

Printed by
WEIGEL & BARBER, Inc.
PRINTERS
204 Bedford Street
Johnstown, Pa.

PHOE VICIAN HO

THE

PHOENICIAN

of Westmont-Upper Yoder

High School

VOLUME EIGHT

Published by

THE SENIOR CLASS

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Six

foremord If in the years to come this book brings back to you pleasant memories of the days spent in the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School, our labor shall not have been in vain, for toward this end we have directed it.

ORDER OF BOOKS

FACULTY BOOK	I
CLASSES BOOK	II
LITERARY BOOK	III
DRAMATICS BOOK	IV
ORGANIZATION BOOK	V
ATHLETICS BOOK	VI
HUMOR BOOK	VII

TO

Miss Matilda Krebs

In order to show our appreciation, love, and devotion to the one who has done more than any other in making our school what it is today, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-six dedicate this eighth edition of the Phoenician to our Principal, Miss Matilda Krebs.







TO OUR

Fathers and Mothers

In appreciation of their many and unsparing sacrifices which have made it possible for us to attend the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-six, dedicate this page of the Phoenician to our Mothers and Fathers.

TO

The School Board

In grateful acknowledgment and sincere appreciation of those services which they have so kindly and thoughtfully performed, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twentysix, dedicate this page to the School Board of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School.

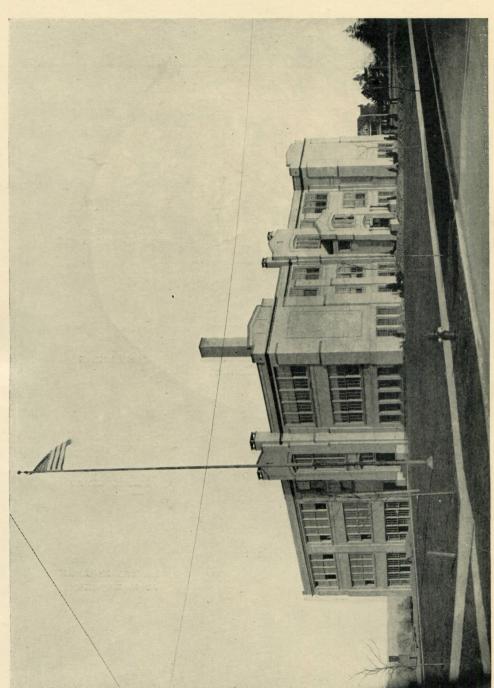
In Memoriam

Margaret McGahan

Class

of

Mineteen Bundred and Twenty-one



WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL

High School Awards



The Lucy Love Prizes

Gold and Silver Medals

Junior Essay Contest

First Prize
VERNA FULMER
Second Prize
MARY LOUISE BOYLE

The Helen F. Price Prizes

Gold Medals

Sophomore Short Story Contest

Prizes SYLVIA RUSH JOHN REESE

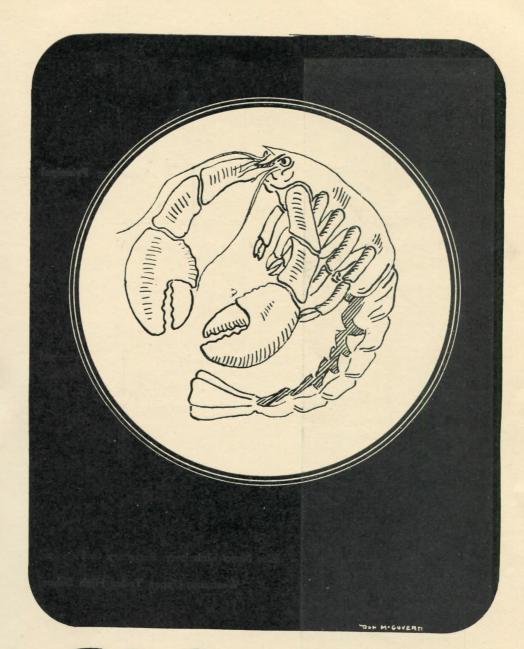
The George T. Robinson Prizes
Gold and Silver Medals
Oratorical Contest

First Prize
WILLIAM YINGLING

Second Prize
JO E. MUCKLEY

The George T. Robinson Prizes
Gold Medals
Debating Contest

THOMAS CLEAVER FRANCES McGAHAN JO E. MUCKLEY PHOE ICIAN



FAGULTY



Mr. John E. Shambach
Supervising Principal
Lafayette College
University of Michigan

Miss Matilda Krebs Principal

Cornell University

University of Chicago

Miss Maye Finkelson Secretary to Principal

Westmont-Upper Yoder High School

Miss Martha E. Ames

Music

Indiana Normal

Mr. Oscar Belles

Mathematics, French

Harvard University
Columbia University

Miss Elsie Canan

Science

Indiana Normal
University of Chicago





Mr. Carl A. Engh

Commercial Department

Juniata College Ohio Northern University

Mr. George A. Fails

Science

Indiana Normal
Chicago University
Grove City College
Carnegie School of Technology

Miss Lois Mowrey

English

Wilson College

PHOE VICIAN TO

Miss Margaret Greer
Mathematics, Librarian

Wells College Columbia University

Mrs. Margie Harris

Art

Carnegie School of Technology University of Chicago

Miss Mary Engelhardt

Home Economics

Indiana Normal





Mr. Oscar P. Lambert Manual Training

University of Pittsburgh

Miss Dorothea Leahey Physical Education

West Chester Normal

Harvard University

Miss Grace Osborne

Latin

Albion College University of Michigan Miss Virginia Ross

Commercial Department

Indiana Normal Penn State

Miss Emelyn Trine

English

Dickinson College Columbia University

Miss Elziabeth Reese

History

Goucher College



What does the future hold for us, dear friend?

Shall we go forth to fortunes good or ill?

Will the old joys have magic for us still

When these few golden years are at an end?

If far apart our paths in life shall bend,

And separately we do our work, until

Our pathways cross, by chance or kind fate's will.

Shall we see eye-to-eye, or just pretend

Shall still our spirits have not grown apart?

Shall well-writ books delight us once again

Shall each in silence read the other's heart?

Shall lure of trail and sunset fill our ken

Or lose their halo? When our work shall start,

Oh, Graybeard Time, be gentle to us then.



SEHIOR



CARL BARRETT

Boys' Club Secretary (4), Baseball (3), Basketball (4), Dramatic Club (2), (3), History Club (2) (3), Track (3)

Our Carl is a very trusty lad Who plays in all our teams, He's in for track, he's in for ball He's an all around boy it seems.

JOSEPH BENNETT

Glee Club (3) (4), Student Council (3) President (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Boys' Club, Football (3) (4), Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff.

What do you say?
Il parle francais?
O, yes, he knows the lingo
Yes, he is clever with his pen.
And ken he sing? You bet he ken
His name? It's Joe, by Jingo!

MARGARET BENSHOFF

Girls' Club, Choral Club (3) (4), Student Council (2), Bank (2) (4)

Just look at Margaret and you see A typist, a student, a girl full of glee She is quiet at times, but makes herself heard When there's work to do for it's Marg that's

preferred.

DONALD BERKLEY

Boys' Club.

In the Senior class we have a jumbo Berk is large, smaller than some, tho, He's full of fun and incessant chatter Between scholar and Don we'll take the latter.

HAZEL BRANT

Girls' Club, Dramatic Club (2) (3)

Hazel Brant is winsome but shy, From her our candy we usually buy— Since she takes charge of it every day, We hereby thank her in the kindest way.



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Boys' Club Secretary (4), Baseball (3), Basketball (4), Dramatic Club (2), (3), History Club (2) (3), Track (3)

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MASKELL BROWN

Boys' Club, Orchestra (4)

This solemn young Senior Of musical fame, In the world of musicians Will make him a name.

MARY LOUISE BURKHARD

Cheer Leader (1) (2) (3), Girls Club, Glee Club (3) (4), Phoenician Staff, Gossip Staff (3) (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Secretary Athletic Association (4)

Her clothes are smart Her hats are chic— Are Burkles, our gay sub-deb, We like her pert and peppy way— And so does "Eb."

MARY CAMPBELL

Girls' Club, Glee Club (3) (4), History Club, Dramatic Club, Gossip Staff (3), Class President (3) (4)

Mary, eyes of blue; honest, true Always smiling, care beguiling How we love that Scottish lass The darling President of our class.

THOMAS CLEAVER

Boys' Club, Dramatic Club (2) (3), Radio Club (3), Track (3), As⁵istant Manager Track and Tennis (3) (4), Student Council (4), Science Club (2), Gossip Staff (3), Athletic Association (4), Debating Team

"K. L. X. on a one-tube set Loud as loud could be," This is one of those easy results If we trust Tom's verity.

BERNARD COLL

Track (2) (3), Vice President of Class (2), Baseball (3) (4), Editor-in-Chief Gossip and Phoenician (4), Student Council (4), Bank (4), Athletic Association (4), Debating Team

"Did ja ever" meet a boy named Ben? A boy who's clever with his pen? Well, here he is; now take a look, For Ben is Editor of this book.





BETH DANKMYER

Girls' Club, Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Choral Club (3) (4), Poster Club (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Science Club (2),

"Dankie" has talent, talent threefold, A talent for art, a talent for clothes, She is cute, pretty, nice, and all of those— But about her third talent; it is for beaus.

ADELINE EICHLER

Girls' Club, Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff, Choral Club (3) (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Science Club (2), History Club (2) (3), Poster Club (4), Girls' Basketball Team (4)

A. D. is sweet, Cheerful and happy, Friendly, frank, Pleasant and snappy.

SARAH ENGELHARDT

Secretary of Students' Council (2) (3), Member (4), Choral Club (3) (4), Girls Club Secretary of Girls' Club (2), History Club (3), Secretary Science Club (2), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Secretary of Class (2), Vice President of Class (3), Girls' Basketball Team (4), Debating Team (4)

Sally with her bits of humor, How we love her What could Ben have done Without 'er'? With her brown eyes, dancing—daring Always laughing—never caring Our gal Sal!

WILLIAM GREER

Boys' Club, Gossip (3), Manager Basketball (4), Tennis (3) (4)

May I go see the coach?
May I go see Miss Trine?
Well then just let me see Miss Krebs—
Is always William's line,
It takes a lot of fuss it seems,
To manage well, athletic teams.

MARGARET GRIFFIN

Girls' Club, Orchestra (3) (4), Choral Club (3) (4), Secretary of Dramatic Club (4)

Margaret Griffin is a musical lass, Besides being happy and gay. She's always near the head of her class, For she always has something to say.

HAZEL HAWK

Girls' Club, Bank (2), Vice President (3) President (4), Choral Club (2) (3), Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff

Happy and gay,
True blue, they say.
Full of good cheer,
Always a dear;
Forever working
Never shirking,
That's Hazel.

FOREST KELLEY

REST KELLEY
Boys' Club, Football (3) (4), Glee Club (4),
Baseball (3), Athletic Association (4)
Some wires, some tin, and a few old cans,
Some wheels and some perspiration,
Form most of that antique pile of junk,
That is called Kelley's inspiration.

GLADYS KELLEY

Girls' Club, Poster Club (4), Girls' Basketball Team (4)

Gladys never gets flustered Gladys never gets cross Though misfortunes befall her She's ne'er at a loss.

MORRIS LEWIS

Boys' Club, Dramatic Club (2) (3), Gossip Staff (3), Tennis (3), Captain (4)

Tall and Thin, Never has been Known to sin, Oh, Morrie.

KATHRYN MAHAFFEY

Girls' Club, Choral Club (3) (4), Poster Club (2)

A quiet little maid Not flippant—but staid Has ever obeyed Each duties call That's Kate!





RUTH MATONIK

Bank Director (4), Girls' Club

Little maid, little maid, where goest thou? To the office, Sir—I do vow.
Little girl, little girl, what do you there?
I type for the Seniors, Sir, with care.

ARTHUR McCLINTOCK

Secretary of Bank (4), Boys' Club (4)

The Senior class can well be proud, And boast with all its vigor, That Art McClintock is one of us, Tho' he could be somewhat bigger.

KATHERINE MacEWAN

Choral Club (3) (4), Girls' Club, Dramatic Club (3)

Kate is a shy and pretty lass, Who prays every day That the bus will delay So that she misses that English class.

FRANCES MCGAHAN

Girls' Basketball (4), Girls' Club, Vice President (3), President (4), Student Council (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Track (2) (3), Choral Club (3) (4), Science Club (2), History Club (2), Debating Team (4)

A winning personality— A quality of leadership— A way in society— And no small amount of pep— That's Frances.

