

THE PHOENICIAN

1924

WESTMONT-UPPER YODER
HIGH SCHOOL



H.C.F.



WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL

Senior Number 1923-24



To Miss Greer

With a deep sense of appreciation of her ceaseless and unfailing labor and devotion to the school, for her interest in each individual through these four difficult but interesting years we the class of 1924 dedicate our book.

Phoenician Staff

1923-1924

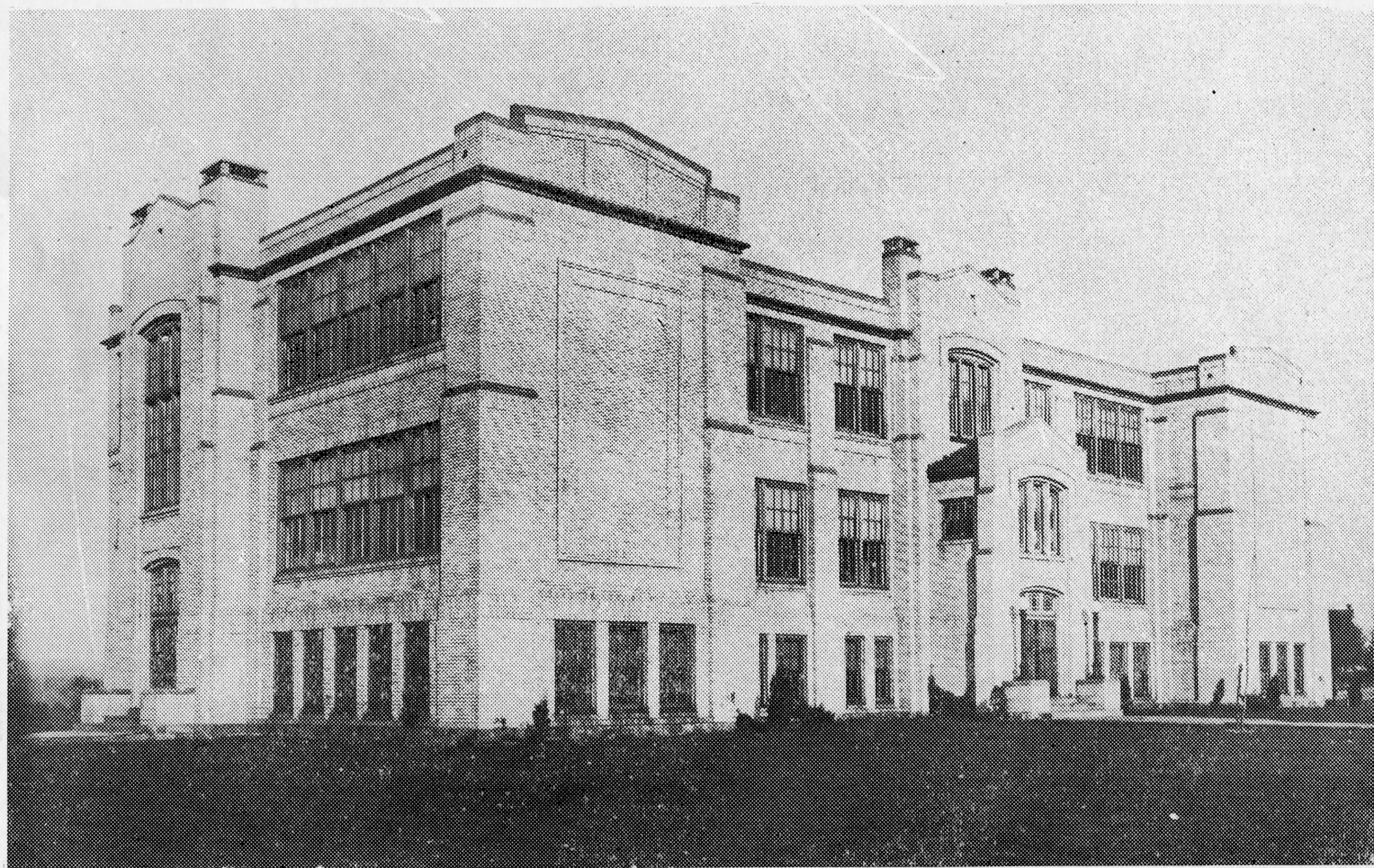
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THE PHOENICIAN STAFF



WESTMONT UPPER-YODER HIGH SCHOOL



LITERARY

ADAPTED BY M.B.'24

ONE MORE NIGHT

"Here, here, what's all the excitement about?" demanded Mr. Alcott, walking over to his little daughter, Betty. "Now don't cry, dear, tell Daddy what the trouble is?"

"M-m-other says she's going to kill Cap. She said she wouldn't have a sick dog around any longer." Then looking up to her father with eyes that carried sympathy for her long-loved, deaf and half-blinded dog, she managed to say:

"Oh, Daddy, you won't let her kill him, will you Daddy, please!" And then again she burst into sobs of grief.

The question concerning Cap's future had been presenting itself for many weeks. Poor old fellow, now ready to reach his tenth birthday, was sick, almost blind, and getting deaf. When he was young, one of those healthy, intelligent, playful airedales, he was brought into the happy house of the Alcotts. He had lived a pleasant life—for a dog; but now he

was growing old—as we all do—and Mr. and Mrs. Alcott had thought it best to put him out of his misery. This decision did not seem just to the children. Their hearts were broken and even the thought of it made them sob. Just two months ago the happy family had received a baby, so their Mother had tried to explain to the children that they would have to find another home for Cap, in order to make room for their new sister. But this was by no means an easy thing to do. Cap had grown up with the children and they had learned to love him. He romped with them, played with them, and guarded the children from harm. Every morning he had pulled the children to school on their sleds and waited for them to be dismissed. Ah, but now poor Cap had grown old and could no longer enter into their games and sports. But somehow a stronger love than ever had grown up between Cap and the children. The older he grew the warmer place he had in the hearts of the children.

Weeks had gone by and Cap was still living. He seemed no better and yet no worse.

"Children," exclaimed Mr. Alcott, one evening after dinner, "Which shall we do—give up Cap or the baby?" After much discussion the children decided upon keeping sister.

"But Dad," asked Betty, "When are we going to take him away?"

"Right now, dear heart," was Mr. Alcott's reply. "Mother and I will take him down to the doctor's tonight. See, then you can all go to sleep and forget **all** about it. Now, how's that?"

"Aw Dad, please let him stay one more night—just tonight and then in the morning before we are awake you can take him. Huh?"

"Dearest, don't be foolish. What does one more night amount to?"

But he was besought by four little voices crying, "Oh, yes, Dad, do that. Just tonight!" This did not seem to be such a bad plan, thought Mr. Alcott. Probably the children would not be so grieved at their loss. After talking it over with Mrs. Alcott, he finally promised the children that he would keep Cap until the next day. The children were overwhelmed with joy! How much one more night means to a child!

"Now everyone run and say good-bye to Cap, and then come and get Mother to tuck you into bed," said Mrs. Alcott to her children. Every one of the little tots went tip-toeing down stairs in their bare feet to bid Cap good-bye. After much persuasion, Mrs. Alcott succeeded in getting her five children to bed. Soon everything was quiet. Presently Mr. Alcott spoke to his wife.

"Jane dear, why not take him down now instead of waiting until tomorrow?"

"Oh, no, James, wait until morning. It has grown so late and cold outside. Why not wait, and besides you promised the kiddies you would, dear."

"Oh, yes, that's true—a promise is a promise. I shall wait." Then walking over to his wife they both started upstairs.

In the middle of the night Mrs. Alcott was suddenly awakened. What could it be? She heard scratching somewhere. Yes, scratching. Then came a terrible howl from Cap, in the cellar. Mrs. Alcott could not understand it. She became frightened. Reaching over she awakened her husband.

"James, James," she cried, "do you hear Cap?" Yes, Mr. Alcott did hear Cap.

"Oh, dear, what can be the trouble?" insisted Mrs. Alcott.

"I can't imagine! But don't worry dear, it's nothing much. I'll go and see." And then turning once more to his wife he exclaimed, "Don't be afraid, it couldn't be a burglar because the dog is **too deaf** to hear one and too blind to see one, anyway he wouldn't howl like that!"

Ah, but there are worse things than burglars! Grabbing his robe, he opened the door into the hall. A terrifying odor greeted him. Turning on the light he ran downstairs. Yes, Cap was still barking. He sounded like a mad dog. Upon entering the hall, Mr. Alcott realized the truth. The downstairs was filled with smoke. He could hear wood crackling. Opening the door which led to the cellar, Cap came dashing out and flames leaped into Mr. Alcott's face. The whole cellar was a mass of flames. Cap went running through the whole house barking his loudest, wakening everyone.

"Jane, Jane," cried Mr. Alcott, "grab the children and run; it is too late to save anything. Run

before it is too late! I'll get the baby." Running to the baby's room, he opened the door. It was a mass of suffocating smoke. Dimly through the smoke he saw what he thought to be an empty crib. Mother had got the baby! Choking, and dizzy from the smoke, he tried to close the door leading to the room, but tripped and fell. There, weak and worn out, he lost consciousness.

"Mother, Mother, where's Daddy and sister?" cried one of the children outside of the burning house. Mrs. Alcott screamed in terror. Where were Daddy and baby? All the neighbors had gathered around but no one dared go into the burning house. No one was asked to go! A low, piercing cry came from the baby's room. Cap stopped barking, raised his head high into the air and jerked up his ears. It was his master's child who called him. He must go? In an instant he went dashing into the mass of flames. Everybody turned their heads. Cap was the only one who did his duty. Up the stairs and into baby's room he ran, running over Mr. Alcott's unconscious body. Taking the child's clothes in his mouth, he pulled her out of bed. Getting a tighter grip on her nightgown, he ran faster than he had ever run before, for he had another duty to perform. Making his way through the smoke, he reached the outside. Dropping the baby at Mrs. Alcott's feet, he made for the house again. Up to his master he ran, performing a duty that a human being would have hesitated to do. The flames had almost surrounded him. With difficulty the dog ran through them, dragging his master to the stairs. He pulled and pulled, but in vain. At last he emitted a terrifying howl. The crowd outside hung their heads. Howl after howl the crowd heard. At last Mr. Alcott opened his eyes. Getting up, he leaned

against the wall, and realizing where he was, he went tumbling down the stairs and was soon outside. It was too late for Cap to run down the stairs. He ran to the window and gave a leap into the air, and fell to the ground. But poor Cap did not know of the tears of gratitude and joy that were shed over him—Cap's troubles were over—his last night had been a glorious and a heroic one.

MARY CAMPBELL, '26.

THE TWO ORPHANS

The large car of the Wainwright family could be seen speeding along the streets between the depot at Millington and the Wainwright home. Its occupants were Mrs. Wainwright with her sister's orphaned children, Jeanne and Ted Norton. Mrs. Wainwright was driving the car and the two young people were enjoying their ride very much. They talked but little, for they were interested in the scenery. They had formerly lived in a small town and coming to Millington to live was quite an event.

They were suddenly brought from their enchantment by hearing Mrs. Wainwright's soft voice saying:

"Now that we're home, I hope you'll have a nice time."

"Oh! we can never thank you enough for having us come here to live, Aunt Mae," said dark-haired Jeanne. "Don't worry about our having a good time. We'll never get used to all these beautiful things," she added, as she gazed at the house and lawn before her.

"Oh, yes you will, Jeanne. Ted will like it, too, but we must go into the house now and you can get ready for lunch. Oh, Estelle, come here a minute,

dear," said Mrs. Wainwright, adding the last to her pretty, fair-haired daughter.

Estelle came reluctantly toward her relatives.

"Estelle, these are your cousins, Jeanne and Ted Norton," said Mrs. Wainwright.

"I'm so glad to see you, Estelle," said Jeanne, as she ran forward to kiss her cousin.

"Oh, don't touch me! You'll make my dress dirty," exclaimed Estelle backing away, as she held a dainty and well-kept hand forward and murmured a faint, "How do you do?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Jeanne, abashed at Estelle's actions while she took the proffered hand. Ted followed her example and an unpleasant silence dropped on the group, but Mrs. Wainwright's cheery voice came to the rescue.

"Estelle, dear, will you see if your father wants anything before lunch? I'll take Jeanne and Ted to their rooms."

Estelle departed quickly and the others entered the house. While they are thus occupied, I shall describe them.

Jeanne Norton was a dark-haired girl of thirteen summers. She had a dark complexion and beautiful black eyes. She was a quiet girl and rather than make trouble, she often took the blame for things which her friends did.

Ted was a quick-witted boy, fifteen years of age. He was tall and handsome with grey eyes and light brown hair. His parents had died within the last two years. He and his sister had come to live with the Wainwrights because their mother had asked Mrs. Wainwright to care for them. She had bequeathed all her money to her sister for the support of her children.

Estelle Wainwright, sixteen years of age, was a

blonde. She was very haughty and thought herself quite above other people.

Mr. Wainwright was as haughty as his daughter. This grieved his wife, because it caused her much embarrassment. She was a very lovable woman and always tried to make up for the mistakes made by her husband and daughter.

* * * * *

Estelle entered her father's den without knocking and was greeted by him.

"Well, daughter, how do you like your cousins?" he asked.

"Oh, Father! They're horrible! Why Jeanne wanted to kiss me! They haven't any manners at all," replied Estelle, haughtily.

"Well, we'll have to put up with it," was the answer.

Then they went to the dining-room and found Mrs. Wainwright with Jeanne and Ted. Mr. Wainwright was then introduced to them and it was a very quiet Jeanne who stood before him. The meal was very trying, although Mrs. Wainwright tried to entertain them. After lunch, Mr. Wainwright returned to his office and Mrs. Wainwright showed the house and gardens to Jeanne. Ted asked if he might go to the library instead of looking at the house, and Mrs. Wainwright quickly consented. He entered the library and looked around until he came upon an interesting book. As he drew it forth, he heard something jingle. He looked around and his eye fell on five silver dollars in the place where the book had been.

"Someone must have put it there and forgotten about it. I'll take it to Aunt Mae," he thought. He put his hand out and had picked up the coins when he was startled by a shrill, "Ted!" He dropped the

coins quickly and turned around. He was confronted by Estelle, who was smiling icily.

"So! You really are a thief? I'm glad I caught you then, Ted," she said, coldly.

"Why, Estelle! I found this money in there and was going to give it to Aunt Mae," he said, his anger rising at her cutting remark. "I am not a thief, Miss Wainwright."

"Don't Miss Wainwright me!" Give me that money and I'll take it to mother," she ordered, holding her hand out for the money.

"I'm sorry, Estelle, but I think I'll take the money to Aunt Mae myself," replied Ted quietly as he left the room.

Estelle followed stubbornly, although she was glad her plan had worked so well.

They found Mrs. Wainwright and Jeanne sitting on a bench in the rose arbor. Estelle hastened ahead of Ted, saying:

"Mother, I'm sorry to say I found Ted stealing some money. I didn't know he was a thief. I went into the library and saw him reach for the money which you had put in the bookcase."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Wainwright, while Jeanne ran towards Ted. "But there must be some mistake for I took all that money out yesterday."

"Aunt Mae, I found this money in the bookcase and was just reaching for it when Estelle entered," said Ted, dropping the silver in his aunt's hand.

"Excuse me just a minute, please," said Mrs. Wainwright as she hurried out of the room.

Estelle saw her mistake when her mother said that there was no money in the book-case.

They watched Mrs. Wainwright and saw her enter the house. She then went to her room and opened her purse. She evidently was satisfied with

what she saw because she picked it up and took it with her. She then went to Estelle's room and picked something up from the dresser. Hurrying outside, she found three quiet figures anxiously awaiting her. She sat down and opened her purse.

"I find that five dollars are missing from my purse. Estelle, you'd better sit down. You don't look well," she said, for Estelle had suddenly turned white. "I found this set in my purse and I think I've found the ring to which it belongs. Estelle, is this your ring?"

"Yes."

"Did you know there was a set out of it?"

"Yes—Oh, Mother, I'll tell you all about it. I took the money from your purse and I remember now that I caught my ring on the fastener. I didn't notice that the set was out until this morning and I thought I'd lost it. I put the money in the bookcase because I thought that if I found either Jeanne or Ted touching the money, I could say they were stealing it. I was sure that one of them would pick out that book. I thought that if I could prove them to be thieves, that you would send them to an orphanage. I didn't want them around. I'm very sorry that I did such an act, and I know that they are better than I am. I'll never do such a thing again. Will you forgive me, Ted?"

"Certainly, Estelle," replied Ted, warmly.

"And won't you kiss me, Jeanne?" Jeanne ran forward and took her in her arms. Mrs. Wainwright smiled at the happy trio as they walked under the arbor.

When Mr. Wainwright heard the story, he was very much surprised, but he forgave his daughter although he remained as haughty as ever.

VERA FULMER, '27.

SIR ROGER AT THE MOVIES

My friend, Sir Roger, and I were sitting in White's Coffee House drinking each other's health when Sir Roger slammed his tankard down hard upon the table and in a loud voice declared that he needed some other form of amusement. I immediately suggested to him that we go to a movie. With great enthusiasm Sir Roger accepted the hastily proffered proposition and in a merry voice ordered me to summon a "flivver" while he garbed himself in his great coat.

When he came out of the Inn, I had a puffing, spluttering "flivver" waiting at his command. He exclaimed that he had never thought much of these horseless carriages and if he had his way, he would go back to the old post-chaises. However, as we were in a hurry, he stopped talking on this subject and complimented me on my prompt execution of his order. He at last entered the cab and I followed.

He asked me what movie house we should attend. My answer was that he should choose. Thanking me, he asked if I had any certain type of picture I wished especially to see. My answer was in the negative. Naming over types of pictures such as romance, mystery, comedy, historical and western, he at last chose the second, which was mystery. Rapping on the glass partition we asked the driver of the taxi where was to be seen the best mystery movies. He replied, in New York slang, that there was a hot one at Lowe's on Forty-second Street. We immediately bade him to go there.

Upon our arrival, Sir Roger told the driver to wait for us, but after a great deal of explaining to Sir Roger, in which I told him that this was a public means of transportation and could not be kept wait-

ing for such a long time idle, he consented to let the vehicle go its way.

The entrance to the theatre was surrounded by a canopy of bright lights, which lighted the various bill boards and pictures. Scanning this for about five minutes, not missing a word but obstructing traffic, Sir Roger exclaimed that he was ready to go inside. Sir Roger went on ahead and I, thinking he would wait for me in the lobby, went to purchase the tickets. After purchasing two large seats I went to join my friend. Much to my astonishment and dismay I found Sir Roger in a heated argument with the door-man. I rushed up to them and found that Sir Roger had tried to enter without a ticket. Giving the tickets along with a bill I succeeded in quieting the door-man but not Sir Roger. All the time while we were being guided to our seats in the loge he talked of the impudence of the door-man. After getting our coats and hats folded across the back of the chairs I prepared to sit down, but to my dismay noticed Sir Roger looking all around, leaning over and twisting himself in such a manner that he could see every one. He remarked to me in a very singular way that he wished the lights were on, for then he would be able to see the people more clearly and might be able to recognize someone. He at last seated himself and became absorbed in the picture.

At length the picture portrayed a man prowling about in another man's bed chamber. In a low tone Sir Roger asked me if we had not better shout and awaken the sleeper. I had indeed a very hard time in keeping him from doing this. Every bit of reading he read aloud and despite all my pleadings he would not stop until finally he was notified by an usher that he would have to leave if he did not stop. Our neighbors in the loge were becoming very ex-

asperated until at last Sir Roger quarreled with the gentleman behind him. I succeeded in putting a stop to this by explaining to the man that Sir Roger was new to this experience and being a little eccentric he would have to excuse his actions. The man replied that if any more of this disturbance happened he would call the manager and have Sir Roger put out. Twice during the picture Sir Roger rose and scanned the audience exclaiming that he was unable to recognize any one.

Much to my relief the picture ended and we departed without any further mishap. Upon arriving at the hotel Sir Roger exclaimed that he had been afraid that we would be held up by robbers and as he said so he revealed from under his coat a stout oak club.

ALBERT BAKER, '25.

CHARACTER SKETCH OF BURNS

We may divide the life of Burns into three parts—before he went to Edinburgh, while he was in Edinburgh, and after he returned from that city. We make these divisions because at each period there were new elements and influences which entered upon and changed the course of his life.

Up to the time he went to Edinburgh, Carlyle says of him, "He was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be found in the world." There were no dreams of worldly ambition, save a desire to rise up out of extreme poverty; there was no bitterness toward the world, for, did he not live among a devoted family, a loving father and mother, and sincere friendly peasants? He was perfectly content in his little world with its fresh flowers and

happy skies, seen through the light of his poet eyes. Here was no jealousy, no strife nor bitterness; here only content and a blessed life with a devout family.

