Hill. The chief stockholders of this company are George Bach, Earl Ellis and Morgan Jones. In their first picture they are starring Betty Bole and Madeline Malloy. The men's Basket-Ball team of the Y. M. C. A. is at present at the meeting of the National Gymnastic Society at Philadelphia. The members of this team are George Viering, Raymond Anthony, Bruce Black, Charles Caples, John Francis Morgart. Lula Gindlesberger, Theona Stibich, Hazel Wilson and Margaret Hatcher are members of the faculty of the Indiana Normal. Mahlon Knisely, Samuel Bowman, James Carney and Karl Harris have in these years won fame in foot ball.

But now let me picture those of your classmates who are in Philadelphia. Arthur Stutzman is the editor of the "Sat-



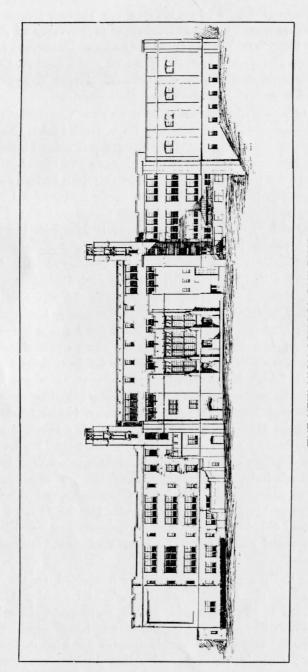
VIEW OF THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL Somerset Street

urday Evening Post," and on his staff are Thomas Dixon and Luella Williamson. Omar Miltenberger is Secretary of Agriculture. Roy Swartzentruver and Robert Dunmyer have made success of their celebrated biography of Edgar A. Guest which they dedicated to Mrs. Roudebush. Helen Weaver has completed a revised French-English dictionary.

On Chestnut street I looked in upon the "Cosmetic Club" to find it composed of Minnie Mae Lohr, Ruth Hahn, Catherine Luther, Betty Hoffman, Rose Kadetsky, Eunice Hoffman, Elizabeth Higgins, Ida Kwait, Edna Mangus and Hazel Miller. Opposite to this club is a very active organization known as the "Anti-Cosmetic Club." It has been made famous by Louise Hershberger, Hazel Fetterman, Alberta Gregory, Esther Fainberg, Elizabeth Grosch, Sara Blough, Mary Hertlein, Dorothy Johnson, Dorothy Joy and Verda Lehman.

As I flew over New York I found a number of your class-Alice Evans stars at Broadway and Fifth avenue as traffic director. Just around the corner is the office of Edward O'Neil, president of the Rackett Company, boiler makers. He certainly ought to make good for he was indeed a noisy one in school. Farther down the same street shine the names of Mary Cunningham and Mary Lucken, featuring in Fitzharris's "Ain't She Purty." See! There are some tired business men, successful ones by the assurance they seem to possess—Ralph Mostoller, Joseph McAneny, Herbert Schmidt and Freemont Harrison, who are taking their respective stenographers, Laura Noffsinger, Ida Rabinowitz, Sara Thomas and Josephine Walling out for the evening. Over on Wall Street Luke Rhoads holds the respect and admiration of all in his capacity as preacher at "The Little Church Around the Corner." Lester Morgan is modeling suits for the firm of Ben Webber and Edwin Stewart, clothing manufacturers. Evelyn Snably is social editor for "The New York Sun," edited by Lee Conrad.

Joseph Prucnal has recently been elected to the editorial staff of the "New York Times," and Stanley Guzik, now famous in the art world, is the cartoonist. Henrietta Davis, who earlier appeared on Broadway, has danced herself into public favor not only in this country but also in foreign countries. Dorothy Klahre and Alma Jenkins are stenographers for Flinn and Baumer, stock brokers. Theodore Buhl, speaker of the House of Representatives, is visiting his many

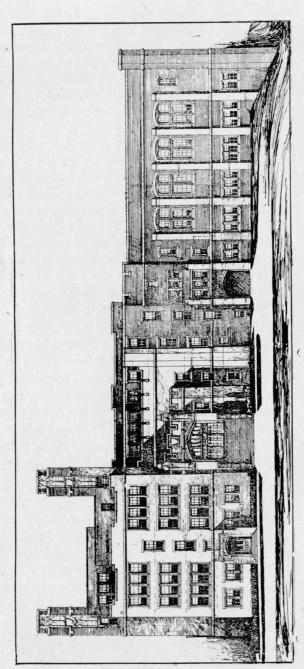


THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING View from the River

friends in New York. James Harris and Harry Emerick recently organized the "Just-Rite" Radio Corporation and are specializing in ten tube sets. Rose Mary Flinn, Dorothy Haney and Alice Stedman are showing Paris gowns for Bernice Fisher's exclusive "Gown Shop" on Fifth avenue. On the same avenue is Blanche Diehl's "Vogue Beauty Shop." Her assistants are Margaret Leahy, manicurist, and Mary Lohman, marceller.

Europe is demanding American theatrical offerings and to fill the demand some of the greatest actors are touring the continent. Ethel Bowman is traveling with Helen Gleason as her duet partner; Harvey Ankeny, cornetist; Charles Heinze, saxophonist; Cecil Park and Joseph Ratowsky, violinists, are traveling with the same company. Yolando Szabados, pianist, and Madeline Baker, prima donna, are playing before large audiences in some of the cities of the continent. Frank Schwartz, in his role as tragedian, is the John Barrymore of his time. Martha Kaminsky and Marie Kocsis spend much of their time in Europe as buyers for the well established firm of "Sell and Statler," importers. For this same firm Kathleen Wagner is Asiatic agent. Margaret McCleary is in Paris demonstrating "Never Straight Curler." It is hard to tell to which she refers-herself or the curler. Many prominent young ladies are included in the party of representatives from the various churches of Johnstown to a Sunday School convention in Europe. They have arrived in Paris and will go from there to the capitals of all the countries. These ladies are Gertrude Baker, Mary Grazier, Helen Berkebile, Florence Christensen, Aniceta Boylan, Mary Brant, Helen Clark, Margretta Cover, Bernedean Buettner, Frances De Pasquale. Eleanor Dixon and Bernice Exler. In Venice one day recently I saw Josephine Guardino, an Italian countess, floating down a canal in a gondola. It was in Venice also that I saw Charles Snavely and Tom Kredel, who were on their way to Africa on a new film project. They carried all of their equipment in an airplane, specially designed by Telford Keim and in charge of Paul Abele and Blair Blue. Also with them were Doctor Harvey Lockard, who is going to join the scientists, William Young, Valerie Rooney and Mary Shaffer, who are in Africa in the interest of the government of the United States.

Margaret Miles, Florence Miller, Mary McFeaters and



VIEW OF THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING Napoleon Street

Harriet Burggraf have been in Egypt for more than eight years where they have uncovered an entire lost city.

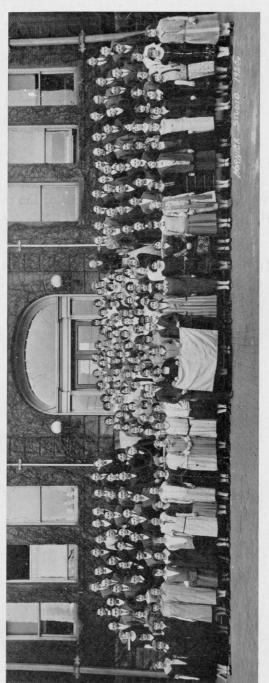
But here my knowledge ends. Of course I myself have not seen all of these things, but through the kindness of my fellow birds I have been able to hear good tidings. Some of your classmates not mentioned are happily married and you know better than I do how most of them are progressing.

* * * * *

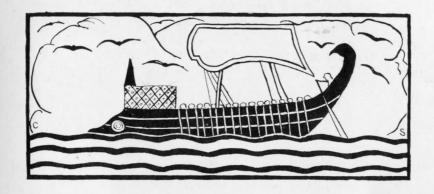
The spell is broken. With a start we awake. There are the same trees, the same fields, but instead of the purple and gold sky of dawn there is the blazing sun of noon. The bobolink, who made our wish come true, is gone. As we saunter back our hearts are light for we feel assured that our classmates and friends are doing well. It's a great world, after all!

JOSEPHINE PAUL JOSEPHINE HAMILTON





THE CLASS OF 1925



LITERARY

COMMENCEMENT

(Class Poem)

Mary Dibert

Within this sheltered harbor through four years Our ships have waited for the magic word, The signal to up-anchor and away, Commencement—meaning much to all of us.

To some Commencement is but duty's call. Which ends the lovely pleasures of the past, The nights of laughter on the moonlit decks, The days of friendship in the harbor town. The years have fled—as swiftly as the boat That slips its mooring—leaving scarce the time To stock the vessel for the voyage long. To some Commencement is a glad release From daily toil upon the busy wharves, The trade in stuffs of value which will bring A greater price in some far distant port. Few days are there to spend in idleness If this fine ship shall carry in its hold The best of all the harbor can provide. To most of us Commencement is the start, Beginning of adventure and of life: A dream of splendors, vision of new ports, Of sail-clad seas, of marvels to be seen. Yet all too soon we sail. We cannot know The dangers we must face; we may forget What little seamanship we learned in port. Commencement! Just beyond the docks the sea Lies sunlit stretching to the vaulted sky. We sail!

O friends, who watch us drift away Until the mist of distance blurs the deep, May you set sail as joyfully as we!

A SOLDIER'S WIFE

Virginia Williams, '25

Darkness had begun to creep over the city. A heavy, black darkness that lay like a dampening blanket. Everything was enveloped by it—the leaden sky, the muddy streets, even the grey faces of the hurrying crowds. The lights from shop windows and street corners feebly battled against it, but they were like flickering candles in a great, empty hall. Towering buildings, like huge monsters, rose blackly against the grey sky; and their lights, their once warm and friendly lights, were now only their glittering, yellow eyes.

Far up in a tall building in a little dark room knelt a girl on the floor by the window, staring out at the grey sky. So still was she that except for her eyes she might not have seemed to live. They shone out of her white face like pools of still, dark water. The very intensity of their suffering gave them life.

She could not remember for how long she had knelt there. Her body was stiff. As it became darker she moved a little closer to the pale light of the window and as it grew colder she nestled closer to her heart the bundle which she carried in her arms. Finally she fell asleep, her eyes weary from watching the swirl of grey clouds in the sky—always towards the west—"Gone West," the words seemed written across the greyness which was not lightened by a single ray of sunset or relieved by a lone star.

She slept for a long time and it was very late when a key rattled in the door and a woman entered.

Looking quickly about, her eyes rested with a start on the quiet figure on the floor. Then she laughed. That was folly! Lucy but slept. Lifting her with strong gentle arms she laid her on the bed. She caught her breath with a force that was almost a sob as she saw what was in the girl's arms. For cuddled beneath her pointed, little chin, close to her heart as if it had been a child was a man's shabby tweed coat wrinkled out of all semblance of its original shape. At the sight of it all the joyous courage of her face died out, leaving it like a lamp with the light turned off. She went wearily to the kitchen and began to get supper. When it was ready she returned with a cup of steaming coffee in her hand and gently wakened the sleeper.

"Take this, please, Lucy."

The girl sat up, her hair in disordered masses over her shoulders and her eyes black and wide.

"Eat!" her voice framed the word strangely, almost as if she were speaking in a foreign language. "I do not wish to eat, Jane."

"But, dear, you must try to get strong again."

"I do not care to be strong." She sank back amid the pillows and turned her face to the wall speaking with the same slow weariness: "You do not understand. You have always been happy and contented. Life has never hurt you—"

Jane looked past-her out of the dark window, out to the grey sky. All the resentment of a lonely life of sacrifice flamed suddenly up within her as she looked at the expressionless face of her sister.

"No, life has never hurt me." Her voice was low and suppressed. "Why? Because I have never lived! When Mother died I gave up the years of my youth to care for you; the only lover I ever had I sent away because he could not provide both for my baby sister and for me. I would give all the well-ordered years of my life for a year of joy such as yours. I would have taken the tears with the laughter and been devoutly thankful for both. It is a woman's right to know pain.

"Suppose you had never known Jim, had never come back with him to these rooms from the little church around the corner? Suppose you had never heard him laugh—had never had that joyous year before the war? Then you would have never known pain.

"Did he die, crumpled, defeated like a tin soldier under careless, marching feet? A soldier's wife indeed! You are afraid to face life, afraid to finish the game!"