DONLON McGOVERN

Class President (2), Dramatic Club, Vice President (4), Athletic Association (4), Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff, Science Club (2), Boys' Club

Don dreams in classes, In study halls, sleeps; His case we sincerely lament, But it all goes to show How prosaic and slow Is school to a temperament.

JO MUCKLEY

Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff, Boys' Club Debating Team

Jo is a scholar, erudite, Very powerful if knowledge is might; He learns to live, and lives to learn He's a fellow who knowledge will never spurn.

HELEN PETERSON

Students' Council (4), Secretary of Class (3), Girls' Club

Five feet two with eyes of blue Long blonde hair, a friend who's true, Is Helen.

LUCILLE PETRIKEN

Choral Club (3) (4), Girls' Club, Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff, Bank Director (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Science Club (2), History Club (3)

Her round, chubby cheeks Her eyes without guile Her soft, golden hair Her pleasant smile All others surpass. Lucille, a popular lass Of the Senior class.

ALICE RAAB

Student Council (2), Choral Club (3) (4), (2), Class Treasurer (4) Girls' Club, Bank Director (4), Science Club

Here's to Alice! we drink to her health, For she is the kid with all our wealth She's in on the Bank—the Budget—and Dues This Senior class treasurer, we ne'er want to lose.

HUGH SHERIDAN

Orchestra (3) (4), Glee Club, Dramatic Club (2) (3), Boys' Club

Little tiny Sheridan, full of pep and funny In the U. S. Navy, he hopes to earn his money, He wants to be a sailor bold This bright young lad with hair of gold.





ROBERT SLOAN

Boys' Club, Students' Council (4), Football (4), Basketball (4), Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff, Track (4), Tennis (4)

"Sure ting dis, sure ting dat"
Cheese, the clown, the acrobat,
He can make you giggle, he can make you
laff
For he is Joke Editor on the Phoenician
staff.

HALLECK SINGER

Boys' Club, Radio Club (3), Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Poster Club, Debating Team (Alternate)

We wonder what would happen to us If it weren't for Halleck and his trusty bus, Errands he runs, without complaint— Hal's a good sport. By darn, if he ain't.

EBERLE THOMAS

Boys' Club, Football (4), Basketball (4), Baseball (3), Track (3), President Athletic Association (4), Dramatic Club (3), Manager of Track (4), Manager of Tennis (4), Debating Team

From the Wild and Wooly West With a purpose firm and true, To show the Westmont ladies The things that "Eb" could do.

MATILDA TOMB

Girls' Club, Dramatic Club (2) (3), Science Club (2), Secretary of Senior Class (4)

Meet Miss Tomb, a hard working lass, The "Tillie the Toiler" of our class. And oh, what a crash there's bound to be When Till breaks into society.

DOROTHEA WOLF

Girls' Club, Science Club (2), History Club (3), Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff, Choral Club (3) (4), Poster Club (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Bank Director (4) Debating Team (Alternate)

Dot is an actress, very neat, Without her, our class would be incomplete, Graceful, charming, hard to beat, Sympathetic, loving, extremely sweet, Dot is a girl you want to meet.

JOHN WOLF

Student Council (2) (3), Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff, Football (4), Basketball (4), Track (4), Class President (4), History Club (3), Boys' Club

Wolf,—Wolf everywhere, "Wolfie" here, and "Johnnie" there, He is smart. He is bright. To him the class looks up for light.



WILLIAM YINGLING

Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff, Boys' Club, Vice President (4), Football (4), Basketball (4), Track (3), History Club (3)

To his teachers he's William, To his gal friend he's Will, To his mother he's Willie To his friends just "Bill."

EMMA MAY JONES

Post Graduate

Secretary to Miss Krebs



Senior Class History

We started when we were Freshmen in twenty-two,

With no one great or noble purpose in view,

Days and even whole months went by,

Until we found ourselves at the Sophomore year.

The second year had more than one happy story to tell

Parties, sleigh rides, and all kinds of fun

Were all in their turn

And still work was done.

Juniors at last! The third year was here,

There were exams and work, but no one did fear,

For we had elected as President, Mary Campbell,

Who of a successful year has much to tell.

The Senior year has come and we all look with gloom,

On the day we must leave our assembly room,

But we must look for a world more high,

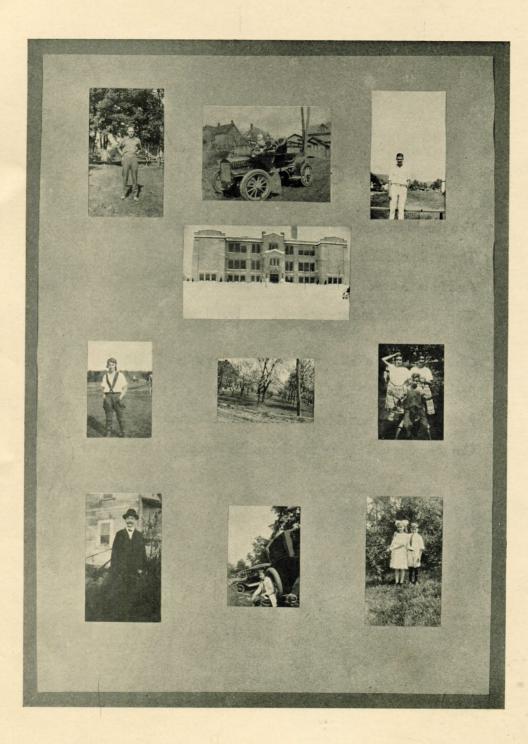
And for bigger goals we all will try.

To Our Alma Mater

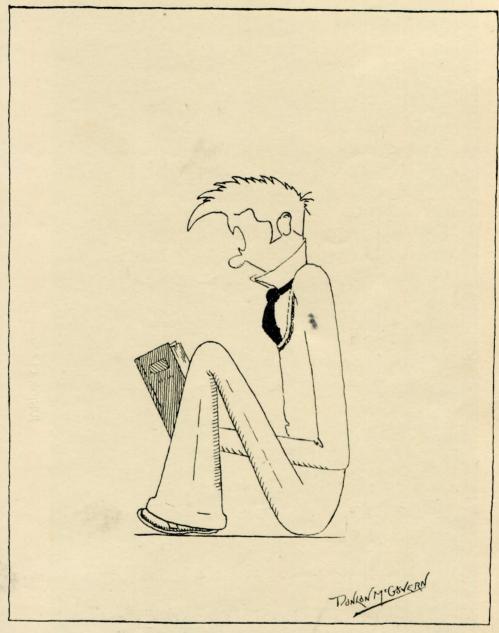
You taught us ways of graciousness and fashions of address,
The mode of talking learnedly and the art of happiness
And how to handle situations, with necessary tact;
Why and where to get our work, was based upon all fact.

Oh connoisseur, of all our days in this dear Alma Mater,
From you, we claim, will come our future in the morrow;
And 'though we travel far away, to posts of unknown distance,
Our thoughts will always wander to the best school in existence.

M. L. BURKHARD, '26

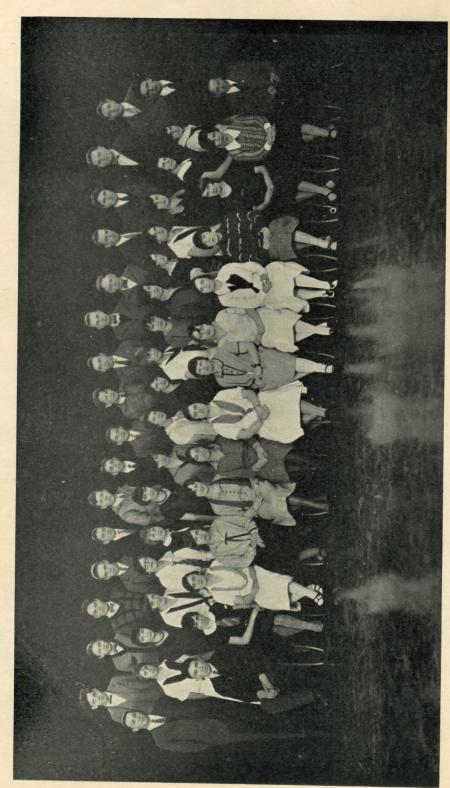


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JUNIOR CLASS

History of the Junior Class

That good old year, Marked the time, When we first, Began to climb. We were green As green could be, We, the Freshies, Of '23.

A half year passed,
And one more,
We were then,
The gay Sophomores.
So from the green,
A class did thrive,
The good old Sophs,
Of '25

An now we've passed,
Years of three,
Fighting on,
To victory.
And we've taught,
The school some tricks,
That dear old gang,
Of '26.

Just one year more,
To succeed,
And the school
We then will lead.
Here's to our luck,
Seven—'leven.
The graduates
Of '27.

Junior Class Roll

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Kathleen Albert William Bailey Rosemary Bingham

Vernon Blough Mary Louise Boyle

Fred Brickner

Kathleen Coll

Lida Cook

Andrew Crichton

Austin Deter Homer Dishong

Charlotte Dunkle

Earl Eckel

David Engelhardt

Vera Fulmer

Verna Fulmer

Bessie Glosser

Leonard Grazier

Lycurgus Gurley

Marstella Harrigan

Betty Harris

James Helman

Robert Horton

Elsa Jahn

Clifford Keafer

Jean Kantner

Arvilla Kniss

Hermine Luebbert

Sylvester McCall

Sara Palliser

Mabel Popovitch

Herbert Raab

Ruth Reesey

Robert Sabo

Jessie Schmerin

Olive Sell

Walter Sides

Lillian Slough

Gertrude Souders

Mabel Louise Stevens

Irene Stiffler

Mary Frances Tarr

Raymond Thompson

Clarissa Wainger

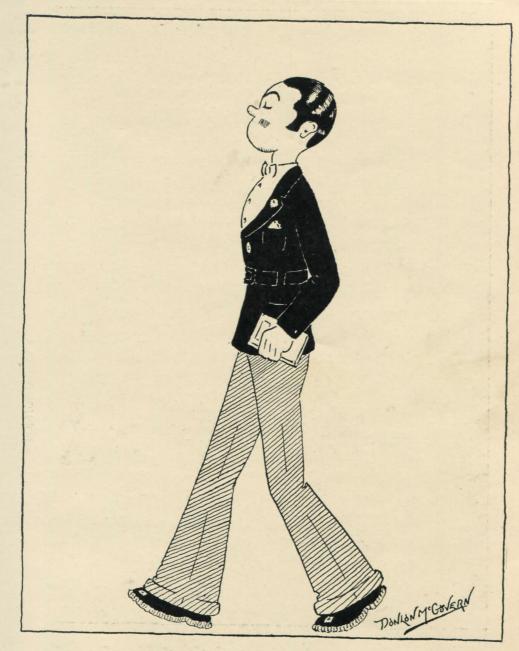
Herbert Walker

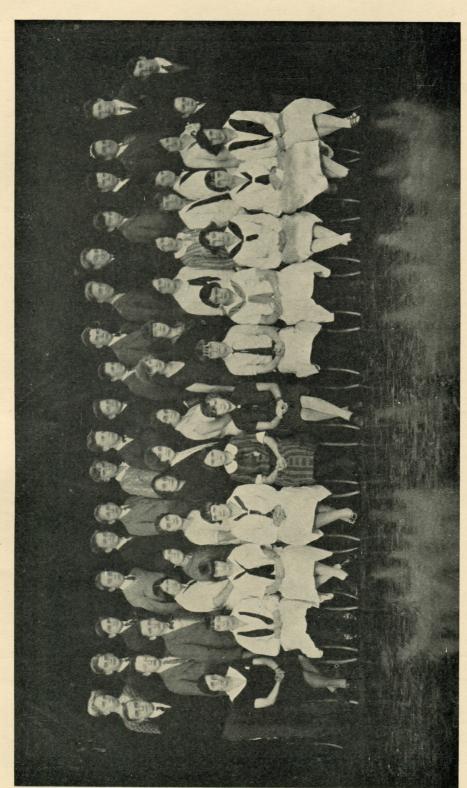
Gerard Wenderoth

Josephine Whitten

Roberta Williams

Anna Wilner





SOPHOMORE CLASS

History of the Sophomore Class

Listen, my children and you shall hear Of the famous class of the twenty-eighth year, 'Twas the thirty-first of August in twenty-five, A few of us do yet survive The hardships of that Sophomore year. With Caesar's gerundives and gerunds galore. And periphrastic conjugations—surely a score, And thousands of pages of History outlined, Short stories and poems over which we all whined, All these are forgotten, quite out of our mind. Charles Boyer was a President rare, And Dora Du Pont his aid so fair. Ruth McGahan wrote up the news. And Peter Carroll collected the dues. 'Twas thus in Athletics-on Varsity five None of our fellows did safely arrive, But in class games some of the enemy survive. And when the girls played the other class teams Fortune looked down and shed her bright beams. In the Honor Roll, too, our names did appear. More often than those of any other year. On society stunts we looked askance, We held no sleigh ride, not even a dance. Fun Nite too would have been quite tame Without the Sophomores in the game. Orators stopped and listened, entranced, As Franklin Baumer his theories advanced On Civic Pride. And when we all joined and the Maid and Middy sang Loud over the others our voices rang. In the Sophomores contest all entered with zest, Sylvia Rush with her puppy, became quite effective. John Reese won also with his bold detective. And what we will do in our Junior year, Listen my children-next year you'll year.