To be sure, there must have been some little longing in his heart to devote himself more to what he loved; to cease for a while his eternal struggle to wrest from the unyielding soil a scant livelihood. But not until he had tasted the sweet of another life did this one seem really bitter. Also, if, occasionally, he had any such feelings, the inherent buoyancy, gaiety, and lightness of heart, together with his bubbling humor, were enough to banish shortly such forebodings as would threaten to plunge him into gloom.

There was one quality in Burns that, although found in most children, is usually outgrown by the time manhood is reached. That quality was his susceptibility to outside agents, the ease with which he was impressed. Not one action of another person, not one sight of a flower, lilt of a song, or vision of a painted sky, but left its trace forever upon his receptive being. He absorbed everything, took into himself everything that was beautiful and stored it in his exalted soul. Certainly this is no weakness, no fault. Yet there are those who maintain that it was this quality in him that caused his down-fall, maintain that had he not been so impressionable he would not have been so affected by the companions with whom he later associated. To say that, is to say that he absorbed, took into his being qualities which were base through the same channel by which all that was beautiful in him passed. While he was, undoubtedly affected by bad company on account of, or through this quality, it was only on the surface. Burns was too inherently fine, too splendidly big ever to let anything that was base or little enter into his

glowing soul.

We have Burns, then, before he went to Edinburgh, gay, humorous, buoyant, content and loving the world.

What a new world, however, was stretched before his eyes when he went to Edinburgh! There lived the literary favorites, there the "intellectuals," but alas, also lived those who would grasp at the chance to be entertained by some novel or interesting character at that "character's" expense. There lived those parasites of fame, those "convivial Maecenases," insincere "patrons" of literature whose main purpose in life was to satisfy their own selfish ambitions rather than to bring to light any genius or talent they might find.

It was into such company Burns fell while he was in the capital, and his warm, sociable and confiding disposition ruled over his keenness of character-judgment so that he accepted and took to him as warm sympathizers and confidants those who were unworthy of the name, friend. It is a certainty that these people found pleasure in Burns' company. He was such a fascinatingly clever and humorous young man that it would have been impossible not to feel his charm. As we have said before, it was not any lack of power to judge character that led him to confide in these unworthy men—it was another cause. There are some persons who always feel, not only the desire, but almost the necessity to tell others what is near to them, what they cherish and hold high. In Burns, it bespoke a boyish eagerness and enthusiasm, a wide and generous warmth of encircling good-feeling toward all men. It indicated such an utter lack of vain sophistication, such eternal youth, such fundamental simplicity, it imparted to his nature such a vividly whimsical color

that he seems all the more lovable for a characteristic which some of our granite-souled atheists call a fault. We call them atheists because atheists do not believe in God. This quality in Burns is fundamentally, clearly and characteristically good. Good, of course, is synonymous with God and those who cannot recognize good do not recognize God and are therefore, in practice, if not in theory, atheists. We might forgive those who cannot see good when it is hidden, but those who will not see good when it is so boldly displayed as it is here, never will see it.

This desire to express himself is not to be confused with "gushing." The latter is found in people who are shallowly affected by everything and deeply affected by nothing. Certainly Burns was no such man, but he had a nature so warmly affectionate and sociable that it included everyone in his love, if not in his admiration. He loved everyone and was almost pitifully eager to have everyone love him. We must not, however, for one moment suppose that Burns cringed or fawned for this love. Much as he wanted it, that, he would never do; it must be given freely and sincerely or he scorned it.

That his head was not turned by all the lavish attention he received in Edinburgh is a proof that he did not take flattery seriously. Nevertheless, he was deeply wounded by the falling off of these very flatterers whom he knew were insincere. This cruel hurt was particularly disastrous to him at this time—while he saw before his eyes the unequal distribution of fortune, saw those unworthy of any opportunity, lavishly showered with all worldly advantages while others more worthy, under favorable conditions would have produced really great things with only half a chance. These two events, coming as they did, one on top of the other, produced in

Burns' sensitive soul a bitterness, a sense of futility that was fatal to one of such a disposition.

What a different creature was this sad, broken-hearted, melancholy Burns when he returned, from that gay and light-hearted youth who had gone away. Had he never even gone to Edinburgh, it is very probable that at some time he would have developed that desire for a little more of the worldly advantages that were bestowed on others, but he never would have developed it so strongly that it almost equaled his love for pure poetry. Now he had that double purpose which was responsible for wrecking his life. Never more could he be the poet absolute in a consistent way. There would, of course, be moments when he would soar above all such things as material worries, but always in the background, brooding, bitter, fatal, was the ambition that acquired its recognition in Edinburgh. With what a feeling of pity do we see this splendid Burns struggling and trying so desperately, so childishly, to have both things at once, and tiring his poor weary soul out in the struggles so cruelly unequal, trying to win at the game of Life which he never did understand, which he was too good to understand. Worn out with the battle, though still trying to understand at the end what it was all about, he went out of the place where men always cry at their benefactors, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

VERA MEEHAN, '24.

THE MAGIC PENCIL

Margretta, I am sorry to say, did not like to study, and was getting along very poorly in school. Every month her examination marks were lower than they were in the month before, and although

the teacher would keep her in after the other pupils were dismissed, and her mother would send her books, she would not study.

One day after she had made very poor marks, her mother sent her to her room, but instead of studying, she lay down on the bed and chewed her pencil until she finally chewed the eraser off. Immediately a very tiny fairy flew out. She was not larger than a gnat, but kept growing larger and larger until at last she was almost as large as Margretta's hand.

She flew over and sat down on the pillow and said, "My dear child, I was imprisoned in that pencil years ago, when I was flying in a factory. Just as I sat down on the top of the pencil to rest, the eraser was put in and, although I am a fairy, I am unable to do anything when imprisoned. As a result I was not able to free myself. I want to thank you for freeing me and I will reward you. I have heard all your troubles and know that you are very poor in your studies. I will help you."

"Oh, do do!" cried Margretta, "I hate school. I can't learn like the other children and everybody is scolding me about it."

"Well," said the Fairy, waving her tiny jewelled wand over the pencil, "This pencil is now a magic one. Take good care of it, for it will never fail you as long as you do as I tell you. Always use it when doing your lessons, and they will always be written correctly."

"How grand," said Margretta, "You couldn't give me anything to make me happier. I can hardly wait until tomorrow to try it at school and then hear what the others say when all my lessons are perfect."

"But wait," said the Fairy, "There is one thing you must do. Every school day you must study at

least two hours before going to bed, and then the pencil will never fail you. But mark my words, if you do not do this it will lose its power." She arose lightly and flew out of the window, and Margretta fell asleep.

When Margretta awoke the next morning her first thought was of the magic pencil. She placed it carefully in her pocket. "Perhaps I was dreaming," she said to herself, "But I will try it at school today and find out."

This was the day for the monthly examinations and when Margretta began to write she found that her pencil wrote the answers without her thinking of them. She was through long before the rest of the pupils and neatly folded her papers and laid them on the teacher's desk. The teacher was greatly surprised when she examined the papers and did not find an error.

"Why, Margretta," she said, "I certainly am surprised. I will write a letter to your mother immediately and tell her how you are improving." Margretta was very proud when she walked home that night with the letter in her pocket and her precious pencil in her hand.

As soon as the evening meal was over and the lights were lighted, she took her books and studied diligently for two hours. This she did every evening, sometimes becoming so absorbed in her work that she studied longer. Every day her lessons were written correctly.

Her parents became very proud of her, but she never told them of the Magic Pencil, which she guarded carefully, putting it under her pillow every night, and carrying it in her pocket during the day. But after a few months she became careless. Some

evenings she would study only a short time and other evenings, not at all. At last she became so careless that she did not study at all. This was just before the final examinations, and those who did not make passing marks were not promoted.

When the day of the examinations came, Margretta wrote with the Magic Pencil, but its power had gone, because she had not obeyed the fairy. She did not know that now it was an ordinary pencil, and wrote her examinations without looking to see what she was writing. When she finished, she folded her papers as usual and laid them on the teacher's desk.

The teacher looked at them and gasped. She quickly phoned to Margretta's mother and said that she believed that Margretta was ill. The papers looked something like this:

Columbus discovered the square root of 8467.

A strait is a narrow neck of land joining the stomach to a verb.

The function of the heart is to discover the Pacific Ocean in 1492.

In 1777 the Panama Canal was built by the Minute Men.

When Margretta reached home she told her mother the whole story between sobs. "I was so happy when my lessons were good and you were all proud of me, but my pencil is not magic any more."

"Don't let that worry you," said her mother, "Just do as the fairy told you to do and you will find that all pencils are magic ones."

And Margretta found that this was so.

KATHALEEN ALBERT, '27.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF BASKET BALL

Few people know of the origin of the World's Fastest Growing Game, Basket Ball, yet thousands are attracted to its halls each season. Since its origin in 1891, its popularity has grown to such an extent that it now ranks as one of the three leading sports of America.

It was invented by Dr. James Naismith, instructor of the Y. M. C. A. training school at Springfield, Mass. There was no similar game up to that time and the credit for inventing a game to take the place of outdoor sports in winter months belongs solely to him.

It was in 1891, when Dr. Naismith had charge of a physical training class that his students became tired of the regular grind of gymnastic work. Some new game had to be invented which would make the gym work worth while. Dr. Naismith brought the question up before the faculty but nothing definite was decided. Depending upon his own genius, he endeavored to invent a game similar to Football. After numerous failures, he finally worked out a set of thirteen rules, which are the basis of Basket Ball rules today. The only new feature that has been added is the free throw.

His project of having more than a few players in action at one time was finally realized. He was also forced to avoid another condition that had been a strong argument against Football—roughness. Another perplexing problem which he again faced and met was the kind of goals to be used. At first spots on the wall were used as goals but as soon as a few windows were broken, this plan had to be abandoned. Then the ball was dropped on painted

circles on the floor, but this soon proved unsatisfactory and was discontinued because the opposing player could easily block the ball. Later the ball was thrown at peach baskets turned upside down. Another change was made by placing the baskets rightside up.

When the students and faculty of the Springfield Gymnasium made their inspection they were surprised to find peach baskets suspended from various points around the balcony. Dr. Naismith's idea was laughed at, but this ridicule was short lived. Soon the Springfield people crowded the gym to see the new game that Dr. Naismith had invented.

As the idea spread, the sport became commercialized. Teams from different sections began planning inter-scholastic games until now almost any school, no matter how small, is moved by the spirit of Basket Ball.

In the first year of the game, nine players were used. This was reduced, however, to five the following year. In this stage of its development, the player who was large, strong, and fast had the advantage. Today it is a game of science, although the player who has additional height, weight, and speed is playing at an advantage.

WILLIAM HINKEL, '24.

HIS FIRST DATE

Bill had a big night ahead of him. He had been preparing and dreaming of it for nearly a week. Tonight was the big night. He was to go out with his girl. He had met her in school. Peg was about eighteen. She was a pleasant and fun-loving girl. All the fellows seemed wild about her.

Bill seldom went with the girls, he never cared much for them. He had dressed several hours before the time set for the meeting. He wore a new Palm Beach suit, a very brilliantly colored tie, new shoes, silk socks with clocks, a white English broadcloth shirt and a new Stetson hat that was really becoming. After he had finished dressing, he hurriedly went to his room to put on the finishing touches.

It was six-thirty and the date was set for eight-thirty. He walked nervously up and down his room, glancing at his watch every few minutes. It was seven-thirty and Bill could not wait any longer. After carefully adjusting his hat he went out.

He walked to the corner of Main and Franklin streets. He still had an hour to wait. Walking to the house in which Peg lived, he found the downstairs brilliantly lighted, and one room upstairs lighted. Looking at the upstairs light, he wished that it would go out and Peg would come down. The minutes seemed like hours. He became tired of standing and sat on the wainscoting under the window of a house across the street, planning what he and Peg were going to talk about during the evening. Bill was just settled when he felt someone tapping him on the shoulder. He looked up and saw a policeman, who smiled indulgently at Bill and said, "Say, Buddy, you're sitting on wet paint."

Bill jumped up horror-stricken, and looked at his suit. Sure enough, there were two long streaks of white paint on his coat tail. The paint didn't show so much. He ran to the corner and looked at the town clock. It was eight o'clock.

"Surely it must be later than that."

He loafed around a little while longer and then went to Peg's house. Just as he arrived there, the

town clock struck eight-thirty. Peg was there to meet him.

"Let's go to the Cambria Theater, Peg."

"Allright."

When they arrived at the theater, Bill asked the ticket-seller for two first-floor tickets. He reached for his money but could not find it. He told Peg what the trouble was and she suggested that they go to the street fair.

They went to the fair and Bill took a ten-cent chance on a Ford Coupe. He forgot all about the chance and enjoyed the evening with Peg. When the time came to award the auto, Bill heard the announcer call his number. He proudly stepped forward and claimed the car, while the crowd applauded. Peg was very happy over Bill's fortune, and they were both happy over the fortunate outcome of Bill's First Date.

ELIZABETH KONDOR, '26.

HOW THE JUVENILE COURT HELPED MICKEY

Mickey Dugan, the terror of the neighborhood, was slowly walking down Ash alley, his eyes fixed on the ground as though he were looking for something, although he was not. In fact, he had nothing to look for. He was in trouble; yes, trouble seemed hovering about him, ready to devour him which-ever way he turned. He needed a friend; he knew he needed a friend, but who would be the friend of Mickey Dugan, the meanest boy in the neighborhood. Just then he raised his eyes from the ground, in time to see a man's hat fly from his head and come straight for the place where Mickey was standing. He saw its owner leave the main sidewalk and start in pursuit of the hat. Mickey also noticed a great big mud puddle in the path of the hat. He laughed

to himself as he thought of the situation of the hat and of the man's dismay. Suddenly in the depth of Mickey's heart something happened, and he darted toward the puddle, jumping it, and with a quick motion caught the hat and held it safe from destruction. The man watched the boy's movements, noticing the quick wittedness and steadiness of the act. He saw in Mickey a great statesman, or even a president. Mickey handed him the hat and left without hesitation. He had done a thoughtful deed and he felt happy, although he hardly knew it. The man shouted to him, but he did not answer.

The next day brought real trouble to Mickey. He had stolen a car the night before and had ruined the machine. As a result he was in the reception room of the Juvenile Court, waiting for his trial, with a policeman by his side. For want of something more pleasant to think of than his accident, he let his mind rest on his experiences of the previous day. He remembered particularly the episode of the hat and wondered who the owner was. From what he had seen of him he recognized him as a fairly well-to-do man, a man who knew and understood the ways of children. Right then he decided he would find where he lived and talk to him some day.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the opening of the door to the courtroom and the reading of his name. He entered, still accompanied by the policeman. When he got inside he glanced at the platform where he saw, to his astonishment, the man whom he had aided the day before. Immediately Mickey knew he was the much talked of judge. Mickey was seated beside the platform, next to the policeman. He and the judge studied each other, at first, but then Mickey, remembering why he was

there, lowered his gaze to the floor. The judge spoke.

"What's the matter, lad," he said, stopping abruptly and waiting for an answer.

He did not speak harshly, just quickly. Mickey was too much ashamed of himself to speak.

The policeman answered, "This boy is bad—just bad. Last night he stole an automobile and ruined it. Not only that, but he has stolen other cars before—and almost killed another boy with a stolen revolver."

"That's enough," said the judge, "leave the room, Mr. O'Harrow."

Then he came down to talk with Mickey. The boy told him the whole truth.

When the judge found out what kind of a boy Mickey was, and that he had no parents, he decided that Mickey needed a guardian and a companion and took that job upon himself. He offered to send Mickey away to school. The boy, being already converted by the judge, was ready to agree to anything he might suggest. He consented to go, if the judge would come and see him every week.

Mickey did well in school. He made many friends and worked till he could pay for the car he had broken. He and the judge, by this time, were the best of friends. After having settled for the car Mickey decided to work his way through college and become a lawyer. He had promised to pay back the judge for all his trouble, a promise which he is giving evidence of keeping, for nothing will repay the judge so well as to see his young friend become a full-fledged lawyer, and that is what he is on the way to be.

IRVING L. CAMP, '27.

BY-PRODUCTS OF HUMAN NATURE

By-products are usually thought of as minor products in the process of making finished materials; but I sometimes think that they perform more good—or harm—in the world than do the main products. By-products of our human natures are usually flung out unconsciously, either when we are trying to teach and explain a lesson, or when we are working with neither end nor purpose in view for our acts and words.

Our careers cannot be made noble or great if they are based entirely on one or two praiseworthy deeds or virtues; for underneath those deeds must be scraps and bits of the greater morals of life, which we have at odd times acquired from our own experiences or caught from a kind word, a smile, or chance expression.

The world is made up of people of all temperaments, but some go through it heedless of another's feelings, disregarding the fact that all person's minds do not function alike, and therefore do not grasp—or do grasp—the little things of life which make it great and worthwhile.

We are sometimes so engrossed with our own misfortunes that we fail to realize that our friends may also have misfortunes, just as bad and probably worse than we have; and it is very often, that from this frame of mind come the harsh, unsympathizing words which, instead of remaining a by-product of self-pity, grow into a common poisonous dislike. We say cruel things which are but outbreaks of rage and which we really do not mean; nevertheless they have an ill-effect upon the auditor. It may not be the exact words that adhere to his mind, but the manner in which they were expressed.

But I do not believe that Human Nature is so unequally balanced that all its by-products are ill-favored, for I believe that if one sought, and really sought earnestly, that he would find the good in the world outweighing the evil, in spite of the fact that we are always having it drilled into us that this unlucky generation is the worst of the worst.

Many of the successes in life are due, not to the strictly taught and long labored-over lessons—not the lesson itself—but to certain expressions or impressions that are stamped upon our minds and which afterwards have much influence upon our actions. A pupil may fail entirely to grasp the point of a lesson, yet take from it something which will benefit him all his life. We cannot always tell what the by-products of our own natures will be, nor can we control them, for other people are more likely than not to perceive a situation in an entirely different light.

The finished or dressed product is often unreal, untrue, or artificial, but the by-products are perfect reflections of the inner self. A tiny girl who went to school one day with her sisters, ran away to her playmate's house. Each sister, on the way home, thought the baby was with the other; and when they reached their mother and found that she was with neither, they became greatly alarmed, for gypsies were in the habit of carrying off little children. Both sisters turned back to search for her. They found her making mud-pies with her little friend, and not realizing that she was doing anything wrong. The sisters frightened the child so badly by scolding and telling her how cross Mother was that she cried all the way home. The sisters pushed her into the room saying, "You'll get it!" But instead, the mother folded the little girl into her

arms, and, kissing her, said that she was glad to see her baby again. The child knew her mother's love was true and many of her kindly deeds later were done in the remembrance of that love.

We are usually made up more of other people than of ourselves. Our deeds and actions are prompted by something that we have learned or taken from someone else. I challenge whether we would ever do a friendly act to another if someone had not first rendered one to us; for we are but reflections of another's character. We see a trait that our friend has which we would like to possess and we immediately try to copy it; we build the many by-products of another's nature into our own so that it becomes a real part of us. If it is a real part of us, we will surely reflect it again and our human traits are not for us alone, but for the benefit of all mankind.

What is it that we remember of Lincoln—the most beloved of all American statesmen? Not so much the fact that he freed the slaves, and severed the plan that would have made the north and south forever separate countries, but that he was ever himself, always keeping his spontaneous humor, and not losing his interest in people, although he had far greater deeds to perform than merely helping his people personally.

FLORENCE STUTZMAN, '25.

TRAGEDY

A deadly calm was in the night air. The moon had disappeared behind an ominously black cloud. An ideal night for murder, I would say. And on this warm night in July a great disaster was destined to occur, one which was to mean the death of certain ideals which we pupils once upheld. I was the only

outside witness to the tragedy. Ah, me, that I must be the one to relate to the public the events of that evening.

My first inkling of something unusual had occurred at the factory that morning. Behind the thin partition between the rooms I could hear faint whispered words. Then a loud angry voice cried, "At the old field at the crossing tonight then." I hastily resolved to be present when the plotters arrived, and if possible, to prevent a calamity.

I went to the place mentioned at eight-thirty that evening and waited. The air was growing chilly and the moon had gone behind the clouds for the last time. I was becoming restless, when suddenly a sound broke the silence. The smooth purring of a powerful engine came to my ears and I saw, coming down the highway, a Ford straight-eight. It stopped at the edge of the field and two men disembarked. Almost immediately I heard another sound on the Theodore Roosevelt Highway (noted for its rough-riding qualities). A roaring noise filled the atmosphere and from the smooth pulsating sound of the engine, I knew a high-powered car was approaching. I was not disappointed, for just then a machine hove in sight, and as it drew nearer I found that it was a Chevrolet twin-six, with aluminum-plated finishings. It came to a stop steadily by jerks. Two old men got out and, to my horror, I saw, underneath the arm of one, a closely and carefully wrapped bundle.

