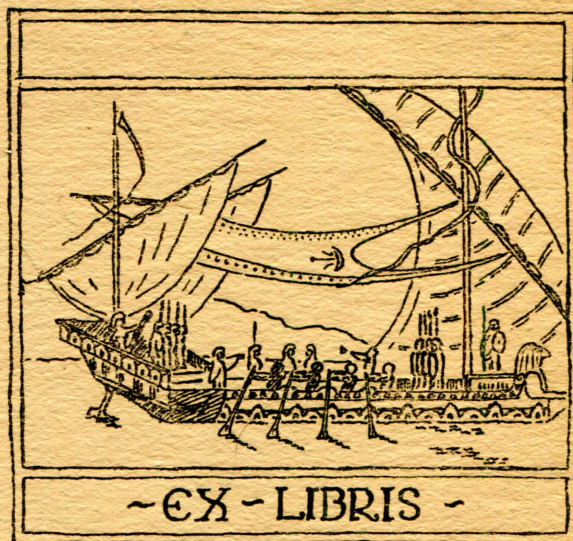


The  
Phoenician

1928





~EX~LIBRIS~



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

Westmont-Upper Yoder High School,

WESTMONT,

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.



*Published by*

THE SENIOR CLASS

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-eight



## Foreword

---

For those, who for four long years have struggled and  
played together,

The Phoenician Staff has arranged this book.

Among your pleasing trophies if it have a worthy  
place,

We shall be glad.

And if to those who've gone before

And those who follow us,

It conjures pictures of happy times,

Again we shall be glad.





To

**Mr. John E. Shambach**

Supervising Principal of the Westmont-Upper Yoder  
High School, we dedicate this book.



In Memoriam

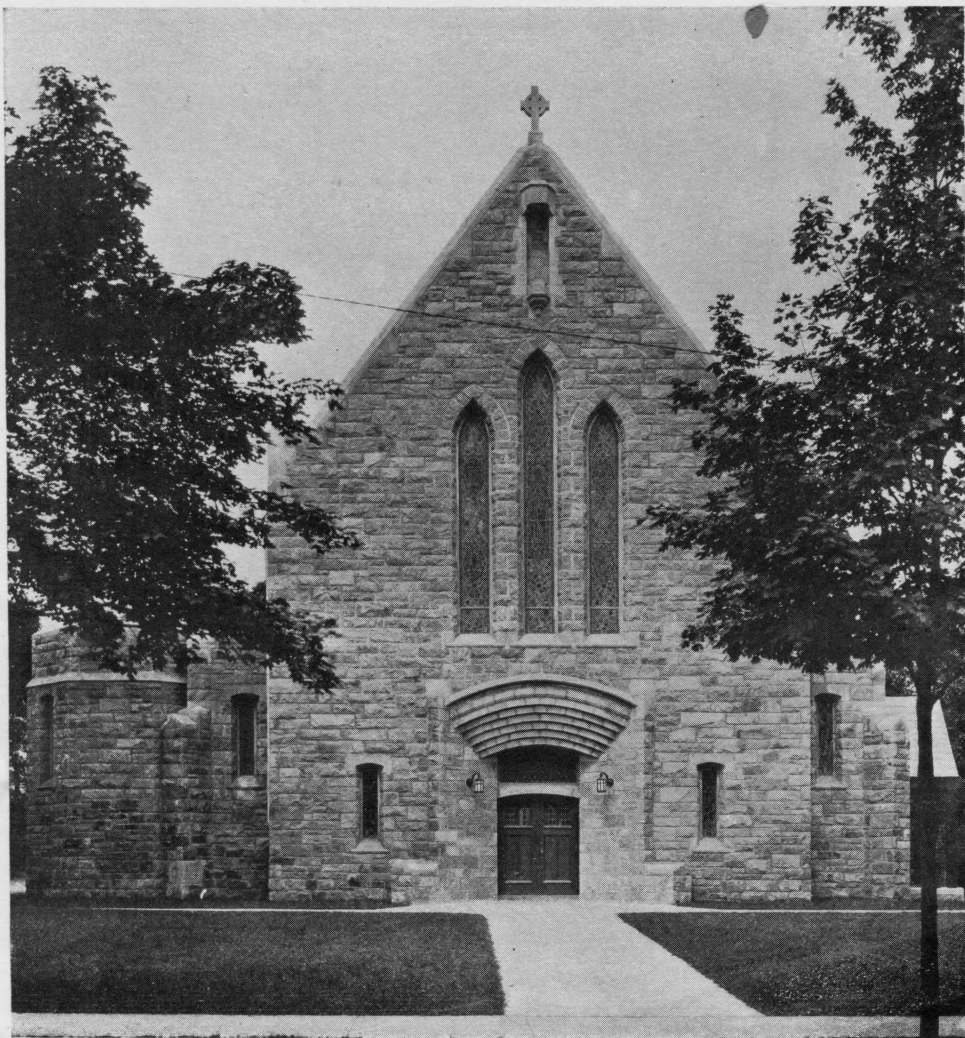
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HYMAN ISAACSON