Sophomore Class Roll

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Lawrence Albert
Franklin Baumer
Esther Berkley
Howard Black
Clair Blough
Charles Boyer
Joseph Brown
Eleanor Callet
Robert Campbell
Peter Carrol
Russell Clement

Emily Coller

Gwendolyn Daugherty James Devine

Erdean Dorer
Dora DuPont
Telford Eppley
Margaret Fassett
John Faunce
Marian Fisher
Benny Fletcher
Marguerite Florman

Robert Greer George Gregory Alice Harbaugh

Mary Herndon Catharine Huebner Charles Kintner Mildred Leckey Helen Levin Emma Jane Lohr Craig Longwell Leonard Marshall Ruth McGahan Dorothy Meyers Chester Miller Mary Mosholder Ruth Owen Louis Piper Mary Porter Anna Mary Raab John D. Reese Sylvia Rush William Schmerin

Cathrine Stiffler

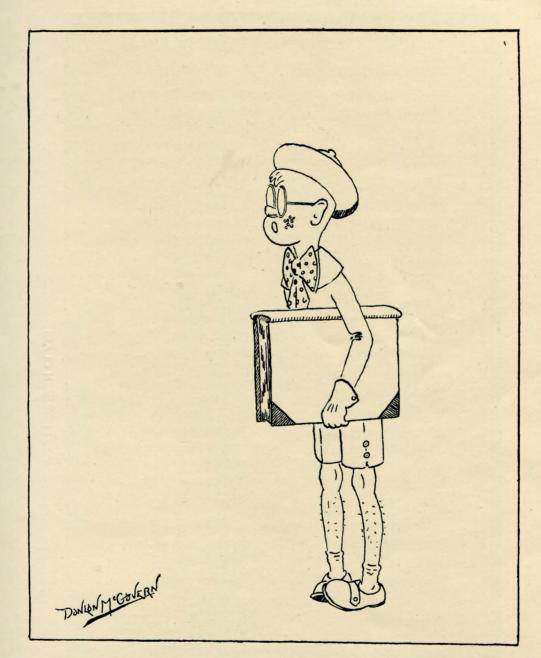
Eugene Smith

Julia Symons

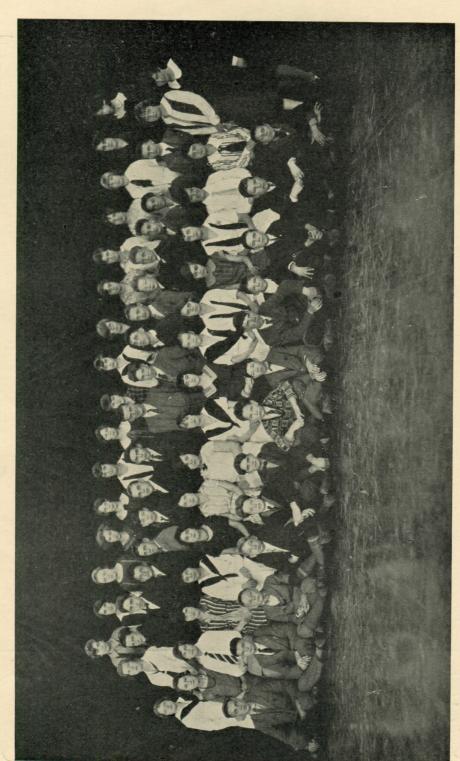
Louise Stouppe

Charles Temple

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FRESMEN



FRESHMEN CLASS

History of the Freshmen Class

On August thirty-first Ninteen Twenty-five The Westmont School was as busy as a bee hive The class of Nineteen Twenty-six, Took their seats as Freshmen, but oh what bricks. As usual, Freshies take no part, But glad to say two in our class are smart. For in the Public Speaking Contest Those two little Freshies did their best. The class as a whole in grades is improving And month by month to the eligibility list is moving. We have several A. B. students Who arrived there by reason of their prudence. And now that our class is organized David Yingling is our President wise And Emanuel Kleinman, our Vice President, on the contrary Is no better than Ann Stremmel, our Secretary. While Clarendon Crichton is our Treasurer, These officers give us much pleasure. And as every one in the class expected, Jane Tarr and Herbert Fulmer were elected To the Student Council, there to serve, And from class duties ne'er to swerve.

Freshmen Class Roll

Howard Albert
Joseph Albert
Georgia Barrett
Mary Bell
Warren Benshoff
Martha Boyle
Betty Burkhard
Dorothy Carbaugh

Wallace Carson Margaret Mary Coll

Clarendon Crichton

Jack Conrad

Jane Davis
Olga Davis
William Deter
Arthur Eichler
Rees Engelhardt
Thelma Feinberg
Herbert Fulmer
Helen Gillen
Merle Gillen
Robert Gray

Virginia Hannan Elizabeth Hinchman

Victor Hinkel
Evelyn Hunter
Emrys Jenkins
Dorsey Kauffman
James Keafer
Dorothy Kennedy
Mike Kindya
Emanuel Kleinman

Grethchen Kopp

Gladys Lewis Allan Livingston

Agnes Mahaffey Richard Marshall

Michael Matonik Isabella McCann

Robert McCauliff John McGrath

James Meyers
Dorothy Miller
Meta Minchau

Andrew Molok Margaret Moran Olga Navartil Wayne Nelson

Jerome Ream Richard Rhodes Cornelia Rogers

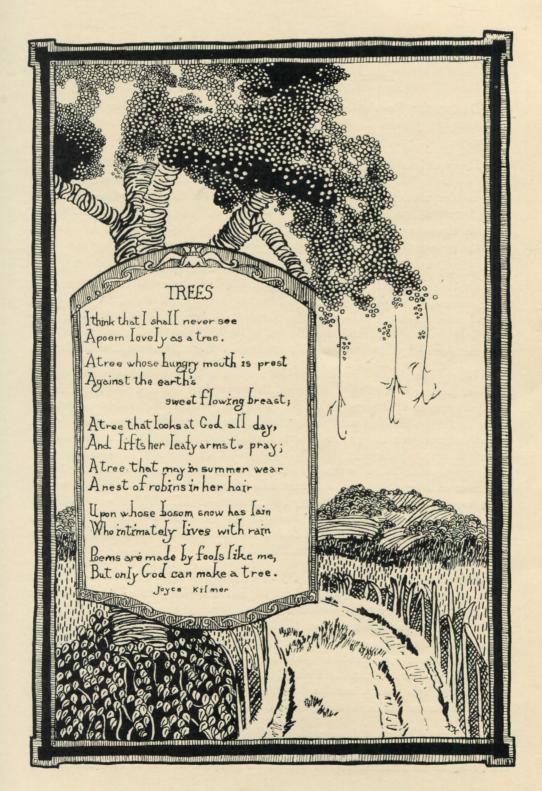
Valda Saxon Martha Singer Ann Stremel

Margaret Sturrock Dorothy Stutzman Natalie Suppes

Jane Tarr George Tiffany Emily Thomas Beatrice Turner Naomi Wainger Eleanor Witt

Ruth Wolf
Donald Wright
Rean Yutzey

David Yingling



Service

PRIZE ORATION, 1926, by WILLIAM YINGLING

During the Revolutionary War volunteers were called for to serve as spies into the British Lines. A certain young man volunteered and was chosen.

He went into the British lines and was discovered; the penalty, of course, being death. Just before the noose was to be applied to his neck, this common soldier uttered a few words which have become immortal—"I regret that I have but one life to give to my country." Today we remember Nathan Hale because he served his country and after he had given his life for his country, he regretted that he would no longer be able to serve it.

On the other hand let us take the case of Benedict Arnold. This man was a military genius. There was probably no other man in the colonial army, except Washington, who was as great a genius as Arnold. He could be remembered today as one of the greatest generals that America ever produced, but when his name is mentioned what do we say? "He was a traitor." Benedict Arnold refused to serve his country. Benedict Arnold was a traitor.

When Abraham Lincoln was in his teens he exeprienced one of the greatest horrors of his life. He went down to New Orleans and there he got his first glimpse of slavery. He saw men and women chained to a platform being auctioned off and sold as slaves; he saw men and women being beaten until they cried out in agony; he saw human beings treated as we would not treat our dogs. Lincoln turned to a friend who was with him and said, "If I ever get a chance to strike that thing, I am going to strike it hard." About a quarter of a century later Abraham Lincoln was the man who issued one of the greatest documents that history has known—the Emancipation Proclamation. Today, we remember Abraham Lincoln not because he was the sixteenth President of the United States, not because his name was Abraham Lincoln, but because he served humanity.

If you should be asked why you remember Theodore Roosevelt you would not say that it was just because he was a wealthy man, you would not say that it was because he owned a lot of property out West. No. You would say that you remembered Theodore Roosevelt because he cleaned up a crooked police force in New York City, because as Governor of New York State he cleaned up a crooked political system, and because as President of the United States he built the Panama Canal which was a service not only to his country, but was a service to the whole world. We all remember Theodore Roosevelt because he served his fellow men.

Do you think that the wealthy men to-day are going to be remembered just because they are wealthy? I think not. The wealthy men of today are going to be remembered in the future because of the service which they

PHOE ICIAN -

have rendered to their fellow men. They are going to be remembered for the leper asylums which they have established in India, for the educational institutions which they have established, not only in the United States but all over the world. The wealthy men of today are going to be remembered to-morrow not because they were rich, but because they served humanity.

I do not want to attempt to moralize, but let us ask ourselves a fair question—Are we going to have men and women say of us that we thought only of ourselves, that we never thought of anybody else, that we were a traitor to humanity, or are we going to have people say that we did something worth while in the community, that we can be remembered for something that we have done in the state, and that we have served our country and served humanity? Which of the two?

Food for Dogs

PRIZE SHORT STORY, 1926, by SYLVIA RUSH

December and a heavy snowfall. Dorothy Douglas came running into the room, stamping her feet on the rug and cheerfully humming: "Merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream."

She playfully shook the snow from her hat upon her little white poodle, which had run to meet her. As he slunk away, thinking he had been punished, she ran to him, picked him up and caressed him.

"What do you think?" she exclaimed as she seated herself on a chair and held him up in front of her, "What do you think? Maybe I will be invited to a great big dance, maybe I will." Puppy wagged his tail.

"Woudn't you like that? You know that Teddy Cuthrell, who goes to Columbia University—the boy who romped with you and wanted to keep you for himself and who is studying to be a doctor?" Puppy cocked an ear.

"Well, he said, 'If I asked you to go to the University dance Christmas, you would go, wouldn't you?' And I didn't say yes, but I said: "You mustn't ask me if you expect no for an answer."

Suddenly Dorothy jumped up with pupsy perched on her shoulder and ran to a table beside the door, then eagerly searched through the mail. Not finding the letter for which she looked, she returned to her seat, drooping shoulders, the shine gone out of her eyes, and doubtfully exclaimed:

"But it's way late in December, eight days before the dance and I have no letter yet." Pupsy's tail dropped in sympathy.

"I wonder if he's going to write? Well, we'll see, won't we? And if he doesn't write real soon we'll never speak to him again, will we, Puppy? No, we just won't." Here she gave the dog a big hug, shook him, threw him in the air, and laughed—

"Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding."

"Goodness me, five o'clock already and I haven't even my arctics off."

As she stooped to unfasten them her eye fell on a heap of chewed paper.

"What in the world!" she exclaimed. "Puppsy, Puppsy, I just know you did this, didn't you? What a good joke it will be on Daddy to find all his bills chewed up." She chuckled, until she looked more closely.

