

# THE PHOENICIAN

1923

WESTMONT-UPPER YODER  
HIGH SCHOOL



H.C.F.



WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL  
Senior Number 1922-23.



To Her

To whom we owe our all:  
Our life---our hopes---our future,

Mother

We, the Class of 1923,  
Dedicate our Book

## The Staff

Marjorie Reynolds.....	}	Associate Editors
Katherine Krieger.....	}	
Jane Fronheiser.....		Senior Editor
Jerome Schmerin.....	}	Junior Editors
Grace Coll.....	}	
Eliza Johns.....		Sophomore Editor
Robert Crooks.....	}	Freshman Editors
Arthur Turner.....	}	
Viola Proudfoot.....		Art Editor
Charles McGahan.....	}	Athletic Editors
Louise Wellington.....	}	
Rufus Cooper.....		Joke Editor
John Gobin.....	}	Assistant Joke Editors
Thomas Jose.....	}	
Raymond Hammond.....	}	
David O'Laughlin.....		Business Manager
William Hinkel.....	}	Assistant Business Managers
William Seitz.....	}	
William Greer.....	}	
Catherine Scammel.....		Exchange Editor

## Foreword

---

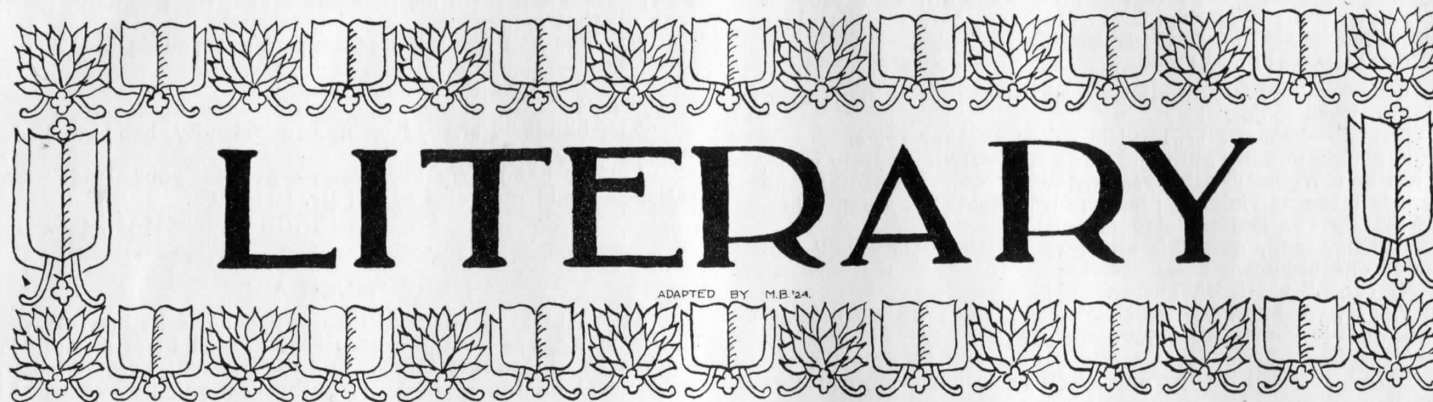
Twined round our hearts is this, our book.  
It marks the end of that first stepping stone  
To heritage.  
Our kindred aims, our kindred hopes and tasks  
Remain in it alone.  
The parting will bring diverse roads and aims,  
And ne'er again may we pass through together  
Those numbered days,  
Mingled with experiences no future can transcend—  
The joys and trials we weathered.



# Autographs

---

---



# LITERARY

ADAPTED BY M.B. 124

## A DOUBLE DECISION

**I**T was a cold night in January. During the day a heavy snow had fallen and the city pavements had not all been shoveled clean. But as young Dr. Webster came down the steps of 118 Commonwealth avenue, he was not aware of this. He was thinking deeply of a remark made by old Dr. Hamilton, which faintly suggested an offer that many a young doctor just out of college like Dr. Webster would have been glad to have received. Dr. Hamilton was a man of great renown. He was considered Boston's best physician, and could not be excelled for skill and experience in the lines of surgery.

Now he was getting up in years and since he had no sons or heirs to whom he could impart his invaluable knowledge, he decided to find a young doctor who was clean, trustworthy and ambitious, and one whom he could trust, and think of, as a son. Dr. Webster was now the third assistant he had; the other two having, as people thought, resigned because of the old doctor's expiring methods. But they did not know the real cause, for Dr. Hamilton never told any one of his innermost intentions. That day the older doctor had told young Webster that he was going to appoint him as his private assistant, a thing that he had never before done for any young

man. He then gave him a valuable formula for a cure of paralysis which he had worked out and proved himself, and which many surgeons would have been glad to have in their possession. Webster was told to part with it under no circumstances.

This was not the only thing that the young doctor was worrying about as he shuffled through the snow; for he had another big problem on his mind. There were yet seven thousand dollars to be paid for his college course, and in addition to that were the twenty thousand that friends had lent his father in stacks and which by the cruel trickery of another party his father had lost. It was now up to Dr. Webster to pay the debts.

Young Webster strode along through the sifting snow, pondering over his worries. Suddenly a hand smote him and he fell backward, two hands grabbed his wrists, something slipped over his eyes, so that he could not see, and he was bodily picked up and jolted down an alley into a dimly-lighted room. The first thing that entered his mind was the two-inch square piece of paper, held inside his glove, containing the formula. The doctor's last words, "Under no circumstances part with it," kept ringing in his ears. That's what the ruffians were after! What should he do with it,—what could he do with it? His necktie—his hat band—his secret pocket? No,

they would search every stitch of him. Like a flash, a thought burst upon him; he jerked loose his hand, tore off the glove and stuffed something into his mouth.

"Hold there!" cried someone.

One swallow, two swallows;—oh, if he only had some water to wash it down!

"Get it—he's swallowing it," yelled another voice.

A cough, one big gulp and down it slowly but surely went. Then when Webster fully realized what was happening, he began to struggle violently; but the iron hold that grasped him immediately checked his floundering.

"Young man, quit this and give us that formula," demanded one unknown voice.

"I can't," replied Webster.

"Here, we know you've swallowed it, but we also know you have it in your head, now don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, just tell it to us and you'll be free as soon as we've tried it out."

With this last statement he did not dare to give the wrong formula.

"Are you going to tell us?" These thousand dollars are yours if you do.

Webster shook his head.

"Not enough, eh?" quivered one of the unknown. "Ten thousand then."

Still no answer.

"Make it twenty, Bill, it's worth it," said the other in an undertone.

"We'll make it twenty," repeated the other.

Again the young doctor said nothing.

"Listen young man, I offer you thirty thousand dollars cash; if you know what's good for you, you'll tell us and take the money. We can hold you here; no one would ever know the difference. We can fix up a nice story and skip, at which trade we are no means experts. Do you take it?"

Before Webster's mind floated the vision of thirty thousand dollars. It would pay off all his debts with an ample amount remaining. All the work and worry of the thing would be over. It was hard telling whether he would ever become any more than a private assistant to Dr. Hamilton anyway. Thirty thousand dollars—thirty thousand dollars, and all his

own! Back and forth his thoughts raced; what couldn't he do with all that money?

"You've had five minutes now. Have you decided?"

"Yes."

"Do you take the offer?"

"No."

The blindfold slipped off and a friendly hand was extended toward him.

"Shake hands, my boy, you've proved your lead. I'm satisfied," said the voice of old Dr. Hamilton.

FLORENCE STUTZMAN, '25.

#### MORE "MUCH ADO"

Miss Abigail Ashburton put down her crocheting. It was the laziest day;—even the bees that buzzed in Miss Abigail's hollyhocks seemed lazy today. And the butterflies rested longer than usual on the giant larkspur bushes which screened the little porch.

Miss Abigail could hear Amanda's snore coming from between the stiffly parted curtains at one edge of the porch. She was glad Amanda was asleep; she had looked forward to the afternoon when she could be alone. For Miss Abigail had something on her mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Amanda Ashburton sweated and tossed and mused the very tidy little bed on which she lay; but for once she did not care. Miss Amanda had a problem to solve. For ages, it seemed to her, she lay and listened to the even creak of the porch rocker where Abigail sat sewing, and thought and thought, and then tried not to think.

The sisters had a strangely quiet meal that evening, but both were too engrossed in their own thoughts to notice the other. Amanda did not even wonder at her sister's willingness to wash the dishes alone.

Abigail worked slowly, her eyes fixed on the distant blue hills, behind which the evening sun was just setting. She saw not the crooked village street that stretched like an orange ribbon in front of her, smelled not the flowers of her garden and heard not the robin's evening call. The deep dusk had fallen and one by one the New England stars began to peep. But all the silent beauty of the approaching night was lost to Abigail, for she had stood between the blue-bordered kitchen



curtains and watched that same moon rise from behind that same hill for many a year.

No, Abigail saw, instead, a desert stretching far and silently, where the heavens seemed so near and the dark-skinned natives glided silently through the burning sand. Abigail heard the amorous voices of the gondoliers, and the splash of oars in deep blue waters. Then Abigail saw Amanda eating a silent supper, blowing out the candle and crawling into a lonely bed—leaving Chess, the cat, unfed.

Oh! she must not be such a coward. Poor Amanda, she would miss her so! It is rather comforting to feel some one in the world needs you. Well, she would go to Amanda and have it over.

Abigail drew a deep breath, set her jaw as firmly as was possible for her, and advanced to her sister's room.

"You here, Amanda?" she addressed the darkness, almost hoping that her sister had gone across the street to sit with old lady Weston.

"Y—yes, I'm here, Abigail, come in. I have something to tell you. I—I—you—remember—why," she made a sound which was unmistakably a gulp—"we will have to quit getting eggs from Thompsons; they aren't fit to use. I—I guess I'd better go to bed."

And she stalked out leaving Abigail to make her resolution all over again.

As Amanda got ready for bed, she administered a stern scolding upon herself.

"Baby, coward! Act like a two-year-old. A body would think I had done something to be ashamed of. Why Abigail will be glad, and it isn't as though John wouldn't be perfectly willing to have her live with us; then she would not lose me and she'd be gaining a brother." Amanda resorted to the old argument. Then she fell to picturing poor Abigail in her lonely state; Abigail though timid, arguing with the fruit man who always tried to "do" her; Abigail, the impractical, adding up her bills at the end of the month. Poor girl, she would miss her sister; but well, it is good to feel one is needed. . . .

When Miss Abigail saw Mary Margaret Kennidy turn in at the front gate, she called her into the garden.

"Morning, Miss Abigail—I just brought the mail up from the post office. No, only a seed catalogue or something, I don't know what it is. Oh, but your mock orange smells lovely,

but I'm most afraid to go any closer for fear I spoil the grass."

"Never mind, some day I'm going to have my own selfish way about this garden. I'm not going to clip the tree branches nor pull up the dandelions and the Sweet William is going to spring up and bloom whenever it chooses. And that nice orderly hedge isn't going to be trimmed like a poor little puppy dog's tail, but is going to be high and straggley, and at night when the moon shines in my garden it will all look strange and new."

"Oh, Miss Abigail, if it only could be something new! I know it is lovely here—mother says I'm wicked not to appreciate it and be satisfied; satisfied to get up and wash dishes, market and sweep, get dinner, wash dishes, then read some of your books and be more dissatisfied than ever. Today, Miss Abigail, I was washing windows when that big grey car from the house on Heming's Ridge passed. It was full of girls, my age, but you'd never know it. They had the most beautiful hair—all curly and sunshiny—and they went into Jake Hartley's store with knickers on—like boys. Father was working in the potato field—he saw them, too. He thinks it is dreadful. I don't. I like it,—and they just go past again, leaving me here to do the same thing every day."

"Would you like to take a little trip with me, Mary Margaret?"

"Oh, you know I'd love it. We had a wonderful time when we went down to Boston, hadn't we? Why, I could have just stood on the street corner forever and watched the people go by."

They had had a good time. Miss Abigail had been there before, but she had never enjoyed herself more than she did that smeltering July day with Mary Margaret, unless it was the time she had met Cousin Susan there and had spent the day with her. She and Mary Margaret had walked up and down the busiest avenues, walked slowly and watched the people as they passed. They had stopped to gaze into every shop window, and had taken their time at luncheon. It had been quite a different day from those she and Amanda had spent together, those expeditions from which they had returned tired,—very tired and not very happy. Amanda always had great plans for her days in Boston. She hunted bargains relentlessly and never stopped to look in at windows unless to remark, "My lands, that's an awful price for that hat, but

some fool woman will buy it and look freakish until it wears out!"

"Would you like to go on a trip with me, Mary Margaret? Oh, I guess I might as well tell you. I've got to tell someone and I'm too big a baby to tell the one I should. Well, you've heard me talk of my cousin, Susan Cartley. It is she who sent me all those books of travel you have been reading, and she who wrote those fat letters with the foreign post mark that you used to bring me from the post office. And it was the telegram of her death that I received not long ago.

"Cousin Susan was always different from the rest of us—she always wore the biggest bustle in town and spoke at meetings. She is a lot older than either Amanda or me. I always thought she was wonderful—Amanda didn't though. Well, she got married to a man in politics and finally he became a diplomat to Mexico and Spain. When she had been gone a little while she used to tell me of her trips and then when she had traveled a lot she would write me big, thick, interesting letters that read like a book. We were always friends. She was about the only relative Amanda and I had left, but Amanda and she never got along together or liked each other. She is dead now though and, Mary Margaret, she left me some of her money to travel with!"

"Oh! Miss Abigail, that is just fine, and you have always wanted to. It's just splendid! What does Miss Amanda say?"

"That's it! I've been just dying to tell her, but I couldn't because I know she wouldn't go with me. She wouldn't use the money that was left to me, and especially when she and Cousin Susan never cared for each other—she wouldn't think it was right. Then weeds would grow in the garden and some of our old friends might die and we'd not be here to go to the funeral. I know these reasons don't seem important to you, but you know Amanda, they are to her! I guess I was born with a dissatisfied disposition or else I'm just plain unlucky, I don't know which; but I do envy the person who can be so contented with little things. You and I can have a good time together, and you know an old lady like me wouldn't like to go alone."

Amanda Ashburton took a rather round-about way to market that bright Wednesday morning. She walked slowly, which was unusual for her, and wore a perplexed frown, which was not so unusual for her.

As she passed the Kennidy's house she saw Mary Margaret in the yard hanging up the wash.

"What's the matter, Miss Amanda? You look worried."

"I am worried—worried and happy, too." She smiled this time. "If you are going to market, I'll hang up the wash while you run along and get a basket."

Soon Mary Margaret swung out of the house again, a list in one hand and a basket in the other. Then the young girl and the old started off, down the village street.

Amanda seemed marvelously like a young girl this morning. She giggled—actually giggled at some of her companion's frivolous chatter. Mary Margaret looked at her sharply once—you could almost fancy her hair was curling about her face and her eyes seemed dewy bright. Then when they had walked along silently for a while a frown would settle again on her forehead.