Both parties moved to the middle of the field and there the article was set down carefully and the cover removed. There in the cool night air stood a highly polished object. I immediately started thinking as hard as I could (the smell of burning wood almost gave my hiding place away). What could



THE FACULTY



THE ORCHESTRA

it be? A faint ticking came to my ear. I had it! The men had in their possession an infernal machine, an instrument which would send us into eternity in a few seconds. I wanted to run, but my legs failed me. Then I saw the composure of those four brave men and I concluded that it was too late to run. Throwing caution to the wind, I stood up, resolved

to die like a man, a true nature's nobleman. Then—ting-a-ling-a-ling—and the mystery was solved. With that moment died the ideals of every pupil, of remaining late in bed, and with that instant a new alarm clock had been tested for a place on the ready market.

Ah-h-h, fateful night!

JOHN B. GOBIN, '24.

WITH THE POETS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The station was full of travellers known
And perhaps many pals and true friends of school,
But you can't imagine the feeling we had
When we left our homes bound for
Washington, D. C.

The only real shower of our voyage was rice
We received at the station before we left.
The next event was the packing in berths,
Both upper and lower were occupied
To Washington, D. C.

We all lacked sleep and rest that night
Since talking and laughing were still carried on,
But all were wide awake and sang
When the train came to a standstill
At Washington, D. C.

When we disembarked the busses were waiting
To take us to our headquarters, and here
We received the first real treat which was
New Winston Ham and Eggs, well known
In Washington, D. C.

I do not wish to go into detail
About the marvellous things we saw,
But these are just a few of the things
Which happened to the class while in and around
Washington, D. C.

If you should have chanced to pass by
Any street corner of Washington
You surely would have seen your chum
Posing for a picture in the street
Of Washington, D. C.

I could never begin to explain to you
The beautiful scenery and buildings we saw,
But none of us could appreciate fully
The meaning and beauty of things so wonderful
In Washington, D. C.

The monument at which we took a climb
Seemed to us very high and rare
When in its small and lonely spire
The people as pencils are passers by
In Washington, D. C.

Of course we all bought walking sticks
The boys bought canes, and on the street
They ate bananas, swung canes, and sang,
"Oh, yes, we have no bananas today,"
In Washington, D. C.

I haven't mentioned to you our eats,
The chicken, the ham, the eggs, the cake,
But if you wish full particulars on this
Just ask the Seniors their New Winston menu
In Washington, D. C.

The Seniors had the very best time
While visiting this distinguished and beautiful city.
We wish you all could take this trip
Next year as a class and visit wonderful
Washington, D. C.

I wish to use this poem so crude
As a means of thanking the lower classes.
We thank you all for your co-operation
And wish you the best success on your trip
To Washington, D. C.

VIOLA PEDEN, '24.

SCHOOL DAYS

"Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the nineteen twenty-four career."

I

When we as Freshmen came to school
We never broke a single rule,
We always did our lessons right
And always kept our books in sight.
We never were the least bit late.
Our notebooks were always up to date.
Our English themes were always in,
We studied so that A's we'd win.
We never talked or dared chew gum,
And at our teachers' call we'd come.

II

When we as Sophs the second year,
Returned to school ourselves to cheer,
The change in us was somewhat marked.
Along the halls ourselves we parked,
We wrote on the desks, and lost our books.
The girls thought of nothing but their looks.
They primped, they powdered, they bobbed their hair,
The boys asked for "dates" from the ladies fair.
The teachers were shocked and told us so
But we didn't care—we were on the go.

III

In our Junior year we were all puffed out
Monday Chapel was the general shout.

Hair was put up and trousers were lengthened
We were very proud and our power was strengthened.
We grew very careless and were late for our classes
And made a collection of little blue passes.
Class meetings were held and argued at will
We talked and we giggled and wouldn't keep still,
Each day some one a class would skip
And then pay homage to a three-twenty slip.

IV

At last as Seniors we came into our own
We never took any of our lessons home,
We were far too majestic to raise any fuss
If things didn't happen to go just right for us.
We thought that the sun ought never to set
Unless our permission it first would get.
We were quite proud of the girls in the class
Who, on the honor roll, the boys could not pass,
But now with my story I really must close
And in the "Phoenician" with others it goes.
"I quite assure you that all this is so,
For I, as a member, have reasons to know."

CATHERINE FISHER, '24.

TO JEROME:

Alack and well-a-day!
Write a poem you say;
An ode to a toad
Or a sonnet,
A rhapsody on "My Ladies' New Bonnet."
But I'm nearly dead,—
I've a pain in my head
From thinking so much upon't.
This little brain, child,
Is a bit wild,
It's free verse—supposed to be.
Still—do what you will
It may space fill—
And I've not been a shirk
For I've done the work
Which you assigned to me.

MILDRED WAGLE, '24.

THE WARNING

One day before the heat of June,
I strolled near a babbling brook.
The children of nature close around
Most everywhere you look.
And e'en in a tree above the brook
A gay young wren was sitting,
And to the small ones in the nest
A lullaby was twitting.

But hark! what sounds are those?
From yonder stump so dead.
A squirrel small the mystery solves
With his bushy tail, so red.
As I walked on towards the path,
A snake with glittering eyes
Sought vengeance, for I scared away
His one and only prize.

LEONARD GRAZIER, '27.

LIFE

Invisible—Yet most precious thing on earth.
Cost—It cannot be bought.
Qualities—Just what one makes it.
Virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity.
Faith will lead those who pray.
Hope will lead those who persevere.
Charity will lead those who help others.
Life is like a great battleship
Strong and vigorous at the start,
But gradually weakened by some ill doing.
Life is a chain of incidents
And these incidents are woven into one big chain,
And this chain is the chain of character.
Therefore, Life is character, we live till character dies,
It may be in early age for some
While more often it is in mature age for others.

MARGARET ROACH, '24.

MOTHER

When the hours are lonely
Let us fly to thee.
When my heart is weary
Mother, thou comfort me.
Thou art to me a treasure
More dear than gems and gold.
My thread of life is woven
By mother's love for me.
There is no other kindness
Like mother's love for me.
So stay close by me, mother,
In sorrow, joy and glee.
You are a mother tender,
And most precious gift on earth.
So stay close by me, mother,
And lead me in thy light.

MARGARET ROACH, '24.

THE RAIN

It was a rainy day in Autumn,
The leaves were falling fast,
The little birds huddled in the trees
And watched the rain sweep past.
The little flowers on the ground
Were swaying in the wind,
They always waited for the rain
Because it was their friend.
The little fishes in the brook
All swam with might and main,
The mountain streams had risen high
Just on account of rain.

ROBERT SABO, '27.

I WONDER

I wonder, Oh, I wonder,
Why the girls all bob their hair,
I wonder, Oh, I wonder,
Why the teachers at me stare.
I wonder, Oh, I wonder,
If I'll pass this year with grace,
I wonder, Oh, I wonder,
If there's powder on my face.

CATHERINE FISHER, '24.

THE CLASSES

SENIOR WEEK

May 29.....	Junior-Senior Reception
June 2.....	Senior Assembly
June 6.....	Class Play
June 8.....	Baccalaureate Sermon
June 9.....	Commencement Exercises
June 10.....	Class Picnic
June 14.....	Alumni Banquet

CLASS MOTTO

"To Be Rather Than to Seem"

CLASS COLORS

Brown and Gold

CLASS FLOWER

Brown Eyed Susan

CLASS OF 1924

Marian Bailey—Bailey

"The art of using moderate abilities to advantage wins praise, and often acquires more reputation than real brilliancy."

Long has she been famous for the "eats" she prepares for parties and banquets. She knows better than anyone else in the school what folks like to eat. Combined with her practical nature Marian has an artistic side, also, as the posters and designs which she has so willingly made for all school events will show.



Alvena Brickner—"Brickie"

"You'd scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage. Don't view me with a critic's eye, but pass my imperfections by."

Alvena was once the tiniest, quietest person but this year she has budded out considerably. Her histrionic ability was early discovered and ever since that first old Irish play, Alvena has been in demand. There is no one else in the world like Alvena, her naive wit and her sunny nature make an altogether original combination.



Mary Brands—"Med"

"First love I Nature—then Art."

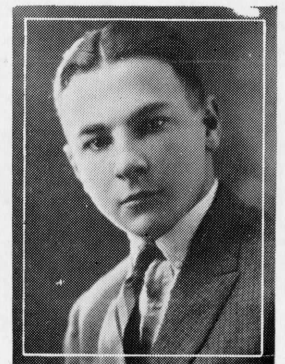
Mary is small but modest and zealous. She seldom declines any duties as an artist for her sole ambition is to paint. She is something of a naturalist, also, and spends long summer days browsing around in the woods. Med was unable to go on the Washington trip, but the fortitude with which she bore that awful mishap has made us admire her more than ever.



Harry Callet—"Kelley"

"Very smart, very witty and very sporty."

Harry can be called "The Touchstone" of the Basket Ball Team, and, in fact, of the whole Senior Class. His witty remarks, combined with "Majestic" jokes, gave him undisputed possession of that crown. If he uses the same tact in the business world that he did in Basket Ball, he will be more than an asset to his father's business.



Grace Coll—"Caius"

"O, thou art fairer than the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

Who said, where there was beauty, brains were not? We have in Grace the writer, philosopher, and actress. Who can forget "her as was a McGill?" An aversion to mathematics and things mathematical together with these qualities, however, reassure us that she is quite human.



Regina Eck—"Gene"

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait."

Regina's hands, however, are seldom folded, for there is no one so ready to serve, so willing to do her share and more, than she. We remember Regina as one of the main contributors of needlework for the bazaar. The school is losing an enthusiastic worker when she graduates.



Ross Cook—"Monk"

"Born with a gift of laughter
And a sense that the world is mad."

Life is one bed of roses for funny old Monk! His contagious laughter is a signal for the rest of the world to start. Monk is also a peach of a dancer and has no trouble in getting a partner, but behind his gay exterior Ross carries a brilliant mind and the kindest of hearts. He will set the world a-dancing to the music of his "Sax."



Daniel Ellis—"Dan"

"Dreamer of dreams, in tears you
learned your singing."

Dan is usually half here and half in the clouds, if we are to judge from his eyes. Somehow we always think that a whimsical character has walked out of the covers of Barry when we see him! We expect to hear, some day, that the class of '24 has produced a noted singer.



Catherine Fisher—Catherine

"Gentle in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Generous and free."

It has really not been until this year that we have come to know the real Catherine. Or rather it was not until the Washington trip. We find her ready to laugh at every joke, interested in the activities of the school and class, and best of all, willing to do anything that is asked of her.



Rose Alma Harrigan—"Aumie"

"A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, "tears"
and smiles."

"Aumie" appears to take school life seriously, but to those who know her, she is one little bundle of mischief. It lurks right behind the seriousness of her Irish eyes and once in a while, in fact, quite often, it peeps through them and you see her laughing at you even while she appears to be listening to you with all seriousness.



Sara Geer—"Sal"

"Of her bright face, one glance will
trace

A picture on the brain,
And of her voice, in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain."

We have had Sal with us just one year. But one year will certainly leave a pleasant memory. One of Sal's most important functions was supplying the more frivolous minded and footed with jazz. Her ability, however, is not confined to this field, for she has been active in all school affairs.



Owen Higgins—"Goat"

"Large was his bounty and his soul
sincere."

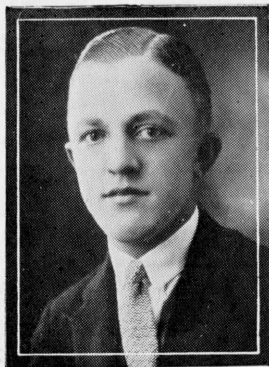
"Goat" has been one of the leaders of our class. Because of his willingness to help, perhaps too much was given to him to do, but he always managed to get it done on time and in good shape. As president for two years and treasurer this year he has been the backbone of the class. Sincere and dependable, the school will be losing much when Goat leaves. We wish him all the luck in the world—he certainly deserves it.



William Hinkel—Bill

"They can affirm his praises best,
How good he is—how just
And fit for highest trust."

"Bill" was the big noise in our class this year. In his capacity as Manager of Basket Ball, Bill gained undying renown. He was usually seen staggering around the locker room at the "Y" with his arms filled, yelling, "Who want's a towel?" Bill was almost exterminated at the Basket Ball banquet when he started his speech with, "It behooves me tonight." Good luck to our manager!



Margaret Jahn—"Marg"

"Honors achieved far exceed those
that are created."

Margaret certainly earned that Girl Reserve ring she won the other day for Marg has a highly developed sense of duty and always does what is asked of her and more too. In her quiet unruffled manner she has been invaluable to the school. For her scholarship, athletic ability, leadership, and character she has earned a place in the honor society.



Mary Louise Hammond—"Wheezie"

"Youth will have its fling."

Mary Louise is so full of life and pep that she makes the rest of us poor souls feel about one hundred and eighty when we are with her. "Wheezie" is anything but serious-minded—she is too busy with her new cases to allow school work to worry her. She fairly radiates good nature and we feel confident that she will be happy in whatever field of work she enters.



June Kerr—"June Bug"

"Come sing now, sing—
For I know you sing well,
For you have a singing face."

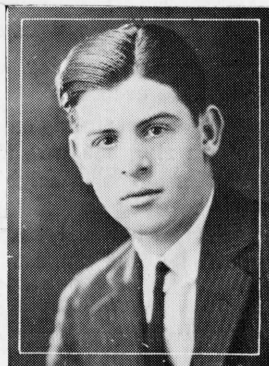
June has become such a part of us that it is hard to realize that she has been with us only two years. Her coming greatly enriched the powers of the class for her voice is one of the Senior Class treasures. June possesses real talent, too, when it comes to sewing and poster making and impersonating Blue Beard's Wife. Always cheerful and willing to help, with a spark of mischief in her eyes, she is a dandy good sport and a real friend.



Frank Leahey—"Soak"

"If he had any faults he has left us in doubt—
At least in six weeks we could not find out."

Frank has kept us guessing for at least four years. It must be that he never shows his bad side or has none to show. He is one of our most versatile Seniors. Besides being a brilliant scholar and a wonderful basketball star, he made himself famous in the community as a garbage man and a soda-water clerk. All that remains now is to see which profession he adopts permanently.



Hilda Meehan—"Mun"

"Thou hast a grim appearance
And thy face bears a command."

Hilda has successfully steered our ship through its last and roughest league. Yes, Hilda is our president and what with her Irish wit and dire expression, she has led us safely on through many a storm. Under her guidance the class has undertaken much and you may depend upon it we have been successful with such a leader as Hilda!



Dorothy Leuin—"Dot"

"Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shine."

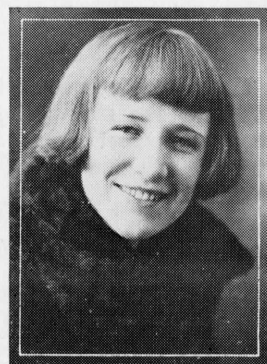
Dorothy has been with us only during the last two years, but in that period she has made up for lost time. Her somewhat classical features would lead us to believe she was a dreamer, but her stardom in the commercial department shows that behind a comely face there is the calm, practical brain of an efficient business woman.



Vera Meehan—"Venus"

"Mine be the strength of spirit, full and free."

Behold! Our class genius. She writes poetry as easily as she makes friends. Not satisfied with one accomplishment, she shows real ability in music (particularly singing on trains at three a. m.) in math (?) and leaping into the Senior room simultaneously with the ringing of the late bell, in being able to find a funny side to most anything. In addition to all this, Vera made the debating team and carried off main honors for the Senior hysteria squad.



David O'Loughlin—"Divie"

"It takes a soul
To move a body, it takes a high-
minded man
To move the masses."

Words can scarcely do Divie justice. It is difficult to write of the admiration and respect we hold for him. Whether for class, for Boys' Club, for the "Phoenician" or in tennis he is ever the same—steady, hard-working Divie! With his exceptional tennis playing he has brought home many laurels for the school. As an orator and debater he is certainly gifted, but David's going to be a surgeon! In whatever field of work he enters, for his lovable nature and sterling qualities, the future spells nothing but success for him.



John O'Loughlin—"Jack"

"Oh, I am foxy, I'm cute—I am."

Jack is one of our most honored tennis stars. His ability and service as a tennis player has gone far in making known W. U. Y. H. S. Jack also ranks high in scholarship and we are confident that if his ambitions are as large as the bow ties he wears he will accomplish very much in years to come!



Clara Osgood—"Clay"

"Confound all cats! all cats—alway,
Cats of all colors—black, white grey,
By night a nuisance and by day,
Confound all cats!"

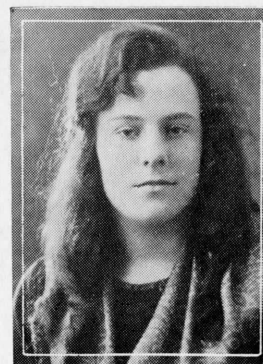
Clara is school spirit personified. She has worked with an unselfish interest for every thing pertaining to the school since she has been in it. When there was no one else to do a thing Clara did it. Her sympathetic nature makes her an ideal leader for the girls in the school. She has always been "ready for service" and "ever dependable. Her magnetic personality and "pep" have added much to every occasion. It is too bad that we have not space enough to tell of her funny side and of her many talents.



Viola Peden—"Vi"

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Those who know "Vi" realize what a good sport she is. She has been an active athlete from the very beginning of her Freshman year and has won many laurels for our school. She is always ready with good ideas and suggestions and has taken part in many school activities. "Vi" is gifted with a beautiful voice and has "pepped up" many a crowd.



Lily Fern Potter—Fern

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

In her quiet, gentle way Lily Fern has slowly but surely entwined herself in our hearts. She has served faithfully on all the refreshment committees, and has almost a genius for serving dainty things. Lily Fern is a dandy friend to all those who know her and her class-mates are very sorry to hear that next year will find her 'way out in California.



Margaret Roach—"Marg."

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Of course that's Marg Roach! Who else could it be? She always has a kind word or smile for everyone. She is an "all-round" student and takes part in many of the school activities. Marg was one of those girls who went out for the track team each year and did her share in giving Westmont a leading place in the meet.



Oliver Proudfoot—"Ollie"

"A young Adonis, lonely, fresh and green."

What we've been wondering is how Ollie manages to keep his marks up to A and B when all we ever see him do is amuse the girls or be amused by them. He's a clever mathematician among other things and a good pal.



Francis Roach—"Bud"

"His eye begets occasion for his wit; For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest."

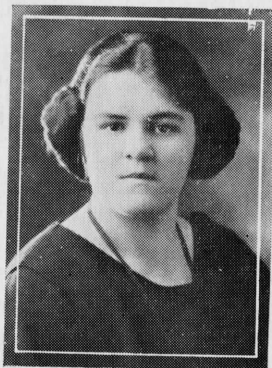
It's too bad the days of kings and queens have passed for ever—Bud would have made an ideal court jester. But since they are gone forever, why, he'll just have to join the Keith circuit, that's all that's left for him. His timely wit has come in handy for four years, eliminating the night of April 25 on the sleeper when, we fear, his wit was not appreciated.



Katherine Raab—"Katy"

"And mistress of herself, tho' China fall."

Nothing excites or ruffles Katherine. She goes calmly about her candy ordering, her shorthand and her dress-making getting more accomplished than most people suspect. When things go wrong and the rest of us become discouraged and are ready to give up, Katherine is there to take a hand in things.



Catherine Scammell
"When art thou most lone
gone far astray
Into the labyrinths of
ance?
Or when serenely wan
trance
Of sober thought?"

Andy is one of our gamest, peppy, pretty, and punctual above all things. It's a basketball game, school, or a train, she's first to arrive. She is a sort of person, that is, she is most of the clubs in the school, signing the "Sign of the Four" she is a most loyal and member.

Elizabeth Rogers—"Liz"

"Our youth we can have but today—
We may always find time to grow
old."

Liz is the kind that takes life as it comes. No snigs or snares bar her path. She believes in giggling her way through and she has been very successful. As for study she is pass—A. But as to a good time she heads the list. What on earth would we have done without her especially during our hysteria campaign when she was awarded the medal which she presented to the Senior Class of 1924? (Not to mention Senior chapel?)



Jerome Schmerin—Jerry

"A progeny of learning."

"Jerry" is the financier of the class. Much of the success of "fun nite" was due to the splendid manner in which Chairman Schmerin handled the finance committee. Our hero was quite a "shiek" in Washington, liking the bunch at the Metropolitan Hotel very much. Here's for success to our business man.





Katherine Simons—"Kay"

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on it,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

Katherine surprised all of us by appearing one morning with her tresses cut. We all agree that it has made her still more attractive. She has only been with us for two years but we know not what we would have done without her. She distinguished herself by making the debating team. Kay is an excellent student standing high in all her work.

Mildred Wagle—"Millie"

"I love windy water and the sight
Of luggers sailing in by thin moon-
light."

Mildred is the class artist and scribbler of free verse. As president of the Dramatic Club she has distinguished herself for executive ability, as well as dramatic talent. Mildred just goes through the days in a happy-go-lucky sort of way. If she starts for a place she might get there, and then she might not. Despite all this, however, there is a strain of seriousness in her nature, and her words are few and well weighed.



