

Property of

Westmont-Upper Yoder
High School



THE PHOENICIAN

OF

Westmont-Upper Yoder High School

WESTMONT

Johnstown, Pennsylvania

PUBLISHED BY

The Senior Class

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Seven

FOREWORD

WE, the Phoenician Staff of Nineteen
Hundred and Twenty Seven, pub-
lish this book as a message of good
fellowship to those who have gone before,
and as a token of our devotion to those
who have walked side by side with us.

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TO the enterprising Phoenicians of old, who introduced among all nations with whom they traded the art of alphabetical writing, and who scattered the germs of civilization and culture over the entire Mediterranean area, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-seven, dedicate this book.

T H E P H O E N I C I A N

IN MEMORIAM

THOMAS D. WILLIAMS

KENNETH FISHER

Class of

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-five

THE HISTORY OF THE WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL

The Westmont-Upper Yoder High School had its beginning in the year 1917 when work was begun in the Stutzman building under the supervision of Miss Matilda Krebs. The pupil enrollment for the 1917-1918 term was forty.

The second school year 1919-1920 was marked by the addition of the commercial curriculum to the already established academic and home making curricula. This year the board purchased a quarter-block of borough property on Luzerne Street, facing Tenth Avenue.

The new building was occupied in 1919, and work was continued under the supervision of Miss Krebs and a faculty of twelve teachers.

In 1920-1921 upon the satisfactory completion of its first four years of work, the school was accredited as a first grade high school by the State Department of Public Instruction. Twenty-two young men and women were awarded diplomas. The enrollment for this year was one hundred thirty-nine pupils.

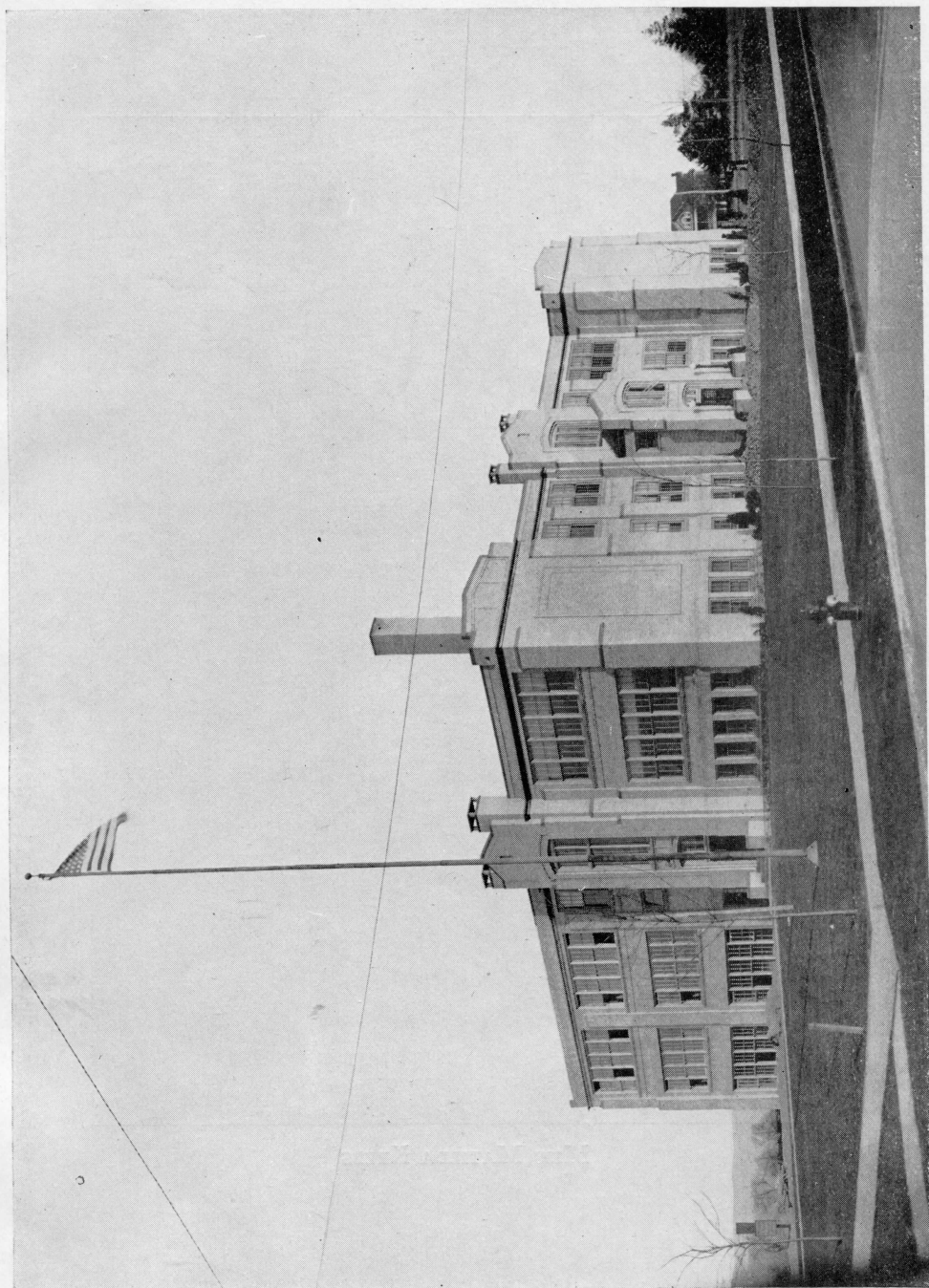
In the spring of 1922 Mr. John E. Shambach was elected supervising principal. The enrollment for this term was one hundred seventy-three.

Miss Helen L. Price stimulated interest in the short story writing by the awarding of a medal for the best short story written during the year. Mr. George T. Robinson promoted public speaking by awarding medals to the contestants in this activity. Mr. Robinson also awarded medals to the winning debating team. The urgent need for a gymnasium and an auditorium was met by the joint school board with a building program that would provide these necessary accommodations, also nine additional classrooms and a cafeteria.

A medal was offered this year through the generosity of Mrs. Russel Love known as the Lucy Haws-Love medal for essay writing. The 1926-1927 term began with a pupil enrollment of two hundred eight. The senior class numbered forty-one boys and girls.

This record of events in the beginnings and progress of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School is drawn largely from the annual reports of the principal, Miss Matilda Krebs, to whom lasting credit is due for her leadership and tireless endeavor in the organization, development, and success of the high school.

T H E P H O E N I C I A N



WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL

T H E P H O E N I C I A N



MISS MATILDA KREBS

To Miss Matilda Krebs

Up from the East in seventeen
Coming to Westmont with a high esteem,
From successful labors in Johnstown High
To start a system in a field near by.

She came to us to lead us aright
For the path seemed dark, there was no light;
We were groping in darkness, the foundations to lay,
Of a structure that should grow and be perfect some day.

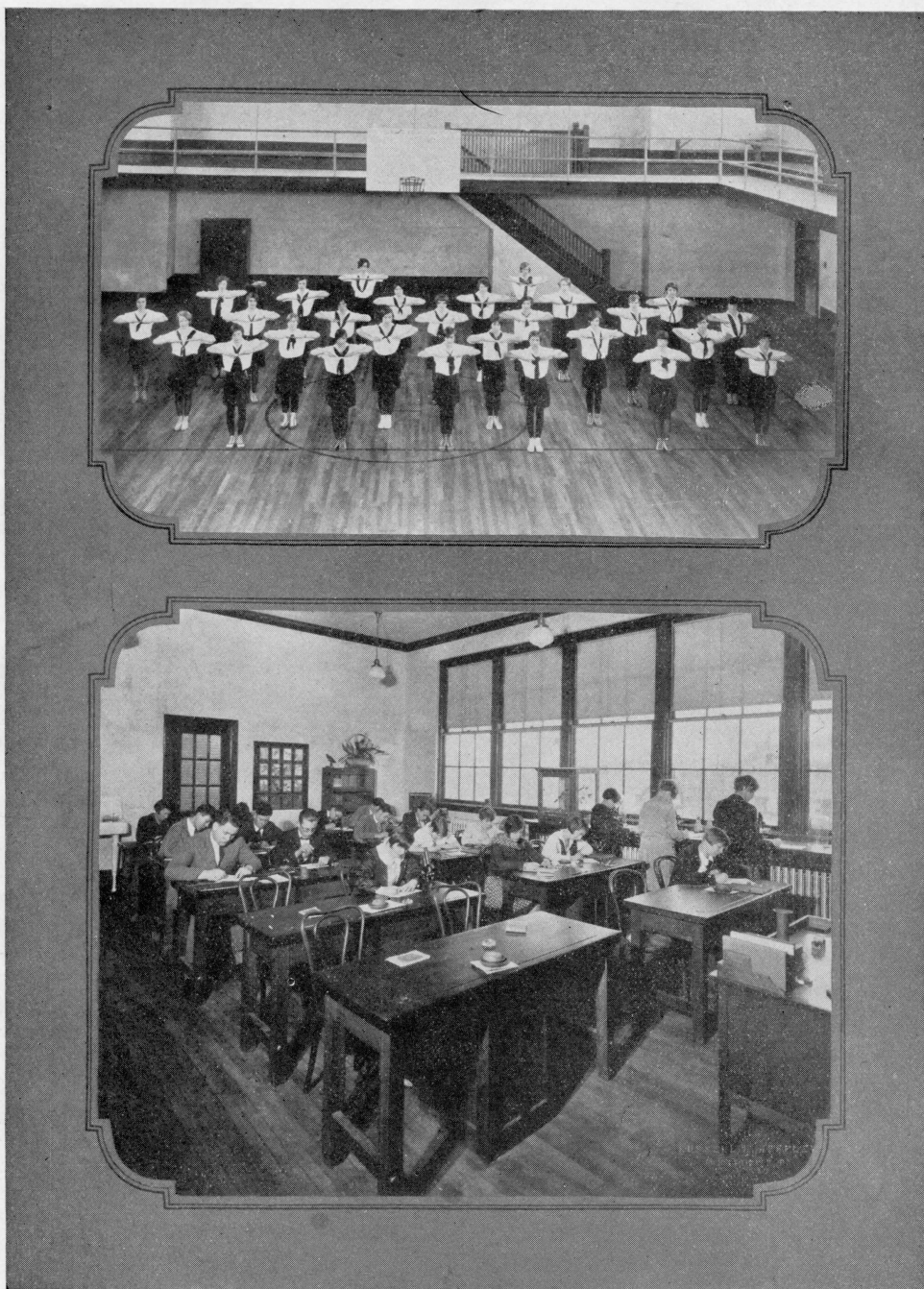
She built exceedingly strong and well,
As shown by the tales the professors tell,
And onward still, our feet she led
To higher ground none else could tread.

And now she must leave us, for another field
Has called her from us, their cause to shield,
And help to bring them to the height
That has come to us through her work and might.

That we miss her, we all will agree,
But our loss is their gain; so we
Must push forward to touch the goal,
Toward which she strove with heart, mind, and soul.

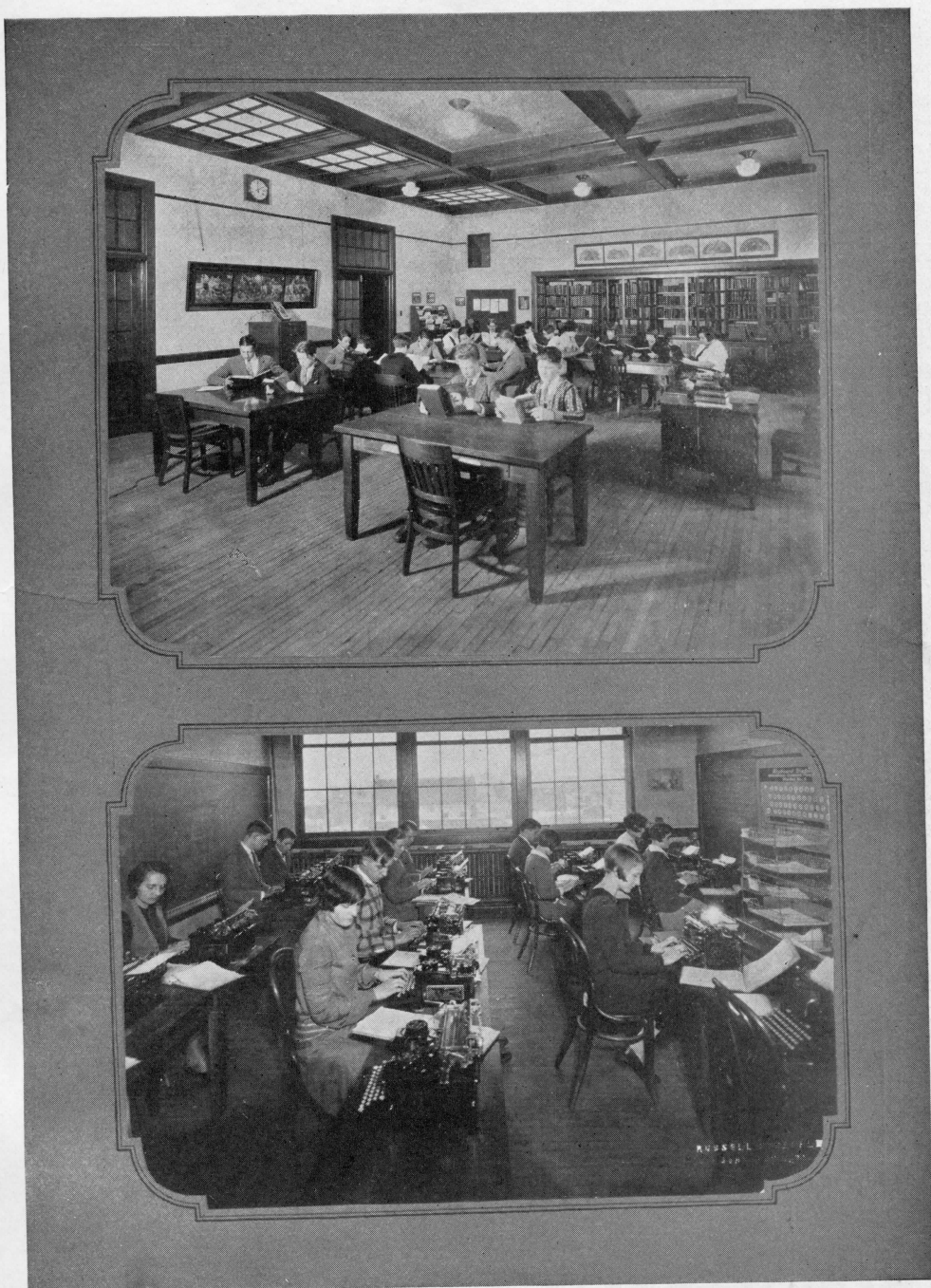
EMILY THOMAS, '29.

T H E P H O E N I C I A N



Here We Take Our Daily Dozen
Where Our Freshmen Study Science and Our Sophomores, Biology

THE PHOENICIAN



Here We Spend Our Leisure Hours
From Whence Our Typists Come

High School Awards 1926-1927

THE LUCY HAWS LOVE PRIZES

Gold and Silver Medals
Junior Essay Contest

First Prize
Eleanor Dovey
Second Prize
Sylvia Rush

THE HELEN PRICE PRIZES

Gold medals
Sophomore Short Story Contest

First Prize
Olga Davis
First Prize
Robert Gray

THE GEORGE T. ROBINSON PRIZES

Gold and Silver Medals
Oratorical Contest

First Prize
Hermine Luebbert
Second Prize
George Wertz
Fred Brickner

THE SUN PRIZE

Gold Medal
National Oratorical Contest

Hermine Luebbert

THE GEORGE T. ROBINSON PRIZES

Gold Medals
Debating Contest

Louise Stevens
Robertta Williams
Lycurgus Gurley





KATHALEEN ALBERT

Girls' Club, Orchestra (4), Dramatic Club (1) (2), Choral Club (2) (3) (4), Track Team (2), Poster Club (3), Operetta (4).

Lots of pep,
Full of fun,
She can make
The ivories hum.
Our Kate!

WILLIAM BAILEY

Gossip Staff (2) (3), Phoenician Staff (4), Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y (3) (4), Football (2) (3) (4), Basketball (2) (3) (4), Bank (1) (2) (3), Students' Council (2) (3), Class President (1), Boys' Glee Club (4), Senior Class Play (4).

Bill Bailey is the hero,
The strong man of our class,
In athletics, we know
No one can hope to surpass.

ROSEMARY BINGHAM

Dramatic Club (2), Girls' Club, Choral Club (2) (3) (4), Oratorical Contest (4).

Rosie's always merry,
Always feels canary,
You never see her sighing,
But with laughter always dieing.

VERNON BLOUGH

Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y (3) (4), Poster Club, Oratorical Contest (4).

He has won fame as an orator,
As a poet and student too,
But he shall always be remembered,
As the Senior lad who went smilin'
through.

MARY LOUISE BOYLE

Girls' Club, Dramatic Club (2), Basketball (4), Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4).

Flappers are flary,
Flappers are breezie,
Flappers are cute,
And so is Weezie.

THE PHOENICIAN



FRED BRICKNER

Students' Council (3) (4), Football (3) (4), Basketball (4), Track (3) (4), Gossip Staff (2), Dramatic Club (2), Glee Club (3) (4), Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y (3) (4), Oratorical Contest (4), Senior Class Play (4).

Meet our Freddy,
Always ready,
To carry the game,
Of the Seniors' to fame.

KATHLEEN COLL

Bank (4), Choral Club (2) (3), Girls' Club, Gossip Staff, (4), Dramatic Club (1) (2).

Cappy Coll is jolly and gay,
From her we buy candy every day,
Humorous, sympathetic, and kind,
She is a girl hard to find!

ANDREW CRICHTON, JR.

Dramatic Club (1) (2), Boys' Glee Club (4), Vice President of Boys' Club (4), Football (4), Manager of Track (4), Manager of Tennis (4), Hi-Y (3) (4), Poster Club (1) (2), Oratorical Contest (4).

Andy is our Scotchman,
Whose looks seem very lusty.
If you can't find the Crichton boy,
Just look around for "Rusty".

AUSTIN DETER

Orchestra (2) (3) (4), Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Austin ceases to be shy
As the days and months go by.
To him we extend many cheers
Through his many successful years.

HOMER DISHONG

Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Students' Council (3) (4), Football (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y (4), Biology Club (4), Senior Class Play (4), Operetta (4).

Homer is a trusty lad,
Always happy, never sad.
He's gifted with the talent of song,
And with a pleasing manner,
He can ne'er go wrong.

CHARLOTTE DUNKLE

Girls' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Social Service
Chairman of Girls' Club (3), Choral Club (2)
(4), Dramatic Club (2) (3), Orchestra (1) (2).

Charlotte is a musical lass,
Who can play and who can sing,
And deep down in our heart strings,
Shall her music ever ring.

EARL ECKEL

Orchestra (3) (4), Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4),
Football (4), Hi-Y (3) (4), Biology Club (4),
Boys' Club President (4).

Meet Earl, the president of the Boys' Club,
Who at labor and hard tasks does not balk,
He may be chief executive some day,
That is, if it isn't "too far to walk."

DAVID ENGLEHART

Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Orchestra (4),
Glee Club (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3).

Who is the biggest tease about?
You know him well no doubt.
He's full of pep, his wit is tart,
It is none else than Englehart.