"I have a little secret to confide to you. It isn't a little one to me—why I—I'm going to be married."

"Miss Amanda! Oh, dear me! Not really?"

"Yes, it seems strange to you that an old lady like me would be getting married like a youngster, doesn't it? I s'pose you can't imagine where I'd get a man to marry, either. Would you like me to tell you about it?"

"Would I! Yes, when I've recovered! I have had more shocks within the last two days than I ever had in my life before. Please tell me about it. And oh! I'm so glad for you."

"Well, do you remember the picture among all those daugerreotypes in the carved wood box that you used to look at—this one?" She opened her big gold watch and displayed a small, rather faded picture of a curly-headed little boy with a curly little dog. "Well, he is this one, now;" she drew from her pocket a photograph of a middle-aged man with nice eyes and a tired expression.

"I don't know whether you remember having seen the first picture before or not. He used to live in this town. His mother and mine were great friends, but they moved to Maine when we children were about fourteen. Here, when I visited up in Huxley, I discovered that the John Gilbert whom I used to know so well was the very same John Gilbert who kept the leather store there. But of course it wouldn't have been lady-like for me to go to his store and remind him that I used to know him and still remembered him that much. When I had been home quite a while, I got a letter saying he had just found out that I had been to his town and he inquired for all the people who had been his friends.

"I told Abigal about it but she had almost forgotten the Gilberts. I don't know why I didn't tell her that we kept on writing, or why I never told her that he was here to see me the day you and she went to Boston. After that I just couldn't tell her, and there was really no need to. It made me feel ashamed of myself for being interested in any man at my age and I knew Abigal would scorn such notions as mine. You know Abigal, she doesn't have any interest beyond her cat and her books and her dreams. She doesn't care a thing about housekeeping and doesn't understand anyone who does.

"But—well, John and I are going to be married. We have it all planned except how I am to tell poor Abigal. I am ashamed to think I'm a descendant of John Endicott and don't even have the grit to do a little thing like that. It is hard though, and Abigal isn't the person to live alone. We have only had each other and it seems, well, almost treacherous for me to plan to go and leave her as I am,—after all these years."

Mary Margaret ran all the way home. The passers-by turned to look after the flying figure whose laughing eyes told that she shared a secret, and a delicious joke which she was dying to tell.

"What on earth ails you, child? Every time I look at you, you're grinning like a Cheshire cat. Now what are you laughing about?" her mother inquired several times that day.

In the afternoon Mary Margaret baked a cake, a splendid cake, and took a sample of it to the Ashburton sisters.

She cornered Abigal in the garden.

"Miss Abigal, have you told Amanda yet?"

"No, I haven't; I just can't. I haven't had any peace of mind since I decided to go abroad and I won't have any peace until I decide not to. It wouldn't be right for me to leave my only sister here all alone and go off and have a good time. I was selfish ever to have thought of that."

"Oh! Miss Abigal, please don't give up your trip! You go and tell her, right now. Please do. Why, maybe she wishes you would,—perhaps she wouldn't mind your going at all."

"No, I can't tell her this evening. I've made up my mind not to go at all. That is, I have almost made it up, for I have planned and planned all my life, and dreamed and dreamed of traveling—of seeing all the wonderful things which were put in this world for us to see. So many things for one short life! And oh, how many people don't see them, don't accomplish the thing they have always dreamed of—although dreaming won't get you anywhere. I can't accustom myself to believing that

I won't always be here, that I won't have time "for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see." And here I, one lucky individual, have a chance of realizing my one desire, and oh! I can't seem to know what to do—and Amanda has been acting so oddly lately. I'm sure she knows there's something on my mind. And we always shared everything—nothing has ever come between us. I wish I could pack up my troubles and sail away like that thistle seed yonder; he doesn't know where he is drifting nor where he will land—it might be in that mud puddle, but not until he has first floated over the stalk of goldenrod. It's getting chilly; the "melancholy days" will soon be here, Mary Margaret, and I must hustle or I won't be spending them in Cairo."

The whippoorwills were whistling in the old elm tree, whistling—whistling plaintively, longingly; the branches of the sumac swayed in an occasional breeze, and a shadow passed over the moon. The rocker on the Ashburton front porch creaked steadily on.

The frogs were croaking in the old green swamp; their lonely call, mingled with the heavy scent of roses, floated up to the Ashburton back porch. The swing suddenly stopped its gentle swaying.

The bright moon twinkled between the leaves of the old elm tree and shone on the two motionless figures on the Ashburton front porch. Then the sad voices of the whippoorwill and the frog were drowned by the lighter one of laughter.

Miss Amanda sat down heavily, and Abigal continued to laugh.

"Getting married? And to think how much sleep I lost worrying about poor you. Oh, dear me! If we had only looked long enough—our cloud was silver on both sides."

MILDRED WAGLE, '24.

#### ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL

It was evening of an early spring day. The world was drenched in rain that had been falling for the past twenty-four hours. The "Western Express" had reached a level stretch, just a few minutes distance from the "Mountain Trail." There was a curve before the train should reach the "Trail," and beyond the curve lay a huge boulder that had been loosened from the mountain side by the heavy rain.



There was a sudden crash and a lurch, then the splintering of timber and the smashing of glass followed by the treacherous enemy—fire. The cries of pain echoed and re-echoed through the mountains, but few lived to tell the tale.

Jim Stranger, a man past middle age and dressed like a mountaineer, had been riding a few seats behind Mr. Malcolm and his family. Robert Malcolm was a violinist. The public proclaimed him to be the world's greatest, but the masters and teachers said he would be if he would put the right kind of feeling into his music. His wife, Helen, had been a nurse and had saved many lives by her ability with the surgical knife. Their children were twins, one and a half years old; Junior had his father's dark hair and eyes; Hope had her Mother's blue eyes and golden curls.

When the crash came, receiving no injuries himself, Jim Stranger went to the aid of Malcolm, who with Junior had been fastened between two seats. After a few seconds of hard pulling, Stranger was unable to release them. Junior was crying pitiously and Malcolm bade Stranger to get Helen and the little girl to safety before it was too late. When the lurch came Helen had fallen forward and struck her head on a sharp corner and was now lying on the floor unconscious with Hope bending over her crying, "Mama! Mama!" The flames by this time, were dangerously near, and Stranger lifted the little girl and put her on the ground outside the window. With the aid of another man he managed to get Helen out of the car and to take her and the little girl to his wife, who had come to meet him and was waiting nervously in the wagon about five minutes distance from the wreck. Stranger then told his helper to return and do what he could for Malcolm and the little lad, while he and Mrs. Stranger tried to bring Helen back to consciousness. After they had quieted Hope and done the best they could for Helen and she did not gain consciousness, Stranger returned to the wreck to see if he could find Malcolm and Junior. He searched for some time and asked others if they had seen them or the man who had helped him, but they had not, and he returned to the wagon.

In a consultation held by the ablest of the survivors they decided that it would be hours before they would receive help from the nearest city and that the mountaineers should take as many of them as they could home with them in their wagons and the rest would be taken back to Shady Gap.

Stranger and his wife, deeply regretting that they could find no trace of Malcolm and Junior, turned their horses to-

ward home. They had many miles to go and practically all of it was up hill. The narrow mountain road was very bumpy, but after hours of weary riding they reached their goal. The home of the Strangers was a large log cottage, situated on a level stretch, surrounded by giant pine trees, at the foot of a mountain ridge.

For many days Helen lay unconscious; when she came to she lay as one in a trance. The gash in her head was healing splendidly. It was only because Hope called her mother that she in time recognized Hope as her daughter; but beyond this she remembered nothing—not even her own name. Here Hope and her mother spent the next sixteen years of their life.

The Strangers had not always lived in the mountains. They had come there very mysteriously ten years before and at that time were known to the mountain folks as "The Strangers." In later years, because of the deep regard these people came to have for them, they became known as Grandma and Grandpa Stranger.

And so in time, Helen became well enough to walk around the house and garden. Grandpa Stranger had not been able to find any trace of Malcolm or the little lad. Hope was growing rapidly and was loved by all who saw her.

It was five years after the wreck. Hope had grown into a healthy, ruddy child, who with the coming of each Spring, loved more and more God's great out-of-doors. During the past year, Grandpa Stranger had been giving her the first year's schooling and promised that next winter he would take her each morning to the little red schoolhouse up the ridge. In the Strangers' home there was one room into which no one entered but Grandpa Stranger. At times Hope had seen Grandpa Stranger go in and come out again with something under his arm, wrapped in flannel. On these occasions he had told her to stay around the house, he would be back soon; then she would sit and watch him out of sight. He always went toward the hill and later she would hear the full sweet tones of a violin, which seemed to come from the direction of the "Leafy Bower," the little fairy palace he had made for her.

On this particular evening she thought that he had gone to see his traps. She was lonely and went up to the "Leafy Bower" and climbed to the top of the tallest tree to watch the moon rise over the opposite ridge. She soon heard some one coming and looked down to see Grandpa Stranger step into the Leafy Bower just after the moon reached such a position as to throw its silvery beams upon the gray-haired man standing

there with his bow ready to draw across the strings. Hope listened with wide eyes and open mouth until he had finished. Then she astonished the old gentleman by crying, "Oh, Grandpa! please, I love your music! Teach me how to play." She came down from the tree but stopped short, for the man looked at her in stern amazement and said not a word. Her eyes filled with tears; then his countenance changed; looking back to five years before he saw lying in the rack of the little Western Express with Malcolm's baggage, a violin. Had it belonged to this girl's father? He took Hope in his arms and kissed her. There in the moonlight of a glorious June night, Hope was given her first violin lesson by one of the world's greatest artists.

Back in New York, Robert Malcolm was pronounced, not only by the public but by the masters and teachers of the violin, the greatest violinist of the age. He had found the only thing his music had lacked five years before. Junior had a private tutor and was learning rapidly.

By the time that Hope was twelve years old she had finished at the little red schoolhouse and Grandpa Strayer was teaching her from the books of his own library. She was making splendid progress in her music and he was greatly pleased with the prospects of her future prominence in music. She was hope and youth and budding life incarnate. In her blue eyes was the expectancy of a rainbow around every corner. In her step was the bounding power of superb health. In her laughing, singing voice sounded love for all the world, absolute courage, unquenchable joy.

Lately Helen walked farther than usual. She would wander for hours among the hills and always she had that strange far-away look in her eyes; as if looking for something. The first day she heard Hope play the violin, she seemed to awaken from a deep slumber and from that day on spent more time roaming the hills.

When Hope became sixteen years of age, Grandpa Stranger told her of the wreck; of her father and her brother as he remembered seeing them that day; of the injury her mother had received and how she had remembered nothing of her life previous to that day. He told her of the violin in the wreck of the Western Express. This all perplexed her greatly, but when he told her what he expected of her in the musical world, it fired her with a determination to measure up to the standard he had set for her.

In New York, Malcolm and Junior were planning a trip to the west for rest. Malcolm was tired of facing those vast audiences and longed for quiet and rest. Junior was ready for college and had announced his intention of becoming a great surgeon. Malcolm was grieved when Junior showed so little interest in learning music, but when he declared he was going to be a great surgeon, his father was greatly pleased. He knew that Helen would have been delighted, could she have known. Helen—she and a little blue-eyed baby had been hunting him lately. He and Junior would go west; they would travel the same road they had traveled years before; they would get off the train at the mountain trail, where the wreck had occurred and follow it—where? Fate might determine that.

It was evening of the 1st day of June, eighteen years after the wreck. Helen had gone for her usual evening walk. Grandpa and Grandma Stranger sat down on the porch for the evening. Before long Hope came riding up on "Lone Star," her beautiful black horse. She took the horse back to the stable and returned to the porch and talked until dark of things she had seen during her ride. When the moon came up over the ridge, and her mother had not returned, she took her violin and went up to the "Leafy Bower" to play, thinking her mother would hear and turn her footsteps homeward. Softly and steadily the low, sweet tones of the violin vibrated through the still summer evening. Down on the cottage veranda the little gray-haired man and woman rose and walked to the end of the porch, where, looking up among the trees, they saw the girl who had brought them so much joy and they heard her play as she had never played before. When she had finished Grandpa Stranger said, "The time has come, Rose. Once more we will go back to the world and there I will introduce the fruits of my teaching."

Hope's whole soul and thought was engaged in her music and she did not hear the approach of strangers behind her. When she turned, she was frightened to find two men behind her. One was an elderly man with gray hair and beard; the other was a tall youth with dark hair and eyes. Malcolm stood there gazing; the girl before him in the moonlight had golden curls and eyes that sparkled and danced. To Malcolm it was not Hope he saw, but Helen; Helen as he had known her in the days of his youth. In his excitement he went up to her crying, "Helen! Helen!"

Bob! The one word rang through the silent night. Mal-

colm and Junior started in the direction of the voice; Hope dashed past them; it was her mother's voice. Not far above them Hope stopped short, for at her feet lay her mother, unconscious. Junior had run after his sister to see if he could be of any assistance. Malcolm stood in his place dumb-founded. Junior stooped and picking up his mother, followed Hope to the cottage. In her fright Hope had hastily but gently dropped her violin at Malcolm's feet. When he saw the three descending the hill, he knew and understood, picked up the violin and bow and descended the hill to the cottage, behind his little re-united family.

Everything was gone over and understood by all except Helen, who lay unconscious until noon the next day. At the time of the wreck Malcolm had been seriously injured and had lain at death's door for many months. As soon as he was able he set out in search of Helen and Hope but met only discouragement and returned home to devote his life to Junior. When Helen gained consciousness she no longer had the dreamy, dazed look in her eyes; she was, except for the "silver threads among the gold," the same Helen Malcolm of eighteen years before.

JUNE KERR, '24.

### KING TUT'S RESURRECTION

Since King Tut's resurrection the styles and fashions of men and women (especially the women) have been revolutionized. So great has become the popularity of this man, that his name is known at the ends of the earth.

Women's wearing apparel has undergone the most change. Hosiery blocked and squared in such queer shapes, proves to us that the ancient Egyptians must have known something about checkers or chess! When a modern girl is made up (?) she suggests to us King Tut's sister, (if he ever had any). The Tut style of shoes, hats and the like only goes further to prove that the living past is ever present.

Next in line of those who have fallen victims to this powerful influence, are the dancers. The reappearances of an ancient name accounts for the origin of another novelty, "The Tut Step."

And, last of all, the men are succumbing to this sudden impulse in the change of style. Tut shirts, ties and perhaps hosiery, have been and will be bordered with Egyptian figures.

"Well," thought King Tut, as the sound of the excavators' shovels on the stone roof disturbed his slumbers, "that goes to show that you can't keep a good man down!"

But history repeats itself, again; for, after being enclosed for thousands of years, in his pyramid palace of wealth and unimagined splendor, King Tut-ankh-Amen, comes to rule. He remained there until Father Time's wheel had made a complete revolution. He commands, not in a political or social sense but as a spectre whom we dread; yea, we worship, praise and even make sacrifices to him, as to a God. By sacrifice and worship we hope to secure his favor. This God is the "Tut Style," the "Tut Fashion."