Class of

Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-one





OUR MOTHER OF SORROWS CHURCH

---

“With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight  
Casting a dim religious light.”





WESTMONT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

---

“The architect built his great heart into these sculptured stones,  
And with him toiled his children, and their lives  
Were builded, with his own, into the walls  
As offerings unto God.”



---

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

---



“’Fore God, you have a goodly dwelling and a rich.”





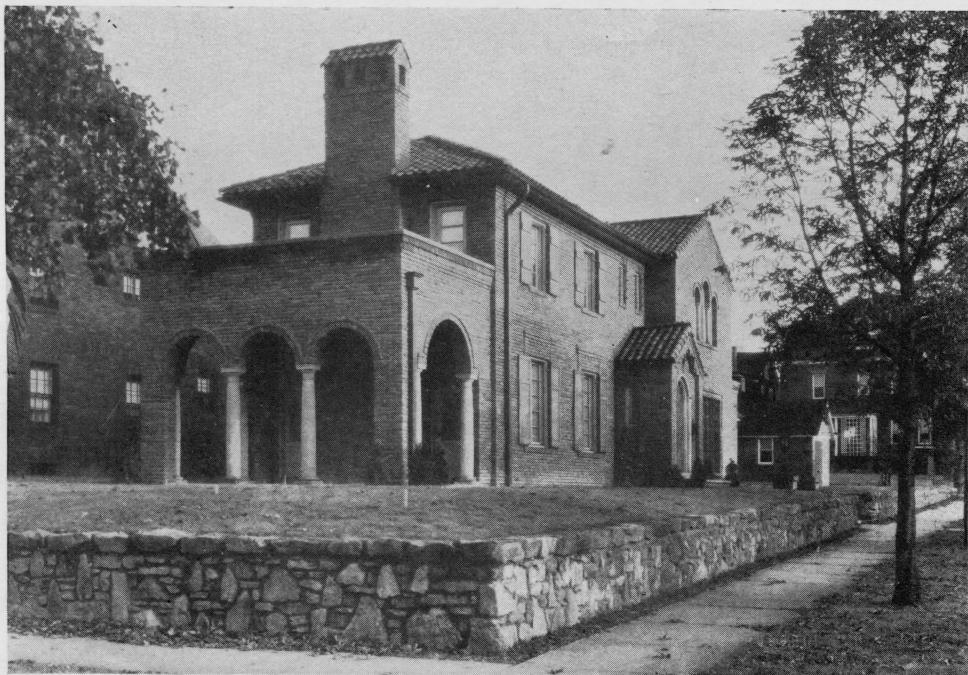
"A house of dreams untold,  
It looks out over the whispering tree-tops,  
And faces the setting sun."



