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WESTMONT-UPPER YODER
HIGH SCHOOL



H.C.F.



WESTMONT - UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL
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To Our Fathers

Here and Beyond

Sympathetic, sacrificing, affectionate, the friends
of this glad day, we, their sons and daughters of the

Class of 1922

Dedicate our Book

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Foreword

THIS is our book of memories.
'Tis filled with magic joys of yesterday;
And if, in distant years, we wish to look
Into the kingdom of the golden past,
We'll gently open up this cherished book
And, whispering softly, wake each slumbering
thought

And so, we'll live again our High School days,
Those days of carefree pleasures we possessed.
Whose recollections live with us always,
The days which are of all our lives the best.

This is our book of future hopes.
'Tis filled with all the joys that are to come;
For, as we strain our eager eyes, we see
Beyond the cloud which hides a clearer view,
A shining vision of the fair To-be
Wherein our anxious wishes all come true,
And buds of promise there we see full-blown,
And ripened fruits of youth's mature dream-tree;
So read then, friends, as tho 'twere carved in stone,
Our joys that were, our hopes that are to be.

THE EDITOR.

Autographs

LITERARY



AMPHITHEATRE AND W. U. Y. H. S. CROWD

IMPRESSIONS OF WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, the city in which have occurred numerous events that have won fadeless places in world history, is the city which no American may visit without acquiring a new sense of his country's greatness and of the true value of his citizenship. The city was named in honor of that patriot of patriots, George Washington, and just as Washington, the man, stands foremost among the heroic patriots of the world, so does Washington, the city, stand peerless among the world's great cities,—matchless in beauty, fame and interest. From the moment the visitor emerges from the world's finest railway station,—a most fitting and dignified entrance to our capitol,—and catches his first glimpse of the great dome, the crowning glory of the Capitol, "hanging like a brooding bubble against the pale morning sky," or thrown into bold, glaring relief at night by countless strong spot lights, his vocabulary seems to limit itself to Wonderful! Beautiful! Marvelous! and his intellect staggers as he is shown vast and countless architectural masterpieces, each meriting description in strongest superlatives and each seeming to the astonished and awed beholder to be the most wonderful of all—until he passes on to the next. It is from the top of Washington Monument that the visitor obtains his first real view of the city.

This colossal marble shaft is one of the highest artificial elevations and one of the most striking and well known monuments in the world. It is the everlasting tribute of a nation to the undying memory of its greatest hero. Inside, built into the walls, are the inscribed blocks of marble sent by the states and by various societies and foreign countries. There is a marble block from the ruins of the Parthenon, sent by Greece; the stone from William Tell's Chapel, sent by Switzerland; the blocks from China and Japan; and the memorials from forty States and Territories of the Union. The outlook from this lofty height is indescribable in its beauty. The Mall is a miniature park, dotted by bright flower beds and green trees, and twined round and through with narrow ribbons of walks and drives. The grounds about the monument are interspersed with numerous tiny baseball diamonds, football fields, lawn tennis courts, and swimming pools. To the south, the beautiful Potomac, its smooth surface broken here and there by lazily moving toy boats, sparkles and shimmers in the bright morning sun. A mile to the east scintillates the pure white dome of

the Capitol, while half that distance to the north may be seen the White House, surrounded by its wide, beautifully kept grounds, flanked upon one side by the enormous State, War and Navy Building and upon the other by the United States Treasury. Peeping through the trees of the Mall is the classic dome of the new National Museum, while far in the opposite direction the gaunt steel towers of the Arlington Wireless Station are outlined against the horizon. The business and residential sections of the city stretch out before the eye as a vast relief map. It is particularly appropriate that this noble shaft should command a complete view of the pearl among cities, for it was George Washington's fond hope and vision that the city should some day be as it is; not because it was named in his honor, but that a great and growing nation might have a capital reflecting and representing its ideals and progress.

Situated in spacious Potomac Park, not far distant from the foot of Washington Monument, stands another memorial, the latest work of art and sentiment at the National Capital. It is constructed along the classic lines of the old Greek temple and is probably the masterpiece of all public buildings and public memorials in the United States. Its purpose is to perpetuate the name and memory of one who, as an inconspicuous Congressman from Illinois, witnessed the laying of the cornerstone of the Washington Monument in 1848. The one who rose to the leadership of the nation in time of greatest peril; who saved the Union; whose name alone we rank with that of Washington; the Man—Abraham Lincoln!

Every visitor, of course, goes to the Capitol Building as soon as possible. Its great dome, familiar to the eyes of the world, is the first sight one sees upon entering the city and the last on leaving. The Capitol is a building, the beauties and magnificence of which entirely thwart effective description. One feels that it is indeed a fitting edifice for housing the governing machinery of the world's foremost nation. It would require volumes to describe the vast circular hall of the rotunda, the almost unbelievable beauty of the vaulted canopy overhead, the glorious columned corridors, and the bewildering array of paintings, sculptures and frescoes. But there are deeper things which must surely interest the visitor. He feels a close and wonderful association with the past. He seems to be conscious of the shades of great men, heroes in history, passing and conversing in the corridors, influencing with their prenatal wisdom the leaders of today. His is the privilege of entering the great chambers of our law-making bodies and seeing and

hearing just how the will of the people is made articulate. This visit to the halls of Congress, however, is very likely to prove the one discordant note in the composition of the visitor's pride in his country's achievements and business. Sessions seem to be very meagerly attended by members, and those attending seem to accomplish nothing except excited arguing and brawling. It reminds one of a somewhat tamed Stock Exchange and leads him to think that Dr. Barnes was right when he said that Congress was years behind the people.

It is a natural transition to pass from the Capitol Building of the United States to the building erected by the twenty-one American nations, a Capitol, in a sense, of all the American Republics—The Pan-American Union. This magnificent building, its beauty lying in simplicity of design,—it is patterned after a Spanish or South American mansion,—with its magnificent inner court, open to the sky, thronged with tropical plants and palms and decorated by ripening clusters of bananas and dates and by gay plumaged parrots, is at once the home of the great principle of Pan-American unity of interest, and a practical office for the development of Pan-American commerce and friendship. It was in the Pan-American Union that the nations of the world took the decisive step which should prove to be of prime importance in the world's history; for here in the great gilded ballroom the Disarmament Conference was held. As the visitor stands in the very room and visualizes the concourse of distinguished diplomats, he feels a new pride in that his nation was the one to initiate so momentous a step; and although the outcome is at present in some doubt, with Europe in turmoil at the Genoa Conference, he may well be proud of the magnanimous spirit and the love of peace and right which prompted and guided his nation to and through the conference.

Although disarmament may prove to be the big step towards universal peace, it is with a feeling of security and peace born of intrinsic strength and righteous force that one views the modern wonders of the Navy Yard. It is a complete city in itself, containing the sailor and marine barracks, the officers' homes, shops and laboratories, a great wireless station, and the largest big-gun factory in the world. Swift sub-chasers and trim Revenue cutters are moored to the docks; and perhaps the visitor may enjoy the privilege of inspecting the "Mayflower," the President's yacht, or that of the Secretary of the Navy. As one listens to the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," played by one of the finest Marine bands in the country, hears the discordant growl of the great gun works and

the whine of a seaplane overhead, sees the alert sailors and marines at their duties, and visualizes the monster battleships and grim, grey destroyers lying down the river in deeper water, he must feel that in these defensive forces, under proper management and control, lie the true safety and peace of the nation.

And then one is deeply impressed by the aftermath of honorable and just war as he walks through the National Military Cemetery at Arlington. Here lie buried sixteen thousand soldiers of the Civil War alone; heroes of other wars; great generals and admirals. The grounds are beautifully laid out, dotted thickly with evergreens and shrubbery; and from the porch of the Arlington House, once the mansion of Robert E. Lee, one obtains a memorable view of distant Washington. A beautiful woodland path leads from here, down into a green glen, up the other side, and to the matchless Memorial Amphitheatre. This great open-air forum is of pure white marble, strikingly beautiful in its architectural simplicity. It was constructed in honor of the nation's dead heroes and the battles fought by them. Out in front lies the simple marble tomb of America's Unknown Soldier, the venerated recipient of every possible honor, exemplifying the patriotism, courage, and ideals of all those who gave their lives in the World War for country and justice. In a nation's homage to this one unknown representative,—he may be rich or poor, old or young, city or farm bred, native or foreign born, it makes no difference,—may be seen the true, pure, unselfish spirit of Americanism. It seems very fitting to the visitor that our Unknown Soldier should lie in a spot commanding a matchless and unforgettable view of that city typifying the nation and principles for which he fought.

And then, back in Washington, stands a building which must be mentioned even though it can not be described—the National Library, or Library of Congress. It was in keeping with George Washington's conviction that one of the firmest pillars of national safety is the dissemination of knowledge, that this building was erected. The exterior and interior decorations reveal American talent, art, and workmanship at its very best; the almost unbelievable beauty of the bright mosaic work on the ceilings and walls, the beautiful mural decorations, and the general impression of matchless splendor and riotous color absolutely beggar any description. They must be seen to be at all appreciated. In the vast rotunda of the public reading room, quiet with the hush of learning, one has access to hundreds of thousands of volumes.

Another kind of beauty, the beauty of nature, greets the visitor at Mount Vernon—that wonderful home and vast country estate of George Washington. From the house a gentle slope descends to the banks of the serene Potomac, and it occurs to one that Washington's deep and great love of country might well have been born as he stood on his portico one summer evening and surveyed the rolling green fields and somber woods of his estate and the quiet, untroubled river, presenting to his eye a million tiny reflections of the last ray of the retiring sun. Touched and thrilled as one must be with all the memories that cluster about this hallowed spot, one enters the typically southern mansion, with whose aspects every American is as familiar almost as with the Capitol.

Below the house, reached by a shady walk of dark evergreens, lies the simple tomb of Washington, the Mecca of every true American, or of whomever in the wide world, reverences greatness and loves patriotism, virtue, integrity, and nobility of soul. As one stands with bowed head before the sacred spot, he venerates the great spirit of the man which has communicated itself to the spirit of a great city and a glorious nation.

TED CAMPBELL, '22.

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THE "HANT" AT BANTVILLE

Never heard of Bantville? Well, that's not such a great wonder. Bantville was not so large a city, nor did it have any very great commercial industry, the chief commercial center being the village store. But then, Bantville had some very illustrious citizens; for instance, there was old Mr. Darkney, the oldest man in the village and a man of remarkable intellect. Then, there was Squire Hanson whose large, portly figure could be seen almost anywhere, at any time.

Mr. Darkney? Well, Mr. Darkney, you see, never really had any home, nor any family so far as any of the villagers could remember. But that mattered little to Darkney, or the villagers, for he was always welcome at any table or fireside because of his remarkable knowledge and his wonderful knack of story telling. So he spent his life happily, lodging at any house he happened to choose, and spending his days in the village store surrounded by a circle of admirers.

Then Squire Hanson? Well, he was Bantville itself. He held all offices that were to be held in the village, excepting, of course, that of story telling. He was at once the magistrate, the

council, the fire department, the police force, and the Squire. All the duties which fell to his various positions were performed with the same benignity which characterized all his actions. He strolled through the village streets daily, although his duties were numerous, in order to give people the privilege of observing him. He could be seen anywhere, diffusing sunshine by his gracious smile, which was bestowed on all alike, for, despite his high position among mortals, he still retained that same humility which had always been his special virtue. But Squire Hanson could also be very severe if an occasion so demanded.

Then Bantville also had a haunted house. How did they know it? Hadn't Mr. Darkney told them the story time and time again? Everybody knew it was haunted; no one ever doubted that. No one ever doubted anything Mr. Darkney said. People seldom passed the house, except when it was absolutely necessary; then they tried to run past but rarely succeeded. The house, you see, had so peculiar a haunt that when folks came near, they were seized with such a feeling of mortal terror and such a terrible quaking of the body that all their limbs seemed suddenly to have come to dissonance with one another and refused to act in harmony, so that instead of running they were generally obliged to walk very slowly, if at all.

Now such was Mr. Darkney's remarkable ability that stories in his hands had the peculiar quality of growing through repetition. No matter how small the original might have been, in Mr. Darkney's hands it became so enlarged and so different that the original and the revised were scarcely recognizable as being the same.

But to return to the story of the house. This story, being a favorite of the villagers, had grown from a comparatively insignificant tale to one of great size. At first it had been merely the story of a man, who at some far distant time remote in the memory of all villagers except Mr. Darkney, had built himself a house, and, having lived there but a few months had become ill and died. The property had been left to no one, as far as Mr. Darkney knew; and since it was not an especially beautiful house nor the grounds particularly desirable, no one had lived there since. The original owner had been a rather quiet man who, attending to no one else's business, did not feel the necessity of anyone attending his. Bantville disliked such a man. Private business was considered public property there. So, under Mr. Darkney's tutelage quite a story had grown up about this man.

But now! Were we to stop at the village store we might have heard old Mr. Darkney, after much coaxing, for he insisted on being coaxed for his story, begin something like this:

"Well, I just don't know how long ago it was; but long enough it was. There wasn't no house there then. Nobody ever liked that place, something kinda queer about it with nothin' growin' there, and it always lookin' so ugly. But one day I got up early, I always got up early in them days, and I was goin' past the old place, and there was a house. Nobody ever knowed how it got there; it was jest there. So I ran home and told all the folks about it. 'Course they didn't believe me right away. I didn't expect them to. Who would believe that jest in the same place where he passed yesterday and there wan't no house, today there'd be a house. Well, we all come to this here store, sat around this stove, and talked it all over. Most everybody was pretty scared; o'course I wasn't. I never got scared. Fer a couple days everything went the same, except for some of the folks sayin' they seen light and heerd noises in the night. Then, one day Patty McAllister came runnin' in here, terrible scared.

" 'I seen him!' he said, 'I seen him.' "

"It was the old man that moved in there, he meant. I seen him soon after, too. He was the ugliest looking mortal I ever seen, if mortal he was. He had a hump on his shoulders so big he looked all hump. His skin was all wrinkled and yellow, and his hand—well, you couldn't hardly call it a hand, more like a claw, covered over with yellow skin. His hair was the same faded yellowish color. And his eye—I believe it could ha' killed a body if he had 'a looked into it long enough. 'Course I didn't look at it very long, not 'cause I was afraid, but—well, he was just too ugly to look at.

"He lived there just a couple 'o months and hardly anybody ever seen him. Then one day he up and died. The day after there was such confusion in that house as this town never heerd before or after. What? Oh, it was the sperits from the other world gettin' ready to take possession of the place. Since then, nobody has dared to go near that house. Them other people took it, and we just politely left it to 'em. No man ever will live in that house," he always finished prophetically.

But, sad to relate, those prophetic words were to be violated. There was a new arrival in Bantville, a newcomer who was to live in the haunted house. He was said to resemble exactly the former resident of the house whom everybody knew

through Mr. Darkney's story. Few had seen this inhabitant, and those who had, had caught but a passing glance of him, but what did that matter? Bantville folks had an imagination, you know. Mr. Darkney? Oh, he was satisfied. His prophecy had not failed. Hadn't he said human beings? And this inhabitant was not human. And Mr. Darkney reached the very height of his famous career in the tale he wove. So terrible were the fables related that the villagers could hardly sleep at night, but lay waiting the terrible doom that they were sure was upon them as a result of the presence of such a demon. Why, all the villagers actually began to lose weight on account of their fear. So they decided to rid the community of the monster.