WILLIAM E. HINKEL, '24.

### APPRECIATION OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S WORK

The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican at Rome was decorated by Michael Angelo and is by far the greatest example of fresco work which the world possesses. This fresco work is decidedly more difficult than picture painting. Sometimes the space to be decorated is in a very dark spot so that the lights and shadows of the work must be exaggerated. Often the painter must lie on his back and paint above him, stretching his weary arms to his work for many hours at a time. The paint must be put on while the plaster is yet damp so that it will not peel off.

These pictures on the ceiling of the chapel by Michael Angelo seem especially wonderful in that the figures stand out so prominently that it is difficult to realize the work is painting and not sculpturing. Michael Angelo accomplishes this through the exaggeration of his figures, lights and shadows and through his force and desire to make us see the visions which he wished to portray.

The decoration begins with the creation, and the rest of the ceiling is divided into small parts each representing a Bible story. These events and stories are all in consecutive arrangement finally leading up to that of the last judgment.

This is considered Michael Angelo's best painting, but he has produced many other masterpieces. In the field of sculpture his statues of Moses and David are famous the world over and he will never be forgotten as the designer of the dome of Saint Peters at Rome.

CATHARINE SIMONS, '24.



### SAFETY

In the wilds of Africa, in the wilds of New York. What is the difference? Many people on the street, on Broadway, would shudder to think of themselves in the jungles of Africa. But there they are, carelessly walking straight into danger of all sorts. Long ago in the caveman age, men were surrounded by huge and terrible animals, snakes, small treacherous animals, alligators, and serpents in the rivers; not only that but they were in danger of being clubbed by their own race. But wherever he went at all times, even while he slept, his natural instinct of self-preservation warned him of danger and kept him away from it. Then little by little, man, by means of brains and an active mind, annihilated these dangers, until about early Victorian times there were no dangers except that of being killed in duel or battle. But, sad to relate, with the increase of activeness of mind and brain, and the decrease of danger, our priceless possession, our instinct, died a slow death. Then, again, danger increased swiftly and took a different form. Great cities grew up, autos, street cars, and trains are everywhere, wiping out many lives a day, and we go along carelessly and thoughtlessly. The only way we can

again develop this needed quality is to practice being on the alert all the time.

In this we have many aids. Every year a drive is launched by some one who has realized the trouble with our streets and especially our factories. Signs are everywhere, papers print appeals, and factories make appeals to their workers. But still many refuse to take heed and they are paying the price. Many are killed in the street and on railroad crossings, but by far the greatest number is killed working at our industries, especially our factories. And why? Just because of carelessness, thoughtlessness and lack of alertness. The factories and mills have done their share. They have covered dangerous machinery, printed warnings, and installed safety devices. Now, if the worker is careful, thoughtful, and alert, all of the danger may be avoided. Can't we take warning from the dozens of warnings in the paper each night, do our best to bring back that priceless gift of nature, the instinct of self-preservation? It is for yourself only that you make this effort.

JANET COOK, '25.

---

This essay won the first prize in the essay contest held by Cambria Steel during its safety drive.



## WITH THE POETS

### BELLS

"Think when the bells do chime, 'tis angels' music period,"  
O wonderful bell! O beautiful bell! O merciful bell, I say!  
I thank you again and again and again  
For the good deed you've done me this day.  
The subject was Latin,  
The work was translating,  
When lo! On the stuffy hot air  
You brought forth peal after peal after peal,  
And I sank with a sigh to my chair.

JANE CLARK, '25.

### TO OUR GRADUATES

Let me say just a word or two  
In memory of our Seniors true.  
Your departure is felt by all,  
You whom the world saw fit to call.  
It takes you from our Senior class  
And places you among the mass.  
Though your joys are somewhat ended  
And your many trials begin,  
Strive to live by all that's in you,  
And through your efforts you shall win.  
Cheer up, old pals, for all must pass  
Into the world from their Senior class.

MARGARET ROACH, '24.

### THE CLASSES

Some ignorant Freshman, oh, so green—  
So small that they can hardly be seen;  
Some saucy Sophomores in a bunch  
That always give us a nutty hunch;  
Some funny Juniors, pry and perk,  
Always working with a jerk;  
And some bright old Seniors, very shy—  
Help to make up Westmont High.

ROBERT CROOKS, '26.

### MEMORIES

We are wading in the brook, laughing brook,  
Leaves are rustling in the breeze.  
Mothers watching from a nook, shady nook—  
Just memories.

Love is sparkling in those eyes, dreamy eyes,  
'Neath the daintily perfumed trees.  
Two are breathing many sighs, lovers' sighs—  
Just memories.

Cool and sweet the summer day, lovely day,  
Winds are sighing through the leaves.  
There I watch my children's play, merry play—  
Just memories.

Now my hair is turning white, snowy white,  
My book lies idle on my knees.  
While I'm dreaming through the night, lonely night—  
Golden—memories.

VIOLA PROUDFOOT, '23.

### ON FIRST SEEING THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

To you, who, from a distance, beckons us  
Come and commune with your sacred self, we speak  
In humble words; of your human self  
We knew but little before, but now we  
Feel we know you as you were; you sit there  
As we think you sat in life, grave and calm,  
Drawing to you and guiding the untold  
Numbers who come to you for aid. Before  
Going to you, we thought of you as dead, but  
Lincoln, you are not dead, you will live on  
As you live now, and lived in the past  
Leading the Union, and all human beings  
In the trials of every-day life.  
We lived centuries in those few minutes—  
Cast under your spell, we forgot our own lives

And went back to '64 with you—  
 'Twas at the White House, and standing near  
 The presence of an extremely plain man  
 Stood one brave soldier, quaking with fear  
 Lest his mother should hear of his sentence.  
 In simple words he told how, craving for rest  
 He fell asleep, despite his duty of guard.  
 Lincoln, hearing him and trusting him,  
 Sent him back to his post, pardoned. That instance  
 Brought to light the merciful, broad-minded man—  
 The brother and father of human race.  
 As he sat then, so he seems to sit now  
 Pardoning and forgiving our daily wrong.—  
 We then saw him after the triumph of his speeches  
 Talking modestly, and ever the same  
 Surrounded by wonder and awe-struck men.  
 You, Lincoln, lead our boys through the World War  
 Just as you did long ago. For your sake  
 They fought. You are the Captain still steering  
 Our ship of State in the great ocean of Life.  
 You sail alone,—guiding your crew—the States,  
 You **lived** in Life's garden of heroes,  
 You sail **now** on Life's ocean of men—  
 Leading us, guiding us, as our Savior.  
 Oh, Lincoln, what can we say to you?  
 No one can understand our trifling words—  
 They must go to you, see, and commune with you  
 To feel the thrill that comes when in your home.  
 Feelings are far greater than words, so now  
 We merely say—we came—we saw—  
 Were imbued with the sanctity of life  
 As you portray it. We know our lives have been made  
 Purer, richer and nobler, since entering  
 Your home of white.

KATHERINE L. KRIEGER, '23.

#### THE GOLDEN ROD

There's a dandy tall big fellow,  
 Who dresses all in yellow—  
 In yellow with a covering of green;  
 With his hair all crisp and curly,  
 In the autumn bright and early,  
 As dancing o'er the meadow he is seen.  
 Bright and sandy, tall, big dandy,  
 Golden dancer of each dell!  
 Green and yellow, happy fellow,  
 All the children love him well.  
 But at length this tall big fellow  
 Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,  
 And, scattered everywhere upon the green,  
 Tiny spots of black and brown are seen;  
 For the North wind takes his toll  
 On each spot in every knoll.  
 From the golden rod so fair  
 It takes his yellow hair,  
 And leaves instead of yellow  
 A dark brown wasted fellow.

SARAH ENGELHARDT, '26.

#### THE MAGIC FOOT OF COLUMBUS

Ye foot, whose magic touch frights fear away—  
 Fear lest we go unbound by wedlock to our graves,  
 Have pity on us doubtful and uncertain ones.

Grant us but one slight touch of shining bronze  
 Which may, 'tis said, as some fair morning dawns,  
 Bring to our hearts the hero of our destiny.

Thy once dull foot, Columbus, is worn bright  
 By superstitious fools like me whose plight  
 Decreed by fate remains unaltered and unchanged.

MARJORIE REYNOLDS, '23.

Inspired by the foot of Columbus on the bronze doors of  
 the National Capital. One touch guarantees married life.

# THE CLASSES

## Commencement Week

June 1 .....	Junior-Senior Dance
June 3 .....	Baccalaureate Sermon
Methodist Church	Rev. McWilliams
June 4 .....	Class Play
June 6 .....	Picnic
June 7 .....	Commencement
June 9 .....	Alumni Banquet

# CLASS OF 1923

**Mark Carter**

"Thank you, good sir, I owe you one."

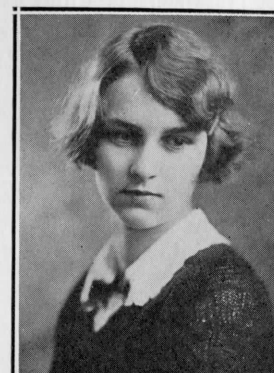
Why of course it's Mark! Who else could it be? Mark is our class president, but of course his ambition doesn't stop here. Some day we expect to see him President of the United States. Mark is quite popular with the girls and especially made a hit in Washington. When he graduates the school will be deprived of the most famous and experienced matcher.



**Dorothea Luebbert**

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, an excellent thing in woman."

Few know Dot as she really is, witty, pleasant and lots of fun. Her modesty and quietness at school are very different from the jollity and good company that she furnishes at other times. Dot is a good student, too, always ready with her work and service. Dot has filled her position as representative in the Students' Council and Secretary of the Class and in fact all her responsibilities extremely well.



**Katherine Krieger**

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

No words can express how dear to us Kasey is. Our only regret is that we could not have had her with us for four years. She is one of those rare people who can do anything and make friends with anyone. Her tininess is more than made up for in the bigness of her heart.



**Manuel Higgins**

"A merrier man within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal."

That is Mannie all over for he's more fun than a train load of monkeys. He has learned the true value of a dollar by being the Treasurer of the Class for the past two years. Judging from his first two years in high school we thought Manuel was an everlasting woman-hater, but since the Washington trip he's been making up for lost time.

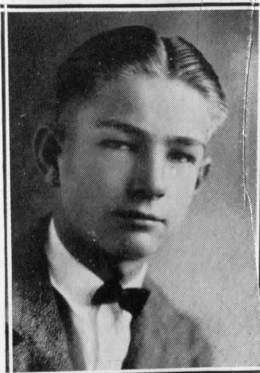




### Rufus Cooper

"A most senseless and fit man."

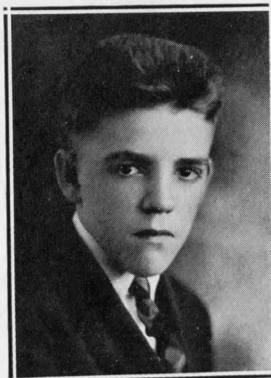
When Cooper graduates, the tennis team will lost its veteran player. He was chosen Joke Editor so that the Freshmen would get an idea of what a good joke is. On the Washington trip, Cooper was the only one to preserve the Senior Dignity and therefore made a good impression upon the feminine usher at a certain show in the city.



### August Engelhardt

"A marvelous man for his size."

Augie furnishes amusement absolutely free of charge wherever he is. School life would be drudgery without Augie to give it a little color. Strange to say he seems best able to display his wit to the most advantage among French people (10:15 to 11). Augie is quick not only at leaving classes but in classes. We hope that his departure from us will not mean that we will be deprived of his mirth and radiated good nature forever.



### Ernest Engelhardt

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

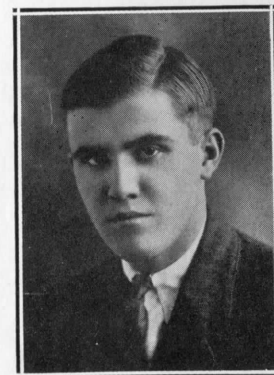
Ernie certainly has blossomed out in his Senior year and revealed unnumerable hidden virtues, especially that of a debater. Little did we suspect in former years that we had with us an orator, debater, and best of all, an all-around good sport. The school will be gaining something by having him with it next year, for Ernie intends to take a post graduate course.



### David Faunce

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Without Dave, we hardly know what our class would have done! Everyone knows how hard and enthusiastically Dave worked for our Fun Night, arousing enthusiasm in others and working as few do work! Throughout the year he has always been more than willing to serve in whatever way he could.



**Jane Fronheiser**

"She can dance and she can sing,  
She can do most anything."

One might think, to hear Jane in classes that her sole ambition was that of making "A's." However, there is no doubt that she manages to squeeze in every bit of dancing possible, even yielding to its charm during the noon hour. No one blames Jane a bit, but rather admires her for being able to shine in both.



**Louise Hammer**

"None knew her but to love her."

Slowly but surely Louise has entwined herself in our hearts, so firmly that we shall never forget her. Always sweet and pleasant, ever obliging and generous. She has entered into all the activities of the school. Is it any wonder that we hate to lose her?



**Mildred Hammer**

"And her modest nature and quiet  
air

Show her as good as she is fair."

Mildred seems to be such a modest and quiet girl, but many have changed their opinion about her since the Washington trip. Millie was one of the liveliest girls in the crowd—always full of fun and ever ready for excitement. Although Mildred lives away from here, she has been with us four school years. There's a mutual feeling concerning Millie—she likes the school and we all like her.



**Margaret Jones**

"Those about her, from her, shall  
read the perfect ways of honor."

There is no doubt of Peg's success as a student and she has quite an interest in all the other phases of school life. Margaret desires to continue her stenographical work at the Margaret Morrison school and we hope that her desire will be fulfilled.

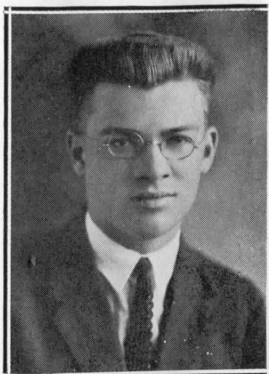


**Charles McGahan**

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent tho' free;

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

Charles is one who, thought quiet in his undertakings, has made a success of everything he has tried. He is a scholar, but better still, he is a dandy athlete. The basketball team next year will miss him, but a team some place else will have gained a good player. We feel confident that Charles will win honors both in scholarship and athletics when he enters another school.



**Catherine McGrath**

"Thoughtful, loyal, ready to do,  
And a friend to cheer when you feel blue."

Katie is one of those girls whom everyone can call a true friend. Kindness and happiness permeate her presence. Outside of her jolly nature she is an excellent commercial student. Catherine is also a great novel reader. Most of her spare time is spent in reading novels. If she continues as good as she has been in school she may be certain of heaps of friends and success in her work.