Jane paused, her voice choked with feeling. The unexpected had happened. Lucy found herself holding her sister's head against her shoulder, comforting her who had always been the comforter. Jim had died so very bravely in that far-off battle field. Surely she could live as bravely. It came slowly—that strange feeling of comfort and courage—after so many long black days. But it came surely.

"A soldier's wife!" The words rang in her ears like a challenge. Already the brief storm was over. With fresh interest she watched Jane moving about in the kitchen. Then she folded the rumpled coat and laid it carefully in an empty

bureau drawer—the one that had been Jim's. She stood for a long time looking at his picture on the wall. The smell of boiling coffee came from the kitchen. For the first time in days it did not make her feel faint. It was almost a good smell!

"I think," she said slowly, "that I will go back to work tomorrow."

"Yes, dear," Jane answered quietly.

She turned to leave but stopped in the doorway. Jim's eyes smiled at her from the picture on the wall and she smiled back bravely through her tears.

HERO!

Eleanor Good, '25

"Why of course you'll go to school, Clifford Young—what reasons have you for staying home? You aren't ill, are you?" asked Mrs. Young.

"No, I'm not ill, but I won't go to school," said Clifford.
"I'm never going again, so there."

"Well, why not, I'd like to know?" pursued Mrs. Young. Mr. Young was in the next room reading. Hearing the loud voices he entered the room.

"Well, well, why all the excited talking? What's wrong?" he inquired.

"Clifford says he won't go to school. Please talk to him, I can't understand him."

Mr. Young waited until his wife left the room, then he went over to Clifford, put his hand kindly on his shoulder and said, "What is the matter, son, why the sudden rebellion?"

"You don't need to know, you wouldn't understand, and you would only make fun of me. Oh, let me go! I'd rather go to school than have you and mother mooning over me," was Clifford's curt reply and before Mr. Young could protest Clifford rushed out of the house and slammed the front door. Once in the street he walked slowly with his hands in his pockets and his head lowered. Suddenly came a taunting voice:

"Clif, oh Clif, how is the rescuing business today?"

A moment later he heard a high stacatto cry:

"Help, oh won't any body save me? Oh help me, please!"

Then quickly a half a dozen boys shouted, "Hero, oh hero!"

Clifford could stand the boys' taunting remarks no longer. He ran into the school building where he was comparatively safe from pursuit. But the persecution continued until he grew so nervous that in school he colored when his name was mentioned. He further surprised his parents by refusing to go out at night.

A few days later he and his mother were walking down the street when three boys jumped out and called:

"Well, if it isn't dear little Hero, how's business, Hero?"

"Oh, mother, please come let's go home," Clifford pleaded.

Mrs. Young, who by this time had sensed that something was wrong between Clifford and the other boys, turned and went quietly home. Safely inside the house she asked: "What have you done, Clifford, to invite such ridicule? Tell me and I may be able to help you."

"Oh, I may as well tell you now as any time." See, it was this way—the other day I was down in the slum district, I heard a girl's voice calling for help. It seemed to be just around the corner. I ran and saw a large, seemingly drunken man beating a pretty little girl. The girl tried to escape and—I helped her. That's all."

"Well, Clifford, what was wrong with that? Any gentleman would have done just as you did."

"It was not all right, but I ask you—how was I to know it was only a moving picture company taking a picture?"

A WILD GHOST CHASE.

Ethel White, '25

Chief Hayes was angry. That was evident from the way in which he snapped out his orders. Lately there had been a great deal of counterfeit money in circulation and his men had been unable to locate its source. He looked up from his work to greet Baker, one of his best men.

"Hello, Chief," Baker's tone was cheery, "How's everything?"

"All wrong," answered the chief, "and it won't be right until we find that counterfeit gang."

"What's that about counterfeit?" Captain Griffith asked as he entered.

"We'd like to know who is making it," answered the chief. "We have searched every likely place and followed every clue, but we haven't been able to find a thing."

"I have it," suggested Baker waggishly. "There is a haunted house over on the east side. We could search that. May be it's the ghost!"

"That house was haunted long before this counterfeit came out," retorted Captain Griffith in a voice that carried finality.

"I'd just go for the fun," teased Baker.

"Better go carefully, Baker," cautioned the Captain. "Others have tried it and they weren't weaklings, either. I'm sure I wouldn't relish the job."

"Well," concluded Baker, "I guess there's no use wasting any time on it."

"So long," said Griffith, "Time for me to go on my job."

After Griffith had gone the Chief said, "Baker, were you serious about that house?"

"Not exactly," answered Baker, "but we might find something. I don't believe in ghosts and it's my opinion that someone is trying to scare people away from that house, and he must have some reason for doing it."

"I believe you're right. Will you stay in the haunted house a couple nights and solve this thing for us?" asked Haves.

"Yes, Chief, I will," answered Baker, "and if anything gets me it won't be a ghost."

"Very well, take the day off and start tonight," were the orders.

At nine o'clock that evening Baker arrived at the haunted house which stood in grounds overgrown with shrubbery and underbrush. The house that had once been beautiful and stately was now in a state of dilapidation. Baker entered and found himself in a spacious hall which led to the rear of the building. On each side of the hall were rooms. Baker hid himself in one of these and prepared to spend the night.

For a long while the place was quiet, but about midnight he heard a horrible hollow clanking which seemed to come from the upper part of the house. It sounded as though some one were dragging chains. He could hear the clank, clank, come nearer. He watched anxiously and saw, against the window on the stairway a weird, white shape. It came toward him; then, at the foot of the stairs, suddenly turned and went to the rear of the house. He followed the sound in the darkness to the back of the house, but he was not familiar enough with his surroundings to pursue the intruder farther. He was sure, however, that, ghost or goblin, it vanished down the cellar stairway, because he felt a gust of air which carried the musty smell of an unventilated underground room. The noise finally died away and when everything was quiet Baker cautiously made his way to the cellar and examined it by the light of his flashlight. But he found nothing. There was no trace of ghost or chains. The cellar was in good condition with no places of concealment or any means of escape except two small windows and they were barred.

Baker's curiosity was thoroughly roused. He went back to his point of vantage in the front of the house. Hours later he was surprised by a slight noise and the closing of a door in a distant part of the house. He was far too wary to expose himself to unnecessary danger. He felt he must study the sit-When daylight came he made a thorough investigation of all furnishings. He went again to the cellar. At first he saw nothing unusual, but as he examined the floor closely, he found the outline of what he thought was a trap door. there was no handle or any apparent way of raising it he concluded that there must be some kind of a hidden spring. accident he stepped on a loose stone in the floor and was surprised to see the trap door silently swing open. He crept close and saw a black opening and a pair of steps. He listened quite a while, but he did not hear any sounds so he turned on his flashlight and went slowly down the steps.

He found himself in a small room in which were several queer-looking machines and rolls of money—counterfeit money! In the corner were a white sheet and a heap of chains. This convinced him that he had found the hiding place of the "Ghost," and with a shock he realized that he had also found the den where the counterfeit was made.

He hurried up the steps and closed the trap door. Then he went to headquarters and reported privately to the Chief.

"Did the ghost get you?" asked the Chief.

"No, and I didn't get the ghost," answered Baker, "but I've discovered where he hides, and what's more, Chief, I've found the counterfeiters den."

Baker and the Chief made secret plans and that night, with two other men, they hid in the house and waited for the "Ghost" to appear. As before, the noise started in the attic and receded to the cellar. When all was quiet the men cautiously descended into the cellar and swung the trap door. They were almost blinded by the sudden light from the room below. They drew back for a second, then looked down. In the room was a man so busily engaged at one of the machines that he had not noticed the silent opening of the trap door.

Quickly Baker descended with a pair of hand cuffs which

he snapped on the man's wrists.

The man looked up in amazement and they saw the face of Captain Griffith, the head of the counterfeit gang!

OVER NEW YORK CITY BY AEROPLANE

Helen Pearce, '25

Through the courtesy of Mr. Van Dyke, an aeronautical engineer, my chum, Mary and I were given the opportunity of a ride in an aeroplane. When we reached Roosevelt Field, Westbury, L. I., the "ship" was already out of the hangar. was a large plane painted silver. We approached it, mounted the three little steps suspending from its side, and climbed into the cabin. The cabin itself was long and narrow, with rows of wicker chairs on each side with a narrow aisle between, similar to a small street car. There were ten chairs in all, though there seemed to be room for at least four more. Beside each chair there was a window. At the rear of the ship, outside, sat the pilot. There was an extra seat beside him, for anyone who might prefer the air. Van introduced Mary and me to the owner, a Russian, Mr. Rodolfski, and he, upon finding that women were to make the trip, rushed home for his wife, as Mrs. Rodolfski did not like to take a trip with only men.

In the meantime the mechanics were warming up the engines—two 400 horse power ones, and the thrill of expectancy caused by their hum was much like the sensation one gets at a symphony when the orchestra is tuning up. Soon we were seated; Mary and Van occupied seats of advantage—the two front ones, while I chose a seat in the rear, across from Mrs. Rodolfski, thinking that should I grow dizzy, the open space in front of me would counterbalance any giddiness. The mechanics drew in the "gang-plank" and shut the door. We

taxied along the ground for a short distance, then slowly we went up. The engines were running slightly and the thrill was very pleasant, much like the sensation one feels on a car of the Cambria Inclined Plane. We could still see the telegraph wires and autos along the roads. Suddenly the pilot threw the engines into full force. The quick rush through the air, the din of the motors, the rapid climbing up, up, up and the occasional dip became terrifying. I gasped and gripped my chair and the one in front of me. I could feel little beads of perspiration on my forehead. I looked at the little woman across from me. She was holding her husband's hand and he had thrown his arm around her. I turned and intended to say to her "When do we-?" but not a sound of it could I hear. Then I remembered that before starting we had put cotton into our ears, and that it was impossible to converse on one of those large planes. Another dip and I wondered why I had ever wanted to fly. I looked at Mary and Van. Van looked at the altimeter and held up three fingers and from that I concluded we were 3,000 feet above the ground.

The distance we could see by this time was extensive. Houses were wee dots of color, mostly red dots, as many of the Long Island homes are red-roofed. Mr. Rodolfski handed me a map of New York and vicinity taken from the air. He pointed out Forest Hills and motioned below. I tried to follow his gesture and comforted myself with the thought that had we crashed at that moment it certainly would have been in an exclusive spot. The dips gradually became fewer and fewer. We were passing over a thickly populated district. Mary turned and with her fingers made a "B," which I understood to mean Brooklyn. Van again put up his fingers, but this time with four visible. That meant we were now flying 4,000 feet up in the air. Mr. Rodolfski opened a window to take pictures and the sudden gush of air took my breath. Mary and Van were busy writing notes to each other describing points of interest. We were passing over lower New York, the Bay, the Battery, the Piers, Gouvenor's Island. sive Woolworth Building looked like a tiny church steeple. Every place seemed very small, and far below, just like aeroplane views we all have seen. Central Park was a tiny patch of green, while the Plaza Hotel, with its green roof, looked like a paste-board doll house.

We had been traveling at the rate of 100 miles per hour,

and at that moment the man who had been sitting outside with the pilot came inside, his face crimson from the force of the wind upon him. We turned, increasing the speed to 135 miles, with the wind behind us. The motors stopped! Then they started again with a terrible roar. I looked at the mechanic who had remained in the cabin, and he smiled reassuringly. Then we began to go down. The descent gave me a feeling like one gets from the first dive into a mountain stream pool in the spring. Buildings grew larger, individual ones stood out. We could now distinguish autos on the roads, and see little streams of water. Then we came to the big, big fields which meant safety.

The door opened and we got out. Our friends rushed to meet us. The mechanics came running from the hangars, cameras clicked. Col. Hartley greeted us with his guest book, where we signed our names. We congratulated and thanked Mr. Rodolfski for the trip, which was the 65th successful trip of the Z R-3.

We all enjoyed the adventure with its numerous thrills, and would not have missed the experience, but each of us was thankful in his own heart to be back safe on solid ground.

THE POT OF GOLD

Ermyl B. Hill, '25

"I can't understand where he gets this gold money. Every time he comes into the store he gives me gold. Beats me, and mind you, this is war time," remarked Isaac Brown as he turned a gold coin over in his hand and passed it for examination to a group of loafers who sat upon crates and cracker boxes around the stove in the country store.

"I've often wondered," remarked Jeff Bowman, "how he lives up there on the mountain. I don't understand how he can make a living out of those stony fields. Isn't that the

first coin you've ever got, Ike?"