VERA FULMER

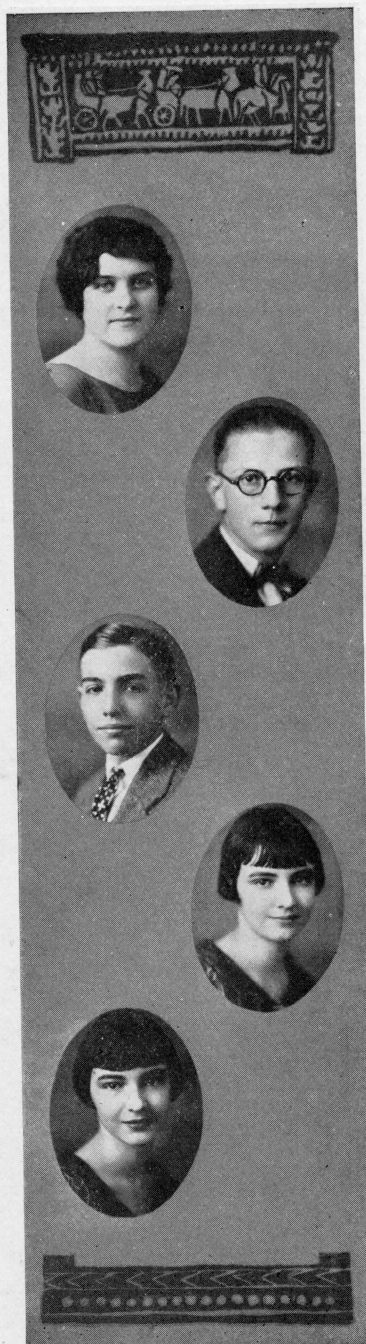
Dramatic Club (1), Dramatic Club Vice Pres.
(2) (3), Student Council (3) (4), Choral Club
(2) (3), Gossip Staff (2), Girls' Club, Poster
Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Operetta (4).

Vera is our artistic lass,
Who is very self-relying.
When money is to be accounted for,
We never see her sighing.

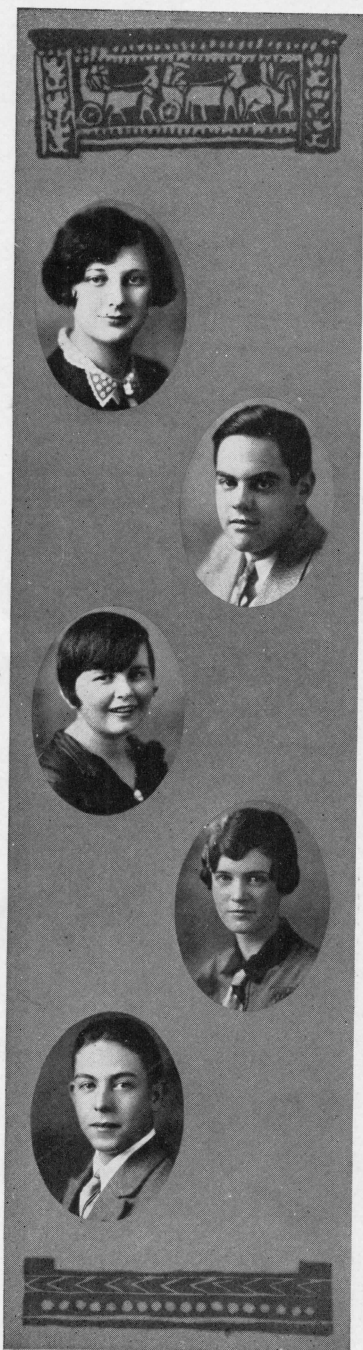
VERNA FULMER

Girls' Club.

Verna can do most anything,
She has talents by the peck,
Why, she's so awfully, awfully good,
They had to make her twins, by heck.



T H E P H O E N I C I A N



BESSIE R. GLOSSER

Dramatic Club (2), Bank Teller (2) (3),
Gossip Staff, (3) (4), Phoenician Staff (4),
Choral Club (2) (3) Girls' Club (2) (3) (4),
Class Treasurer (3) (4), Debating Team (4).

Bessie is the kind of friend,
To whom a lot we owe,
We always keep her busy,
Gathering in the Senior dough.

LYCURGUS GURLEY

Boys' Club 1) (2) (3) (4), Basketball (4),
Football (3) (4), Tennis (3) (4), Class Vice
President (2) (3) (4) Debating Team (4),
Dramatic Club (2), Athletic Council (4), Man-
ager Basketball (4), Senior Class Play (4).

Bud is our speedy boy,
Who carries lots of weight,
He never can be found at home
Because he always has a date.

MARSTELLA HARRIGAN

Girls' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Choral Club (2)
(3) (4), Biology Club (4), Latin Club (2)
Sec. of Latin Club (2).

Marstella is her name,
Jollyness is her fame,
To her we must go
When our spirits are low!

BETTY HARRIS

Students' Council (1), Girls' Club (1) (2) (3)
(4), Dramatic Club (1) (2), Choral Club (1)
(2), Senior Class Play (4).

Meet Miss Harris, the pride of our class,
We've never seen a prettier lass,
She's tall and thin and rived by few
Her beauty is sure to appeal to you.

JAMES HELMAN

Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Football (4),
Banking (3) (4), Poster Club (2) (3).

Shy, quiet, and green
Was Jim when first seen.
But now to our surprise
Mischievous glistens in his eyes!

ELSA JAHN

Dramatic Club (1) (2), Girls' Club, Girls' Club Vice President (3), Girls' Club President (4), Students' Council (3), Choral Club (2) (3), Senior Class Play (4).

Gay, snappy,
Cheerful, laughing,
Never chafing,
That's Elsa.

JEAN KANTNER

Choral Club (3) (4), Girls' Club, Orchestra (4), Manager Girls' Basketball (4), Gossip Staff (3) (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Track Team (3).

Jean is our manager,
Cheerful planner and boss,
If it hadn't been for her
Our team would have been a loss.

CLIFFORD KEAFER

Poster Club (3) (4), Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Clifford always does his work,
Never has been known to shirk.
He is small, but he can't be beat.
Without him our class would be incomplete.

ARVILLA KNISS

Choral Club (2) (3) (4), Girls' Club, Bank (3) (4), Dramatic Club (2).

Arvilla's the kind of girl,
You do not often meet,
She's talented and pretty,
Yet in studies hard to beat.

HERMINE LUEBBERT

Dramatic Club (1) (2), Gossip Staff (1) (2), Girls' Club Sec. (3) (4), Students' Council (2), Class President (3) (4), Choral Club (2) (3) (4), Class Treasurer (1), Class Secretary (2), Senior Class Play (4).

We love Rusty, carefree and gay,
With her copper tresses and eyes of brownish gray,
'Twould be hard to find a more clever lass,
To act as President of our Class.





SYLVESTER McCALL

Students' Council (1) (2), Gossip Staff (4),
Phoenician Staff (4), Dramatic Club (1) (2),
Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y (3) (4),
Class Treasurer (2).

Sylvester is his name,
And thus he won his fame,
But 'tis said he knows it all,
So they call him just McCall.

SARAH PALLISER

Girls' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Choral Club (2),
Latin Club (2).

In her quiet, modest way
Sarah studied most every day,
Tho' her high school days are done,
Her grit shall remain in days to come.

MABEL POPOVICH

Dramatic Club (2), Girls' Club (1) (2) (3) (4),
Choral Club (3) (4).

Tall, pretty, and shy,
Mabel's traits, I spy!
Someone else has found her whim
Wouldn't we love to meet him?

HERBERT RAAB

Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Biology Club (4).

Herb is our artist,
Who all the time is working.
When there is a task to do,
We never find him shirking.

ROBERT SABO

Boys' Club (1) (2) (4), Students' Council (3),
Gossip Staff (3), Thrift Bank (4).

He's a regular fellow
The Seniors' handy man,
And if we can't do a thing,
We know that Robert can.

OLIVE SELL

Girls' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Banking (1).

A girl with smiling eyes,
A girl with golden hair,
And when it comes to knowing,
Our Olive's always there.

WALTER SIDES

**Boys' Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y (3) (4),
Gossip Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4),
Track (3) (4), Dramatic Club (2).**

He never knocks,
Or e'er just talks,
But spends his days
In worthy ways.

LILLIAN SLOUGH

**Dramatic Club (2), Girls' Club (1) (2) (3)
(4), Choral Club (4), Students' Council (4),
Gossip Staff Ed. (4), Basketball (4).**

Lillian is a studious lass,
Always near the head of her class,
She's a good sport, just the same,
Without her girls' basketball would have
been tame.

MARY FRANCES TARR

**Gossip Staff (2) (3) (4), Phoenician Staff
(4), Girls' Club Treasurer (3), Social
Chairman of Girls' Club (4), President of
Biology Club (4), Basketball Team (4),
Class Secretary (4), Girls' Club (1) (2) (3)
(4), Dramatic Club (1) (2), Senior Class
Play (4).**

Tançy is our well-dressed girl,
Who brings all people delight,
She always does her best work
With the aid of a bright moonlight.

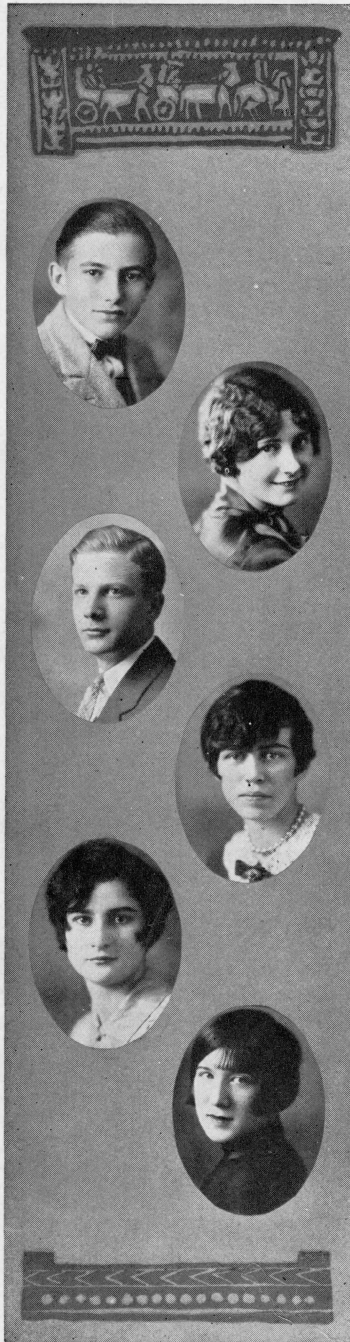
LOUISE STEVENS

**Girls' Club (4), Dramatic Club (2) (3) (4),
Girls' Varsity Basket Ball (4), Phoenician
Staff (4), Gossip Staff (4), Oratorical Con-
test (4), Senior Class Play (4).**

Snappy clothes,
Lots of beaux,
A pretty lass
Of the Senior Class,
That's Louise.



THE PHOENICIAN



HERBERT WALKER

Students' Council (3) V. P., President of Students' Council (4), Orchestra (3) (4), Gossip Staff (3), Phoenician Staff (4), Dramatic Club (4), Boys' Club, Glee Club (3) (4), Senior Class Play (4).

Oh, Herbs' a mighty nice fellow
Who sure can play the cello,
But he is best conducting meetings
For the Students' Council's proceedings.

GERARD WENDEROTH

Choral Club (4), Girls' Club (3) (4), Science Club (3), Gossip Staff (3), Phoenician Staff (4), Students' Council (3).

Gerard is a merry lass
Who is always full of fun,
She has a reputation
Of keeping fellows on the run.

GEORGE WERTZ

Oratorical Contest, Senior Play, Boys' Club (4).

He has not been with us long,
But still our class wouldn't be complete,
If we had never had George Wertz,
In scholastics to compete.

JOSEPHINE WHITTEN

Dramatic Club (1) (2), Girls' Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Jo is an excellent scholar,
A person of excellent taste,
One who has a mighty fine time,
Yet never a moment does waste.

ROBERTA WILLIAMS

Class Vice President (1), Class President (2), Class Secretary (3), Students' Council (2) (3), Athletic Association (1), Choral Club (2), Girls' Club Social Sec. (3), Girls' Club Social Service Sec. (4), Cheer Leader (3) (4), Girls' Basketball (4), Gossip Editor-in-chief (3), Phoenician Editor-in-chief (4), Debating Team (4), Girls' Track Team (2) (3), Dramatic Club (1) (2), Oratorical Contest (4), Senior Class Play (4).

Who is she, who is she?
Bert Williams, can't you see?
What did she do, what did she do?
Edit this book for you and me.

ANNA WILNER

Glee Club (2), Girls' Club (2) (3) (4), Bank Teller (4).

We're for Anna,
Anna's for us,
She does her best,
Without a fuss.

Senior Class Poem

Like beautiful music echoing through the halls,
And the fairies fountain tinkling over the glee,
Like the breeze's chorus in the sail of a scull,
Are the memories of my Alma Mater to me.

Though fortunes and fame may come with my whitening
hair,
And other seats of learning open their doors to me,
Still all successful things that I undertake or dare,
Shall be owed to none other, Dear School, than thee.

For here is the site of my life's foundation,
And to me before all others, Dear School, it e'er seems
That thou art the fairest, the noblest, the best,
Mine own Alma Mater, the school o' my dreams.

MARY FRANCES TARR, '27.

Senior Class History

When we were little Freshmen,
Four years seemed by far too long,
But now we wish they were ten,
And here our stay prolong.

The Sophomore year passed quickly
With fun and pep galore,
But then it all seemed silly,
And now we pray for more.

The Junior year flew faster,
Without a single care,
Still school work we would master,
If we had time to spare.

But now that's all past history
For we have reached our goal.
How we did is a mystery.
But we have paid full toll.

Still, wherever we may roam,
Or if our fame be high,
There ne'er can be a place like home,
For there's just one Westmont High.

Senior Class Song

Oh, it's a lofty institution,
That kind and generous school of ours,
And we could praise its constitution,
To a place among the highest stars.
So with one accord you hear us cry,
Long life and luck to you, Westmont High.

True, it makes us work—but not too hard,
And it lets us play—but not too long.
From its kind doors not a one is barred,
And those who enter sing this song,
“Oh, death would be sweet if we could die,
For the dear old cause of Westmont High!”

All its scholars wear the primrose red,
Glistening there beside the sober gray,
And a smiling lot is theirs, 'tis said,
For the wearers of the red and gray.
And always with the great it shall vie,
This dear school, the best, the Westmont High.

Words—MARY FRANCES TARR, '27.

Music—CHARLOTTE DUNKLE, '27.

Senior Class Prophecy

The following clipping was taken from the Johnstown Tribune for March 6, 1947.

Last night, at the White House, there was held that quadrennial event which is known the world over, the Inaugural Ball of the President of the United States. The new President, Mr. Herbert Walker, gave one of the most gorgeous balls which has ever been given to celebrate this event.

The famous White House Ball Room was a beautiful scene of dazzling finery. The room is itself, as all know, is splendid, but the guests added to the enchanting impression. No President before has ever given such a fine affair as this one.

The guests were the outstanding figures of America. There was never such a large group of famous people gathered together as there was at this ball. This year there were very few of those people who occupy the head lines of the newspapers missing. One of the few was Miss Charlotte Dunkle, the world famous pianist, who was not able to attend because she is absent from the country, touring the European countries. However, there was at the ball, Miss Hermine Luebbert, one of the most popular pianists and composers of to-day, who added charm to the evening. Miss Kathaleen Albert, the leader of Albert's Jazz Orchestra, the celebrated dance orchestra, was at the ball with her orchestra. Mr. Homer Dishong, the noted singer, fled from his adoring audiences long enough to honor the new President with his presence for the short evening.

Among the Senators and government officials present, one of the best known was Fred Brickner, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Brickner was a well known lawyer in this vicinity before he gained the coveted position he now holds. In this group, also, there was Miss Rosemary Bingham, the Secretary of State, and the first woman to ever hold a position in the President's cabinet. Mr. William Bailey, the Senator from Pennsylvania, who is at the present the Speaker of the House, was also there. Our Minister to Great Britain, Mr. Vernon Blough, who is on a short visit to America, was present. Mr. Walter Sides, the Secretary of Interior, attended with his wife.

Among those guests who are prominent in the literary world, was Miss Mary Frances Tarr, a famed journalist, who is at present Editor-in-chief of the "College Humor." Mr. David Englehard, a noted poet and a dear friend of the President, was present and is expected to write a poem commemorating the event. Miss Anna Wilner, a prominent writer of modern poetry, was there to announce that her latest book of short poems has been dedicated to President Walker.

Among those who occupy the head lines of the articles concerning art, was Arvilla Kniss, who is now the charming model for some of the world's greatest paintings. There were Miss Louise Stevens and Miss Jean Kantner, who occupy a private studio and who are making names for themselves in the world of art. Miss Betty Harris, who was the model for Miss Kantner's latest picture, which is expected to rival Michael Angelo's, was present.

There were many present who represent wealth. In this group was Mr.

T H E P H O E N I C I A N

Andrew B. Crichton, the wealthiest engineer in the United States to-day. Then, too, there was Dr. Lycurgus Gurley, who has become famous through his noted cure for deafness. Mr. James Helman, the owner of the world's largest type-writer factory, attended.

Many attended who have made names for themselves on the stage. The Fulmer Twins, much sought for by all those desiring entertainment, were present. Miss Elsa Jahn, nationally wide known for her comedy parts, and who is now playing in Philadelphia attended. Gerald Wenderoth who is a well known cinema star, had the good fortune of being in the East for her latest picture and so was there.

The world of sport was not absent at the event. Mr. Earl Eckel, who is celebrating his defeat of the world's champion tennis player, attended. There was also Miss Lillian Slough, who is known the world over for her splendid methods of teaching athletics. Mr. George Wertz, who will not be forgotten soon because of his last minute touchdown in the Army-Navy Game, was there.

The commercial world was not omitted when the invitations were sent. Mr. Sylvester McCall, who is advertising manager for the world's largest store, Glosser's, attended. The owner of the store, Miss Bessie Glosser, was there also. Miss Sell, who has charge of the girls who work for the President and his Cabinet, was present. Herbert Raab, a well known manufacturer, attended with his wife. Mr. Austin Deter and Mr. Clifford Keafer who jointly own the Electric Refrigerator factory, were there as was also Mr. Robert Sabo, head of the Commercial Department of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School.

Miss Mary Louise Boyle and Miss Kathleen Coll, who have charge of the famed hospital of plastic surgery, were there. Miss Sara Palliser and Miss Mable Popovich, the two ladies who have occupied the head lines of our newspapers for some days but who have at last received their fifth divorces, attended with the men to whom they are engaged. Miss Marstella Harrigan together with Miss Josephine Whitten, the two who have created a riot in the fashion world by designing dresses with panels hangings below the knees, attended in dresses of this new style.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1927, with all possible sanity of mind and in truly good faith, have, with all the solemnity and dignity we could master, drawn up our last will and testament. We hereby announce it publicly thus making all wills written heretofore null and void.

To the Junior Class we bequeath our ripping class spirit and best wishes for the future.

To the Faculty, we will our deepest appreciation for the help and interest they have given us throughout our high school career.

The following individual bequests we make:

Kathleen Albert wills her jazziness to Florence Kintner.

William Bailey bequeaths his laugh to Robert Campbell.

Rosemary Bingham wills her tomboy skirt to whosoever of the Faculty can get into it.

Vernon Blough wills his never failing good humor to George Blozovitch.

Mary Louise Boyle wills her Irish temper to Marguerite Florman in hopes that it, plus her own, will prove effective.

Fred Brickner bequeaths his carefully trained mustache to Donald Wright with the wish that it may have the same fascinating effect upon the fair maidens.

Kathleen Coll wills her shyness to Eleanor Callet.

Andrew Crichton wills his argumentative powers to George Hager.

Austin Deter wills his boldness to Billy Boger.

Homer Dishong wills his voice to the Boys' Glee Club in hopes that this club may continue as successfully without him as with him.

Charlotte Dunkle bequeaths her fame as a pianist to Virginia Harris.

Earl Eckel wills his reputation as a "lady's man" to Telford Eppley.

David Englehard leaves his great importance to Charles Kintner.

Vera Fulmer bequeaths her public speaking ability to Rachel Van Pelt.

Verna Fulmer wills her ability at music to Norman Rush.

Bessie Glosser wills her ability at getting money from people, who have none, to the future Senior Class Treasurer.

Lycurgus Gurley bequeaths his incredible ability to provide an alibi to John Reese in hopes that he may meet with greater success than Horse.

Marstella Harrigan wills her figure to Mary Bell.

Betty Harris bequeaths her gold football and basketball, and her slimness to Clara Kaufman in hopes that the latter may help obtain the former.

James Helman wills his bewitching manner with the ladies to Claire Blough.