"Why, they're not bills, at all." As she gathered up the papers, her eyes had fallen on the post-mark—New York. She dropped upon her

PHOE ICIAN

knees, scrambling madly through the bits, turning them at all angles and swiftly examining each piece. The postmark was certainly New York and she could distinguish another word, "dance." Could it be from Teddy? Teddy had never written to her and this handwriting was strange. No woman would write that. It must be from a man. She ran to her father's study and brought out a magnifying glass. With this she examined every one of the chewed bits of the letter.

She thought she saw the word "wil," but as there was only one "l" followed by tooth print of Puppsy's, it was alittle doubtful, though it might have said, "Will you come to the dance?"

"You bad dag," she exclaimed, shaking him, "don't you know it isn't nice to meddle with other people's mail? It's terribly naughty. I'm ashamed of you."

As the little dog slipped around behind a chair, she suddenly picked him up. "Oh, no, it wasn't your fault. You didn't know any better. Don't mind, Pupsy, we will find out somehow, won't we?"

During dinner she was absent minded and absorbed. She went through the process of eating her meal mechanically. After it was over she went upstairs to her room, leaving her family puzzled about her absent-mindedness.

"Oh, dear," she cried, "I don't know what to do. It's simply awful. Why did that postman put the letters on the floor? I want to go to that dance and I will even if—I don't know what to do." She threw herself on the bed and started to cry. Suddenly she straightened.

"There, I know what I'll do. I will write a letter to him and ask if he wrote it. What a marvelous idea."

She ran to her desk and started to write. When she was finished she held it up and read it aloud, slowly pronouncing each word and thoughtfully scrutinizing each sentence. It read:

Dear Mr. Cuthrell,

A very strange accident happened this afternoon. When I returned home from town I found to my dismay that precious little Pupsy had chewed up a letter. I searched among the scraps that remained and could read the word "dance." The postmark was New York while the letter was written in a masculine hand that was strange to me. I wondered if it could possibly be a letter from you. Was it? Did you write?

Yours truly,

Dorothy A. Douglas

"Oh, that's fine. It couldn't be better," she exclaimed with satisfaction. She went to bed, but did not sleep.

"Why, I can't send that," she presently exclaimed. "How terrible. What if he didn't write that letter. He'd think I was hinting for an invitation.

PHOE ICIAN

Why, how preposterous." She got out of bed and tore the letter into tiny pieces. "I'll have to write a very, very formal letter. That will be the very idea and then it won't look as if I were hinting. What a marvelous idea." She sat down and wrote:

Mr. Cuthrell.

Dear Sir:

I humbly apologize for writing this letter, but my curiosity once aroused is never satisfied until the circumstance is cleared. Yesterday about four o'clock I came home from town and found that my dog had chewed up several letters. After searching through them I found one of them with the postmark—New York. I could plainly read the word dance while the handwriting was masculine and entirely strange to me. I wonder if the letter could be from you. As was mentioned before, my curiosity did not permit me to neglect writing this. Humbly apologizing again, I remain,

Dorothy A. Douglas

"Now if that isn't infinitely better than the first letter," she exclaimed in a very satisfied tone. "Doesn't that sound dignified and formal? Well, I'll mail this early tomorrow." She went back to bed, but lay thinking about the letter, picturing its final result. She thought of the gown she would wear to the dance. It was true that she needed a new evening dress and she decided to get a very light pink one—to go with her darling pink satin slippers. Anyway she loved pink. As the subject of gowns slowly waned, again the letter became uppermost in her mind and she suddenly thought again.

"What if he didn't write that letter? He'd think I was hinting just the same from this letter. Why, it's worse than the other one. I can never, never send it. How terrible—oh, dear—what'll I do?"

That night and the next day passed. She was tormented, excited and worried by turns. She must do something. She longed for an inspiration.

Oh, dear, why am I not original?" she moaned. "Pupsy," she said as she sat on her bed that evening, "I think it's a shame to be stupid and unoriginal. Now if I were clever I could do something, dear me!"

Here Pupsy turned an excited somersault, sat up and stuck out his tongue.

"Why, Pupsy, darling, what is the matter? Are you sick? I'm sure you've eaten nothing but toast and milk lately—yes, and maybe you ate some of that paper—oh, what a marvelous idea. Pupsy, what a good dog you are!" She jumped up excitedly.

"I'll write a night telegram saying you are ill from eating papers—althought you're not. He'll understand. He's very bright. Why Pupsy, I do believe I'm original after all!" She sat down and wrote:

Mr. Ted Cuthrell:

Pupsy, my dog, very sick. Ate letter 14th of December which postman stuck through door. Letter was unopened; only scraps of letter remain. As you are studying medicine, I'd like you to give medical advice. Symptoms are: Rolls on stomach, yawns, sticks out tongue. Fear pupsy very ill.

Dorothy A. Douglas

Would he understand? Oh, he would, she was sure. Still no one could tell. Well, she had a few hours to wait—twelve at the most.

The next morning she received a telegram, saying:

Pups thrive on paper. Letter was mine. Can you come to dance?

Ted Cuthrell

On Amateur Productions

PRIZE ESSAY, 1926, by VERNA FULMER

People often say, "Oh, woudn't it be lovely to put on an amateur production? How thrilling it would be!" Well, it may be thrilling and it may not—it all depends on how you understand that word "thrilling." To me, in many cases, it is a useless expenditure of time and energy.

To begin with, there is the committee selected, perhaps three or four persons—maybe more. But anyway ninety-nine per cent of them give no time what ever to the developing of the play, or do any work at all. Since I seem to person the other one per cent, it becomes my duty to produce the play.

Distributing the parts is a hard task. Who will best play the part of the heroine? Is she stiff in her actions? Does her voice carry well? and many other questions immediately flock into my mind. But at length I select a suitable girl for this part. The hero is yet to be chosen. find one who can speak clearly, who is not conscious of himself (for this is more common with the male sex than the female sex), and, in short, an "all around" good actor. I accomplish this after much worry, but horror of When I get the two together, I see, to my dismay, that she is six feet tall, and he, four and a half! What a queer pair they make, walking across the stage, he with his head resting on her elbow, and she towering 'way above him. Now, I must begin all over and select a small girl!

Next come the minor characters. I find that one person is too nervous for this part, another too flippant, and so on, until I am nearly frantic. Eventually though, I select the ones I need.

Now, after all parts have been given out, comes the problem of stage setting and costuming. Yes, Helen says she will bring this particular kind of a coat. Mary says that she will bring a table, but at the first dress rehearsal, I find these articles present out of the number needed:

Articles Present

One vest One chair

One Candlestick

Half a wig

One glove

One shoe

Articles Needed

Three Coats

Two tables

1 WO tables

Four candlesticks

Two pairs of gloves

Five wigs

Two pairs of shoes

I guess it's up to me then to furnish the remaining articles, but Heaven knows where I'll find them!

PHOE VICIAN ----

At the final rehearsal, I think it is going to be a complete fizzle. The actors, if I can call them such, do not know their lines. They forget their actions. Maurice upsets a vase of flowers when he is supposed to hang a picture on the wall. Marie faints just at the crucial moment when she should rush down the stairs to greet her lover. And so it goes, until I begin to wonder if they have any power of memory at all. Oh! that I ever attempted to produce a play!

And, to make it worse, we discover, at the main performance, that the wig for the leading man is too small, and he must go on without one! But to my amazement, the play is a great success; nothing happens to spoil it—much, and they all remember their parts—in some places. Therefore, I may say it can be thrilling to produce a play but I would not go so far as to call it "lovely"!

Lucky Seben

PRIZE SHORT STORY, 1926, by JOHN D. REESE

"Johnstown, suh, yuh stop, suh," and the addressee automatically handed the black man a quarter.

"Yes suh, yes suh. Brush you off suh?" querried the porter to his comely customer.

As our young traveler arose to leave the train, we were permitted to behold his features. He was tall, smartly dressed, and lines of mental strain were just visible on his sun-browned face. What could he be? Of course, you could have recognized the brief and sample case of one of our modern merchandise-hucksters. And, we are first acquainted with one of his peculiar characteristics, when he walked away from the station platform, minus his luggage. Half-way down the steps leading from the platform he uttered a startled exclamation and rushed back in time to recover his bags.

As he reached the center of the station, he sat down to plan how he should conquer this town. For wasn't he known as "Salesman Johnny" at the main offices back in "Little Old New York?"

"Oh, my. I don't know whether to buy one of those salesmanship magazines or not."

Then, from behind him somewhere came the "click" of "ivories" and the voice of a crap-shooter casting the charm of "Lucky Seben, Um, don't fail yo' papa now!" then "Ah! I got 'em."

"That's it! That's just what I'll do," thought the inspired John, "I'll pick out all the sevens in this smoky old town."

First, he decided upon purchasing a few of the station's best cigars, presents for prospective buyers.

"Two of your best, Kiddo," for the first time in his twenty-five years of life he said a smart thing to a girl. "If you've got a skyscraper you can wrap it up too."

"Applesauce, Big boy! Your tie's on crooked. Half-dollar please," retorted the "Kiddo."

Goforth (or as you know him by his Christian name only, John), went over to the wall-mirror and adjusted his ready-made bow-tie.

When he got to Main street he crossed to his left side of the street and turned right, thus going down the street nearer and nearer to the very heart of the city. He counted the huge buildings as he went, until he reached the seventh structure. He looked up, yes, it had seven stories, and more.

PHOE VICIAN =

John walked to the elevator. Upon his entering the car he noticed that there were no other occupants besides himself and the exceedingly attractive operator. She was young, slender and possessed a most charming profile, crowned by a chic boyish bob. She smiled very pleasantly at him and did not wait for more passengers.

"Strange," he said to himself.

As John was naturally timid, he did not even venture to remark concerning the weather. As they passed the first floor, he became very embarrassed and flustered, for the young lady was observing him openly through the mirror in front of her. First, thinking that she was noticing some mistake in his mode of dress, he readjusted his tie, looking at his shoes, and suit, and satisfied himself he would pass as to dress.

"Are you a salesman, Sir?" queried the girl in a most sweet and pleasant voice, as she turned and faced him. He thought that there was a suggestion of admiration in her dreamy eyes, but the flustered John merely stood there, looking into her eyes and did not attempt to answer her polite question.

"Oh, oh, I beg your pardon, Miss. Nice day isn't it?" he finally stammered.

She stared at him, amusement in her gaze.

"Floor, please?" she asked, and as he walked off the car at the seventh floor she smiled at him.

He had found a girl who liked him. Now he doubted if he would be able to sell anything that day.

"Here, take this!" someone commanded and he felt a hard metallic something thrust into his free hand.

He looked for the man, but could only hear his departing footsteps echoing, for he had made his exit by means of the steps.

He looked at the object. A revolver! It was a snub-nosed smoking automatic, and the blue steel felt cold and unfamiliar as John held it.

"What was that noise?"

"What's the matter?"

"Hold on young man!" men shouted as they rushed from their offices.

But these and many other such commands and questions were scarcely recorded on John's startled, bewildered mind.

"B-but, Sirs, I haven't done a thing," protested John.

"Oh, haven't you? Step into room seven a minute," commanded the largest of the group.

As he entered room seven, he was horrified to see a man, face down, lying in a pool of blood on the floor.

53

PHOE ICIAN

The gun was wrenched from his hand by a rough looking man who said, "Come wid me kid, I'm a detective an' I jist 'appened along."

The nose of the weapon was pressed against his side and they started to march him out of the room.

"Hamilton was a nice fellow. Told me the other day that he made his will in favor of a nephew named Goforth, John Goforth that's it," remarked a stander-by to the huge detective, but John heard.

"What! My uncle, Oh, oh, not that!" cried John in despair.

"Ah, ha. So the murderer's sorry, is he? So you're John Goforth? A pretty yarn you'll 'ave to tell the mouth-piece," taunted the detective.

Everyone turned and looked at his neighbor questioningly, for John was kneeling over his dead relative's body, weeping like a child. But there was one person in that crowd who did not suspect John, and that was the elevator girl.

She had seen a man hand Goforth something and then run away from him, all before she had closed the door of her car. She had also noticed that he kept his left hand down to his side. She got on her tip-toes and looked over the shoulders of several bystanders. Yes, this man had the identical same habit, or he might have been a cripple.

"Pardon me, Sir!" she said as she pried her way nearer to the center of the room where the mysterious man and the one that she so admired were standing.

She reached the front row and observed the man's left arm closely.

"Oh!" she exclaimed aloud. Everyone looked at her in amazement.

"Do you know anything about this girly?" asked the man with the stiff arm, or the "detective."