"No, it isn't. Since I started this store nine months ago he has given me about five pieces of gold. Where does he get it? Suppose he's found a gold mine? Where does he live anyhow? I'm real anxious about him. We can't exactly tell—that nigger may be a spy. How did he come to live around here anyhow?"

Jim Brady rose, stretched himself lazily, and remarked, "I'd like to know all about him, too. Say, Jed, let's walk around by old man Chandler's. He'll know all about nigger Smith."

At that moment the door of the store opened and George Chandler walked in. Jim turned to him.

"Say, Chandler, you're just the man we were talking about. Tell us about Smith up there on the mountain. Nobody else down here seems to know about him."

"Smith?" gueried Chandler. "Edinborough Smith? Well, ten or eleven years ago the fellow came down from Johnstown and went up the mountain. We, up at the house, thought he might be just crossing the mountain and let it go at that. But, about a week later he came down to the village for supplies. Sam Bernhart, who's got a shanty over on the Ninevah side of the mountain came through and said somebody was living at the old Jones place. We just naturally concluded that, after I told him about seeing the colored fellow, it must be him. Smith came down for supplies often, but never would talk. Later I learned his story. He was an escaped slave from Virginia, who had come north by the underground railroad that runs near Benscreek. Edinborough left the established route, came through Johnstown and settled up there in the mountain. One day he left and nobody saw him for about a year. When he came back he brought a woman and a boy. They went into the mountains and for years nobody ever saw any of them except Smith, who came down for groceries. The only time the woman was down was when young John enlisted in the army."

The men around the stove were so interested in Chandler's story that they did not notice two men who came into the store quietly.

"Well, Chandler, but where does Smith get his gold? Can you figure that out? I can't, nohow, but he's got it."

"Some have rumored," continued Chandler, "that he has an old iron pot full of money. I don't think that he could have because escaped slaves don't have money. He may've killed his master and escaped with his money, but that is improbable. He has lived so peacefully here these years that I don't think that could be."

At the mention of gold one of the strangers who had come into the store gave a slight start and listened so as not to

STUDENT COUNCIL

miss a word of the explanations. Brown moved to ask their wants and after they had made several small purchases they departed reluctantly.

A few minutes later the group of men broke up, and interest in Smith and his gold was crowded out by the excitement of the return of the Union soldiers, with whom came Edinborough Smith's son, John. John would not wait for the celebration the town gave the soldiers, but hurried away to the mountain.

Two hours later he reappeared, ran wildly down the street and disappeared into the doctor's office. Several men who realized that something was wrong followed him, and they were startled to hear the doctor say, "Did you say your father was shot?"

"Yessuh," replied Smith as the doctor hurriedly gathered together his instruments and medicines. "Ah lef' dez men, sta'ted towa's home an' had got as fer as dez clearin' when Ah heard a shot and a scream. Ah ran towa'as de house when Ah saw two men at de do'. Ah yell at dem an' when dey saw me dey ran awa'. Ah don' know who dey wer'. Ah nebber saw dem befo'."

When the doctor, followed by Smith and a group of men of the village, reached the shanty they found old Edinborough Smith lying on the floor, his head pillowed on an army coat. His wife was sitting on the floor wiping blood from his forehead and sobbing hysterically. Old Smith feebly opened his eyes as his son knelt beside him, and commanding all of his remaining strength he looked searchingly at his son and said, "Son, ta' keer o' you' mammy. O'er beyon' de clearin' in de rocks is—."

His head dropped, a shudder passed over his body—he was dead.

The men looked at each other, then silently withdrew down the mountain. The doctor followed, he could do nothing.

The authorities searched untiring but unsuccessfully for the murderers. The mystery of the old man's death remained unsolved.

Years afterwards and even today, when a man from Morrellville goes to the mountain he is asked laughingly if he is looking for old Edinborough Smith's pot of gold. Will any one find it? Who knows? For there are people who

still tell with bated breath that on dark, stormy nights old Edinborough Smith walks the mountains near his home. In one hand he carries an old candle lantern, in the other an iron tipped walking stick which strikes fire from the stones. His head, wrapped with a blood-soaked rag, is bowed, his shoulders stooped, his listless steps wander aimlessly in his apparent search for honesty and justice in the cruelty of the world.

THE PRICE

Frances Driscoll, '25

The mountain in the distance was very beautiful on this morning and the sun glistening on its slopes appealed to Sidney Patterson as cool and restful. Near at hand the birds were singing cheery welcome to the day. The girl looked wistfully about her and longed to spend the day outdoors instead of in the laundry where she worked. She was thinking deeply when her attention was arrested by a group of noisy motorists. Their automobiles were gay with banners and flying ribbons, and the occupants were laughing and shouting. Sidney recognized them as her former classmates, the class with which she would have graduated. They were out for a picnic in the mountains. No one recognized her. She had long ago passed out of their lives. She stood watching them disappear around the bend, their song ringing bitterly in her Then a sense of what she had missed and how she was suffering from her loss came over it. But her thoughts were rudely interrupted by a coarse voice.

"Howdy, kid."

She turned to greet a fellow worker.

"What'sa matter? Ya look kind o' blue."

"Oh," answered Sidney smiling bravely, "I wish I'd have stayed in school."

'Humph," sniffed the other, "I'm not sorry I left."

"But, Peg," urged Sidney. She stopped, remembering it was useless to argue with those who won't see. She recalled bitterly her unsuccessful argument of the night before with Janet Patton, a neighbor girl, who, becoming disgusted with "old disagreeable school," had decided "to go out and make money." "Well, here we are," said her companion.

Instead of going directly to work as was her habit, Sidney stopped and looked at the large, rambling building with "Hammond Laundry" on it in glaring letters. Awful was the only word to describe it. It never had impressed her so before. She half wished she had not seen her classmates.

Later when she stepped into the hot, stuffy room where she was employed as an ironer, the dull hum of the machinery and the monotony of her labor sickened her. She turned and gazed out of a window only to see a dirty alley. Every place she looked was disagreeable.

"Say, what da ya think we pay ya fer, loafin?"

A coarse woman, a specimen of ignorance, stood before her. Sidney felt like asserting her independence, but work in the little town was scarce, especially for those not having a high school education and she had to take insults where her living was involved.

As the day advanced, she grew hot and tired; tears surged in her eyes as she looked at the group of happy, laughing undergraduates passing the laundry on their way for a cool swim. She breathed a little prayer that none of them would foolishly leave school. A great wave of pity for her fellowworkers swept over her. They were as hot and tired as she.

At last the long day came to a close and the girls walked home in little groups.

"Oh, girls," said Sidney to the group she was with, "Wouldn't it be fine to have an education?"

"I'll say," answered one girl carelessly.

"Yes," chimed in another, "and be treated an equal by other people."

Sidney did not answer. The flippancy of their answers showed that they did not realize their condition.

Later in the evening she was sitting alone in her room looking at a picture of the graduating class—her class—when she was startled by excited voices and—the fire alarm.

She dropped the paper and ran to the street. People were shouting, "The laundry! The laundry!"

She hurried along with the crowd.

The laundry was doomed, flames shot high in the air and the fire roared like a furnace. Sidney stood fascinated. Somehow it was a pleasure to watch this ugly place burn. She was brought sharply to her senses by the shouts of warning from the firemen, followed by a low rumbling and almost instantly the huge building crashed to the earth. She shuddered. Her work at the laundry was over.

As she walked home she passed the high school. Boys and girls with their parents were coming out of the building. It was commencement night of her class. There was Evelyn Bender, the valedictorian. Sidney remembered that in their freshman year they had been rivals for honors. She recognized the other graduates. She thought bitterly that their work would always be made easier, be made pleasanter because they had an education, while she was fitted for only hard work. They were prepared to do something in life while she—she choked back a sob, she must look for another job.

AN EXCITING MOMENT

Lee Conrad, '25

"So long, boys," said Dick Brown as he started down the steps of the Country Club one warm summer evening and climbed into his speedy little roadster. The night was ideal and Dick drove along the highway slowly, not caring what time he headed home.

"Gee, this old town gets me," thought Dick. "Not a thing out of the ordinary ever occurs, and I am just starving for a bit of excitement." He was driving past an old, deserted barn, when suddenly he heard a dull thud. "Wonder what that noise was," he muttered, "a person can't be too careful these days. But I'm in search of excitement and a holdup will do just as well as anything else."

The noise did not seem to affect the car so Dick drove on. Several miles further he stopped for he found that the water in the radiator of the car was low.

At this point in the highway the river bent a mile in the opposite direction, and there was not a house in sight where he could procure a drop of water. But a high wall around the turn that he could see in the glare of the headlights suddenly interested him, for he remembered that this wall circled the estate of Dr. Thomas Drake, a retired scientist, who spent his time conducting experiments of which the world knew little. There had been rumors that Dr. Drake's eccentricity bordered on insanity. For a certainty he kept the gate of his estate barred, and on the whole the place did not look inviting.

Dick knew that he would have to get water for his new roadster, even if he had to visit the well which was known on the estate of Dr. Drake. He got out the collapsible water bucket and hurried toward the wall. A short run, a quick spring and he clasped the top. Slowly he drew himself up and was preparing to drop down on the inside when he heard a slow voice, "Say, young man."

Dick dropped the bucket and made a dash for his car, all kinds of wild thoughts rushing through his mind. Had this mad doctor decided to use him as his next victim or was the holdup he had wished for really going to occur. Dick's main thought was flight from the place. He jumped into his car pressed the starter, but the motor did not turn. Oh, why had he forgotten to fill the gasoline tank, he remembered that the gauge had shown almost empty when he had started for the club early in the evening. He could not make a getaway.

At that moment a motorcycle policeman walked up to his car and said, "Why all the running? All I wanted to tell you is that your spare tire is miles down the road at the old barn where it fell off your car."

Dick remembered the thud he had heard when he was passing the old barn. He thanked the officer, and made a mental comment, "Well, I guess I've had enough excitement for one night, me for a few gallons of gasoline, the spare tire and home."

THE WORM TURNS

Mary P. Hertlein, '25

It was the spring term at Grand Aires High School. Young men's fancies that were "turning to thoughts of" most everything but studies and many were longing for commencement, the beginning of a long reckless freedom for some, the beginning of a long, hard and bitter struggle for others.

Nibs, Spunk and Goggles were among the many. As most nicknames, these were significant. Nibs was a prince of a good fellow, smiling and coaxing his way through the school work, backed by an athletic record. Spunk was a fellow athlete, but rather more fond of being lionized at social functions than of doing serious training on the field. He boasted of "drags" with the teachers, of his ability to skip periods, and of clinging firmly to his side of an argument, right or wrong, hence the name Spunk. Goggles was just a plodder. He belonged to the class of students who still go to school to get an education. These three classmates composed a strange

DRAMATIC CLUB

trio, amiable so long as Goggles did the work, Nibs won the honors, and Spunk had his good times and was permitted an argument now and then.

That a bit of jealousy developed between Spunk and Nibs was evident. This particular afternoon, Nibs dropped into the home room after dismissal and found the other boys engaged in an earnest conversation.

"Hello, Long faces! What's worrying you? Now if you had something to worry about like little Nibsie here—." He broke off abruptly. "Say Goggles, got much work to do lately? The Directors are having a big feed Friday night and I have to toast the old Grads. The Principal and the teaching staff will be there, the coach, and—Gee, I'll have to have a fine speech! You've never failed me yet, old pal. Just an outline or something, you know. I'll do the rest. Say why all the solemnity? What's up?"

"Just this, Nibs, you've run this trio long enough and it's our turn now. Goggles is through writing your speeches, working your experiments and looking up your library work. Seems to me if you had a shade of decency, you'd be telling the teachers the truth and holding over for a year or two, until you really have earned a diploma. You're in a pinch now and it's a fine time for the worm to turn."

Nibs was plainly taken by surprise. "Why, fellows, I don't understand," he replied, attempting to be more serious. "Haven't we got along fine together? You're at the bottom of this, Spunk. But if Gogg and you really feel this way about it, I guess I can find some other way. Plenty of pals will help a fellow out."

But the intervening days passed and Nibs realized how much he had depended upon Goggles and how thankless he had been for his chum's help. There were plenty of socalled pals in the school. They did not seem sorry that they could not help him out of his plight.

Friday evening found Nibs the center of a litter of papers, writing madly, tearing up bits of copy and finally burying his face in his hands. Just giving up! He had depended on his High School pals so long that he could not even think for himself in this crisis. He raised his head and forced a smile as Goggles walked into his room unannounced.