Elsa John wills her industriousness and silliness to Eleanor Dovey.

Jean Kantner wills her continuous conferences with Miss Krebs to Louise Stoupe.

Clifford Keafer wills his imposing size to Clarendon Crichton to give proof that six feet aren't necessary to graduation.

Arvilla Kniss wills her type writing ability to Emma Jane Lohr.

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Hermine Luebbert bequeaths her red hair to Natalie Suppes so that the temper and hair will be suited.

Sylvester McCall wills his management of the football team to Victor Hinkel.

Sara Palliser wills her dependability to Jane Ake.

Mable Popovich wills her stateliness to Ruth Owen.

Herbert Raab wills his quietness to Louis Piper.

Robert Sabo wills his timidity to Robert Greer.

Olive Sell bequeaths her pleasing quietness to Cornelia Rodgers.

Walter Sides wills his orating ability to Paul Witt.

Lillian Slough bequeaths her hair-cut to Mary Mosholder.

Louise Stevens wills her vanity and breeziness to Lenore Shaw.

Mary Frances Tarr wills her short skirts to the Faculty.

Herbert Walker bequeaths his cello to the smallest person in the school, most likely Erleen Potter.

Gerard Wenderoth wills some of her boy friends to Katherine Heubner.

George Wertz wills his calmness to Charles Klatzkin.

Josephine Whitten wills her French pronunciation to Florence Peer.

Roberta Williams bequeaths to Martha Boyle her superb figure.

Anna Wilmer bequeaths her abnormal interest in school to Virginia Hannan.

SENIOR CLASS TELL TALE

| NAME | VIA | REMARK | HOBBY | HOPES TO BE |
|--------------------|----------|-------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Kathaleen Albert | "Kate" | "Oh-h-h" | Collecting school rings | An actress |
| William Bailey | "Mike" | "Cut it out" | Betty | Safely married |
| Rosemary Bingham | "Bing" | "Dang-it" | Talking | Orator |
| Vernon Blough | "Blough" | "Now listen" | School | A philosopher |
| Mary Louise Boyle | "Weezie" | "You would" | Gossiping | A dressmaker |
| Fred Brickner | "Sheik" | "Say-boy" | Combing his hair | A second Rudy |
| Kathleen Coll | "Cappy" | "What next" | Running after Bing | Champion teller |
| Andrew Crichton | "Andy" | "Dear me" | Smiling at the girls | The busiest business man |
| Austin Deter | "Aus" | "Oh, Heck" | Being quiet | A heartbreaker |
| Homer Dishong | "Dish" | "Tell me another" | Getting fat | The thinnest man in captivity |
| Charlotte Dunkle | "Dunk" | "My dear" | Torturing the piano | A second Padevewiski |
| Earl Eckel | "Eckel" | "It's a secret" | Blushing | A minister |
| David Englehart | "Dan" | "Sweet Mama" | Going to the office | A comedian |
| Vera Fulmer | "Nooks" | "I guess" | Making trouble | An artist |
| Verna Fulmer | "Nern" | "Well, I'll be" | Practicing | A dignified lady |
| Bessie Glosser | "Bess" | "Don't forget" | Collecting Seniors' money | Lawyer |
| Lycurgus Gurley | "Bud" | "Foul ball" | Library periods | To get a good night's sleep |
| Marstella Harrigan | "Mars" | "My conscience" | Everyone | Happy |
| Betty Harris | "Bet" | "Oh! my" | Looking pretty | A model |
| James Helman | "Jim" | "You would" | Sly glances | Swell |
| Elsa Jahn | "Els" | "My Stars" | Laughing | A chemist |
| Jean Kantner | Kantner | "Never" | Heavy Dates | Hard to tell |
| Clifford Keafer | "Keaf" | "Come on now" | Eating finger nails | Grown up |

T H E P H O E N I C I A N

| | | | | |
|-------------------|---------|----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Arvilla Kniss | Arvilla | "Ah ! ! !" | Making a commotion | Somebody's stenog |
| Hermine Luebbert | "Rusty" | "Order" | Getting 5 minutes | Pres. of U. S. |
| Sylvester McCall | "Mc" | "You'd be surprised" | Studying | Famous |
| Sarah Palliser | "Sally" | "Let me" | We wonder | Ditto |
| Mable Popovich | Mabel | "That'll do" | Powdering her nose | Mrs. ? ? ? |
| Herbert Raab | "Herb" | "Oh, me" | Being good | We'll never know |
| Robert Sabo | "Bob" | "Well now" | Nothing | Missing |
| Olive Sell | Olive | "That's enough" | Saying nothing | In Paris |
| Walter Sides | "Walt" | "Well, well, well" | Everything | A millionaire |
| Lillian Slough | Lillian | "Now, listen" | Athletics | Somewhere else |
| Mary Frances Tarr | "Tancy" | "I'll begin" | Being late | A little faster |
| Herbert Walker | "Herb" | "Hay, Jo" | Following Tancy | Six feet three |
| Gerard Wenderoth | "Jerry" | "Come on" | Males | Rich |
| George Wertz | Wertz | "Don't be silly" | Algebra | Some lady's man |
| Josephine Whitten | "Jo" | "Me too" | Studying | A business woman |
| Roberta Williams | "Bert" | "You're so dumb" | Running around | A bachelor girl |
| Anna Wilmer | Ann | "That's all right" | Letting her hair grow | Traveling |

Leaves From Senior Diaries

Mirable Dictu (wonderful to tell)! We've found out at last. Can you imagine Bud Gurley keepin' his figure (valued at \$1.89) in such "trim"? No?—Well listen to this in Bud's diary—

March 28th

"Basketball is over. Gee, the tough time begins. Gotta keep my figure in trim and get rid of all superfluous weight. People sure can talk about their soft rugs but rollin' on them is about as nice as huggin' the soft side of a brick. I start to-night to swear off all candy, chewin' gum, and buggy rides—from now on, I'll walk." Believe it now?

Ah—the only real man in 27's class! Why? Well, hasn't he got a mustache? Sure enough but the question is—How did he get it so long? No—he didn't use any "Grow long over night" hair tonic either. Fred Brickner has his own recipe tucked away in his dairy. Now look and listen—

Nov. 6, 1926.

"At last I've found it! Mud and dirt are the two best elements for cultivating a mustache. They're just like carrots—take a good hold in refined soil. One must be careful not to let any clay adhere to the roots as it might color the hair yellow. This bed of soil on the upper lip should be trimmed and planted at least once a week. All extra noodles, cinders, and bread crumbs should be pulled out. Since I've followed this recipe, my mustache has progressed famously." Well, fellows, what about following Fred's recipe and put it to a test?

The gavel sounds in the form of Webster's vocabulary comin' in close contact with the desk top several times. What ho! President Rusty Luebbert is callin' a meeting. Dead silence falls hard. The Seniors sit still with wonder. Oh, how jealousy surges in each mind. How—oh how, did President Rusty ever become such a wonderful spokeswoman? It really isn't so wonderful since it takes such a long time according to the President's "Day after Day" notes, as we read on September 14, 1926.

Gee—our first class meeting's over. Golly I must train for 'em. Must look up in my filing case and find another method. Oh—here's one that's good. "Place a desk and chair before a mirror. Have a gavel in right hand (hair-brush may be substituted, for gavel—not the hand). Place feet pigeon-toed so the body can sway all around to dodge any flying "missels." When every one has stopped talking, it is well to give the well known signal that the meeting will begin by powering her nose (in the case of a man, adjust a tie). Now—grin, smile, cough. Frown, then speak. During the meeting imitate Webster. Use the hands freely when words fail, if both fail, dismiss the meeting, (this must be practiced extensively until really perfected). Try it, Freshmen, it ought to help even minors!

The secret is revealed. Bert's not pulling the wool over our eyes any more. We know now why she's such a good cheer leader. Here's the proof as seen in her diary.—

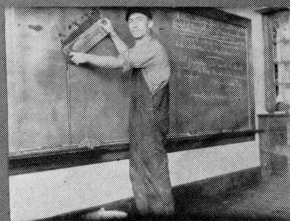
"Gee how I hate to go through those blamed exercises to keep in trim for cheer leadin'. My body's just about crackin' in two, cause of those twistin' exercises I have to do fifty times every night. Mother gave me the deuce again just because I yelled my very loudest for twenty minutes through a megaphone. She doesn't realize

I gotta do this so my voice will get strong and the kids can hear me when I tell 'em what the next yell is. No matter what the family says, I must keep on with my training. I can see bigger and better things in life for me in the way of cheer leading."

And Tancy Tarr, our "Frvilous Sal," doesn't know that we've found out what she does every night before she jumps into bed. Flappers will be flappers and surely they must keep up appearances. We're telling you this in the strictest confidence. Don't tell anyone but we saw something we wern't supposed to see. Here it is—

"Oh dear, but I do think this beauty clay feels horrible on your face. Edna Wallace Hopper says your face is soft as silk afterwards but mine's going to be like a raw potatoe, I just know. He called me up again, Diary, and I could hardly talk for all this stiff stuff on my face and my hair was all tied up in rags so that I had a terrible headache. He said he wanted to come over but I wouldn't let him because I was afraid I might be awful red from this beautifier and I just couldn't let him see me with a red face. Last night I had some of that ugly green stuff on my face but it smells too terrible even though it does make your skin as soft as velvet. Oh, here comes Sister with some of her friends and I must hide. They're sure to laugh at me if they see me, so I'll leave you for to-night, dear Diary."

THE PHOENICIAN





Junior Class Roll

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Ake, Margaret Jane | Leckey, Mildred |
| Baumer, Franklin | Lohr, Emma Jane |
| Berkley, Esther | Longwell, Craig |
| Black, Howard | McGahan, Ruth |
| Blough, Clair | Myers, Dorothy |
| Callet, Eleanor | Miller, Chester |
| Campbell, Robert | Mosholder, Mary |
| Carroll, Peter | Owen, Ruth |
| Coller, Emily | Piper, Louis |
| Daugherty, Gwendolyn | Porter, Mary Catherine |
| Dorer, Erdean | Raab, Anna Mary |
| Dovey, Eleanor | Ream, Charles |
| Eppley, Telford | Reese, John D. |
| Fassett, Margaret | Rush, Sylvia |
| Faunce, John | Smith, Eugene |
| Fletcher, Benny | Souders, Gertrude |
| Florman, Marguerite | Stiffler, Catherine |
| Geer, Robert | Stouppe, Louise |
| Harbaugh, Alice | Symons, Julia |
| Huebner, Katherine | Temple, Charles |
| Kintner, Charles | Wissinger, Geraldine |



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

September 1924—A great many green Freshmen were seen to flock the campus of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School on this eventful day. Teachers and upper classmen alike branded them as hopeless when they wondered aimlessly about the school.

January 1925—Those who had weathered the storm of mid-year exams returned to school. A change, slow but sure, had come over the Freshmen who had been unjustly branded on their entrance to High School.

September 1925—A sophisticated group of Sophomores were seen to consult the bulletin board, telling where their new room was located. No more wandering about for someone might mistake them for Freshmen and that would naturally be a calamity! In



other words, the Freshmen of a year had realized their responsibility and had settled down to the routine of high school life.

A party was planned, but it failed to materialize. However, a week of bustle and excitement followed by a disappointing climax was only one of the many disappointments garnered during the Sophomore year.

September 1926—Juniors! A smaller class, to be sure, than the first year, but Juniors just the same! Juniors, realizing their responsibility and carrying it on with a renewed effort—an effort to land them finally at their goal—Commencement.

And now the curtain falls on the waning, fading Juniors and will arise on September 1927 with the Juniors miraculously transformed into Seniors,—the realization of their hopes.

Juniors

Blessings on thee, Junior Class,
 Brilliant, noble, ne'er surpassed!
 With thy orators, so stately,
 And thy actors playing sedately,
 With thy scholars, scholarly more,
 Who study as few have studied before
 With the joy of work well done.
 And high repute that thou hast won,
 From the classes of the school,
 Thou dost measure up to rule,
 Prince thou art—the lower class
 Must struggle hard, thy deeds to pass
 Let the Senior proudly ride,
 Junior, trudging at his side.
 Thou hast yet short time to strive,
 And to Senior state arrive.
 From our hearts we wish thee grace
 Thus to fill so high a place!

SYLVIA RUSH, '28.



Sophomore Class Roll

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| Albert, Howard | Kaminsky, Sygmund |
| Albert, Joseph | Kennedy, Dorothy |
| Barrett, Georgia | Kindya, Mike |
| Bell, Mary | Kleinman, Emanuel |
| Benshoff, Warren | Kopp, Gretchen |
| Boyle, Martha | Longenecker, Nancy Jane |
| Burkhard, Betty | Mahaffey, Agnes |
| Carbaugh, Dorothy | Matonik, Michael |
| Casker, Royden | McCann, Isabelle |
| Coll, Margaret Mary | McGrath, John |
| Crichton, Clarendon | Miller, Dorothy |
| Davis, Jane | Navratil, Olga |
| Davis, Olga | Nelson, Wayne |
| Eichler, Arthur | Rogers, Cornelia |
| Engelhardt, Reese | Singer, Martha |
| Feinberg, Thelma | Stremel, Ann |
| Fulmer, Herbert | Sturrock, Margaret |
| Gray, Robert | Stutzman, Dorothy |
| Hannan, Virginia | Suppes, Natalie |
| Hinchman, Elizabeth | Tarr, Jane |
| Hinkel, Victor | Thomas, Emily |
| Hunter, Evelyn | Wainger, Naomi |
| Jenkins, Emrys | Wright, Donald |

Yingling, David



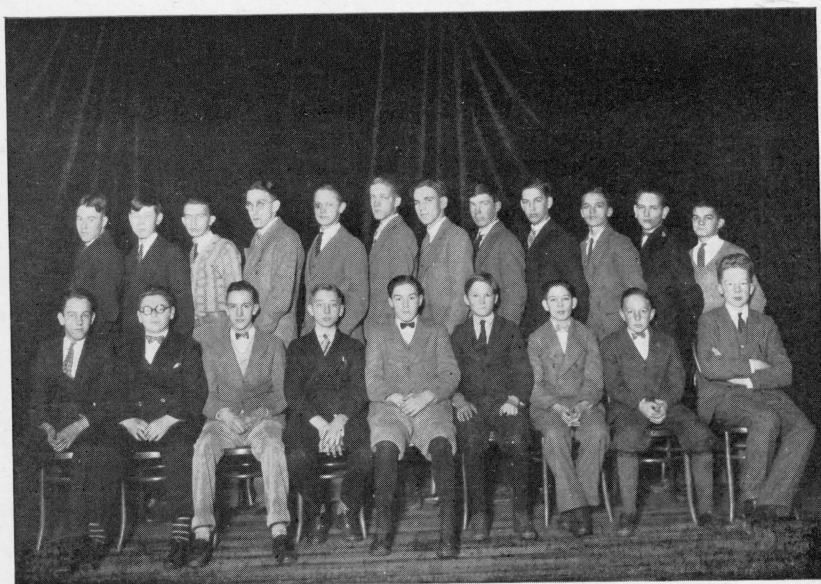
THE INFANTRY OF 1929

ATTENTION!

The class of '29 "fell in" with the army of Westmont High boys and girls in September 1925. After a successful year of fighting, training, and struggling as privates in the Freshmen Class, we are now promoted to the Sophomore Class as corporals, and are about to close our victorious campaign of our second year in the army as enlisted soldiers.

Our first real pitched battle was waged in athletics. We have many outstanding Colonels, and, likewise, many Lieutenants, who with more practice and training are going to make the school's football, basketball, and baseball teams even better than they are. We have Colonels Jack Conrad, John Sawyer, and Dick Marshal for the Varsity football and basketball lines, also Lieutenants Emyrs Jenkins, J. T. McGrath, and many others who are fast making names for themselves because of their plucky fighting.

Our soldiers all have busily engaged in hard work, each struggling to obtain a place for his name on the Honored Roll of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School, which honor is conferred only after true studying.



Most of our success in athletics and in scholastic standing was obtained by the good training which our Infantry keeps. No parties were given, the usual Sophomore sleigh ride was forgotten, and the time was wisely spent in keeping fit for the great battles that we have yet to fight.

Not all our time was spent in study and training, for "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so many of our men joined the "Glee Club" and took part in the annual operetta.

Our sharpshooters engaged in battle with our old enemy, Compositions, and, of course, we were victorious. The Short Story Contest, sponsored by Miss Price, brought honor to many in the class, and it also brought high honor to Corporals Olga Davis and Robert Gray, the winners, who were promoted to the office of Lieutenants.

Let it be enough to say that we are proud of our class in every way, and each honor received by a corporal was nobly won. Of course, our class has many faults, but one thing, it also has sincere reverence and loyalty to the High School, its standards, and ideals. With our goal to help Westmont-Upper High School and a firm determination to "Carry on," we feel that the class of '27 can not fail to be true to their motto—fight—and so we go marching on to our Junior year.

The Mad and Angry Sea

O! ho 'tis land we've found,
And we'll be homeward bound
With every stroke that pulls us
And every stroke that drags us
Out of this mad and angry sea,
Like a bird suddenly set free.

Heave ho, my trusty lad so brave,
Your strength as ne'er before you gave,
Bend to the oars, lose courage naught,
Soon enough we shall spy the spot
Where the tower lends its light,
To safely pull us in to-night.

ANN STREMEL, '29.

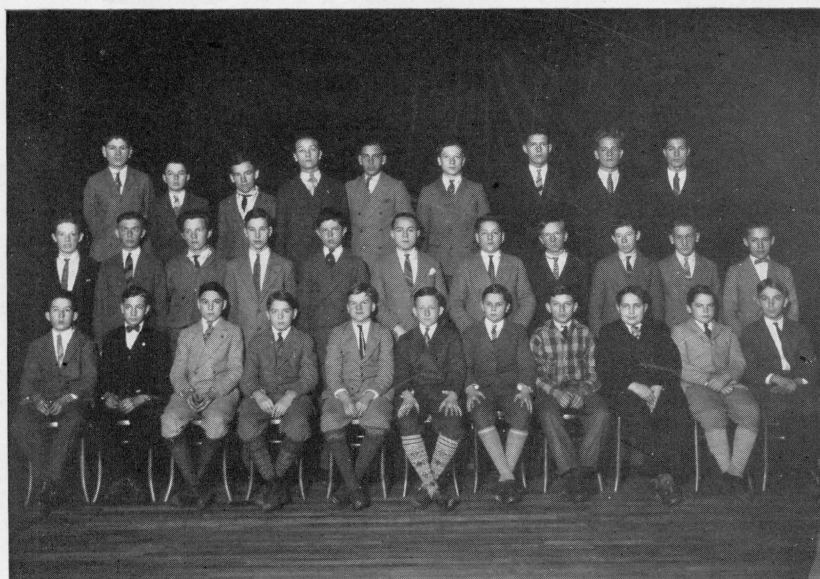


FRESHMEN

Freshmen Class Roll

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Albert, Elizabeth | Kintner, Florence |
| Anstead, Berniece | Kreiger, Lillian |
| Arendt, Elsie | Leckey, John |
| Berkley, Violet | Lewis, Kathryn |
| Bingham, Charles | Marshall, Richard |
| Blozovitch, George | McCauliff, Robert |
| Boger, William | McClintock, Louise |
| Brickner, Rose | McIntyre, Lowe |
| Brown, James | Miller, Margaret |
| Coller, Charles | Mosholder, Dorothy |
| Conrad, Jack | Mosholder, Leighton |
| Custer, Henrietta | Mowrey, Clair |
| Delozier, Helen | Navratil, Theodore |
| Devine, Alice | Peer, Florence |
| Drager, Theodore | Peterson, Florence |
| Dubinsky, Stephen | Pollock, Florence |
| DuPont, William | Potter, Earleen |
| Ferg, Bernard | Reddinger, Marjorie |
| Fisher, Florence | Ringler, Wayne |
| Fite, Ruth | Rush, Norman |
| Gilllin, Merle | Saylor, Ruth |
| Glosser, Gerald | Schlesinger, Joe |
| Gobin, Richard | Schneck, Eric |
| Hager, George | Schrall, Mary |
| Hager, Mary Catherine | Shaffer, Robert |
| Harbaugh, Alvin | Smith, Kenneth |
| Harris, Virginia | Spangler, Kline |
| Hecker, Ruth | Tiffany, George |
| Howells, Edgar | Van Pelt, Rachel |
| Hunt, Mary | Wertz, Sue |
| Ivey, Dorothy | Witprachtiger, Arthur |
| Kaufman, Clara | Witprachtiger, Hilda |
| | Witt, Paul |

T H E P H O E N I C I A N



Freshman History

F is for Freshmen, sixty nine in all,
 R unning and frolicking around the hall.
 E ach one entered for work we think,
 S ome to pour over books, some to dabble in ink.
 H urrah for Clair Mowrey, our foot ball boy,
 M any are the times he has filled us with joy.
 A nd Glee Club singers have won a place
 N o one, in fact, has been a disgrace.