Theodore Wagner—"Ted"

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover
Prithee, why so pale."

"Ted," the big man of the class. For three years "Ted" was a regular varsity player on the basket ball team. In baseball and track he has proved a steady, consistent plugger. Ted in addition to being quiet and unassuming has developed into a regular lady's man. He had a wonderful time in Washington and not by himself. May the best of luck follow you always, "old man."



Verna Wagner—"Wag"

"Beware of her dark hair, for she excels

All women in the magic of her locks."

No chorus is complete without Verna's alto, and no party is complete without Verna's pep and uke. On the Washington trip, although she managed to keep everyone else awake all night, Verna was about the only one who did not limp around half asleep for a week. She has further added to her fame by "falling" for the class strong man.



Isabel Wilner—"Belle"

"Entrancing ourselves with charmed melody."

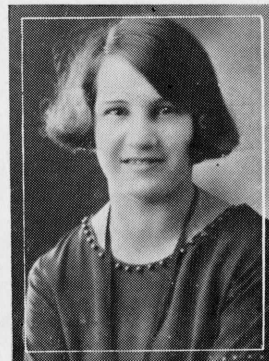
"Belle" is the Senior songbird. Little we knew how well she sang or that she sang at all until this year when she sang for us at one of our assemblies. She is always prepared in her school work and indeed some of the pupils say that she is always several lessons in advance of them in most of her work. It seems unnecessary to wish her success because people who look ahead as she does always attain it.



Martha Wolf—Martha

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!"

Martha has been working hard during her high school course, but she hasn't missed any of the fun that goes with it. She is a wizard at typewriting, and, we hope, will some day be the national champion. She believes that the soldiers do not deserve a bonus and told us why most emphatically in the Debating Contest. Martha is the kind that forges right through to success in everything she undertakes, which is one of the reasons why she is in the National Honor Society.



Sylvia Zaconick—"Syl"

"An able woman shows her spirit
by gentle words and resolute actions;
she is neither hot nor timid."

This quotation expresses just a little of what "Syl" really is. It is true that we have never had anything but gentle words from her and although her actions are resolute she does not impose upon others. She is not quick-tempered, neither is she timid. She is always willing to help even if the task is not pleasant and oftentimes does more than her share. Taken altogether, "Syl" is an ideal school-mate and friend.





THE GRADUATING CLASS AS FRESHMEN



SUB FRESHMEN, 1921 ½

Class History

Turn the candles low, settle back comfortably in your arm-chair and shut your eyes, for presently the Good Genii will arrive to take you on a journey. No, do not worry about your ticket or your unpacked suitcase, for this is no ordinary journey. You are going back to the year 1921 in the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School. Open the Phoenician with the blue and white cover and turn to the page labeled "Freshies." Ah! the Good Fairy of Pleasant Memories has arrived!

At first you say you do not know those people who are gazing at you. Yet—a moment—that merry girl, does she not bear a striking resemblance to the Senior President? And there, the young Diana in the front row, is that not our athlete—Viola Peden? One by one their identity is revealed until at last each face becomes familiar. Now swiftly you see it all; Artie Allison in his first longers; Marian Long, "whose startling voice the silence breaks;" Johnny Schreve, of the many escapes and escapades; oh, that one carefree year! Remember all the "youthful jollity" that was crowded into the nice short months when you were free from the dignity of the Sophomore and Senior years? Bid the good nymph, Memory, open the door of room 204 that you may once again peep into Miss Bortz's Latin class, where you may see the merry Freshmen bidding "begone dull care" while they join in the favorite sport of eraser slinging, or wander to the Domestic Science room to see the Freshmen girls being introduced to the fine art of housekeeping, or glance into study hall, where, if you are on time, you will catch Johnny Gobin in the very Freshman-like act of falling out of his desk.

But half the class is missing, you say? Only turn to the page of Mid-term Freshmen and there you will discern some of the now most beloved members of '24. It is hard to realize that these people who are now the very nucleus of the class have not always been with you. Only pleasant memories belong to these folks, who as sub-Freshmen, had the rare advantage of being able to receive advice and criticism from the more advanced members.

During the year several of your classmates had achieved renown. What envious glances were bestowed upon Viola Peden, who for her Herculean strength, had won honors in basket-ball and track. Henry Seitz had accomplished the un-

heard of feat of making the Varsity basket-ball squad, while Frank and Ted were on the second team. The pages of the year book were filled with the drawings and writings of talented Freshies. Oh! twenty-four was a clever class! Then all too soon came the days of examinations and Senior Commencement and hints of summer. You remember the thrill of pride you felt when, to solemn strains of music, rhythmic chanting, you, timid Freshie, "went out from your Freshman English safe now in the Sophomore class."

Let Father Time turn the pages until you arrive at the Sophomore year. They are a little older now, how the boys have grown—and the girls have bobbed their hair! Yes, they are the same group but there is something missing—a certain childish naivety (or Freshman greenness) is gone from their faces. Their eyes have lost the mischievous twinkle; their shining faces, their perfectly groomed tresses, hint that they are beginning to feel the importance of being almost grown up. It was at this time your class won the reputation for being as "proud as peacocks." You have cause to be justly proud, for in your second year you accomplished much. Early in the year "Goat" Higgins was chosen president and thus began his career as, perhaps, the staunchest supporter the class ever had. When a call was sent out for participants in the track meet the Sophs turned out in dozens and won a majority of the points. On the varsity were three of your members and the Sophomore class was well represented in all of the school clubs. When Fun Nite came along the Seniors were forced to share their success with the Sophs, who distinguished themselves in the shadow play, the French cabaret and the minstrel. The real glory of the year however was the outcome of the Soph-Senior game. The very mention of that game brings once again to your ears those deafening noises the first primitive cry of joy at the possibility of beating an upper-classman, the terrified moans as Bill Marley made a basket, then the hysterical shrieking of Leah Shaup and last, like a clap of thunder the Sophs' cry of triumph! Oh, that game! It will live in your memory forever. That game which showed the class of '24 that nothing was impossible—that they could do anything they wanted to do.

Another year is here. You are still in room 202 but you are Juniors now. Get out your memory book—"The Phoenician" then, to aid you in following the characters. You can only murmur the same old phrase—"How they have changed." Here and there you spy a new face—a pretty girl—Kate

Simons, and beside her a shy little girl, Dot Leuin, and the stately June Kerr—and in the back now, one is hardly able to see him, Dan Ellis.

They said of these Juniors, “no matter what is done or where, you’ll find the Juniors always there.” And they were, it is not generally the custom for mere Juniors to be committee chairmen, to take things into their own hands; but from the beginning until the end of the year the Juniors somewhat “ran things.” The basket-ball team was, with two exceptions all Juniors, the track team, with three exceptions, was made up of members of this illustrious class, and every point won was by its members. All this with the aid of the Junior Cheerleader, Gobin! David O’Laughlin won honors not only for himself but for his school by gaining the Boys’ Tennis championship of the United States. When Miss Naomi Perry gave her course in dramatic art the leading parts were captured by Juniors—Clara, Ollie, Divie and Catherine Simons.

As a grand climax to this most successful year came the Junior-Senior reception. Remember with what a beating heart you listened for the telephone on the nights preceding it—the long hours you spent in gossiping about what to wear and who was taking who, then, the period of deliberation before the great decision was made that the reception should no more be an invitation affair. The class has been very proud of this democratic ruling. The part of it all that stands out most vividly perhaps, is a picture of Hilda running wildly about the kitchen, of “Goat” appearing on the scene with loaves upon loaves of **fresh** bread, of yourself trying vainly to make the punch drinkable or foolishly endeavoring to hang the blue and gray decorations with a hairpin. Then the great night has arrived! You are a trifle nervous—lest the honored Seniors should not like the orchestra—lest some one will notice that the sandwiches aren’t buttered—lest the decorations fall. But with an orange moon sending a gleam across the glassy floor, with the orchestra playing a sweet and dreamy waltz and you, in your best bib and tucker, merrily dancing, why, you and your guests, the Seniors, were having the time of your lives!

Swiftly now—one could travel the old paths forever and find an inexhaustible amount of material to reminisce upon, but the time grows late and you must yet visit the happy land of the Senior year. What will you attend first: the Parents’ Reception, and view dignified fathers and stately mothers joyously skipping the Virginia Reel, or will you spend an evening in company with the Girls’ Sewing Club in prepa-

ration for the School Exhibit and Bazaar? Then you must at least peep into the school on Fun Night, and too, there is the Washington trip! Speedily this last year passes. It is one busy swirl of events for the Seniors. Never before in the history of the school had so much been undertaken, and never before had so much been carried successfully through. It is too great a task to review even briefly, the interesting points of this last year. This class has braved many a crisis together, has worked together and found time to play together. The heart of each of its forty-one members carries a spark of affection, a feeling of kinship and comradeship, for all the other classmates. It is hard to express one’s feelings for these schooldays which have been so much more than just “reading, writin’ and ’rithmetic.” Where are there words to eulogize upon what these days, these friends, have meant to you? Sometime when your youth seems far behind, when you are just a bit discouraged with the world, remember the rest of the class. Think of the scrubbing brigade on the Saturday after Fun Night, of the games in the grove, of the old boys’ quartet in the Penn-Harris, the last time you were together, singing “That Old Gang of Mine” and weep, silly, sentimental geese, weep!

MILDRED WAGLE, '24.

FROM A SENIOR'S DIARY

Home from school at top speed to pack my valise. At ten, left under stress of great worry. Did I have my incline ticket, purse, identification papers, gloves, handkerchief, umbrella, dorine, comb and oh, yes! had I packed my toothbrush?

In the station we noticed a number of jubilant underclassmen. Doubtless, thought I, their expressions expressed their appreciation of our going and leaving them to a few days of real work—they’d be able to concentrate so much better without us around. Finally, after several false alarms the right train came and we boarded it in a flurry of excitement and under a shower of rice which pelted everyone, though intended for only two of our crowd. It seemed indeed that half of us were trying to progress in one direction and the remaining fifty per cent in the other. At any rate, before I got to my place I had received a black eye caused by impact with a foot dangling from an “upper” and had broken two teeth in the foolish act of biting a coat hanger! Would I could say,

"At last we were all settled," but in truth I cannot for we never were. Things had, however, become almost quiet after several hours of squelching on the part of Miss Lippi and Hilda, but a sudden halt at Harrisburg caused a new burst of sound. Beginning with whispers the noise gradually but rapidly merged into shouts and yells which abated not one whit until broad daylight. It is most difficult to understand how Mr. Engh managed to sleep through it all—we suspect him of taking a correspondence course in concentration in sleeping. Just about the time we were to get up most of us fell asleep, but the train being very late, all were ready to disembark when we arrived at our destination. Thus, much the worse for weariness we ended the first episode in our journey.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

The class reunion picture, published in the 1934 *Phoenixian*, is not the only place to see the familiar faces and names of the class of '24, for they blaze from the front pages of the daily newspapers.

Marg Jahn, of the A-B Club ten years ago, is now the modern Florence Nightingale and has attended the reunion with the society leader and president of the Civic Club, the Catherine Scammell of the old school days. Mary Brands was in too big a hurry to wait for the picture to be taken, for she must needs hurry away to the studio where she had an appointment with Catherine Simons for a sitting. Clara and Hilda are both running for State Governor on the Prohibitionist ticket. Clara has become known as the dean of Wilson College, so that Hilda surely has a formidable rival. Bud Roach is a columnist for a newspaper syndicate, and has just published an article in the "American Humorist." No one, considering her impetuous youth, would believe that Mary Louise Hammond could settle down to the staid matron she is today, and that Regina Eck has had her hair bobbed at this late date. Dr. David O'Loughlin has been compared with Leonardo di Vinci, who is said to have been the most versatile man who ever lived—an athlete, an editor, a politician, and a

surgeon all in one! We have Liz Rogers with us today. She is just returned from Paris where, by the way, she has divorced her third husband. It is rumored that she is now engaged to the Prince of Wales. Oliver is posing for Arrow Collar ads and Monk is entered in the auto races this year. Vera Meehan dropped in from Greenwich Village to report to us that she has dedicated her latest novel to the class of twenty-four. Marg Roach is still as full of pep as ever, and has forgotten entirely how to use a typewriter. The clever little actress we have been hearing so much about on Broadway this season, is none other than our own Alvena. Johnny Gobin, perhaps the most versatile of the old class, is doing a variety act in vaudeville. He is using his old-time wit, combined with his mellow voice and graceful dancing, to fill the coffers. His days of cheer-leading, the clever writing he used to do for the *Phoenixian*, his playing in the orchestra and his singing in the quartet have been invaluable training for him. William Hinkel is a traveling salesman and has, in his wanderings in California, seen Lilly Fern Potter several times. Marian Bailey's housekeeping is a source of envy for all the other ladies of the community. She has used her instructions under Mrs. Harris to make the most artistic of houses. Dot Leuin, quiet as ever, came with Sylvia, the class dentist. Dan Ellis is singing in a church choir, while the other song-birds, June and Isabelle, have had offers from the Metropolitan. Martha Wolf has developed into the ideal business woman—well dressed, neat, and attractive. The Wagners, Ted and Verna, you will see when you get the picture. Johnny O' has sent his regrets for he had a very important law case which required his whole time. Although Goat Higgins is a very busy man these days, he found time to tear away from the office, and attend the reunion. We were all pleased to hear that Aumie had received the bid to decorate the Alumni Hall. Harry Callet just pulled up in his limousine in time to sit in the picture, but Jerry was too busy with his gasoline to attend. Pretty Grace Coll has just finished publishing her fourth

volume of poems and is beginning work on a great epic. We were not surprised to hear that Viola has established one of the most up-to-date physical training schools of the country. Frank Leahey couldn't come, being in training preparatory for his entrance in the Olympics, when he will uphold his pole-vault reputation. We are rather proud when we think that Frank got his first training along such lines, in the old High School. Catherine Fisher was unable to be at the reunion, also, because she is now out in one of the western states, having graduated from normal school. Henry Seitz was there, and said that the other day, being hungry, and tired, too, from a long day in the tire shop he owns, he thought he would drop

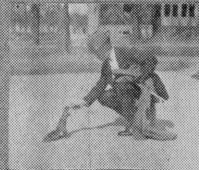
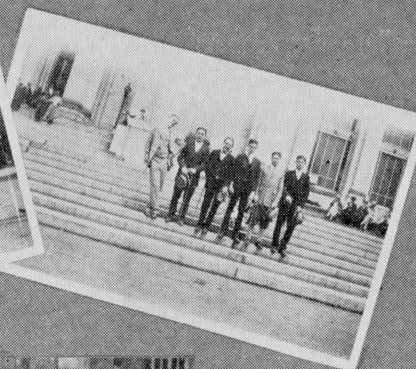
in at an attractive tea-room he saw. You can imagine his surprise when he learned that the proprietress was none other than Katherine Raab. But look again to the picture. Who can that be with the artists' smock, flowing tie, and shell-rimmed glasses? Mildred Wagle, and wearing a tam o' shanter with it all. How well her Bohemian dress befits her Bohemian disposition. Poet, painter, and journalist, she has developed to the full the abilities and genius which we could recognize lay latent in her during her younger years.

We have the whole class, now, the glorious class of '24! seen through a lens which can pierce through ten years of time.



PASSING SHOW OF 1924

Name	Nickname	Occupation	Ambition	Last Seen
L. F. Potter	Fern	Making waves	To catch a street car	Looking sweet
Oliver Proudfoot	Ollie	Avoiding work	Dates	With Mary A.
C. Scammell	Andy	Day dreaming	To get to school on time	In Harrisburg
Sara Geer	Sal	Playing in Orchestra	To grow small	With Endicott
Catherine Simons	Kay	Trying to reduce	To be a teacher	In front of a mirror
Mildred Wagle	Millie	Doing Everything	To be a movie director	Leaning out the fire-escape
Verna Wagner	Wag	Looking at Ted	To become Mrs.	With Ted
Theodore Wagner	Ted	Going to Southmont	To get there on time	With Verna
Sylvia Zaconick	Syl	Helping others	To grow a shingle	In the green car
Alvena Brickner	Bricky	Amusing us	To be an actress	In a play
Martha Wolf	Martha	Typewriting	A new typewriting record	On the Honor Roll
Katherine Raab	Katy	Buying candy	To be a seamstress	Measuring
Harry Callet	Kelly	Telling jokes	To have one	At the Majestic (front row)
Ross Cook	Monk	Breaking hearts	To be Valodictorian	In the "bug"
Mary Brands	Med	Writing to "Pitt"	To become a Co-ed	With a "Nickel"
Grace Coll	Caius	Doing French	To write a class song	May Queen
Regina Eck	Jean	Being sedate	To be a flapper	With folded hands
M. L. Hammond	Wheeze	Making eyes	To become slender	Fun Night
Dorothy Leuin	Dot	Being quiet	You never can tell	At Myrkle-Harder Co.
Jerome Schmerin	Jerry	Collecting "literature"	To be an oil dealer	At the Gas Station
Henry Seitz	Seitz	Vamping Southmont girls	To be a man about town	Taking pictures
William Hinkel	Bill	Applying hairgroom	To play in vaudeville	Making a speech
Rose A. Harrigan	Aumie	Reading Liz's letters	To become an "Engh"	In middy and bloomers
Owen Higgins	Goat	Collecting dues	To out-argue Hilda	Laughing—at what?
Francis Roach	Bud	Making us laugh	To get married	Rear Somerset St.
Marian Bailey	Bailey	Having hysterics	Ditto	Running up Pennsy. Ave.
Isabell Wilner	Belle	Winning prizes	To be Galli-Curci	With him (?)
John Gobin	Gob	Jack of all trades	To give a big "Ki, Yi"	Conemaugh
Dan Ellis	Dan	Chewing gum	To be a new Caruso	Falling
Margaret Jahn	Mah Jongg	Translating Cicero	To be a nurse	Studying
Elizabeth Rogers	Liz	Giggling	To be a chorus girl	Looking into a passing train
Frank Leahey	Soak	Jerking sodas	To get in State	You'd be surprised
Vera Meehan	Venus	Classical dance instructor	To be a blond	Buying Peroxide
Catherine Fisher	Catherine	Being kind	To be a Suffragist	Writing poetry
June Kerr	June Bug	Making posters	Not the slightest bit	Reducing (?)
John O'Loughlin	Jack	Fixing his tie	To be a shiek	Arching his eyebrows
David O'Loughlin	Divie	Playing tennis	To be Tilden's successor	In knickers
Margaret Roach	Marg	Worrying about Bud	To grow tall	Putting up Hygiene sign
Hilda Meehan	Hil	Bossing	To be President	With paper and pencil
Clara Osgood	Clay	Dodging the cat	To live up to the G. R. Code	Looking for the mailman
Viola Peden	Vi	Throwing balls	To be an athlete	In middy and bloomers



SNAPSHOTS

The Junior Class History

"Never shall our exploits be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

Our exploits date from September, 1923, when we entered the scene of conquest as Juniors. We advanced rapidly toward our goal under able leaders and gained exceptional renown from the ability displayed in the fields of athletics, literature and scholastic contests. During the brief intervals when fighting subsided we revived our spirits by taking active part in Fun Night and the May Day festival and found especial amusement in the Christmas party, sleigh ride, and Junior-Senior Reception. But we realize that there are more fields to conquer and that our final victory cannot be won until 1925.





JUNIOR CLASS

Sophomore Class History

When our class came into High School, the majority of us were lodged in Miss Osborne's room, and the "leftovers" were put in the library.

Because of this division of the class, there were no class meetings, nor was a class organization attempted. John Wolf and Alice Raab represented the class in the student council.

Early in the school term, two Baseball teams were formed, with Ken Benshoff as captain of the one, and Ralph Marshall captain of the other. Jo Muckley always starred, or thought he did, as a shortstop. Jeff Jose, the smallest player on the field, had that most unusual faculty of being able to get every ball he went after. Ken Benshoff nearly always knocked a home run. In football, Todd Brown starred during the season. When the season for basketball came around, Ralph Marshall was able to win a place on the Varsity team.

In the early part of the 1923-24 school term the class was organized, with Don McGovern as President; Benshoff, Vice President; John Wolf, Secretary, and Sarah Englehardt, Treasurer. This year John Wolf and Sarah Englehardt represent the class in the student council.

After Christmas, some of the members suggested having some sort of a party, to rouse up class enthusiasm. It was decided to have a sleighing party. After this, several class meetings were held, and at one of them, a committee, with Frances McGahan as chairman, was appointed to prepare programs for the class meetings.

Miss Krebs suggested to the boys that an organization of Sophomores be formed to promote class spirit and to aid the school at all times. Don Leckey was elected the head of the organization, and Ben Coll, Secretary-Treasurer.

During the Sophomore year, the class went in for athletics more than it had during the previous year. Many of the members went out for the track team. Ben Coll won distinction as a mile runner, and Francis McGahan and Mary Campbell were active members of the girls' team.