**Louise Wellington**

"Music that would charm forever."

Louise is just full of music—full to running over—and we have been fortunate enough to get a share of it. All year Louise has been wonderfully faithful and obliging as our pianist and we should surely have been lost without her. The indirect cause of her nickname may be that of her incessant giggling for isn't there an old adage—"Laugh and grow fat?"



**Howard Shaffer**

"Silence is deep as eternity;  
Speech is shallow as time."

Howdy seems backward among the Seniors and especially in the classroom; but, on the baseball diamond he is one of the team's mainstays. Although his name has never been seen among the leaders, Howdy is always there to give the necessary support.



**Ruth Palliser**

"A quiet lass, there are but few  
Who know the treasure hid in you."

Ruth is our quiet student. She is never idle—yet she always has time to smile and lend a helping hand. She has been our classmate four years, yet we had to go to Washington before we really learned to know her. Someone (?) will get a real wife, for she is an accomplished cook.



**Alma Reynolds**

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

We feel that this expresses Alma exactly. Although she has just been with us this year, she has gained many friends throughout the school through her jollity and good humor. We know she will have just as many after she leaves us, for she is one who makes friends wherever she goes.



**Viola Proudfoot**

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

Pi is an artist in more than one sense of the word. She is blessed with the talent of drawing and painting. Her work in the Phoenician is merely a suggestion of what she really can do, for the lack of space deprived her of displaying her excellent work. Not only does she possess artistic but also athletic and social talents and a most attractive personality.



**Elizabeth Sloan**

"O darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

A glance at her sparkling eyes and ever-present smile makes you suspect that behind them lies a heap of fun. One moment with her, and your suspicions are confirmed, for she is all mirth. Honey almost missed the trip to Washington, for her old age was telling on her in the form of rheumatism, but—trust Hun! She went.





**Katharine Stackhouse**

"Under her face, calm as summer skies,  
The little imp of mischief lies."

Kasey and her Ford are very familiar to everyone. They have two characteristics in common—they are never still and they both afford amusement. Anyone needing a water carrier in the future may find an excellent one in Kasey. They used great foresight in selecting her as Maid Dorothy in the play for she is characterizing the part to perfection. Baldwin will certainly be fortunate next year.



**Edith Turner**

"We love her for her own true worth."

Edie is our star commercial student. She surely can make that typewriter talk. Someone will gain a prize when Edith is engaged as "Somebody's Stenog." But stenographic work isn't Edie's only specialty. As a French student—she shines. In addition to all this, Edie's a peach to have around.



**Marjorie Reynolds**

"Her time is forever; everywhere  
her place."

Words cannot do cute old Marge justice—you must know her to discover the wealth of virtues she possesses. People such as Marge are scarce, for it is hard to find one person holding, in her small realm, the glories of scholarship, leadership, a good all-round sport, and a disposition which wins and holds untold numbers of friends, both young and old.



**Alice Woods**

"When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, the maiden herself will steal after it soon."

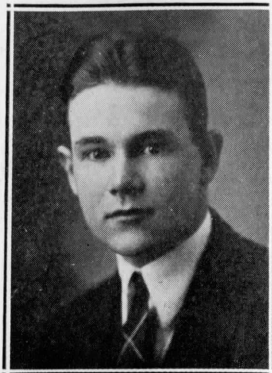
"A" has been so faithful and good natured in all her work! Her primary accomplishment is preparing and serving banquets, or, in fact, anything in the line of eats. There are times of course when Allie gets peeved but you just need to kid her along for a few minutes and she's just as merry as ever.



**Edwin Williams**

"Humor and seriousness both combined."

Eddie frequently has very little to say, but we attribute this to the fact that he probably spends most of his energy trying to get to school on time. We all know Edwin to be a dandy fellow and hate to see him leave us. Eddie hasn't as yet announced his ambition, but we have a premonition that we'll hear of him in the future.



**Seymour Callet**

"Still we gazed and still our wonder grew,  
That one small head would hold the words he knew."

Seymour has great histrionic ability. Evidence of this is his work in our various school plays. He has also talent in arguing and debating, for he gave a convincing speech in our class debate and has taken an active part in our frequent class discussions. Therefore, we Seniors have rightly appointed "Sey" as our class philosopher.



## Rogues' Gallery

Who's Who in 1923	Otherwise	Favorite Expression	Occupation	Usually Seen
Alice Woods	"A"	For crying out loud	She hasn't told us	In a Nash
Mark Carter	"Carter"	That's not so good	Calling class meetings	With the girls
Katharine Stackhouse	"Kasey"	Knock her for a row	Making us laugh	In the Ford
Ernest Engelhardt	"Ernie"	Yee—e—e—e—e	Cutting 'em up	Matching?
Elizabeth Sloan	"Honey"	Huh?	Asking questions	Talking
Katherine McGrath	"Katie"	Oh, ye gods	Unknown	In school
Howard Shaffer	"Howdy"	? ? ?	Playing ball	Can't tell
Viola Proudfoot	"Pi"	No kiddin'	Laughing	With a Navy pin
Katherine Krieger	"Kasey"	May I have your powder?	Watching the moon	With curly hair
Seymour Callet	"Sey"	Come on	Downing rivals	Arguing
Manuel Higgins	"Mannie"	Quit the kiddin'	Ask Kasey	Late ..... ..
Mildred Hammer	"Millie"	Oh———!	Being good	In classes
Louise Wellington	"Lot"	Say, what do you think I am?	Playing in the orchestra	In the "Audie"
Louise Hammer	Just herself	You don't say so	Attending to her own affairs	Smiling
August Engelhardt	"Augie"	Go home and grow up	Growing up	Cutting up
Margaret Jones	"Peggie"	They call me a dum-bell	Working	On the Honor Roll
David Faunce	"Dave"	I might say	Contradicting	Among the ladies
Marjorie Reynolds	"Marge"	Yeah bo!	You'd be surprised	In a hurry
Dorothea Luebbert	"Dot"	My Heavens	Studying	With a book
Edith Turner	"Edie"	Well of all things	Keeping quiet	Sometimes
Alma Reynolds	"Skinny"	Holy Judas Priest	Getting thin	Laughing
Charles McGahan	"Chisel"	Ah, keep quiet!	Trying to study	That way
Rufus Cooper	"Rufie"	Ah, go on!	Nothing in particular	Loafing
Edwin Williams	"Eddie"	Most ascertainly	Heart smasher	At it
Ruth Palliser	"Ruth"	Good heavens	Keeping quiet	But not heard
Jane Fronheiser	"Fronie"	Ye gods!	Making up (what?)	Not at home

### GUS FRIES

For those who know Gus, his name is enough to bring back that broad smile and hearty laugh of his, and to you who know him not we cannot tell how much you've missed. When Gus passed us day after day in the halls, attended classes, especially Caesar, with us and worked with us, we little realized we had an artist in our midst of whom more than Westmont was to learn. And so when Columbia stole him from us we awaited eagerly to hear what her opinion would be in regard to this Alumnus of ours. What joy and surprise when the news came! Gus had won a scholarship and was sailing for France to continue his career as an artist.

We have never had an opportunity until now to really congratulate Gus for the success which he has achieved or to tell him how exceedingly proud we are of our Alumnus whose talent won for him growing fame. May your friendliness and ability, Gus, win for you as many sincere friends while you are abroad as they have won for you in Westmont.

### FRANCIS BYERS

The old class of '21 is certainly making a name for itself out in the "wide, wide world." Another of its members has accomplished something which any school would be proud to claim as the work of one of its students. We have always suspected that we would hear of Francis Byers in the future, and our suspicions have already been confirmed. Francis, too, has won a scholarship! His wonderful work has gained for him the award of a scholarship to Wood's Hole, a Marine Biological Station in Massachusetts. It is in session during six weeks of the summer months and is renowned for its wonderful scientists. Francis' choice of zoology was indeed a wise one, for he has always had a special talent along that line of work. He especially should be congratulated on the fact that he is the first undergraduate who has captured the scholarship for many years.

Francis' work at the school will never be forgotten for it has been largely through his talent and competency that our Annual, the "Phoenician," has heretofore been such a success. The prophesy, "We see nothing but success in Francis' future," has already been partially fulfilled and we feel sure that the prophet had "a shining vision of the fair to-be."



### DAVID O'LAUGHLIN

Not all of our stars are among the Alumni, however, for the Junior Class claims one who has made a great name for himself. Just as Gus has won honors in art and Francis in scholastic work, Divvy O'Laughlin has gained a foremost place in the field of athletics. Through his splendid work at Boston last summer, he now holds the Boys' Tennis Championship of the United States, an honor which any fellow might be proud to win and any school proud to claim. And we are proud of him! By his success in tennis Divvy has not only brought prominence to himself but also to his school. Our tennis team, which is undoubtedly an excellent one, has been scheduled for matches this season with some of the best schools and colleges in the country. If the rumors we hear have any truth in them at all, there is little doubt that Duke will gain still further renown in the tennis world. If Divvy works at tennis as he has worked as Business Manager of this issue of the Phoenician, we will be surprised if the prophesy, "He is a comer," is not speedily fulfilled.





## THE JUNIOR CLASS

---



We Juniors come in gay, array,  
Hark ye to our words we pray;  
When did e'er you see a crowd  
Free from cares and yet too proud  
To leave undone that work of ours?  
We are known for all our powers;  
Of course we do not praise ourselves,  
But you'll admit that we're like elves.  
For what is done no matter where,  
You'll find that we are always there—  
The Juniors! May their fame increase!





## THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

---



Though you don't hear much about us,  
'Cept our everlasting chatter,  
No one seems to ever doubt us  
When we say it doesn't matter.  
We've done wonders on the quiet  
Though you didn't always spy it;  
And even though we're not so famous,  
They have had the pride to name us—  
Sophomores!

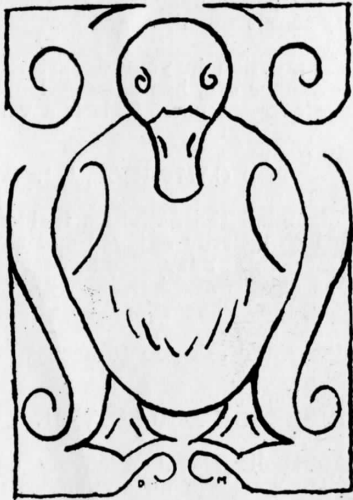






## THE FRESHMAN CLASS

---



We Freshies are a jolly crowd,  
Doing things we're not allowed;  
We are having lots of fun  
Though we seem a little dumb;  
Maybe we're a little green—  
That's the way it surely seems.  
But the rest were Freshies once,  
They all took their knocks and bumps—  
As the others, so can we!  
And very soon, as you shall see,  
We'll continue in the run,  
And like the others have our fun  
With Freshies that are yet to come.



# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

## IDEALS

Ideals are star-like, cold, remote, and bright,  
They lure and mock us from their height sublime.  
They draw us upward by their shining light,  
Grow brighter, purer, with each step we climb.

Ideals are star-like. We can never hope  
To reach, to touch them with our mortal hands;  
As onward, upward in our way we grope,  
They stretch to us their warm, compelling hands.

Ideals are star-like. With their steady gleam  
Our guide, we plough the sometimes stormy sea  
Of life. They are our all, our goal, our dream;  
In following them we reach our destiny.

LOIS MOWREY, '21.

## A CAT-FISH STORY

Now that Spring has come to stay, and the sun is so warm and inviting I can hardly find time to do the work that is required of me, and find it harder and harder to kid the Prof. into believing I have done things which I have not done.

For instance, the other day, in a class in "Anatomy" I had to dissect a cat's brain and draw it. The weather being, as I have said, distinctly warm and the cat being none too—er, fresh, I thought I would copy a sketch from a book. I handed the thing to the Prof. for his approval. In a few minutes he looked up and said, "Mr. Byers, if the good God had made cats over your sketches, he would have made them with fins! This happens to be a fish brain." Well, the cat isn't any fresher today and I have still to draw that blamed brain. Why didn't God make cats like some students—brainless.

### Moral!

Even though the weather is warm don't kid your teachers too much. They are not as dumb as they look.

FRANCIS BYERS, '21.

The following are extracts from letters which we received from the Alumni:

I have been doing practically nothing of interest during the past year except to work, more or less, and to have a good time. The only other things I can think of are,—that I was tied for the one-hundred thirty-five pound college boxing title, and that I am now on the varsity tennis squad,—hardly enough to set the world on fire.

I wish, too, that you would mention in your department that Charles Tarr, since last November 4th, has been seriously considering New York as a place of residence. This is a very important item!

Sincerely yours,  
TED CAMPBELL, '21.

Your request recalled to my mind the activities incident to our school publication which I so heartily enjoyed and participated in while attending high school. Your note has served to convince me that the present classes are imbued with the same spirit which has been placing the "Phoenician" on so high a standard.

I thank you for your kindness and ask you to accept my humble and friendly wishes for success.

Very truly yours,  
SEABROOK REILLEY, '21.

At present I am at the Annapolis Naval Academy and will be here until June 7th, when we leave on our summer's practice cruise. This year the cruise is going to take us to Copenhagen, Denmark; Glasgow, Scotland; Cadiz, Spain; and Gibraltar. After that we are going to have ten day's battle practice off Hampton Roads. We'll spend about ten days at each of the ports in northern Europe and about five days at each of the ports in southern Europe. We will disembark here at Annapolis on August 29th.

As we will not have vacation before the cruise I will miss the Alumni banquet this year again. I certainly would like to

get back and be with my old classmates again, but the military discipline of this Academy forbids anybody any leave before the cruise.

Sincerely yours,

PERRY THOMAS, JR., '21.

The girls here at Randolph Macon's are divided into two entirely different groups—"Odds" and "Evens." Those who come in odd years are "Odds" while those who come in even years are "Evens." Being an "Even" myself, I think a better crowd could not be found anywhere. Not one of us ever hesitates a moment to defend our mascot, Buttons—an old white horse.

Every year the Sophomores and Freshmen have a song and cheering contest. This year the Freshmen won it, but my voice didn't count very much in it, as I never had the courage to yell since the boys of our class played the Sophomores in High School.

Very sincerely,

JO WILLIAMS, '22.

I've been so terribly busy that, unforgiveable as it may seem, I simply can't do anything for the "Phoenician."

I wish you all success with the paper, though. I'm sure the publication will be as good or better than any we've had so far with such capable people on the staff.

Sincerely,

MARGARET MCGAHAN, '21.

I am at West Chester Normal School, the place where the best school teachers in Pennsylvania come from. (Ruth Langsford may dispute the latter part of this statement, but ask Sis, she knows.) To resume, I am here studying to be a kindergarten and primary teacher and I have already acquired a goodly number of old-maid-school-marm habits and ideas. But there are some girls here whom you'd never suspect of being prospective teachers. This is especially true of one,—“the dandy little singer”—for whom, probably, Brud Leahey would be willing to say a few kind words.