C amera Club, the officers of which were
 'L ected from the Freshman Class this year
 A ttempted with a Freshmen's camera to portray
 S everal pictures of each football and basketball fray.
 S ome were quite good — in a way.

H ome rooms are governed by V. Harris and William B.
 U nder them we thrive, as you surely can see.
 R oughness and greeness, we may have had—
 R oguishness and mischief, but nothing bad.
 A lways jolly and happy and gay,
 H urrah for 1930, we say.

Freshmen

We are the Freshmen of nineteen twenty-seven
The best Freshmen Class in many a year
Of all our virtues and all our talents,
If you listen, you will very soon hear.

We have songsters a plenty,
And when in the glee club they sing,
You may be sure that their voices
Loud and clear over the others do ring.

We have orators, too, you should certainly know,
Who could talk and talk all day,
And you may be sure that when they talk,
They always have something worth while to say.

We have poets and writers, without a doubt,
And in not so many a year,
I am right in predicting to you now,
Of these same poets and writers you will hear.

And artists we certainly do not lack,
And all kinds of pictures they can draw
With pencils and pens and waterpaints,
They make the cleverest drawings you ever saw.

With all these talents and many more,
The Freshmen do certainly mean,
To make you realize the established fact,
That they're the best class that ever was seen.

KATHRYN, LEWIS, '30.



THE CONSTITUTION

by HERMINE LUEBBERT

(*Prize Oration—1927*)

It is a symbol of truth, a torch shining into the darkness, guiding us to justice, a standard of purity and integrity, a pledge of fraternity and equality, a verification of wisdom, that document, that precious manuscript, which opens—"We, the people of the United States of America." One hundred and forty years ago, that phrase embodied thirteen states, to-day, it includes forty-eight states; to-morrow it might embrace forty more. Still its meaning and purport remain the same.

The men, who convened in Philadelphia in 1787, were burdened with the task of solving the problem, which had cast its portentous shadow over the thirteen states, who so lately had declared themselves free. The fate of a nation, small though it be, lay in the hands of those noble men. They might close their hands and crush that fate, they might take that fate into their keeping, they might let that fate drift to inevitable disaster, but not one of these possibilities assailed the minds of those fine men. With inimitable courage, splendid resolution and unselfish motives, they devoted themselves to their arduous task. Not a day—not a week—but months passed before the goal was attained and the great work accomplished, and even then the convention little realized the never-to-be-forgotten service it had done the nation.

The Constitutional document, however, was not an immediate product of these months of work. It grew out of the experiences of the past ages; it was the outcome of a long standing grievance—a grievance which first found utterance in the Magna Charta—the suppression of the people by the reigning power.

Open any history book and trace this grievance, this spirit of rebellion, down through the centuries. The Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the French revolution, the Bloodless revolution in England, the American revolution, the overthrow of the Russian Monarchy—all these bear evidence of this long suppressed desire.

Was it not all a cry for freedom, for representation in the government? Was it not "taxation without representation" which incited the Colonists to rebellion, to procure liberty at any cost, and if not liberty, then death?

The American revolution is conspicuous, however, among other such revolutions, by reason of its very contrast with them. European revolutions were much like rebellious children—wanting, clamoring for their wants, and not knowing just what they wanted. The American Colonists knew precisely what they wished and they made known their wants to England, who chose to deliberately ignore them. The colonists had tasted the sweetness, the joy of self-government; liberty was

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inherent in them and when even representation was refused them, they fought and paid dearly for their right. The outcome was freedom, liberty, self-government—if they wished to make it so.

Vain attempts previous to the Constitutional Convention were made for this government. Two Continental Congresses were called, the Articles of Confederation were written. The brave little states were in a piteous condition; they were, figuratively, in rags. They had no money with which to pay the exhausted soldiers, who had fought with unflagging determination and unquenchable ardor—who had bled, who had died to purchase freedom for their country!

At last in desperation, the Constitutional Convention was called. The fate of a nation was hanging in the balance, and only one thing could save it—a strong, central government. The Colonists felt this need; the Convention realized the utter necessity of this need, and they answered it. At last the country found what it had sought and deserved, the ship of government was steered into a safe, sound harbor, and peace dawned rosy and clear on the horizon. A new nation had been born!

A new nation! It has lived and prospered under the strength and fortitude of this glorious Constitution. It has passed through crucial moments, guided by the Constitution. It has won the respect and admiration of other nations because of this Constitution!

What then is our duty toward this government, this Constitution? Do we not owe it more than a mild interest, a placid indifference, a slight knowledge of its intricacies. It is our government; it was created by us; it was created for us, and it is our duty—it should be our wish—to cherish and protect it. As Washington has said:

"This Constitution is not a compact. It is a government!" It is not stored away in preservation, as is the Declaration of Independence. No! It is in constant foundation of our government and to us it gives freedom of religion; freedom of speeches, freedom of press, and the right of petition. It is the altar of American Independence before which every true American, recognizing its protection of his life, its security of his property, its safeguarding of his liberty, should make obeisance and thank God, that he, an American, lives under this glorious Constitution!

To quote Washington further:

"This government, the offspring of your choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon complete investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in its distribution of powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision, for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of liberty."

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Is this too much for a people, to whom liberty is the very breath of life, to give to this government, in return for its guardianship and guidance? Liberty remains liberty only so long as it is respected and not trampled; only so long as it is regarded as a precious gift, not to be trod upon, and one on which we do not intrude. Surely then, Washington's word spoken so long ago with such foresight and wisdom, still remain true! Surely this way, which Washington has concisely pointed out, is the one and only way to happiness, prosperity, security, and peace.

Let us then all join together and give thanks to God, Who has bestowed this precious gift upon us, to the noble men who have given this invaluable gift to our country, to the splendid soldiers, who have given their lives that this country and its liberty might live, and ever let us think of this Constitution with a thrill of patriotism, when we see that glorious red and white banner with its field of blue, strewn with stars waving 'neath a blue sky!

L. F. T.

by ROBERT GRAY
(Prize Short Story—1927)

Wilfred Brown, watchman at Lee High School, stared at the headlines in the morning paper. It was exciting news! Eagerly he read:

SOCIETY LEADER TATTOOED
—MRS. Highbrow VICTIM!
MASKED MAN BREAKS INTO Highbrow
MANSION; BINDS; GAGS, AND TAT-
TOOES MRS. Highbrow! BELIEVE
CRIMINAL GAVE CALL.

MIAMI: This morning about three o'clock, the police in answer to a call entered the residence of Mrs. L. H. Highbrow. They found her bound to a bedpost, and gagged. On her arm was tattooed 'L.' Released, she declared that a masked man entered her room through the window. "I was asleep," she stated, "when I saw a shadow at the window. The man had evidently climbed up the rose trellis. He jumped into the room and clapped his hand over my mouth. In an instant, I was bound to the bedpost and gagged. I struggled in vain. After I became exhausted, he took a needle from his pocket and tattooed this 'L' on my arm." Sobbing, Mrs. Highbrow continued: "Then he left by the door, there, pausing to remark that 'L'

stood for loot. I knew nothing more until you released me."

No money was taken and no clues were found by the police. They believe that the alarm was sent in by the criminal himself, as no one was in the house except Mrs. Highbrow.

No motive was found for the attack. Mrs. Highbrow described the man as tall, dark, and handsome.

"That's Lefty Luke, all right," Brown decided. "Looks as if he were here in Miami!"

Brown had long been a detective in New York, but a serious illness had left him in bad health. So, for a time, he had the job as watchman in Florida.

As he sat there, thinking about Lefty Luke, his daughter, Lucy, entered. Knowing her father's habits, Lucy wasn't surprised to find him in a state of abstraction. No doubt there was some clue by which he hoped to bring Lefty Luke to justice, the man he had been following for more than a year. Lucy knew that Luke had been the leader in many bold crimes, but had never been caught by the authorities, but her father, 'Old Snifensnoop,' as he was called by some of his acquaintances on the

New York force, believed that he located him just before he left for Florida, for his health. Brown had thought that a certain person who posed to the world as a musician was Lefty. Proofs were lacking, however, and when Brown recovered from his illness, the man had disappeared.

* * * * *

STRANGE CRIME REPEATED:
CAMERA EYE WORKING ON CASE
POLICE BAFFLED

MIAMI: Last night the strange crime committed against Mrs. Highbrow was repeated. Mrs. Stone, wife of Dr. Hugh Stone, pastor of the Baptist church on Sight Street, was the second victim. The police, answering a call, entered the Stone residence and found Mrs. Stone bound to the bedpost and gagged. On her arm was tattooed an "F". Released, she declared: "I was awakened by this gag being forced into my mouth. I tried to cry out, but couldn't. Then I was pulled out of bed and bound to the bedpost. I saw my captor. From the description given by Mrs. Highbrow, I knew what to expect. He tattooed this "F" then glided away saying that "F" stands for FOURTH.

As in the Highbrow case, no money was taken, and no clues were found. In both instances, the man entered by a ladder taken from a neighboring house, which is being painted. As before, the alarm was evidently sent in by the criminal himself, since Dr. Stone was out of town. Camera Eye, as the great detective Hatchsiss is called, has agreed to take the case. His theory is that it was done for the sake of notoriety. Detective Perkins declares it was done on a bet. Detective Moroney insists that spite caused it, and there is another factor in the case.

"So the plot thickens and grows clearer," Brown declared. "Its plainly a message, those letters. And as for Hatchsiss, always knew he was a fool." Long and deeply Brown thought during the next week but with no result as to the motive of the crime.

As he came from work the morning of the 29th, he decided that the third part of the mysterious letter would be in the morning's paper. "Looks like I ought to get Lefty Luke this time," he chuckled.

As he turned into his yard, he saw that the front door was open. How was that? So he hurried up the steps and into the house. His suspicions were confirmed; there stood a policeman at the head of the stairs. The officer started to explain.

"Sir, I regret to inform you that—"

But Brown wasn't there. He had rushed into his daughter's room. She was sitting at the edge of the bed weeping. Three representatives of the law were standing about.

"Never mind Lucy," Brown soothed. "I'll make him pay for this."

Outraged, he stormed for fully fifteen minutes, picturing what he would do when he laid hands on that (brimstone!) man. He mentioned no name for he wished to have his own revenge. Having gained control of himself he went out and told the police that their services were no longer needed. But, as they insisted on being allowed to search for clues, he granted it on condition that they allow no reporters to come into the house.

Then Lucy told what happened with many tears. Lefty Luke, for of course it was he, tattooed a "T" on her arm and stated that it stood for TAG.

After consoling his daughter Brown left her, promising revenge. All that day he pondered save when he snatched a few hours sleep. In vain he could no more think of the motive than he could fly. Likewise, Tuesday, the first, passed without result. And Wednesday drew to a close without any "news." Thursday was half gone when Brown decided that he'd been fooling long enough.

Now let me think. LOOT is quite apparent. Evidently there is going to be a robbery. The second word, FOURTH, would appear to set the time. Evidently it is going to take place tomorrow. But that third word, TAG—let's see, tag's a game, or it's a slip of paper with an address on it. Ah! There's a clue! But it isn't very probable. Why, of course. That's it! Such stupidity!"

* * * * *

Fifteen minutes later Brown was talking to Ferguson, chief of police.

"H. T. Ruof? Yes, I know of him. He's a foreign banker," Ferguson explained "Why? You want to see him?"

"Yes, very important! Listen—" Here, Brown's voice sank to a whisper—

"Ha!" exclaimed the Chief. "I should say it is important. Come along, Carson and Reese."

Ten minutes later they arrived at the establishment of H. T. Ruof. It was a small place in fact, Ruof lived above it. They filed past the two clerks and entered the office. Ruof rose, pointed out chairs and inquired why he had been so honored.

"Mr. Ruof, we believe you can help us capture a certain miscreant," Brown explained.

"I guess you're mistaken, as I never associated with such people," Ruof retorted; "but I'll be glad to do what I can."

"Is there any reason why burglars should be interested in your bank just now?" Brown questioned.

"Yes there is. Several people have lately been depositing jewels for safe keeping; and for several reasons money has been streaming in. We have several thousand dollars in the vaults now."

"That is worth cracking a safe for!" Ferguson declared.

"Mr. Ruof, we believe that an attempt will be made on your safe soon. A guard of two plain clothesmen will remain here nights for a short time. Good-day. I will send the men around before closing time."

* * * * *

That night Ruof was awakened by two shots. He ran downstairs into the bank. Carson was at the 'phone trying to get Ferguson. On the floor were two men. One was dead; the other, Officer Reese, was shot through the shoulder. Ruof recognized the dead man as the musician who had been giving his son lessons on the violin.

Just then the dead man's confederates were brought in by policemen who had been watching outside. In a few minutes Brown, Ferguson and several reporters filed in. Ruof ran to Ferguson and began to work his hand like a pump handle.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" he exclaimed. "You have saved my name and my fortune."

"Don't thank me. You owe it all to Wilfred Brown here. He surmised that this attempt would be made."

Then Brown was asked by one of the reporters to explain what had put him on the trail.

"To begin, it will be necessary to go back to that series of crimes which puzzled the police so greatly. I refer to the tattooing of the three women, one of whom was my daughter. Let us set down those words which form a message. The first is LOOT and indicates a robbery. The second is FOURTH and sets the date. The third is TAG but it had no apparent connection with a robbery. But reverse the letters and you have GAT a common word for a gun. Reverse the others. The first makes TOOL and tools are plainly needed. The second word being reversed, gives H. T. Ruof the victim. The first letters of each word are a signature: LFT or Lefty. Now let us assemble the message.

"Come prepared with tools and guns on the fourth to rob H. T. Ruof.
Lefty Luke."

"I have finished a job on which I have been working two and a half years! Good night, gentlemen."

PENNSYLVANIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

by GEORGE WERTZ
(*Prize Oration—1927*)

Pennsylvania has long been called the Keystone State. This appropriate name has not been bestowed upon her without due reason, without consideration and appreciation for what our state has done. Pennsylvania's contributions have been many and prodigious, they have been nationally effective, yes, even internationally effective. To the constitution of the United States, Pennsylvania has given her best, her largest, and her most effective donations. In no other way than by preparing the road for this wonderful document, in assisting to produce it, or in firmly upholding its principles, could an individual, a state, or a nation claim the tribute of having effectively assisted our great country to its place as the first nation of the earth. Is any man, any deed, or any other document of as great value to the United States as her constitution? No. Because our constitution is the very foundation of our freedom, the freedom upon which our nation is based, upon which we have climbed to the topmost rung of civilization.

In our code of laws, a group of unusual, of daring, of talented men have embodied the very spirit of our nation, the spirit which we have always had, and which we must always maintain, if we would continue with success. Our constitution is, therefore, dependent on those men and on that spirit. Pennsylvania has contributed both. William Penn, the greatest Pennsylvanian, brought into our state that spirit, and here established a government, which gave equality and justice to all, a government which was a miniture of the effective far-reaching one which the United States later adopted. A few of the other colonies also established such governments and the result was the love of liberty in America. That spirit was emblazoned in the hearts of the people, it was the foundations of their daily life and could no more be separated from them, than could a wild animal of the jungle be peaceably separated from her young. The tyrannical King of Great Britian, by oppressing the colonies, set that spirit more firmly in them, and infused with it a spirit of sympathy, friendship, and devotion in each colony for its sisters. Without this spirit of freedom, of union, of sympathy, would our constitution be possible in the workable, adequate from it is today? It would not. Such a scheme could no more come from a people that are not thoroughly infused with the ideas that are its basis, than could water from a dry spring. And if a country, without these principles, were presented with such a code of laws, they would not be able to comprehend it, they would neither accept more endure it since it would contain nothing in common with them.

During the trying time of the revolution, these thirteen small countries were bound by a common cause, the cause of freedom. They held no prejudice or animosity against the mother country. In fact they were devoted to her interest and to her advancement, but they refused to be trampled upon by selfish tyrants, work-

ing toward a private end. Spurred on by this common cause, they needed no pledges or bonds to unit them as a single unit.

However, after the binding effect of the chain of war was lifted and peace was again brought to this land dissention spread among the colonies, and they, forgetting their weakness, took their individual courses. This would not do. We, of this age, can easily understand why. You know and I know that thirteen small countries could not exist on this rich continent without more suffering and more bloodshed than has been seen in the political wars of Europe, in the last few centuries. The intelligent, thoughtful, foresighted men of that day also understood these conditions; they knew that these colonies could not exist peacefully except under one strong central government and through their efforts the thirteen colonies were united as one grand nation.

To these devoted men we owe a debt of gratitude; to them we are indebted for our advantages and our happiness. They have given their time, their fortunes, their all to this great cause. But primarily they have given us a strong and lasting foundation, upon which has been built a firm union, a union that casts the light of peace and liberty to all within its jurisdiction. It is but just to these statesmen that we mention a few of the master-minds. There were Thomas Mifflin, George Clymer, Thomas Fitzsimons, and Jared Ingersoll. They were all steady, hard thinking men; and though not particularly prominent, their presence gave evidence that nothing but a strong workable proposition would develop from the constitutional convention. There were Robert and Gouverneur Morris and James Wilson. To Mr Wilson we are particularly indebted. Through his untiring energy, and that of his followers, our constitution, unlike the Articles of Confederation, formed a government of the people. In this he rendered a great service. We now realize that our federal government would have been little better than the government that preceded it, had it been merely a union of states. Thank God it was not. It was a government by the people.

And last, let us mention Benjamin Franklin. To think upon that venerable statesman bears a wish that such men could be born to all ages. What American knows not his name? He has passed into oblivion but has left a life history which all must commend. His labors for this country and especially for her constitution have been infinite, and have not been in vain.

When the constitutional convention was becoming discordant and factious, it was the venerable Benjamin Franklin who arose to the occasion, pacified the members, and brought harmony. With harmony came compromise, and with compromise the constitution of the United States.

In what better way, in what more honorable way can we show our respect and veneration for the men who gave us that constitution, than by upholding its principles, and thus securing its continuation through the ages to come? The constitution of the United States has proved its value, and as long as self-respect is present in the American Nation, that constitution will gloriously and majestically carry on its purpose.

VANITY

by ELEANOR DOVEY
(*Prize Essay—1927*)

Vanity, as a study, is a rather abstract one; that is, under it are conditions that exist the world over, and which are summarized indefinitely as vanity. It rises like a flower, from a little seed of compliment. This little seed develops under the care of the gardner, who waters it with more compliments. The stem finally appears, then the blossoms. The blossom is delicate and beautiful. If tendered with few compliments, it becomes a common weed of conceit. The idea of vanity involves the sense of personal appearance, dignity, and self-satisfaction.

Woman is considered the peacock of the world and is undoubtedly the introducer of vanity. As the first of her sex, Eve may be blamed for vanity's introduction in this world.

"Vain? Let it be so! Nature was her teacher
What if a lovely and unsistered creature
Loved her own harmless gift of pleasing feature."