One morning all the men met at the village store and under the leadership of Mr. Darkney advanced to Bantville's most beautiful home, Squire Hanson's estate. They were greeted cordially by this worthy man. Then they told of their troubles, asking him for his permission and company to go to investigate the old house. Squire Hanson at first was not impressed with the seriousness of the situation and was a little hard to convince of the importance of the mission. But Mr. Darkney was then requested to tell the whole story, which he did in so truly tragic a manner that Squire Hanson was at once persuaded. The expedition was planned for the following night. They had all met at the store now and the crusade was starting. Nearer and nearer they approached the house. Knees began to tremble most violently and hearts to act most strangely, going now at a terrible rate, then stopping suddenly whenever the slightest noise was heard. But now they were almost up to the old house, when suddenly the party was broken up—everybody running in opposite directions. What had happened?

Ask Mr. Darkney, he'll tell you. Of course there were different opinions as to what had happened, but Mr. Darkney having given his, it became standard.

But now they had all met again and back they went. Stealthily, very stealthily they crept up to the old house and around to its lone window. The Squire and Mr. Darkney first advanced to the window. They had just reached the window, when they were startled by a most unearthly sound which quite startled the Squire out of his dignity, and Mr. Darkney out of his bravery. Having investigated the source of the annoyance, however, they found it to be merely a sneeze which refused to

be confined any longer. So back they went to the window. What they saw from the window was nothing which to a casual observer seemed unusual; but to Mr. Darkney's overheated imagination! Squire Hanson's generally sluggish imagination had also awakened itself and, goaded on by frequent whispers of his friend, was performing its functions admirably considering its lack of practice.

The room into which they looked was practically devoid of furniture except for a small bed in one corner and a table in another. To this table all interest was attracted for there sat the man, or demon who had caused all this excitement. He was declared by Mr. Darkney to be the very image of the house's former occupant and many were the conjectures made by him as to what his business might be. At one moment he was thought to be working on some invention by means of which more souls could be led astray; at another, he was thought to be the recorder of the infernal regions making up his account for the day.

But at this moment the rest of the villagers who had all this time been patiently or generally impatiently waiting, called for information. So the two men returned to the anxious watchers and in glowing colors told all they had seen. All were terrified, but they had come here tonight to settle this thing and settle it they would. Then without daring to look in at the window for fear of loss of courage, they boldly advanced to the door, where Squire Hanson in his capacity of magistrate boldly knocked. For a few minutes no answer was given, during which time there was much debating as to whether they should remain there or flee; which point, however, was quickly settled by the lack of unison among the various appendages of the body used in running. But now, again the Squire rapped at the door, and after a few minutes the door was opened.

"Why-er-a-why-Howdy do, I-a-well I'm magistrate, you know, and just come to visit you."

"Oh, yes, come right in," said the rather jolly middle-aged man, cordially.

"Well, I just—well, who are you?" stammered the squire.

"Oh, me? Well, my name is Barlow. You probably remember my grandfather who built this house. I inherited it at his death but have had no use for it till now. Just now I'm working on a book in which I hope to use your village for which purpose I came to this house," replied the stranger.

"Oh, oh yes, I see," mumbled the Squire. "Well, good evening, I just came to make a visit."

"Good evening, then," replied Mr Barlow wonderingly. "Come to see me again."

Squire Hanson never has forgiven the villagers for getting him mixed up in such an affair. But that mattered little to them as long as they had got rid of their fears.

Mr. Darkney? Well, he still maintains there was something not quite right about that house and that he still believes it is haunted. However, his tales are not believed quite as implicitly as before by most Bantville folks. But why should that worry him. He still believes them and the rest of the folks—well, they like to hear them, belief or no belief.

GRACE COLL, '24.

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TRAVELING THROUGH "LITTLE RIVERS"

Traveling is so recognized a form of education that there are to-day many people who prefer foreign travel to a college education. There are also some poor unfortunates in this world who would like to travel but are unable to do so. Their only way "For to behold and for to see" is through books. And how vast and varied the number of guides whom they may have! Mills, Stevenson, Parkman—all have led us far from home and shown us life and nature in many places; but no one so satisfies and delights me as does Dr. Henry VanDyke. Mingled with his descriptions of Scotland, Holland, Canada are the most charming nature touches, the most comforting philosophy, the most beautiful thoughts. Yes, a journey with Van Dyke is a most satisfying one.

One of our favorite trips is in "Au Large," for Canada is always fascinating. We go in canoes down the Grande Decharge where the rapids are just beginning. Half a mile below, the river disappears between two rocks. As we come on down the stream, we arrive at the grande chute, a wild succession of falls; so we turn off among the rocks to take portage. After traveling many days through the picturesque country of water and trees, we arrive at the Lake of the Beautiful Trout. The name of the lake is surely suitable to it because the trout are so pretty. On our journey homeward we watch the fish. The water is very still and the only sound heard is that of the white-throated sparrow off in the woods. The fish spring high

up in the air just to taunt us. After many days of travel we arrive home again and find that our trip seemed almost real.

Or again in the essay "Amperсанд," we become acquainted with parts of the Adirondack country. We meet the mountain, lake and river "Amperсанд." The mountain stands in the heart of the country; behind it is the lake, and out of the lake flows the stream, winding down a long, untrodden forest valley. The mountain should be regarded as the head of the family because it was undoubtedly there before the others; and the lake was probably next on the ground because the stream is its child; and more than likely, since the stream was the last born of the three, it was the first to be christened "Amperсанд;" and then it gave its name to the other members of the nature family.

Still another, "A Handful of Heather" acquaints us with the scenery and nature of the country of Scotland. Van Dyke tells us that the heather carries him back to memories of his experiences in Scotland. He takes the common heather to represent the hospitality and generosity of all the Scotch to visitors and strangers. He thinks the little things of life are more easily remembered than the big things. To him the white heather is a symbol of sincere affection. He tells us that because it is so hard to find and has such a few outward charms, it means much more to one than those beautiful flowers that may be found almost anywhere.

And so in strange and familiar lands, he shows us beautiful sights and charms us with lovely thoughts; small wonder we enjoy a journey with him!

ELIZABETH SLOAN, '23.

* * *

SUMMER HEART

It is sunset on the coast of Norway. On the door step of one of the fishermen's cottages sit a weather-beaten old fisherman and a curly-headed little boy looking out over the ocean to where the sun is sinking casting its golden rays over the sea. All is still save the swishing of the waves against the rockbound coast. Suddenly there comes a sound which is so soft and low that it is hardly distinguishable. Wailing, mournfully, it floats in over the water. To the two upon the shore it is a call.

As the old man listens, a sad smile spreads over his face and his rugged features soften. The soft, white hand of the child creeps into the hardened old one.

"Tell it to me again, Grandfather," he says.

"Once in this land there dwelt a person, how old no one can say, for he possessed the heart of a child. He was called Summer Heart by the simple fisher folk who knew and loved him. Summer Heart was a child of the sun. His hair was like a golden halo about his radiant face and his eyes were blue, blue and bright as the ocean waves.

"But his body was small and bent. His one arm hung limply at his side and his legs were grotesquely twisted; yet he was the soul of music.

"He dwelt among the rocks, few knew just where. The fishermen loved him for he cheered the sick and comforted the down hearted.

"At twilight the magic music of his flute could be heard echoing and resounding through the rocks and in the morning he would join the joyful chorus of the birds.

"Many, many years he lived here, softening hard hearts, sending rays of beauty into lonely lives, brightening, cheering, helping.

"He would talk with the ocean and she would entreat him saying, 'Oh, I am so cold, so cold, Summer Heart. Come, dip thy fingers into me or bury thy head in me, that I may have some of thy warmth and brightness.'

"And so she would beg and plead with him; and the warm heart within Summer Heart would be touched with pity for her, so cold, so dreary. Then he would turn away from her with a heavy heart.

"The friendly fisher folk would do everything to cheer him and bring back the glad light to his eyes. The kind dames would cook tempting dishes for him, but always his eyes would wander back to where lay the ocean, so gray and dismal. Then he would go to her and try to cheer her.

"One day the ocean pleaded harder than ever and dashed upon Summer Heart's feet so piteously, imploring him to come to her. Summer Heart looked back across the golden beach to the cheerful cottages where lived his beloved fishermen, and up to the sky where rode the sun and to the trees in which the birds were singing. Everything was so happy, so content! Then his eyes wandered to the leaden-colored ocean and he longed to brighten and comfort her. So, with one last, long look at the little settlement, he plunged into the ocean.

"On a summer's evening the peasants sit upon their doorsteps, listening to the sound of Summer Heart's golden flute as

the melody, more beautiful now than ever before, floats in over the water, and gaze upon the golden head of Summer Heart, which is now only the reflection of the moon upon the water."

The old fisherman finished his story and sat quietly, looking at the scene before him. Suddenly the little boy cried, "Look!" Both turned their eyes in the direction of the rising moon. Slowly it came peeping up over the horizon, bringing with it a pale path of light.

MILDRED WAGLE, '24.

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ON NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Ah! January first, nineteen hundred and twenty-one and thereby hangs a tale.

I had often been told of the trials and temptations people encounter in keeping New Year Resolutions. So why should I not investigate? As an initial resolution, abolition of ice cream would serve the purpose. After reflecting awhile I decided to tag it with an amendment: Saturday would be an exception. My first trial came upon a Wednesday evening as I walked down Main Street. There in a drug store sat a few of my friends. They were eating cherry sundaes. The cool, luscious, velvety cream, together with the glistening cherries fairly made my mouth water. Should I try a dish? Why not? Ah! but it was only Wednesday—three more days of growing hunger before I could partake of that delicacy, and so with a will power second not even to Julius Caesar I turned away. Oh, triumph of will over inestimable temptation!

But ah, short lived! I began to reflect and pile up reasons why I should go back and have a dish: First, the ice cream manufacturer must be patronized; second, I was nearly overcome with thirst, and since one ought not to patronize public drinking fountains I thought ice cream would do. So back I went with a sin upon my back—that of breaking a vow.

In my town every-one preaches against snow-balling. Would I not be a valuable member of society if I indorsed the movement? Worthy thought! I at once resolve to abolish snow-balling. Two weeks later a heavy snow fell. Then it got warmer making the snow ideal for snow-balling. I had no sooner stepped from my house one morning then, bang! right on my ear a huge mound of snow fell. According to the law, I should avenge the cowardly deed. How was I to do it? Could I throw a snow-ball in return? Surely it would not be

held against me when the Man with the Scythe called time? So after making a beautiful one, I let it fly. No sooner had it left my hand then I felt a sensation of guilt creep over me. I had broken a vow. I would never have become a Knight of the Round Table if I had lived in that blessed age.

January first, nineteen hundred and twenty-two, resolve: never to again vow for or against anything. I am satisfied!

ERNEST ENGELHARDT, '23.

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WINTER FEVER

Ever heard of winter fever? One might think from its name that it belonged to that renowned family of "Fevers." It most certainly is not scarlet and it couldn't be typhoid. It might, however, resemble spring fever inasmuch as it has the same effect on one.

Just about this time of year, have you ever found yourself restless, more impatient than ever for the school day to end? Hasn't it been almost impossible for you to pin your thoughts down to the tasks which must be done? Have you ever been seized with an intense desire, a longing for something—what it is you can't fathom? You've had it then, the winter fever, for those are its outstanding symptoms. Let me tell you then that it is hard to cure, just as hard as scarlet or typhoid, unless you know just how.

Doctors can't rid you of it with their medicines, nor surgeons by cutting you up (unless they kill you). It most surely gets worse if nursed in bed. That is about the worst thing I could prescribe. No, nothing but nature can cure it—good old Mother Nature.

Those of you who have watched attentively some victim of winter fever, have you ever seen a peculiar change come over him in the school room at this time of year? Just when the sky grows so dark that it is necessary to turn on the lights (great luxury) and the wind begins to blow and you can just imagine the mercury in the thermometer dropping at the rate of a degree a second? You have? Well, isn't it a look of suppressed delight, just as though the victim can scarcely conceal the glad thoughts within him. He looks eagerly out the window. Ah! What joy! There they are! The sky is filled with little white specks falling heavier and heavier. The ground is getting white!

Yes, that is the cure! Rather simple after all, isn't it, if Nature is kind? Just a good heavy snow; one that might come up to your neck if you fell in it; one that makes the skis practically fly through the air (with you on them, of course,—not left behind). Just good, cold, peppery air; air that gives you some energy; air cold enough to freeze the lake, river, pond, pool or whatever you have access to (sometimes even school lawns, how about it?); air that makes you feel it's winter. Ah! There it is! Real winter, that's the cure for winter fever!

MARJORIE REYNOLDS, '23.

* * * *

THE MOVIE IDOLIZER

I was this morning talking with a friend of mine when she informed me that something had arrived in the morning mail which was of particular interest to her. I knew she alluded to a new photograph, and as she is a girl who is quite proud of her collection of movie stars and as she is not a little interested in every one, I knew she would give to me an account of each. We had now arrived at the door of her room when my eye was caught by a large photograph of Rudolph Valentino, placed more conspicuously than the rest. She immediately entered into the discussion I had expected, saying things just as they occurred to her mind, and not hesitating in expressing her opinions and admiration for all.

"It is," she began, "quite a lot of fun to write for all these pictures and see exactly how many idols one may really have. One may also observe the different types of beauty in both men and women. For instance, how the sweet, innocent beauty of Lillian Gish differs from the passionate dark beauty of Nazimova!" She acquainted me with their characters and looks in the following way:

"The foremost one, you notice, needs no introduction. You must know," she rattled on, "why I have this particular

picture of Nazimova." (I noticed she had it placed next to Rudolph). "She is my favorite actress and she was so wonderful in 'Camille.' She is not an American, you know, but was once a Russian dancer. Would you believe she is forty-two years old? But for all her years, fix her up for a picture and one would really think she was twenty. It is said she is the most emotional actress on the screen.

"If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to view the next three—I have placed them together for this reason—to show how the types of beauty and character differ. My mind is divided on these three. They are Dorothy Gish, Mary Pickford and Alice Terry. Dorothy Gish, you know, is quite a wild one, always out for a good time. She possesses a quick and pertinacious disposition and it takes a fast one to keep up with her. It has been said she married James Rennie three times on the screen before they decided to make it a real life romance. Mary Pickford, you know, has the aptitude for playing kiddish parts. She used to be the most popular and noted for her wonderful curls, but now a few younger ones have stepped in her place. Alice Terry, who won fame in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is one of the sweetest actresses I know. She has lately made a wedding with Rex Ingram."

She continued with her line. "And isn't this the dearest picture of Jackie Coogan? I take him to be the cutest kid on the screen. He not only makes one laugh with his funny tricks but sometimes makes one sad as in "My Boy." His acting is so bizarre for a child."

Here the telephone rang and my friend ended her talk by telling me, as we went out of the room, that she intended enclosing a letter for an autograph of Richard Barthelmess the very next day; with questions why I didn't start such a collection.

VIOLA PROUDFOOT, '23.

Glimpses of Westmont Upper Yoder

ENTER AT EIGHT-FORTY

Luzerne Street, 8:35—not a soul in sight. If only some fellow-sufferer were late, too. The very houses frown unsympathetically and try as you will, you can move not an inch faster. Oh, how your book-laden arms ache and your parched tongue burns while “water, water, everywhere and not a drop to drink” sounds in your ears. Surely you’ve been on this street more than an hour.

Two blocks away, and faintly through the distance comes the sound of the late bell. And you were late yesterday, too! Stimulated by the thought to hitherto unrealized activity, you dash madly up the walk to the door. You open it, and it closes behind you solemnly and slowly. You lean against it for support while you gain your breath. Slowly and stealthily, then, you creep up the steps. The clock’s accusing fingers point to 8:40. How uninviting the closed office door looks!