"Guess I'm in for a razzing, Gogg. I'll have to chuck the banquet. Can't think of a thing to write. Oh, I don't blame Spunk or you. Serves me right." And at that moment the worm did a very strange thing, he re-turned, for Gogg spoke, "That's all I wanted, Nibsie; just to hear you say that. I've been worth something. It wasn't that I minded doing the work. I just wanted to be thanked for it. Foolish for a chap my age, but lots of folks are starved for appreciation and won't admit it. You didn't really think I could fail a pal, did you? Here's the outline."

And without waiting for Nibs to recover from his surprise, Goggles thrust some neatly written papers into his hand.

Nib's exclamation of pleasure was sincere.

"Why, you've written the whole bloomin' speech. What a prince of a fellow."

"A NOISE IN THE NIGHT"

Stella Zayaz, '25

My dog Ted and I were spending a week end at the home of my Aunt Mary and Uncle Joe Allen, who lived in an old colonial house. It was not much in the way of a house with its weather beaten boards, gray plaster walls, crude fire places made from rough unfinished stones, and the incomplete cellar.

I liked everything because of the novelty with the exception of the cellar. It was like any other country cellar that belongs to an old house. Built in shelves for canned fruit and many potato bins and apple barrels. But there was something uncanny and ghost-like about that cellar. The floor was very uneven in the unused parts, and in spots the clay was almost a bright red. This unusual appearance made me feel like being alone in a grave yard at midnight, even in broad daylight. After I had once explored that cellar I steered clear of it.

One night about nine o'clock as we were sitting on the vine covered porch a girl came running up the road yelling, "Oh hurry, Mr. Allen, some one is stealing our chickens, our prize chickens."

Uncle Joe ran to get his gun and in a minute he and the girl were far down the road. Aunt Mary grabbed her shawl and we followed. Somehow I stumbled and fell, giving my foot a wrench. I could not walk, but insisted that Aunt Mary should go. I limped back to the house. My foot didn't hurt so terribly and I sat down by the fire place thinking, "Oh, they'll be back soon." But I was angry. An old house may

be quaint and romantic looking in broad light, but quite different at night, especially with a cellar as creepy as this one. After a while I began to read Stevenson's "New Abrabian Nights." I was in the most weird and fascinating part of his "Suicide Club" when I heard a crash, followed by indistinct mumblings. I grew cold with fear. I knew that noise came from the cellar. It seemed that the intruder was picking his way among the bins and barrels. By this time I was so scared that I did not dare to move. While I was thinking of what on earth it could be, sounds of hesitating steps came up the cellar stairs. "Oh those hills! those red spots! I had heard awful stories about old cellars. In the midst of my terror the hesitating steps ceased. The top step creaked. The door knob rattled. Then distinctly I heard my uncle and aunt at the front door. How I ever dared to get up and run to that door is more than I can tell. I fairly fell into Aunt Mary's arms. I could not speak for a moment and when I did I shrieked, "The door, the cellar door-the cellar! Some one's

"What?" asked my uncle. "It's nothing," he added, reassuringly, "you're just dreaming."

"No! No.!" I cried. "I'm not dreaming. Some one —oh come!" and I dragged him to the kitchen.

Just as we got to the cellar door we heard a loud crash. "Oh Uncle Joe!" I sobbed, "Don't go down. It will catch you."

"Be quiet child, you'll drive me crazy if you make another move," hoarsely whispered Aunt Mary.

Gun and flashlight in hand Uncle Joe cautiously opened the cellar door. Aunt Mary was now clinging to me or I to her, I don't remember. Uncle Joe ran down the steps flashing his light here and there.

"Ah—that thief, why he's taken a ham and has been eating my sausage." Then after a moment's pause, "I've got him, the little rascal!"

Aunt Mary and I retreated to the corner of the kitchen. But by the flash light we saw Uncle Joe coming up the stairs. In one hand he held his gun and flash light; in the other he dragged the thief by his collar. Our terror gave place to mirth. Aunt Mary and I shrieked with laughter and even Uncle Joe forgot his anger, for the thief, entangled in a string of sausages and looking very crestfallen, was none other than my dog Ted.

CONCERNING THE WOMAN WHO COUNTED THIRTY

Laura Noffsinger

Miranda was in readiness for down-town.

"You had better look out or you will miss the street car," I said.

"I am looking out," replied Miranda blandly, gazing through the window as she gave the finishing touches to the drapery of her gown; that perfectly beautiful brown silk with a luster blending into gold. Miranda had only worn it once before and that was to Squire Randall's daughter's wedding.

I thought I heard the sound of the street car and bade Miranda hasten, but it was only a heavy wagon rumbling down the street. Of that fact Miranda was exceedingly glad, for in her flurry she had forgotten her gloves and now came running back to get them. She was about to make her second exit when Hannah, the washerwoman, called to her.

"Bress you', yo' be not going to depart in that manner, be yo'? Ets the bery wo'st kind o' luck you'l be bringing yo' self, an' yo' with dat fine dress on in de bargain. Who knows but some young urchin might rush agin' yo', or stop on it, and rend it inter slits. Sit down and count thirty afore yo' start agin. Yo' will if yo' be wise."

Miranda laughed lightly, but that laugh could not blind me, nevertheless, to the look of uncertainty in her eyes—just the faintest glint, yet a glint notwithstanding. The fact of the matter is, a tinge of superstition runs in Miranda's veins—or did. But that would be putting the cart before the horse.

"Just to please you, Hannah, I will sit down a moment. Not that I have any faith in it for my own part." But somehow Miranda took pains and began counting slowly and very precisely, "One, two, three, etc."

She had gotten as far as twenty-three when we heard the inevitable whirr of the street car, and she was in the act of quickening the count, but the warning finger of Hannah duly restrained her. The monotone continued and concluded with "twenty-nine, thirty," and Miranda was off like an antelope.

Now had the walk been paved with brick, or cobble, Miranda might have been wearing that silk dress yet. But the walk was only board walk and some of the boards were loose. The gong had already sounded for departure, and in her mad effort to signal the conductor, Miranda stepped a little too near the edge of the walk and the board turned up. I might

just as well state that Miranda turned down, silk dress and all.

And what was there to hinder the conductor from laughing, since he could not help her? And what was to hinder that pest, Lime Lint, who had the fortune of turning up where he was not wanted, to turn up just then?

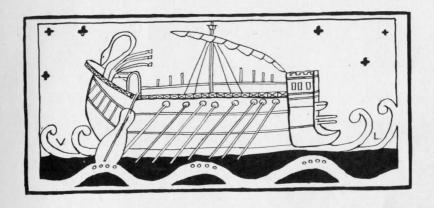
By this time Miranda, in order to get on her feet again, was handling boards as though she had worked in a lumber yard all her life.

"Don't mind about the board, Miss. There is many more where those came from. Shall I relieve you 'un your gloves, an' handbag, or would you ruther I should run an' git a blanket seeing as your dress might be mistaken for the riggin' uv a ship—er a flag torn by the gale?"

Miranda threw out her hands and the conductor thought she meant for the car to start, having perhaps made up her mind to remain behind, so the car sped away. But the conductor was utterly wrong in his conjecture. She was only making a dive at Lime, she merely found the air. Lime was gone.

Her dress was practically gone, likewise her superstition.

THE FACULTY



PRINCIPAL'S PAGE



J. D. RIPPLE, Principal

ONWARD AND UPWARD

Another senior number of the Spectator, another commencement, another graduation mean another saying of farewells and another severing of the ties of four years of friendship.

As you approach the parting of the road, your eyes are fixed, more than ever before, on the ultimate goal and on the end you are to pursue. While your individual aims may not be identical, yet all of you purpose to travel in the same direction. Like Longfellow's character, you resolve to climb the Alpine heights.

"Through rain, and wind, and frost, and snow,

And sing and shout, as on we go,

Excelsior!"

But in order to reach these heights, you must never forget that work, inspired by faith, will count more than words or dreams. Your work may not be all alike, for it may be mental or moral, religious or manual; but whatever it may be, it must be incessant, sustained, disciplined and progressive. You must realize that he who takes up the responsibilities of life, without preparation, no matter what race or nation may claim him, is the sport of chance.

You must have self-confidence. Faith in yourselves and in your ability to meet the demands which will be made upon you, is an essential part of power-more essential even, than technical knowledge. Many a man of brains and genius has won his own way to the top without the help of technical training-Thomas A. Edison and Hudson Maxim are two conspicuous examples of this-and many a man of splendid scholarship or wide technical knowledge has failed. Psychology teaches that if we believe in ourselves, we can make others believe in us. Faith is contagious, confidence is catching. Because Luther believed so thoroughly in himself that nothing could daunt him he changed the thought of Europe and the history of the world. Because it never occurred to him that he could lose a battle, Napoleon was a great general. It is said that he once called his drummer boy to him when the regiment had encamped for the night, and tried his character. "My little man," said he, "beat me a call." The boy rattled it off readily. "Beat me a march." The little fellow obeyed. "Beat me a charge." The very rafters rang with the vibrations of the wild, fierce notes. "Now beat me a retreat." Down came the sticks. The little fellow straightened up and with a blush of pride said, "Excuse me, Sire! I never learned that. Our regiment never retreated."

Francis Anne Kemple, the actress, gave the keynote of this teaching in an admirable address to the students of a Massachusetts academy, when she said:

"A sacred duty is the life ye bear,
Look on it; lift it; bear it solemnly.
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

If you propose to carry on some of the world's work, it behooves you to remember the lesson. If you intend to make the world better for your having lived in it, you must never retreat. If you have convictions, you should live up to them. If tasks and difficulties rise mountain high, you will tunnel through them. To those who are stronger and could help you, but who beset you, you should say with Seneca's Pilot, "Oh Neptune, you may save us if you will and you may de-

stroy us if you will, but whatever happens, we will keep our rudders true."

Full of energy you must go to work, ready to do and to dare, willing to climb onward and upward. With all our boasted improvements we still find people whose lives are bitter, confused and dark. Some of them are groaning with want, partly because of their own idleness and incapacity; partly because of environments which they cannot escape. Others are slaves to passion and in bondage to vice; a condition partly due, perhaps, to their own false choice, but partly also to lack of good counsel and human sympathy.

Pygmalion was a youth of ancient Greece who thought none of the Greek maidens good enough or beautiful enough to be his wife. None of them approached his ideal. was loveless, joyless, and he lost faith in humanity and in the very gods. In his lonely home he began to chisel from marble the statue of a woman. As he continued to work, his ideal developed; "as the marble wasted, the image grew." more he worked, the more he loved the image he was creating from the heart of the marble. When it was completed, it was Pygmalion's ideal of a beautiful woman. He loved it; he adored it: but it was a cold piece of stone. He prayed to the goddess of beauty to give life to the statue he loved so dearly, that he might realize his own ideal and truly possess The goddess granted his prayer and the his own creation. beautiful statue of Galatea sprang into life and his dream of beauty stood before him in flesh and blood. So let it be with your ideals of culture and beauty. You should not be content with carved images or abstract conceptions of what you desire. You must work and pray like Pygmalion, and the day will come when you will realize your ideal of life as you see it today in anticipation.

Such are your expectations, your hopes, and your wishes; and it is with these thoughts before you that I bid you farewell.

SPECTATOR STAFF

The High School Spectator

JOHNSTOWN, PA., JUNE, 1925

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HOW TO IDENTIFY '25

Thoughtful—Helen Clarke. Humorous—Karl Harris. Energetic—Robert Dunmyer.

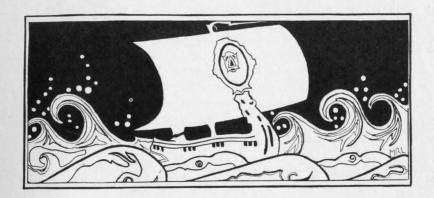
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Studious—Theodore Buhl.

Oratorical—Betty Hoffman. Frank—Lulu Gindlesberger.

Nice—Tom Kredel.
Industrious—Mary Dibert.
Natty—Lee Conrad.
Enthusiastic—Josephine Hamilton.
Titanic—Morgan Jones.
Exemplary—Josephine Paul.
Eloquent—Luke Rhoads.
Neat—Samuel Bowman.

Talented—Ethel Bowman.
Wise—William Robertson.
Efficient—Mary Grazier.
Noteworthy—Evelyn Snably.
Tactful—Margaret Schaefer.
Youthful—Mary Shaffer.

Facetious—James Carney. Independent—Earl Ellis. Virtuous—Helen Overdorf. Egotistical—John Grey.