Eve was indeed a lovely, unsistered creature who, taught by Nature, loved her own harmless gift of pleasing feature. Using a calm, crystal, pool of water, for a mirror in the Garden of Eden, Eve gazed vainly at her features. She noticed her long, knotted, unkept, tresses, and to smooth and keep them in place, she wound a twig around the crown of her head. It is not certain whether Eve was a blond or a brunette, but we consider it well that she escaped the process of bleaching the hair with Blondex. We also conclude that her eyes were equally as captivating as if she had used Winx. Eve noticed her rough eye-brows and attempted to smooth them with the stroke of her finger. She looked at her teeth and marveled at their whiteness. She pulled all the little stray hairs from around her chin and upper lip. We admit this was a crude introduction, nevertheless, we hold Eve responsible.

The boudoir of Milady of the primitive age was rustic and harsh compared to that of Milady of the twentieth century. Eve's boudoir consisted of a spacious room with nature's back-ground for its walls; the blue sky for a ceiling; and a carpet of moss to cover the uneven flooring. The dressing-table and chair were of grey chipped rock; her mirror a pool of water, and her bed a bundle of ferns. Her alarm clock was the howl of the lioness. The sun served to rouge her cheeks, the dew to bathe her, and the wild berries tinted her lips. No matter how simple her vanity, did not Eve have something over which to be vain?

But what a comparison with Milady of the twentieth century. Here, we find Milady in a boudoir enclosed on four sides by a wall not of Nature's but one made by man. Her boudoir is not as spacious as Eve's but softer, brighter, and cozier. How beautiful its bright, soft clinging drapes, its lights shaded in pastel-colored

silks, its woven carpets, and figured wall-papers. The four-legged bed covered with soft linen and woollen blankets is so snug and inviting. The vanity dresser is wooden, arrayed with all the feminine, dainty toilettes.

Here files in pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet doux.

The mirror is of glass, of course, and attached to the dresser, not necessitating a glance at the floor, as did Eve's to view one's self. The chair is an easy resting one with no jagged points of rock on the seat of it. And, behold, Milady does not depend upon Nature for her complexion—she buys it.

The fact that vanity is contagious to those coming in contact with vain persons is something to weep over in this century, the contagion is especially noticeable. Little sister sees big sister employ rouge and powder fluently and after big sister leaves the dressing-room, she begins her primping and rouging. Little brother sees big brother smoking the cigarette (a symbol of vanity), and he begins his puffing early, if not guarded.

The inventions through the ages, effect vanity powerfully. For instance—that terrible mirror; why was it invented? Every time we turn around, we view ourselves in the mirror.

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

Another invention is the vanity-case. By this, I do not mean a case in court concerning vanity. I am referring to a tiny little case or box in which a young lady transports her complexion. If she is accompanied by her vanity, her complexion is blooming. This invention comprises three fourths of Milady's vanity. A third invention is that of hair-groom. Some young men just plaster it on for vanity's sake. Another invention introduced to fashion, and to be worn by some one is that of the baloon trousers. Vanity decrees boyish bobs and windblowns for girls. and between them and balloon trousers (which resemble skirts) it's a problem to know a boy from a girl. Oh, how useless are vanity's inventions.

Vanity grows inwardly and appears outwardly. Vanity, as it appears outwardly does not suit all of our neighbors, if we only knew it. We, ourselves, may approve of ourselves, but others may see and know we are vain over nothing. But, we do not see the two sides of vanity—just on the side we see it and this is where we blunder. Burns illustrates this thought expressively:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

CANARY CUPID

by OLGA DAVIS
(*Prize Short Story—1927*)

As Diana Suthers looked down from the chateau, across the park, a coach rumbled in the darkness. Suddenly a match was struck inside the coach, betraying its occupant for a moment. As the man leaned forward, Diana spied a well-modeled face, thin aristocratic nose, full lips, and steel gray eyes. But the most compelling feature was the determined jaw. Then the light went out, leaving the coach in darkness.

Quickly, Diana leaned back from the balcony, but a moment too late, for Bob Blakewell had caught a glimpse of her lovely figure in fluttering white silk. But that one glimpse was his undoing.

Diana, ever an early riser, rose even earlier this morning. Two tiny white feet appeared from under the covers to be thrust into equally tiny slippers of blue satin. Out of bed, she drew on a lacy negligee bordered with ostrich feathers—then ran eagerly to the broad windows, to gaze over the beautiful scene until her eyes came to a little cottage on the edge of the woods. Such a cozy place!

It was painted white, and had a thatched roof. On one side rose a quaint chimney overgrown with ivy. In the front, prim hollyhocks stood guard by a winding flagstone path that led down to a tiny pond, where beautiful swans swam gracefully among water lilies.

Suddenly, as Diana stood there, the door of the cottage was opened. A man appeared. He walked right down the path toward the pond, then turned and strode off into the woods.

"So he is walking in my woods! Well, as I live, I never saw such impudence!"

She dressed hastily, but was careful to pick a becoming gown. Before starting, she looked in the mirror, and quite pleased, went to the window and whistled. There came an answering call, then a beautiful canary flew into the room and perched upon her wrist.

Merrily, Diana ran along the hall, tripping lightly down the stairs and into the garden. Here she stopped long enough to pick a red rose, and to arrange it in her dark hair.

Then she turned and walked into the woods. Suddenly she stopped, for in

front of her stood the man she had seen last night in the coach. Now he was petting two fawns. Seeing her, he immediately arose. If she had expected him to be embarrassed, she was disappointed.

He rose with a slight bow, as if he were unaware that he was intruding on the property of Diana.

"I am afraid I never have had the pleasure of meeting you. You see, I just came last night. I am Bob Blakewell."

And I am Diana Struthers. I suppose you have come to live in the cottage?"

Diana was simple amazed at herself. Here, she had intended to act haughtily and to order him from her grounds. But—now she had just introduced herself to him.

Suddenly, Bob noticed Diana's canary. "It's a beauty, Miss Struthers," he praised. "What is his name, if I may take the liberty of asking.

Diana smiled faintly, showing two beautiful dimples. So he was making conversation? Well, so could she.

"His name, Mr. Blakewell, is Bobby," she replied.

"A beautiful name for a beautiful bird. But come, what is his real name?"

"Oh, you think I would tell fibs? Well, maybe I would. His real name is Goldie."

Suddenly Diana seemed to remember the difference in their stations, and she became coldly indifferent to him, declaring:

"I think, Mr. Blakewell, I had better be going. Good-day!"

"Good-day, Miss Struthers."

Watching the tall, slender figure moving away, he exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be darned! What did I do? The only difference between her and a piece of ice is that it doesn't look as though she were going to melt."

As Diana walked homeward she wondered why she hadn't told him that the park was hers and private. But, pondering this, she realized that she didn't want him to stop thinking of her—as he surely would have done if she had ordered him out of the park.

The next morning when Diana whistled at the window, there was no welcoming answer. Goldie was gone!

It was the worst thing that could have happened, for Diana had given all her love to Goldie. He had been her companion and had comforted her—the only friend she had. In truth, Goldie stood as a symbol for the great love which Diana hoped would come to her some day.

So, in despair, she searched the stables, the garrets, the cellars, and even the old tower, but Goldie was not to be found.

At length she thought of Bob Blackwell; the bird might have gone to his cottage. As Diana came through the woods, Bob came out of the house and hurried to her side.

"Mr. Blackwell, have you seen him?" Diana demanded.

Seeing that she was beside herself with anxiety, Bob reached out and took her hand.

"Goldie is gone and I thought perhaps he might have come here," she said hopefully.

Gently, he withdrew his hand. "I'm very sorry, but I haven't seen him. I'll look for him though and if I find him, I'll bring him right over."

A minute after Diana had gone Bob's eyes fell on Goldie, a little yellow ball. He stooped to pick him up. Then he noticed that a little leg was broken. So he hastened after Diana. Then thinking of it, he stopped.

"By Jove! It will break her heart to find the little shaver's leg broken. Goldie is probably the nearest I'll get to Diana's love. I'll keep him as a symbol of the love I hold for her."

And so, week after week, while Diana haunted the forest and searched for Goldie, Bob was helping the little leg on its way to recovery. He named it "Diana," pretending it was his real Diana, who had come to share his cottage.

Diana continued to roam the forest. But it was not only to search for Goldie—she hoped to see Bob. Now, of course, she couldn't confess it. No doubt he despised her for a rich and haughty girl.

One day, about three months after Goldie had disappeared, Diana again ventured nearer to Bob's cottage than usual. Why—it was the sweet song of the bird! Softly she stole to the door, pushed it open, and went in. Bob was standing

with his back to her, in deep thought. Then he turned and saw her! He started toward her, then suddenly stopped.

"Good morning, Miss Suthers. To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

And it took all of his self control to say this, too, for his heart cried out that he should take Diana in his arms. Purposely he had been staying in the house, so that he wouldn't meet her, fearing that the temptation might prove too great and that he might lose even her friendship and respect.

Now, before she could realize what she was doing, she walked across the room and opened the door. There, upon a soft cushion, stood Goldie. Diana rushed over, picked up the little bird and pressed him to her heart. When her eyes fell on the little splint, she looked at Bob; he was sitting with his head in his hands.

First, he had lost Diana. Now, even his dream was shattered, for she would take Goldie. Nothing would remain save his memories. Suddenly a soft voice called:

"Bob!"

Just a word! But enough to stir the desire already in his heart. He stood up and strode to her side. With a low cry she flew into his arms, to hear of his great love for her. He also told her about his family and why he had come to the cottage to live.

"You see, dear, I was somewhat of a young fool about four months ago. Thought I had fallen in love with the grocer's daughter and all that sort of thing. Naturally father was furious, and said I'd have to get over it and leave women alone. Settle down! As an incentive, he said if I would spend three months without having anything to do with women, he would take me into his business as a junior partner. If not, well you know the rest. And so——

But he never finished, for the last word was erased with a kiss.

Meanwhile, unaware of all the happiness he had brought about, Goldie just kept on singing in the corner.

"GETTING OUT" A SCHOOL PAPER

by SYLVIA RUSH
(Prize Essay—1927)

"Staff Meeting, Wednesday, Fifth Period. Be There."

"GETTING OUT" A SCHOOL PAPER

How many different ways this simple statement affects pupils of a high school: The Freshmen are filled with wonder and awe, that so great a school paper can be published by mere pupils. The Sophomores smile saucily at it and "cut it" for Camera Club. But I, a Senior, am filled with anxiety and alarm, for, although some will mock, many laugh and many scorn, I consider getting out a school paper a two weeks' job and one not to be laughed at.

In the first place, the various topics are assigned and distributed to the reporters and our announcement made that the paper must go to press on the nineteenth at 9:30 a. m. The seventeenth arrives and not an article has been written or at least handed in for correction. A staff meeting must be called. And I miss the event toward which I looked forward with most eagerness—basket ball practice.

At the appointed hour everyone starts to work. Henrietta has the "pep" article

to write and has it about half done. She also must write the "Notes of Interest" and hasn't begun them. Doris has been assigned a feature article and can't imagine what in the world to write about. She also is to write a two hundred and fifty word article. John has the ever popular "Didjaever?", Helen, the jokes, and so forth. I have been assigned a five hundred word article to write—subject optional. As I ponder over the matter, I wonder if such a long article has ever appeared in print. The only suggestion as to the sort of subject is couched in the editor's expression: "Use your imagination and a lot of description," such a time as we have! The meeting closes at five forty-five and another session is appointed for the next night, the eighteenth.

Everyone foresees what a hectic meeting this one will be, and, as a result, not half the staff come. I have my article partly written and so I continue it. When I have finished I find to my horror that I am thirty words short. I go back through the story hunting places where I can add words. I change all the participles to clauses, I change all the expressions "Westmont High School" to "Westmont-Upper Yoder High School," thereby gaining two words. I add an adjective here and an adverb there. Finally I am done and find to my satisfaction that it fills the space and reads quite well. I give it to the supervising teacher.

"That is good," she says, "space it, please."

"Oh, give me Liberty or give me death," I think to myself as I copy the entire article for the fourth time.

There are more articles to write and I copy and space until my hand aches. Henrietta's "pep" article, which is still half done, is handed to me for completion. Ted didn't write his articles or come to staff meeting either, so James is given his article to write. Rebecca's two articles are entirely done and handed in. Thank goodness we have one sane member on the staff. John is sent scurrying up to the office to find the price of the basket ball tickets, so that the "Notes of Interest" may be finished, and he finds, to our dismay, that the Principal has gone. Mary can't think of a certain word to use, so after each of us has been bothered collectively and individually, we drag out the dictionary. Doris decides to write on the Girls' Club Play as her feature article, and, after she has written two paragraphs, announces that she must go to the dentist at four thirty, so another article is thrust my way for completion. I vow I will possess the versatility of a dictionary before this copy of the paper goes to press!

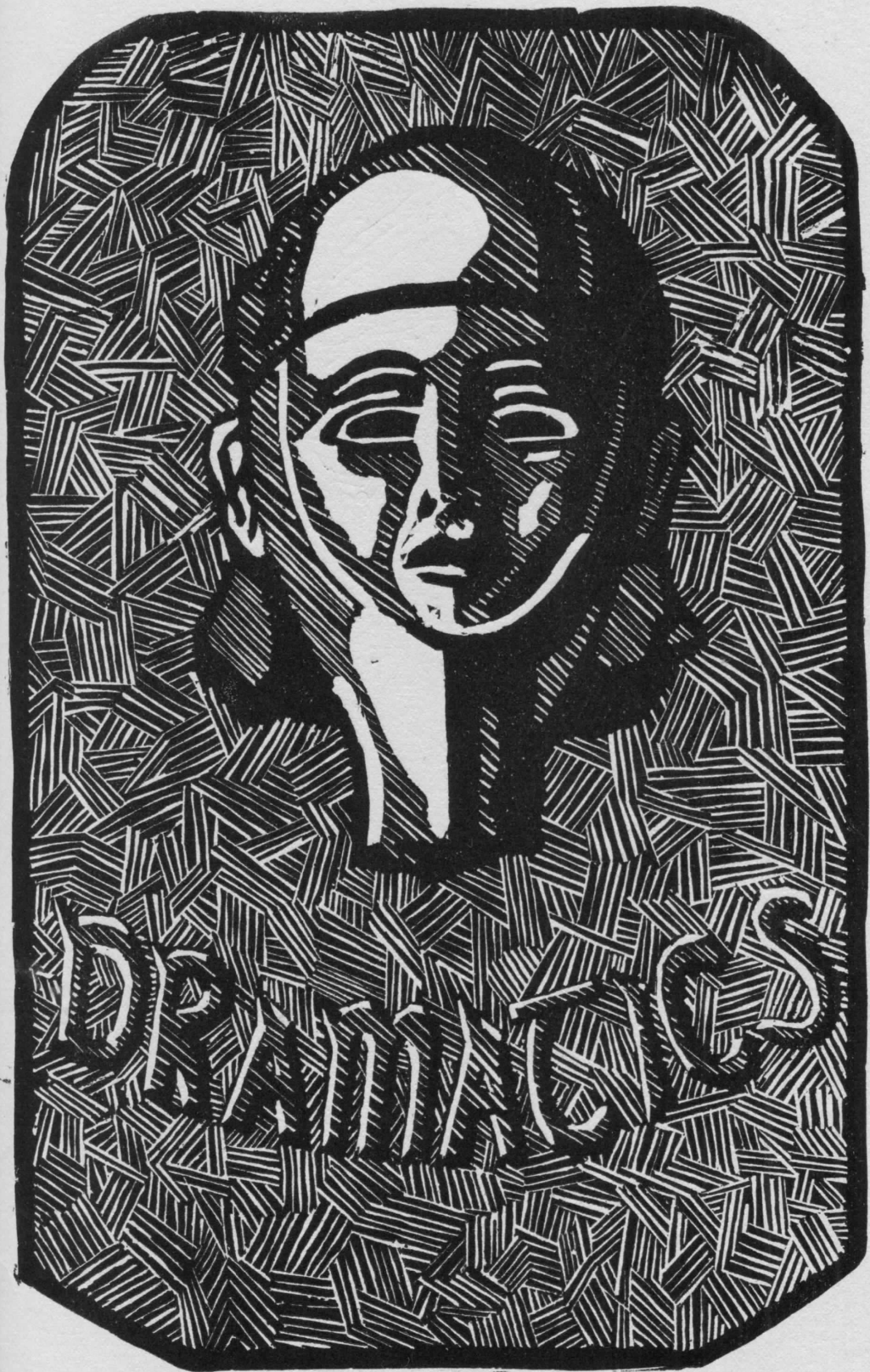
Finally, at six o'clock, all is done, copied, spaced—but when we measure up, the number of inches to an article on the scale of last month's paper we find that a whole half page is left vacant—oh, why didn't Atlas throw the old world away in the first place! A hastily constructed poem entitled "To Fill Up Space" is written by the combined efforts of the few wild-eyed staff reporters still on the job.

Betty misses a study period the next morning and takes the paper to press at nine thirty. I wish I could go and miss the first class (whose lesson I didn't study on account of staff meeting); the teacher would rather have one miss a study than a class.

The paper comes back to be proof read in a few days. Again we stay after school and work. Each article must be read six times, and as only six stay to proof-read, it takes quite a while.

Finally the paper does come out—and on the black board appears the announcement:

"Staff meeting, Wednesday, fifth period. Be There"—and we start work on the next issue.