The greatest hardship that we have to bear is the pang of starvation. Three meals a day seem to make no impression on our digestive apparatus but seem rather to aggravate the empty feeling. Boxes from home are a great help (hint for

Kasey Stackhouse), but as they are few and far between, the next best remedy is the little store around the corner. When I am enjoying a real meal I always think of Ted Campbell, the glutton and valedictorian of the Class of '22, and wonder if he remembers how many chickens we ate between us at that glorious Alumni banquet last year. This reminds me that we shall all be together again in a few weeks. How good it will seem to be back again with the old-timers of W. U. Y. H. S.

Hastily,

MARY WRIGHT, '22.

My interests here at West Chester differ from those of Mary Wright in that my two years of training have developed such traits as prissiness and old-maidishness in me to an extent that nothing can satisfy me until the following questions are answered:

In her future travels will Tootie be able to distinguish between a smoker and a parlor car?

Is Margaret McGahan taking a more advanced course in moonlight ukelele concerts or repeating last year's course?

Why didn't Francis Byers go to France with Gus to act as his interpreter?

When will Leah leave home to become Pavlowa's understudy?

If the corner's hurt every time Bobby Bingham eats a square meal why hasn't he died of pain?

Is Helen Wachob concerned with the heart-beats and pulse of any one else besides her patients?

Why don't the bright lights of New York dazzle Ted on his visits there any more?

After accomplishing the feat of swimming the length of Ideal Park, has Jo succeeded in swimming the width of the "immense pool" at Randolph Macon?

Which is Ruth more interested in—state mail or State male?

Don't you think it would be better to change the saying, "Frank Carter's heart is like a hotel because there is room for everybody" to "room for ladies only."

Gossip, you well deserve your name if you can answer these questions satisfactorily.

Curiously yours,

SIS LEAHEY, '21.



## IN THE SCHOOL



### THE HONOR SOCIETY

The Westmont-Upper Yoder Chapter of the National Honor Society of Secondary Schools is growing. Its high ideals and standards of scholarship, service, and leadership are now recognized and are being attained by the whole student body. Though only members of the Senior Class can be appointed as members of the society, the spirit of the organization has spread throughout the lower classes, whose members are the Seniors of tomorrow. Every month the honor students meet with the A. B. students and those with a possible C.

We wish to give credit to the graduate Honor members who have been our inspiration. From the class of 1921, are Seabrook Reilly, Margaret McGahan, and Dorothea Leahey. There are also those from '22 who have been our guides—Ted Campbell, Mary Wright and Helen Flack.

The National Honor Society is a practically new institution, but one of very great worth. It stands for the things that count in life—first, co-operation and service, and second, scholarship.

The representatives of the class of 1923 are, Katherine Krieger, Marjorie Reynolds, Jane Fronheiser, and Margaret Jones.





THE STAFF



## GIRLS' CLUB

This year, as in former years, the Girls' Club has lived up to its standard by rendering service to the community when possible and by furnishing pleasure and entertainment for its members.

The first social event of the year was a hike—a very successful hike. The party started out with a great deal of enthusiasm, but without any goal; so it was agreed that the club should walk until they became tired. However some of the “ladies” soon repented of their decision for several members appeared to be indefatigable. Under the leadership of these ambitious “few,” the rest of the crowd was coaxed over fields, down hills, through woods, past Ideal Park, and on and on until Tire Hill was reached. Here a nice field was occupied, and while the tired members soothed their nerves by laughing and preparing sticks for the weiner roast and marshmallow toast, the “indefatigables” made a fire and got everything in readiness. A few minutes later when everything had been eaten, the fire was put out, all papers and boxes were gathered up, and the girls started for home. It was at the very beginning of the homeward journey that the kidnapping of the whole club was attempted. The girls were equal to the emergency for they ran until the kidnappers became discouraged—at least they were not seen again. The crowd gradually disbanded as town was reached, but one group went through Roxbury distributing weiners and as a result had some interesting experiences (for complete description see Janet Cook or Clara Osgood).

At Hallowe'en the club again had a party. Dancing, ghost stories, fortune-telling, and the initiation of the “Freshies” were the entertainments provided, but several unexpected occurrences added to the pleasure. The presence of the Sheik caused quite a sensation; nevertheless he was almost forgotten in the excitement occasioned by the discovery of some intruders who were desirous of refreshments. A radio concert was to have been held in the library that evening and although the radio did not work, many of the girls must have found some attraction up-stairs—for they stayed up the greatest part of the evening.

There have been some unusual programs given at the regular meetings this year. Mrs. Storey's “Style Show” was enjoyed immensely, and the Girls' Minstrel was a delightful surprise—in fact it surpassed the vaudeville given at the Majestic Theatre. At another meeting the club was very agreeably entertained by some of the girls who had been in Miss Perry's Oratory Class. There were also several musical selections given.

The Social Service Committee has carried out the customs established in former years by sending girls to the Children's Ward in the hospital and by distributing food and clothing among families who are in need.

The Girl Reserves “Mother and Daughter Banquet” was given in the First Presbyterian Church on April twenty-seventh. The attendance was large and the Westmont club was well represented. Kasey Krieger greeted the mothers with appropriate words; while later, Eileen Lewis pleased the banqueters with a vocal solo. An amusing feature of the evening was a singing contest between the Conemaugh and Westmont girls. The banquet was closed by a series of tableaux portraying the purposes and activities of the Girls Reserves.

The biggest event of the year “came off” on Saturday afternoon, April the twenty-eighth—the Bazaar and Bake Sale which was successful despite rainy weather. Miss Greer kindly offered her home and it was there that the sale was held. In one room all kinds of pretty things were for sale—handkerchiefs, bridge sets, aprons, bags and many other hand-made novelties. Miss Clara Osgood presided in this room, and it is believed (by some) that the sales were due to her powers of persuasion. In the room across the hall cakes and candy were sold. In a third room there were several tables of bridge of which Alice Woods had charge. Throughout the afternoon music was furnished by the victrola. The Girls' Club made about seventy dollars during that afternoon. Some of this money will be used to pay part of the hospital subscription, the rest will be added to the fund for the delegates to Camp Nepahwin.

Although the club's activities have not been very numerous this year, they have been worthwhile and have been commended and supported by the girls. The club has gained many new members from the large Freshman Class. We hope not only that it will continue to increase in size, but also that it will become a better, more influential organization each year.





### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has met regularly this year, holding their meetings at noon on Wednesday; and, although there has been some trouble in interesting a few of the members, several worthwhile things have been accomplished by this body.

The Library Committee was organized early in the year for the purpose of aiding Miss Greer and Miss Neptune in the distribution of library books to the students. The girls of the committee have charge of the library during study periods.

A "Committee on Points" was also formed with Louise Wellington as chairman. This committee has worked out a "system of points," the aim of which is to keep one pupil from holding too many offices. Fourteen are the greatest number of permanent points that one person may have. The system has been carefully worked out, valuing each office at a certain number of points—according to its importance and the amount of work involved. It is hoped that the "point system" will be successfully put into practice and will accomplish its purpose in the years to come.

The Council has made a few necessary changes in the constitution and has adopted a new plan for the selection of its members. It was discovered through the experiences of the year that no work can be accomplished unless the members are interested; so it has been arranged that only those who volunteer for service will be eligible. By this method the Council hopes to obtain students who are willing to co-operate and do everything in their power to make it a success.

Many other less important matters have been settled. The Council has gradually grown and has made progress despite the troubles which have arisen. It has been learning from experience—so every new body should be an improvement on those which have preceded it.

DOROTHEA LUEBBERT.

### THE BOYS' CLUB

The Boys' Club closed its most successful season in its history with the year 1922-23. President Charles McGahan ably carried his responsibilities and much credit is due to him. Owen Higgins as Vice-President was ever ready to step into Charles' place when necessary. We must admit Bill Seitz is all there as a Secretary, while Eddie Williams as Treasurer would make a fine dentist, due to his power of extracting (money).

Leaving the officers we come to the program of the club's activities. Many excellent speakers addressed the club, among whom were Mr. Shaul of the forest commission; Mr. Clark, Chinese missionary; Reverend Wallace; Mr. Cramer of the Y. M. C. A.

One of the biggest events of the year was the "Father and Son Night." This was attended by a large number of the boys and fathers, and various prizes were awarded, ranging from hair pins to peanuts. Mr. Harris gave a piano solo and Mr. Ludwig gave a talk on forestry. Eats were served and lots of thrills furnished.

The Boys' Club responded to the Memorial Hospital drive with a pledge of twenty-five dollars.

The last meeting of the club was addressed by Reverend Fisher. He gave a splendid talk on "Pounding Sand in Rat-holes."

So you see we have had a better time and a more successful year than ever before and much of the credit is due to our manager, Mr. Fails, and to our pianist, Mr. Engh. So all together fellows, a big cheer for the Boys' Club.

JOHN B. GOBIN, '24.

### SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club was organized because many of the pupils of the various science classes desired to study other branches of that subject, than those offered in their classes. The officers are:

President—Helen Crooks.

Vice President—Robert Crooks.

Secretary—Florence Stutzman.

Treasurer—Alice Raab.

Librarian—Dorothea Wolf.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Joe Muckley.

The programs are in the hands of a volunteer program committee. The dues of ten cents are paid weekly.

So far the club has had two discussions of the stars, illustrated by lantern slides from the Pennsylvania State Museum; a talk on birds by Sarah Engelhardt and Dorothea Wolf, illustrated by mounted specimens; a talk on Venus and Mars by Adeline Eichler and Dorothy Emerling; a talk on the wild flowers of Europe by Miss Krebs, illustrated by mounted specimens; a talk on common wild flowers by Mary Brands, illustrated by lantern slides; and an excursion to Hogback Tunnel, in charge of Miss Canan.

THOMAS CLEAVER, '26.





SCIENCE CLUB



# ATHLETICS

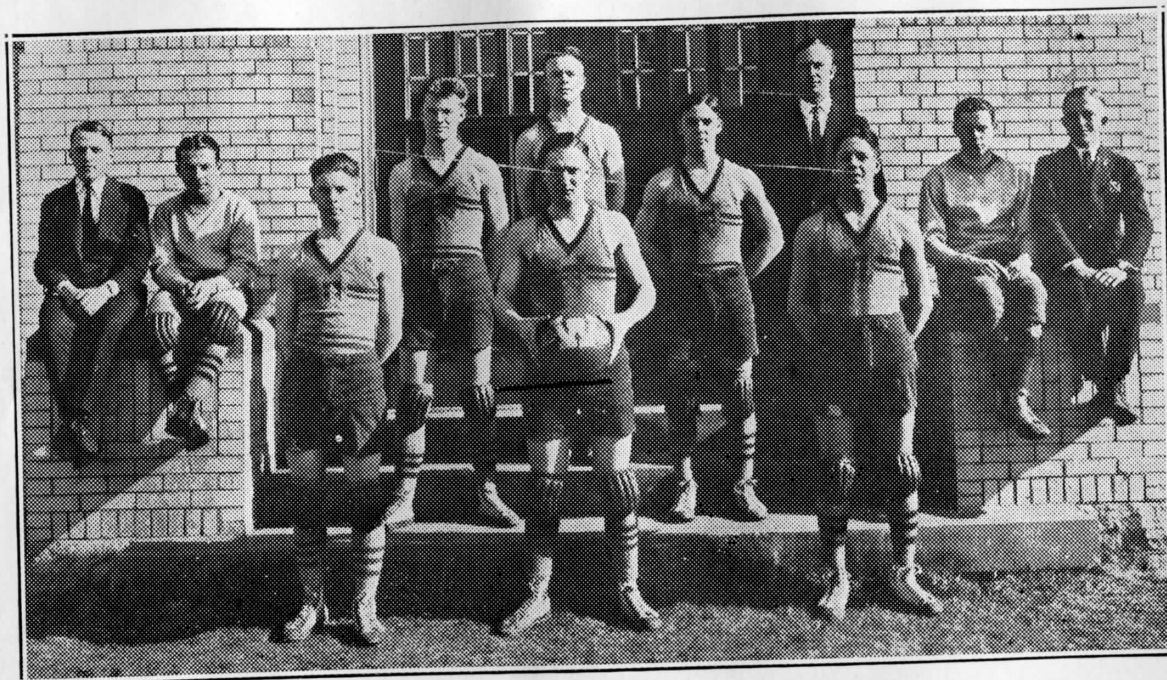
## BASKETBALL

There is a group of "prophets" in Westmont which I would greatly enjoy "squelching." It is that group which, as each successive Basketball season draws to a close, predicts a "punk" team for the succeeding year. Facts have proved these predictions false in previous years and any such prophecies made this spring are sure to suffer the same fate at the hands of next year's squad.

But it is about this year's team that I wish to speak. I am proud to say that it is the best Basketball team which has ever represented old W. U. Y. H. S. This is no idle boost, but a statement backed by hard and uncompromising statistics. The schedule this year was no easy one, yet, under the handicap of having only two hours of practice and no home floor, we won a greater percentage of our games than ever before. We are usually very well satisfied to "break even" in our contests with the boys from Ebensburg. This year we defeated them on their own floor. We are usually content if we can prevent Bellefonte Academy from beating us by more than thirty points. This year we lost to them by only ten points and defeated them at the Y. M. C. A. in our final game of the season. And thus any number of instances might be mentioned, proving the superiority of the squad of this year over squads of previous years.

Here starts a new paragraph. It really should be a part of the preceding one, but we wish to set it off by itself in order that it may attract special notice. In case any of the foregoing proofs should fail to convince the reader, let him glance at this and drop his objections to our boastful statement. The squad of '23 defeated the best combination of the old "stars" that the Alumni could produce. Of course we feel sorry for our Alumni—and right here and now the entire body of undergraduates wishes to express its sympathy. We wish to avoid all ill feeling between the student body and the Alumni, but we ask you, now, what else could we have done under the circumstances? But we will forget our troubles with the Alumni. They, and those of the world who care to, know how we love them (and how we beat them).

There is, however, a section of our record which is not quite so pleasant to contemplate. Members of the team refuse to resort to the use of alibis in their explanation of our failure to down the Johnstown High quintet in at least one of the four contests played, and we will not mar their good example by beginning here. None of those games were one-sided affairs, and, as we will have practically the same team next year, there is every reason to hope that the squad will redeem itself in the future for its failure this year.