In two minutes you emerge from that place of terrors, clutching two slips. Now at the assembly room door—to stop a minute to gain courage then boldly open the door upon—bowed heads and the indistinct sound of prayer. You wait. Surely they must be saying it twice. But at last they are finished and you march boldly in amid the grins of everybody and the withering stare of the teacher. Up to the desk to get the slip signed—were ever shoes so screechy! At last the seat is gained—that haven of refuge—and you sink into it with a murmured “Deo Gratius.”

VERA MEEHAN, '24.

* * * *

“THE THRILL THAT COMES ONCE IN A LIFETIME”

Getting your first pair of “longers” may easily be termed “The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime” for the boy. Your begging and tormenting has come to an end and you think you have become a man. What will the fellows say when they see you appear in your hard-earned trophy? Such is the question that comes to the young man’s mind.

My campaign began one day, the greatest of my life, in a men’s furnishing store. I had been constantly begging for the prized article but did not have much hope. Everytime I brought up the subject, “no” was the answer. On this day,

upon entering the store, I repeated the same old question and received the same old answer. I felt crestfallen but gained hope when the clerk said that he could not fit me except in long pants. The same experience was repeated in several other stores and mother, seeing that the victory for the day belonged to me, said that we would go home and talk the matter over. Thus ended the first day with the odds in my favor.

The next day we returned to the store and after inspecting several suits we found one that looked well. I tried it on and in my opinion there could have been nothing better. I looked at my mother, and to my surprise she did not seem pleased. I asked her what was wrong and she repeated the same story that mothers have been repeating for years—that it was too soon for me to grow up and that I could not get “longers.” The argument began again and at last we made a compromise. I would get my “longers” and mother would send away and get the shorts which I should wear when I was with her. So both were pleased.

N. B. The shorts aren’t yet worn out.

DANIEL ZAHM, '25.

* * * *

CONCENTRATION

“Phidias produced”—I wonder how soon they’ll produce another Valentino picture. I haven’t seen one in several weeks.

“Phidias produced many sculptures, but is especially known as the decorator of”—Maybe I’d better not have so much trimming on that white dress. I hate anything over-decorated. I saw some lovely trimming at the Penn Traffic last Saturday that was not so elaborate. Will I ever forget those classy sport shoes the clerk had on! She had bobbed hair and tortoise shell glasses, too. I wonder if I couldn’t get the Doctor to say I need glasses. Those tortoise shell ones are lovely. Well, guess I’d better get busy.

“But is especially known as the decorator of the wonderful temple of the Parthenon. Around the walls and cornices were groups of gods and heroes”—I wonder if they were anything like the curtain in the Cambria Theater. I’m getting sick of it—wish they’d buy a new one. Oh, I hope I can go to the movies to-night. I simply have to see Rudolf in “Moran of the Lady Letty.”

"Around the walls"—Oh why, I ask you, must they have their fire drills in zero weather?

Well, one might as well begin again, now that's over. "Around the walls and cornices were groups of gods exquisitely wrought in gold and ivory"—next Christmas I believe I'll ask for an ivory dressing table set with gold initials.

"The Nike, a famous statue, is without head or arms, but so grand in her attitude"—I do wish class attitude didn't count on reports. I'll be afraid to look at mine next month, but I can't understand why I don't do better work. I'm sure I concentrate enough.

"Greek sculptures and temples were embellished by the use of bright colors"—I do think my red dress is too bright. Perhaps it would be better to have inserted bands of white organdy. That reminds me! I have to go to the dressmaker's after school.

"Praxitiles"—oh, what's the use! I can't study, so I'm not going to try. I wonder how Liz gets that lovely curl in her hair. I'll have to ask her.

CATHERINE SCAMMEL, '24.

* * * *

A SPEECH IN CHAPEL

A speech in chapel! Ascend the stairs reciting it.

"Ye gods! Jane, I have a talk."

"You poor thing! What on?"

"Corot."

"What's that?"

"Something in Picture Study!"

Enter library, still mumbling. Sit down some place in the middle of a row. "Corot was born in 1875 in—no—he died then. Well anyhow Corot was born in Paris in 1796. His merit was not recognized at first but later—no—let's see—oh, yes—but later in his life honors were heaped upon him. He painted large, sacred pictures such as "The Flight Into Egypt" and—ye gods! the announcements have been made and I know I'm next. If Miss Krebs would only forget! "Corot was born in—"

"We will now have a—" (heart flutter) "violin solo."

"Saved! Corot was born in Paris in 1796. His merit was not recognized at first but later in his life honors were heaped upon him. He painted large, sacred pictures such as "The Flight Into Egypt" and "The Baptism of Christ" You

don't mean to say Mary's through. I'm next. "Corot was born in Paris in 1796. His merit was not—"

"This morning Margaret"—(that's not my name).

Saved again! "Corot was born in Paris in 1796. His merit was not recognized at first but later in his life, honors were heaped upon him." She's through. Here goes.

"Clara is going to tell us something about the painter, Corot."

Arise, young sinner. Stumble through the row and "get grinned at" by the lucky ones.

If my knees shake, I'm doomed. I bet every person knows I'm scared.

Arrive at my destination and turn around, only to see Elizabeth Rogers giggling. "Corot was born in Paris in 1796—(my knees aren't shaking). His merit was not recognized at first but later in his life, honors were heaped upon him, etc., etc."—(They've started to shake). Talk on and finally end it some way. File back, meet the same grins and trips, and sit.

CLARA OSGOOD, '24.

* * * *

WITH THE FRESHIES

School opened with a bang. Excuse me. I mean an uproar. With a babbling of harsh untrained voices, a pounding of uninitiated feet and a wabbling of unsophisticated knees, the green and ignorant Freshmen arrived. Immediately the school hall became an information bureau. Question of the pathetic looking Freshmen were willingly, aye magnanimously answered by the kind-hearted Sophs, who could feel for the uninformed arrivals (with a cl b).

"Yes 204 is directly at the head of the third flight of stairs which you see at the end of the hall. But surely you were not to go there. I saw the other Freshmen going down through the laundry to 690 where the Freshmen assembly always was before."

"Certainly the elevator is at the end of the hall on the left hand side. Just keep on going."

"Yes the fire escapes are just behind those queer looking sliding doors. They are only to be opened in case of fire."

"Just a word of advice if you stay at noon. All applications for places at the lunch tables must be placed on file in Mr. Yoder's office, he having charge of the household arts."

Such informing knowledge as this was the result of the Freshmen Crusade for learning. But sad to relate, oh me, is the fact that the Freshmen no longer cling to their kind friends (Sophs) but are engaged in still another quest. Just a glance into 204 at noon intermission will tell you the answer. No annoying teacher interferes with their happiness. Flying erasers, paper wads, rubbers, rustling papers, blood-curdling yells and hair raising shrieks greet the ear. Throughout it all John Northwood sits calmly winning the checker tournament or T. D. Williams the paper wad sharp-shooting contest. In other words they are engaged in letting every one know they are still ignorant F-R-E-S-H-M-E-N.

Were we ever like this?

JOHN B. GOBIN, '24.

* * * *

THE SEASON'S BOOK REVIEW

"Westward Ho!"—The student body as they trip gaily out Luzerne street every morning.

"Story of the Revolution"—Can be told by anyone who was present in French class when the suggestion was made that there be an extra session each evening to make up work in French.

"Runaways and Castaways"—Those who cut classes and enjoy a little rest at the store are runaways; and with a little persistence, they may soon become castaways.

"Talking Leaves"—When the teacher enters study hall after a protracted absence.

"Little Women"—Our Bobbed Hair Brigade.

"Just Women"—Or they would never have had it bobbed.

"Face to Face with Great Musicians"—When you talk with members of our orchestra.

"Mirrors of Washington"—Our Seniors.

"The Conquest of Fear"—Occurs within you as you walk down the hall towards the office after having been "kicked out" of class.

"Four Years in the Underbrush"—For explanation or advice see any Senior.

"Highly Colored"—is an adequate description of a tenderfoot caught in the act of passing a note.

"In Pawn"—Refers to the Senior class rings—but we mustn't judge them too harshly for that trip to Washington did cost money.

"The Sheridan Road Mystery"—Consult Edwin Williams first—he ought to be able to cast some light upon the subject.

"The Works of Satan," "These Young Rebels"—Freshmen.

"Youth Triumphant"—You probably all remember how the youthful Sophs triumphed over the venerable Seniors in basketball.

"The Joyous Guests"—Seniors at the Junior-Senior reception.

"Seven Ages of Childhood"—Are portrayed by members of our Freshman Class.

"The Age of Innocence"—Is symbolized by the Junior Class. By asking a few simple questions you can easily determine that they are absolutely innocent of any knowledge of the subjects they are supposed to study.

"Fortunate Youth"—That can slide through school without being called to serve on "The Phoenician" staff.

"A Chosen Few"—Our honor roll.

"Friend of Caesar"—May be found in Miss Osborne, but it's certainly a waste of time to look for one in the student body.

CHARLES MCGAHAN, '23.

WITH THE POETS

NIGHT

Oh, magic night! so mystic and so calm,
With nymphs and goblins dancing on the leaves,
And shadows softly playing, 'mong the trees,
While o'er the lake, the weeping willows fawn
Reflections of the great and lesser stars
And wandering moon among the fleecy clouds,
Which quivering and with bright gold fringe bow'd
Would brighten up even cold prison bars.

I can but think how dark yon night would be,
If moon and stars withheld that wondrous light
They get from those much greater than themselves.
And oh, how sad this joyous world of ours
If all who have, would e'er refuse to light
The others who are weaker than themselves.

SYLVIA PEDEN, '22.

* * * *

"THE CONDUCTOR"

At the Incline Plane there's a little old man,
As strong as all the north seas,
But he never means harm when giving alarm,
"All aboard! All aboard! Tickets please."

You'll know him at sight when he grumbles along
And snatches your tickets with ease,
But don't get excited when he sends the alarm
"All aboard! All aboard! Tickets please."

For oh! he works hard from morning till night,
As busy as busy can be,
And growls at the folks when in sight on the bridge,
"All aboard! All aboard! Tickets please."

THELMA GRUBB, '25.

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN MOUND

Chief Silver Tongue, so called because his voice
Excelled all others of the Conemaughs,
Led his brave warriors down through valleys green
And camped just where two sparkling rivers meet.
At sunrise, as the age-old custom was;
He rose, and climbing to a point of height,
Chanted to his guardian spirit, Lark, a prayer
That no misfortune overtake the tribe.
As he stood there, outlined against the dawn,
An arrow from an unseen hand did fly
And pierced him to the heart and killed the chief.
In honor of the far-famed Silver-Tongue,
The Conemaughs did build a mound of earth
And through a secret passage brought the chief
And buried him with sorrow and regret.
But ever since, at dawn is heard a voice,
Faint and elusive, chanting in sweet tones,
Proceeding from the summit of the mound
As though a man stood there and sent it forth.

CATHERINE SCAMMEL, '24.

* * * *

"DISHES"

Doing dishes is not much fun,
To boys who like baseball,
They would rather be on the other side,
Of the little old kitchen wall.

We're not well pleased when company calls,
About the time of tea,
That means more work for all of us,
Especially brother and me.

There's one good thing about this all,
It's Mother first and then base ball
It always is much better fun,
To play base ball when work is done.

JOHN NORTHWOOD, '25.

TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

A nation wept;
And in that more than sacred burial ground,
The greatest of every part bowed with homage and respect.
To the stilled beat of drums, the silent procession moved
Past historic tombs innumerable, unseen nor thought of
In this present greatest grief.

All was hushed;
And in the death-like silence, the first dull thudding clod
Fell like a crushing weight on the hearts of the people,
Sending a pulsing throb of agony through their ranks,
Back to the silent homes of our country; and a nation wept
In honor of her Unknown Soldier.

CHARLES MCGAHAN.

* * * *

MEMORIAL DAY

Those soldiers, they were brave,
And our land they did save—
Giving all—
Their homes, their loves, their lives,
Sacred memories survive
Of it all.

Yes, many gave their all,
For the cause did they fall
In the fight.
And we must not forget
All the hardships that they met
Day and night.

Now this Memorial Day
In solemn tones we say
"They are gone
To their reward above—
To the land of life and love—
Struggle done."

And we who yet are saved
Take the challenge that they gave
When they died.
Democracy is right
And for that we truly fight—
It shall live.

MARGARET E. JONES, '23.

THE SONG OF THE CONEMAUGH

Once in a silent valley green with trees,
A silver river flowed thorough in peace.
It's ice-cold water made a home for trout,
And many times had Indians come to fish,
But ne'er had broke the peacefulness that reigned.
This was the scene of the dreamy Conemaugh.

It flowed molested not by man nor beast,
Till once a white man came and built a hut.
He chopped the trees and made the place look bare.
And then came more and built a village there
And robbed the river of its peacefulness.
The town progressed and grew until 'twas large
And all the wastes were thrown into the stream.

Dull mills and bridges now were built,
The silv'ry water then was turned to black,
And farther up the glen where peace still reigned
The river was choked up with piles of earth.
The water rose until it overflowed.

For many years its history was the same.
The mills outpoured a black supply of soot.
Until one time it rained unceasingly;
The aged dam arose and swelled and broke.
The heartless water dashed on to the town
And ripped and tore the homes and factories:
The wrecks of homes piled up against the bridge
And kept the water high upon the town.
It stayed there night and all of the next day,
And when the dam was fin'ly washed away,
A waste replaced the mills and busy town.

But soon the town again built up its trade,
The factories resumed once more their work,
The water changed its shade to black as coal,
And to this day its hue is quite the same.

OLIVER PROUDFOOT, '24.

MAY

Over the blooming orchard
Comes the call of spring so dear,
Over the dead, still forest
Rings the song of the blue bird clear,
Over the new ploughed garden
Hops the robin full of cheer,
Listen! Oh Listen! Oh Listen!
May is here.

Trees are just laden with blossoms,
Fields are now turning green,
Wild-flowers are growing about us,
Wood-ferns are yet unseen,
Pansies, a smile in the yard there,
Where in the world have they been,
Listen! Oh Listen! Oh Listen!
May is seen.

Time to work in the field,
Time to be happy and gay,
Time to forget about lessons,
Time for the children to play,
Time for the birds and flowers,
Time for the whole world to say,
Listen! Oh Listen! Oh Listen!
This is the month of May.

RUTH PALLISER, '23.

* * * *

OLD GLORY

I saw "Old Glory" in the misty morn
Floating triumphantly against the sky,
Catching the sun's first rays—it waved on high;
And in my heart a sudden hope was born,
Where all before had been sad and forlorn.

Wave on thou glorious, starry flag, wave on!
Inspire our hearts with courage, hope and cheer;
Our lives be like thy colors—bright and clear
Emblem to us of soldier fathers gone
Wave on thou glorious, starry flag, wave on!

EDITH TURNER, '23.

HIS WORK

"Oh, this is Heaven," the happy artist breathed
Seeing the beauty of God's universe,
With gifted strokes made flaming West, pearled East,
And showed some other creature happiness.

The Poet thought that God was in his work
And dreamed the visions giv'n his soul were God's,
Inspired, wrote the things He told to him;
Endowed some broken being with new life.

The tiller of the soil thought his work God's,
As in the dawn's first flush of grey and rose
He breathed the air that smelled of fresh-turned sod
He saw the beauty of, and loved, his Eden.

When, in the awful stillness of the cathedral
The music lover let his soul find speech
In chords that were divine in birth and meaning,
He knew he found his God in what he heard.

VERA MEEHAN, 24.

* * * *

PASSING OF THE OLD YEAR

I, the spirit of the Old Year, speak to you, Americans.
Here I rest in the arms of Time
Awaiting the arrival of my death.