"Road to Yesterday"
SENIOR CLASS PLAY, 1926

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of their appearance)

Acts I and IV
(The present)

Malena Leveson
 Eleanor Leveson
 Harriet Phelps
 Will Leveson
 Jack Greatorax
 Norah Gillaw
 Elspeth Tyrrell
 Dolly Foulis
 Adrian Tompkyns
 Kenelm Paulton

Dorothea Wolf
Beth Dankmyer
Frances McGahan
Morris Lewis
Eberle Thomas
Hazel Hawk
Mary Louise Burkhard
Alice Raab
Robert Sloan

Hugh Sheridan

Joe Bennett
Ben Coll

Thomas Cleaver

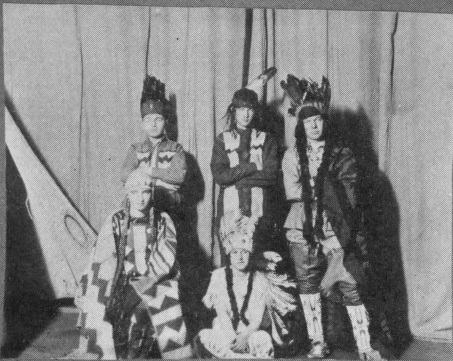
Act II and III
(Three hundred years ago)

Black Malena
 Elinor Tylney
 Goody Phelps of the Red Swan
 Will wi' the Feather
 Reformado Jack
 Mother Gillaw
 Lady Elizabeth Tyrrell
 Dolly, Tiring Woman
 Tomkin, the Tapster
 Kenelm Pawlet, Lord Strangevon
 Watt

Matt

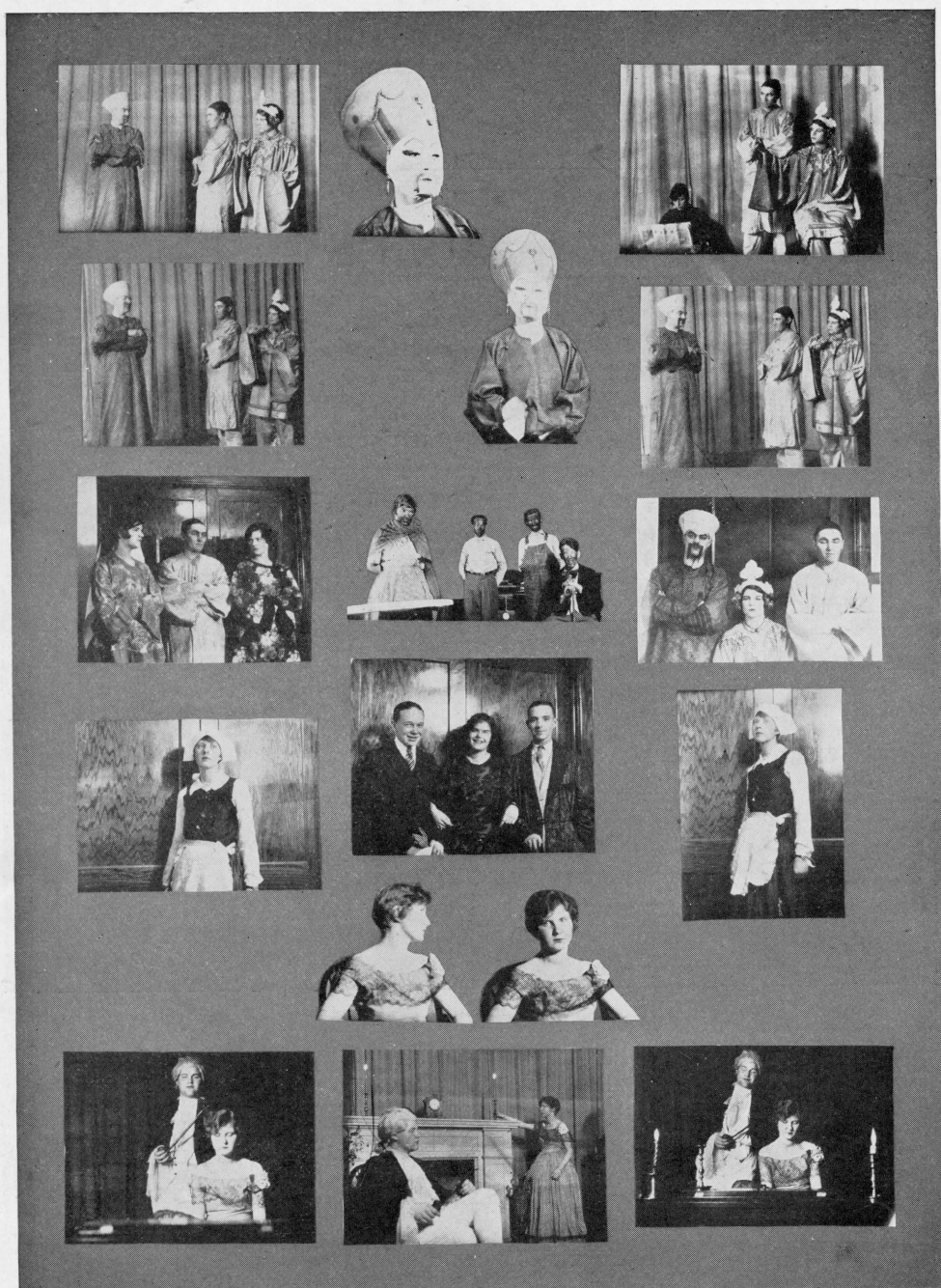
Hubert

T H E P H O E N I C I A N



"LELAWALA"
or
"THE MAID OF NIAGARA"
Presented by
THE MUSICAL CLUBS
March 25, 1927

THE PHOENICIAN



ONE ACT PLAYS
Presented by the Senior Class 1927



ORGANIZATIONS

T H E P H O E N I C I A N



PHOENICIAN STAFF

Jean Kantner, Roberta Williams, Editor-in-Chief; Mary Frances Tarr, Walter Sides, Gerard Wenderoth, William Bailey, Kathleen Call, Louise Stouppe, Andrew Crichton, Mary Louise Boyle, Bessie Glosser, Louise Stevens, Sylvester McCall.



GOSSIP STAFF

Lillian Slough has led the Gossip Staff through a very successful year. The number of issues, being nine, outnumbered that of any other year. Many important things happened. The staff became a member of the Pennsylvania Press Association, the editorial page was changed and met with approval, and cartoons were introduced, thus winning the Gossip more favor and interest.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The Students' Council has done a very beneficial work this year under the supervision of President Herbert Walker. A "Clean Up" campaign was held, during which foot scrapers were bought. Clubs were organized in the home rooms for the purpose of teaching parliamentary law to the students, and several chapel programs were in charge of the Students' Council.



THRIFT SAVINGS BANK

The members of the Bank Staff have worked hard to establish economy and to develop the habit of saving among the pupils. Mr. Engh reported that approximately \$1,641 was deposited by the pupils during the year.



DEBATING TEAMS

On November 19, 1926, the Seniors held their annual debate. The subject chosen was "Resolved, That the Philippine Islands should be given immediate independence."

The participants were: Affirmative—Bessie Glosser, Mary Frances Tarr, Fred Brickner; Negative—Roberta Williams, Louise Stevens, Lycurgus Gurley.

Roberta Williams, Louise Stevens and Lycurgus Gurley were awarded the George T. Robinson medals.



BOYS' CLUB

The purpose of the Boys' Club is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community a high standard of Christian character.

The outstanding feature of the year was the Father and Son night at which time the boys invited their fathers to join them in an attempt to become better acquainted.

The Club, with Earl Eckle as President, accomplished much toward the promotion of their ideals; namely, clean speech, clean scholarship, clean athletics, and clean living.



GIRLS' CLUB

The Girls' Club has had a very successful and satisfactory year under the leadership of the President, Elsa Jahn. Good feeling, friendliness, and helpfulness, the aims of the club, were stressed throughout the year.

Excellent speakers were procured at various times to talk to the girls. Among them were Miss Cora Clary, Secretary of the Girl Reserves, Mrs. Rush, Miss Moore and Miss Maggart.

The Club presented "Little Women" as its annual play and used the proceeds to pay the Y. W. C. A. pledge.



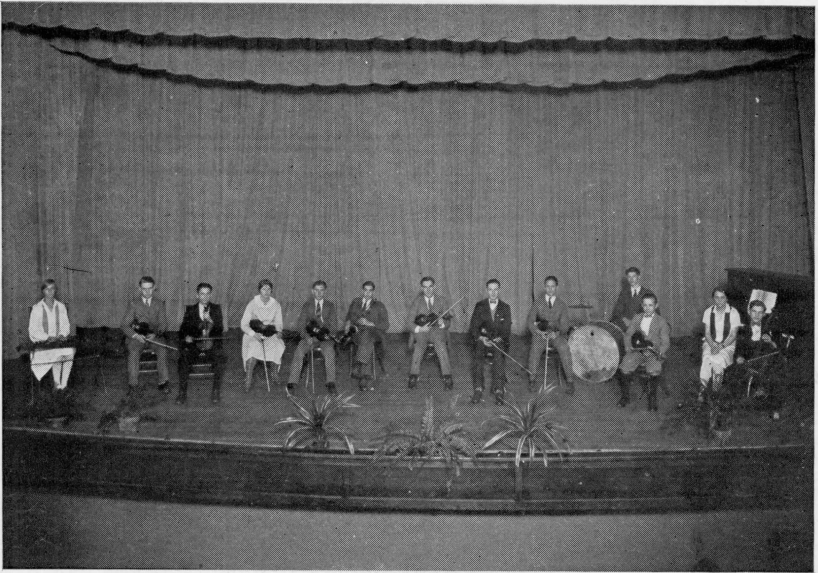
GIRLS' CHORAL CLUB

The Girls' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Ames, has occupied a large part of the school calendar this year. Early in the school year a concert was presented, the proceeds of which were used to buy more orchestral instruments. In October, the Club sang two songs at the County Institute in Ebensburg. The Club's largest and most difficult undertaking was the operetta, "Lelawala" or "The Maid of Niagara," by Charles Wakefield Cadman, given March 23, 1927. This was very successful.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club is growing steadily. The Club sang with the Girls' Choral Club at the County Institute in Ebensburg. This Club also assisted greatly in the presentation of the concert in the fall and in the operetta, "Lelawala."



ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has grown this year under the direction of Miss Ames. The orchestra, together with the Musical Clubs, gave a concert in November. The proceeds of this concert were used to buy a xylophone and saxophone, which make a total of twelve instruments. In March the orchestra accompanied the Glee Clubs in presenting the operetta, "Lelawala."



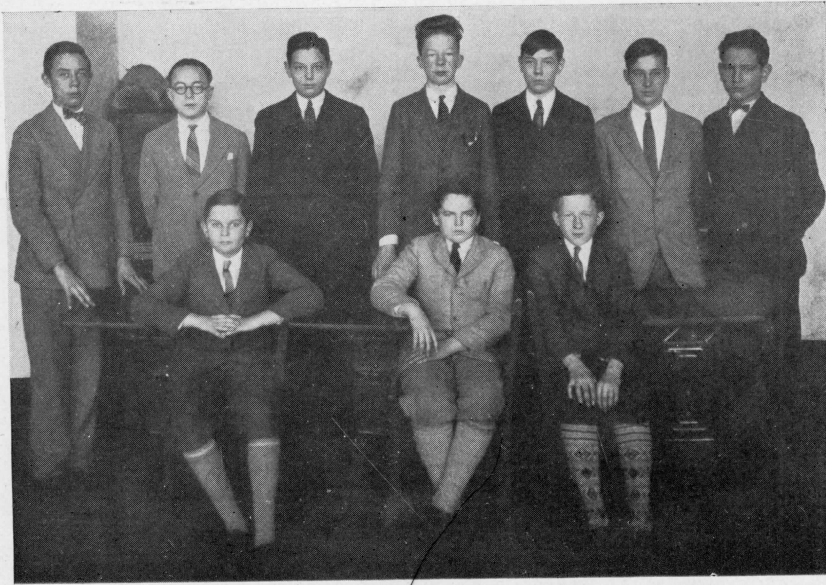
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE

This Committee is composed of one faculty adviser, the Boys' Athletic Director, the Girls' Athletic Director, the officers of the Athletic Association, and the managers and captains of the various sports. The Committee has many duties, including the electing of the managers of the sports, the amending of the constitution and the passing on the awards of the insignia. The Athletic Association itself is made up of the student body.



POSTER CLUB

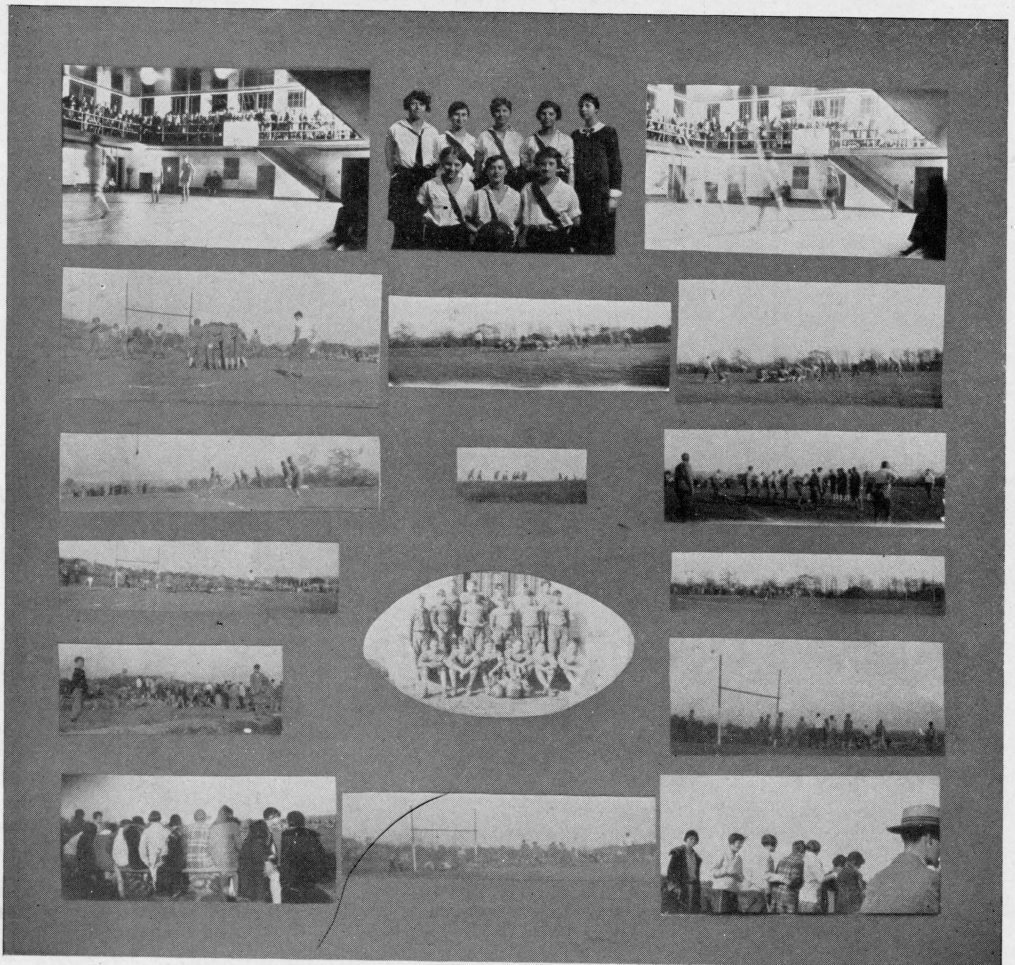
The Poster Club has proven itself an indispensable club. It has painted posters for plays given at the school and has printed signs for athletics. Sign painting was stressed this year.



CAMERA CLUB

Mr. Belles, with the aid of school students, has organized a Camera Club. Many of the pictures of plays appearing in this book were taken by the club. They have also taken successful pictures of football and basket ball games.

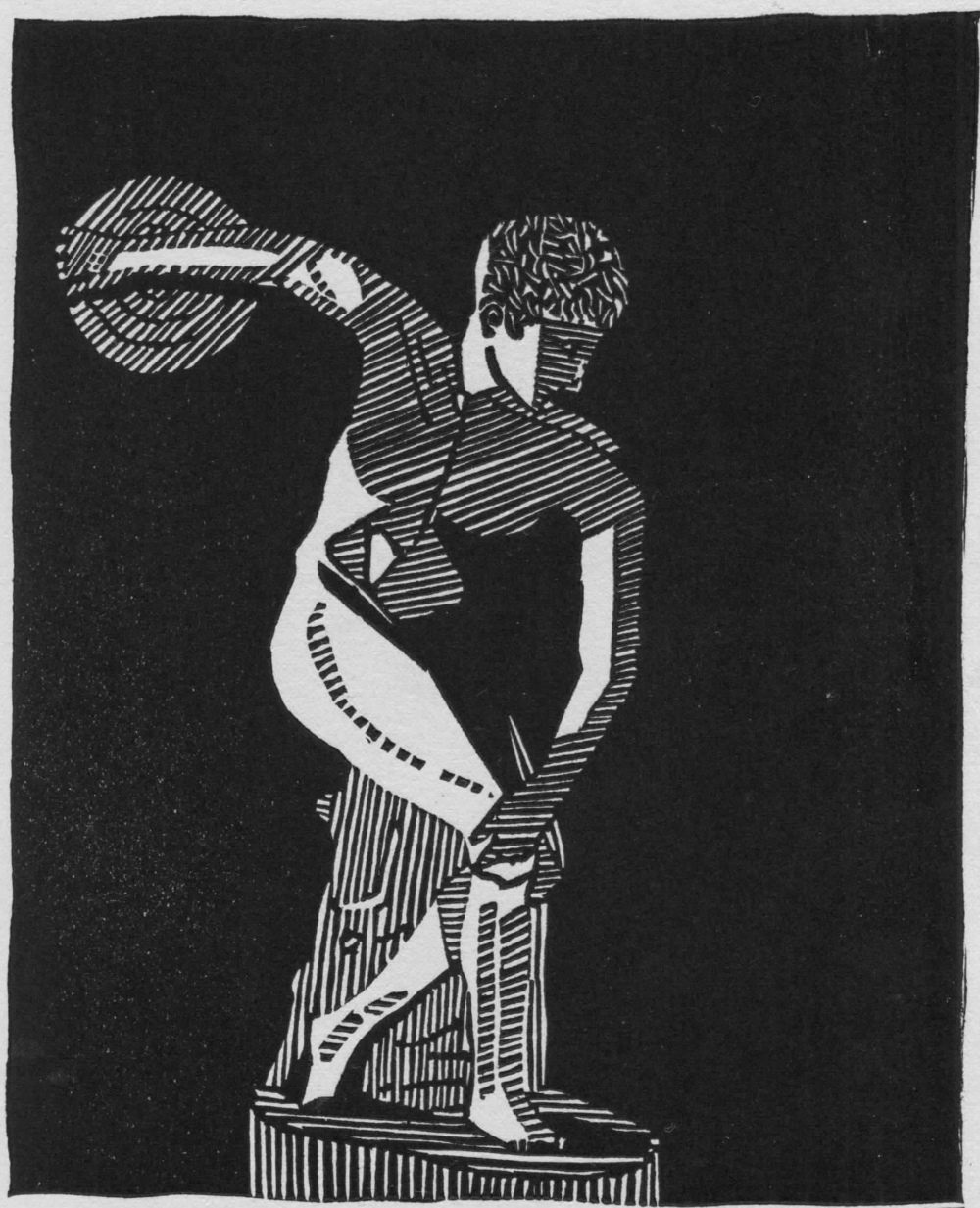
THE PHOENICIAN



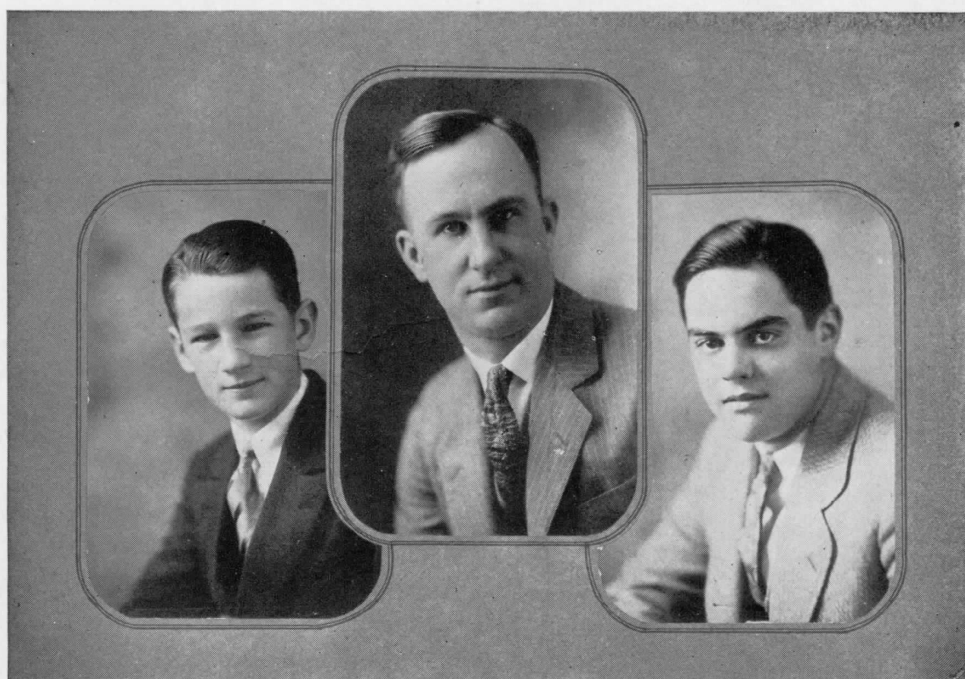
The Beaverdale Game
The Team in Action
The Spectators