A few months after Christmas, a Short Story Contest was held by the members of the Sophomore English Class. Mary Campbell won the gold medal presented by Miss Helen Price. Helen Peterson, Clayton Mishler and Raymond Hammond received "honorable mention."





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Freshmen Class History

Freshies always are considered insignificant, green and otherwise superfluous, and are very seldom accorded the honor of being considered helpers in school activities. But I think our Freshies should be given more credit, for I'm sure we've helped a great deal this year.

There is no doubt about our being troublesome, as a spectator of the History Class could prove. "Piv" Bailey and "Horse" Gurley are the shining lights of the class even though Horse does like to talk and laugh sometimes; Olympia simply won't leave her book closed, and Irving Camp is always receiving reprimands.

In English, Sylvester McCall and Fred Brickner have found it uncomfortable to try doing Science, and occasionally Horse leafs through a Literary Digest.

But in these two classes, the Freshies' behavior is angelic compared to that of the Music Class.

The boys provoke Miss Schwartz beyond words. In soft songs, they fairly yell and vice versa.

Leonard Grazier is very quick witted and evidently enjoys provoking the instructor.

Irving Camp received a violent slap one morning and was too stunned for speech.

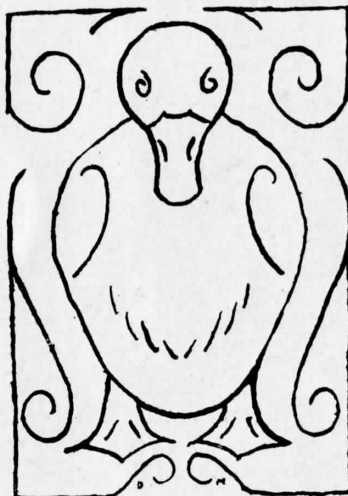
After telling some of our bad traits, I shall now list our virtues and a few of our activities.

Vera and Verna Fulmer and Roberta Williams never fail to be on the A-B list. Verna and Hermine were awarded the medals of the Dramatic Contest. "Piv" Bailey is a sub on the basketball team, Horse Gurley is our future tennis champion, and Andrew Crichton is our artist.

The girls held a Christmas party to which they invited the boys, and were almost bankrupt as a result of the boys consuming so much food.

Another great event the class enjoyed was the sleigh-ride and chicken dinner. We must not forget the Freshman Chapel which won us laurels. We also offered much help in the preparations for Fun Night.

We are now happily anticipating a new vista of life—our Sophomore year—if we ever get there!





FRESHMEN CLASS



"ROBINHOOD"—CLASS PLAY—1923



"ROBINHOOD"—CLASS PLAY—1923

ORGANIZATIONS

THE GIRLS' CLUB

The Senior girls are leaving this year with the joy of knowing that the Girls' Club has accomplished more than it ever has before. Because of the many events during the school year we will not be able to go into detail, but will merely touch on the most important ones.

School had barely opened in the fall, when the girls gave a Lawn Fete to raise money to pay their pledges of forty dollars to the Memorial Hospital, and fifteen dollars to the Y. W. C. A. Soon after this, a council of the cabinets of all the Girls' Clubs in the city was organized. It was decided, then, that a meeting should be held the first Wednesday of each month, at the Y. W. C. A. This schedule has been carried out, and much good has been done by the Council. Hereafter, each club worked separately, and few were interested in the Girl Reserves outside our own club, but through the many delightful social activities, there has developed a strong tie between all the clubs. Our girls should be especially grateful for this council for, because of it, there was a most exciting membership contest in which Westmont took first place and won a beautiful silver loving cup. This success was due to the untiring efforts of the Vice-President, Jane Clark, who is also Chairman of the Membership Committee.

A report from each committee chairman will best explain what the club has been doing to carry out the four-fold purpose (Work, Recreation, Fellowship, and Religion) of the Girl Reserves. Alverna Brickner, Social Service Chairman, has been active during the whole year, though the best work was done at the holidays. In one week-end we collected eighty dollars for the "Associated Charities." At Thanksgiving, we furnished eight needy families with food and clothing. At the suggestion of Regina Eck, a prize of ten dollars, given by Mr. Stephen Pohe for the work in the Associated Charities Campaign, was turned over to charity. Milk was sent every day for the infant of a very needy family. At Christmas time, when there was a party at the Y. W. C. A. for a number of poor children, the Westmont Club took care of eight of these.

Mildred Wagle, Chairman of the Program Committee, is responsible for our many interesting meetings, of which it is almost impossible to count one more important than another.

We could not possibly have got along without Marg. Jahn, Chairman of the Social Committee. She "pepped up" everybody with a hike, first thing, and then followed that with an indoor track meet, supper, and formal initiation. The initiation ceremony was most impressive, as, indeed, was the supper. In two weeks a Hallowe'en party followed, and, as usual, everyone had a good time. A winter hike which was to have terminated in an ice-skating party, was planned for January twenty-sixth, but the weather forbade. The most successful "social event" of the season took place on Friday evening, February fifteenth. It was a Valentine-George Washington party given by Miss Greer. The library was decorated in red and white hearts. Everyone was dressed in colonial costume. The affair opened with a grand march, and a carefully planned program was carried out during the whole evening. Probably the most effective part was the minuet. Lib Rogers took first prize for the best costume, and Mildred Wagle and Louise Sheridan took first place in the prize waltz. All the prize winners received beautiful red satin heart-shaped boxes of candy. The "eats" were the best we ever had at a school party. The next, and last social event in our own club will be on Friday afternoon and evening, May sixteenth. This will be a Senior Farewell, supper, and formal installation of officers. At this service, the present officers, who are: Clara Osgood, Jane Clark, Sara Englehardt, and Viola Peden, will resign their offices to the incoming officers, who are, Jane Clark, Frances McGahan, Mary Campbell, and Louise Cook. The three committee chairmen have not yet been chosen, but they will have to go a long way to do as good work as this year's have.

Two of our girls, Frances McGahan, and Clara Osgood, were represented at the Pittsburgh mid-winter conference, February eighth, ninth, and tenth. Miss Greer was also elected by the Y. W. C. A. to accompany the entire delegation to Pittsburgh. Many good ideas were brought home from this meet.

The girls of Latrobe High School decided to organize a club, and we felt very much honored in being asked to conduct their initiation and installation services. About twenty of our girls and Miss Greer spent the week-end of February twenty-ninth in Latrobe where they were entertained very pleasantly. Our own club entertained about fifteen of the Latrobe Club the week-end of April fourth, so that they might enjoy our "Fun Night." These visits back and forth have undoubtedly strengthened our own Girl Reserves.

No matter what other opportunities we have had, we would not have been able to have made so much progress without Miss Greer. No matter how tired she may have been, she never failed to exert herself to the utmost, both mentally and physically. She sacrificed both pleasures and time to make the Girls' Club a success. Although she was interested in many outside activities, the Girls' Club always came first. She rightfully deserves the highest honor a Girl Reserve can attain, the silver Girl Reserve ring, with which she was presented at the Mother and Daughter Banquet.

Under the leadership of next year's very capable President, there is no doubt that the Westmont Girls' Club will achieve great things. If it does not win the cup again the class of '24 will be very much disappointed.

BOYS' CLUB

Interesting and many were the programs conducted by the Boys' Club. These programs were conducted by our officers who frequently provided interesting speakers from Johnstown. Among the speakers were: Mr. Elsasser, manager of Nathan's Store; Mr. George Hunter, of the safety-first department of the Bethlehem Steel Company; Mr. Heckman, a manager at the Penn Traffic Company Store; Father Ward, of Westmont; "Mickey" Cramer, of the Y. M. C. A., and Dr. C. C. Gohn, of the United Brethren Church.

Among the interesting programs arranged was the initiation of the Freshies. Every one of the green ones took his dose and came up with a smile. Some Freshies! Another interesting program was presented March 13, when The Torch was brought up by members of the Johnstown Hi-Y Club. The true meaning of the Torch was explained by Dr. C. C. Gohn, and the messages were read by Johnstown Hi-Y members.

The most enjoyable occasion of the year was the "Father

and Son" banquet. The special speaker, Attorney C. C. Greer, gave a very thoughtful and fitting address. Another enjoyable part of the program came when the "eats" were passed and soon disappeared.

We must extend our thanks and appreciation to our advisors and helpers, Messrs. Fails, Engh, and Belles, for their help.

The following were the officers of the club:

David O'Loughlin	President
Frances Roach	Secretary
Harry Morley	Treasurer

These officers prepared their work with an unrivalled willingness, and put across undertakings never before attempted. We hope that the club may have as efficient and enthusiastic an organization next year—and that the spirit of co-operation, which has permeated the club this year will "carry on" into the following year.

THOS. JOSE, '25.

DRAMATIC CLUB

In November of this year the first dramatic club of Westmont-Upper Yoder High School was organized. A constitution was drawn up by a committee and accepted by the club. The preamble to the constitution expresses the purpose as being to develop real self-expression, an increase of interest in literature through dramatization, a higher appreciation of the best in the theater, and a help toward refinement of speech.

The constitution provided the following rules of membership: Freshmen, in order to be members of the dramatic club, must have an average of B. Sophomores and Juniors must have an average of C. All Seniors are eligible for membership. Any member who is absent from three consecutive meetings is dropped from the roll.

The President of the club is Mildred Wagle, the Vice-President, Catherine Scammell, and the Secretary, Jack Reese. Much of the success of the club has been due to the efforts of these efficient officers.

During the year the club presented several interesting plays. The first one given on Exhibition Night was called "Ice on Parle Francais." In Xmas Chapel a dramatization of "Bird's Christmas Carol" was presented. On Fun Night an entertaining farce, "The Flitter Mouse," was given. The club

also conducted an oratorical contest which proved to be worth while and instructive.

One of the brilliant features of a meeting was a gifted speaker from the Johnstown College of Music. Several good books on drama were reported on in the regular semi-monthly meetings.

What we have done in the past year is only a slight indication of what might be done under more favorable conditions and what may be accomplished in the near future when we shall have a stage and auditorium.

It is the earnest desire of all Senior members of the club that next year, the year which looks to be most promising on account of the addition to the school, will show a very marked improvement on the dramatic club and that it will prosper in every phase of the work.

CATHARINE SIMONS, '24.

POSTER CLUB

The Poster Club is a new organization this year. It was organized for the benefit of the pupils who wished to take art work and were not able to arrange it during school hours. Through the kindness of Mrs. Harris, who stayed to supervise the classes after school, the club stayed almost every night for a time equivalent to two school periods. It was arranged that the members should receive the usual credit for drawing for the number of periods they spent. Some spent twenty periods, others spent forty periods and got double credit.

Although it was a newly organized club, it showed by its good work on Fun Night posters what it was capable of doing and what a Poster Club can do for a school. The club is also beneficial to the individual members because of the training they get. Much progress and development is expected from the Poster Club in the years to come.

MARY BRANDS, '24.

EVENTS

The years of 1923 and 1924 have been filled with red-letter days of the school activities.

The first important event was the Track Meet in which we took fourth place. As each year goes by, the school raises its athletic standard, so we hope, in a few years, to be able to walk off with first place.

BAZAAR

Then there was the Bazaar and Exhibit. The Exhibit was of work characteristic of that done in the classes, while the Bazaar was held for the purpose of obtaining funds for the Senior Washington trip. The things on sale were donated by the Seniors, and many of them had been made by the Girls' Sewing Club.

SENIOR RECEPTION

The Senior reception for the Parents and Faculty was a great success, as it served to get them acquainted with each other. We hope that the example which was set by the class of '24 in having such a reception, will be followed by other classes, for, besides being a delightful social affair, it enables the parents to be brought into closer contact with the school life, which constitutes so much of the whole life of the student.

PARENTS' NIGHT

Father-Son Night and Mother-Daughter Night are celebrated each year in the school. The purpose of these nights is practically the same as that of the Senior reception for the Parents and Faculty—to get the mothers and fathers interested in the school life and activities, and to acquaint them with its general spirit and accomplishments.

The main night, of course, was Fun Night. It has come to be looked forward to by the community as well as the school. It was then that we got most of the money for our Washington trip.

Due to the earnest work and co-operation of the faculty, and the rest of the student body, this Fun Night was the most successful that has ever been held.

We hope in other years the social life of the school will be as successful and interesting as it has been this year.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITIONS

This year the High School entered two events which were new to us. The first was a State Scholarship examination which was given at the school on May 2 from 9:00 o'clock to 1:30. The participants were required to take the English and American History examinations, but were permitted to choose the third. The contest was open only to Seniors and was taken

by these five: David O'Loughlin, John O'Loughlin, Margaret Jahn, Oliver Proudfoot and Grace Coll.

The second was given at Pittsburgh, seven contestants were sent from Westmont and entered in the various events. Dorothy Stenger was in the Chemistry, Advanced Latin, and Elementary Mathematics exams, Oliver Proudfoot in the Advanced Mathematics and in Physics, Jack Reese in Chemistry and American History, Jo Muckley in Elementary Latin, Grace Coll in French, Morris Lewis and Joe Muckley in General Information. The finals were at 7:40, were given before all the contestants, were written on blackboards or given orally. Any who qualified for the finals were sure of a medal, the finals decided only the first, second, and third places. Westmont did not qualify in the finals, but will have a better chance next year.

"As I am a Christian, faithful man, I would not spend another such night."
The Last Night in Washington.

"What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you, tell me."
Hilda and June dreamed they passed Geometry on an "A."

"So many miseries have crazed my voice."
Senior Quartet.

"For I myself have many years to wash."
Take your time, there's no hurry.

"You are full of heavenly stuff."
Twenty dollars a quart.

"My heart is weary and I fain would sleep."
Study Hall.

"Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart with grief, my head with naught."
Seniors before finals.

"My staff? Where, noble Henry, is my staff?"
David trying to call a meeting.

"Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times."
The family on viewing reports.

"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm."

Miss Krebs talking to tardy Seniors about setting a bad example.

"And because they could not read, thou has hanged them."

Miss Lippi takes her stand against those who do not hand in book-reports.

"For I have stopped my ears to their demands."
Mr. Belles at the end of each month.

"Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof."
Miss Osborne expresses herself on the subject of raising marks.

"Hear me, you wrangling pirates!"
Mr. Fails tries to subdue the Lab. classes.

"Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?"
Mr. Lambert.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more.'"
Bound for Washington.

"Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!"
She falls for the shiek stuff.

"The curse my noble father laid on me."
For reports.

"I am too childish, foolish for this world."
Henry Seitz.

Finis!



THE GIRLS' CLUB



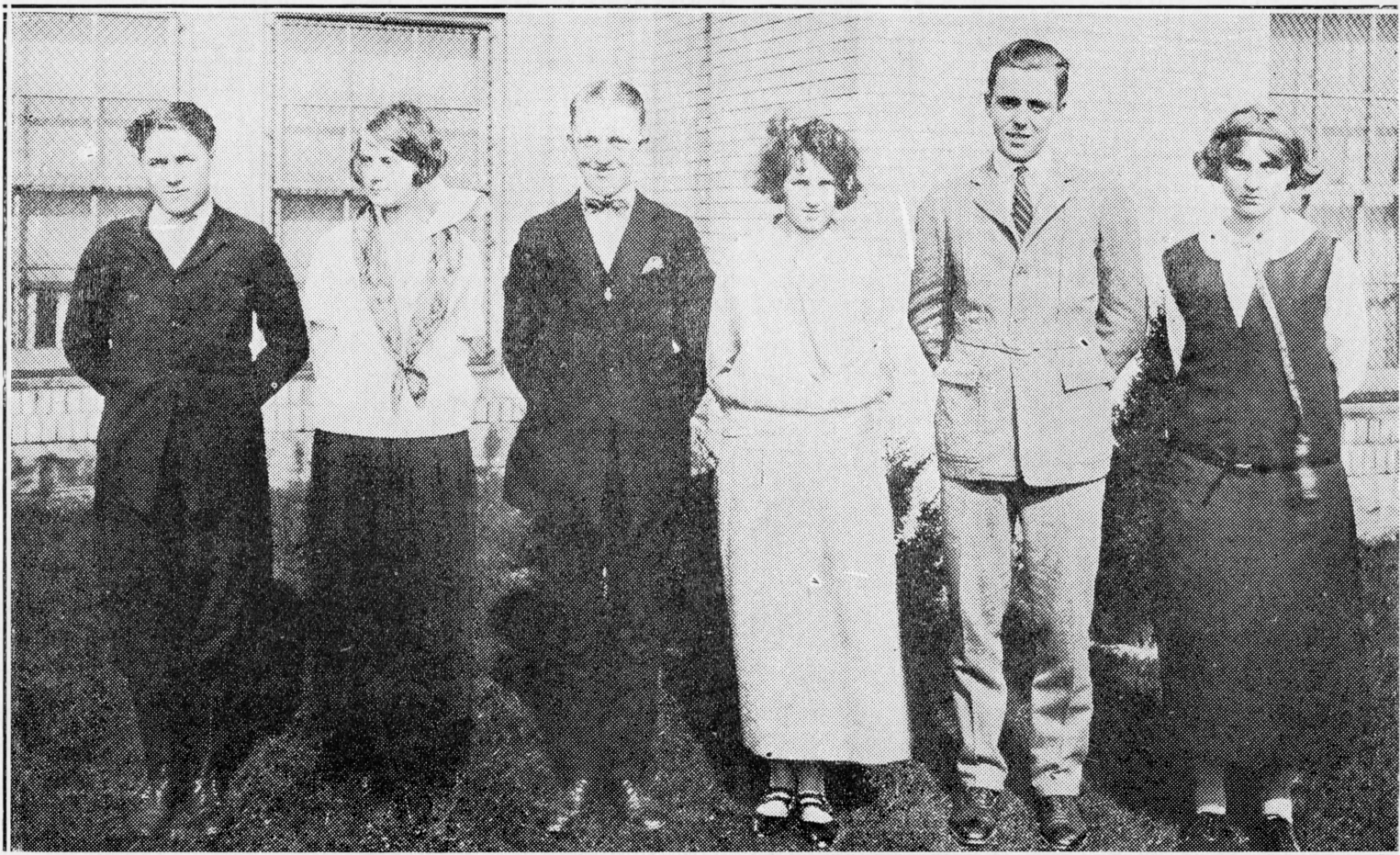
THE STUDENTS COUNCIL



THE DRAMATIC CLUB



THE POSTER CLUB



THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY



ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

We can justly put forth our trumpet and blow loud and long in honor of our basketball team for they are well deserving of it. The team completed the most successful season in the annals of the school. Out of twenty-seven games played they tallied nineteen victories against eight defeats. Probably the greatest success of the season was the winning of the Conemaugh Valley Championship which alone is enough to make any school proud. But our team was not content to wreak their vengeance in Conemaugh Valley alone but traveled to Maryland and there defeated the fast Mt. Savage team, they went on from there down into West Virginia and sent a thrill through Patomac State Normal when they held them to a two-point victory. The team stacked up against several College Freshmen teams including Penn State and Potomac State Normal, and they made them play the game in order to obtain a victory earned only by one or two points.

The greatest factor in the huge success of our team was their co-operation. In the game with Johnstown our victory was largely due to excellent team work. They passed, dribbled, and shot with such ease and skill that they fairly bewildered their opponents. It is for this spirit of team work and co-operation that athletic teams are organized. It gives each fellow a chance to work with a group and not as an individual. By doing this he is able to see how much more can be accomplished by a group, working as a unit, instead of one

man working by himself. He is given a better view in life when he realizes that he is a member of a community and must work with the people and not alone if he wishes to be a success.

Although the team lacked a center and was unable to get the ball on the jump the great majority of the time, they had such an effective five-man defense that it did not greatly hinder them. But if we would have had a big center and would have been able to get the jump how much better would we have been?

Greater than the technical part of the game itself I believe is the spirit of sportsmanship which prevails not only on the part of the team, but on the school as a whole. The student body on many occasions showed a spirit of sportsmanship which is seldom found in any High School, that is applauding the opposing team. As to the team, I do not believe there was a cleaner or more sportsmanlike quintet in the country. Of course they played the game, at times it might get a little rough, but I defy anyone to give an example of one of our players fouling a man with the intention of hurting him.

One of the greatest games Westmont ever played was against Penn State. Here that spirit of sportsmanship was prevalent on both sides, but there was another characteristic brought out most keenly. That was the great spirit of never being beaten until the final whistle. They fought for all that

was in them and although they were losing they never once showed any sign of giving up or of poor sportsmanship.

This year six of the varsity men graduate and if they show the same spirit of sportsmanship and work as hard in life as they did when playing for their Alma Mater I think there is only one thing in store for them and that is success.

THE LEAGUE

Perhaps the best news that was announced during the past Basketball season, was that Westmont High was declared the winner of the Conemaugh Valley League.

The same High Schools were represented as last year: Westmont, Johnstown, Windber and Conemaugh; finishing in the order named. There were six scheduled games, two with each school.