EDITORIALS

OUR VOYAGE

The cuts for the different departments of this issue of the Spectator are symbolic of the desire of the world to explore and acquire knowledge. The cuts are also significant to us, the class of '25, because we can compare our stay in Johnstown High School to a voyage on which we embarked four years ago. There were those who desired to gain knowledge of business, while others of us meant to educate ourselves by exploring the lands of literature, history, mathematics and foreign languages.

The voyage has been a long one, but it has shown the material in the class. All of us wearied of the work. Those who lacked "backbone" to complete their tasks left the ship at the first harbor that appealed to them, while we who had definite plans endured the hardships of the trip. It was we who, when stormy weather came at that season known as the "final exam" period, courageously braced the vessel against the strain of wind and weather. But all of the four years have not been stress and strain. Periods of "shore leave" took the place of periods of work. Every summer we wandered about enjoying three months of liberty. When we came back to work, we profited by the experience we had had. Now, as we near the port. Graduation, the steady workers realize the true value of the long voyage. It has prepared us for our future. It has given us a firm foundation for later work. Through that voyage we have learned the value of steadfastness and applied work.

After graduation, each one of us will set out a new voyage on the vast uncharted sea, the Future. This time we must manage our individual craft. No amount of luck will bring success. Skillful and steady management, zealous application and determination are the factors that will make our sailing smooth. May success go with every one of us.

G. C.

TO THE GRADUATES

Extending good wishes of the under classmen to the graduates seems like a repetition of what has been done by all other classes. But to us and to you it is a new experience. As you leave school each class will take one step nearer graduation.

When under classmen we, the class of '25½, looked upon Seniors with awe and the time when we should be Seniors seemed very distant. But now the pleasures and responsibilities which come to all Senior classes are ours.

To us the position of Seniors seems to carry with it heavy work, but we believe we shall be better able to carry on this work because of the splendid leadership you have offered to us and the cordial relations we have had with you. We wish to thank you, the class of '25, for your leadership, and we pledge ourselves to uphold the standards of Johnstown High School in a manner which will be gratifying to you who are now among the alumni.

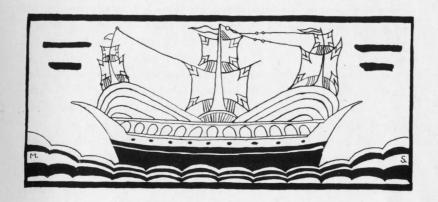
R. S.

TO THE NEW STAFF

The Senior number of the Spectator is the last to be issued by the present staff. Both the editorial staff and the business staff have co-operated splendidly, and have offered their best work, as well as the best work contributed by the student body. They wish to thank the Faculty advisers, who gave much of their time to helping publish the Spectator, and offering valuable suggestions.

The editors of the various departments have enjoyed doing their work for this important school activity. They realized that when each position was assigned, they were expected to do their best. The experience will prove of value to them when they go to other schools. They have learned something that every staff eventually learns, that if the school paper is to reflect the activities of the school, co-operation between the student body and the staff must be established.

The retiring editors extend to the new staff the best wishes for a better and larger Spectator. May the Business Manager also have success and prosperity in all his enterprises.



SCHOOL NEWS

SCHOOL NEWS

Several months ago a collection of fish was placed in the school aquarium, which is in room 413. These fish were of various species and were presented to the school by the Fish and Game Reserve Department of Pennsylvania. The fish offer excellent opportunity for study to the biology students and were a great improvement over the gold-fish which formerly occupied the aquarium.

The greater number of students of the 1925 class were graduates of the Cochran Junior High School. They were the first class to enter Central High School from Cochran and the class proved to be one of the best that ever entered Central High School.

Few classes that have ever graduated from Central High School have had the number of athletes on its roll that the present class does. When the class of 1925 leaves Central High it will take with it many football, basketball and track stars of note. There will also be those who excel in the study of dramatics, and many students that attained high honors in their studies.

During the month of April there were four interesting chapel programs. The first of these was on April 1, when Dr. S. N. Carpenter of Trinity Lutheran church spoke on "Aims." He said that any person who wanted to succeed in life must have an aim. Place that aim high, then shoot hard, straight and right at the goal. This talk was interesting and helpful to the students as well as to the teachers.

At the second, Mr. Lon Young and Dr. James D. Young spoke. Mr. Lon Young, head football coach of the University of Pennsylvania, spoke on "The Benefits of Football on the Players." He emphasized that a boy must have a high average in his studies before he can play, because the best is wanted. The players develop teamwork and learn to play hard and fair. Dr. James D. Young, also from the University spoke on "Going to College." He said that a student should decide upon his vocation and then go to a college that will best prepare him for that vocation, regardless of where his friends may go.

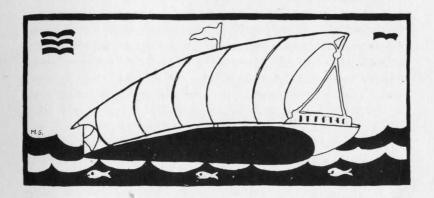
A fine musical entertainment given on April 22, was the third. The program consisted of piano solos by Carlyle

Swope and Esther Blayman, and selections from the Boys' Glee Club.

On April 30, Dr. Wyre, head of the National Research Department of the Smithsonian Institute, spoke on "Fuel and Power Situation in the Home." Dr. Wyre stated that a great deal of our national resources, including natural gas, water and oil, are being wasted. There is not enough coal or water power to be converted into electricity, for heating, nor is there enough gas for that purpose. Therefore the problem is, how are we to conserve our national resources, so as to make the best use of them.

Edward O'Neil, a member of the Senior Class was awarded a bronze medal in Physics at the Interscholastic Academic contest which was conducted by the University of Pittsburgh at Pittsburgh on May 2.

An interesting chapel program was given on May 6. The program consisted of piano numbers by the Frederick Piano Company, and violin solos by Miss Emma Louise Raab.



EXCHANGES

EXCHANGES

We, the Editors of the Spectator, wish to thank our ninety exchanges for the helpful criticism and comment they have given our magazine and for the pleasure which their magazines have afforded the pupils of Johnstown High School in revealing to them the activities, work and methods of other institutions. Not only has our department received exchanges from schools in Pennsylvania and from schools in all states from Maine to Texas and from New Jersey to California, but also from the Philippine Islands and the Canal Zone. We hope that in the following year the same schools will continue to exchange with, us and that through their influence the Spectator may become stronger, not only in the Exchange Department, but throughout the magazine.

As Others See Us

Lore, Lewistown, Pa.—"You have an interesting magazine. The Literary Department is splendid, but you should have a few more editorials. Some "cuts" at the heads of departments would improve your magazine. We are glad to see so many good snappy jokes."

Trident, Neptune Township, Ocean Grove, N. J.—"Your November magazine was fine. The football pictures were good and well arranged. You are to be congratulated upon turning out such a fine paper."

Hilltop, Red Lion, Pa.—"Very interesting magazine with artistic cover."

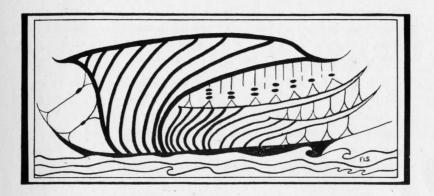
Caribbean, Cristobal, Canal Zone—"You have an excellent literary department. We enjoyed very much your page entitled "Just a Moment." But why not add a few cuts to your book?"

Arrow, Midland, Pa.—"The Spectator, afraid some one else would beat it for 'cuts,' came forward with a beautiful cover design and several other good cuts."

U-Tel-Um, Darby, Pa.—"My, what an attractive cover design. Your Literary Department contains many interesting stories. The magazine on a whole is quite complete, but we suggest that you place your editorials before the literary department.

Piquonion, Piqua, Ohio—"The Spectator is satisfying in every way, but the Art Department must have been loafing on the job. With the exception of a page of cartoons there was not one bit of art work in the whole paper. Apart from this the paper leaves nothing to be desired, but it seems such a shame to 'spoil the ship for a ha' poth of tar.' Somebody put a bomb in the Art room and wake 'em up."

McKinley High School Monthly, Canton, Ohio—"Your February issue of the Spectator has just arrived. A classy magazine! Your cover is good looking. The poem 'Old Clothes'—very good. 'Sensations Before an Operation'—quite a good description. The story entitled 'Tables Turned' was very interesting. Your Literary Department is very finished. The cartoons are clever also. You have a very well written magazine."



ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS

MEMBERS OF 1925 IN ATHLETICS

Among the athletes of the Senior class is "Doc" Krise, captain of the 1924 football team and star center of the 1924-1925 basketball team. "Doc" is an all-around athlete and for several years has played a prominent part in all high school activities.

Sam Bowman is another boy that the class of 1925 is proud to claim. Sam was one of the mainsprings of the strong 1924 football team, playing a position as defensive center that many opposing teams found difficult to penetrate. Sam was also a letter man of the 1924-1925 basketball squad.

William Baumer, star halfback and consistent ground gainer of the 1924 football team, is also bidding goodbye to Johnstown high school. Bill played on the varsity football team for two years and was always in the right place when he was needed.

Karl Harris, who has been so prominent in high school basketball since his entrance in 1922, will also leave with the class of 1925. Karl has played many stellar games in football for J. H. S.

James Carney has been a familiar sight in a football suit on the Point since his entrance four years ago. Jim played a tackle position on the strong team of '24 and won his letters after four years' effort.

Last but not least is Howard Picking, manager of the basketball team of '24 and '25. "Pick" succeeded John Taylor when John graduated and could not complete his term as manager.

As a whole, the class has been well represented in athletics and we hope the coming classes will respond to the calls for practice as well as the class of 1925 have done.

OUR SCHOOL IN TRACK

After a slow start our squad of loyal track men are finally hitting their stride, both in spirit and in athletic proficiency.

Our boys showed real spirit by defeating Ferndale and we hope they may keep it up.

Johnstown High School has always been represented by a track team, some years better than others, but it looks as if we were to have a better team than usual this year.

Our mountain city rivals, Altoona High School, has a large track squad and Johnstown will compete with them in a track and field meet this year.

We will also send a squad of track men to Bucknell and to the Pitt Relays.

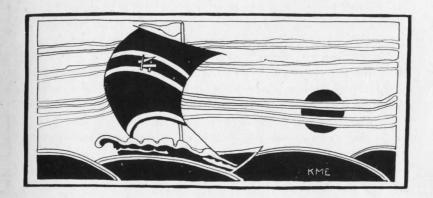
No school spirit was shown as track season opened because the boys could not practice on the Point field and for this reason supporters of the team were lead to believe there was a lack of spirit noticeable.

The team has succeeded in getting in shape remarkably considering their handicap and we hope they may support Johnstown High School away from home when they go to Bucknell and Pittsburgh. The team's success must also reflect credit on Coach Jolley, as this is his first year in coaching track for our school and he had to choose material without any previous experience to help him in his selection.

Johnstown High School swamped Ferndale High in a dual track meet by a score of 82-13. Walter Griffiith, star track man for Johnstown, took three firsts, and Sam Bowman captured two first places and tied with Charles Krise for first honors in the third. Johnstown won first place in all events, but on account of the poor condition of the track the time was slow.

The construction work at the Point has hindered practice and our boys were unable to send a team to the Penn relays.

Johnstown High School was entered in the Carnegie Tech interscholastic meet at Pittsburgh, but unfortunately did not place high in any of the events, with the exception of Miller Gerhardt, who won second place in the high jump.



ALUMNI

ALUMNI NOTES

Births

- 1907—1915—Born to Dr. and Mrs. William Grove (Wm. Grove, '07; Lou Mellinger, '15), a son, William Joseph, on March 18.
- 1918—Mr. and Mrs. Leonard P. Gallucci announce the birth of a son April 17. Mrs. Gallucci was formerly Elizabeth Berry, '18.
- 1920—Mr. and Mrs. George Schoop (Grace Leckey, '20) announce the birth of a son March 28.

General Notes

1920—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingston (Mildred Good, '20) have moved to Johnstown from Jersey Shore.

Dorothy Wilder, valedictorian of the 1920 class, made the Phi Beta Kappa at Dickinson College.

Dorse Bloom, '20, is enrolled at the Jefferson Medical School.

- 1920½—Marianna Miltenberger, '20½, a Junior at Goucher College, spent her Easter vacation with her parents and relatives.
- 1921—Thomas Schuchman, '21 (Senior at Penn State), is a member of the Danny Deever Band which is accompanying the Thespian's play, "Wooden Shoes."

Donald Rhoads, '21, is studying for the minstry at Susquehanna University, at Selingrove, Pa.

1921—Harry Yudin, '21, who is attending the law school of the University of Pittsburgh, spent his spring vacation in the city.