During my life men have come and gone,
Warriors, statesmen, poets, scientists;
The world has suffered from war and debt,
Starvation threatened the people of the land—
Everywhere the weary nations were waiting—
France ruined by shells,
England filled with discord, all waiting—
I, too, waiting, for what?

In America growing, the spirit of peace.
Out of this glorious desire, a conference—
Seeking worldwide peace and national friendship,
Disarmament, and settlement of troublesome questions.
The nations have come together!

In my life they will work out their salvation,
For this I have been waiting, waiting,
Of me, a year of millions, they have made a cornerstone of
History.

DOROTHEA LUEBBERT, '23.



THE CLASSES

Senior Program

Junior-Senior Reception.....	June 2, 1922
Baccalaureate Service.....	June 4, 1922
Senior Class Play, "As You Like It".....	June 6, 1922
Commencement Exercises.....	June 8, 1922
Alumni Banquet.....	June 10, 1922

Class Motto

A man's reach should exceed his grasp.

Class Colors

Green and White

Class Flower

The Ophelia Rose

CLASS OF 1922

Sylvia V. Peden

Basketball Team1920-21
Track Team1920-22
Chairman of Social Committee.....
.....1921-22
Captain of Girls' Track Team.....1922
Dramatics1921-22
"As You Like It".....1922

"The beautiful are never desolate
For someone always loves them."

Sylvia is the sort of girl that you just can't help liking. She not only has an attractive disposition but also possesses the pinkest cheeks and the bluest eyes in the whole school. She knows better than anyone here how to plan eats for parties. Of course she was a sympathetic Celia in "As You Like It." She's sure to find many friends at Otterbein.

Zelda G. Wagner

Girls' Club1921-22
Dramatics1922
"As You Like It".....1922
Glee Club1921

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still."

That's Zelda in the famous household Arts debate. On that day she really had us convinced that she didn't believe cooking was one of the fine arts. But we know she knows better, having had convincing evidence of her ability. She has some of the fire of Patrick Henry, too. Remember, "Give me liberty or give me death!"



Margaret G. Longwell

Glee Club1920-21
"As You Like It".....1921-22
Junior Basketball1920-21
Junior Dramatics1920-21
Girls' Club1919-22
Senior Quartet1922

"The glittering tresses which, now
shaken loose,
Shower'd gold."

Tootie's hair is indeed "shaken loose," (she's had it bobbed for the second time), but it still "showers gold." She is tall and stately, and made a perfect Hymen in "As You Like It." She has an easy-going disposition, and never worries about anything—except debates. Quiet and reserved as she appears, she shows herself possessed of an ample supply of impishness. For further particulars, consult the Washington delegation.

Charles R. Dunkle

"He was in logic a great critic
Profoundly skilled in analytic."

But Charles's real hobby is history. He is never so happy as when he is discussing some by gone age. From this it may be seen that his brain is stored with a wealth of knowledge which he is ever ready to use, for Charles is one of those quiet and reserved people who can be counted upon to meet the need of the hour in school or class.



Josephine G. Williams

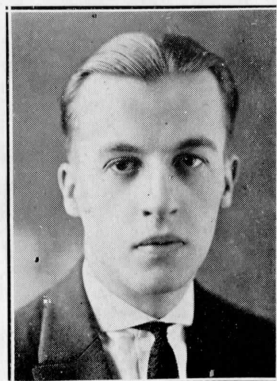


Track Team1920-21
 Captain Girls' Basketball Team.....
1920-21
 Chairman of Social Committee.....
1920-21
 Vice President of Girls' Club.1921-22
 Vice President of Student Council
1921-22
 Glee Club1921-22
 Dramatics1920-21-22
 "As You Like It"

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's
 day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temp-
 erate."

Jo might well be called the class
 beauty. We'll say she has a domi-
 nant will-power, too, else how could
 she have saved her long tresses whilst
 all about her were losing theirs. But
 wait until summer—she's bound to
 cut it sooner or later. Randolph Ma-
 con is going to receive a faithful stu-
 dent when she enters there next year.

Frank F. Pershing



Glee Club1920
 Boys' Club1922
 Dramatics1921-22
 "As You Like It".....1922
 "And he was not right fat, I under-
 take."

Why, of course it's Frank. Who
 else could it be? But he is high
 enough to make up the difference.
 Couplet rhyming is one of his accom-
 plishments; but we believe he excels
 in History as everyone with whom he
 willingly shares his knowledge will
 testify.

Helen C. Flack



Basketball1921
 Cheer Leader1921-22
 Orchestra1921-22
 Dramatics1922
 Glee Club1921-22
 Art Editor of "The Phoenician"
1921-22
 Athletic Editor of "The Phoeni-
 cian"1920-21
 "As You Like It"

"In notes with many a winding bout.
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

Helen is our celebrated artist, but
 she wouldn't think of stopping with
 one profession. Music, too, is a part
 of Helen's own self. What would we
 ever have done without Helen at the
 piano? There is certainly no doubt
 as to her success in the future, for
 she has always been ready to help a
 friend in need and so we feel sure she
 will always find one to help her.

Carl L. Schwab



Secretary of Agassiz Club.....1918-19
 School Orchestra1919-20
 Glee Club1920-21
 Dramatics1920-21-22
 "As You Like It".....1922

"All the world's a stage
 And all the men and women merely
 players."

Carl is the pet of the Class. He is
 always ready to do favors, especially
 for the girls. On Fun Night he
 proved himself to be not only a most
 excellent Irishman but also a regular
 lady killer. He is always smiling and
 ready to help out in any school activi-
 ties. Is it any wonder that we hate
 to see him graduate?

Edgar T. Leahey

Vice President of Agassiz.....1918
 Glee Club.....1921-22
 Track.....1920-21
 Varsity Football.....1921
 Varsity Basketball.....1922
 President of Student Council.....1922
 President of Senior Class
 "As You Like It".....1922
 "I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
 Round and round he sped."

This reminds us of our dear President. Why didn't the class buy the poor fellow a pair of roller skates or a motorcycle? But then—his ceaseless exercise in visiting committees did keep him in splendid physical condition. Perhaps that's why he covered himself and us with glory by winning first place in the pole vault at the Ebensburg track meet.



Maye M. Finkelson

Student Council1922
 Girls' Club1921-22
 Glee Club1920-21
 Dramatics1921-22
 "As You Like It".....1922

"Soul deep eyes of darkest hue."

Maye's eyes are indeed "soul deep" and there's usually a merry twinkle in them. One morning in chapel Maye gave us the surprise of our lives by playing a piano solo. Nor is this the only surprise she has visited upon us lately; but then there is no reason why fancies should not turn to thoughts of love in the spring time.

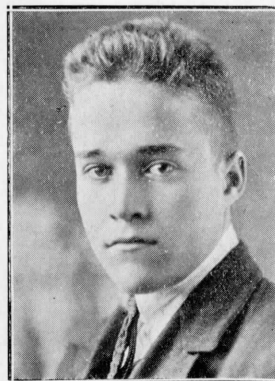


Carl T. Weimer

Varsity Football.....1918-20
 Dramatics1919-20
 Athletic Council1920-21
 Treasurer of Athletic Council.....1921-22
 Vice President of Class.....1921-22
 Student Council1921-22
 "As You Like It".....1922

"Who taught thee
 Rhetoric to deceive a maid?"

Carl is well versed in rhetoric, but he isn't bent on deceiving a maid. By no means! His only fear is that she may be deceiving him. His mania is baseball for which he's willing to forego anything—even food. Another of his accomplishments is walking. We know he holds the record for speedy arrivals at school. He always has the building to himself for at least half an hour. He believes in detours when going from one class to another, especially when they result in unexpected meetings!



J. Lenore Albert

Orchestra1920-21-22
 Glee Club1922
 Dramatics1919
 "As You Like It".....1922

"Those dark eyes—so dark and so deep!"

We have never seen those eyes of Lenore flash in anger; but we are wondering what will happen when she confronts some small urchins in the future. Yes! We are again enriching Indiana Normal with one of our graduates. We are sure of her success for she will carry with her the same zeal that she has shown in High School.



Hazel I. Miller

Dramatics1920
Glee Club1920-21
Girls' Club1921-22
"As You Like It".....1922
"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

That is Hazel—a composite of sunshine and showers. Perhaps that is why she played Phoebe so well. She vies with Hamlet in propounding momentous questions—only hers is, "to bob or not to bob," and she, like him, decides affirmatively. She is sure to find her place in the business world.

Walter H. Wilner

Varsity Basketball Team.....
.....1918-19-20-21
Varsity Track Team.....1919
Track Captain1921
Class Treasurer1921
Class Basketball Captain.....1921-22
Class Track Captain.....1922
Student Council1922
Glee Club1919-22
Dramatics1922
"As You Like It".....1922
Senior Quartet

"Oh that the chemist's magic art
Could crystalize this sacred treasure."

Altho Walt is one of our High School's most renowned chemists, "this sacred treasure" is of even more importance. Who among us does not know what this treasure is? Why his voice, of course. The Washington trip would have been a failure without him—the instructor and manager of our Senior Quartet. In basketball there is no telling what would have become of us without Walt.



A. Marie Mahaffey

Girls' Club1919-20-21-22
Glee Club1920-21
Dramatics1920-21
Basketball1920-21
"As You Like It".....1922

"We may live without men,
We may live without books,
But civilized man
Cannot live without cooks."

Marie has been with us since our first year when we used to ride out to school in the jitneys. She has become an excellent seamstress in these four years. She can bake delicious cakes, too. In fact we wouldn't be surprised to hear of her running a tea room in the near future.

William A. Marley

Agassiz Chapter1919-20
Basketball1919-22
Glee Club1921-22
Vice President of Boys' Club.....1922
Student Council1922
Athletic Council1922
Varsity Football1921
"As You Like It".....1922
Varsity Basketball1921-22
French Play1922
Senior Quartet1922

"We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it!"

Why is Bill like a train? When he starts he can't be stopped. He is a singer. What better proof than his part in the famous Washington Quartet? The first three years of his High School career, Bill was a regular woman-hater, but you ought to see him now that he's blossomed into society.



Edward E. Campbell

Secretary of Agassiz Chapter.....	1919-20
Basketball	1918-22
Football	1918-21
Tennis	1921-22
President Funster Club.....	1921-22
Glee Club	1919-22
"As You Like It".....	1922
Dramatics	1920-22
Bus. Mgr. "Red and Gray".....	1919-20
Bus. Mgr. "Phoenician".....	1920-22
Junior Class President.....	1920-21
Senior Class Treasurer.....	1921-22
Athletic Council	1919-21
Bus. Mgr. of "Gossip".....	1921-22

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

That's Ted all over. Despite the fact that Ted was confined to his four poster bed for a period of six weeks with a nasty case of scarlet fever, he returned to this institution full of vim and vigor and the same old appetite. Nuxated Iron did it. The trip to Washington afforded him a splendid opportunity to fully recuperate. While there, Ted spent two days in jail as the result of being caught devouring a century plant which he found in the Botanical Garden. But let him eat century plants, we say, if it results in such ability as he has displayed in managing "The Phoenician" and in every other of his manifold activities.



Mary K. Wright

Orchestra	1920-21-22
Basketball	1920-21
Vice President of Girls' Club.....	1921
Track	1920-21
President of Girls' Club.....	1922
Secretary of Tennis Club.....	1922
President of Athletic Council.....	1921-22
Editor of "The Red and Gray".....	1918-19
Editor of "Gossip".....	1921-22
Editor of "The Phoenician".....	1922
Secretary of Class.....	1922
Glee Club	1920-21
Dramatics	1919-20
"As You Like It".....	1922
Senior Quartet	

"Amarantha sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair."

It is not possible to mention all Mary's accomplishments for her outstanding abilities have shown themselves in every scholastic, athletic and social event that has taken place in the last four years. We have observed that she is a general favorite with the Freshy boys; on second thought we won't limit that popularity to Freshies or to any class. In fact we think it exists in its most violent form among the Alumni.



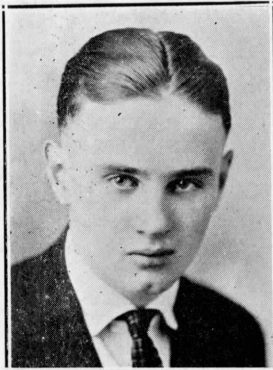
Leah Q. Schaup



Class Editor of "Phoenician".....1919-20
 Dramatics1919-20
 Girls' Track Team.....1920-21
 Pasketball1920-21
 Chairman Social Service Committee
1921-22
 Glee Club1921-22
 "As You Like It".....1921-22
 "A willing heart adds feather to the
 neel."

Leah is another member of our Class that we have had for only a short time, but she has won our friendship and esteem through her willingness to lend a helping hand. Her marked ability as an athlete leads us to believe that some day she will be starting a physical education school of her own.

Harold J. Fisher



Glee Club1921-22
 Dramatics1920-22
 "As You Like It".....1922
 Baseball1921
 French Play1922
 "My tongue within my lips I reign
 For who talks much must talk in
 vain."

Harold doesn't care a rap for girls, but he certainly likes automobiles. He knows the good and bad qualities of every car from Ford to Rolls Royce. He ought to make a good salesman because he is supplied with an extra amount of the gift of gab. He might even go to France to establish his business as he speaks French almost as fluently as he does his mother tongue.

Samuel I. Callet



President of Boys' Club.....1918
 Asst. Bus. Mgr. of "Phoenician".....1919
 Track1919-20-21
 Football1918-19-20-21
 Basketball1919-20-21-22
 Basketball Captain1922
 Basketball Manager1920
 Manager of Senior Play.....1922
 "As You Like It".....1922

"Our hands are full of business; let's
 away;
 Advantage feeds them fat, while men
 delay."

Who doesn't know Sam? He became famous through daily mention in the "Ledger" during basketball season. Although he gets out of humor frequently, he makes up for it by wearing a broad grin the rest of the time. Sam is going to Wharton. In ten years he will have John Wanamaker beat a mile so far as business is concerned.

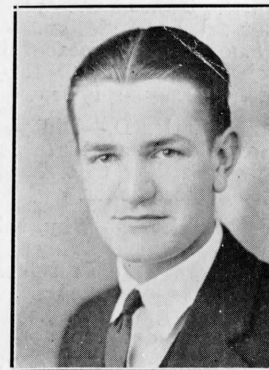
Jack F. Osgood

Glee Club	1919-20-21-22
Track	1921
Football	1920-21
Dramatics	1921-22
"As You Like It".....	1922
Athletic Editor of "Phoenician".	1922
Cheerleader	1921-22
President of Boys' Club.....	1921-22
French Play	1922

“This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons
peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth
please.”

And utters it again when Jove doth
please."

We expect to hear a great deal about our Jack as the years roll by. We know that it would not require much effort for him to take Al Jolson's place in the musical world. Remember "Dapper Dan." As a Romeo he is a failure; but as a jester, he simply can't be beat. That's Jack all over. Here's luck for the great future.



Heard On A Railroad Train

It is the fifteenth of April, 1922, and the Seniors of the W. U. Y. H. S. are at last comfortably seated in their private car of the Baltimore and Ohio branch. After many delays, and much anxiety caused by the failure of William Marley to appear on the train at the appointed time, the train has slowly pulled out from the station. Since we are all, at this stage of the game, very old, peaceful and dignified, we can with clear consciences reminisce. So we find the various members of the class discussing in loud tones the noteworthy scenes of the trip.

Charles D.—Did you ever in all your life ride on such a slow old bus as this? It seems as though we aren't moving at all. I believe that if we were to get out and walk, we should get home quicker.

Marie M.—Why, this is a fast means of conveyence compared to those jitneys that used to carry us out to Stutzman when we were Freshies. Do you remember that day we all got out and pushed the jitney up the hill? It's a wonder we ever got there at all. It seems to me that we ran out of gas that same day, too.