Last year, as will be remembered, Westmont High caused the "Johnnies" no little worry in the Scholastic Circuit. They had to be contented, however, with the runner-up position. This year our fellows turned the tables, and left Johnstown High in the second position.

After two seasons, our ambition to win the Conemaugh Valley League was fulfilled. Last year, our team was presented with Silver Medals for winning the runner-up position but this year they received a Silver Basketball (about one-half actual size) for winning the pennant. This beautiful trophy is mounted on a circular ebony pedestal. On the front it bears the following inscription: "Westmont High School, Champions of the Conemaugh Valley League, 1924." On the back of the Basketball the following is written: "Frank Leahey, Captain and Forward; Henry Seitz, Forward; Ross Cook, Center; Theo. Wagner, Guard; Harry Callet, Guard; William Seitz, Guard; Everett James, Forward; Coach, Carl Engh; and Manager, William Hinkel."

THE PLAYERS

The one factor which contributed largely to the successful season was the teamwork on the part of the players. In more than one game, were they lighter and smaller than their opponents, but their co-operation won for them the games, where individual work would have failed. The team can boast of no individual star. They attribute their success to the teamwork and the excellent coaching of Mr. Engh.

Their schedule was a hard one and to finish with nineteen wins, out of twenty-seven starts, they proved to be more than a credit to their school and community.

COACH CARL A. ENGH

Who is really the backbone of any good athletic team? The Coach, of course, and the coach at Westmont High is no exception. To our Coach, Carl A. Engh, goes the credit of making all the athletic teams of our school. Coach Engh has had wide experience in all sports, and he has certainly shown it in his work here.

Who was it who worked and labored to build up our athletics, since our school began? Who was it, but our Coach, who succeeded in doing it?

Coach Engh has been with us since the first athletic teams were formed here. He was obliged to build up athletic teams in a school which had never been represented in the Sport Circles before. We must also consider the size of our school when he first began. He did not have the chance to choose from several hundred students—his selection was confined to less than two hundred. This, however, did not discourage him and he kept plugging away, until he obtained the best which the school could produce.

Mr. Engh came from Franklin, Penna., where he was known for his Championship teams in Basketball. After a few years here, he produced Championship teams in our School in both Basketball and Tennis. Our Coach certainly deserves all the honor and credit our High School can bestow upon him.

MANAGER WILLIAM HINKEL (BILL)

Bill was the official Athletic "Rough Rider" of the Team. Although he rode over every difficulty in preparing a hard schedule, he encountered some "rough going" on over-night trips, due to "waffle fights," showers, unexpected coolings, and the like. Nevertheless he proved to be an invaluable cog to our Basketball Machine.

He was usually required to do work that the rest refused to do. Any way, we must all tip our hats to the Manager of the Team that captured the Conemaugh Valley League.

CAPTAIN FRANK LEAHEY ("RATS")

Frank certainly does not resemble a "rat" in person, but his fast and clever floorwork together with his timely shots, won for him the title of a "versatile" player. He fit the shoes of a Captain in two ways—his judgment of Basketball and his judgment as a "Shiek."

ROSS COOK ("MONK")

"Monk" was the official "Kake-eater" of the gang. He was often assistant-Janitor on the Basketball floor. [Due to his height and the hard position assigned him, his job at Center was no snap.] When the collection of players was unheaped after a spectacular play, "Monk" was usually found on the bottom. That never phased him, as he always came up smiling.

WILLIAM SEITZ ("WIMMIE")

Perhaps one of the best players that ever held down a guard position was Bill Seitz. To him belongs the honor of being a "blind dribbler." He, like the rest of his team-mates, played an unusually fine game and can be classed as a versatile player.

THEO. WAGNER ("TED")

The hardest thing for any opposing forward to do was to get the ball past Wagner. The game he played at Guard remains uncriticised. We must say that he certainly had "form" and he used it to good advantage. Perhaps one of the things that might have made Wagner feel a little bit chesty was the time he saw his name in the Cumberland paper as being "the all-star guard of Pennsylvania." Whether they meant Ted or not remains to be proved.

HARRY CALLET ("KELLEY")

One of the biggest surprises today is that Harry is still among us. On the trips he used to keep the fellows awake at night cracking funny stories and "Majestic" jokes. If the team felt like taking a joke all was well, but if they didn't, they would do anything but "maul" him.

As a Basketball player Harry was fast and clever and contributed a big part to the splendid playing of the team.

EVERETT JAMES ("JESSIE")

One of the hardest plugging players on the team was "Jessie." Whenever he was given a chance, he demonstrated his ability as a Basketball player. Jessie did not earn his coveted "W" this year, but he certainly will be one of the stars around which to form a team next year.

THE SUBS

To the Scrubs belongs the honor of giving the Varsity their weekly scrimmage. They made the Varsity step for each and every point they scored. They proved to Mr. Engh that they were following the footsteps of their team-mates and learning the tactics of a winning Basketball team.

When they were given the opportunity to give the Varsity a rest during a regular game, they caused the opposing team quite a little trouble.

Among the subs were: "Mike" Bailey, Thomas Jose, "Ollie" Proudfoot, "Bud" Morley and "Kennie" Bidelman.

TRACK MEET

There was a great deal of enthusiasm created when the Track Meet was announced for October fourth. The Freshies were especially aroused as was shown by their co-operation. The team this year was composed of pupils from every class.

The greatest spirit was shown at the foot of the incline on Saturday morning at 8:30. There were four huge trucks together with a number of private cars which conveyed the peppy crowd to Ebensburg. When we arrived at Ebensburg we were slightly disappointed to find that the grandstand had been torn down, consequently we were obliged to stand for the entire day. This was a handicap to both our rooters and contestants.

The main events of the day "came off" in the afternoon. As Frank and his rival (from Cresson) jumped ever higher in the pole-vault exclamations of wonder could be heard escaping from the crowd. He finally came out with second place. Frank also took second place in the high jump. Theodore Wagner distinguished himself by carrying off first place in the shot-put. Ollie Proudfoot came in with first place in the hurdles without knocking any over. Both relay teams lost but our other honors made up for that.

Now for the girls! Although they failed to take many places, the large team which took part is encouraging to the school. Perhaps next year they will have a better chance to

win! "Vi" Peden took first place in the baseball throw and second in the basketball throw. To those who failed to take places, do not be discouraged but try, try again.

Last, but not least, come the cheer-leaders. They certainly were attractive in their white uniforms. They were envied by all the other schools who stood and gasped while Johnnie Gobin and "Hamie" performed their wonderful "flops."

It was already dark when the trucks left Ebensburg bearing tired but happy students still shouting songs and yells. Thus ended the last track-meet for the Seniors!

TENNIS

This year the tennis team will strive to maintain its standard of former years. It had an exceptional record last year, winning every match played. The first man on our team, David O'Loughlin, won the Cornell tournament. This, being a national tournament, gave him the championship of all the High Schools in the United States and brought the trophy to Westmont-Upper Yoder High. The team also won the Cambria County High School championship. Therefore, you see that our tennis season could not have been a more complete success.

At this time the team wishes to thank all those who cooperated in giving them the financial backing necessary for their success.

Although this year we have two new men on the team, we feel that they are capable of winning their matches, providing they have sufficient practice. The candidates for this year's team numbered about eighteen, the largest number that has ever tried out in the school's history. The candidates have all been in training since the first of April, practicing at the Y. M. C. A.

This year the team faces the hardest schedule it has ever had. It will compete with three college Freshman teams: Pitt, State, and Carnegie Tech. They will also play Potomac State Normal at Keyser, West Virginia. There they will try to avenge the defeat which the basketball team suffered.

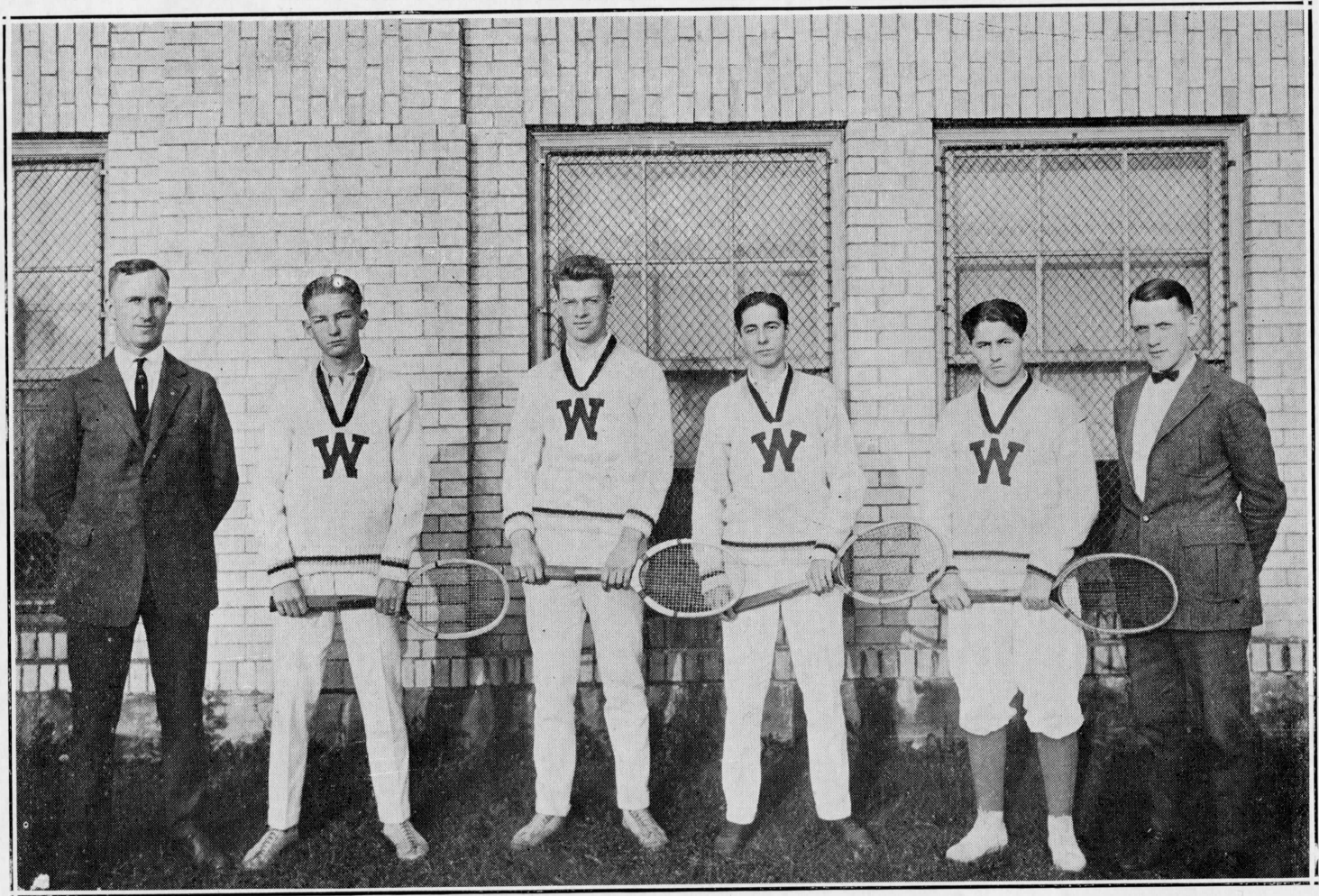
The team also wishes to announce that last year's third and fourth men have become very prominent in tennis circles. During the Summer Cooper played the World's greatest tennis champion, William T. Tilden II, now managing the Germantown Academy team. Our fourth man, Charles McGahan, is considered the best player on Muskingum's team.

THE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

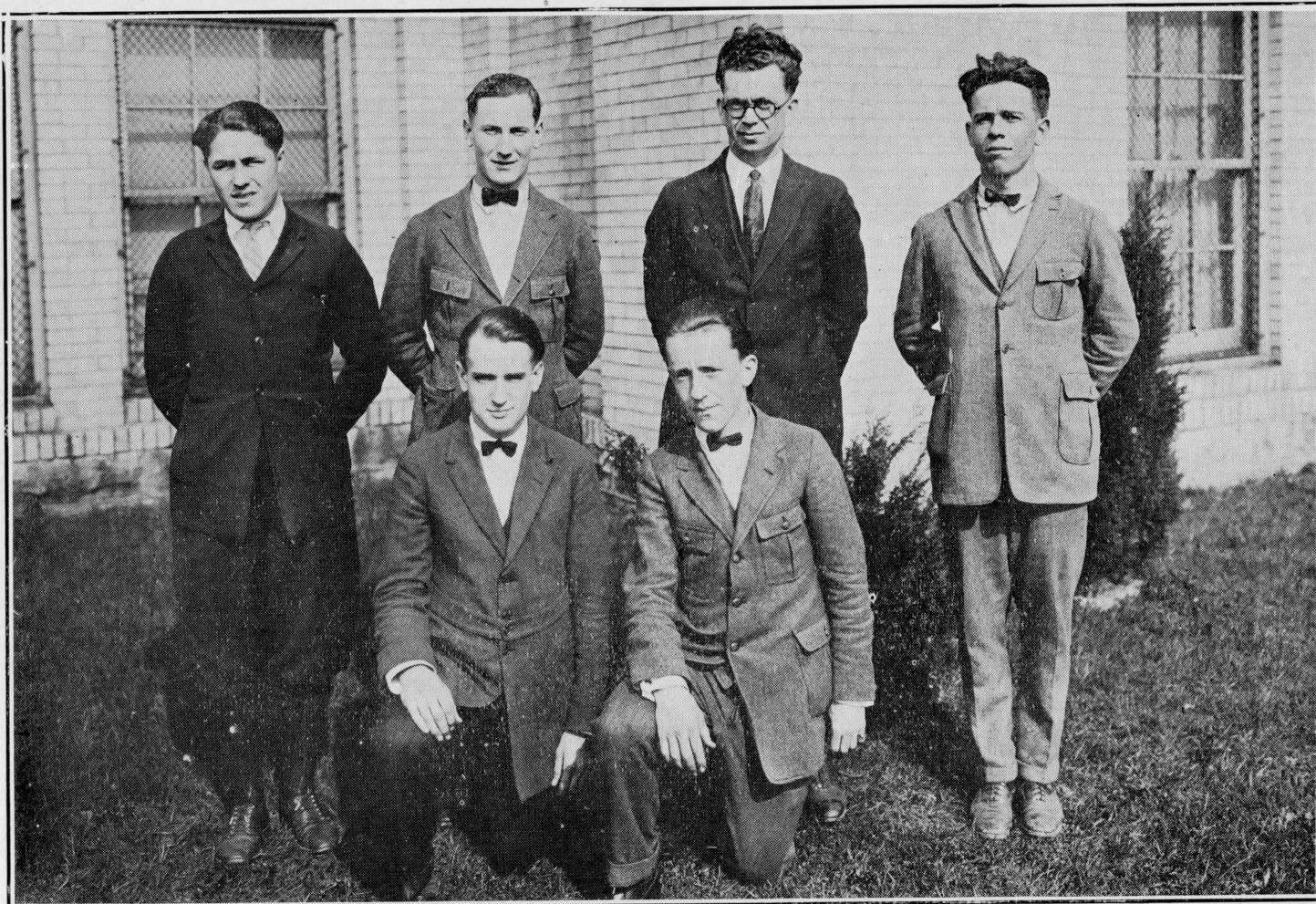
1. The modern hair-dress:—
Raymond Hammond prefers long hair worn in two braids.
William Seitz likes the boyish bobs.
Mr. Fails prepers a marcel wave (permanent or otherwise).
2. How "mon dieu" should be translated in second-year French class:
Clara Osgood's translation is "good grab."
Mr. Belles' translation is—"my dear."
Mildred Wagle's translation is—"oh gosh."
3. How the grass should be cut:
Oliver Proudfoot like to use a lawn mower drawn by horses.
Dan Ellis thinks it would be more effective to use a sickle.
Frank Leahey doesn't think it should be cut at all.
4. The best time to play tennis.
Jane Clark likes 6 o'clock in the morning best.
David O'Loughlin says any time is good.
Monk Cook thinks tennis is a waste of good energy.
5. Decorations:
Sara Geer thinks ten-cent jewelry and bright scarfs are stunning.
Joe Muckley specializes in watches and knives.
Vera Meehan adores massive brass jewelry.
6. Heroes and heroines:
The Freshmen worship movie actors.
The Sophomores admire boyish bobs and Valentino hair cuts.
The Juniors—No one could list the numerous articles and people admired by them.
The Seniors confine their admiration to mirror reflections.
7. Studies:
Everybody seems to be of the same opinion that vacation is best.



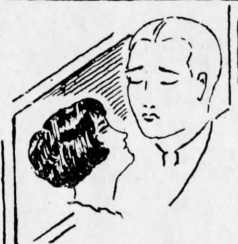
BASKETBALL TEAM—1923-1924



TENNIS TEAM



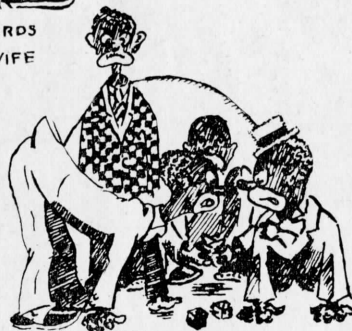
BOYS' CLUB



HE (AFTER KISSING HER SUDDENLY)
 ER-I-ER, I'M SORRY I DID THAT BUT
 MY NERVE MADE ME DO IT
 KATHERN ME: I LIKE YOUR NERVE



BLUE BEARDS
 EIGHTH WIFE



FOUR CASTING



UNITED CIGARS



TO THE
 MEMO
 MR FAILS ACQUIRING A PEICE
 OF CALCIUM CARBONATE —



WHAT MAKES ASHEET
 DANGEROUS



BUD HOACH SURE WOULD
 MAKE A CUTE VAMP



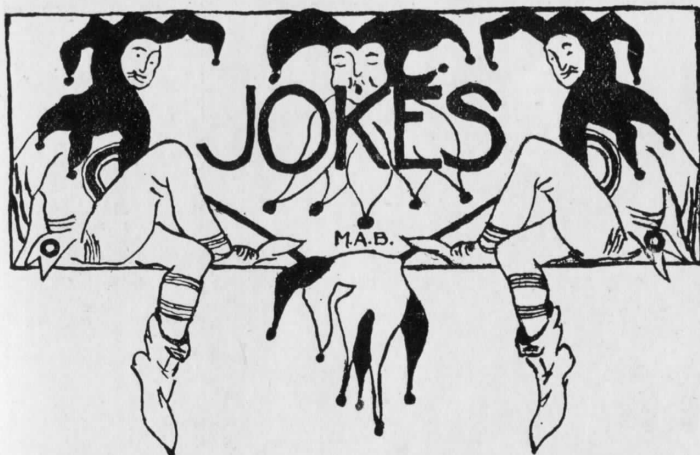
THE LIVING
 BALOON
 AD FOR
 TIRES



Phil Philip McGovern

LITTLE BOY BLEW
 JEFF JOSE

CARTOON



Jeff Jose—Birds of a feather flock together.

R. Hammond—Yea, how about Miss Greer and Mr. Fails are nearly always seen in the Library when the tardy bell rings.

Jeff Jose—Well, "what about it, explain!"

R. Hammond—Well Miss Greer is big boss, general manager, substitute speech maker, and general handy lady in the Girls' Club and Mr. Fails is big boss, manager and often chief entertainer, and always handy-man in the Boys' Club.

(Modern Poetry by W. H. S. Poet)

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead.

Who never to her lover hath said.

"When do we eat?"

What Would Happen If—

Jeff Jose was tall.

Henry Seitz wouldn't flirt with the Freshies.

Emma May went home alone.

Sutton's hair was curled.

Blanche Hite would grow.

We knew all the Freshies.

The Seniors would get out at the first bell.

Mr. Fails' hair was straight.

Fritz Schwab wouldn't sleep in English Class.

"J" Cooks' hair was dark.

If Endicott Didn't go home with Sally.

The Seniors Wouldn't talk so much.

Miss Flesher was short and stout.

Sis Cook's permanent had taken.

Someone told someone to tell us that while standing at the Southmont Transfer they heard Miss Ross say, "Oh, Ted, I can't be with you every night."

Miss Lippi—"What makes you think that James Fitz-James went for a drink, when he couldn't sleep, Lycurgus?"

"Fat" Gurley—"Why, it says in line 717 'He rose and sought the moonshine pure'."

Miss Lippi—In English Class:

"How many different kinds of feet occur in English?"

Society News

Mr. Jerome Schmerin has started on a trip around the world. Mr. Schmerin recently fell into a large fortune. He inspected the vaults at the Penn Traffic Co.; his commission for the inspection was thirty thousand dollars.

LATEST BOOK LIST

We are very sorry to announce that due to the lack of space we are unable to publish the following books in the "Phoenician."