Florence Knauf, '21, made the Phi Beta Kappa at Goucher College.

John Benson, '21, was in the city recently. He is a senior at Otterbein.

- 1921½—Harold Noffsinger, '21½, is attending the Chicago school of Chiropracty.
- 1922—Anna Duncan, '22, and Florence Patch, '22, seniors at Indiana Normal, spent their Easter vacation in Johnstown.

19221/2—Mary Brant, '221/2, is taking a course in kindergarten

work in Philadelphia.

Beatrice Barclay, '221/2, is continuing her studies of commercial subjects at Indiana. She hopes to join the teaching force in this city next year.

- 1923-Vivian Raab, '23, who is attending the West Chester Normal School, visited her father during Easter vacation.
- 19231/2-Elizabeth Smith, '231/2, a student at Indiana, was operated on for appendicitis.

Romona Moore, '231/2, spent her Easter vacation with her parents. She is enrolled at the Beech-

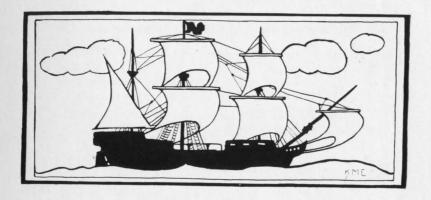
wood School for Girls, near Philadelphia.

Geraldine Lehman, 231/2, Elizabeth Krise, '231/2, Esther Kehler, '231/2, are students at Indiana Normal. Alta Butterbaugh, '231/2, is teaching at Belsano, Pa.

1924—Catherine Stephan, '24, who had been operated on for appendicitis, at the Memorial Hospital in January, has returned to Hood College.

Among those who spent their Easter vacation in the city are the following from class '24:

Vance Smith and Fritz Moore, from Washington and Jefferson College; Lawrence Furlong, who is attending Ursinus College; Robert Fritz of the Pitt Dental School: Charles Flinn and Vaughn Griffith, of Penn State; George Hudson of Kiski, and Joe O'Connor of St. Francis; George Fockler, who is attending Mercersburg; Ruth Ashman and George McDonald, students at Ashland College; Mary Elizabeth Furry and Margaret Eckles, freshmen at Bucknell and Goucher respectively.



RUTHLESS RIMES

RUTHLESS RIMES

When first I entered High School
I thought I knew it all,
But some of this had vanished
Before the next snow fall.

In Sophomore year and Junior, too, When oft I tried to learn My most abhorred, perplexing books, Away from them I'd turn.

My Senior year! Alas, 'tis true, I've just begun to know That as I do advance in years My knowledge, too, must grow.

E. S.

Girls like powder, Also cars. Boys like tobacco, And musty cigars.

E. S.

Oh, to walk the road in springtime,
When the trees their blossoms bear,
And the fragrance of the pine
Is wafted on the balmy air.

R. A. H.

UNCLE SI

Uncle Si Brown was a bachelor,
A merry old bachelor was he.
He called for his neighbor
To help him escape
Away from the widow, Marie.
But the neighbor, he tarried,
Because he was married
And would not help Uncle to flee.
So Dear Uncle Si
Said to freedom, "Good bye,"
And married the Widow Marie.

E. S.

The Future As Youth Sees It.

I often sit and plan
'Bout what I'm going to do
When I have finished High School
And a course in college, too.
I'll get a high position;
When the gold comes rolling in
I'll give up work and worry
And to travel I'll begin.

Then when I've seen the world
And my money's almost spent
I'll pick me out a man,
A wealthy, classy "gent,"
And as to getting old—
Well, I'm not worried yet—
There are science and the beauty arts—
And they'll take care of that.

E. W.



JOKES

In Geography

Miss Young—Touissant L'Overture drove out the French. Dick C.—No wonder, that name's enough to scare anyone.

Songs from J. H. S.

Little Red School House—Dear Old J. H. S. Memory Lane—The Hallway.
June Night—June 3—Commencement.
What'll I Do—See Mr. Liggett.
That Old Gang of Mine—Class of '25.
In the Land of Make Believe—Our Dreams.
California Here I Come—Our Football Team.

Ikey—"Fadder, give me a nickel, will you?"
Father—"Ikey, you must be going out with your girl."—
Ye Mirror.

Gertrude Baker and John B. at movies: Gertrude—Aren't they dear! John—No, they're sheep.

Freshman—Is it grammatical to say "He summers in the mountains?"

Senior—Why, yes! You frequently hear one say, "He springs into the water or he falls into the mud."

Bernice—"What is your favorite song?" Alice—"Take a little Tip from Father."

Woman Customer (after the tired assistant had pulled down blanket after blanket until there was only one left on the shelf)—I don't really want to buy a blanket today. I was only looking for a friend.

Clerk—If you think he's in the other one, madam, I'll gladly take it down for you!

Senior—Did you ever take chloroform? Freshman—No, who teaches it?

Hub—You seem to think that I'm a perfect brute. Wife—Oh, no, nothing so thoroughbred like that."

The Spectator wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of its advertisers.

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You'll find this store's lines get "Campus" approval no matter at what institution you continue your studies. Specialized Clothing and Furnishings for "High" and College Fellows. Wardrobe Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases, too.



WOOLF & REYNOLDS, Inc.

"CLOTHES THAT SATISFY"

He heard the clock strike the hours, nine, ten, eleven, then twelve and he broke forth passionately:

"How fleet are the hours in your presence, my beloved."
She—"Don't be silly, that's pa setting the clock."—
Thistle.

Boy in Church—"Mama, where do they keep the cross-eyed bear?"

Mother-"What do you mean, dear?"

Son—"They're always singing about 'The Holy Cross—I'd bear.'

EARL V. KIDD

CANDY AND ICE CREAM SANDWICHES
SOFT DRINKS

OPPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL Phone No. 783-L PURE INGREDIENTS HANDLED BY EXPERT WORKMEN IN CLEAN MODERN SHOP RESULT

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Popular With Students!

The "Elite" enjoys a large and appreciated patronage of High School Boys and Girls. Our fine Candies and Ice Cream and our appetizing Lunches win them. Our big sanitary plant includes 4 floors—where quality foods are exactingly prepared from select materials—the best always. Expert candy makers, expert pastry bakers, expert ice cream makers, expert chefs—they see that Elite patrons find fullest enjoyment in "Elite" products.



No. 510 Main St., 2 Doors Below Schwartz Bros.

He-"Do you think you could learn to love me?"

She—"I'm afraid not."

He-"Tis as I feared; too old to learn."

Famous Speaker (about to deliver his address)—"May I have a pitcher of water on the table?"

Solicitous Chairman—"To drink?"

Speaker—"No, I do a high diving act."—Stolen.

New Bride (consulting cook book)—Oh, my cake is burning and I can't take it out for five minutes yet!

Phone 3330

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MODERN PAINLESS DENTAL WORK

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22 karat fine hand-made two-piece gold crowns that fit the teeth and do not irritate the gums.

Removable bridges, sanitary bridges, gold and porcelain fillings, silver fillings inserted without pain.

Artificial teeth that look natural and give satisfaction.

Painless extraction of teeth, gas or Sonnoforme or gum treatment with no bad after effects.

NO CHARGE FOR CONSULTATION OR EXAMINATION
LADY ATTENDANT

Open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings

Advice—Do not chew gum in school.

Preserve it under the desk.

Recent High School Graduate has 3,000 men under him. N. B.—He is an office boy on the twenty-seventh floor of the Woolworth Building.—Punch Bowl.

The Consumer (feminine)—You poor fish. Don't fold your napkin in a cafe.

The Producer (masculine)—I gotta, to get it in my pocket.

CITY PHONE 61

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Market Street at Lincoln



That Ruling Passion.

A pretty maiden had fallen overboard, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat as she rose to the surface and said:

"Give me your hand."

"Please ask father," she gently murmured as she sank for the third time.—Punch Bowl.

Mary—We had a picnic in Geometry the other day.

Margaret-What did you have?

Mary-Pi and cones.

Eat at Bard's Quick Lunch Cafe & Bakery

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Harriet—Two months ago I was desperately in love with Bill, and now I can't stand him.

Kathryn-How men change.-Dodo.

"How did you get that cut on your head?"

"Hic-musta-hic-bit myself."

"G'wan. You couldn't bite yourself up there."

"Musta stood on a chair."—Punch Bowl.

High School Senior—I'm a high school graduate, sir. Employer—Well, I'll give you a chance, anyway.

Cambria Plumbing & Heating Company

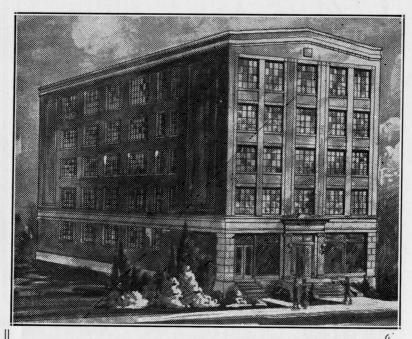
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Young Hopeful—My, my, what an inducement!—Punch Bowl.

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Some students are a credit to their families, but the majority are debts.

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KLINE'S-The Quality Store at City Hall Square

Quality---

Coats, Suits, Dresses
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KLINE'S

Fond Mother—What's the matter, Eva?
Little Eva—I've heard of Good Friday and Ash Wednesday, but what on earth is Nut Sundae?—Stolen.

Soph—"Why is luncheon always in the active voice?" Fresh—"I don't know, why?"

Soph—"Because it's always acted upon."—Swiped.

Teacher—"I will give you a zero this month."

Student—"Well, that means nothing in my young life."

-Copied.

Phone 3600

L & L GARAGE

320 Cypress Ave.

GENERAL REPAIRING

CARS WASHED

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Class of 1925 CONGRATULATIONS

Today you may give little thought to the achievements which you have attained, but later in life you will think back over these good old days in the Johnstown High School and you will be pleased proportionately with the measure of success which has been yours.

Your pathways in life have run very close together, you were all striving for the same goal—an education. Now the time has come when these paths will part and (although we hope that they will all end at Success), there will be no two routes alike.

To make a success of our business we have to be able to meet competition by using the very best and latest equipment and we are pleased to know that this equipment had come from the world's best factories. Designed and built by engineers and mechanics who are without a peer.

Your equipment is a High School education, which is of the best. The product of the finest High School system in the world, designed by the greatest educators in the country and operated by competent superintendents and teachers. This however, does not guarantee success. Possessing an education will not bring you success any more than our laundry equipment will turn out successful laundry work. They both must be properly used.

We heartily congratulate each one of you on your attainments, and hope that this event of your graduation from the Johnstown High School will be the beginning of a very successful and prosperous career.

Stanley Laundry Co.

HAVE YOU TRIED

Samoset's Cloth of Gold Chocolates

A Wonderful Assortment of Fruits and Nuts On Sale at Your Favorite Retail Store

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Smith—"We have 74 keys at our house and not one of them fits a lock."

Jones—"What's the use of having them?"

Smith—"We couldn't play our piano without them."—Stolen.

In English Class (discussing Whitman's Tribute to Lincoln):

Miss Roudebush—"Flowers then might be considered as a symbol of appreciation.

Ethel Bowman-Of the receiver's death?

OTTO FRANKE

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It is baked in Cupp's own bakery. A fixed standard of quality is maintained. Each Loaf contains maximum nutritive value.

This Better Cupp Bread is sold in all Cupp Stores—delivered from the bakery every few hours to insure you freshness.

The Big Loaf for 10c.

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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

"Well, I came down with colors flying," remarked the painter who had just fallen off the scaffold with a pot of paint in each hand.—Swiped.

Graduate—Do you know the difference between a chocolate bar and an oyster?

Freshie-No.

Graduate-I'd hate to send you for a chocolate bar.

Definition of "Tough Luck"—a man who works for his board and loses his appetite.—Ex.

ROTHERT COMPANY

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Appropriate Gifts for Graduation

Silk Hose, Gloves, Silk and Maderia Underwear and Umbrellas are always highly appreciated gifts. So also are such articles of furniture as mirrors, lamps, or an occasional table or chair. In choosing such gifts, you know that their beauty and value will endear them to their future possessors. You will find reliable quality here in a very wide range of prices.

Such Happiness For the Bride-to-be!

And when she receives a well chosen gift from our beautiful collection she will be even more happy. Perhaps you have a friend who will shortly be coming down from the altar steps, a bride ready to build up her own home. Do you know just what gift you want to give her, or are you at a loss for that which is most truly appropriate? We will be happy to aid you in your selection from articles of rare beauty and lasting quality.