"No, no! I was just frightened at the sight."

"Well, yuh better git out then."

And so she did, but instead of going out of the building she rushed to the telephone, and was quickly connected with the police station.

"Hurry, hurry! Please send a car full of men over to the bank on Main street. But don't make any noise."

Click! And the receiver was slammed down.

She ran to the room and edged to the front of the crowd once more.

"Beg pardon, Sir. I'll take you down in the elevator if you're in a hurry," said the girl and waited breathlessly for his answer.

"All right girly! Come on you murderer," commanded the "detective."

"Murderer," thought John, "Why I didn't do this ghastly thing."

The crowd willingly separated to let them pass, and the three entered the car.

The girl made the car go as slowly as possible, saying to herself, "The police station is only two blocks away and they ought to be downstairs now."

As they reached the main floor, the detective was in such a hurry to get out that he let go of John's coat collar and opened the door for himself.

Turning quickly to John, the girl whispered, "He's the murderer, hold him for the police." And encouraged by this piece of news he seemed struck with energy and made a dive for the departing man's legs. Not in vain had he won two letters as a football tackle at Westmont High; de dived, his aim was true and in a flash both men were rolling over and over on the floor. But, the stranger had the gun, and as Goforth raised his fist for a mallet-like blow, a shot rang out and John pitched forward, shot by the stranger.

"Here's your man, officers. Oh, oh! Don't let him get away," shouted the hysterical young elevator operator.

* * * * * *

Silence. All was quietness and darkness for John Goforth as he lay in the Cambria Hospital, seven blocks from the building on Main street, in room seven, in the seventh hospital to be founded in Johnstown. There were seven American beauty roses in a vase on the table beside his white bed, and seven people in the room, including a very comely young lady who sat by his side. He was affected by seven ailments: One, timidness; two, forgetfulness; three, sleepiness; four, a serious bullet-wound; five, a bruised head received during the fight; six, thankfulness; and seven and most important—a very serious case of love-sickness.

He raised a weary head and scanned the room with blood-shot eyes, then motioned for all to leave the room but the young lady, whom he recognized to be his friend, the elevator girl.

When all had left he pleaded, "I don't even know your name."

"Maybe you won't like it," she taunted.

"Aw, please. Don't keep me in suspense."

"Well, it's just plain Cornelia Vogue."

"That's the most beautiful name that I've ever heard."

"I am glad you think so. But I wonder if I shall ever see the wealthy John Goforth after the courts have finished with him."

"Wealthy?" he queried.

"Yes, you see, your murdered uncle left you an over-sized fortune, and you have just to identify the man who knocked you down as the one who posed as a detective and you're free. I was an eye-witness to his handing you the revolver and you know that finger-prints never lie, and you never had your finger on the trigger." It was all she could do to keep two big tears from rolling down unrouged cheeks.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"They told me yesterday that you were going to die and I didn't want you to."

That settled it. John reached over to the speaking tube and after a while said, "Doctor, you needn't come into room seven again unless you bring a minister with you," and he dropped the instrument before the man on the other end could say a word.

"But John, you never told me what you sold," thus avoiding the question.

"Nickle-plated office cuspidors. But is it 'yes' or 'no'?" he asked, rather doubtful as to how she would take to his past occupation.

"Oh, how odd. Well, since you have ordered a minister I guess I'd better answer the right way. Y-E-S."

Pomander Walk

Presented May 22, 1925

Commencement Play

CAST

Eye Sore	William Woods
Admiral Sir Peter Antrobus	T. D. Williams
Jim	Kenneth Bidelman
Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, Esq.	
Jane	Margaret Sutton
Mrs. Pamela Poskett	Eliza Johns
Mr. Basil Pringle	
Madam Lucie Lachesnais	Janet Cook
Mlle. Marjolaine Lachesnais	Louise Sheridan
Nanette	Ruth Levin
Miss Ruth Pennymint	Jane Clark
Miss Barbara Pennymint	
Rev. Jacob Sternroyd, D. D. F. S. A.	Robert Williams
The Hon. Caroline Thring	Dorothy Stenger
John Sayle, 10th Baron Otford	Everett James
Lieut. Jack Sayle, R. N.	Albert Baker
The Muffin Man	
The Lamplighter	

ACT I—Saturday afternoon, May 25, 1805

ACT II—Saturday morning, June 1, 1805

ACT III—Monday evening, June 3, 1805



THE MAID AND THE MIDDY

PHOE VICIAN -OF

Quality Street

Alumni of Westmont-Upper Yoder High School

December 4, 1925

CAST

Miss Susan Throssel	Katherine Krieger
winoughby	Hazal Millar
wiss rannie Willoughby	Davathan I 1
Wiss Henrietta Turnbull	Alvenna Brislan
Wilss Phoebe Throssel	Mary Wright
1 atty	Ruth I angeford
rectuling Dergeant	11 0.
Charlotte Farrett	C M T
Liisigii Diades	V 101 1
Lieutenant Spicer	Manual LI:
Old Soldier	Dan Filis
	Dun Lins

School Children in Act II

Arthur Wellesley Tomson	Clarence Crichton
William	Clarence Crienton
william	Robert Campbell

Other Children

Jane Tarr
Natalie Suppes
Betty Burkhard

Virginia Hannan Olga Davis Cornelia Rogers

Business Manager	Owen	Higgins
Stage Manager		
1 Octume Manager		ry Seitz
	viary En	gelhardt

ACT I—Miss Susan's Blue and White Room

ACT II—The Blue and White Room—Nine Years Later

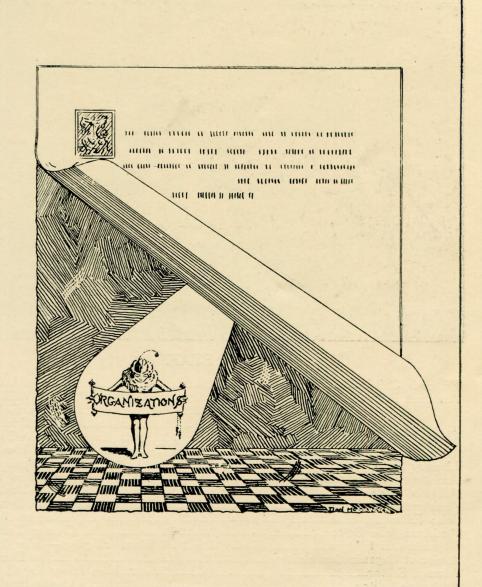
ACT III—Military Ball Room

ACT IV—The Blue and White Room





PHOE VICIAN -O



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Assistant Joke Editor	Charles Temple
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Assistant Circulation Manager	Robert Sabo
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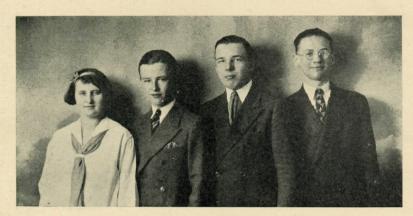
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DEBATING TEAMS



McGAHAN, CLEAVER, SINGER, MUCKLEY



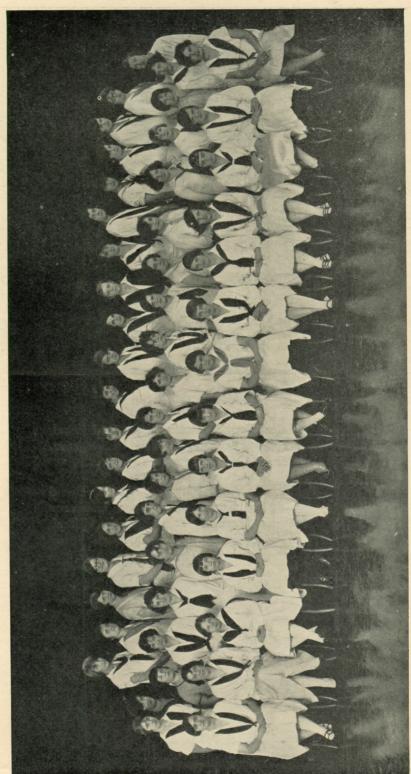
COLL, ENGELHARDT, WOLF, THOMAS



ORCHESTRA

Standing—Claire Blough, Austin Deter, Earl Eckel, Hugh Sheridan, Allan Livingston, George Gregory.

Sitting—Kathleen Albert, Margaret Griffin, David Yingling, Emma May Jones, Lawrence Albert, Herbert Walker, Victor Hinkel, Wallace Carson, Maskell Brown.



GIRLS' CHORAL CLUB



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Standing—George Gregory, Telford Eppley, Lawrence Albert, Sylvester McCall, Hugh Sheridan, William Bailey, Homer Dishong, Robert Horton, Forest Kelly.

Sitting—William Yingling, Joe Bennett, Charles Boyer, Eugene Smith, Thomas Hoffman.



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Donlon McGovern	Manager Football 1925-1926
Homer Dishong	
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Forest Kelley	Manager Baseball 1926

OP PHOE VICIAN POR



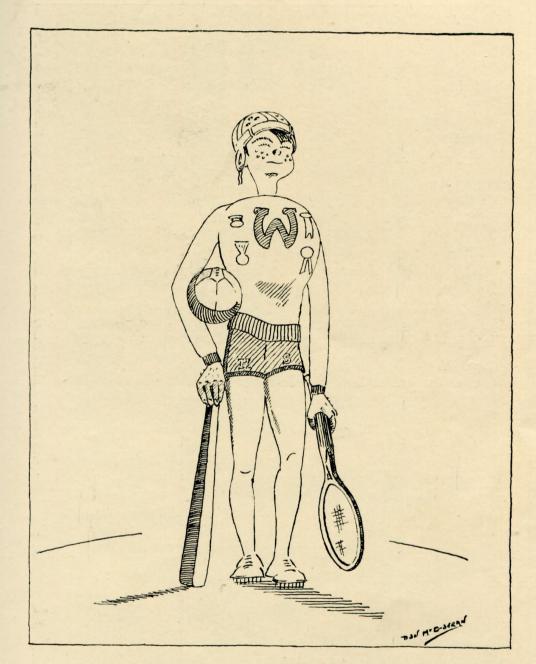
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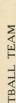


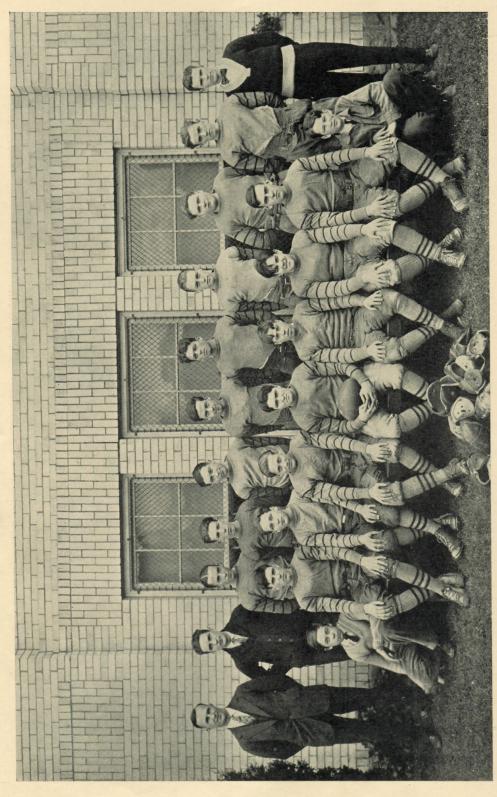
POSTER CLUB

Chester Miller Eugene Smith Vernon Blough Charles Temple John Reese Herbert Fulmer Vera Fulmer Telford Eppley Gladys Kelley Halleck Singer Charles Kintner Clair Blough Russell Clement Kathleen Albert



ATACETA!





FOOTBALL TEAM

Football

By holding the Alumni to a scoreless tie on Thanksgiving Day, the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School football eleven completed the 1925 season with five victories, four defeats and one even break.