BOOK	VOLUMES	AUTHOR
"The Secret of My Popularity".....	10 volumes...	Catherine Simons
"My Experience as a Dress Maker".....	5 volumes...	Vera Meehan
"How I Gained My Avoirdupois".....	12 volumes...	June Kerr
"How I Increased My Height".....	13½ volumes...	Aumie Harrigan
"How I Comb My Black Tresses".....	23 volumes...	Hilda Meehan
"How I Learned to Concentrate".....	16¾ volumes...	Dan Ellis
"How I Broke Into Grand Opera (?) ".....	92 volumes...	Frank Leahey
"Why I've Always Failed in Sports-(Tennis(?))".....	32 volumes...	Duke O'Loughlin
"How a Car Was Built in a Day".....	1 volume...	Ross Cook
"How I Made the Acquaintance of a Wart Hog".....	73 volumes...	Miss Greer
"Where I Learned to Eat Raw Onions" or "The New Winston"	13 volumes...	Margaret Jahn

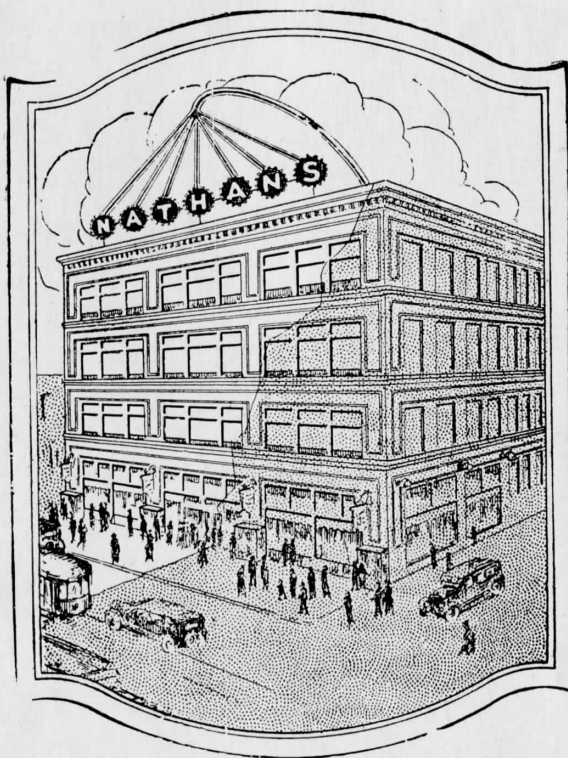


Young-Fellow Styles In Clothes

The supplying of them is a specialized business—one that this big clothing institution has thoroughly organized. There's a distinctiveness in the Clothes this store assembles for youths and young men. There's real character in their designing, high quality in the fabrics, fine tailoring to insure shapeliness—lasting style and “good looks.” When you come in ask to see the new “Student” models.

Woolf & Reynolds, Inc.

“CLOTHES THAT SATISFY”



The New Lincoln Street
Annex of

NATHAN'S
—THE BIG STORE—

Achieving Popularity in One Year
that rivals that of the Famous Main
Street Store of Nathan's

CRYSTAL OIL & GAS CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: 114-124 BRIDGE ST.

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

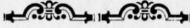
"Tested for Service"

Wholesale---Retail
GAS, OILS, GREASES

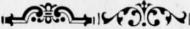
SERVICE STATIONS

- No. 1—Bridge St. at Ferndale Bridge.
- No. 2—943 Franklin St.
- No. 3—Robson Service Station
Franklin St., Opposite Luna Park Drive.
- No. 4—Butler Service Station, Cooper Ave.

Play Tennis--


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

A. G. Spaulding, Wright &
Ditson and Bancroft Rackets,
A. G. Spaulding, Wright &
Ditson Tennis Balls.



Schade & Nelson

Exclusive Sporting Goods
132 Market Street Opposite P. O.

SONG HITS

"Gee, But I Hate to Go Home Alone"	Emma May Jones
"Dream Daddy"	Dan Ellis
"Just for Tonight"	June 9
"What Will I Do"	Miss Krebs
"Stepping Out"	"Monk" Cook
"Goin' South"	Clifford Gay
"No! No! Nora"	Miss Lippi
"Love Song"	Mr. Fails
"Till My Luck Comes Rolling Along"	Bob Longwell
"Somebody Stole My Gal"	John Gobin
"California Here I Come"	Frank Leahey
"Innocent Eyes"	Miss Higgon
"Say It Again"	Miss White
"My Sweetie Went Away"	Lib Rogers
"Slow Joe"	Henry Seitz
"Wonderful One"	Mrs. Fulmer
"When You Look Into the Heart of a Rose"	Aumie Harrigan
"That Red-headed Gal"	Adeline Eichler
"When You and I Were Young Maggie"	Mr. Engh
"It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More"	Senior Quartett
"The Only Girl"	Mary Campbell
"I Love You"	Piv Bailey
"Take Those Lips Away"	Mr. Belles
"Sleep"	Ollie Proudfoot
"The Broadcaster"	Mary Louise Hammond
"That Old Gang of Mine"	The Alumni
"Just Been Wondering"	Millie Wagle
"Just One Fills the Heart"	Verna Wagner
"Last Night on the Back Porch"	Ted Wagner
"Just a Butterfly"	Olympia Viscount
"She Wouldn't Do"	"Vi" Peden
"The Glad Girl"	Kathryn Raab
"The Angelus"	Bud Roach
"Saxophone Blues"	Bill Hinkel
"When Will the Sun Shine for Us"	Freshies
"Faded Old Love Letters"	Maye Finkelson
"I've Got the Blue Ridge Blues"	Miss Flesher
"Linger Awhile"	Vera Meehan
"At the Ball"	Junior-Senior
"Aloha Oe"	Seniors

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Everything in Musical Merchandise
STEINWAY PIANOS DUO-ART PIANOS



In School and Out

Some day soon the seniors will be ready for college or work, juniors will become seniors and the "sophs" and freshmen will move up a notch. Promotion follows earnestness, ability and hard work whether you are in school or out.

You go out of high school or college well equipped if, in addition to your general knowledge, you have acquired the saving habit through building a reserve. Save for a definite purpose—a college fund, an "opportunity" reserve, a business-of-your-own ambition. A new savings pass book awaits you here.

THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

The engagement of Mr. John Gobin of Westmont to Miss Harriet Dean of Conemaugh has just been announced. This explains all of his trips to the "Iron Horse Town."

Webster a la Freshman

Ptomaine is a poisonous substance that you put in food when you can it, so it will keep.

Culinary means queer; example: She had some culinary habits.

Aesthetic is a germicide like peroxide.—It puts you to sleep.

Abhorrence means different or scattered.—It is opposite of coherence.

Lineament is something that you use for aches and pains.

Strategy means when somebody gets killed.

Iridescent means out of the world.

Consensus means the number of people in a town.

Choleric is a disease that kills people.

Asphyxiate means to mend or change; like, I asphyxiated the lock on the gate.

Piv to Mary—"What are you thinking of?"

Mary—"O, nothing."

Piv—"Why aren't you thinking of me?"

Mary—"I am."

A Day in Biology Class

Conversation heard while bisecting a crawfish:

Miss Cannan—"Take your heart out Adeline?"

Adeline—"Mine won't come out."

Miss Cannan—"Take your scissors, if you can't use your knife."

Now, cut it length-wise and examine it closely. "What do you see?"

"Cheese" Sloan—"Half a heart. What do you see?"

Mary—Campbell—"I can't find mine," Miss Cannan.

Burkie—"Told you so; Piv has it."

Mary—"Shut up; who asked you for anything?"

Miss Cannan to Mary—"Let me see; oh, why you have it all smeared on the paper."

(At this point "Jo" Muckley must be carried out on a stretcher and Miss Moss, our school nurse, is summoned.)

Miller's

"Where Values Are Real"



New Clothes —AND— Good Clothes

The new Clothes in the English models are what young men want and we have them ready for you. New fabrics, excellent workmanship and right style. Our young men's clothes are featured at \$30. Come in and see them.

GEO. H.
TROSS
& COMPANY
"Good Clothes"

Don't Be Discouraged

It isn't necessary to buy a new pair of shoes. Your old ones can be rebuilt and give you much service still.

Comfortable old shoes are like your old friends. You want to keep them as long as possible.

Come in and let us show you how we make "New Shoes from Old Ones."

We do all kinds of cleaning and dyeing, also call for work and deliver work when requested.

Westmont Shoe Repair

R. 237 Fayette Street

Phone 2269-J

David O'Loughlin—"Isn't Liz Rogers pretty?"
Frank Leahey—"Sure, any barn would look good if it was painted."

(Guard at White House)—"Are you the Wertz party?"
Clara Osgood—"No, we're from the Westmont High School."

(Harry Callet to Mr. Engh)—"Hey pop, gimme a nickel; I want to take my girl out tomorrow."
Mr. Engh—"Yeah."
Bill Seitz—"Hey, Callet, don't spend it all in the same place."

In Typewriting Class

Miss Ross to Bud Roach—"Why don't you go a little faster?"
Bud—"I'm afraid of getting pinched for speeding."

Miss Flesher in English Class:
The correct meaning for the word buttress is a projecting structure.
R. Hammond—Oh, I thought that meant a lady servant.

Miss Flesher:
What is a foot pertaining to poetic feet?
Clifford Gay—Just walking up, "twelve inches."

Miss Higgon in History Class—We will finish the first year of the World War tomorrow. ("They are all very brave.")

M. Campbell—Have you noticed Mr. Belles' hair lately.
"Burkie"—No.
M. Campbell—Well, I think it is wearing away.

What would happen if the remainder of the girls got their hair bobbed?
Ans.—There wouldn't be anyone to take the part of the ancient women in the various plays.

Harry Callet complained of having dandruff, but Mr. Engh on examining his head reported that it was just "bone dust."

DAYTON "THOROBRED" CORDS

The Tire With The Red Stripe

MASON "SAFETY-FIRST" CORDS

The Tire That Saves Lives

John Seitz Tire Service

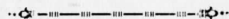
Phones--City 6583; Bell 345

640 FRANKLIN STREET

First--

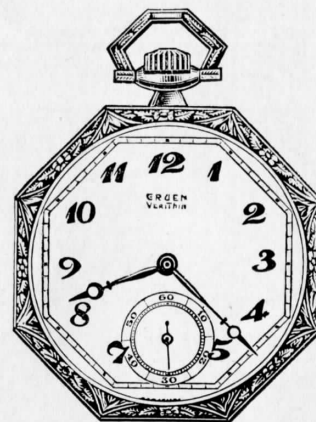


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In Circulation
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THE TRIBUNE

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GRUEN

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We carry only the best of the Nationally advertised Watches, including the ELGIN, HOWARD, HAMILTON, WALTHAM, SOUTH BEND.

Particularly the beautiful GRUEN—undoubtedly the “most beautiful watch in America.” We are the local exclusive agents for the Gruen.

ROTHSTEIN'S

Since 1889

JOHNSTOWN'S DIAMOND AND WATCH HOUSE

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Hilda coming to school one week without being late.
June Kerr with an additional 100 pounds.
The faculty coming to school on roller skates.
The "Janitor's Cat" in Clara's arms.
Sara Geer and Clarissa Wainger twins.
Ross Cook's Ford without wheels.
Fred Schwab full of pep.
The Janitor without overalls.
Jeff Jose as a skyscraper.
Miss Higgon teaching with her hair down.
Miss Osborne running wild.
Mr. Lambert a "Sheik."

HANDSOME PICTURES

Is a picture true or false? The answer to this question is "false." This is because of the fact that attractive people (more commonly called or known as "good-looking") do not take a good picture. This fact may be proven by an examination of some of the pictures which were taken in Washington by the Senior Class. Take for instance the picture of the "Two Merry Maidens," which I think all have seen, in which Mr. Roach and Mr. Higgins are portrayed. I do not wish to insinuate, but as all will admit, these two ladies are very attractive looking on the picture.

Another example to prove the fact that a picture is false is the snapshot of the "bride" in which the — face of Mr. Engh is portrayed. Not very many have seen this picture, but if the fact first mentioned in this paragraph is to be true, those unfortunate people may decide for themselves what to expect.

After reviewing these small snapshots turn to the large picture on which the entire class is shown. The remarks already made on this picture were chiefly, "Isn't that a good-looking bunch?"

Now just whether a picture is really true or false remains for the reader to decide for himself. I think however that after considering the examples given he will admit that a picture is really false.

MARTHA WOLF, '24.

Miss Flesher—"Matilda, will you correct John's work?"
Matilda—"Oh, that's all right; mine's just like it."

Congratulations, Class of 1924

WE 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—

SCHWARTZ BROS.

"JOHNSTOWN'S LOW-PRICE LEADERS"



John W. Walters

Albert W. Walters

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ESTABLISHED 1884

JOHN W. WALTERS CO.
LUMBER



Sewer Pipe
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ELLIS BUILDING

"40 Years of Dependable Service"



Title, Trust &
Guarantee Co.

Corner Main and Clinton Sts.

Assets Over \$2,500,000.00

We Solicit Your Account



FRESHMAN ALGEBRA CLASS

Instructor, Mr. Belles:

"Mary Louise quit gigglin'?"
Olympia, sit up straight?
Lycurgus quit the wigglin'.
Sylvester, why so late?
Andrew, don't look so disgusted?
Well, if I won't be busted.
Rosemary, let the shade alone?
You kids annoy me to the bone?
Josephine don't push the desk?
Well now, if I won't be blessed.
Betty please don't look so cross.
Or else I'll show you who is boss.
Miss Tarr, Sarah, and Louise.
Will you quit the talking, please?
Fred, why no night-work yesterday?
Kathleen do not be so gay.
Walter don't yell the answer so.
Clifford you're the worst in that row."
And so it goes on from day to day.

A Poor Penman

C. Keafer—I can't make D's no matter how hard I try.
Miss Ross—"Yes, you can; there were four on your report card last month."

FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS

1. "Thanks, loads"—Freshmen girls.
2. "Three cheers for the team"—Ready, John Gobin.
3. "Us old men"—Henry Seitz.
4. "The lesson for tomorrow"—The Faculty.
5. "We'll make use of song No."—Mr. Engh.
6. "Get the checkers"—J. Northwood.
7. "Turn to No. 14"—Pres. of Boys' Club.
8. "One for two"—Kenny Biddelman.
9. "And tomorrow's Bank Day"—Rose Callet.
10. "It behooves me"—"Willy" Hinkel.
11. "Jimminy Christmas"—Duke O'Loughlin.
12. "We are very fortunate in having with us this morning"—Miss Krebs.
13. "Bless my Soul"—Mr. Belles.

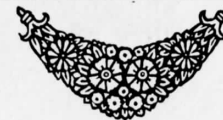


Kline's--The Quality Store of City Hall Square

Ready-to-Wear

Exclusive But Not Expensive

KLINÉ'S





IN JOHNSTOWN
SINCE 1904

B & Z Clothiers



Come in and see our
Special Mens 2 Pants
Suits at \$17.50



B & Z Clothiers

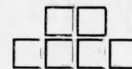
541 MAIN STREET

USE OF HAIRPINS

1. Shoe buttoner after physical "Ed."
2. Skeleton key for candy in the supply room.
3. Automobile accessory when Monk's car breaks.
4. Screw Driver for opening jars of mustard on "Fun Night."
5. Instruments for Facial Massage, why are the Seniors so beautiful?
6. Bread toaster, in home economics when the electric toaster breaks.
9. Hairpin Lace—inquire at the Senior Girls' "Sewing Circle."
10. Tying things together when Homer's shoe lace breaks.
11. Starting a Clock, when the school hall clock is slow.
12. Plumbing Instruments—when the water pipes freeze.
13. Letter Opener—when Hilda opens a letter from "Hick."
14. Making wishes—when the Junior and Senior girls make wishes about the Junior-Senior Reception.
15. Hair Dressing—not so indispensable as when long hair was the vogue.

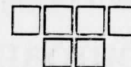
We wonder if you have ever seen:

Verna Wagner without Ted.
 Hilda Meehan take her time.
 Regina without her history.
 Sally Geer short.
 Clara forget to get weighed.
 Frank Leahey work at Dykes.
 "Goat" Higgins mad.
 Henry Seitz walk to school without the Coach.
 Ross Cook's bug.
 Jerry Schmerin without the Ford.
 June Kerr go home on time.
 Bud Roach without a joke.
 Bob Longwell play basketball.
 Jack Reese's neckties.
 Piv without Mary.
 Johnny Northwood dance.
 Elizabeth Rogers serious.
 Carl Arendt tall.
 Endicott walk to school with a certain Senior (?).



WM. B. WATERS & BRO.

**Blank Books,
 Loose Leaf Ledgers,
 Pictures,
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 Books and
 Stationery**



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, Gen. Mgr.

"BOYS' CLUB"

"Well, fellows, we will open the meeting by singing number fourteen. Who can play the piano? The bunch seem to think you can Bill, so go ahead.

"Ah, I can't play," says Bill, "and besides Mr. Engh, our reliable musician, will be here in a minute."

Just then Mr. Engh comes running in, sits down at the piano and starts to play. Then such an array of super spon-dodgical extra molligulucious male voices never before floated on the atmosphere, within the walls of our school. When the song is finished the President gets up and says:

"Bud" Roach will now read the minutes of the previous meeting."

Then the President sits down and while doing so remarks in an under tone: "Thank goodness the song is over!"

Our honorable Secretary arises and reads:

"Ah' the last meeting was held April 25, 1924, Ah' the minutes were then read by the Secretary; Ah' Mr. Engh told us about the team, and Mr. Fails remarked why we should not eat in the Lavatory. The meeting then adjourned."

The President gets up and says:

"I believe Mr. Fails has something to tell us." Mr. Fails then perambulates to the middle of the platform and says after gently stroking his curled locks, otherwise known as scalp decoration or fear indicator:

"How many of you fellows think we ought to pay dues? Think it over carefully. Now raise your hand if you think we should. George Allan then in his own mathematical calculation, pronounces the "ayes" as forty. Now those opposed. Gee, only two hands! Well I can easily tabulate and take the score of the nays. Now somebody comment upon the subject!"

Just then Endicott proves to be the towering hero and he makes a very dramatic and appropriate speech. He sits down and all is quiet until in the back of the room "Horse" Gurley yells:

"Mr. Gay, you remind me of an ebony blond." Mr. Gay replies, "You watch out what you all is saying or you won't be here week after next to hear the outcome of the election."

After this premature quarrel is over, Mr. Engh arises to his trustworthy feet and remarks:

"On May tenth, fellows, we are going to have May Day. The girls are giving a number of dances and we ought to do something to make the program successful."

Wild yells for "Hoot" Seitz, splits the Ozone and he is of-

ficially proclaimed Queen of May. Quiet then reigns until Mister Gay is seen in the back of the room elucidating to "Horse" on "Why the South didn't win the war." In despair at these unruly members the President yells in a loud voice which causes plaster to drop off here and there.

"Meeting adjourned, don't step on Jeff Jose going out." (P. S.)—Mr. Engh and Mr. Fails (Don't judge the latter by his name) were usually the out-of-town speakers."

JOHN GRAZIER.

ADVERTISEMENTS

"A Skin You Love to Touch"	Louise Sheridan
"Call-et Trousers"	Boys with Knickers
"99-44-100% Pure"	Junior Class
"A Ford Will Take You Any Place"	Ross Cook
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"She Stoops to Conquer"	Catherine Simons
"After 35 Years a Dream Comes True"	The Seniors
"The White Sister"	Miss Fleisher
"The Good-Natured Man"	Mr. Belles
"Balloon Tires"	Homer Dishong
"The Saving Spot"	W. U. Y. High Bank
"This Freedom"	Summer Vacation
"Buried Alive"	In Caesar Class
"Friendliness"	Mr. Engh
"You Will Always Do Better At"	The Detention Room
"Look Ahead"	The Honor Society
"When a Man's a Man"	Taking Reports Home
"Flying Fishes"	"Gym" Classes
"Within the Law"	"D"
"The Man Who Came Back"	Ernest Englehart
"Long Live the King"	Mr. Shambach

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Given by the Freshmen

- Q. How should corn on the cob be eaten?
 A. Stun it with a sharp blow from your knife handle, and while it is unconscious devour it at leisure.

Pennsylvania Trust Co.

of Johnstown, Pa.



THE BANK OF SERVICE
We Welcome Your Account

A Dividend Check Every Three Months

Four more pay days every year. Join the Penn Public Family of over 6,000 Stockholders who have their money working in this safe essential business. Your Savings will earn good wages if invested in

PENN PUBLIC'S 7% Cumulative Preferred Stock

You can buy this stock from any Employee or at any local office of the Company.

Write for One of Our New Booklets,
"THE WOMAN IN THE CASE"



Penn Public Service Corporation

Customers Ownership Department





A Dividend Check Every Three Months

Four more pay days every year. Join the Penn Public Family of over 6,000 Stockholders who have their money working in this safe essential business. Your Savings will earn good wages if invested in

PENN PUBLIC'S 7% **Cumulative Preferred Stock**

You can buy this stock from any Employee or at any local office of the Company.