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Is At Your Service for

BETTER HOME LIGHTING



And for advice as to the most effective manner of lighting and electric service in the home - -

A Leap Year Proposal

Mary—What a fine evening, Mr. Brown!

J. Brown (with effusion)—Why don't you call me by my first name?

Mary—Because your last name is good enough for me.
—Ex.

"And what in France," asked a friend, "did you enjoy the most?"

"Well, I think," said the lady, "it was the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."—Ex.

B. Hendler

STEAMSHIP TICKETS
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30 YEARS EXPERIENCE

Work is the Meat of Life; Pleasure the Dessert.

Thrift and Commonsense say:
Better sacrifice a few pleasures
while young and deposit their
cost in the bank for the
"RAINY DAY".

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FRANKLIN STREET AT LINCOLN
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Try Some Other Place

He (lingering in the hall)—"And, dearest, we shall grow old together. You and I."

Her Father's Voice—"Well, you needn't start doing it down there, need you?"

Fresh—What's a detention hall? Senior—It's a place where they soften bad eggs.

Mr. Liggett to a Freshman—Did you ever play hook? Freshman—No, sir, but I've played button.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

James Grasso

QUICK SHOE REPAIR SERVICE

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Gee! Those Cookies Taste Good?

Aren't you glad mother has one of those fine Century Ranges that bakes so many good things? Of course if she doesn't have a Century Range with Robertshaw Oven Heat Control, now is her chance to get one at factory prices.

SOLD DIRECT—FACTORY TO USER

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Johnstown's Exclusive Sporting Goods Store

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Expert

A man who doted on antiquities went into a store where such things were sold, and spent hours looking at articles and asking about their history. Finally, espying on a shelf a piece of paper on which rested a beautifully polished translucent object of a yellowish color, he exclaimed rapturously: "Ah! that must be a rare piece of ancient amber, where did you get it?"

The girl (sneeringly)—"Aw quit yer kiddin." That's my all-day sucker."—Ex.



AFFW cents more per quart,—but you need less fillings, Pennzoil's long lived.

Moxham Pharmacy

Is the headquarters in Moxham for the students' needs. Get the habit.

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Everything in the Drug Line Grove Ave. and Village St. PHOTOGRAPHS
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Official Photographer for 1925 Graduating Class

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E VERY college man in this country will tell you the importance of first appearance as a Freshman. The quickest way to meet "the right men," the fraternity men who "run things," and get a chance to prove your good qualities, is to make a good appearance. You know that good, clean cut clothes are a visible asset.

TROSS Clothes are good clothes. They are an accomplishment. Their hidden value, their workmanship, their fabrics which make them shapely to the last are the result of art and science. Yet they cost no more than ordinary clothes. They stand for what we stand for—

QUALITY WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

GEO. H. TROSS & CO.

502 Main St.

GOOD CLOTHES

502 Main St.

In English we learn that the difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one is a strong will and the other is a strong won't.—Ex.

Did You Was Ain't?

Has he gone?
Is he went?
Has he left we all alone?
Us can never go to he.
Him can never come to we.
It cannot was.—Dom. Eng.

"Drop In" At Kredel's

It's the favorite "dropping in" place for "High" Students—has been for a dozen years. The finest of Candies—the most delicious soda fountain good things—at Kredels—always.

FINEST CANDIES

Kredel's Drug Store

A Letter from the Johnstown

Chamber of Commerce

TO THE 1925 GRADUATES
OF THE JOHNSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Young Ladies and Gentlemen:-

You have won the highest honor it is possible for the schools of the city of Johnstown to bestow and you now stand on the threshold of a future life that will be devoted to seeking higher educational attainments, success in business or profession, or proficiency in craftmanship. This organization will be interested in your success. It hopes the high ideals which have been your guiding star in the past may continue to influence your future endeavors, and that you will ever remember that the greatest successes are builded upon the rock of loyalty to our government and its institutions and service to your fellowman.

Accept our heartiest congratulations.

Sincerely,

JOHNSTOWN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

For The GRADUATE



For a lass—or a lad—an Oshkosh Ward-robe Trunk. It has good looks—character. Wherever you go away to school you'll find The Oshkosh "measuring up." All the conveniences.

Gibby's Shop

Capital Hotel Building

Main Street

Tightwad

A farmer girl and boy were seated in a buggy one evening in town, watching the people pass. Near by was a popcorn vender's stand. Presently the young lady remarked, "My! that pop-corn smells good."

"That's right," said the gallant, "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."—Ex.

Dick C.—Gosh you're dumb. Why don't you get an encyclopedia?

Francis W.—The pedals hurt my feet.

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Presenting Keith Vaudeville of the First Rank

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Performances Three Times Daily—2-6:30-9
Popular Prices

If You Enjoy Real Fine CAKES PIES Fancy Pastries—

You will always be pleased with the high quality products of the Harris-Boyer Company. Just like "home made" and in many cases better. Certainly most economical. Try them.

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You can save yourself a lot of bother and be sure of having something real fine by buying the Harris-Boyer quality products.

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MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE CITY HALL

Teacher (in class)—Order! Order! Chas. S. (just waking up)—I'll take a coca-cola.

In Chemistry.

Mr. Davis (speaking about heat)—"Metals are the best conductors."

Bright Stude—"Why don't they use them on street cars?"

He-May I hold your hand?

She-Of course not, this isn't Palm Sunday!

He-Well, it's not Independence Day, either.

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Try Standard Bottling Co.

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Wm. Krieger, Prop.

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SWEETHEART CORN

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Two Trouser Student Suits

All Wool—Excellent Tailoring—Wide Trousers—English Models

\$22 \$25 \$30

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"Do you believe in proverbs?"

"Every time. Don't you."

"Not always. I took an exam this morning and discovered 'What you don't know won't hurt you' doesn't work."

The selection of the "Three Best Books." Bank Book, Pocket Book and Check Book.

Dad: How is it that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it?

He: Oh, it's great, it's great.

L. L. LAMBERT

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Interest upon interest at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ compounded, makes money grow fast if deposited with this bank.

No matter how long you live, money saved NOW will come in handy LATER.

Start your dollars earning interest at this bank today.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK

Home Savings Banks for the Little Folks

Sam—I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I?

(No answer.)

Sam—I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I?

She—Yes, I heard you, but I was just trying to think.

Betty H.—What do you fellows talk about after the dance?

Tom C.—Same as you.

Betty-O! you horrid things!

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Roxbury Market

Earl Flower, Prop.

Phone 134

1330 Franklin St.



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INC

PRINTERS

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Phyllis—They were all set for the theatre when she suddenly explained: I've forgot something, but I can't think what it is.

Sam-Powder puff?

Phyllis-No.

Sam-Handkerchief?

Phyllis-No. Let me think . . . Oh, I remember, I was to tell you I couldn't go tonight.

Romeo (below window, with saxophone)—Hist, Jule, open the window or I'll play this darn thing.

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We carry a complete line of bulk garden seeds and are in a position We carry a complete line of bulk garden seeds and are in a position to take the best care of your seed wants. Our seeds are all carefully tested, new crop seeds, not the kind put up in fancy packets and sold on commission, which you may have purchased in the past and which may not have given satisfaction. Choice selection of Annual and Perennial Flower Seeds. Fine Onion Sets.

When you buy from us you see what you are getting, save the trouble of sending away to some mail order house, and you do not have to wait for your seeds to come by parcel post or express and possibly be delayed or lost. You also save the cost of transportation.

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Ready to Apply-Inside or Outside

It has been our aim to produce a quality of paint that will secure to the painter better results in every way than can be obtained by the old method of mixing by hand. We have undertaken every possible means to acquire this result. Our workmen are skilled, our methods are modern, our machinery is the latest improved and the materials we employ in manufacture are the very best, many of them of direct importation, all of which combine to make Cambria Paint paramount in durability and body, therefore giving best results.

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It is recognized alone the world over as the most perfect oil for paints.

Cambria Pure Prepared Paint has been made for the last twenty-five years and has been used by thousands of people and sold to some of the largest dealers in the United States.

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We guarantee Cambria Paint to be made with the purest Old Process Linseed Oil, White Lead., Oxide of Zinc, the very best and most lasting Pigments, Turpentine and Linseed Oil Dryer. No Benzine, Mineral Oil, Water or other injurious adulterations in its compositon.

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You, Write or Phone Us. Representative Will Be Pleased to Call on You.

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Manufacturers of Paints for Barns, Roofs, Iron and Steel Work

Messenger St. and B. & O. R. R. Johnstown, Pa.

Young Miss Johnstown of SPRING, 1925

Who would be sure her apparel is strictly in the mode will buy the outfit at this store. Widener's is standard in Commencement Clothes.

WIDENER'S

- Johnstown's Style Center - 527 Main Street

Mr. Lackey—You seem to get a great deal of pleasure out of your math class.

Jim C .- "Yeah; out of it."

Chairman at K. K. K. meeting—And now, gentlemen, please be sheeted.

He-You shouldn't smile so much, it's dangerous.

She-Dangerous?

He—Yes, when a smile lights up your face it might set off the powder.—Ex.

COMPLIMENTS

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DRUGS—SUNDRIES—SODA

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425 Main St. 122 Market St.



Extends to the Class of 1925 its Hearty Congratulations and Best Wishes For its Future Prosperity

Young wife (buying hat for hubby)-I'll take that one, please.

Salesman-What size, please, madam?

Young Wife—Now, I'm not sure; he wears a size fifteen collar and I'm sure his head is four times as large. Give me size eighteen.

He—"Oh, Peggy, I shall be so miserable all the while I am away from you."

She—"Oh, darling, if I could be sure of that it would make me so happy."—Stolen.

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"PAY A LITTLE AT A TIME"

It Often Works

Mother—Henry, I wish Maurice would give that young man some encouragement. He'd make a splendid husband.

Father—Have you tried telling her he's a worthless bounder and that she's never to speak to him again.—London Bounder.

Junior (looking out of window at a civil engineer)— There goes Caesar.

Teacher-Who is Caesar?

Junior-He is monarch of all he surveys.

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Corner Horner and Poplar Sts. JOHNSTOWN, PA. COMPLIMENTS OF

George's Market

Complete Line of

FRUITS, GROCERIES, GREEN GOODS CONFECTIONERY, TOBACCO AND ETC.

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"Where Courtesy and Quality Predominate"

Teacher (in English)—"Then the girl warrior faced the mocking foe and unsheathed her deadly weapon." What does that mean, James?

Jim-"I think it means that she stuck out her tongue."

Mother—James, you said you'd been in Sunday school! Jim (with a faraway look)—Yes, mama.

Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell of fish?

Jim—I carried home the Sunday School paper and the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale.

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Paints, Brushes, Oil, Varnishes, Stains, Glass, Painters' and Paper Hanger's Supplies

227 Franklin Street

Paul Hornick

AUTO TIRES AND ACCESSORIES

1

HARDWARE, CUTLERY
PAINTS AND OILS

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316 Broad Street

Frances—Which is correct "Girls is or girls are?"
Rose Alice—"Why 'girls are,' of course."
Frances—"Well, then; girls, are my hat on straight?"

Art Instructor—Why were so many gentlemen of the sixteenth century posed with one hand reaching inside the lapel of their coat?

Senior—They're after fountain pens!

Wife—I can't find my last year's bathing suit. Husband—Probably a moth ate it.

Morgan's Music Store

118 Market Street JOHNSTOWN, PA.

T. E. MORGAN

HUNGRY? Go to

PALACE CAFE EXTENDS CONGRATULATIONS TO CLASS OF 1925

PALACE CAFE

511 Main Street



Lunch at all hours.

Special Lunch 11 to 2 Dinner 5 to 8

Men's Lunch, First Floor

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Restaurant, Second Floor

Voice from the Synagogue—"I want it some peppeh."

Just a Voice—"What kind of pepper do you want, red, cayenne, or black?"

V. F. T. S.—"I want it some writing peppeh."—Frosh.

April First

Bill Baumer (looking at his examination paper in geography and seeing an A marked)—This is just an April Fool.

J. B.—Do you use Colgate's tooth paste?

R. S.—No, I don't room with him this year.

SMITH BROS.

Wholesale Confectioners

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Get ready for opportunity. You cannot afford to delay longer. Make a firm resolution to equip yourself for usefulness in the business world. Get a Practical business training.

Prepare yourself to enter the business world on an equal footing with those who studied about business before they went into it.

Investigate our courses—and our school
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placing you in a good position when
you've graduated.