---

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

---



“No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung,  
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung  
Majestic silence.”





"The house is a castle where the king cannot enter."



---

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

---



"The road is wide and the stars are out and the  
breath of the night is sweet."





“But I’m glad to turn from the open road and the  
starlight on my face,  
And leave the splendour of out-of-doors for a human  
dwelling place.”



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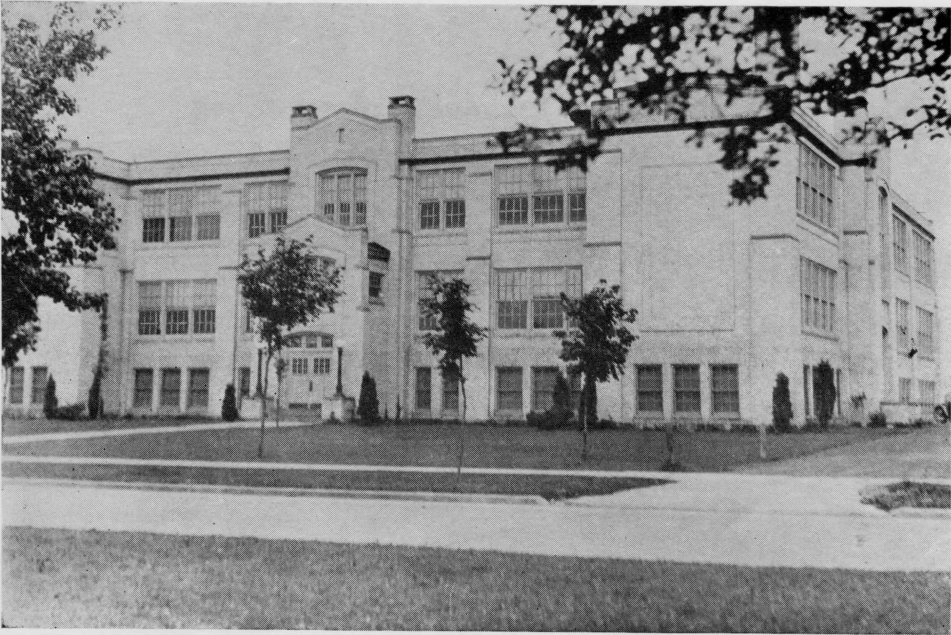
T H E P H O E N I C I A N

---



"It was so rich in many wise,  
That it was like a paradise."





WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL

---

Build thou more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven by a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!



## High School Awards

1927-1928



D. A. R. Medals

*First Prize*

Clarissa Wainger

*Second Prize*

Olga Davis

Junior Essay Contest

The Lucy Haws Love Prizes

*First Prize*

Ann Stremel

Gold and Silver Medals

*Second Prize*

Herbert Fulmer

Sophomore Short Story Contest

The Helen Price Prizes

*First Prize*

William Boger

Gold Medals

*Third Prize*

Helen Delozier  
Lowe McIntyre





CLASSES



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



**JANE AKE**

Girls' Club, Basketball (4), Choral Club (3) (4), Senior Class Play (4).

Our Jane has the eyes of a doll,  
Our Jane is slender and tall,  
Wherever she goes  
She'll find lots of beaux,  
For our Jane has lots of style.



**ESTHER BERKLEY**

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

As shy as the gentian blue,  
As sweet as the lily white,  
You ne'er can mention anytime  
When she doesn't do what's right.



**HOWARD BLACK**

Football (3) (4), Basketball (4), Senior Class Play (4), Glee Club (4), Poster Club (2) (3) (4), W. Club (4), Boys' Club (3) (4).

A right good fellow is Howard;  
Indeed—we ne'er deem him a coward,  
In any school activity.  
Out for football he goes;  
Balls into baskets he throws,  
And sings right well with the Glee.