Write for One of Our New Booklets,

"THE WOMAN IN THE CASE"

Customers Ownership Department
Penn Public Service Corporation



TEN LITTLE SENIORS

Ten little Senior girls standing in a line.
Ted grabbed Verna, dear, then there were nine.
Nine little Senior girls looking now for bait.
Monk took our Kate away and then there were eight.
Eight little Senior girls thinking of going to heaven.
Ollie dived for Andy there, and then there were seven.
Seven little Senior girls sitting on some bricks.
Frank called to Marian and then there were six.
Six little Senior girls ready for a dive.
Johnnie came for Sally Alley and then there were five.
Five little Senior girls thinking, "What a bore."
Divie liked the looks of Hil and then there were four.
Four little Senior girls all out at sea.
Dan liked the looks of Aumie and then there were three.
Three little Senior girls all were crying "Boo, Hoo."
Bill chased the tears from Millie and then there were two.
Two little Senior girls thinking, "Not much fun."
Harry came to capture Syl and then there was one.
One little Senior girl sitting all alone.
'Long came her father and took her right back home.

THE VALUE OF A NAME

Three jolly Fishermen, Bailey, Higgins, and Hinkel, by name, went to a circus to have some fun—and fun they had. Like all other Fishers they gained admission by wiggling under the tent. The policeman was just about ready to lift his Proudfoot to help them along when the Campbells and the Wolfs started to fight. A Coll for help was heard and every one rushed to see the Seitz. Bailey stole some of the Goat's Brand and fed it to the Campbells to make them stop fighting. As a result of all the confusion the Fishermen had the choice of the best seats in the circus. The circus again resumed its natural confusion and the show went on. The Cook came along with some Hammond weiner sandwiches but they were so full of Roaches that the three fun seekers offered them to the Monk and Goats. The Duke tried to Raab the monkey of his sandwich but they caught the Kerr and since there was no Brickner, were about to Schmerin' in the face when the tent fell on them.

After this experience in a circus they made a resolution—to pay for admission because they felt they got too much for their trouble.

A GREAT BOOK

A great book is not always a large book. There is a little book you can carry in your pocket that will mean more to your happiness and welfare than the biggest encyclopedia.

Open an account in this bank and you will have such a book—your savings account book. One dollar will start your account.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK

Home Savings Banks for the Little Folks



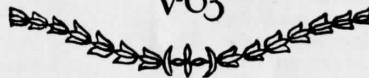
CADILLAC

A new realm of
motoring comfort
is opened to own-
ers of the new
Cadillac V-63.

Johnstown Automobile Co.

—Distributors—

V-63



SCREEN STARS COMING AT THE "GRAND"

"Love Letters"—Theodore Wagner and Verna Wagner.
"Excuse My Dust"—Ross Cook and his wonder Ford.
"Covered Wagon"—Homer Dishong.
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—June Kerr.
"Daddy Long Legs"—Endicott Batchelor.
"Circus Pals"—Clara Osgood and the Janitor's Cat.
"The Shiek Without His Tent"—Frank Leahey.
"The Champ"—Duke O'Loughlin.
"The Five Basketeers"—The Basket Ball Team.
"Don't Doubt Your Husband"—Mrs. Engh.
"Flaming Youth"—Adeline Eichler.
"Four Horsemen"—Tennis Team.
"Long Live the Queen"—Miss Krebs.

A LAST TRIBUTE (To "Monk" Cook)

One Ford car with a piston ring,
Two rear wheels, one front spring,
Has no fenders, seat made of plank,
Burns lots of gas, hard to crank,
Carburetor busted half way through,
Engine missing, hits on two.
Three years old, four in the spring,
Has shock absorbers 'n everything.
Radiator busted, sure does leak,
Differential dry, you can hear it squeak.
Ten spokes missing, front all bent,
Tires blowed out, ain't worth a cent,
Got lots of speed, will run like the deuce,
Burns either gas or tobacco juice.
If you want this car—inquire within—
A darn good Ford for the shape it's in.

In Algebra Class:

Mr. Belles—Add X to X, Y to Y, you can't add different things together and get an answer.

"Burkie"—Sure, add horses and flies together and you get horse flies.

What would happen if the school would get rid of all the mice?

Ans.—There wouldn't be anything to entertain the students of the History Classes.

High School Girls Who Buy
Their Clothes at

WIDENER'S
Style Center

Know that their Costumes are
of the Very Latest Made,
Well Made, and very

Reasonable Prices

Young Men's Graduation Suits

UNEQUALED IN STYLE, QUALITY AND
VALUE AT THIS LOW PRICE

Smart Suits carefully tailored on the best lines for Spring. A varied assortment of popular models developed of the choicest wools in rich patterns and colors. Snappy models for young men, the kind of a suit you will be proud to wear

\$25.00 to \$35.00

JOHN THOMAS & SONS



DO YOU RECOGNIZE THESE:

I am so stiff I can hardly walk.
Are you going to the game?
This room is cold as ice.
I am simply starved.
I thought that period would never end.
You make me tired!
What is our English assignment?
How do you spell _____ ?
Will that bell never ring?
Do we have Hygiene today?
I love your dress!
Does anybody have their French?
Am I late?
Open the window—I am roasting.
What is inside that piece of candy?
I think your hair looks too cute bobbed!

From Those Who Have Lived and Learned to Those Who Must Learn to Live.

1. Don't be extravagant. There is candy to be sold in the hall every noon.
Choose wisely your pals.
2. Don't miss the Junior-Senior. You may find a match.
3. Never concentrate. It may hurt your brain, besides there are more students in the E class for company.
4. Cut classes regularly. Much enjoyment is gained by being detained.
5. Go to class late and gather tickets at the office.
6. If all you wish for is A's and B's you can purchase plenty of them at the 5c and 10c Store (letter blocks).
7. Popularity may be found anywhere, but it must not be gathered.
We, who are about to leave, deliver unto you these truths.

Report of the Hysteria Campaign:

The Senior Class is still ahead in the contest to see which class can have the most cases of hysteria. Get busy, you underclassmen.

Miss Higgon in History Class:

"Are there any absentees here today?"

Exclusive Coats, Suits, Dresses For Juniors, Misses and Women



JACOB'S

Specialty Shop

418 MAIN STREET

ROUDABUSH BROS.

Fancy Groceries

Telephones 290 and 291
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JOSEPH HINCHMAN

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Our Candies are Always Fresh
and made by the Best Candy Fac-
tories in the world.

A full line on hand and for sale
at all stores.

Joseph Hinchman & Son

Wholesale
Confectioners

Telephone 6010

610 Locust Street Johnstown, Pa.

"SHIEKS"

The meaning for the word "shiek," as found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, is a chief. But the meaning of it as used today by the flappers and the younger class of Americans is a fellow who is the bees-knees, mosquitoes eyebrows, and all that, or in other words a fellow who is a gallant, dashing man with the ladies.

Westmont High School has a striking example of such a person in the form of William (Piv) Bailey; that is, if we are to accept the words of Mary Campbell.

"Shiek" Bailey has broken more hearts and jilted more women than any other man known since the time of Solomon.

Many of his friends have been imploring him to open a correspondence school in "love-making," but he is reluctant to do this because he is afraid that some one will use his methods for captivating the women.

Seven Ages of Women

1. Safety-pins.
2. Whip-pins (Whippings)
3. Hair-pins.
4. Fraternity-pins.
5. Diamond-pins.
6. Clothes-pins.
7. Rolling-pins.

The Janitor's Cat Sez

On June ninth our fourth Graduating Class bids us goodbye.

Seniors, our best wishes go with you. May success crown your efforts.

Success, like a mountain peak, is only reached by dint of long and persistent efforts.

Opportunity is at your door. Don't wait for her to knock. Rush out and grab her.

Visitors have remarked that our "School Spirit" and "Our Attitude" toward our opponents is the best they have seen. Would they always say the same thing if they knew you as well as I do?



TURGEON Studios

Specialists in Portraits by Photography
In Your Home

America's Best Photographer
of Children

Sittings from Pittsburgh
to Harrisburg

342 Main Street



**Sandwich
Cream Potato
Bread**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

**Table
Cream Potato
Bread**

**“TRI”
PENNSYLVANIA
BREAD**

“The Loaf With The Slice Guide”

EXCELLENT FOR TOAST

Baked By KOLB'S BAKERY

**A FRESHMAN'S IDEA OF CLASS OF '24 TEN
YEARS AFTER**

Marian Bailey	Making Bread
Mary Brands	Making Batik
Alvena Brickner	Always Bright
Harry Callet	Heaving Coal
Grace Coll	Growing Comlier
Ross Cook	Running Cars
Regina Eck	Running Everywhere
Dan Ellis	Doing Everything
Oliver Proudfoot	Opening Parliament
John Gobin	Jilting Girls
Mildred Wagle	Making Wishes
Margaret Roach	Missing Rides
Clara Osgood	Carrying On
Catharine Fisher	Carrying Flowers
Frank Leahey	Flying Leaps
Mary Louise Hammond	Making Light Hearts
Dorothy Leuin	Drawing Lillies
Viola Peden	Vaulting Poles
Vera Meehan	Vacant Mind
Hilda Meehan	Hurrying Madly
David O'Loughlin	Darting Over Land
Jack O'Loughlin	Jaunting Over-land
Isabell Wilner	Icing Words
Sara Geer	Saving Gas
Jerome Schmerin	Just Silly
Lilly Fern Potter	Lifting Pearls
Elizabeth Rogers	Eating Radishes
Catherine Raab	Catching Rabbits
June Kerr	Joking Kids
Bud Roach	Being Rash
Ted Wagner	Taking Wagons
Catherine Scammell	Condensed Sunshine
Margaret Jahn	Making Jam
Henry Seitz	Having Sense
Catharine Simons	Catching Song-birds
Verna Wagner	Vouching Wagner
William Hinkel	Winning Honors
Rose Alma Harrigan	Riding Hard
Sylvia Zaconick	Selling Zebras
Martha Wolf	Making Waffles
Owen Higgins	Owning Houses

“SHOES” OF DEPENDABLE QUALITY



Just the Right Style for
every member of the family
The Prices you know are
always the lowest

GLOSSER BROS.

“Everybody's Store”



When we say "Its Wonderful" we mean it

ENJOY

Sanitary

"Its Wonderful"

ICE CREAM

Johnstown Sanitary Dairy Co.

OCCUPATION OF THE SENIORS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Ollie" Proudfoot—Viewing peach trees along the Potomac at 12 bells.

Hilda Meehan—The "general manager."

Henry Seitz—Popular among the girls.

June Kerr—In search of bugs—?

Lily Fern Potter—Dignified Senior.

Ted Wagner—Destroying the good "negatives."

Clara Osgood—Represented "Hope" in the "Five Slaps in the Eye."

Mildred Wagle—Peacefully sleeping on the noiseless coach.

"Liz" Rogers—Princess in the "Five Slaps in the Eye."

Owen Higgins—Dodging ? ? ?

Catherine Simons—Going hunting? ?

Catherine Scammel—Missing the train at Harrisburg.

Alvena Brickner—In a hurry.

Verna Wagner—With Ted at the Monastery.

"Marg" Roach—Talking in her sleep.

John Gobin—Addressing letters to Conemaugh.

Marian Bailey—The peace maker.

Bud Roach—The clown in a circus.

Jerome Schmerin—Smoking the pipe.

Kathryn Raab—Balancing the bed-springs.

Bill Hinkel—Borrowing Margaret's Dorine.

Aumie Harrigan—Slamming pie.

Viola Peden—The famous steeple climber.

Sal Geer—Visiting the Zoo with Bill Hinkel.

Frank Leahey—Prince of the Opera.

Regina Eck—Reporter of the "prize fight."

Harry Callet—The Duke of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Belle Wilner—Riding the Pullman.

Catherine Fisher—Door keeper.

Sylvia Zaconick—Vamping the soldiers on "Pennsylvania Avenue."

"Marg" Jahn—Giving the "morning call."

Dorothy Leuin—Riding the Pullman.

Martha Wolfe—Using the bureau for a dorine.

Grace Coll—Good little girl.

Vera Meehan—Breaking fast-dressing record.

Dan Ellis—Imitating a girl.

Miss Lippi—A wonderful sport.

Miss Greer—Our honored guest.

Mr. Engh—A man who was rocked to sleep.

Westmont Garage



The Hilltops' Only Garage

GARAGE SERVICE

Gas and Oil

Car Washing

Phone 2599-L

Buy Your Clothes From Us



Men's and Boys'
Clothing, Furnishings
and Shoes

10% Off to All High School Students

Ruth Bldg., Cor. Clinton and Locust Sts.
JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

Compliments of
**The Majestic
Theatre**
M. J. Boyle, Manager
Vaudeville Pictures

THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS

During the entire school year every school and college in America is engaged in athletic activities of some kind. Every year thousands of dollars are spent, hours and days of valuable time are consumed, by instructors, coaches, and students, in the preparation for athletic contests of various kinds. Almost every school in the country boasts of a football, baseball, basketball, and track team.

It has been questioned whether the time consumed in these athletic contests, and in the preparation for the contests is profitably spent. Are there worth-while returns for the time and money invested or, are both cast to the winds and lost? Results show, beyond any doubt, that worth-while values are always secured for the time and money expended. The schools and colleges realize this and every year athletics occupy an important place in the student's life. The results are beneficial to the student, individually and to the school or college as a whole.

The greatest benefits are naturally secured by those students who take part in athletics. The athlete is strong of body, mentally alert, and, if he has played the game fairly, has acquired principles of fair play that helps to build character, and win success in school, and in the years afterward. The strenuous exercise he must go through preparing for the contests, and the contests themselves develop every part of his body, fortifying it against attacks of disease, and enables him to enjoy life more fully. An athlete must constantly be on the alert. There is no time for sluggish thinking in football or basketball. Thus using the brain, trying to outguess the opposing side can be utilized in the classroom to the benefit of the student. His moral benefits will be as great as his physical benefits. The foul football player and basketball player usually plays the game of life in the same way. When they are forced to play fairly in a game a habit of playing fairly in everything is acquired.

Aside from the individual benefits derived from athletics are the results obtained by the school, as a whole. It enables the entire school to work as a whole for a certain cause. School life develops many rivalries and widely scattered interests. But rivalries and other interests are forgotten when a game is at stake, and all unite under a common banner.

WILLIAM A. MARLEY.

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.

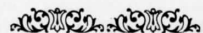
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Acknowledged the best—

GALLIKER'S
Quality
ICE CREAM

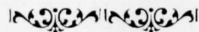
“Second Helpings are Always in Demand”



Compliments of

COSGROVE & CO.
COAL

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.



Soda Fountain Good Things!

ENJOY them at Kredel's—the recognized student refreshment headquarters in Johnstown. Finest Candies, too. A complete service for the amateur photographer. Kodaks in all types and sizes.

KREDEL'S
Drug Store

412 Main Street

The Graduation Gift

Have you a boy or girl graduating from school this month? If you have there's a gift to be given as one of the rewards at this happy time. A trust fund that will provide your daughter with an independent income or your son with an anchor to windward during his early years in business is the best graduation gift.

Our officers will be glad to explain this form of trust to you.

THE JOHNSTOWN TRUST COMPANY

———“MY BANK”———

LETTER TO THE PHOENICIAN

Gettysburg Academy,
Gettysburg, Penna.

May 10, 1924.

Editor of The Phoenician,

Dear Sir:

I received your request for a contribution to your paper and I am glad to comply with your wishes.

As you undoubtedly know, that, during my career in high school I was a willing and enthusiastic participant of athletic activities. At the present time I am beginning to realize the great advantage that I have derived from taking part in these activities.

Therefore, I feel that a few words of comment on the value of athletics to a student, may help other students to see my viewpoint, which if carried into action, will make him a better student and a better man. It is with this one purpose in mind that I have written this brief article. If you feel, that it is worth publishing, you may do so with it.

With best wishes for the success of The Phoenician, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
W. A. MARLEY.

Instead of:—

Knocking	Boost
Criticizing	Praise
Frowning	Smile
Loafing	Work
Waiting	Begin
Crying	Sing
Hindering	Help
Losing	Win
Failing	Pass

Why isn't the "Gossip" more newsy? Why doesn't "Gossip" have more and better, jokes? Why doesn't the "Phoenician" have more literary material? These are some of the questions I've heard, and I generally answer them with this: "Why don't the "Gossip" and "Phoenician" have more contributors?"

Don't be discouraged if your article does not appear in the Phoenician. Make the next one better.

"Everything Gas and Electrical"

The people of this community are familiar with our slogan. It means guaranteed products and workmanship at a reasonable cost.

In handling contract work—no matter how large or small the job, each receives the same careful attention.

We carry the newest lighting fixtures and most efficient appliances and we maintain a genuine service.

TOWZEY-PHILLIPS & COMPANY

EVERYTHING GAS AND ELECTRICAL

Main and Walnut Sts.

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Stop at "Dykes"



For Those Cool and Refreshing
Sodas, Delicious Sundaes
and Tasty Confections

Light Lunches a specialty.

VAN DYKE THOMAS

210 Tioga Street

- Q. How should a formal dinner be announced ?
A. Put an ad in the paper.

- Q. Is it proper to eat asparagus with your fingers?
A. Certainly not, use your mouth.

- Q. Should a male escort walk on the side nearest the curb-stone?
A. No, he should walk on his feet.

Most people like surprises. Even the teachers. Try a well prepared lesson the next day after a vacation.

Careful attention to seven i's will help both you and me. Yours, or mine, intelligence, initiative, interest, industry, and integrity.

Had the poet seen our monthly honor roll, he might well have written:

"Names may come,
And names may go."
How about adding the line,
"But, mine goes on forever."

Red ink looks well on a Merchant's balance sheet, but not on a student's report card.

My comparison of the adjective "lazy" is Lazy—Warned—Flunked.

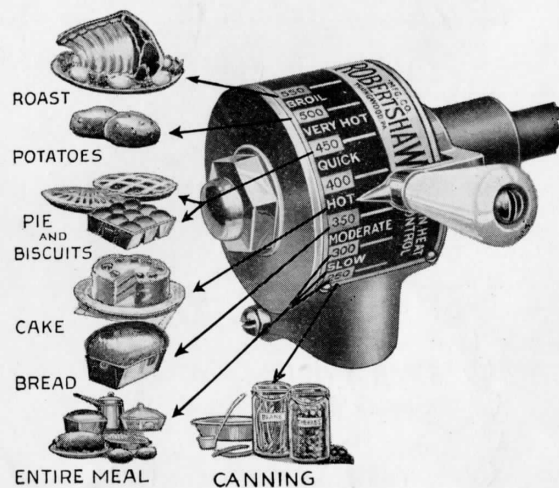
It made me purr to learn that the Freshman boys were 100% paid up members of the Boys' Club.

Every girl in the school is a member of the Girls' Club. Why not, Fellows?

Some folks study their lessons, others acquire them, but no one has them thrust upon him.

It's a good thing to read the "Gossip" but not to just gossip.

Most of Miss Fortune's victims have been forewarned.



ROBERTSHAW OVEN HEAT CONTROL

This device eliminates the necessity of staying in the kitchen to frequently adjust the "Oven" Gas Valve, as this control will automatically maintain the required oven temperature indefinitely. Just move the "White Handle" to whatever degree of temperature is required and forget it until the proper time to remove the food.

That New Range for Mother

*Should Be A CENTURY With
Oven Heat Control*

So she can stay out of the Hot Kitchen
until it is time to serve the meal

Century Gas Ranges

Made in Johnstown for 20 Years
and fully guaranteed by a
Home Factory

Century Stove & Manufacturing Company

Johnstown 3090

PARK AVENUE AND DU PONT PLACE

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Pennsylvania Trust
Company
of
JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.



The Bank of Service
We Welcome Your Account



No Connection with Any Other Candy Store

Elite Candy!

FIRST in favor—for it's pure, fresh-made, delicious. New Candies every day, fresh every hour from our second-floor candy kitchens. Made of all selected Raw Food materials.

Dainty Luncheons served here—and we are supplying the finest Pastries made in Johnstown, and the highest class Birthday Cakes and Wedding Cakes.

Everything is made by all experienced Candy Makers, Chefs, Pastry Men and Bakers.

Open for inspection to any one at any time.

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JOHNSTOWN'S
QUALITY CANDY STORE

510 Main Street—2 Doors Below Schwartz Bros.

Young Men's Store

Clothing and
Furnishings

—Max

138 Clinton St.

Sporting Goods for Spring and Summer Sports

*Baseball Goods
Tennis Goods
Fishing Tackle
Camping Equipment
Bicycles and Accessories
Firearms of Every
Description*

SATISFACTION in Sporting Goods is more than the name that happens to be stamped on them—it is in the right selection of a good Bat or Ball, or a good Mit. All these you may depend upon here for we have outfitted many winning ball teams and we can give you just what you want.

Since
1862



SWANK'S

Main and Bedford Street



Since
1862



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Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
IN BOTTLES

Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