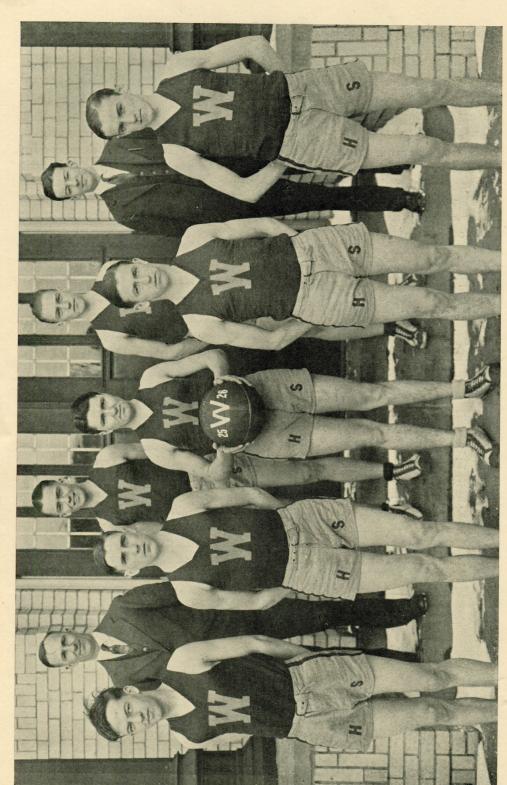
The football season was very successful when it is considered that this is only the second varsity ever turned out by the school and that football, as a sport, is yet in its infancy at Westmont High. Coach Engh developed a fast, light squad from "green" material. The prospects for football next year are very promising, and if this sport continues its rapid development, the school will enjoy a wide reputation in all branches of athletics. Captain Bailey and Captain-elect Dishong were the only regulars remaining from the 1924 season.

The varsity won from Cochran, Alumni, Ferndale, Ebensburg, and Johnstown Reserves and lost to Somerset, Derry, Juniata, and Cochran. The Turkey Day contest with Alumni resulted in a scoreless tie.

The annual football banquet was held at the school at 6:30, December 10th. Homer Dishong was unanimously elected captain for next year and Coach Engh announced that the letter men were Bailey, Gurley, Wolf, Sloan, Barrett, Bennett, Dishong, Brickner, Thomas, L. Marshall, R. Marshall, and Kelly.

Results of the season's games:

Westmont—12	Cochran—6
Westmont—12.	Alumni— 6
Westmont— 6	Ferndale— 0
Westmont0	Somerset—31
Westmont— 0	Derry—12
Westmont— 6	Cochran— 7
Westmont— 0	Juniata—22
Westmont—26	J. H. S. Reserves— 0
Westmont— 0	Alumni— 0
Westmont—19	Ebensburg— 0
Totals	
Westmont—82	Opponents—84



BASKETBALL TEAM

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TOTTO

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PHOE VICIAN

Basketball.

The Westmont-Upper Yoder High School basketball quintet had a rather unsuccessful season in 1925-26. The varsity won five games and dropped sixteen. However, considering the disadvantages under which the squad worked, a great deal of credit should be given to Coach Engh and the team for the results obtained.

In the Conemaugh Valley League, in which the school is primarily interested, the varsity placed fourth. However, as the school placed high in the league standing in all previous years, and has much experienced material left for next year, our basketball reputation is guaranteed. Considering the small amount of training that the members of the team had had prior to the present season, they made a fine showing and they are to be congratulated.

As a financial asset, basketball proved quite valuable. This year, for the first time, all home games were played in the High School gymnasium and each home game was attended by a good crowd. Total receipts were \$707.20, while expenditures were \$614.52, leaving a balance of approximately \$90.00.

The team will be awarded letters and gold basketballs at the annual banquet. The letter men are J. Wolf, W. Greer, C. Mishler, R. Marshall, R. Sloan, W. Bailey, and C. Barrett.

Following is a summary of the games:

Westmont— 22	Dale— 26
Westmont— 17	Alumni— 27
Westmont— 20	Mt. Savage— 34
	Ferndale— 20
	Conemaugh— 44
	Catholic High— 44
	Ferndale— 17
	Windber— 76
Westmont— 13	Johnstown— 50
Westmont- 18	Punxsutawney— 57
Westmont- 16	Conemaugh— 14
	Windber— 55
	Catholic High— 44
	Johnstown— 62
	Mt. Savage— 40
	Berlin— 67
Westmont— 16	Ford City— 33
Westmont— 17	Vandergrift— 56
Westmont— 21	South Fork— 11
	Cresson— 13
	Berlin— 47
Totals —	0 . 927
Westmont—384	Opponents—837

Baseball

A feature of the Athletic program of the High Schools of Cambria County during the year 1924-1925 was the formation of the Cambria County High School Baseball League. The Fox-Peale Post, No. 506, the American Legion, Carroltown, Pa., initiated the idea by offering three cups, one to be given to the winner of the Northern League, one to the winner of the Southern League, and a final trophy to be given to the winner of the County Championship.

At a meeting of Principals called by Dr. M. S. Bentz, County Superintendent of Schools, the proposition of the American Legion was accepted. A committee was selected by the Principals to act as the board of control. This committee consisted of E. W. Overberger, G. H. Clemenson, W. A. Buckins, Vincent Hetrick, G. L. Palmgren, and G. W. Stephens. The committee dedided that all the games should be played under the rules of the P. I. A. A., and arranged the teams into a Northern League and a Southern League.

The Northern League was composed of the following high schools: Barnesboro, Carroltown, Gallitzin, Cresson, and Spangler; the Southern League was composed of Portage, Dale, Adams Township, South Fork, Ferndale, Beaverdale, and Westmont-Upper Yoder.

A schedule for the two leagues was adopted and the games played as nearly as possible to schedule. Gallitzin won the Northern League cup. Westmont-Upper Yoder won the Southern League cup, having to its credit an undefeated record.

The final game for the county championship was played at Carroltown, July 4. A heavy storm prevented the finish of the deciding game which ended at the end of the seventh inning with a score of 1-1. Westmont-Upper Yoder High School was given the cup for the Southern League. The final game was never played again.

The following men composed the Westmont-Upper Yoder team: Ben Coll, Kenneth Bidelman, Eberle Thomas, Harry Marley, Everett James, William Seitz, John Metzner, Thomas Jose, T. D. Williams, Carl Barrett, and Jo Muckley.

Track

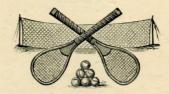
Track events for the 1924-25 season came to close on May 26, when the track team participated in the twelfth annual Cambria County Track meet at Ebensburg.

Adams Township, Barnesboro, Carroltown, Cresson, Ebensburg, Ferndale, Lilly, Patton, Richland, Spangler, and Westmont-Upper Yoder took part in the event.

Barnesboro won the meet, having thirty-eight points to its credit, with Ebensburg second with twenty-six and one-half points, and Patton third with twenty-five and one-half points. Westmont-Upper Yoder was placed eighth with four points, won by Everett James in the pole vault.

In the girls' part of the meet, Spangler won first place with twenty points, South Fork, second, and Hastings, third. The Westmont-Upper Yoder girls won no place in the meet.

Track men from the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School for the 1924-1925 season were: Everett James, '25; T. D. Williams, '25; John Wolf, '26; William Yingling, '26; Robert Sloan, '26; Eberle Thomas, '26; Thomas Cleaver, '26; Ben Coll, '26, and John Reese, '28.



Tennis

Tennis in the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School in 1925 was not an unqualified success.

Matches were played with University of Pittsburgh Freshmen, and Carnegie Institute of Technology Freshmen. The team was composed of O Laughlin as Captain, Metzner, Northwood and Lewis.

The prospects for the 1926 season are better, and more interest is being shown in this sport. The squad is composed of Lewis, Greer, Gurley, Longwell, and Sloan, with Eberle Thomas as manager.

Games have been scheduled with University of Pittsburgh Freshmen, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Shady Side Academy, and Wilkinsburg High School.



Wearers of the "W"

FOOTBALL

Richard Marshall Robert Sloan Forest Kelley John Wolf Carl Barrett Homer Dishong Lycurgus Gurley Fred Brickner Joe Bennett William Bailey Leonard Marshall Eberle Thomas

BASKETBALL

William Bailey Robert Sloan John Wolf Clayton Mishler Carl Barrett Richard Marshall

William Greer

BASEBALL

Ben Coll

Eberle Thomas

TENNIS

Morris Lewis

PHOE ICIAN =

Girls' Athletics

Although the girls' this year did not have a varsity basketball team, each class had a team. Many inter-class games were played on Tuesday evenings after school, and the Sophomore girls captured all honors. The games were interesting and exciting, and from all indications the girls will have a strong varsity team next year.

One of the very interesting events of the past school year was the gym exhibition held in the gymnasium on the thirtieth of March. The girls of the various classes, under the able directon of Miss Leahey, Physical Education instructor, gave their interpretation of the dances of foreign countries. The Highland Fling, the Russian Kamarmskaia, and the Irish Jig were especially unique, while other groups of girls presented some Marching Tactics, the Dumbell Drill, and the Athletic Dance.

It is hoped that next year the varsity girls' basketball team will show the rest of the schools around here that the girls of Westmont are just as hard to beat as the boys!



CHEER LEADERS

"BERT" WILLIAMS

"BOB" CAMPBELL

1-2-3-4-5

We're Alive-We're Alive-We're Alive

W_E_S_T_M_O_N_T

Westmont

Sky Rocket - WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.

Westmont

Hippety—Hop—Hoppety High
We're the gang from
Westmont High

Athletic Review

Athletics in this High School for the year 1925-26 have been a success despite the fact that the number of victories in basketball has been the least since the school began its athletic progress. When we consider the increased interest in the various activities and the faithful co-operation and interest of the school as a whole, we have the assurance that the reserve material of today is the varsity material of tomorrow.

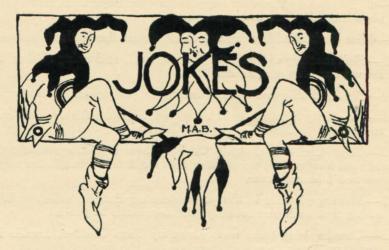
In the past it has been difficult to arouse the interest of the majority of the boys in athletics, especially in football. Because of the lack of reserve material on account of our school being in its infancy, it was very hard to arrange a schedule. This condition has been improved and with the impetus that the new gymnasium gave to our students as well as the contemplated completion of the proposed athletic field in our school plot, the outlook for the future in athletics seems very encouraging.

The reputation of the school athletically is not limited to this county but Pennsylvania, Maryland and part of West Virginia are already acquainted with the caliber of our teams as well as the type of manhood productive of this school. Little difficulty has been experienced of late in arranging schedules for the different sports due to the excellent spirit of the school and the reputation of the boys as hard, but clean players.

As is true in practically every high school, the Senior Class supplies the greater part of the material for the Varsity teams and this year's graduating class has been no exception. Other graduating classes have presented more highly finished and better fundamentally prepared candidates, but it is questionable if there has ever been a group with greater determination and loyalty of spirit. Loyalty makes for training, keeps from being disheartened, teaches not to grumble when not in the line-up, does not allow one to make remarks about the others failures, brings him to practice on time, and altogether makes for a perfect athletic temperament. These are character attributes which any class is envious of, and these things can truly be said of the Class of 1926.

Football is still in its infancy at this school but with the continued progress it has had the past two years, it will not be long before it will take its place with basketball and tennis. Only a loyal, interested, and determined group will place it on the same high plane. Competitive games are scheduled only with those schools having the same high scholastic standard as this school and with the continued interest in properly supervised athletics which seems to be prevalent in our colleges and high schools, this school will not only graduate students whose physique has been improved, but who have developed those character qualifications which are so necessary to good citizenship.

CARL A. ENGH, Athletic Coach



The Unofficial Calendar

- Sept. 11—Formal initiation of Girls' Club. Was more like a K. K. meeting. Ask the girls!
- Oct. 5—Chapel talks. Senior misery began. Mary Campbell, Ben Coll, and Adeline Eichler started the works.
- Oct. 12—More Chapel talks. Poor Don McGovern, Tillie Tomb and Frannie McGahan suffered. (So did the audience!)
- Oct. 16—Seniors-Parent Reception. Everything went over big;—even the punch—it went all over the floor.
- Nov. 5-Boys' Club initiation. Many of the Freshies had "hang-overs."
- Nov. 6—Girls' Club Hallowe'en party and would have been a success had the boys minded their own business.
- Nov. 9-Miss Krebs had her annual vision about the students red-marks.
- Nov. 13—First meeting of Students' Council held, and being Friday, the 13th, draw your own conclusions.
- Nov. 14—Big football game with Ebensburg. Of course Westmont won.
- Nov. 16—Miss Kitty Ellis, of Johnstown High School gave a review on her trip to Iceland. Three cheers for Kitty!
- Nov. 17—Boys' Club—and Andy Crichton bored the boys to death with a talk on Mexico. Two talks in one week is too much for any one, so we don't blame them.
- Nov. 19—Moving pictures in the auditorium on Enoch Arden. Went over so big that each one actually paid five cents to get in!
- Nov. 23—Thanksgiving talks were given by Tom Cleaver, Lucille Petriken, and Hay Hawk, in which they roasted the turkey.
- Nov. 24—Glee Club concert. Much new talent discovered.
- Nov. 26—Turkey battle between the Alumni and our football team. Neither side was disappointed. Score was 0-0.
- Dec. 4—James Barries' "Quality Street" presented by the Alumni. Hot Stuff!!
- Dec. 5-Senior Buzz-ar. Made plenty!
- Dec. 7—Chapel talks by our famous Seniors. 3 in 1. (Shoe Polish Trio)
 Johnnie Wolf, Dot Wolf, and Our Dizz!
- Dec. 10-Miss Reese, Mr. Engh, and their classes learned how to act when in jail.
- Dec. 14—Junior essay contest. Won by Verna Fulmer while second prize was given to "Weezie" Boyle.
- Dec. 18—Our basketball team met their first defeat. (It was their first game.)
- Dec. 21—Student Council took chapel by storm.
- Dec. 23—Christmas play "Why the Chimes Rang." Prettiest play in years.