Harold F.—By the way, Ted—not meaning to change the subject—have you gotten over the effects of that heavy meal that you ate at the hotel on Wednesday? We thought you would never be able to get up from the table. It seems to me you were the first to go into the dining room and the last to come out.

Ted (heaving a long sigh)—I believe I have, almost. But I don't feel quite like I did four years ago when May served us that Thanksgiving dinner. Poor Jack, I'll never forget the hard time I had pinching him to keep him awake all that afternoon. I did forget to pinch him once and Miss Krebs passed the verdict that we could never have a meal like that again at noon. Don't you remember that both Ermie and Ed. Horan had to ride in the jitney the next morning on account of the effects of that dinner?

Jack—It surely was great. I know I did my share; but even though we didn't have a good feed like that again we fed

others. How about it, Mary? Do you remember that bake sale we had last year when we were getting money for the Junior-Senior Reception? My, how meekly the people of the community bought our angel food cakes for \$3.50 apiece. Well, if it hadn't been for them, the Seniors would never have been invited to a reception.

Mary W.—O yes, and how about the alumni banquet last year? Even though we weren't invited, we sure did have a good time. Do you remember those handouts we got? We had as much as the guests themselves.

Tootie—I'll say we did. And will you ever forget those elaborate speeches? Such eloquence, such well selected words, and what wonderful preparation was bestowed upon them! Why not even the speeches that we heard at the House of Representatives can compare with them.

Hazel—But even those speeches that were so diligently prepared cannot be ranked with those of Sammie, our gifted orator. Or Zelda who gave so well Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" speech. (At this point Hazel again resumes her singing and loses all interest in the ensuing conversation).

Leah—Walt, do you remember that one act at Keith's reminded me an awful lot of you the night of our minstrel show? I shall never forget with what seeming composure you took your place in the center of the stage and, having quoted the well known lines "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears" (which we did accordingly) began your song. The applause that you received surely brought down the house.

Walt—You have no extra bouquets to throw at me, Leah, because it isn't necessary to tell anybody what the effect was on you when the band at the navy yards played "Little Crumbs of Happiness." It seems to me that there was a large amount of individual applauding being done.

Lenore—That band concert surely was great, I expected to see some of the kids begin to dance; but I was disappointed.

To tell the truth, tho', I enjoyed May's playing at the hotel much better. It seemed so much more like home, and W. U. Y. H. S. at noon time.

Ruth—And that floor in the hotel parlor—wasn't it positively wonderful? You didn't have to know much about dancing to enjoy yourself there; all you needed was some one to push you around. But then you must all confess it was not so good and slippery as the library floor was last year at the Junior-Senior Reception.

William M. (in the meantime)—I say, Pershing, old deah, your face isn't dirty or anything. Now is it, old chappie?

Pershing (truthfully)—Not at all, compared to your map; you'd think that you had just come out of coal mine.

W. M.—Well, now listen to the old deah, just for that compliment I'll go and wash.

Erud—You're doing good if you can find any water, for I can't. I've been trying for the last hour. This is almost as bad as the times when the old pump used to give out, at Stutzman. I used to get so tired carrying water for the girls to drink.

Carl W.—I don't see why you should complain. It seems to me that I was always the one to carry water at noon and in study periods; but of course they never called me out of any of my classes to get some fresh water.

Jo.—Speaking of water, do you girls remember the good times we had at Peden's swimming pool last year? The way

Sylvia could swim! I thought I at least knew a little bit about it until I saw her. Why, none of the rest of us could come up to her.

Helen F.—I should say not! Sylvia's our athlete all right. Of course we can't bestow all the credit on Sylvia though, for Carlie is a close second. We had an awful time to make Carl go sight seeing with us, didn't we? How about it, Carlie; have you recovered from your strenuous billiard games yet?

Carl S.—Sh! sh!—don't let anyone know about my wonderful skill. I have enough engagements each week without having to play championship games of billiards all over the country. Besides, my time will be completely taken up in the interests of the High School for a few weeks.

Carl W.—Will someone please hand me a brick? I'd like to take some of the conceit out of my young friend here. He is really becoming quite unbearable.

At this point the crowd has sat still just about long enough. There is general confusion all over the car. Boxing matches are in full swing, up and down the aisle. Jelly beans fly in all directions. Magazines are thrown for want of other ammunition. Things come to such a state that Miss Greer, our long suffering chaperone, feels that it is for her own safety and for the safety of the passengers of the whole train to quell the riot. Soon the noise subsides, and in about fifteen minutes the car is again quiet. Drowsiness settles on many; the observation platform calls others. Soon is heard the harmonious singing of the Senior Quartette. This, and the rumbling of the train, is all that disturbs our peace.

HELEN FLACK, '22.

RUTH LANGSFORD, '22.





THE JUNIOR CLASS

We, a scraggly Freshman band, entered High School hand in hand, just as little children do when they come to some place new—of course just a trifle quaky and our knees a wee bit shaky, but as High School makes one older we soon grew a little bolder. Freshman duties run the same—lots of work and little fame; so the first year we were good, just as little Freshies should. Only in the movie line did we have a cause to shine; Many we gave and a comedy and sent the money across the sea. How we loved our lessons then, studied from seven to half-past ten; on our reports could any one see a mark below a B. As our knowledge became more, “Change them” they said, “to Sophomores.”

Second year ,O how advanced, how our eyes and features danced when we knew our Freshman way now belonged to yesterday. We were Sophomores young and gay; yet nothing hindered our sweet way. All went well till some one said, “Three nights a week for physical ed.” This statement met with much opposition, nevertheless our good disposition showed us marching up after school to act like monkey, seal or mule. Who will forget that wonderful day when the Sophomore girls

bore the honors away from the grove on that beautiful day in May? Ask any Senior to see what she’ll say. Through the year we sped along with many a smile and many a song, till one day Miss Greer did say, “Help the Seniors in their play.” Nor the honor did we shirk though it took a lot of work, dying stockings, scarfs and clothes and—dancing on just stockinged toes! All the people said ’twas fine, the dancing of the fairies nine. (Maybe sarcasm I don’t know; some of my friends think ’twas so).

Then to the Junor class we sped with two years learning in each head. Elders we were when we got there, the boys donning “longers” and girls bobbing hair, shining in all kinds of sports on field, on track, on tennis courts. Up until the present line our troubles are few and times are fine. “What could be sweeter,” has everyone said, “than the Junor-Senior reception ahead?” And now three-fourths of our tale is told, our minds are much broader, our ways are more old. Soon we go thru every class as one by one the years do pass till Alma Mater once more unfurled, will turn us out into the world.

VIOLA PROUDFOOT, '23.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

When we were Freshmen small, we thought that we were much which we were not. But now that we are Sophs, we know we know the things we ought to know. For Sophomore students are very sagacious with the learning of all the ages. History we say from A to Z and in other classes we're as bright as can be. Caesar, we admit, is rather stiff, but we're all right when we get a lift.

We have our fun as you could see on Fun Night; for Sophomores thrilled with glee were full of pep as they could be. The minstrel was a great success in which all Sophomores did their best. After the French play, it was comic to see the noted Napoleon and Du Barry shouting for hot dogs and eskimo pies instead of telling political lies. But ask any one and they will say the Sophs were distinguished at the shadow play, in which the hero swam (without any water) to a rock whereon sat the pining daughter. The spectators laughed till they wept streaming tears at the girl who couldn't keep on her beard. The "Pot of Broth" was a great success, too—a story with a moral which didn't make one blue.

Each year in trucks to the track meet we go and watch them jump and see them throw a ball, and see which one can

vault the highest distance without fault. When you hear them cheer you will usually hark that Viola's ball has gone past the mark, or that Frank has again astounded them all by doing once more his much-talked-of vault.

If, concerning our glory you have any doubt, there's a wonderful game that we'll tell you about—for once there was a glorious game which won for us unending fame and gave to us our honored name for which you have the Sophs to blame. For the Seniors, puffed up with a false, foolish pride, could not our justified self-esteem abide. So they thought to establish themselves over all by being the champs in basket-ball. Poor Seniors! How quickly they knew that our fame was based on hard facts and not merely a name! Oh, five-and-twenty, and eight-and-twenty, in favor of the Sophs, and many the shrieks of joy and howls of glee when we had won our victory. Oh, five-and-twenty, and seven-and-twenty in favor of the Sophs. Alack, the Seniors' false and foolish pride was given a sudden set-back.

No wonder we all are filled with bliss when we have such a class as this.

VERA MEEHAN, '24.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

We entered High School, a scared forty-eight, thinking for sure we would soon meet our fate; and as we entered the building in pairs, there stood Miss Gibson at the top of the stairs, telling each frightened freshie, "Go to room 204, and there is your teacher right up at the door."

We went to our class room so timid and shy, afraid to meet mishaps whene'er they chanced by. Miss Krebs came in for our programs to make, and several hours this long task did take. At last we began with a dreary day's work, and not one of the Freshies in duty did shirk.

We mingled with Sophomores, yes, Seniors, and all. We talked with their groups at noon in the halls. Our basketball team soon organized strong; great athletes like Bill Seitz and Ev James belong.

The girls have their dancing and meetings and all, but the greatest of sports are our games of baseball. We have great star girl athletes who take their places in all track meets.

We too have some fun makers, silly and rare: for instance, Kate Karns and Angela fair. We also have clowns as most Freshies do—Reese and Callet and Sally Geer, too. Our class is supplied with a Baker and Cooks, and, too, don't forget, we are blessed with good Crooks. Louis McGovern is the fun of the day; in English he's solemn; in Study he's gay. Of course, we're a mixture, but you must admit that in all of the duties we all do our bit. We began as young Freshies, all shaky with fright, and all through the term we have tried to do right.

EMMA MAY JONES, 25.

THELMA GRUBB, '25.

IN THE SCHOOL

THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY OF SECONDARY SCHOOLS

This year our school was made a member of the association of National Honor Societies of Secondary Schools.

This organization consists of societies in the secondary schools of the United States, supported by public taxation with standards equal to those accredited by such agencies as the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, the New England Association of Colleges, the Association of Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, and the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Southern States.

The chief purpose of this organization is to promote leadership, to develop character in the students of the school, to create an enthusiasm for scholarship and a desire to render service.

Only Seniors are eligible for membership and only those Seniors who have spent at least one year within the secondary school electing them. Membership will also be based on scholarship, service, leadership, and character. The election of the members is by the faculty or by the principal and a committee of four or more members of the faculty whom he may select. The officers of each society are president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer.

The organization has an appropriate emblem selected by the National Council and therefore uniform through out the United States. The emblem is copyrighted and its distribution is under the exclusive control of the National Council.

All the meetings of the council are open and are held under supervision of the principal or some member of the faculty selected by the principal.

Our High School feels that this is a splendid organization and hopes the school will derive a great deal of good from it. Our first members will be chosen from this year's graduating class.

ROSE FINKELSON, '25.

THE GIRLS' CLUB

This year the Girls' Club has made a more determined effort to live up to its purpose. Each officer and committee have tried to make come true the motto "to promote pleasure, democracy and co-operation among the members and to give service to the entire community."

Most popular of all committees has been the Social Committee which has been most successfully managed by Sylvia Peden. The first event was a nine mile hike to Brands' cottage. Here everyone marveled at the daring of Mary Brands and Catherine Scammel on the mile high swing. Some people were especially delighted with the P. T. brand of weiners—Mary Wright can explain. Dr. Brands debated sending a bill for all the water Kasey Stackhouse and Eeny du Pont used trying to wash off the marshmallow. But greatest of all excitement was the moonlight hold-up on the way home—three shots from a rifle and the whole Girls' Club ran a mile.

At the Hallowe'en party, Liz Rogers and Vera Meehan made a hit with their fortunes, re-inforced by "Josephus" hanging in the door. The Cooks will have difficulty fulfilling all their "future husband" pledges.

In February The Kids' Party was a very hilarious affair. The question arose which has not been settled: Do they feed Marge Reynolds at home or does she always eat fifty sandwiches?

Josephine Williams, as chairman of the Membership Committee, conducted a campaign during which all but two girls in the school joined the Club. This committee also sold candy and ice cream at noon to raise funds to send delegates to the summer conference at Camp Nepahwin.

The Financial Committee under Catherine Scammel showed themselves excellent workers by conducting a December bazaar at which eighty dollars was cleared to help pay the expenses of the Nepahwin delegates. Some of the patrons at the bazaar were astounded by the noise from the region of the ice cream freezer, but they had to leave without discovering whether Ollie or Mark could eat more.

Under the direction of Leah Schaup, the Social Service Committee has accomplished much this year. All during the year, girls have gone once a week to help entertain the children at the Christian Home. At Thanksgiving and Christmas time, food was collected in the school for some of the needy families in Johnstown. The girls who delivered these baskets were impressed by the dreadful condition under which some people have to live. Before Christmas the club had an afternoon and evening meeting at which scrap books were made and dolls were dressed. Books and toys were collected. These were sent to children at the Cresson Sanatorium and the Associated Charities. During February food was again given to some poor people. It is hoped that next year much more can be done by the individual girls in the club to carry out this part of the purpose.

Every two weeks during the year, the Program Committee guided by Marjorie Reynolds provided interesting meetings for the club. Among the speakers were Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Storey from Pittsburgh, Miss du Pont and Miss Baum. At one meeting the club was highly entertained by the Freshmen who proved themselves expert musicians, public speakers, and even dramatists and actors.

The two most ambitious meetings of the year were conducted by several committees co-operating. One of these was the entertainment for the mothers and friends of the club. Mary Wright explained "Our Girls' Club" to the visitors after which there were presented two plays, "The Florist Shop" and "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil." The club is justly proud of its work at this meeting, for the plays were excellent, the programs were attractive, and the music and speech were fine.

The meeting which seemed to please everyone most was the night the new cabinet was installed. This meeting began at four with Marge Reynolds and A. Woods as engineers of an indoor track meet. Everyone knows Jo Williams made an excellent wheel for the wheel barrow and Kasey and Viola should have had prizes. This strenuous exercise was followed by supper which could best be described by Clara Osgood, who knows all about the sandwiches or Emma May who was a pickle taster.

Installation was a beautiful service with soft music and candle light. The Pedens sang "Follow the Gleam," which expresses so well the spirit of the club. With the ritual service

Jo Williams passed on to Clara Osgood her duties as Vice-President; Ruth Langsford handed to Florence Stutzman the duties of Secretary; Catherine Scammel gave to Edith Turner the Treasurership; Marjorie Reynolds charged Rose Alma Harri-gan as chairman of the Program Committee; Leah Schaup entrusted to Alice Woods the duty of Social Service Chairman and Sylvia Peden gave to Katherine Stackhouse the office of Social Chairman. Then Mary Wright, our able, retiring President, resigned her office to Marjorie Reynolds who, in her inaugural talk, asked the help and encouragement of the girls in carrying out her duties. At the close of the meeting the girls filed out to the music of "Follow the Gleam."

The Girls' Club has been one of the most live and influential organizations in our school. Its wide membership and democratic spirit have done much to promote friendship and to create among the girls a desire to be helpful to their school and community. We feel that we owe a great measure of our success to Miss Lewis. She has given us unceasingly of her time and her talent. Her enthusiastic and experienced leadership has guided us on every occasion. It is with deep regret, with a feeling of absolute loss that we learn she will not be with us next year.

* * * *

STUDENT COOPERATION IN SCHOOL GOVERNMENT

One of the most important recent educational developments is the idea of Student Cooperation in School Government. The aim of "Student Cooperation" is to give all pupils an opportunity for training in group responsibility and leadership. The student body forms an assembly and it in turn is controlled by the Student Council. The Student Council, which is advised by the Principal and one member of the Faculty, acts upon all matters pertaining to the social, scholastic and disciplinary life of the school and present their decisions and plans to the assembly for endorsement or veto.