Girls' Varsity
Football Team

The Beaverdale Victory
Our Football Field
The Rooters



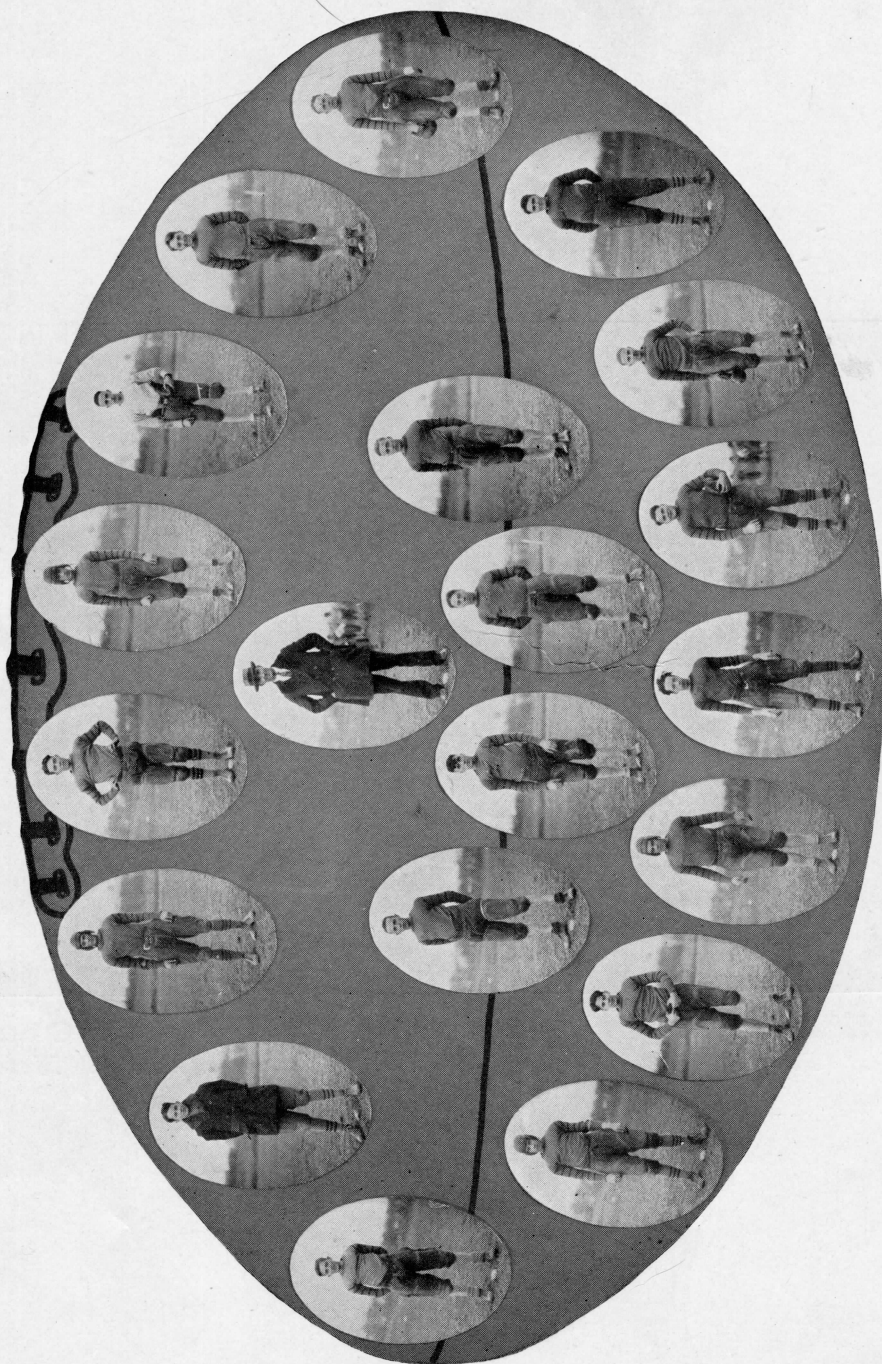
ATHLETICS



SYLVESTER McCALL
(Football Manager)

CARL A. ENGH
(Coach)

LYCURGUS GURLEY
(Basketball Manager)



FOOTBALL

The 1926 football season was completed November 20 by a tie game with Ebensburg High School. This team, which is only the third that the school produced, completed a very successful season. The whole team, with the exceptions of Bailey, Dishong, Brickner, Gurley, and Marshall, was fashioned out of new material by Coach Engh. The prospects for football in Westmont, if such a successful season is repeated, are that football will become as widely known as other athletics. Considering the fact that six varsity men will graduate this year, Coach Engh states that the outlook for next year's team is very promising since there was good material in the past year's sub team.

The victories brought home by the Westmont eleven were: Derry, Dale, Conemaugh, Cresson, and Cochran. Tie games were Cochran and Ebensburg; the defeats, Ferndale and Apollo. The complete season consisted of five victories, two ties and two defeats.

At the annual meeting of the Athletic Association, held April 7, Charles Kintner was elected Captain for next year, while Coach Engh announced that the letter men for the past season were Dishong, Captain; Bailey, Gurley, Marshall, Brickner, Kintner, Eckel, McGrath, Longwell, Conrad, Black, Carroll, and Crichton.

The results of the season's games:

Westmont, 13; Cochran, 13. Westmont, 14; Dale, 6. Westmont, 25; Derry, 0. Westmont, 0; Ferndale, 13. Westmont, 25; Conemaugh, 6. Westmont, 13; Cresson, 7. Westmont, 0; Apollo, 56. Westmont, 22; Cochran, 0. Westmont, 6; Ebensburg, 6. Totals—Westmont, 118; Opponents, 107.



BASKET BALL—1926-1927

This year's season closed with a record of twelve victories and nine defeats. This was extremely good, considering that the team was practically "green," Bailey and Marshall being the only ones from last year's team. Coach Engh reports that he was well pleased with the season's results as several of our best players were unable to play in some of our hardest games on account of injuries received early in the season.

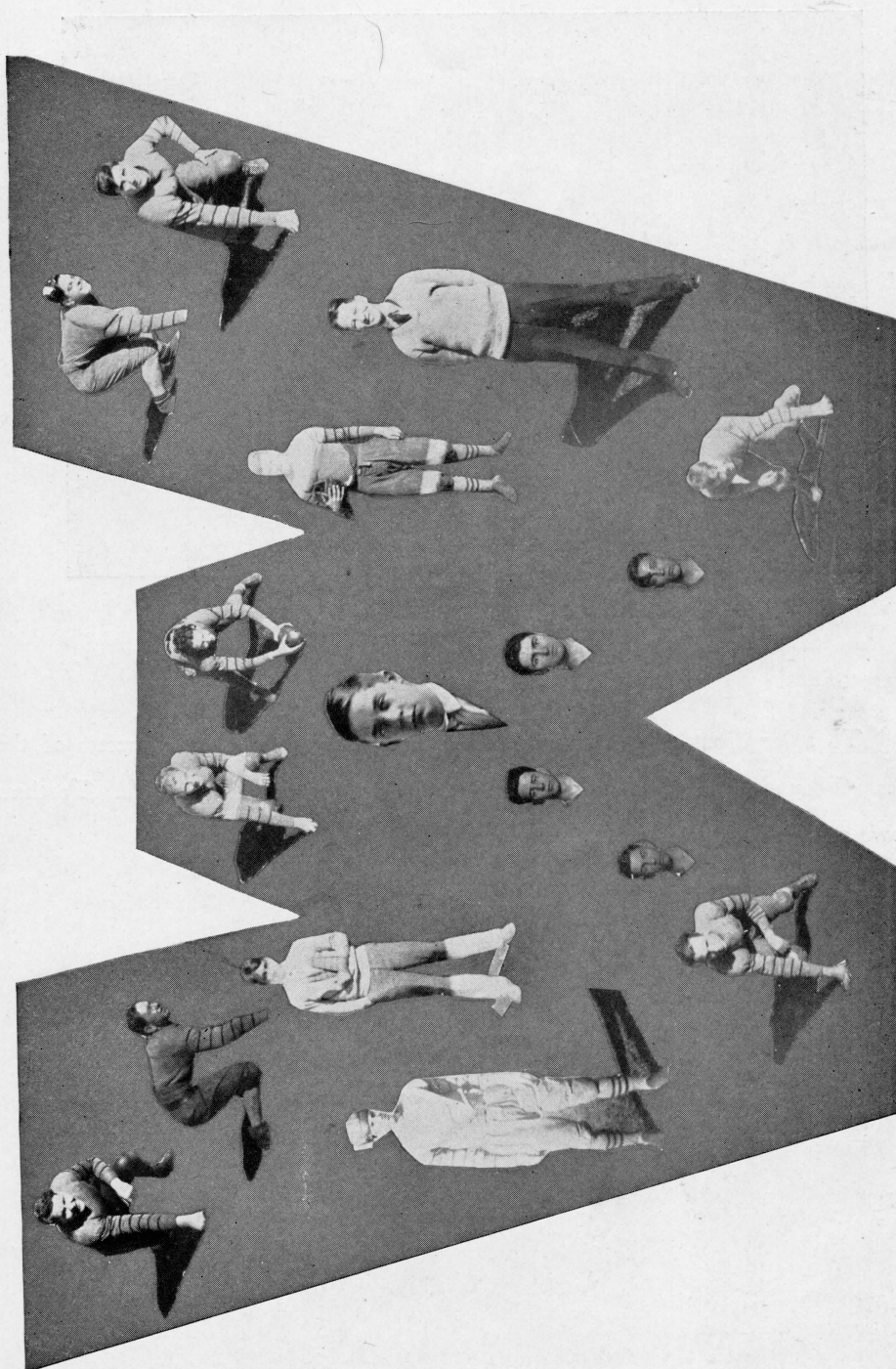
The prospects for next year's team are very promising as four of the varsity will remain for next year's team.

At the meeting of the Athletic Association, held April 7, Richard Marshall was unanimously elected as Captain of next year's team. The basketball men who received their balls this year are Captain Bailey, Brickner, Conrad, Gurley, Kintner and Sawyer.

The results of the season's games were: Westmont, 34; Richland Township, 28. Westmont, 50; Adams Township, 9. Westmont, 32; Alumni, 21. Westmont, 27; Conemaugh, 26. Westmont, 39; Dale, 16. Westmont, 21; Mt. Savage Shamrocks, 29. Westmont, 29; Ferndale, 18. Westmont, 37; Punxsutawney, 52. Westmont, 21; Richland Township, 26. Westmont, 36; Adams Township, 23. Westmont, 32; Conemaugh, 18. Westmont, 46; Portage, 16. Westmont, 21; Dale, 25. Westmont, 18; Frostburg, 32. Westmont, 16; Cumberland, 38. Westmont, 17; Beaverdale, 14. Westmont, 30; Cumberland, 27. Westmont, 29; Ferndale, 28. Westmont, 21; Beaverdale, 22. Westmont, 22; Portage, 24. Westmont, 16; Houtzdale, 46. Total: Westmont, 604; Opponents, 271.



GIRLS' VARSITY BASKET BALL TEAM





CHEER LEADERS

To a large extent the Cheer Leaders are responsible for the success of the games. They are always ready to respond to any call to lead us in cheers. To them we owe our hearty thanks for boosting our school spirit.

Striking
JOKES and
subtle
ADD



UNOFFICIAL CALENDAR

August 30, 1926—Do you remember the dreaded start? How we all crept to school; some green Freshmen, some sophisticated Sophomores, some intelligent Juniors, and some high-hat Seniors.

September 18, 1926—Fair Day! Oh, how we all wished that the fair would last for nine months!

September 13, 1926—First chapel. Lost! One girl (not a Freshman). She is very much broken up thinking that the floor will be her only chair. Our voices were tried for the first time after the months' relaxation.

September 14, 1926—The Freshmen girls perform for the Girls' Club. Although they were green, they were great sports.

September 25, 1926—The first football game with Cochran, 13—13, favor W. U. Y. H. S.

October 2, 1926—Westmont beats Dale, 14—6. Fine game.

October 6, 1926—Boo-hoo! First report cards out! Much grieving.

October 15, 1926—Teachers weep, but pupils laugh! All out for Institute Week!

October 24, 1926—Back at it again! Oh, how we wish the teachers would not learn so quickly.

October 30, 1926—The unexpected has happened! Westmont conquers Cone-maugh on Conemaugh's field with a score of 25—6.

November 19, 1926—Big Senior Debate! Fifteen rahs for the fine senior speakers!

November 24, 1926—All out for Thanksgiving! Two free days! Oh, what a life. Fine Thanksgiving program. Marg Fasset scores a hit.

December 6, 1926—Rev. Bull gave splendid chapel program. Japan comes to our chapel before our eyes!

December 14, 1926—Girls' Club gave a fine play "Little Women." Enjoyed by all!

December 23, 1926—Christmas program. Congratulations, Miss Greer. It was fine! The long looked for happened! No school until the following year—January 3, 1927.

January 3, 1927—Back in the old workhouse again after a pleasant vacation!

January 19-21, 1927—Elson Art Exhibition held in school. Art appreciated by all!

T H E P H O E N I C I A N

January 18, 1921—Real chairs with leather seats in the "audi." Oh, what a comfort to sit in chapel and look at the pictures from the exhibition.

February 14, 1927—Miss Moore, an African missionary, gave the best talk of the year! Now we know how a colored man lives!

February 18, 1927—Girls' Club holds annual George Washington Party. Back to those good old days!

February 22, 1927—Westmont defeats Beaverdale in big B. B. game! For the first time in the history of our school we had a band in our gym!

March 10, 1927—Commercial Law and Problems of Democracy classes tour to Ebensburg, where they explore jail, court, county home, and orphanage.

March 11, 1927—Portage downs Westmont in basketball so as to put Westmont out of running in the league. Bad day for the hilltop. Boo-hoo!

March 15, 1927—Parents' Day at the school. Our parents note the difference between now and the good old days.

March 18, 1927—The Seniors shine once more! Hermine Luebbert takes home the bacon from the school Oratorical Contest. Good work, Rusty!

April 14, 1927—So long, Seniors! A week end spent in Washington! Was the discussion beforehand or the trip more fun? Who knows?

April 22, 1927—Girls prove that their gym work is as worthwhile as the boys. Gym exhibition is huge success!

April 28, 1927—Mothers and daughters get together for annual frolic. First Presbyterian Church is center of much fun!

For the Student Fellow---

Clothes That Reflect the Spirit of
Youth, Designed to Meet With Favor
In Collegiate Circles.



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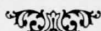
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RUSSELL HEFFLEY
Commercial Photographer

M. G. H.

A Friendly Letter To All Graduates

Long ago we received our Diploma from the good people of Johnstown and vicinity. They gave us the very highest degree obtainable in "modern Merchandising"—"Service and Quality"—of these we are proud.

You, in turn may also be proud. A Westmont High school diploma, which you have earned for yourself—is no mean possession.

We congratulate you on this achievement and wish you further success in all your undertakings.



Anticipate
Your
Graduation
Needs---

We Have

—As In Previous years—provided full and attractive assortments of everything for the young man and young lady—Hosiery—Handkerchiefs—Footwear—Dresses—Coats—Hats—Undergarments—at prices that you know, of course, are the lowest in the City.

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**THE COLL STATIONERY
AND ART SHOP**

When it is fitting to give a gift, come here. No matter what the occasion may be we can sell you something really appropriate.

"GIFTS THAT PLEASE"

**THE COLL STATIONERY
AND ART SHOP**

226 Market St. Johnstown, Pa.
Telephone No. 6585

Teacher: "Johnnie, for what is Switzerland noted?"

Johnnie: "Why, Swiss cheese."

Fred (defining post mortem)—"It's the corpse of a dead person."

"Look, papa, Abie's cold is better and we still got a box of cough drops left."

"Oo, vot extravagance. Tell Jacob to go out and get his feet wet."

Owner of Ancient Car—I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to walk up this hill."

Passenger—"Righto, old chap, I'll wait for you at the top."

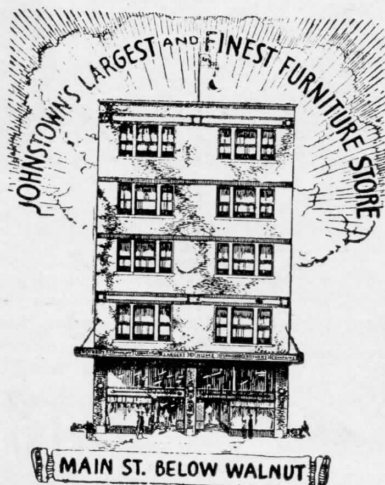
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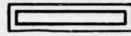
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If a girl receives a kiss
And goes and tells her mother
She does a very foolish thing
And does not deserve another.

Cop—"Who was driving when you hit the truck?"
Drunk (triumphantly)—"None of us, we were all in the back seat."

Bert—"Now, honestly, what would you do if you were in my shoes?"
Betty—"Get a shine."

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COMPLIMENTS

OF

Westmont Garage



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T. O. MORGAN

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THOMAS J. APRYLE

HALLMARK JEWELER

512 Main Street

ESTABLISHED 23 YEARS

Found in Herb Walker's note book:

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurt, alack!
I think I'll have to go to-night
And give the darn thing back.

"Bud" Gurley—"Herb's girl is quite a striking beauty."
Bailey—"Yes, that's how he got his black eye."

"Fighting is all right, providing you do it intelligently."
"Yes, but you can't always find a smaller man."

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SPECIALIZING IN PERMANENT WAVING
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Phone 2560

Intoxicated (in taxi)—“Home, James.”

Driver—“Say, Mister, this is a taxi.”

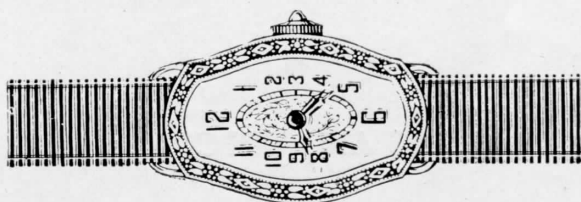
Intoxicated—“Home, Jesse James.”

“Says here that Norway wants more prohibition.”

“Well, I’m big hearted, we’ve got a lot lying around over here, we’re not using.”

Verna (in Virgil class—speaking of Roman calendar)—“Mrs. Wright will you show us how to make dates?”

Gift Jewelry—



FOR GRADUATES

Confidence is the foundation of our selling, every article, from the smallest inexpensive one, to the Diamond whose value runs into hundreds of dollars, is sold for just what it is. You can depend upon this shop—absolutely—in your Jewelry Gift Buying.

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Hunter (telling story)—“I fired. Imagine the thrill I experienced. The lion lay dead.”

Skeptic Listener—“What had it died of?”

Instructor—“Now what do we mean when we say that the whole is greater than any of its parts?”

Student—“A restaurant doughnut.”

Betty (at piano recital)—“What is that charming thing she is playing?”

Peve—“Can’t you see? A piano.”

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| Cabin Rates, Round Trip..... | \$290.00 Up |
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"No, I'm not."

"Lucky boy, how did you get out of it?"

"I married her."

Miss Trine (angrily)—"Not a person in this room will be given the liberty to talk the rest of the period."

Dave Englehardt—"Give me liberty or give me death."

Miss Trine (very agitated)—"Who said that?"

Englehardt—"Patrick Henry."

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"C" PRIME COAL

PARK BUILDING



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OF

Bingham Grocery

Aunt (reading)—“Satan trembles when he sees the feeblest saint upon his knees.”

Boy—“But, Auntie, why does Satan let the saint sit upon his knees if it makes him tremble?”

Lecturer—“Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster.”

Man in Audience to Wife—“Land sakes, Maria, let's get out of here. He's a-goin' ter start in on the dictionary.”

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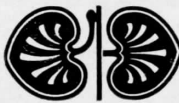
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132 MARKET STREET

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

Mother—"What is this 60 on your card?"

David E.—"That is the temperature of the room."

Senior—"Bet I know where you got your tic."

Frosh—"Where?"

Senior—"Around your neck."

Mr. Fails (in Science class)—"When two bodies come together with a force, heat is generated."

Warren Benshoff—"Not always. I hit a guy once and knocked him cold."

Buy Your Fresh Seeds and Bulbs at

CHARLES YOUNG
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

531 Main Street

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Ride the Cars

Our Congratulations to the Graduates---

We congratulate you upon the successful completion of your school work. It is an achievement to be proud of and we share in your pride. Many of you have been our most consistent patrons and we are glad to have been able to serve you in maintaining a record for never being tardy.

To those who will bid good by to school days to enter professional and commercial life, we wish at this time to remind you of the important part an efficient transportation system plays in the commercial and industrial development of a community.

Without adequate transportation facilities no city can grow and prosper and for that reason a continuance of your support is as much to the interests of your future success as it is to the success of your Transportation System.

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FANCY GROCERS

Telephones 290 and 291

224 Bedford Street

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

He sat in a corner in silence,
Forsaken by women and men,
Murmuring over and over
"I'll never eat onions again."

George Wertz (in Algebra)—"Yes, I understand it, Miss Wertz, but I don't see it."

Betty (after English Exam.)—"Which books should only be tested?"
Horse—"School books."