PHOE VICIAN -

- Dec. 23-Jan. 4-Holidays-Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!
- Jan. 4—Chapel talks again rang through the auditorium when Burkie, Pro Lewis, Sal Engelhardt, and Halleck Singer bored the students (?) most to death.
- Jan. 11—Miss Ames rendered a solo entitled "Why the Moons Grow Pale." We agree with her.
- Jan. 18—More chapel talks by Kate McEwan, Hazel Brant, and Maskell Brown. My gosh! but we hate these talks.
- Jan. 25-Freshmen made their debut in scenes from Treasure Island.
- Jan. 28—Oratorical contest in which the high and mighty Senior (Bill Yingling) walked off with first place.
- Feb. 2-Father Ward spoke in Boys' Club.
- Feb. 11-Meeting of the A.-B. Club in which "Firpo" reigned.
- Feb. 16—Juniors celebrated Lincoln's birthday with talks (and fire works.)
- Feb. 19—Girls' Club entertained most of the U. S. at a George Washington Party.
- Feb. 22-Mr. Fred Krebs gave a talk on Washington and Lincoln.
- Mar. 2—Joint meeting of the Girls' and Boys' Clubs. Fine time was had by all.
- Mar. 5—Famous operetta "Maid and the Middy" held in the auditorium. Some show we'll all agree!
- Mar. 19—Senior Debate. Negative side rejoiced—Affirmative side proved to be good losers.
- Mar. 26-Fun Nite. 'Nuff said!
- May 21—Senior Play. The glad time of the year.
- May 28-Junior-Senior Reception.
- June 3—Commencement!

The Class Roaster

2	N. I. IV				
Name	Mickname	Looks	ravorite Expression	Usually Seen	Ambition
Carl Barrett	"Kate"	Friendly	(Censored)	In the gym	To be King of
Joseph Bennett	"Speedy"	Kittenish	Aw—well	Talking to Miss	Denscreek To be on a college
Margaret Benshoff	"Peg"	Jolly	Now who'd a	Krebs In the Typewriting	To be Somebody's
Donald Berkley	"Berk"	Round	thought it? Ha-ha-ha-ha!	Koom Fighting	To get out of High
Hazel Brant Maskell Brown	"Hay" "Brown"	Correct Out of Place	I don't know Somethin's rottin	With Glad Kelley At Orchestra	To go to Indiana To become a
Mary Louise Burkhard	"Burkie"	Up to Eb (111)	in Denmark Stop it!	practice With Eb	To go South—or
Mary Campbell	"Mary"	For the Mail-	Did you know?	In her Ford	To go to Miss
Thomas Cleaver	"Tom"	man Shiekish	Holy crap!	Talking to Mr.	Illman s To be a radio
Bernard Coll	"Ben"	Irish	For goo'ness sake	With Miss Trine	To become editor of
Beth Dankmyer	"Danky"	Classey	Buckets!	Making up work	Times To become a good
Adeline Eichler	"A. D."	Misleading	The nervel	Talking	housewife To be an old man's
Sarah Engelhardt	"Sal"	Amiable	Applesaucel	Not without Ben	darling To be the wife of
William Greer	"Sleep"	Sleepy	What? Where?	Sleeping	an editor To sleep
Margaret Griffin Hazel Hawk Gladys Kelley	"Marg" "Hay" "Glad"	Proud Nice Laughing	I guess! Pshaw! I'll be darned Quit it!	Studying Banking Coming in late	To teach To sleep, she says To become a nice
Forest Kelley	"Kelley"	Athletic	I gotta' go to De- tention!	Wiggling his Ford	mans wire To be a Farmer

Name	Nickname	Looks	Favorite Expression	Usually Seen	Ambition
Morris Lewis	Wo	Sporty	Pipe down	With a red nose	To get a B. L.
Kathryn Mahaffey Ruth Matonik	"Kathryn" "Ruth"	Bashful Contented	Oh—my! Anybody absent in	In the office Practising in the	degree To be a stenog To beat the Junior
Arthur McClintock	"Art"	Small	this class? Yes-no-huhuh,	gym Doing bookkeeping	girls in basketball To be a bookkeeper
Catherine McEwan	"Kate"	Flapperish	etc. Quit your kiddin'	Rushin' after	To be Mrs.
Frances McGahan	"Francie"	Active	Oh, Heck!	Andy In Girls' Club	Crichton To teach Physical
Donlon McGovern	"Don"	Just So	Judas Priest	Dreaming	To become a
Jo Muckley	"Bigot"	Naughty	Try and do it. Just try.	In trouble	Michael Angelo To sink one from the middle of the
Helen Peterson	Sis	Reserved	My goodness	Walking in	To ride once in a
Lucille Petriken	"Pete"	Vampish	Cuncha' die?	Brick Road Down at Dr.	while To stay forever with
Alice Raab	"AI"	Hurried	You haven't paid	Palmer's Counting money	her Doctor Nihil!
Hugh Sheridan Halleck Singer	"Tiny" "Hal"	Shy Studious	your dues. Hello Dot! Ready to go home	Talking to Dot With G. A.	To sail the seas To be an electrical
Robert Sloan	"Diz"	Darling!!	Hones', I did it.	Playing Will's	engineer Heir to Bud Fisher
Eberle Thomas	EP	As though he	(11 ** 111 6	piano With Burkie	He doesn't know
Matilda Tomb	"Tillie"	knows it all. Talkative	So's your old man	Studying French	exactly To be a rival of
Dorothea Wolf	"Dot"	Attractive	Oh! I thought I'd	Flirting	Bluebeard To go on the stage
John Wolf	"Wolfie"	Handsome, if he'd part his	Sufferin Cats	With a certain downtown girl	To stay—down-
William Yingling	"Bill"	hair. Important	OhDang it	In Boys' Club	To talk-forever!

WESTMONT- UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL

January 25, 1926

Dear Dr. Yingling:

I feel it necessary to inform you that the faculty is dissatisfied with the conduct of your son, William. It seems as though we cannot interest him in anything intellectual. He is a nice chap and is interested in school athletics. He made three letters on the checker team and also made the ping-pong squad the last two years. However, it is impossible to make him read a book.

As you know I have never expelled anyone from school. I wish you would do something to better your son's deplorable condition.

Trusting that you will be able to show him the error of his ways, I am

Yours sincerely,

MATILDA KREBS

Tioga Street, Jan. 30, 1926

Miss Krebs:

I have your letter at hand and have spoken to William as to the contents. It is a serious matter, I will admit, and at present I see no solution for this problem.

He has promised me that he will put more time on his books in the future. He has also promised to give up African Golf and Poker, and I frankly expect a reformation in the boy.

Yours sincerely,

DR. YINGLING

WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL

January 25, 1926

My Dear Mrs. Swank:

I am writing to let you know certain conditions existing here with regard to your brother, Eberle. Since coming here in September, he has done nothing but study. I have interviewed him repeatedly and urged him to broaden out his activities, but he assures me that the only thing that gives him real pleasure is broadening his education through study. He cannot see that the social life of the school is very important. Time and again he refuses to enter into any athletic sports.

I would suggest that you try to make him see his folly. Tell him to step out occasionally and enjoy himself.

Sincerely yours,

MATILDA KREBS

420 Wayne Street, January 30,, 1926

Dear Miss Krebs:

I appreciate greatly your interest in my brother, as manifested by your letter and am following the course you planned. I recommended to him that dancing would be a fine accomplishment and that he should take some instruction in the new Charleston dance. I also told him to get to know young Morris Lewis better as I hear he is one of the noted young studes of your school. But Eberle does not seem to take to my suggestion. He says that he is in school for a purpose and he wants to get out of it all that is possible through study.

Do your best to keep him from becoming isolated among the boys and from becoming a pronounced grind. I will always work with you.

Very gratefully yours,

MRS. HAROLD SWANK





Westmont News Co.

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Dodge Brothers:-Frank Mishler, Clayton Mishler.

Fraternities in Our School and Their Members—Five Brothers:—Dynamite (Oscar) Belles, Unconscious (Oscar) Lambert, Buttercup (George Allen) Fails, Mushmouth (Carl) Engh, Skippy (Jonas) Yoder.

Smith Brothers:- Jo Muckley, Maskell Brown.

The Three Musketeers:-Dunder Dishong, Horse Gurley, Don Berkley.

The Four Horsemen: Diz Sloan, Eb Thomas, Morris Lewis, Mike Bailey.

The Dolly Sisters:- Don Wright, Bob Grey.

CONGRATULATIONS, CLASS OF 1926

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



Clifford P. Jackson

PHARMACIST

FRANKLIN AND VINE STREETS JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Mr. Belles (Waving to Motorist):—"Hey, I'm going your way!"
Motorist (Waving back):—"So I see, but I'll get there before you do."

First Hunter: "I saw 'bout fifty rabbits dead on the hill 'while ago."
Second Hunter: "Jimminy! Who kilt 'em?"
First Hunter: "The boll weevils run 'em to death tryin' to get the cot-

ton out of their tails."

Diz: "Some of your wash was jumping around on the line last night!" "That was probably my athletic underwear." Eb Thomas:

Miss Trine: "Always love your teacher."
Morrie Lewis: "I tried to once but you got sore."

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560 VINE STREET

Andy C.: "Will you share my lot?"

Adeline: "What kind of house is on it?"

Tillie Tomb: "Is that clock right?"

"Snooze" Greer: "Naw! A little bird came out a minute ago and said cuckoo."

Horse Gurley: "Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"

Rusty Lubbert: "Well you get in and I'll see if there's any room left."

If you don't like these jokes, And their dryness makes you groan, Just stroll around occasionally With some new ones of your own.

SWANK'S - The Quality Store for Women Purchasers.



A store where women may buy better things and especially the sort of things that should be superior in material and making, that is what you will find our store to be for all your needs in housewares, giftwares, and the many particular things for use on one's car, or in sports.

For at our store we keep in mind the need of a dependable place where women may trade, knowing that the articles they purchase are sold for service, and that the prices are right and reasonable.

SWANK'S

Main and Bedford Sts.

Johnstown, Pa.

Harry E. Wertz

Cor. Main and Clinton Sts.

EVERYTHING IN DRUGS

"Is this a speedometer?" asked Burkie as she tapped on the glass which covered that instrument.

Yes dear," replied Eb in a sweet gentle voice.

"Don't they call this a dash light?" she queried, touching the nickelplated illuminator.
"Yes, honey," his words floated out, sweetly as before.
"And this is the cut-out?" she asked.

"Yes, dearest," as he took his foot from the accelerator.
One hundred feet away was a fast moving train.
"But what on earth is this?" she asked as she gave the accelerator a vigorous push with her dainty foot.

This, sweetheart, is heaven," said Eb, as he picked up a golden harp and flew away.

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HORACE HINCHMAN

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Johnstown, Pa.

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THE GRADUATING GIRL WILL WANT SOME NEW FROCKS

AT GLOSSER BROS. SHE WILL FIND THE SORTS FOR DANCE—FOR DAYTIME-IN FACT FOR ALL OCCA-SIONS THAT WILL PLEASE HER MOST

Slim, trig little bodice without sleeves. Gorgeously trimmed skirts, the wide "Charleston" skirts, chiffons, georgettes and taffeta. These are the Dance Frocks.

The Daytime Dresses are of crepes, georgettes, satins, and the new fashionable print frocks—the styles are all new, delightful sleeves, variations, new, different necklines, new in decrease of fascientias reasons. in dozens of fascinating ways.