Although our organization is but two months old, we feel that it has accomplished much in the way of getting started so that it will be in a position to take an active part in the routine life of the school next year. The assembly has by classes, elected the following Council:

Edgar Leahey, President.

Senior Class—Carl Weimer, Josephine Williams, Maye Finkelson, Walter Wilner, William Marley.

Junior Class—Elizabeth Sloan, Charles McGahan, Marjorie Reynolds.

Sophomore Class—Margaret Jahn, Frank Leahy, Catherine Scammel.

Freshman Class—Helen Crooks, Robert Williams.

This Council meets regularly each Monday at noon. It has framed a Constitution which has been adopted by the Assembly. It has also taken up various matters pertaining to the social activities of the noon hour and appointed committees to regulate and control such activities. It is planning further development that will be useful and helpful in the future.

ROSE FINKELSON, '25.

* * * *

THE "HI Y" CLUB

The urgent requests from so many boys for the organization of a club at last terminated in a call for a meeting on March the twenty-first at noon. Here Mr. Kenneth Hand, Boy's Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., took charge and suggested that the boys form a club and call it the "Hi Y" Club. After a very convincing speech, the suggestion was put in the form of a motion and unanimously carried. Then the election of officers took place and the results are as follows:

President.....Jack Osgood
Vice President.....William Marley
Secretary.....Owen Higgins
Treasurer.....Henry Seitz

It was further decided that the club should meet every Friday at noon.

Much credit is due Mr. Hand for organizing and taking so much interest in this club, which although just started, shows great promise for the future. The boys like it and are glad to give their noon hour to attend the meetings. Up to the present time we have been entertained by programs, the main actors of which were outsiders. Mr. Hand talked to us several times and at one meeting gave an illustrated lecture showing the good times in store for us if we will join the "Hi Y." Rev. Wallace spoke to us at another meeting about "Putting a Margin on the Other Fellow." We were entertained by the Johnstown High School Quartet and a violin solo at a later date. Our meeting of May 10 was attended by the girls. Mr. Henderson addressed us on the subject of "Dry Cleaning." His talk and illustrations were interesting as well as educational.

MARK CARTER, '23.

"SOIRIE FRANCAISE"

This year, for the first time, we have had an entertainment entirely in French. It was given at the chapel on April 28 by the French pupils of Madame McFarland. The first part of the program consisted of selections by the children. The latter part was as follows:

1. "Le Distrain".....Ernest Engelhardt
2. "La Berceuse de Jocelyn".....Isabel Wilner
Accompanied by Mary Wright
3. "Chanson de Fortunio".....Jack Osgood
4. "La Cigale et la Formi".....Hilda and Vera Meehan
5. Synopsis of "La Danseuse de Jean".....Ruth Langsford
6. "La Danseuse de Jean"

CAST

Monsieur Chantal.....	Frank Pershing
Madame Chantal.....	Helen Flack
Simone } leur filles.....	{ Viola Proudfoot
Louise }	{ Josephine Williams
Charlotte }	{ Mary Wright
Jean, leur fils.....	Mark Carter
Le Grandpere.....	Walter Wilner
La Grandmere.....	Margaret Jones
L'Oncle Francois.....	Seymour Callet
Jacques.....	William Marley
Paul.....	David Faunce
Pierre.....	Harold Fisher
Mademoiselle Mathilda.....	Dorothea Luebbert
Le Cure.....	Marjorie Reynolds
Ninette.....	Katharine Stackhouse
Baptiste.....	Alice Reilly
Le vieux Sylvestre.....	Ruth Langsford

The evening was a decided success. It showed the hard work that both Madame McFarland and her classes have done during the year. It is a great privilege to have one so capable as Madame McFarland in charge of our department. We hope that this may not be the last of this type of entertainment.

LOUISE WELLINGTON, '23.

THE ALUMNI DANCE

One thing that we must not fail to mention in the school news, is the Alumni dance which was held here after the Alumni game at Christmas time. The Athletic Association had all things in readiness when the game was over, so everyone tripped lightly out to school where a good orchestra awaited. As soon as the music started, all hard feeling seemed to disappear, for it wasn't long until relations became re-established between the hostile forces, and the dance was in full swing. About eleven o'clock the Alumni wounded appeared on the scene with head "bloody but unbowed." It was a touching sight indeed to see him standing there bandaged and dilapi-

dated, but our hearts were not moved to pity as that was the only compensation for not winning the game.

Later in the evening "'22 special" refreshments were served, to the delight of Bob Bingham and Haydn Powell. After that, the time flew swiftly; the orchestra struck up the home waltz; and sometime in the wee hours of the morning we arrived home.

When we look back upon this dance we remember first what a good time we had; and then upon further thought, we wonder why we made so much of a mere game of basketball (an Alumni game at that). But I guess if we had it to do over, we'd do the same thing after all.



ATHLETICS



BASKETBALL

IN THE beginning of the season, quite a few of us thought, "Gosh! no chance for a good team this year. Most of the old stars gone." (Alumni please note). But Coach Engb has since then, by dint of hard and careful work, discovered and developed new varsity material to fill the breach; and he has built up around the few remaining members of last year's squad a team of which we are justly proud; a team which we believe must bow to none of its predecessors. (In justification of this statement, we should very much like to see the alumni game played again). Well, I say again, we are proud of our team; we are proud of the spirit, teamwork, and improvement they have constantly shown; we are proud of their record; and we look forward eagerly to their further achievements.

What is our record? Need we blush or be alarmed over the fact that we have lost one more game than we have won? No! No! No! Why, we have played the best teams of Western Pennsylvania and, though we have not beaten all of them, we have shown each and every one a hard, fast game of basketball. There were the county seat veterans who came on the floor with a smile of pity for the poor inexperienced children they were about to punish; a smile which disappeared before the final whistle blew and closed a hard, well fought game in our favor. There was the fast Conemaugh five which set an apparently unbeatable pace, until a desperate spurt saved the game as the closing whistle sounded. There was the Saint Francis game in which the Saints apparently had us beaten, when a last minute rally brought us a victory by a two point margin. There was the hotly contested Frostburg game in which our boys nosed out the Marylanders by two points in the final minute.

And then there is often glory in defeat. Do you remember the "best team west of the Susquehanna," so confident of overwhelming victory. Well, then, you must remember the terrific fighting spirit our team displayed and the scant lead of three points which the Altoonians were so fortunate in obtaining. Other defeats are as memorable and as praiseworthy.

It is this fighting spirit—the "let's fight hard, the game's never lost" spirit, together with team work, sacrifice of individual play, and hard, conscientious coaching, that has made our team what it is—a smoothly running, powerful machine.

We must not forget the second string boys who have done so much in constructing that machine, either. They oppose the varsity every time scrimmage is needed and put up such a good game that it is difficult to distinguish between the two. These boys will in all probability fill out next year's varsity and are sure to make it a good one.

E. E. CAMPBELL, '22.

* * * *

The following is a list of the games played this year, the dates and the scores:

When Played	Name of School Played	Where Played	Winner	Score
Dec. 2	Punxsutawney	Away	Punxsutawney	22-38
Dec. 9	Blairsville	Home	W. U. Y. H. S.	35-20
Dec. 16	Ebensburg	Home	W. U. Y. H. S.	25-21
Dec. 17	Altoona	Away	Altoona	15-42
Dec. 23	Alumni	Home	Alumni	15-27
Jan. 6	Altoona	Home	Altoona	29-32
Jan. 7	Indiana Normal	Away	Indiana Normal	19-43
Jan. 7	Blairsville	Away	W. U. Y. H. S.	27-19
Jan. 13	Portage	Home	W. U. Y. H. S.	31-13
Jan. 20	Conemaugh	Home	W. U. Y. H. S.	24-23
Jan. 21	Bellefonte Academy	Away	Bellefonte	15-40
Jan. 24	Huntingdon	Home	Huntingdon	13-34
Jan. 27	Frostburg	Away	W. U. Y. H. S.	23-34
Jan. 28	Cumberland	Away	Cumberland	27-25
Feb. 3	St. Francis	Home	W. U. Y. H. S.	17-15
Feb. 4	Ebensburg	Away	Ebensburg	21-30
Feb. 10	Patton	Home	W. U. Y. H. S.	45-24
Feb. 17	Hollidaysburg	Away	Hollidaysburg	32-38
Feb. 20	Latrobe	Away	Latrobe	23-25
Mar. 3	Conemaugh	Away	W. U. Y. H. S.	29-37
Mar. 4	St. Francis	Away	W. U. Y. H. S.	25-24
Mar. 10	Cumberland	Home	W. U. Y. H. S.	38-22
Mar. 24	Hollidaysburg	Home	W. U. Y. H. S.	38-27
Mar. 31	Bellefonte	Home	Bellefonte	28-44

Number of Games Won.....	12
Number of Games Lost.....	12
Number of Points Scored by W. U. Y. H. S.....	616
Number of Points Scored by Opponents.....	697

TABULATION

GAMES IN ORDER	Seitz	F. Leahey	E. Leahey	Wilner	Wagner	Samuel Callet	McGahan	W. Seitz	Seymour Callet	Total Number of	
										Field Goals	Fouls
Punxsutawney	8			10	4					10	2
Blairsville	20	3	2	4	2		4			13	9
Ebensburg	19		4	2						7	11
Altoona	4	5	7							4	8
Alumni	8	2		2	2	1				4	7
Altoona	21	4				4				12	5
Indiana Normal	12	5				1		3		7	7
Blairsville	14	6	5			2				11	5
Portage	9	12				6		1		13	5
Conemaugh	8	10	2	2			2			7	10
Bellefonte Academy	12	3								4	7
Huntingdon	13									4	5
Beall	8		7	8	4					8	11
Cumberland	8	4	6		2	1	2			6	11
St. Francis	3		11	2		1				3	10
Ebensburg	8		9	4						5	11
Patton	36		6			2			2	13	20
Hollidaysburg	20		10							9	12
Latrobe	6	2	8	6						10	2
Conemaugh	25			2		2				9	11
St. Francis	23	2								5	15
Cumberland	20	14	4							14	10
Hollidaysburg	26	8			2		2			12	14
Bellefonte Academy	16	4	4	4						9	10
Total Number of.....	Field Goals.....										194
	Fouls										234
Total Number of Points.....	372	78	71	48	16	17	10	4	2	622	

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Girls' basketball was not so successful this year. During the first part of the term, practices were held on Friday evenings. Later in the year these were increased to two. Under the direction of Miss Lewis, the girls attempted to organize class teams but so few practice periods made it impossible to have regular class organizations and to play inter-class games. We believe that the girls are really interested and we hope conditions will be such that real class organizations will be possible next year.

MARGARET JAHN, '24.

* * * *

THE TRACK MEET

The annual Cambria County Track Meet was held at Ebensburg on October first. Westmont Upper Yoder High School was represented by the largest team yet put on the field—eleven boys and seven girls. The boys' team took fifth place with eight points, while the girls took fourth place with six points. A large crowd of rooters attended the team to Ebensburg. They are worthy of much praise for their pep, spirit and interest. This is especially true because, although the school is larger than last year, there were fewer who went to Ebensburg than in 1920.

This year's team showed good prospects for next year. Most of them will be in school next year and with the training and experience received this year, they should have a good chance of making a winning team.

The following are the list of entrants with points won by each:

TRACK EVENTS

BOYS

100 Yard Dash—Seymour Callet
Theodore Wagner
Frank Leahey

Points Won

220 Yard Dash—Edgar Leahey
Frank Leahey
Walter Wilner

120 Yard Low Hurdles—Samuel Callet
Henry Seitz

1

1 Mile Run—Alvin Adair
John O'Laughlin

FIELD EVENTS

BOYS

Pole Vault—Edgar Leahey
Frank Leahey

5

1

Shot Put—Samuel Callet
Henry Seitz

1

Running High Jump—Oliver Proudfoot
Frank Leahey

Running Broad Jump—Seymour Callet
Jack Osgood
Walter Wilner

Standing Broad Jump—Edgar Leahey
Frank Leahey
Seymour Callet

8

TRACK EVENTS

GIRLS

Points Won

50 Yard Dash—Sylvia Peden
Louise Hammer

100 Yard Dash—Margaret Jahn
Margaret Roach

Baseball Throw—Viola Peden
Mary Wright

3

Basketball Throw—Viola Peden
Mary Wright

3

Running Broad Jump—Sylvia Peden
Leah Schaup

Boys' Points
Girls' Points

Total

—
6
8
6
—
14

* * * *

TENNIS

There is probably no other sport that has grown so rapidly as tennis. All the world is interested in this game, each country individually striving for the Davis Cup, held by the American team at the present time. That we too might share in this sport a tennis club was organized. At the first meeting the

following officers were elected: President, David O'Laughlin; Vice President, Alice Woods; Secretary, Mary Wright; Treasurer, Elizabeth Sloan. These officers at once scheduled a tournament. With thirty entrants there was much competition manifested. The result of the finals was the selection of a high school team which consisted of: Ted Campbell, John O'Laughlin, Rufus Cooper, David O'Laughlin; and manager, Oliver Proudfoot. This team will play Altoona High School, June the second. Other games will be scheduled later.

At the numerous meetings which the club has held, there have been enthusiastic discussions of possibilities. No other community offers better opportunities for tennis than Westmont. It is for these pioneer members of the club to arouse enthusiasm in the school and keep the ball bouncing.

DAVID L. O'LAUGHLIN, '24.

ADVERTISEMENTS



Johnstown's Bigger and Better Men's Store

Clothes That Have Real Young-Fellow Appeal!

CLOTHES especially designed to give expression to the up-and-doing energy of youth—this store features such Clothes. We know the young man's likes and dislikes. We know how to please him—and do. The Woolf & Reynold's Store offers all men a superior style service—with superior values, as well.

*We are Sole Johnstown Sellers of Famous "Kuppenheimer"
and "Society Brand" Clothes*

WOOLF & REYNOLD'S, Inc.

"Clothes that Satisfy"

*To our Readers
and Advertisers:*

It is largely through the patronage of our advertisers that we are able to issue this Year Book; and we wish to take this opportunity of expressing the appreciation of the School to those who have supported us.

We ask our friends and readers to show our advertisers that an "ad" in "The Phoenician" is well worth while by patronizing those here represented.

THE STAFF

SAVE AND SUCCEED

The most prosperous men in the world today made their start from a savings account. Have you established a basis for the future?

Open a savings account with this bank and start on the road to success.

Johnstown Savings Bank

Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings

From 6:00 to 7:30

For Safety

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Equip Your Car With

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: : Tires : :

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CENTURY RANGES



Made RIGHT in Johnstown

Any Stove Dealer Can Supply You

CENTURY STOVE & MANUFACTURING CO.

Du Pont Place : : : Johnstown, Pa.

AT THE END OF A CLIMB

As over the weary road you go,
Think of the end of all your woe,
Soon to the top of the hill you'll come,
Tired and wayworn but not undone;
For at the end of the dusty climb,
Everything's peaceful and sublime.

So do we climb the path towards fame,
Trying to make for ourselves a name,
Thinking of all of the things we have done,
And all of the laurels we might have won
Until we have reached the end of our climb,
Standing at last on the hills of time.

LEAH SCHAUP, '22.

* * * *

JUST HOME

Hold on my lad! where are you goin'?
What's that? You're going to roam?
Nonsense! quit that kind of blowin';
And tramp along back home.

For "Home, Sweet Home" is the only place
When you're feelin' kind of blue;
With good old Dad and Mother,
To always see you through.