**CLAIRE BLOUGH**

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

Hey dum diddle  
Claire Blough and his fiddle  
Have won for us quite a name.  
When the orchestra played  
A sweet serenade,  
'Twas he who got into the game.





**ELEANOR CALLET**

Girls' Club, Thrift Bank (3), Bank Teller (1) (2), Poster Club (1) (2).

Running steps sound in the hall;  
A giggle and a gasp in rhyme,  
And Oh! how we tremble and wait to see,  
If Eleanor's getting in on time.



**PETER CARROLL**

Glee Club (4), Football (3) (4), Gossip Staff (2) (3), Biology Club (3), Latin Club (1), Poster Club (2), Class Treasurer (1), Boys' Club.

On Peter Carroll you can always depend;  
Where his place is assigned,  
You need never send  
Another man.



**ROBERT CAMPBELL**

Latin Club (1), Dramatic Club (1) (2), Camera Club (3), Gossip Staff (1) (2) (3), Cheer Leader (1) (2), Basketball (2) (3), Manager Basketball (4), Football (4), Senior Class play (4), Oratorical Contest (1), Boys' Club.

Here comes Bob on mischief bent;  
Prepare to laugh—you can't prevent  
His trick and prank.  
With brilliant mind and ready wit,  
(When he's inclined) he can out-strip  
Us all—take highest rank.



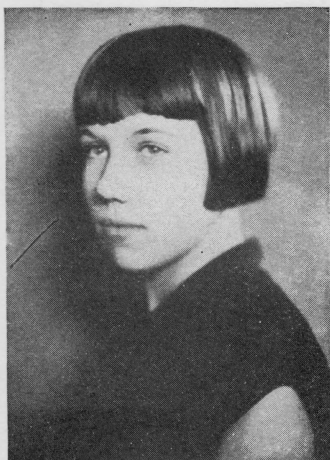
**EMILY COLLER**

Girls' Club, Latin Club (1), Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Choral Club (2) (4), Oratorical Contest (4).

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,  
Courteous, tho coy and gentle, tho retired;  
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,  
And ease of heart her every look convey'd."



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



**GWENDOLYN DAUGHERTY**

Girls' Club, Choral Club, Basketball (2) (3), Thrift Bank (3), Commercial Club (4).

Oh, Gwen can pound the keys  
At any rate you please.  
Typing, to her, is lots of fun  
When she goes at the rate of one forty-one.



**ERDEAN DORER**

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

Two eyes of blue  
Golden hair  
A kindly heart  
With sunshine there.



**ELEANOR DOVEY**

Girls' Club, Phoenician Staff (4), Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff (4).

"Where are you going, mistress shy?"  
I asked the girl as she passed by.  
"Oh, down the street to so and so,  
To meet Toot Owen there, you know,  
And we shall go to a show, you know,  
Bye and Bye."



**TELFORD EPPLEY**

Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Class Treasurer (3), Poster Club (3), Football manager (4), Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Boys' Club secretary (4), Senior Class Play (4), W. Club (4).

You ne'er can tell just what to tell  
About Tell Eppley's story.  
As manager keen,  
On the grid-iron green,  
He brought home his team in glory.



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



**MARGARET FASSETT**

Girls' Club, Choral Club (2) (3) (4), Students' Council (2) Hill Top Hi-Lights Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Senior Class Play (4).

With the voice of a lark,  
With the poise of a queen,  
With the grace of a nymph,  
A beauty, our Margaret, we deem.



**JOHN FAUNCE**

Senior Class Play (4), Poster Club (1) (2) (3), Dramatic Club (1), Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Boys' Club.

Tin, paint, wheels, a plank,  
Geers, brakes, seats, a crank  
Run together, no matter the weather—  
When John's at the wheel of his tank.



**BENNY FLETCHER**

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

"Drive the nail here, Benny."  
"Can you fix this desk, Benny?"  
"Do you have a thumb tack, Benny?"  
Oh, what would the art class do without Benny!