## BASKETBALL

Date		Opponent		Westmont H. S.	
Dec.	8	Juniata H. S.	27	Westmont H. S.	54
	11	Johnstown H. S.	27	Westmont H. S.	20
	15	Windber H. S.	20	Westmont H. S.	35
	18	Conemaugh H. S.	52	Westmont H. S.	37
	22	Conemaugh H. S.	44	Westmont H. S.	32
	29	Alumni	38	Westmont H. S.	40
Jan.	2	Windber H. S.	19	Westmont H. S.	30
	5	Johnstown H. S.	41	Westmont H. S.	33
	6	Indiana Normal	39	Westmont H. S.	23
	8	Johnstown H. S.	23	Westmont H. S.	22
	12	Saltsburg H. S.	28	Westmont H. S.	32
	13	Leechburg H. S.	39	Westmont H. S.	25
	15	Conemaugh H. S.	23	Westmont H. S.	41
	19	Johnstown H. S.	43	Westmont H. S.	39
	22	Windber H. S.	36	Westmont H. S.	30
	26	Conemaugh H. S.	26	Westmont H. S.	35
Feb.	2	Windber H. S.	21	Westmont H. S.	31
	3	Ebensburg H. S.	33	Westmont H. S.	34
	9	Saltsburg H. S.	38	Westmont H. S.	54
	17	Bellefonte Acad.	32	Westmont H. S.	22
	19	Conemaugh H. S.	41	Westmont H. S.	44
	23	Hollidaysburg H. S.	28	Westmont H. S.	37
March	1	Rockwood H. S.	18	Westmont H. S.	66
	2	Mt. Savage	29	Westmont H. S.	50
	3	Hollidaysburg H. S.	32	Westmont H. S.	31
	16	Bellefonte Acad.	47	Westmont H. S.	49

## THE LEAGUE

A basketball league was organized this year among the High Schools of this district. It was composed of Johnstown, Westmont, Conemaugh, and Windber High Schools, the teams finishing the race in the order in which they are mentioned. Westmont was handicapped by a poor start in the League, due to sickness among the players, but ended the race with "flying colors."

## THE PLAYERS

A basketball "team" is composed of five players who are equally important to the success of the team. If this condition does not exist, then the team is not the machine that it should be. However, as is the case in our own team, these players may be of equal importance to the team, though not in similar ways.

## CAPTAIN "HEN" SEITZ

"Hen" was a vital and almost indispensable cog in our machine this year. We don't want to credit any one man with having been the "whole team," yet we feel that Henry does deserve a little more credit than his fellow teammates. Upon him rested the responsibilities of a captain. Upon him also rested the additional responsibility of deciding a number of the contests by his work from the foul line. And besides this he was always counted upon to secure a large proportion of our points from the field—and the strange part of it is that he never failed us in any of the many things which were expected of him. Thus it is easily apparent that our captain fulfilled his trust to the fullest extent.

## FRANK LEAHEY

Frank Leahey is scheduled to be the "small-boy hero" of Westmont next year, as he was elected to succeed "Hen" Seitz as captain. We take this opportunity to congratulate him and wish him all success in his undertaking—for he has certainly earned his position and is deserving of the best of success. His present elevated position is due to his work on the "Varsity" during the past two seasons. His speed in floor-work and his ability to break through the best defenses and cage the ball have contributed much to the success of the team.



### MANAGER OWEN HIGGINS

"Goat" Higgins was the official "tin can eater" of the squad. All the work that was too rough or unpleasant for anyone else to do was left to him. But even then he didn't have so very much to do. The Manager accompanies the team on all trips, and I have more than once suspected that Owen was chosen for this position more because of his never-failing good nature than because of any capacity for work which he possessed.

### CHAS. McGAHAN

"Chise" is the "big boy." He has been a "Varsity" man for two years and is one of the steady pluggers on the team. He was not one of the brilliant players of the team but was valuable to it because he knew how to work with the other players. McGahan is the only member of the team who will graduate this year, and unless some of the other players grow during the summer, we will miss him next season.

### "TED" WAGNER

"Waggie" has been a "Varsity" man for two years and is the mainstay of the defensive department of the squad. "Ted" is certainly well built and well trained for the position which he occupies. The best and huskiest of our opponents always prefer running around "Ted" to running into him, and when such conditions exist, his work is half finished before he even starts.

### "BILL" SEITZ

"Bill" is the future "star" of the squad. He is only a Sophomore but he has already played a year on the "Varsity" as running guard—and there wasn't a sub who came anywhere near being a close second to him. "Bill" is the boy that makes the kind of shots you read about—one-handed from the middle of the floor while he is traveling at full speed.

### ROSS "MONK" COOK (SHEIK)

"Monk" was valuable to the team as a boy who could fill any position in an emergency. He didn't earn his "Letter" in any one position but was valuable in that he could fill any gap caused by chance (or by one of the regulars failing to measure up to par. When we went on trips the girls always "fell" for the "Sheik"—(SOME-TIMES).

### HARRY CALLET

Harry isn't very big and he was only a "sub" this year, but what there is of him is certainly all right. He is fast on his feet, "hard as nails," and has an eye for the basket. If Harry can manage to add a few inches to his height, he will make the best forwards on the squad step lively in order to hold their positions.

### RALPH MARSHALL (SPIKE)

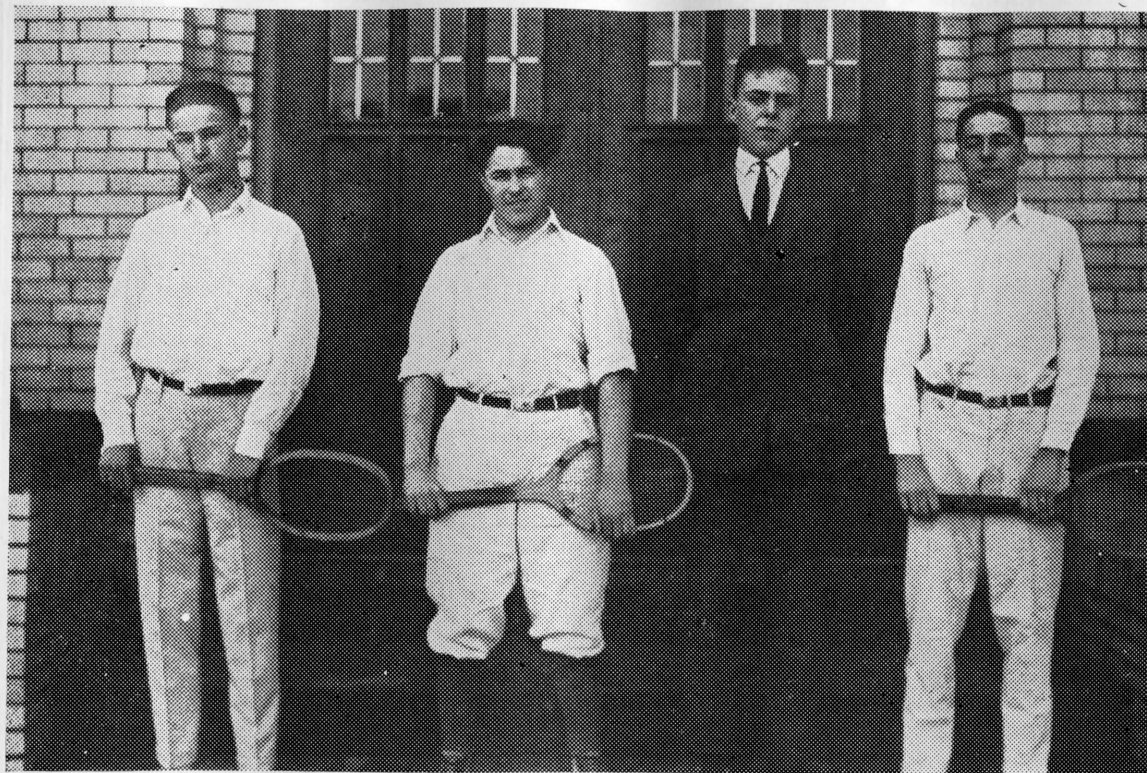
"Spike" is only a Freshman, but he has served a year as "Varsity sub." He found that there was a slight difference between playing for a "little five" and earning a berth on a High School "Varsity" squad. But "Spike" doesn't need to worry. The center position will be vacant next year and if he is really in earnest, he can have things pretty much his own way for the next three years.

### COACH ENGH

The fact that the appreciation of our coach comes last in line is due to no neglect on the part of the editors. Strange as it appears, they had a definite purpose in doing this. We deeply appreciate the work of our Coach in this school and all records and accounts have been placed before in order that the reason for this appreciation may be understood.

This is only a small school and it is not very old. Yet, due to the efforts of Mr. Engh, we are already prominent in three branches of sport. The Track Team is only known locally, as the annual county meet is the only one which we enter. Our Tennis Team, I feel safe in asserting, is as good as any team in its class in the country. Basketball, the sport to which he devotes most of his time, has been developed to a remarkable degree in our school, considering the circumstances under which the team is forced to play. The Basketball Team is known all through this section of our state and even in Maryland, and I take pride in saying that it is not only known but respected as a worthy opponent. Ask any player of any team about the Coach as a man, and the forthcoming answer will be a recommendation of the highest sort. We don't ask you to take the mere word of anyone as to his ability as a coach—we simply request that you consider carefully the statistics published here. And now perhaps you will have some little idea of why we appreciate our Coach and his work in the school.





TENNIS TEAM--1922



TRACK TEAM

### THE TRACK TEAM

Chug—chug—ch—ch—cu—chug!

"It's a good thing the old tub got up that hill. Now for the next."

Chuamgh—cu—chug—chug—chug!

NOTE: And so on for about thirty minutes.

"Yeah for Ebensburg! All right, gang, pile off!" And we did.

Of course all this chugging is about the track meet! At the chiming of the ten o'clock bells we pulled up in our limousines and disembarked. Soon after, the preliminaries started! My but they were some preliminaries. Of course it is a recognized fact that Westmont won enough places to put her in the afternoon finals for the cup. And we showed them we hadn't forgotten how to yell either, didn't we, Westmont?

Next in order we retired for grub and came back in time to give a few lusty cheers before business started. Incidentally it started with a bang—of the starter's gun. Although Seitz and Leahey tried their hardest in the hurdles we were doomed to disappointment. The hundred-yard dash was another tough luck affair. We gained no points in the 220, the half-mile, the mile and the 440.

About this time Westmont was feeling pretty blue when Leahey won the first place in the high jump. Our hearts went up in the region of our shoulders. Following this he got first place in the pole vault. Our hearts went up in our throats. At this time Viola Peden came across with second place in the basketball throw and third in the baseball. We all agree that she can shake a mighty arm. At this sensation it was necessary that we take our hearts out and put them in our pockets. And we were ready to hoot our heads off when "Marg" Jahn got second and Viola third places in the hundred-yard dash for girls.

We went home a mighty happy crowd with third place tucked away with our hearts and joyously squeaking with failing voices, the "Old Gray Mare."

Since the track meet we have learned that Patton was disqualified, thus giving us second place. Nine rahs for Westmont!

JOHN B. GOBIN, '24.

### TENNIS

Westmont High School came through one hundred per cent in their tennis schedule for 1921-22. Much of last year's success was due to the efforts of the girls who made the bake sale a success and this gave us the necessary financial aid. We want to thank them for their co-operation and support.

Last year the team was in its infancy, and so did not have a very extensive schedule. Nevertheless a reputation was established and the prospects for this year are very favorable. We have matches scheduled with colleges, Cornell and Pitt; and with Kiski Prep School and Huntington High School. We had hoped to secure a match with Germantown Academy but owing to difficulties in their schedule, they were unable to play us this year. This game was of particular interest to us on account of the World's Champion, William T. Tilden, being their coach. Washington and Jefferson and Carnegie Tech have the one-year ruling, but we hope to meet them next year. We feel that in competing with such schools as these mentioned we are striving toward a high goal; with the generous support of the student body and with the help and encouragement of our coach and our manager, we may successfully have a team that will be able to compete with any in the country.

JACK O'LOUGHLIN.



*Real Distinction In Clothes For Young Men*

**WOOLF & REYNOLDS, Inc.**

"CLOTHES THAT SATISFY"



The Store

of

Friendly Service

PENN TRAFFIC COMPANY

*Johnstown's Greatest Store*





For Safety

For Pleasure

Equip Your Car With

# Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires

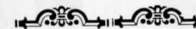
And Ton Tested Tubes

Tire Service Co., Ltd.

217 MARKET STREET

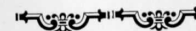
Bell 230—City 5802

# Play Tennis--



We will restring your racket  
in 24 hours. Bring it in today  
get it tomorrow.

Every racket we sell you is  
given a coat of Pro-Tex-It.

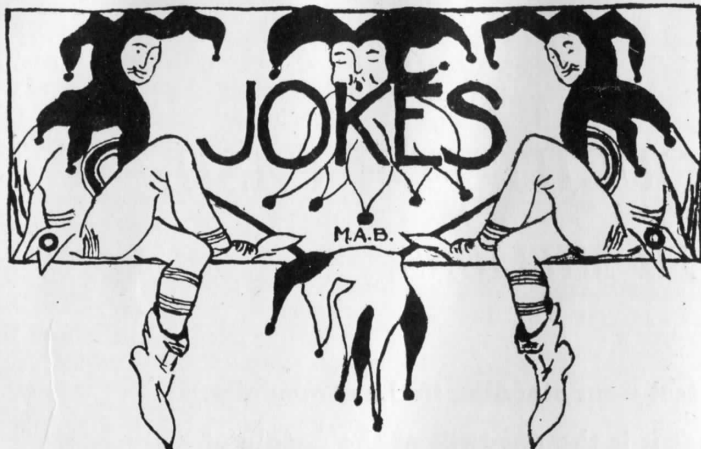


## Schade & Nelson

Exclusive Sporting Goods

132 Market Street

Opposite P. O.



A jewelry advertisement—Watch for a lady of superior design and movement.

Notice: President Alma Reynolds of the Reducing Club wishes all members to be present at the daily meeting. Please bring dumb-bells. Kindly use freight elevator.

Passenger—How often does your line kill a man?  
“Connie”—Just once.

What are twins?  
Excess baggage usually carried by people who can’t afford them.

Since woman suffrage came into effect it should include the following:

The right to tip their hats to the men.  
The right to pay the man’s way to the movie.  
The right to stand in the street car.  
The right to pay the taxi bill.  
The right to respect men as their equals.

## “THE GIFT USEFUL”

### A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Violins	Saxaphones
Mandolins	Cornets
Cellos	Clarinets
Guitars	Trombones
Banjos	Horns & Drums
Ukules	Complete Band
Autoharps	Outfits
Harmonicas	Instruction Books
Accessories	Cases for
Sheet Music	All Instruments
Latest Song Hits	Leather Goods

### CASH OR PAYMENTS

**STEELE & HARRIS, Inc.**

Suppes Bldg.,—223 Franklin St.

Everything in Musical Merchandise

STEINWAY PIANOS

DUO-ART PIANOS

*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.

### THE TRIP TO THE EXPOSITION

One day in English class we received news that we were going to see the Greater Johnstown Industrial Exposition that was to be held from the second to the seventh of October. Immediately there was much confusion, for a visit to the exposition meant a day off, and a day off meant no work.

We started about ten o'clock and all managed to squeeze into the Southmont street car, alias, the "Toonerville Trolley," and then the fun began. A sharp curve would swing those who were standing into the laps of those sitting and forthwith would rumble a chorus of "Ah's" and "Oh's" and "Ouches." It seemed as though the car must upset judging from the way it leaned and swayed.