Just think awhile before you go,
Efore you start to roam;
Take my advice, anything is right
If it comes from "Home, Sweet Home."

JACK OSGOOD, '22.

* * * *

AUTUMN

Here in the East, hemmed in as we are
By roaring cities, whirring industries,—
How welcome to us the day to be spent
In the country,—far from the city-tumult.
In the broad, clean spaces, untouched by hands of commerce;

"THE GIFT USEFUL"

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

<i>Violins</i>	<i>Saxophones</i>
<i>Mandolins</i>	<i>Cornets</i>
<i>Cellos</i>	<i>Clarinets</i>
<i>Guitars</i>	<i>Trombones</i>
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CASH OR PAYMENTS

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*Everything in Musical Merchandise
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STEINWAY PIANOS

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IT COULD NOT BE BOUGHT
FOR CASH, YET IT IS WORTH MILLIONS

We refer to this bank's greatest asset—our standing in the community.

Here at the bank we all realize that it is the goodwill of the people of Johnstown that has built this bank and is keeping it growing. So we value this goodwill even above the tangible assets in our vaults. Our constant effort is to merit still stronger favor and broader patronage. You will find this an appreciative bank.

The United States National Bank

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

In mellow grain fields, yet spared by the reaper's cradle;
'Neath laden orchard boughs, bent by fast ripening fruit;
Through corn fields grown gaunt, but displaying new pride
In the great yellow pumpkins that litter the ground.

As we rest in the shade of the age-weathered grove,
We realize that contentment is ours.

TED CAMPBELL, '22.

* * * *

A COUNTRY VILLAGE FROM A DISTANCE

At last we reached the top of the hill. There in the distance lay the tiny village of Sanford. The houses, huddled closely together, seemed scarcely larger than doll houses. Here and there a coil of white, fleecy smoke ascended from one of the tall chimneys. In the center of the town stood the village church. Its needle-like spire, rising high above any of the other structures, seemed to be piercing a downy cloud which lay directly above it. In a meadow on the outskirts of the little town, a flock of sheep were grazing; and in the field next to them was a plowman, driving his horses back and forth over the rich brown soil. To the east of the village a narrow, blue, ribbon-like stream wound lazily through the fields. The sun was sinking low in the west. From where we stood, we could hear the faint ringing of the church bell. Again, everything was silent in the little town below.

M. WRIGHT, '22.

* * * *

A STEEL TOWN

As I stood on the edge of the hill and looked over the valley, the first thing which attracted my sight was the dark mill at the edge of the town. From the long buildings came the incessant roar and clatter of machinery. The high smokestacks sent forth streams of pitchy smoke which rose lazily and floated over the town. At intervals the huge furnaces shot streams of fiery embers into the air. Above all sounded the wild shrieks of engines, and the low rumbling of rollers.

As my gaze traveled over the valley I thought I had never seen anything so dismal. The roofs of the houses were all of a murky gray, looking very much like the smoke which was always hovering over them. The hills surrounding were bleak, bare of all vegetation, as if nature could not stand the fiery breath of the steel monster.

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MEN OF "ALL AGES"

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MAX CLOTHES

are featured in Sport Models for young fellows—they're the last word in style. Big selection. Models for conservative men, too—. New weaves, New Colors and New patterns. You'll wonder how it's possible to sell such suits at the featured prices

\$15.00 to \$32.50

Max

138 Clinton St.

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Folding Corona
is as simple
as closing
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\$5.00 A MONTH

TAKE home one of these handy little 6½-pound typewriters. Pay for it at the convenient rate of \$5.00. You won't miss the money, but you will miss the Corona if anyone ever borrows it! Phone us today for a free demonstration.

J. ROSS HORNE
CITY 2385

CORONA
The Personal Writing Machine

Furniture for

Schools

Theatre

Church

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Bank

Office

Safe and

Filing Cabinets

The Sterling Specialty Company

Johnstown, Pa.

A TREE

It is the golden hour which ushers out the day. The hills are tinged with the brilliant fire of the declining sun. All is peaceful and serene.

Far up on a lonely hillside stands a tree. It is a pine tree and is dark and strong looking with its many years of life. Clearly silhouetted against the lingering rose and gold hues of the sun, it stands like a grim sentinel, despising—yet watching—the surrounding country. All around it is the scrubby underbrush, which fades into nothingness, when one gazes upon the stern majesty of the ruler of all trees—the pine.

H. FLACK, 22.

* * * *

THE C. M. T. C.

The Citizens' Military Training Camp, held at Camp Meade, Maryland, October first to thirtieth, was planned for the physical betterment of any one between sixteen and thirty-five who wished to attend. It happened that there were more applicants than had been provided for; and I, luckily, was one of those who was accepted.

Upon our arrival at the end of the camp railroad, we were brought in motor trucks to the section of the camp that the C. M. T. C. was to occupy. After undergoing a physical examination, we were taken to the barracks we were to occupy. There we left our suitcases and went down to the warehouse where we were supplied with regular army clothes. Since the sizing was a guess, the resulting "fits" were often funny; for, of course, we went at once to our barracks to try them on. I was surprised to see how soon every one was outfitted and ready to begin work. We put our civilian clothes in our suitcases and they were removed to an empty building where they were kept for us.

Every day after that, we had drill from eight o'clock until twelve and from one until three. From three to five we had athletics. We could go to a movie any night in the week, for the camp show had a different picture each night. Our expenses to and from camp were paid by the government; therefore, the only personal costs were for going to the shows or the amount which we spent upon trips to Washington or Annapolis.

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JANUARY

Garnet or Almandine

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MARCH

Eloodstone or Hyacinth

APRIL

Diamond or Kunzite

MAY

Emerald or Tourmaline

JUNE

Pearl or Agate

JULY

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AUGUST

Moonstone or Sardonyx

SEPTEMBER

Sapphire or Aqua
Marine

OCTOBER

Opal or Coral

NOVEMBER

Topaz or Crocidolite

DECEMBER

Turquoise or Chryso-
colla

“SANITARY”

When It's Ice Cream

The **J**ohnstown Sanitary Dairy Co.

O. H. Fogelsanger, Mgr.

It was a wonderful experience because it gave the student an idea of army life, military courtesy and drills. Every one who attended this year will, in all probability, desire to go back next year, not only for the fun, but also for the physical benefit to them.

ROSS COOK, '24.

* * * *

A FRESHMAN'S THOUGHTS

The first day of High School you looked forward to with both dread and happy anticipation. Of course the grade school pupils appear now mere children but then—the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors seem so dignified and stately. You feel as though "green" is written all over you.

Oh! Where shall I go when I get there? Will I get lost? I wonder how changing classes will seem? How many studies will I take? These are just a few of your thoughts as the High School comes into sight.

Upon entering the building, you discover the principal directing the new boys and girls to their class rooms. One question is answered. But then—how do all of these people know where to go? There are so many. You finally reach your assembly room after being shoved around and bumped into countless times.

Then your program is made out. One hundred two, two hundred four, what do they mean? To you it is like a new and fascinating puzzle. Your books are given you in each new class room. Opening the Latin book, you wonder how they get any meaning from those funny words. What do all of those odd signs mean in Algebra? And what is Community Civics?

Needless to say you get into the wrong English class. You break into the Seniors' Latin to ask if this is where you are to come for a study period, much to their annoyance, not to speak of yours. You are lost in the capacious domestic arts department and meet some boys wandering around in the kitchen who look as frightened as yourself.

But in spite of all these trials and embarrassments you feel a pride in the fact that you belong to an organization and that it needs you,—the Freshies—just as much as the other classes, to cheer and be loyal to the Red and Gray; and then you resolve to do your part.

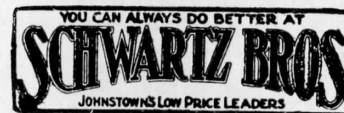
Was this your first day's experience?

HELEN CROOKS, '25.

Congratulations, Class of '22, W. H. S.

THIS store extends felicitations to you members of the Class of '22, Westmont High School, on having so creditably completed the required course of study and hopes you may attain, in the years to come, the fullest measure of success and happiness. Graduation means only the commencement of sterner duties—of life's real activities—and we trust that your fondest dreams of pleasure and profit may be realized.

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



JOS. K. LOVE, President

THOS. H. WATT, Cashier

R. C. LOVE, Vice-President

JOHN STENGER, Vice-President

W. DeH. MILLER, Assistant Cashier

Union National Bank

FRANKLIN STREET

Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Capital, Surplus and Profits	.	\$380,000
Assets	\$2,375,000

Interest Paid on Savings Deposits

Strong, Reliable, Courteous

METHODS OF CURLING

To any of the latest victims or to any others not so recent, the following methods of curling bobbed hair may be of use:

I—Stackhouse Method.

This is a little hard to get on to, to be done easily but with practice and patience one becomes quite skilled. Take any discarded cloth (preferably sheets) and tear into pieces 6"x4". Take a small bit of hair, lose the ends somewhere in the rag, and quickly roll outward. Tie the ends of the rag together and—presto! It is done. This is done in three layers, figuratively speaking, 24 rags. This process takes about 30 minutes at first, but after a few nights is reduced to 15. If the head becomes bruised from the hard knots just remember—pride must suffer. This method is one of the best and is fast becoming the most popular.

II—The Rogers Method.

This method requires less time as it needs to be done only once a week. It should be done Sunday evening when one returns from church. Take a curler (electric preferred) and let it become sufficiently hot enough to cause the hair to sizzle and smoke. The curl will last a week as it is burnt in. The hair will become ruined in a short time, but what does that matter to beautiful fluffy ringlets?

V—Sloan Method.

Go to a hairdresser. This is the best method of all, but is a little hard on the pocketbook.

* * * *

If anyone wishes more information on any of these methods ask any of the above mentioned; or if any other methods wish to be known just call on me and I will inform you.

P. D. Q.

Kline's—The Quality Store of City Hall Square

Ready-to-Wear

Exclusive But Not Expensive

KLINE'S



We wish to thank the High School boys and girls for
the trade they have given us.



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348 Main St., City Hall Square

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For Fine Quality
Engraved Wedding Announcements
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Second Floor :: Woolf Annex :: Lincoln Street

THE CRUELTY OF FATE

Chapter I

Sing Flat drank his morning moka in the bench
of the Kou Kou park.

He was a wizard at thinking.

He could hear himself above his sipping.

He would get even.

Chapter II

He thought with rage how he had been treated.

Everyone was certainly against him.

Even though he did run the laundry he hadn't
hooked the pants.

He rose and sauntered toward his little laundry
coop labeled the "Luzitall."

Chapter III

It was a scrumptious laundry. It did

1. Washing

2. Ironing

3. Scorching free

4. Robbing openly

5. Lace work with the iron

Sing Flat reflected over the iron.

Ah! he'd rob the villain.

Chapter IV

That night at two he arrived at his victim's house.

The doors were locked.

So he couldn't get in.

He heard a bark.

Aha! Dogs make nice weiners.

He would cut its throat and kill it.

He reached in his pocket.

He had forgotten his penknife.

Alas! he went home broken hearted to

His little bed

In his little clothes basket

In his little laundry, the "Luzitall."

WM. B. WATERS & BRO.

Blank Books, Loose Leaf Ledgers

Pictures, Picture Framing

Books and Stationery

UNSURPASSED RECORD

Since its very beginning, The National Bank of Johnstown has stood for the best in financial matters. Its wonderful strength, its fair dealings with its patrons, its attitude toward the public, have been big factors in its growth.

Its sound management, its progressive methods, its strict adherence to sound banking principles together with its wonderful record, bespeaking its confidences, will make the right bank for you.

The National Bank of Johnstown

FACING JOHN'S MONUMENT, MAIN STREET

Capital, Surplus and Earnings, \$390,000.00

Resources, \$2,700,000.00

DIRECTORS

Warren Worth Bailey

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John D. Walker

Charles Young

OFFICERS

WM. H. STRAUSS
President

CHARLES YOUNG
Vice President

FRANCIS C. MARTIN
Cashier

MORRISON J. LEWIS
Assistant Cashier

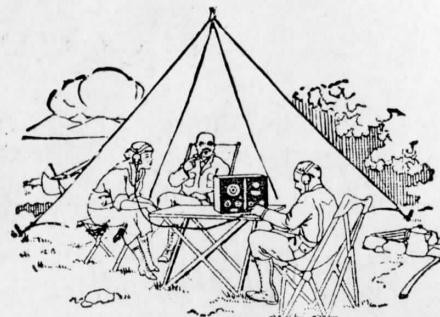
W. W. BAILEY, Second Vice President

SUGGESTIONS?

"The Deerslayer".....	Mark Carter
"A Tramp Abroad".....	Merril Holsopple
"Vanity Fair".....	Charles McGahan
"The Man in the Iron Mask".....	Red Shreeve
"Nooner's Tool".....	Manny Higgins
"Two Sweet Lips".....	Mary Wright
"Ma!".....	Frederick Schawb
"Tenderly".....	Hazel Miller
"The Sheik".....	William Marley
"Why Dear?".....	Carl Schawb
"Dear Little Boy of Mine".....	David O'Laughlin
"Honolulu Eyes".....	Helen Hack
"Dapper Dan".....	Dave Faunce
"A Friend of Ceasar".....	Rooss Cook
"The Gentle Reader".....	Oliver Proudfoot
"Snappy Stories".....	Harold Fisher
"The Iron Woman".....	Viola Peden
"Innocence Abroad".....	Johnny O'Laughlin
"The Secret City".....	W. U. Y. H. S.
"The Oregon Trail".....	Luzerne Street
"When Francis Dances With Me".....	Marjorie Reynolds
"Sweetheart".....	Viola Proudfoot
"Bamboo Baby".....	Louy McGovern

There was a girl named Honey Sloan
 Who said "You know I'm always home."
 But if to her house you will go,
 You'll find instead she's at the show
 Such a frivolous girl is "H" Sloan.

Never mind the hour lost on May 1; you will get
 it back September 28.



HAVE RADIO IN YOUR CAMP

Get one of our portable Westinghouse Sr. sets and take it to the woods with you. Hook up your aerial and you're ready to hear Detroit, Cleveland, Newark and other sending stations.

Reese & Bernard Electric Company

ALL THINGS ELECTRICAL

140 Market St.

Opposite City Hall

*Are You
Enjoying the
Full Benefits of
Electricity?*

In your home—by using an electric cleaner, washer, iron, toaster, percolator, grill, chaffing dish, etc. which goes far in making your work more efficient with little health taxing effort. In the event that your home is not wired, we will gladly furnish you with free estimate.

Penn Public Service Corporation

222-224 Levergood Street :: :: Johnstown, Pa.

AS YOU LIKE IT

A Junior Interpretation

I.

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school."

John Shreve.

II.

"Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy."
A consolation when we get our monthly reports.

III.

"I like this place and willingly could waste my time in it."

Carl Schwab in first period study.

IV.

"Alas, he is too young, yet he looks successful."

Albert Baker.

V.

"Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my sight."

Miss Krebs after the 8:30 bell.

VI.

"Forbear and eat no more."

Mary Brands.

VII.

"If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,"

Mary Wright in "Smilin' Through."

VIII.

"Truly I would the gods had made the poetical."

Miss Blair's feeling toward the Freshies.

IX.

"Thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs."

Carl Weimer.

Greer Furniture Co.