**MARGUERITE FLORMAN**

Girls' Club, Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff, Gossip Staff, Phoenician Staff, Biology Club.

Marguerite, with dramatic Art,  
In staging plays well takes her part,  
Not only here does she nicely speak,  
But to him from Altoona twice a week.



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



**ROBERT GEER**

Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Oratorical Contest (4), Bank Teller, Boys' Club, Phoenician Staff.

A rumbling hubdub of jokes and chatter,  
Hey, Hey! Do tell now what's the matter?  
'Tis only Bob as doth appear,  
In loquacity running in high Geer.



**KATHERINE HUEBNER**

Gossip Staff (1), Latin Club (1), Manager Girls' Basketball (4), Class secretary (1), Girls' Club.

Kate is a jolly girl,  
With lots of fun and pep.  
She can play, she can draw,  
And lively she can step.



**CHARLES KINTNER**

Football (3) (4), Captain Football (4), Basketball (3) (4), Track (3) (4), Students' Council (2) (3), Poster Club (2) (3), Gossip Staff (3), Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4) Glee Club (3) (4), Boys' Club, Pres. Boys' Club (4), W. Club (4).

High on the artist's roll of fame,  
Charles Kintner boldly will write his name.  
But often while he among us tarried,  
Right neatly has he our football carried,  
Straight o'er the goal.



**SYLVIA KLATZKIN**

Girls' Club, Orchestra (4), Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff (4), Oratorical Contest (4), Phoenician Staff (4).

Sylvia is a student,  
The scholar of our class.  
And oh! what a pickle the school'll be in  
Without this Senior lass.



# THE PHOENICIAN



**MILDRED LECKEY**

Girls' Club (4), Choral Club (1) (2) (3), Track Team (1), Thrift Bank (3) (4), Basketball (4), Biology Club (2), Students' Council (2), Gossip Staff (4).

Tall and pretty,  
Moving with grace,  
Long, black, hair,  
A Grecian face,  
That's Mamie.



**EMMA JANE LOHR**

Girls' Club, Track Team (1), Basketball (3) (4), Biology (2), Science Club (1), Latin Club (1), Class V. Pres. (3) (4), Choral Club.

Who is the girl that has the pep?  
Who is the girl that has the rep?

Miss Emma Jane.

Who is the girl that is not rough?

Who is the girl that is not tough?

Miss Emma Jane.

Who is the girl who's a Girl Reserve?  
That's Emma Jane.



**CRAIG LONGWELL**

Boys' Club, Glee Club (3) (4), Treas. Boys' Club (3), Senior Class Play (4), Athletic Association (3) (4), Pres. W. Club (4), Football (3) (4), Tennis (2), Track (3), Capt. Track (4), Phoenixian Staff (4), Science Club (1), Biology Club (4).

Craig's an all around athlete.  
He's very good in classes,  
In track and football always fleet,  
He's loved by all the lasses.



**RUTH MCGAHAN**

Track (1), Girls' Club, Latin Club (1), Pres. Girls' Club (4), Biology Club (2), Choral Club (1) (2) (4), Orchestra (4), Dramatic Club (1), Senior Class Play (4), Students' Council (1) (3), Oratorical Contest (4), Sec'y of Class (2).

A good worker,  
Poor Shirker;  
Clean spirited,  
Good hearted,  
True friend—Always.



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



**CHESTER MILLER**

Boys Club, Poster Club (2), Thrift Bank,  
Vice Pres. Thrift Bank (4).

Six feet tall,  
Liked by all,  
Smiling ever  
Chester!



**WILTRUDE MILLER**

Girls' Club, Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff (4),  
Phoenician Staff (4).

Billie is sweet and kind—  
Such a girl is hard to find—  
Quiet and shy,  
But lots of fun,  
She is liked by everyone.



**MARY MOSHOLDER**

Girls' Club.

Mary is a quiet lass,  
One of the quietest in our class,  
But just the same she does her part  
By boosting our class with all her heart.