When we reached the exposition we had to push our way through the gate and, once inside, we scattered like flax before the wind.

To me the most interesting exhibit was the Cambria Steel display. Some of its features were the all-steel mine cars, farm implements, and especially a steel axle, twisted cold. The latter was considered one of the greatest features of the exhibition and was on display at the World's Fair, held at San Francisco. Another department was that of the Safety First where there was an extensive collection of masks, goggles, and special kinds of gloves and mining lamps. The masks were especially interesting, some of which were employed in welding, others for the rescue of miners, and still others for cutting steel. A large board with about a dozen pairs of glasses then attracted our attention. Each pair had saved a man from becoming blind.

The printing and silk machines were a mass of complicated machinery. At the printing machine our names were printed on small strips of lead which resulted in considerable disturbance in the school, especially among the Freshies.

We spent a profitable morning among these displays and grudgingly returned to school. Some were unfortunate enough to miss the Southmont car and arrived at school just in time to grab their books and rush to the first class.

WILLIAM SCHAUP, '26.



## MILLER CLOTHES

Look Best--Wear Longest





## Clothing and Furnishings

*For Dad and The Boys*

*—mat*

138 CLINTON STREET

## FIVE

### REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR SHOES REPAIRED BY US:—

1. An Expert Shoemaker and Mechanic will repair them.
2. We use the Goodyear Welt shoe repair system.
3. All work guaranteed.
4. The best and quickest service.
5. The best material, for the most reasonable prices.

## WESTMONT SHOE REPAIR SHOP

REAR 237 FAYETTE ST.

Will Call for and Deliver Work

Phone 2669-J

During basketball practice—Engh: All right now Henry, dribble to the side of the floor and shoot yourself.

A girl is known by the date she keeps.

If the moon had a baby would the sky rocket?

Miss Neptune: Any one can be a parrot and recite mere words.

Bright one: How about a preacher?

I went to a wedding last night.

I suppose the bride had the conventional Malachrine!

Big Boy: What's a ground hog?

Little Runt: Sausage.

A big ki-yi for the grade school minstrel !!

Miss Neptune: If you have any old magazines, bring them to school tomorrow.

M. Carter: What for?

M. Englehart: To give to the starving blind.

Madame: (First day of French)—“I was out at a banquet last night and no one knew I was French.”

Noah was right when he said you can't believe everything you hear.

Why are young men's eyes like birds?

Because they flit from limb to limb.

How is a teacher like an engineer?

One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

Freshman Girl—What's a Whiz Bang?

Senior Man (with great presence of mind)—“Oh, that's one of those trade weeklies put out by an auto accident insurance company.

What is your doggie's name?

Ginger.

Does he bite?

No, Ginger snaps.

Buy Quality Jewelry at Far Less

**S. Zaconick**

Dealer in

**DIAMONDS, WATCHES & JEWELRY**

**Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing**

**545 MAIN STREET**

City Phone 1779-B

Johnstown, Pa.

*To Have Good Luck  
Wear Your Birth Stone*

**JANUARY**

Garnet or Almandine

**FEBRUARY**

Amethyst or Peridot

**MARCH**

Bloodstone or  
Hyacinth

**APRIL**

Diamond or Kunzite

**MAY**

Emerald or Tourmaline

**JUNE**

Pearl or Agate

**JULY**

Ruby or Rhodinite

**AUGUST**

Moonstone or Sardonyx

**SEPTEMBER**

Sapphire or Aquamarine

**OCTOBER**

Opal or Coral

**NOVEMBER**

Topaz or Crocidolite

**DECEMBER**

Turquoise or Chrysocolla

## They're Selling More and More

As the local market area enlarges—aided materially by better transportation facilities — progressive Johnstown merchants are increasing their sales every day through the simple formula of advertising in The Tribune.

The circulation of this paper has expanded and grown with each new territory that has developed within the local shopping radius, and its more than 28,000 Net Paid copies can be used daily at a much lower cost per thousand than is available in any other medium.

## CENTURY RANGES



**Made RIGHT in Johnstown**  
**Any Stove Dealer Can Supply You**

CENTURY STOVE & MANUFACTURING CO.

Du Pont Place : : : Johnstown, Pa.

McGahan modestly boasts of the inter-collegiate long-distance sleeping championship.

You say the girls are vain? Ask the girls how long it took the basketball boys to get ready for their picture.

Faint perfume never won fair damsel.

In the Sanitorium—Bill—"Is the clock on the wall right?"  
Dill—"It wouldn't be here if it was."

He swept the room with a glance. Pictures swayed, rugs squirmed, chairs rocked, tables creaked, the lights went out, and terror reigned. When Carl Arent sweeps there is power in his sweep. Carl is already considering taking a post-graduate course in——?

Westmont can't afford any more murder mysteries. The chief and his force are several solutions behind, as it is.

How do some people figure that Sunday is a day of rest when it's the one day that a man stays at home with his wife?

Two boys were fighting outside of the school.  
The teacher went out, and the aggressor, a small red-faced lad of about ten, was asked to explain.

"That flat-headed Swede insulted me. He said that I was a Dutchman and I'm not. My father was a Bulgarian and me mother was a good lady from Mexico." The explanation was accepted.

Two naughty children were having a verbal dual  
1st Boy—"There's enough wood in your head to make a ship."

2nd Boy—"Yes, and there's enough sap in your head to flood it."

#### **A Way to Make More Money.**

Perfume your dollar bills and add a scent to each dollar.

## **Congratulations, Class of 1923**

**W**E FELICITATE the members of the graduating class of the Westmont High School on having completed the prescribed course of study and wish them full measure of success and happiness as they journey through life.

Naturally we suggest that they early form the habit of doing their shopping here for, of course—





## Personal Supervision Counts

The heads of this business interest themselves in the buyer of every Soda Fountain that leaves their establishment.

This interest is not remote or theoretical, but immediate, active and actual.

Responsible mechanics safeguard and scrutinize every essential step in the process of installation.

The WALRUS is not an ordinary fountain, but a special built Soda Fountain. Let our salesman show you how it excels.



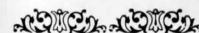
### LEE-STRAUSS CO.

SODA FOUNTAINS AND STORE FIXTURES

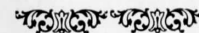
232 Levergood Street - - Johnstown, Pa.

ONE GRADE—ONE PRICE—ONE SERVICE—  
EASY TERMS—DEFINITE DELIVERY

STOP AT  
EVAN LEWIS' STORE



FOR  
GAS, OIL,  
ICE CREAM  
... and ...  
GROCERIES



On the Brick Road Back of  
Westmont

The largest vegetable—Englishman—"I saw a head of cabbage that weighed eleven pounds."

Dutchman—"That's nothing, I saw two officers sleeping on the same beat."

The other day Miss White endeavored to give the studious students of the seventh study period a few of the fine points in the gentle art of boxing. She fought a no-decision settee with Mr. Dan Ellis, one of our esteemed and honored upper classmen. Miss White scored a decided victory over Mr. Ellis and she is calmly awaiting all new-comers. Any pugilistic fans desiring to arrange a match please notify Mr. G. A. Fails, fight manager and promoter of Miss White. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

Fond Mother—"Gladys, didn't I tell you never to let me catch you sitting on that young man's lap again."

Gladys—"But how did I know you were coming?"

Fond Mother—"There—there honey, I ain't blaming you, but it's hard on them chairs."

Alice Woods sure has a busy time seeing herself as others see her.

#### BY RADIO TODAY

B. V. D.

7:00—Talk by Matt Tress on the "Wave Length of Bobbed Hair."

7:30—Singing by the Boiler House Quartet, song entitled "Columbus Came Over on the Cauliflower."

8:30—Intermission for applause.

8:67—Bed time stories for the Freshies.

X. Y. Z.

7:26 1/2—Mr. I. M. Thirsty will give a barrel-tone solo entitled, "You Can Take My Licker, but You Can't Keep Me Still."

8:01—The Russian Quartet will sing a song, "Some Sunny Dayskie." The quartet is composed of the following members: Nicholis Popomquictz, Stevan Othazy, Mose Romonofsky and Manny Higgins.

8:90—The Cat-whiskers Club will read an interesting paper on "My Gal Ena."



*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.



American Shoe Repair Shop

348 Main St., City Hall Square

W. E. JAMES, Proprietor

*For Fine Quality  
Engraved Wedding  
Announcements  
and Invitations---  
Calling Cards and  
Business Cards*

VALLEY ENGRAVING CO.

*Second Floor, Woolf Annex  
Lincoln Street*

- P. D. Q.
- 7:20 3-1—Frances Nobody will sing "Asleep By the Ditch" followed by the pathetic ballad, "Just as I Am Without One Flea."
- 7:26—Three-year-old African Mothballs will recite "The Hole on the Barroom Floor."
- 8:00—The B. V. D. Trio will give a number of pleasing combinations. The most popular of these will be "Daisy, the Bar Maid," and "Just Onc't Again."

#### A COLLEGE EDUCATION

Registration	Procrastination
Matriculation	Aspiration
Proclamation	Vibration
Initiation	Infatuation
Transformation	Conflagration
Concentration	Determination
Admiration	Palpitation
Flirtation	Conferation
Conversation	Graduation
Initiation	Solemnization
Acceptation	

What are the leading papers of Omaha?  
Cigaret and divorce.

Did you go to church last Sunday?  
No, I slept at home.

Miss Neptune ought to have wavy hair.

You don't have to go to the farm to get fresh chickens these days.

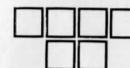
#### SEEN IN WASHINGTON

Mannie and Kasey went out one night  
To see the show at Keiths.  
And prim, precise, with proper quiet  
They sat—thus—far—apart.  
But, oh, the Hero wooed the girl,  
Twice, oh, he stole a kiss,  
And when the lights went on again  
They SAT UP CLOSE LIKE THIS.



## WM. B. WATERS & BRO.

Blank Books,  
Loose Leaf Ledgers,  
Pictures,  
Picture Framing,  
Books and  
Stationery





# A TREASURE CHART

**T**HOUSANDS HAVE SOUGHT in vain for buried treasure when they might have found fortune close at hand.

Here are sure directions to follow if you would find wealth:

**Buy Wisely**

**Save Systematically**

Deposit your savings in this institution, receiving 3% interest.

No treasure chart ever led to more certain fortune.

**The**  
**National Bank of Johnstown**  
**JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.**

**Capital, Surplus and Profits - - \$400,000.00**

**Resources - - - - - \$3,000,000.00**

**Who Could Imagine—**

Seymour Callet without his hair combed.  
"Ollie" and "Johnnie" without the Kasey sisters.  
Bill Greer without a tongue.  
"Cuneo" Wagner in knee breeches.  
Eddie Williams with a shimmyless laugh.  
Miss Krebs without rubber soles.  
"Jeff" Jose kissing Sally Geer.  
"Monk" Cook in his right senses.  
Ernie without the fever.  
Mr. Fails without curly hair.  
Davy without a mustache.  
Madame McFarland without her catskin.

John Gobin still thinks that an onion could, by concentration and perseverance, make itself a prune.

**AD COLUMN**

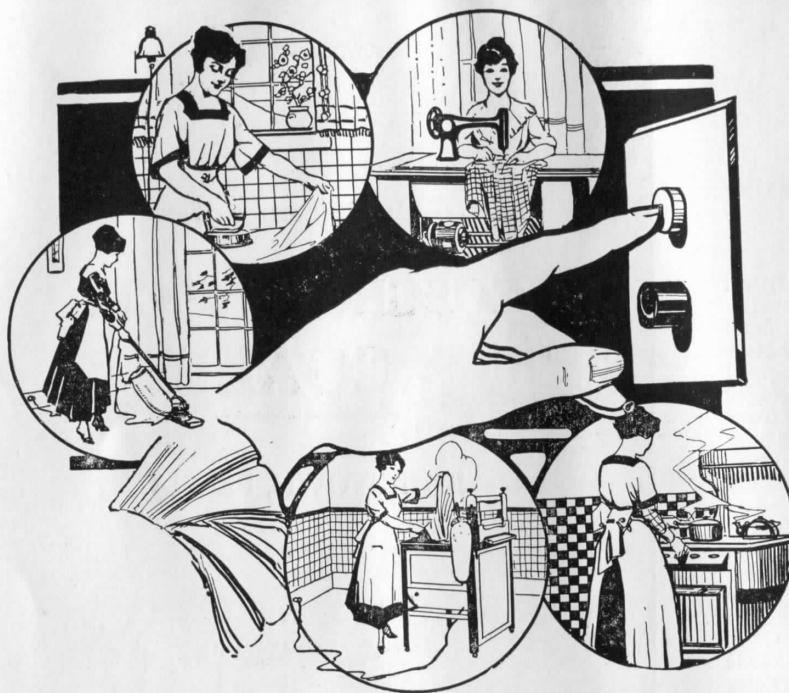
How Do You Brush Your Hair?	"Morey" Lewis
Do You Weigh What You Should?	Donald Berkley
Whistle	T. D. Williams
Time to Re-tire	Jane Fronheiser
Stretch—Yawn—Relax	"Bob" Longwell
Enchantment	"Kasey" Kreiger
Sunkist	Viola Proudfoot
99 44-100% Pure	"Rat" McKernan
Ideal Hands	"Jay" Cook
Sun Maid	Clara Osgood
How Ten Minutes Fun Every Day Keeps Me Fit	"Manny" Higgins
Use Hair Groom	Hammond
His Master's Voice	"Todd" Brown
Is There a Little Fairy in Your Home?	Sarah Geer
Reduce to Music	Louise Wellington
A Skin You Love to Touch	"Sis" Cook
Can You Guess This Man's Age?	"Augie" Englehardt
Joes' Toys Will Make You Smile, Too	"Henny" Dicky
Cunningham Vacuum Tubes	"Lib" Rogers
Lovely Eyes	Miss Ross
Day Dream	Kenny Bidleman
Vacuum Cup Tires	"Henny" Seitz
The Gold Dust Twins	"Honey" and "A"
The Children's Hour	Chapel

—Compliments of—

**COSGROVE & CO.**  
**COAL**

**JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.**

# AT YOUR FINGER TIPS



There is a kind of magic in the ease with which you summon Electrical aid. Touch a button—and whir-r-r! Old-time drudgery flies out of the window.

From the time the household wakens to the labor of the day, through almost every form of household labor.

## Electric Devices Give Their Instant Aid

It is interesting to see how this great magic force has revolutionized every phase of modern work.

We especially recommend Electric Washing Machines, Electric Vacuum Cleaners, Electric Irons, Electric Sewing Machines, Electric Ranges.

# PENN PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION

Miss Krebs—"I forgot myself today and spoke sharply to one of the girls."

Mr. Shambach—"Did she resent it?"

Miss Krebs—"For a moment, yes. Then she smiled and congratulated me on my bravery."

Bashful young man (to a girl at plumbing company)—  
"I—I—I'd like to have a bath tub demonstration, please."