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Write for our Catalogue or Phone 409

Burglar (in college fraternity)—"Keep quiet or I'll blow your brains out. It's money I want."

Student—"Just a moment, and I'll help you hunt for it."
—Frosh.

Smack!

He—"Kiss me good night, that my sleep may be one long golden dream."

Not-so-Amorous She—"Say, who do you think I am—Jack Dempsey?"—Ex.

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Four-year Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Graduate Courses of one to three years, leading to Master and Doctor Degrees.

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BUILDING OPERATORS AND CONTRACTORS

Let Us Submit Our Bid on Your Building Requirements

Offices, Moxham Investment Building
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JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Father—"And so you accepted that young mailing clerk?"

Daughter—"How could I help it? He addressed me rapidly, then enveloped me in his arms, stamped a kiss on my lips and sealed it all with a hug!"

Nash—Give me 10 gals. of gas and 2 qts. of oil. Hudson—Give me 15 gals. of gas and 3 qts. of oil. Ford—Give me 2 qts. of water and hold her until I get in.

'Tis better to have loved and lost-yes, much better.

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We Clean and Block Hats Like New

The McCLOSKEY CO.

Real Dry Cleaners

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BUY

"Nuff Stuff"

AND YOU'LL NOT NEED TO "TEAR YOUR SHIRT" TO EARN A LIVING



HARTMANN-SCHNEIDER CO.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

The absent-minded Prof. surveyed himself in the hair brush. "Gracious I need a shave."

Alex: What would your parents say if I should propose to you?

Flo (absently)—It's about time.

Miss Young (in geography)—What would you see if you went on a visit to Sable Island.

Bill Baumer-Fish.



"GOOD-BYE" DEAR OLD HIGH



You have been mighty good to a lot of young folks—year after year you have turned out some mighty good young men and women—and that's just what GLOSSER BROS. STORE is doing—turning out some mighty GOOD CLOTHING VALUES for the High School Girls and Boys.

This store conducts a specialized department for young men and women, appealing particularly to the High and College boys and girls.



CONGRATULATIONS HONORED SENIORS

We extend our hearty congratulations to the 1925 class—may your future be filled to over-flowing with happiness and prosperity.



A tourist in Ireland heard the following conversation between two peasants:

"I'm after bein' over to Kilpatrick."

"And I'm after bein' over to Kilmary."

"The murdering villains," thought the enraged tourist.

"Now, I be goin' home to Kilmore."

"Ah! faith man, ye'd betther be comin' wid me to Kilumall."

The tourist dashed into the station and exchanged his Dublin ticket for a London one. No more Ireland for him!—Democrat.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

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Tel. 6573-J

To Young People

The future of our country is in the hands of the young people of today.

Thrift Builds Character

It builds strong men and strong women and as a result a strong nation. Let us help you.

Moxham National Bank

550 Central Ave.

Miss Walter—Name some offenses which were formerly regarded as criminal.

James Harris-Woman Suffrage.

You can tell a Senior-but you can't tell him much.

Don't run your legs off after a woman; you'll need them to kick yourself.

"The spring is here," cried the Senior as he took the back off his Ingersoll.

-MAX

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JOHNSTOWN, PA.



Mother's Bread

AND

Tri-Pennsylvania Bread

We joke editors have a hard time. Making jokes is as hard as rhyme.

"What's your father's name?"

"Same as mine."

"Oh, then, you're a junior."

"No, ma'am. Just a freshman."

Ed—What do cows live on?
Bob—Why, cows live on fodder.

Alice—I didn't know that papa was so generous.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

W. S. LAMBERT

LIFE INSURANCE

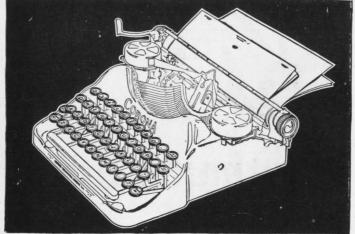
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Your son or daughter will appreciate a "Corona" or fountain pen or Redipoint pencil, or ink well set for graduation.

She—You said you were going to give me a present of some kind. Last night I dreamt of a pearl necklace.

He—Then I'll get you a dream-book so that you can see what that means.

Man—Can you read writing.

Other-No, I can't read reading.

Willie (at his lessons)—I say, pa, what is a fortification? Pa—A fortification is a large fort.

Willie-Then a ratification is a large rat.

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Hostess—I hope you found that novel interesting, Mr. Jones.

Guest—Well, I must confess it wasn't quite so interesting as the letter someone left in it as a book mark.

"Jim" calls his girl "Spearmint," not because she's Wrigley, but because she is after meals.

"What a pity it is that all handsome men are conceited," Germaine said to Bill.

Bill (modestly)—Not always, little girl. I'm not.

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White House Coffee

DURNELL-WRIGHT CO.

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BRANCHES-SOMERSET, BARNESBORO

Miss Fearl-Now, Mary, decline the verb "dico." Mary—Yes. I'm afraid I'll have to.

Frances-Could you go over that dam without hurting yourself?

Bernice-I don't know, why?

Frances—All fish do.

John-I saw something last night that I'll never get over.

"And what was that?"

"The moon."



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Our cakes are the kind you like to serve when your best friends call.



WE SPECIALIZE IN ALL KINDS OF PASTRIES



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QUALITY PASTRY SHOPPE

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First Angel—How did you get here? Second Angel—Flu.

Margaret—He kissed me forty-seven times last night. Isn't that the limit?

Betty—The limit? I'll say it's a record.

"What's become of the man who used to cheat himself at solitaire?"

'Still up to his old tricks. He's blacking in the crossword puzzle squares he can't fill with the right letters.'

Res. Phone 1613-X

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RIGHT AT HOME WITH THE FOLKS SINCE 1903

"My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains."

"Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea. Well my grandfather killed it."

"I asked the wife if I could go down to the gym to play ball with the fellows."

"Soccor?"

"No, she socked me."

"Down, Fido," said the bright boy as he bit into his heated frankfurter.

COMPLIMENTS OF

TONY FURNARY

AND
GEO. FALEONE

552 Central Ave.,, Moxham

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Keystone Candy Co.

HOME-MADE CHOCOLATES, BON-BONS AND ICE CREAM

Famous for their Flavor, Purity and Healthfulness

505 MAIN ST.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

City Phone 2604

Conductor—I've been on this train eleven years. Ted—Is that so? Where did you get on?

She—What's your room mate like? He—Most everything I've got.

He—Isn't Baebell's evening gown a perfect song. She—Yeh! Sweet and low.

"Is Jack a loud dresser?

Is he! You should hear him hunting his collar button.

MISS MARGARET SCHNEIDER

Hlorist

337 MAIN STREET

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Market Phones 3030-3032

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MODERN SANITARY MARKET

Office and Market

Cor. Grove Ave. and Bond St., Moxham

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MEATS

WE DELIVER

FACTORY-EAST OHIO ST.

Trade—"I hear your father wants you to join the Masons."

Mark—"Not me! I could never lift those heavy stones around."—Frosh.

See the man.

The man is playing football.

The quarterback throws the ball.

Does the man catch the ball?

No, the man does not catch the ball.

The man will catch Hell.—Jester.

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We are headquarters for Kodaks and Cameras, all styles and sizes, and we carry a line of Eastman Supplies. Leave your films here for up-to-date developing and printing at popular prices. All work guaranteed.

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DRUG AND KODAK STORE

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OH BOY! IT'S GOOD

That's What They All Say About the

NEMO THEATRE

"OUR MOTTO" The Most of the BEST for the least.

Music at the "NEMO" is a permanent feature with every program.

"The CLASSIC, OPERA and JAZZ" are presented to meet every taste.

Art-"What's all the noise down there?"

Dart-"Fella turned the corner!"

Art-"Well?"

Dart—"There wasn't any corner."—Punch Bowl.

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Phone 3655

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Irate Parent—"Sir, why did you kiss my daughter last night, in that dark corner?"

Flaming Youth—"Now that I've seen your daughter in the light, I sort of wonder myself."—Brown Jug.

Painless Extraction of Teeth
X-Ray Service

At Prices You Can Afford to Pay

Johnstown Dental Parlors

The Old Reliable Dental Office

Phone 1660

640 Main Street

Y-E-A-CLASS!

We will engrave your name free on any pen or pencil purchased here. It makes it "YOURS" for life.

JOHNSTOWN NEWS CO.

"My friend Jones has a bouncing baby boy."

"How do you know?"

"I dropped it."-Pelican.

She—"I can't imagine Rudolph Valentino making love to a girl with a beard."

He-"Neither can I. I detest bearded ladies."

Mahlon—What makes you think you will not get a rotten grade in math?

Ralph—I handed in an anonymous examination paper.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE



JOHNSTOWN, PA.



gift to the graduate should signify your appreciation of his or her efforts. One that will delight and be fondly cherished for a lifetime. We have them.

"GIFTS OF CHARACTER"

COLL STATIONERY & ART SHOP

226 Market St.

- "I don't see how a watch can keep accurate time."
- "Why not?"
- "Well, time flies, but a watch only runs."
- "What's the matter?"
- "I wrote an article on fresh milk and the editor condensed it."

Clifford P. Jackson

PHARMACIST

FRANKLIN AND VINE STREETS JOHNSTOWN, PA.

- "Why do you stare at me?"
- "I heard you are a self made man."
- "Well, why stare?"
- "I'm wondering why you made yourself like that."

Phole 3688

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Truck

Service Pantorium

Ladies' Work a Specialty

DRY CLEANERS—DYERS

PRESSING, TAILORING, TAILOR MADE SUITS

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Johnstown

Phone 3068-L

COMPLIMENTS OF

GEORGE OFISH

DEPARTMENT STORE

532-534 Central Ave.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Customer-Gimme a tablet.

Druggist-What kind of a tablet?

Customer—A yellow one.

Druggist-But what's the matter with you?

Customer-I want to write a letter.

City Phone 1635

Dale Pharmacy

ELMER G. KEENE, Ph. D.

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY

724 Bedford Street

Johnstown, Pa.

Cannibal Prince (rushing in)—Am I late for dinner? Cannibal King—Yep, everybody's eaten.

"We'll be friends to the end."

"Lend me ten dollars."

"That's the end."

COMPLIMENTS OF

Ralph L. Berkebile

WHOLESALE

HOME DRESSED MEATS

QUALITY GRADUATION GIFTS

Diamonds

Pearls

Watch Bracelets

Strap Watches

Jewelry

Novelties

THAD. B. REESE

"YOUR GIFT JEWELER"

132 MARKET STREET OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

Jackson-I have a Ford; what car have you?

Everett—A Packard.

Jackson-Well, that's a good car too.

Artist—Be careful with that picture—it's not dry. Porter—All right, sir; I've got my old clothes on.

Office Phones 1293, Bell Phone

Planing Mill Phone 1295

W. J. Rose & Sons, Ltd.

Lumber—Millwork—Builders' Supplies

Upson Board-Best for Walls and Ceilings

328 Lincoln Street

Johnstown, Pa.

She (singing and playing her accompaniment)—Do you notice how badly out of tune the piano is?

He—No, I hadn't noticed it—it harmonizes so well with your voice.

HAVE YOUR SHOES FITTED BY

XRAY

FREE OF CHARGE

AT OUR NEW HOME

SMITH'S

521 Main

Steele & Harris, Inc.

223 FRANKLIN ST.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

STEINWAY AND OTHER PIANOS

RADIO

Zenith, Atwater Kent, Radiola Super Heterodyne
EVERYTHING IN MUSIC

The Reasons

"A fool," said the teacher to the student who asked a catch question "can ask some things a wise man can't answer."

"Is that the reason," asked a student in the back row, "why I flunked last term, in this subject?"

COMPLIMENTS OF

ERNEST F. WALKER

He—Do you remember when we met in the revolving

She—Yes, that's when we started going around together, wasn't it?

COMPLIMENTS OF SCHERER & KELLY

Cambria and New Park Theatres

COMPLIMENTS

OF

LUDWIG C. TROSS

The Girl's Father—Young man the lights in this house go out at 11 o'clock.

Young Man-That suits me.

"Oh, John! You just ran over a man!"

"Well, what of it? He was run over already by the two cars ahead of us."

E. L. & T. Updegrave

LADIES', CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' FURNISHINGS

Franklin Street

Johnstown, Pa.

Father—When I was a young man, I worked twelve hours a day.

Son—I admire your youthful energy, Dad, but I admire still more the mature wisdom which led you to stop it.

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THE REXAL STORE

Exclusive Agents for

WHITMAN'S AND BELLE MEAD CHOCOLATES

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