INCORPORATED

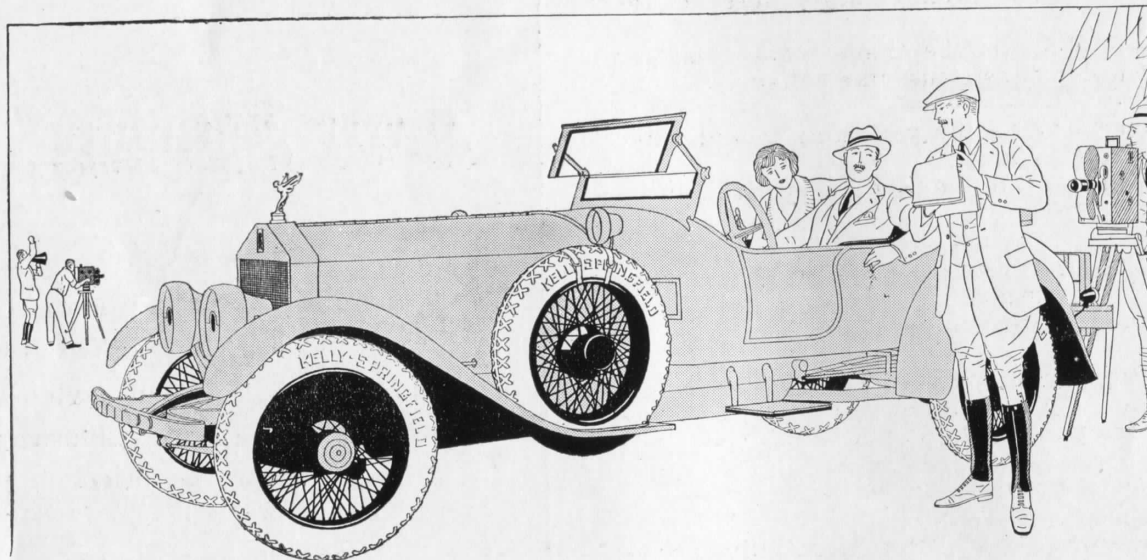


LEADERS IN

Furniture, Floor Coverings,
Household Furnishings,
Stoves and Ranges

The Oldest Furniture Store in the City
Since 1883

219-227 BEDFORD ST.



"A blow-out in this next scene? That won't look right."

"Why not?"

"Why, the audience will notice that we've got Kelly-Springfields all around."

A complete stock of Kelly-Springfield Tires and Tubes at

THE JOHNSTOWN AUTOMOBILE CO.

101-111 MAIN STREET

IN WASHINGTON

Weimer—"What's in this little cup?"

Schwab—"It says 'Demi Tasse' here in the program."

Weimer—"Well, maybe that's what it is; but I'm darned if it don't taste just like coffee."

Bill Marley—"What do you think would make a good graduation present?"

Chas. Dunkle—"Oh, something on the clothes line, I guess."

She—"Girls are prettier than men."

He—"Why, naturally."

She—"No, artificially."

Ancient History Teacher—"Rome sold her soul for a silk dress and a bouquet of flowers. The dress wore out and the flowers faded. What did she have left."

Voice from the Side—"Buttons and a vase."

Vera in History Class—"Does not Gallipoli have seven sons?"

The infant department of the school has made quite a development in the past few weeks. "Longers" are the rage.

A LATIN TROPHY

A Caesar Student—"The enemy being killed by wounds, turned their backs and fled."

English Teacher—"Is Joel Chandler Harris back there on the bookshelf?"

Exclusive Styles For Misses and Juniors

If you want a Suit, Coat, Cape, Dress or Wrap that is different from the ordinary trend of styles---visit Widener's. The most exclusive lines in the city at popular prices.

The Widener Store

SNAPPY CLOTHING

for High School Fellows

During their High School days is the time when young fellows begin to take a greater pride in their personal appearance and dress. Suits must be of a certain style and fabric or they do not get the big "O Key" from the boys.

At Thomas' they'll find just the kind of suits they've been wanting, sport and dress models, at the price they want to pay.

JOHN THOMAS & SONS

MAIN STREET



FOR THE FINAL EXAMS

What is more like Sleepy Hollow than the seventh period?

Where was Fisher after the French play?

Why did Carly wear "longers" in Washington?

Why does Leah never carry books?

Where is Walter's class ring?

How did Louise Wellington break her wrist watch?

Where does Ollie Proudfoot get his hair cut?

Tell about the Swiss navy.

How long did the Thirty Years War last?

At what season of the year did Washington spend the winter at Valley Forge?

Where was the Battle of Gettysburg fought?

Who wrote Poe's "Black Cat?"

Who thinks he is the star high jumper of the school?

Why did Frank Pershing leave the Metropolitan at Washington?

She was as popular as a moonshiner's still.

A warning to a certain Soph (?) and a Senior (?) :

Fall from a steeple,

Fall from above,

But above all—

Don't fall in love.

Assembly Teacher in Freshman Room—"Can't you children over there ever settle down to business?"

Voice From Rear—"No customers."

The Priceless Value of Experience



Thirty years ago the telephone was in an experimental stage.

There were no motor cars — no wireless. No small grand pianos. Except one—the

Sohmer

Thirty-two years ago the house of Sohmer created the first successful five foot grand, many of which are today affording efficient service.

The Cupid Grand is the ultimate development of this pioneer small grand.

Thirty-two years of evolution, of craftsmanship, have produced in the Cupid Grand—five feet four inches, a quantity and quality of tone worthy of the average six foot grand.

The name Sohmer on a piano means
that it is a Sohmer—Made by Sohmer

George Porch

Franklin Street., next to First National Bank



Interest Paid on Time Deposits

First National Bank

*Corner Main
and Franklin
Streets
Johnstown, Pa.*

Resources: Thirteen Million Dollars

\$13,000,000

There was a young fellow named Shreeve
With a car that could run up his sleeve
 When speeding he went
 The axle he bent
And that was the end of Shreeve, I believe.

There was an old man named Jim
Who was so exceedingly slim
 When rest he'd demand,
 Against a pole he would stand
You looked twice to see which was him.

There was a little boy with a head diffy-daffy
He fell in a bowl full of taffy
 I'm stuck on this line
 I'll try if you give me time
But I can't get his head out of taffy.

English Teacher, assigning English—"Marian,
you may take Versailles."
Marian—"I'd rather have a man."

His mind, like her face, was made up.

One thing is To Have, another is To Hold.

A JOKE MISLAID!

We are sorry to announce a dreadful mistake.
This space was to have been reserved for the Fresh-
man Class picture, but through some error the pic-
ture was placed with the other classes.

What would become of Charles McGahan if he
ever hurried?

Turgeon Studios

Specialists in Portraits by Photography

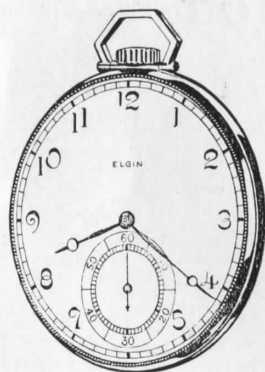
In Your Home

Photographers to Leading Schools and Colleges

342 Main Street

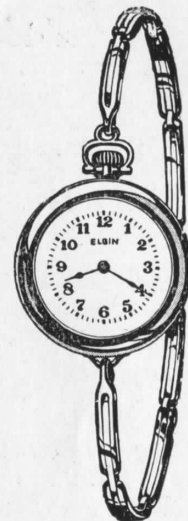
Graduation Gifts

IN MAKING your decision in the selection of suitable gifts for the Graduate you will find Rothstein's the most satisfactory place. Our store is the show place of the community and offers the widest selections of High Quality Merchandise at the most reasonable prices. REMEMBER, we operate five stores and the advantage of this tremendous purchasing power is passed on to you to your benefit.



*All the leading Nationally
Advertised Lines in Watches,
Jewelry, Etc.*

*If you so desire you can take advantage of our Dignified, Convenient
Payment Plans and pay at your own convenience.*



"SINCE 1889"
Rothstein's
529 MAIN ST.

The sole purpose of the Genoa Conference is to settle the unsettled conditions of Europe and other countries.

History Teacher—"Anne Boleyn was a lady in waiting."

John O'Laughlin—"Waiting for what?"

The Sophomore boys sure did take a good picture for the "Phoenician"—at least they took enough pains to do so.

"That was a close shave!" cried the taxi driver as he wheeled around in the barber's chair.

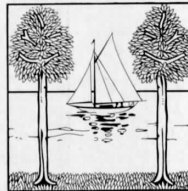
Sam Callet, (after stepping on his partner's foot at a dance)—"Oh pardon me, but you know I just had to step somewhere."

F is for Freshy, our undignified name
R is for Readiness, which gives us our fame.
E is for Eat, which we do every day.
S is for Socker, the baseball we play.
H is for Help, which we're willing to give.
M is for Manhood, for which we live.
A is for All of us, the whole Freshman class.
N is for Ninth grade, from which we soon pass.

R. Williams, '25.

Glosser Brothers

Johnstown, Pa.



**FARMERS TRUST AND MORTGAGE
COMPANY**

Johnstown, Pa.

Read not English, for it is dry, nor French, for it is of
of much hard study,
Nor Geomentry, for its facts, though true, are not
comprehensible,
Nor Latin, for its wisdom, a thing of the past,
availeth not,
Nor Science, for it giveth knowledge above our de-
lightful dreams,
Nor History, for it dealeth with things that are
finished.
But read incessantly thy delightful novel, which
leadeth thy fancy on
With heroine and hero, though a thief, a liar, and a
murderer,
Of stories that help to dream and forget the cares of
thy burdened life,
Yet, being intellectual, are among the gifts of man-
kind,
And especially of witty jokes created by some intel-
lectual soul.

GUESS WHO

An outsider sees him—

as a 1922 Apollo Sun God, for he wears the fiery
crescent of that family and he drives a shining
bright, polished chariot—Yes, he is famous.

The teachers see him—

not as entirely human either, but as a little red
imp, who carries a pitchfork, or something, with
which he mischievously jabs and pricks when
they are trying to get a minute's peace—yes,
he's all that.

Westmont Garage



The Hilltop's only Garage

GARAGE SERVICE

Gas and Oil

Your Office Needs—

We have a full line of Accounting Supplies for every business.
Ring Books, Binders, Loose Leaf Sheets, Ledgers, Blank Books.

Sheets for any Binder—Binders for any Sheet

High Grade Printing—

Our Factory has been equipped with new type and latest machinery to handle printing in all it's branches.

Printing—Embossing—Special Ruling—Binding

BENSHOFF PRINTING COMPANY

FRANKLIN BLDG., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

We see him—

as a fellow student who has an unusually remarkable talent for getting into trouble (and out of it). Also, he is a k-i-n-d hearted gentleman who will give us a lift in his chariot (?) Yes, it is an amusement and a life in one.

Of course you don't know who he is.

Janet Cook, '25.

We all wonder what Schwaby is doing with the extra hour.

Maybe we could help Mr. Williamson just a small bit by giving him the accident insurance of the W. U. Y. H. S.

A motion is before the Borough Council for the Fire Department to adopt Standard time so a 1 o'clock call can be answered at 12:30.

English Teacher—"Monday we will have a five hundred word theme."

Bill Seitz—"What on?"

Red Adams—"On paper."

Mr. Engh—"Say fellows, I smell wood burning."

Sammy—"Oh! never mind, I just went to sleep with my head on the radiator."

The Biggest Joke in the School—The Baseball Club.

Lowney's "Crest" Chocolates

"Every Piece Totally Different—
and all Unusual

"Candy Kid"

Love's Peacherines—

Fruit Tablets—

Menthol Cough Drops—

Sun Wink Peanuts—

F. S. LOVE MANUFACTURING CO.

Wholesale Confectioners

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Acknowledged the best—

GALLIKER'S
Quality Ice Cream

“Second Helpings are Always in Demand”

Dave Faunce's knowledge of U. S. History—
54-40 or fight.

“Pack up your troubles” in “The Old Oaken
Bucket.”

Chemistry Teacher—“Why is sour milk used to
bake biscuits?”

Eddie Williams—“So they don't get fresh.”

The Freshmen are going on a strike against the
Daylight Saving Plan—they lose too much sleep.

Frank Leahey, while at the board working an
Algebra problem involving pounds and feet, solved
the first part of the question and returned to his seat.
Whereupon the algebra teacher called out to him—
“Frank, come back here, you forgot your feet.”

“FUDGE”

Who would begrudge a piece of fudge
To a tired girl from school?

Who does her work, no lessons shirks,
And minds the Golden Rule.

For sweets are bad, it makes me sad,
To oft repeat the saying,
And children should eat plainer food,
When they are outdoors playing.

I do not care for bread and jam,
Although it is nutritious,
I'd rather have a nice, big piece
Of fudge, it is delicious.

Dorothy Stenger, '25.

We are connected with this store
only---

We carry a full line of high grade
clothing and men's furnishings at popular
prices.

COME to see us; it will pay YOU.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS MADE TO MEASURE

READY TO WEAR CLOTHING



CRYSTAL HOTEL BUILDING

COR. WASHINGTON AND MARKET STREETS

PHONE 173-J

Congratulations to the Class of 1922

THE JOHNSTOWN TRUST COMPANY

Oldest and Largest Trust Company in Cambria County

THE SENIOR-SOPHOMORE GAME

Deep hallowed silence reigned. All was quiet with the solemnity of death. Suddenly with an ear-splitting noise, a yell stirred the atmosphere. Even the dish-pans in neighboring kitchens rattled and Campbell's "Lizzie" began to quiver with excitement. The cause for the lightning like yells and "Lizzie's" gyrations is left to your imagination, kind reader. Only a glance into 203 at the solemn looking, crepe wearing students is necessary to tell you of a recent loss. Ah me! that it must be my painful duty to report the defeating of the redoubtable Senior basketball team, the apple of our eye and the comfort of our faculty!

The first slaughter occurred after many weeks of hard training by the Seniors, under the coaching of one of the countries foremost trainers (Frank Pershing). Thousands upon billions of people arrived from all over the universe. When the "standing room" sign was draped over the door and hundreds of prospective spectators had been turned away, the thrilling whistle of the referee announced the opening of the game. The scorers with wildly clutched pencil began their famous work of seeing which one could run up the highest score for his team in the least time. About this time the world wide known star of the Westmont fifty foot dash team (Seitz) calmly proceeded to dump ball after ball into the basket, the necessary spheres being taken from the Seniors by "Duke" O'Laughlin. Then Bill Marley, the noted record holder (Columbia), proceeded to smash some more Senior's records by putting in a basket. Leah Schaup immediately showed symptoms of becoming excited, and the roof was promptly

Going Away to School?

EVERY 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.

Safeguard

Your home and family with electricity. Do away with dangerous and unhealthful lighting arrangements.

It costs but little to wire your home and will bring you years of comfort and pleasure.

We will gladly send a man to make an estimate.—'phone 9-80.

**TOWZEY,
PHILLIPS
and CO.**

MAIN AND
WALNUT STS.

T. Malbranc

FLORIST

*We Specialize in Flowers
for Commencement*

Johnstown, Pa.

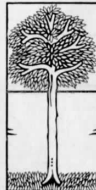
fastened down, just as she began a series of wild leaps skywards. But as you know there is no team that could hope to survive against the Sophomores; and so after a heart-breaking ending, the electric score board was laboriously lifted in mid-air by the school strong man (Ted Wagner) announcing to the world the score 28-25.

The next game, ah, was a repetition of the first massacre. Our team, though, did no more than was expected, as no living team could hope to stand against it. So with eyes brimmed with tears and to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare," the Seniors departed homeward. It was heart-rending to see the down-fallen team and followers mourn.

In closing I wish to state that we Sophomores sympathize with our friends most heartily.

(The Seniors have asked that we thank all persons who so ably assisted them during their recent bereavement. They request that all floral offerings be omitted).

John B. Gobin, '24.



The Johnstown Traction Company

The Store

of

Friendly Service

PENN TRAFFIC COMPANY

Johnstown's Greatest Store