School is a prison, that's what it seems,  
Never a place of pleasant dreams,  
It's a dungeon room—  
A place where I'm doomed,  
Where I sit 'most every day,  
While six hours of misery pass away.  
When I watch the clock upon the wall,  
The hands don't even seem to crawl.  
And, if I could, I'd quit, that's all—  
Play tennis, swim, play golf and ball.  
My wouldn't that be great?  
No studies that I hate.

Oh, what worries has the bald-headed man!  
Ask him which way he combs his hair if you can.  
What does he have to worry about?  
Not of his hair ever falling out.  
No barber bills  
Ever give him the chills,  
Or clippers clip away his dollar bills.  
He does not have to worry a day  
About his hair a-turning grey.  
So a balded man, at the very worst,  
May be blessed, in a way while he's cursed.

DON. H. MCGOVERN, '26.

Don Lecky—"Who was Santy Claus's mother?"

Todd Brown—"Mary Christmas."

Patent Pending—Insignia for D—E club. One hundred  
and forty-five to be ordered by Westmont "Hi."

Miss Baker: What does Egypt export?

J. Northwood: Dancers, the Egyptian kind.

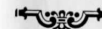
# *Greer Furniture Co.*

INCORPORATED



LEADERS IN

*Furniture, Floor Coverings,  
Household Furnishings,  
Stoves and Ranges*



The Oldest Furniture Store in the City

Since 1883

219-227 BEDFORD ST.



*"You don't believe in signs, do you, Cuthbert?"*



It costs no more to buy a Kelly.  
Distributed by

**The Johnstown Automobile Co.**

101-111  
Main Street

### Have You Ever Heard These:

"It was perfect torture to get up this morning."  
 "This room is so hot, I am cooked alive."  
 "I've gone crazy over basketball."  
 "The light is so poor, I'm nearly blind."  
 "Speak louder, I can't hear a thing."  
 "I was petrified."  
 "Her impudence makes me simply wild."  
 "Shut that window, I'm frozen stiff."  
 "My clothes are worn to tatters."  
 "You make me sick."  
 "I'm completely exhausted."  
 "It was so funny, I was just splitting."  
 "I'm simply stuffed."  
 "I played tennis till I dropped."  
 "I nearly had a fit."  
 "My dear, I'm just dead."

### WHO'S WHO IN W. U. Y. H. S.

Andy Gump .....	Don McGovern
Petey Dink .....	Dave Faunce
Toots and Casper .....	Louise Sheridan and Jack Reese
Jiggs .....	Mr. Fails
Maggie .....	Miss White
Slim Jim .....	"Skinny" Williams
Salesman Sam .....	"Ollie" Proudfoot
Somebody's Stenog .....	Maye Finkelson
The Duffs .....	"Bud" Roach and Eileen Lewis
Freckles .....	Kenny Fisher
Tillie, the Toiler .....	"Tillie" Tomb
Little Jimmy .....	"Jo" Muckley
Boob McNut .....	Fritz Schwab
The Katzenjammer Kids .....	"Jeff" Jose and Hammond
The Skipper .....	Mr. Yoder
Powerful Katrinka .....	Louise Wellington
Hairbreadth Harry .....	"Monk" Cook
Belinda Blinks .....	Jane Fronheiser
Rudolph Plassendale .....	"Eddie" Williams
Happy Hooligan .....	William Woods
Twinkling Stars .....	The Tennis Team
Barney Google .....	Mark Carter
Rhubarb Vaseline .....	Seymour Callet

## For Girls in School--- Misses or Juniors---

We have complete lines of  
 Beautiful, yet Practical Dresses,  
 Coats and Other Wear embody-  
 ing High Quality and Real  
 Stylishness—but Sold at Mod-  
 erate Prices.

# WIDENER'S

Johnstown's Style Center  
 527 MAIN STREET



# REAL CLOTHING

*For High School Boys*

And Thomas' have them in every shade or style that is being worn this Spring and Summer.

Look your best on Graduation Night and select one of these Suits All Prices.

JOHN THOMAS & SONS

MAIN STREET

Scout Sam (rushing from cook tent)—Say! fellows, the kettle and the coffee pot are singing for a bet.”  
 (The Other Scouts)—“For a bet? What do you mean?”  
 (Scout Sam)—It’s true. The frying pan is holding the steaks.

If you see a bumblebee  
 Bumming o’er the lea,  
 If you have any sense  
 You will be that bumble-bee.

A lady went into the Penn Traffic the other day and said to the clerk, “I want to get my girl repaired for the Junior-Senior reception at the Westmont High School.” Doesn’t speak highly for our annual jubilee.

When the Honorable Seniors were asked to write what they would have taken into their tomb had they been King Tut, the following brilliant remarks were received:

Seymour Callet .....	My Sweetheart
Howard Shaffer .....	Shoe Laces
Marjorie Reynolds .....	A Wedding Ring
Alice Woods .....	An Electric Curler
Katherine Krieger .....	Someone to Dance With
Louise Hammer .....	A Ford
Alma Reynolds .....	Jewels
Dorothea Luebbert .....	A Fountain Pen
Catherine McGrath .....	A Good Novel
Louise Wellington .....	A Vanity Case
Katherine Stackhouse .....	A Ford
Elizabeth Sloan .....	A Powder Puff
Manuel Higgins .....	Bananas
Rufus Cooper .....	A Harem
Margaret Jones .....	A Radio
August Englehardt .....	A Collar Button
Ruth Palliser .....	A Picture
Ernest Englehardt .....	A Pair of Bones
Viola Proudfoot .....	An Orchestra
Edwin Williams .....	Ice Cream
David Faunce .....	Button Hook
Mark Carter .....	A Ford
Charles McGahan .....	Spectacles

## 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.

502 Main St. GOOD CLOTHES 502 Main St.



+—Interest Paid on Time Deposits—+



---

# First National Bank

*The Oldest, Largest and Strongest  
in Cambria County*

Corner Main and Franklin Streets, Johnstown, Pa.

---

**Resources: Fourteen Million Dollars**

**\$14,000,000**

### KING TUT

Old King Tut was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he.  
He called for his wives, he called for his servants  
And talked of his family tree.

Old King Tut was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he.  
Before he died he finally decided  
Where he should buried be.

So old King Tut as we all know,  
He made his own decree—  
That after he did die they should bury him  
In a tomb far away from the sea.  
So after he died, his wives they cried,  
But did as they were told,  
And buried him with his couch of gold.

Three score million years went by—  
An Englishman wished to see how Tut had died  
And at last discovered the tomb.  
Then old King Tut knew that he was doomed.

He summoned his spirits one and all  
And said, "Go chase them from my tomb;  
If they won't go, kill them dead;  
Be sure to get them all," he said,

But the spirits afraid of human men,  
Told their master it was all in vain,  
But Tut, he did get furious then,  
He chased the spirits off  
And they never came back again.

—A. E. BRICKNER.

Moony—What makes your car so damp?  
Loony—I guess it's because there's so much due on it.

Dumb—"Where in h—I have I seen you before?"  
Belle—"I dunno, what part do you come from?"

## Turgeon Studios

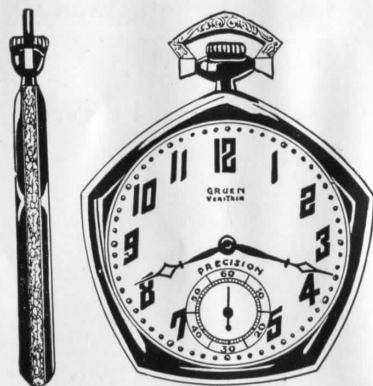
Specialists in Portraits by Photography  
In Your Home

Photographers to Leading Schools and Colleges

342 Main Street

# Gifts for the Graduate

**G**IVE gifts that endear and endure—DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY! And what wonderful selections you will find here at Rothstein's. We operate five successful stores and this combined purchasing power is in the big values we are apt to give.



*Gruen Pentagon*

All the Best of the Nationally  
Advertised Watches

Established for over 33 years the name of Rothstein's has become symbolic of High Character Merchandise and reasonable prices.

**BEST OF ALL**—You can pay here at your own convenience and without one cent of added cost.



Wrist Watches and Truly Wonderful  
Diamonds

"SINCE 1889"  
**Rothstein's**  
**529 MAIN STREET**

Prince **Omar** and Princess **Fatima** lived at Windsor Castle with their **Camels**. At "111" they decided to have a game of **Polo** with **Herbert Tareyton** under the **Beechnut** tree at **Chesterfield**. By a **Lucky Strike** they made a **Home Run** to the green **English Oval**. The **Micado** of **Pall Mall**, who saw the game with **Violet Milo** swore by the **Egyptian Deities** that he would have another **Round** at **Piedmont** in the gardens of **Murad**. In the next match **Lord Salisbury** was killed as he attempted to make a **Virginia Strait** to the goal. At the funeral they all smoked **Malichrinos**.—(To be continued.)

---

The Basketball met with great success

Due to Seitz, more or less.

Leahey was the player who made the field goals—

Frank played a clean game and obeyed the rules.

Wagner surely was our star guard,

And to get the ball past Ted, was hard.

McGahan was the player who jumped for the ball,

He played that position for he's big and tall.

Bill Seitz was a player who won much credit,

When the ball got in jumbles, Bill always would get it.

Callet was a fine player, and a jolly good fellow,

Always in the game, and never yellow.

Cook was a man who played very hard

And in the game was a drawing card.

Marshall was a boy who moved very fast;

He had the opposing team outclassed.

—DON McGOVERN.



Glosser Brothers  
JOHNSTOWN, PA.





# Farmers Trust and Mortgage Company

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

---

Capital and Surplus \$250,000.00

---

## OFFICERS

JOHN C. COSGROVE, President

TILLMAN K. SAYLOR, Vice-President

PAUL T. BEARER, Vice-President-Treasurer

A. L. SCHWING, Assistant Treasurer

## DIRECTORS

J. J. Blough

W. W. Campbell

J. C. Cosgrove

A. M. Custer

J. C. Davies

S. H. Heckman

Aaron S. Hoffman

H. J. Koontz

W. R. Lohr

P. M. Price

Geo. T. Robinson

T. K. Saylor

I. E. Sloan

Harry D. Thomas

H. L. Tredennick

P. T. Bearer

## MODERN METHODS

### "Come In Dear"

In response to this greeting a scrumptuously dressed young man of leisure trickled through a massive oaken door.

"Come into the living room my hero, or perhaps the garden would be better," said the alluring young girl.

"Uh, huh."

At this point it behooves us to cast our ferret eye over the situation. Under the pale mysterioius light of Luna our hero takes the girl. Not a sound was to be heard, not an earthly sound. Afar off in the distance could be seen a beautiful vacuum. It was all colors of the rainbow. My but that black vacuum was beautiful and superalagorgus. Not a single light was to be seen for miles. About twenty feet from the brightly-lighted house they took their stand. Afar off in the near distance could be seen the house they had just left.

"My darling," began he, "I cannot tell a lie, I love you from the bottom of my heart—by the way you don't happen to have a match, do you? No——. Alright, where was I, oh yes—I love you from the bottom of my heart. My whole being cries for you and your lustrous—tell me if this cigar smoke is annoying you—and your lustrous black eyes—wait a minute. Are they black? Of course not—and your lustrous hazel eyes make me your faithful victim.

"My love, my sweetest love, say the word that will make me yours forever, yours only. Love—love—love—

"Johnnie and Mildred you come right in here. You don't intend to practice that old play all night," yelled a voice from the upstairs window."

—JOHNNY B. GOBING, '24.

# Westmont Garage



*The Hilltop's Only Garage*

GARAGE SERVICE

Gas and Oil

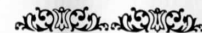
Car Washing

During School and College  
Days Read

# The Ledger

It Gives the Best in  
News and Service

Mothers and Fathers  
have found it so, which  
accounts for the wonderful growth and tremendous popularity of Johnstown's most progressive newspaper.

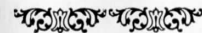


# Majestic Theatre

Presenting Keith Vaudeville of the First Rank

**OPEN THE YEAR ROUND**

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



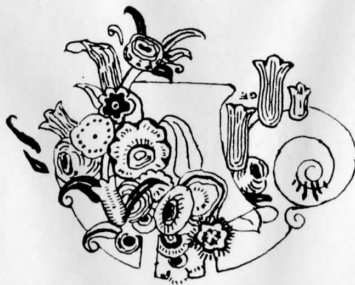
### FROM ROSES TO SPINACH

Roses are red,  
Seniors are true,  
They all are beloved  
By both me and you.

Juniors are proud,  
As proud as a rooster;  
But show me the task  
Where there's no Junior booster.

Sophomores are gay,  
Not as gay as a Freshie—  
But show me the Soph  
That's afraid of a Freshie.

Freshies are green,  
Greener than spinach—  
But show me the Freshie  
That won't fight to the finish.



## 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”



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, OVERCOATS, TOP COATS,  
GABERDINES, WHIP CORDS

In all models at a saving of \$10.00 to \$15.00

# Levin's

GOOD CLOTHES

CRYSTAL HOTEL BUILDING

Cor. Washington and Market Streets

PHONE 173-J

## Soda Fountain Good Things and High Quality Candies!

REAL treats—and the public  
expresses the knowledge of  
it in its patronage. We fully ap-  
preciate our student trade's  
favors. Indeed, this has long  
been a student headquarters.



Kodaks  
and  
Supplies

## KREDEL'S Drug Store

510 MAIN STREET

*Congratulations to the Class of 1923*

# **THE JOHNSTOWN TRUST COMPANY**

*Oldest and Largest Trust Company  
in Cambria County*

---

**OFFICERS**

WM. R. THOMAS, President  
JOHN M. ROSE, First Vice Pres.  
A. V. BARKER, Second Vice Pres.

D. M. S. McFEATERS, Treasurer  
GEO. C. RUTLEDGE, Asst. Treas.  
NATHAN MILLER, Secretary

## Gas and Electric Appliances and Fixtures

We always carry a complete line of the very newest Fixtures and appliances. In labor-saving devices we handle the most satisfactory. The THOR Washer, The Premier Cleaner, The Thor Ironer— all sold on Easy Terms.

### CONTRACT WORK

Let us figure on your work. You will save money and get real service.

**TOWZEY, PHILLIPS  
and COMPANY**

Everything Gas and Electric  
Main and Walnut Streets Phone 980

## 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

## Economy in Transportation

The electric trolley car is the cheapest and most convenient mode of public travel. We are endeavoring to make the service not only the most convenient mode of travel from one urban point to another, but the most pleasant as well. Discourtesies on the part of employes should be reported to the management. Suggestions as to service betterments will also be gratefully received.

### Johnstown Traction Company

LEE T. SHANNON,  
General Manager.



**PENN**  
PRINTING CO.

646 MAIN ST. JOHNSTOWN, PA.

# **“SANITARY”**

**When It's Ice Cream**

The Johnstown Sanitary Dairy Co.

O. H. FOGELSANGER, Manager