The New Idea In Hardware Merchandising

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STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

BUTTER AND EGGS A SPECIALTY

517 Franklin Street

City Phone 305

Examination question in History: "How were the elections carried on in England before the secret ballot system?"

Clifford Keefer: "They did it all by eyes and nose! (Ay's and no's.)"

Eckel—"I'm off that girl. She insulted me."

Brickner—"How?"

Eckel—"She asked me if I danced."

Brickner—"What's insulting about that?"

Eckel—"I was dancing with her when she asked."

Bailey—"I call my girl Spearmint 'cause she's always after meals."

Benscreek Service Station

TIRES—TUBES—ACCESSORIES

INDEPENDENT GAS

MOBOIL OILS



CONRAD L. RAAB, Prop.

Wolf Beauty Shop

AND

BARBER SHOP

All the Latest Styles of Hairdressing and Hair Cutting

Pennsylvania Trust Building

504 Main Street

Phone 5974

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230-232 Horner Street

JOHNSTOWN, PA.



City Phone 2712

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Independent Oil Company

POWER TO BURN

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Nenstiel Bros.

243 Vine Street

Phone 174

QUALITY GROCERS
FRESH VEGETABLES

We Deliver

CIGARS STOGIES PIPES

DEALERS SUPPLIED BY

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"

W. H. Strauss & Co., Inc.

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

BRANCH—ALTOONA, PA.

ANNIVERSARIES NOW

FLOWERS THEN—FLOWERS AGAIN

As an anniversary remembrance to those you count as real friends! If they are in another city, our Flowers by Wire Service solves the problem. If it's for local delivery, your wants will be carried out to the letter by

WILLIAM SCHRADER, Florist

510 VINE STREET

Phone 850

Johnstown, Penna.

CAESAR CLASS

Miss Osborne—"Virginia, who was Dumnorix?"

Virginia—"Brother of Divitacus."

Miss Osborne—"Donald, who was Divitacus?"

Donald—"I don't know."

Samantha (exasperated)—"Silas, there yo' go again, gettin' you sleeve in the gravy!"

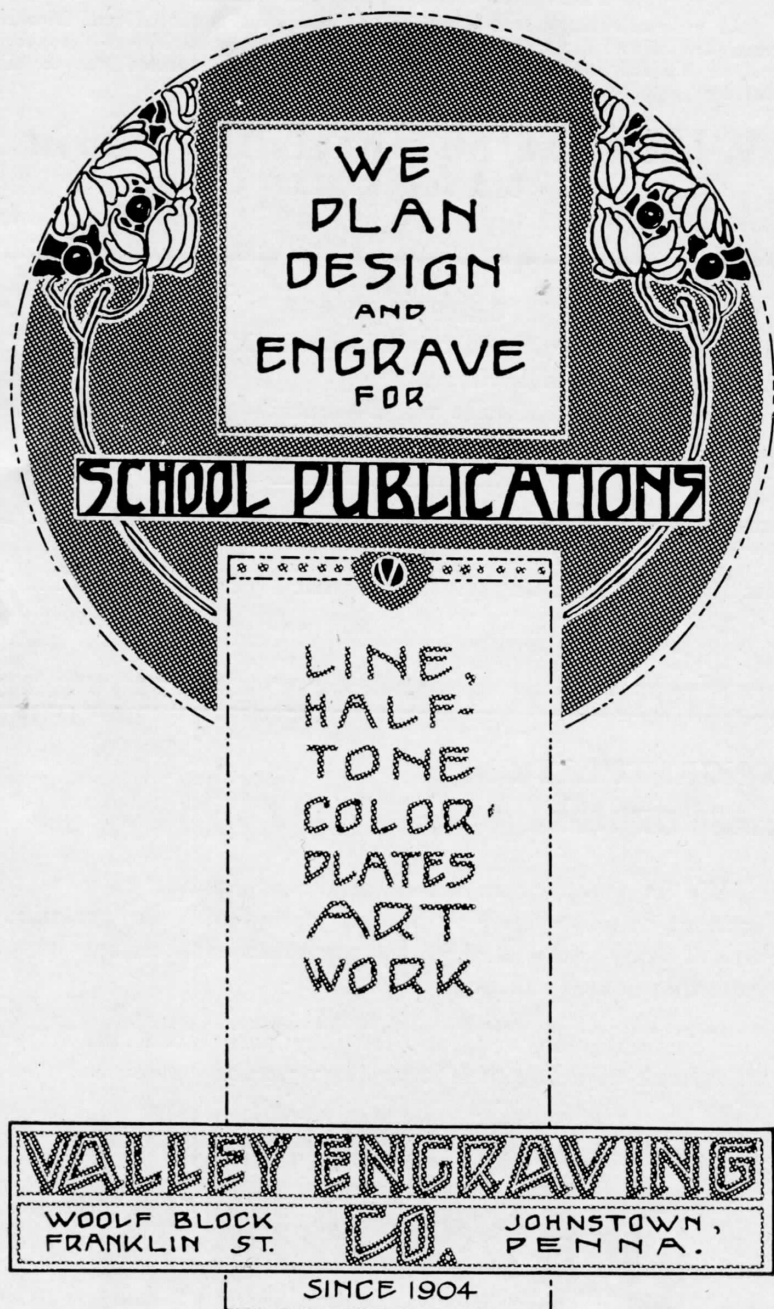
Silas (ditto)—"Gosh ding it! That's what I git for eatin' with my coat on!
—Ex.

**CONGRATULATIONS,
CLASS OF 1927**

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



The advertisement is enclosed in a rectangular border with a decorative dashed line. At the top is a large circle with a stippled background. Inside the circle, a central white rectangle contains the text "WE PLAN DESIGN AND ENGRAVE FOR". Below this, a horizontal banner with a black background and white text reads "SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS". At the bottom of the circle is a vertical white rectangle containing the text "LINE, HALF-TONE, COLOR, PLATES, ART WORK". The circle is flanked by two stylized floral or leaf-like designs. Below the circle is a horizontal banner with a black background and white text that reads "VALLEY ENGRAVING CO.". Below this banner, the text "WOOLF BLOCK FRANKLIN ST." is on the left and "JOHNSTOWN, PENNA." is on the right. At the very bottom, a small white rectangle contains the text "SINCE 1904".

WE
PLAN
DESIGN
AND
ENGRAVE
FOR

SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

LINE,
HALF-
TONE
COLOR,
PLATES
ART
WORK

VALLEY ENGRAVING
CO.

WOOLF BLOCK
FRANKLIN ST.

JOHNSTOWN,
PENNA.

SINCE 1904

Miller's

WEARS
BEST

CLOTHING

PROVES
CHEAPEST

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Crissey Construction
Company

SALEM BROTHERS

ALL KINDS OF

"SALTED NUTS"

Bell Phone 336

City Phone 2759

312 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

McCall's Pharmacy

Cor. Franklin and Haynes Streets
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Prescriptions

Sundries—Toilet Goods

Courteous Service

Kentner—"Let's eat."

Longwell—"Where'll we go?"

Kentner—"Let's eat up the street."

Longwell—"No, thanks; don't care for asphalt."

Engl—"Boys, lie on your back and make your legs go as if you were riding a bicycle."

Engl—"Bob Campbell, why did you stop?"

Bob—"I'm coasting."

HAVE YOU VISITED THE NEW FURNITURE STORE

If not

come in and be convinced that we have

THE BEST FURNITURE AT THE LOWEST PRICES!
AND YOUR OWN EASY CREDIT TERMS WILL DO!

Combined with our low level prices and easy terms, the purchase of furniture will be made a pleasure to the shoppers of this community.

BUY AT THE PENN—PAY AS YOU CAN!

"OUT OF THE HIGH RENT DISTRICT"

Penn Furniture Co.
Johnstown, Pa.
Corner Clinton & Locust Sts.

New Conditions

Experience is of marked value in banking service—and the JOHNSTOWN TRUST has had nearly 27 years' experience in serving Cambria County people.

The contacts this institution has built up, during these years, enable it to keep in close touch, also, with current business and financial conditions.

Counsel on money, property
or investment matters



"MY BANK"

The Johnstown Trust Company

Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service

Emil Young's Tire Service

DISTRIBUTOR OF FEDERAL TIRES AND TUBES

GOODYEAR SERVICE STATION

GARGOYLE MOBILOILS

PINES AUTOMATIC WINTER FRONTS

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City Phone 5208

Gabriel Snubber Service Station

273 STONYCREEK STREET

SHOES!

SHOES!

The Newest Spring
and
Summer Styles

GERHEIM'S

WALK OVER BOOT SHOP

AND

SUBWAY SHOP

COMPLIMENTS OF

At Your Service
Nathan's
THE BIG STORE

ADAMS TRANSFER

Freight, General Delivery, Local and Long Distance
Moving. Prompt and Reliable Service

Phone 29

606 Napoleon Street

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Policeman (to noisy disturber)—“Come on here, you’re going to accompany me.”

Drunkard—Awright, offisher, what’ll we sing?”

Miss Osborne (in Cæsar class)—“Donald, did Cæsar win the battle?”

Donald—“Sure, easily, and no wonder he did because he wrote the book.”

Miss Osborne—“What is the feeling you have, Lycurgus, when you close your Virgil after having prepared the entire lesson?”

Lycurgus—“I never enjoyed the sensation.”

SMITH CORSET
SHOP ::

138 Market St.

Phone 5520

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IN THIS BOOK ARE MADE BY

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617 Candler Building
NEW YORK CITY



416 Lincoln Street
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Any Kind

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ANY AMOUNT—EASY PAYMENTS

If the Borrower should DIE, the payments CEASE,
the debt is CANCELLED and the mortgage
SATISFIED

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Phone 86

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A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Violins
Mandolins
Cellos
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Banjos
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Harmonicas
Accessories
Sheet Music
Latest Song Hits
Saxophones
Cornets
Clarinets

Trombones
Horns and Drums
Complete Band
Outfits
Instruction Books
Cases for
All Instruments
Leather Goods

CASH OR PAYMENTS

Everything in Musical Merchandise

STEINWAY PIANOS

DUO-ART PIANOS

BRUNSWICK AND EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

RADIO

ATWATER KENT & PRIESS

STEELE & HARRIS, Inc.

SUPPES BLDG.—223 FRANKLIN ST.

Swank Motor Sales Co., Inc.

537-543 Locust St

BUICK

Vibrationless Beyond Belief

**"When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will
Build Them"**

"Pray, let me kiss your hand," he said,
With looks of burning love.
"I can remove my veil," said she
"More easily than my glove."

—*Ex.*

Mrs. Keffer—"How many in the class have seen a penitentiary?"
Fred B.—"I have, I've been in them."

Tancy—"So you like tea?"

Herbie—"Yes, but I like the next letter better—"U'."

Andrew Crichton
CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER
JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

"Established 1884"

DEPENDABLE SERVICE

**LUMBER and BUILDING SUPPLIES
CURTIS WOODWORK**



John W. Walters Co.

Ellis Building—Johnstown, Penna.



YARDS

**Main and Market Streets
Seventh Avenue and Broad Street—on P. R. R.**

**PENN PUBLIC
SERVICE CORPORATION**

LIGHT

POWER

HEAT

We are glad at any time to give information as to proper use
of electric service.

Penn Public Service Corporation

222-224 Levergood

535 Vine St.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Snyder's

Cor. Main and Market Streets

Jack Conrad (at "Punxy," trying to stick up an acquaintance)—"What, only you here? Where have all the nice girls gone?"

She (bitingly)—"They have gone off with all the nice boys."

Miss Trine—"Where is Olive this morning?"

Rosemary—"She isn't here."

Medium—"The spirit of your wife is here now; do you wish to speak to her through me?"

Widower—"Ask her where she put my summer underwear."

Harry E. Wertz

Cor. Main and Clinton Sts.

EVERYTHING IN DRUGS

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Majestic Theatre

M. J. BOYLE, Manager

VAUDEVILLE

PICTURES

Kline's—The Quality Store of City Hall Square



Kline's

City Hall Square

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

WALTER H. MARTIN

604 CENTRAL AVENUE

FOOTWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN

AND CHILDREN

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Mary Catherine—"Jane, what makes your cheeks so red and your nose so white?"

Jane—"Oh, I just taught my nose not to blush."

Virginia (in English class)—"Is it correct to say, I'll do them up."

Bill B.—"It is if you work in a laundry."

Kate—"Rusty, you seem to have oceans of hair."

Rusty—"Why?"

Kate—"Because there are waves in it."

Hammond School of Music

BESS HAMMOND, Director

Offers to earnest Students courses based upon the best modern and educational principles.

Students May Begin At Any Time

Phone 2097

204 Bedford St

Phone 1480

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GOVERNMENT INSPECTED MEATS
HOME DRESSED POULTRY
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES IN SEASON
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FRESH EGGS RECEIVED DAILY
1334 Franklin Street

ORDERS DELIVERED
Roxbury

Green Kettle Tea Room

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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.

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FERNDALE BAKERY

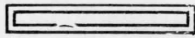
WHOLESALE BAKERS



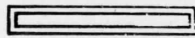
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Transfer Service Station

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Broad and Fairfield

Johnstown

Independent Gas and Oils
Exide Sales and Service

Mobil oils
Firestone Tires

Mr. Fails—"Everybody close your lips and get to work."

Bob C.—"I can't, I have to breathe through my mouth."

Rosie B.—"My picture is going to look terrible in the Phœnician."

Elsa—"You should have considered that before you *had* it taken."

Mr. Belles (in Geometry)—"How many sides has a circle?"

Sylvia—"Two."

Mr. Belles—"What two?"

Sylvia—"Inside and outside."

GRADUATION GIFTS

GIVE A KODAK, PARKER PEN, COTY'S OR
HOUBIGANT'S PERFUME, ETC.

DRUG AND KODAK STORE

REYNOLD'S

205-7 Franklin Street

Near Main

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COMPLIMENTS
OF

Dr. Clifford C. Wehn

Lane's Park

Rockford, Ill.

"You look like Helen Green."

"Thank you, I look better in brown."

Lady—"Do you sell black lady's hose?"

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am, we sell hose to anybody."

Kentner—"Say, Coach, I've really solved our football system."

Eng—"Tell me how it works."

Kentner—"Why, the two halves make a whole, and the fullback plunges through."

COMPLIMENTS
OF

Mrs. Sophia Wehn

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus E. Brown



For a "REAL TREAT" in candy, take home a one-pound box of the famous "Dorothy Chocolates" made exclusively by The Quaker City Chocolate & Confectionery Company of Philadelphia, Pa.



Joseph Hinchman & Son

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY

DISTRIBUTORS

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SCARFS

KEATING'S

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COMPOSE

Never has the right hat for the costume been so insistently demanded of the smartly costumed women.

Pity the Freshmen,
Poor little dears.
Every cross word
Puts them in tears.

Bud Gurley (translating Latin)—“I have been loved.” (And they say nobody loves a fat man.)

Miss Morrey—“What are usually the shortest words in the English language?”
Julia—“Monosyllables.”

R. L. Claycomb

221 MARKET STREET

City Phone 292

WHY YOU SHOULD USE SHAFFER ICE

Our ICE is made from DISTILLED WATER. It is frozen at a temperature of 10 degrees above zero, this makes our ICE last longer.

We solicit your patronage and suggest you buy our coupon books; or have a bi-monthly charge account with us.

PHONE 557 WHEN YOU WANT ICE



F. M. Shaffer Ice Company

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The demand for business trained young men and women is never satisfied. Employers are eager to welcome into their organizations the person who has a thorough knowledge of business practice. A course of study at this school will give you that knowledge.

The ability to operate a typewriter and take dictation will help you greatly if you expect to enter College. You may enter now; our Summer School is open.

Call or write for further information.

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WILLIAM B. BARD

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Pure Food—Prompt Service
Moderate Prices

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HOTEL

Rooms with or Without Bath
\$1.00 and Up

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Phones

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CURT BARNHART

Stanton-Barnhart Plumbing & Heating Co.

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STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING

410 THOMAS AVENUE

EVERYTHING IN THE PLUMBING AND HEATING LINE

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CANDIES, PASTRIES, LUNCHES!

The popular place for good things to eat—in Johnstown, it's "The Elite." New Candies daily—fresh every hour. Pastries fresh from the ovens. Lunches at all hours. Try our famous coffee.

See
Specials
in Our
Windows

LINDERMAN'S

510
Main
Street

Elite

Clarendon C.—"Mrs. Wright, the men in Cæsar's time must have been very strong baseball players."

Mrs. Wright—"Why so?"

Clarendon—"It says here that Ariovistus pitched his camp at the foot of the mountain."

Cornie (getting ready for dance)—"Mother, can you tell me what will make my eyes more liquid?"

Mrs. Rogers—"Why, Cornilla, onions and ammonia are both fine."

STOP AT

DYKE'S

For a Real Sundae, Soda or Light Lunch

210 Tioga St.

Westmont

Dependability

Pennsylvania Indemnity Corporation

Participating Automobile Insurance

A STOCK COMPANY

Lewis I. Miller, Agent

25% Saving

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Insist on

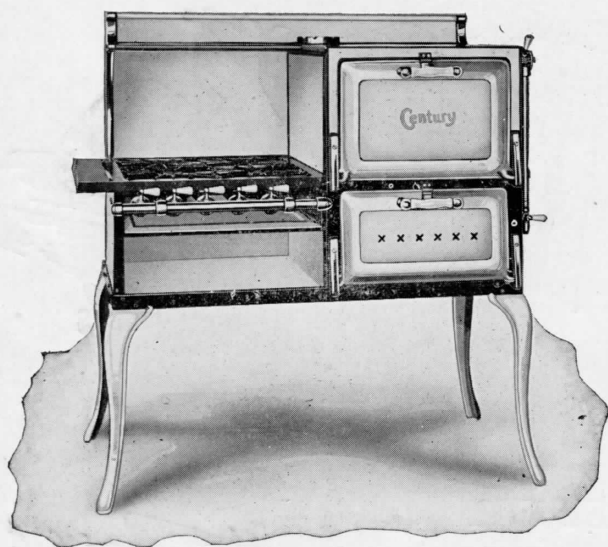
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EXCELLENT BAKER
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ATWATER KENT RADIOS AND SPEAKERS

Finest Sweaters

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CINE KODAK—MAKE YOUR OWN MOVIES

\$140 Complete

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THE SPORT CENTER

122 Market Street

Open Evenings

Phone 33

What would happen if—

Verna Fulmer should flunk Virgil?

Kathleen Albert should forget how to vamp?

Bessie Glosser should lose an argument?

Louise Stevens should be a missionary to Timbuctoo?

Herbie Walker should forget to smile?

"Bud" Gurley should miss a burlesque show?

"Peve" Bailey should be an old maid?

Cornie and Betty should agree with each other?

Gerard Wenderoth should never miss a day of school?

Tancy Tarr should be on time?

Miss Krebs would let school out early?

Elsa Jahn were not always rushing around?

Rosie Bingham should stop chewing "chewing gum?"

"Why is Tom's neck like a typewriter?"

"Because it's Underwood."

Teacher—"Oh, something grander, stronger, more expressive."

Johnnie—"Limberger."

Conrad—"I say, lend me a dollar for a week, old man."

Marshall—"I might. Who is this weak old man?"

Question in review: "What's geography?"

Mary's answer: "Geography is the study of the earth and the people in heaven."

—TheMirror.

"What one thing have that couple in common?"

"I don't know, unless it is that she is dove-eyed and he is pigeon toed."

Mr. Ott—"What's all the noise?"

Vernon—"I just dropped a perpendicular."

Congratulations

*We, as your printers, extend
our most hearty congratulations to
the Class of 1927, and hope for the
future prosperity and the enjoyment
of the best of health for each in-
dividual member.*



WEIGEL & BARBER, INC.

Printers, Engravers and Loose Leaf

Manufacturers

204 Bedford Street

Johnstown, Penna.

Autographs

As We Close

We have striven to make this work add pleasure to the future life of our friends and school mates when they look back and read of the old High School life. If we have failed, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best; if we have succeeded, we are glad.

ROBERTA WILLIAMS,
Editor-in-Chief.



THE END