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Very SMART GIFTS **EXQUISITE NOVELTIES** DANCE AND PARTY FAVORS

Capital Hotel Bldg.

Homer Dishong: "Haven't seen my belt around the house, have you?" Fred Brickner: "Oh! Did you put it around the house?"

A Frenchman who was receiving the assistance of an American friend in learning to speak the English language asked his instructor one day:

"What is zee polar bear?"

"Polar bear? He lives 'way up north."

"Ze polar bear he leeve way up nort'? What do he do?"

"Oh he sits on the ice and eats fish."

"Zee polar bear he leeves way up in zee nort' and he seet on zee ice and eat zee fish! Den I will not accept!"

"You will not accept—what do you mean?"

"I was invite to be polar bear at a funeral."

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Tillie Tomb: "I wish to ask you a question about a tragedy."
Miss Reese: "Well, what is it?"

Tillie: "What is my mark?"

Morrie: "Is Burkie a good driver?" Eb: "Yep, she just drives me crazy."

Jo Muckley: "Her niece is rather good looking." "Don't say "Knees is" say "Knees are."

Horse Gurley: "Let's play some tennis."

Morrie Lewis: "Can't. The net's broken."

Horse Gurley: "Fine! The net's always in the way when I play."

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During vacation Mr. Fails spent some of his time in the big city. subway he slipped on the top stair and started express for the bottom. Halfway down he collided with a lady, knocked her off her feet and the two continued the journey. After they reached the bottom the lady, still dazed, continued to sit on Mr. Fails' chest. Looking up at her politely he said:

"Madam, this is as far as I go."

Jo Muckley: "Come round and dine with me Monday."
Mike Bailey: "Sorry, I can't. Have an engagement on Monday."
Jo: "Well, make it Tuesday."
Mike: "I'm going out of town Tuesday."
Jo: "How about Wednesday?"

Mike: "Oh, hang it! I'll come Monday."



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Lady: Shall I call the dogs?

Hobo: It isn't necessary, Mum. I'll go around and look at them my-

self.

Bandit: Come on now where's the rest of your money? Don Wright: I-I-I'll have t-to g-g-give you a check.

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City Clerk: Here's your light bill. Consumer: My, but its heavy.

Fred Brickner: Hah! We got twins at our house!

Bill Greer: Cheee! How many?

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Prof. What is the difference between, "I will hire a taxi," and "I have hired a taxi."

A. M. After: About seven dollars and a half.

Suitor: Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife? Her Father: Bring your wife around and I'll see.

Mrs. Wright: I haven't seen your Bobby lately. Mrs. Grey: No, he's hunting for his overshoes.

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COMPLIMENTS OF



Don Berkley: I like to hear Mr. Fails lecture on chemistry. He brings things home to me that I have never seen before.

Farmer Kelly: That"s nothing. So does the Johnstown Laundry Co.

Mr. Engh: What is life insurance?

Dot Wolf: It's keeping a man poor all his life so's he can die rich.

First Pickpocket: How did you get so strong?

Second Pickpocket: Lifting things.

Sal. Engelhardt: I've got the most awful headache. My head's simply splitting.

Ben Coll: Well shut your mouth.

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Autoist (Who has just driven over a pedestrian): Pardon me, but haven't I ran across your face before some time or other?

Irish Pedestrian: No, begorra, it was me lift leg, ye hit last time.

Jean Kantner: I don't kiss men. Herb Walker: That's all right I' That's all right I'm only a boy.

Bill Yingling: I had a tooth pulled this morning. Ad Eichler: Oh, my, did you have an anaesthetic? Bill: No—a toothache.

Maskell Brown: My ancestors came over on the Mayflower. Don Berkley: It's lucky they did. The immigration laws are a little stricter now.

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Drowning Man: Ub-blub-elp-bub-ublugs.

Drowsy Bystander: You said a mouthful, brother!

Homer Dishong: He's a chip off the old stock, believe me. Horse Gurley: Stock! You mean block! Dishong: Did you ever watch him play poker?

Bob Campbell: I see where the Dodge Brothers have gone in for track.

Franklin Baumer: How so?
Bob: They are advertising a new coach.

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Ray Thompson: I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks." Earl Eckles: Well, will fortnight do?

Miss Trine: Where did Lincoln get his knowledge of human nature? Hugh Sheridan: Following a mule.

Ben Coll: I just caught a fellow going through my pockets. Don McGovern: What did you say to him? Ben: What could I say? He was a stranger to me!

"Maye isn't a bit original."

"She copies a lot?"

"Yes, she's a stenographer."

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Lew Piper: Say, what's the plural of jells.

Johnny Faunce: It's the same thing only more of it.

A FOOTBALL TRAGEDY

Oh, Speedy Bennett, A modest youth, Sent watchers-by in stitches. A tackle tried But slipped aside And tore off Speedy's britches.

Red Eichler (to aviator): Mister, would you take me for a fly? Aviator: Why, not at all. You look more like a little girl.

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"This floor is terribly crowded," said the gasping young fellow as he blew his handkerchief on somebody else's nose.

Coca: What did you have your front tooth pulled for?

Cola: Easier to use the straw:

"Farmer" Kelly: "Why is that dog howling so?"
"Don" Berkley: "Why I just cut a piece off of his tail as you told me to."

"Farmer:" "Well I thought you did that yesterday?"
"Don:" "Sure, I did yesterday too. I cut off a little bit every day so it doesn't hurt so much.

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Bob Campbell: Sorry, old man, that I lost your gloves. Charlie Temple: That's all right I lost your Stetson. Bob: Fine! The gloves I lost were in the topcoat I borrowed from vou.

Mr. Engh: Hey, you, mark time! Bob Campbell: With my feet, sir?

Mr. Engh: Have you ever seen anything mark time with its hands?

Bob: Clocks do, sir.

Miss Reese: You know the first sign of insanity is the inability to get along.

Bill Greer: You never could get along with me.

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Miss Krebs: I hear you've been operated on again.

Miss Leahey: Yes.
Miss Krebs: How many times does this make?

Miss Leahev: Four. They're going to put a swinging door on next time

Freshie: Why do you leave your shoes in the sun?

I wanta get 'em shined, you idiot. Senior:

How much do you weigh? Johnny Wolf:

Marg Lubken: Guess.

Johnny: One hundred twenty?
Marg: Just right; how do you know?
Johnny: Oh, I'm used to handling ice.

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Prisoner: Look here, Judge, that's a pretty mean way to treat a regular customer, ain't it?

"Hurry up, Johnny!"

"Can't hurry. I got my heavy underwear on."

Nib: What course do you spend the most time on in college?

Lick: The golf course.

First Flea: Where will you send little Gerald when he grows up? Second Flea: Oh, I suppose he will go to the dogs like his father.

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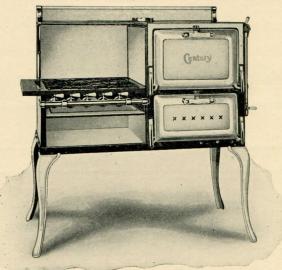
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VAUDEVILLE

PICTURES

Mrs. McGovern: How did you lose your teeth, son?

Don: Shifting gears on a lolypop.

She: There's one consolation in being bowlegged.

He: What's that?

She: No one can ever accuse you of being knock-kneed.

Mrs. Talkwords: Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night. Henry: Pardon me for interrupting you.

"Do you know the difference between a pigskin and a skinned pig?"

"No.

"Well-Wouldn't you make the catsy football player.

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Little Girl: Let's play Cinderella.

Little Boy: Naw, your feet are too big.

"I want a new belt."

"How long?"

"I want to buy it, ye dern fool, not borrow it!"

"Is she dumb?"

"Dumb? Why she's so dumb she thought the New York Central was an eastern telephone operator."

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"Is this the dunce block?" he asked a pretty little girl.
"I guess so," said she with a lisp, "that's where the teacher sits."



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"Is Abe very religious?"

"Vell, ven he buys animal crackers he has the man take the pigs out."

"That woman has been walking the streets all day."

"How do you know?"

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Mr. Belles (after putting alegbra problem on the board): Now, what would you do with this problem, Clerendon?

Clarendon C.: I'd erase it, sir.

Simple: What kind of a fellow is Jack?
Tom: Well, when he gets into a taxi, they leave the vacant sign up.

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"Cheese Sloan was down at our house on Christmas," said Beth, "and I asked him what he got his girl for Christmas."

'Girl, just shut your eyes and you can tell," answered Cheese.

"Oh, I see a beautiful palace," said Beth.

"No! No! Girl you're looking the wrong way. What do you usually see when you close your eyes?'

'Nothing," answered Beth.

"That's just what I gave her," said Cheese laughing.

Miss Trine (to Dot Wolf): Parse the word "kiss."

Dot: This word is a noun, but is usually used as a conjunction. never declined, and more common than proper. It is not very singular, in that it is usually plural. It agrees with me.

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Bob Horton (Frantically over the phone): I've just turned turtle! Voice (From other end): Wrong number, apply at the acquarium.

Diz Sloan: I wear patent leather shoes. Hal Singer: How's that?

Diz: The uppers are leather and my feet are pattin' the ground.

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Real home cooked food of quality, daintily served. Quick service for the hurried shopper and business man. Luncheon 11 to 2, supper 5 to 7:30. Special luncheons and dinners can be arranged.

220 MARKET STREET

Miss Greer (in Geometry): Now, watch the board and I'll go through it again.

Stude (With Woman): Have you any balcony seats? Yes but there are still some fine orchestra seats.

Who's buying these tickets?

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D. L. YINGLING HENRY H. SINGER HAROLD SWANK W. H. BURKHARD **TELFORD LEWIS**

Old Man: Didn't you find your dime, little boy? Charles Temple: Naw, but me kid brudder foun' it. Old Man: Then what are you looking for? Charlie: Me kid brother.

Jo Muckley: So you like my oration. What part do you particularly like?

"Tancy" Tarr: Oh! I think those quotations from Byron are simply splendid!

Jack Conrad: Gosh, you're small!

Jane Tarr: Precious articles always come in small packages you know. Jack: Yes, and so does poison.

ANDREW B. CRICHTON

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

SMITH CORSET SHOP::

138 Market St.

Phone 5520

A. D. Eichler (to Andy): I used to love you but its all over—all over the school!

John Wolf: I have a relative in some town in France.

Bill Greer: Nice?

Johnnie: No, I think its a nephew.

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PEARLS IVORY WEAR

THAD. B. REESE

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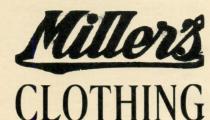
Bill Yingling: Who was the smallest man in history?

Herb Fulmer: I'm ignorant, who?

Bill: The Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch.

Dora duPont: Do you sleep with your window open?

Piv Bailey: Naw, just my mouth.



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BENSCREEK

Carl Barrett (Just getting off the scales in Mr. Fails' room): Look, Tom, I weigh three pounds more than you do.
Tom Cleaver: Aw, you're cheating! You've got your hands in your

pocket.

Lew Piper: Say, is a nightmare a dream?

"Cack" Reese: No, foolish; a nightmare is the milk man's horse.

When a diplomat says yes He means perhaps— If he says perhaps He means no. If he says, no, he is not a diplomat.

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Bob Campbell: Five miles per hour.

Tourist: Why so slow?

Bob: So you can see when your passing thru.

Fred Brickner (Calling signals in football game): 18-92-24-Hip-Hip. Voice from side lines: Hurray!

J. H. Hershberger and Son

FLOUR—FEED—GRAIN

Dick Marshall: I sent a dollar to a firm for a cure for my horse that slobbers.

Jack Conrad: What did you get?

Dick: A slip of paper on which was written: Teach Him to Spit!

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S. W. LAWHEAD, Manager

Andy C.: I knew an artist once who painted a cobweb on the ceiling so realistically that the maid spent hours trying to get it down.

Clarendon C.: Aw----

Andy: Sure, why not? Artists have been known to do such things.

Clarendon: Yes,—but not maids.

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Betty Burkhard (With head on Craig's shoulder): Your shoulder is so soft.

Craig Longwell: So is your head.

Dumb: I see Jake, the bootlegger, got arrested yesterday.

Bell: What for?

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HIS Phoenician, although it is far from perfect, is the goal of our aspirations. We have strived to make this 1926 edition a true emblem of the days spent in the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School.

If we have failed, we can but say that we have done our best. If we have succeeded we are happy that we have produced something which will make others happy, and which will bring back pleasant memories of old friends, happy incidents, and old familiar places.

BEN J. COLL,

Editor-in-Chief