**DOROTHY MYERS**

Science Club, Girls' Club, Choral Club,  
Biology Club.

Dorothy never makes a fuss,  
Dorothy never says so much,  
But she's always here to help us  
When we've got ourselves in Dutch.



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



**RUTH OWEN**

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

"Toots" is our candy salesman.  
She sure takes in the dough,  
And she sure can hunt a fellow up  
When a candy bill he owes.



**LOUIS PIPER**

Poster Club (3), Boys' Club, Orchestra (1)  
(2) (4), Football (4), Senior Class Play (4),  
Science Club (1), Cheer Leader (4), Glee Club  
(1) (2) (3) (4), Radio Club (2), Dramatic Club  
(1), Latin Club (2).

Louis plays a saxophone,  
He also plays a clarionette,  
But till you've heard him with the drums,  
You ain't heard nothing yet.



**MARY CATHERINE PORTER**

Students' Council (3) (4), Girls' Club, Treas.  
Girls' Club (3), Basketball (2) (3) (4), Latin  
Club Pres. (1), Science Club (1), Biology Club (2).

A friend to all,  
E'en basketball  
Is Mike.  
Look here, look there  
*Wherever* you look,  
You'll never find her like.



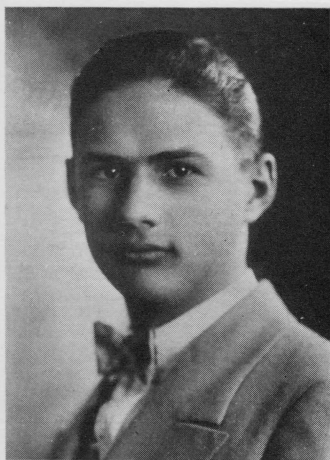
**ANNA MARY RAAB**

Girls' Club, Choral Club, Gossip Staff (1),  
Class Pres. (1), Pres. Thrift Bank (4), Class  
Treas. (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Treas. Girls'  
Club (4).

Here's the most precious girl in our class,  
Because she handles all of our cash,  
But we know our money is safe and snug,  
For Anna Mary's a financial bug.



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



**CHARLES REAM**

Boys' Club.

Quiet and hard working  
That's Charles Ream.  
But the deepest water  
Is the quietest stream.



**JOHN REESE**

Boys' Club, Glee Club, Hill-Top Hi-Lights  
(4), Phoenician Staff (4), Poster Club, Track (2)  
(3) (4).

Here's Mr. Reese  
A writer and flier.  
He's ne'er on the ground—  
He's always much higher.



**SYLVIA RUSH**

Latin Club (1), Science Club (1), Gossip  
Staff (2) (3), Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff (4),  
Basketball (3), Girls' Club, Sec'y Girls' Club  
(4), Senior Class Play, Editor of Phoenician (4).

A better girl you'll never find.  
So sound in body and keen in mind,  
And you can tell by her witty look  
That she's the editor of this book.



**EUGENE SMITH**

Thrift Bank Sec'y (3), Thrift Bank Treas.  
(4), Glee Club (1) (2) (3), Poster Club (1) (2)  
(3), Boys' Club.

With a winning smile,  
And a willing hand,  
Eugene will write his name  
O'er all the land.

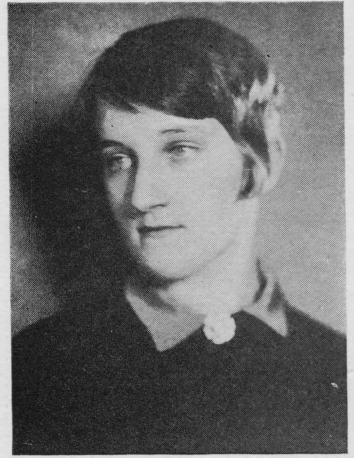




**GERTRUDE SOUDERS**

Girls' Club, Science Club (2).

With hair of brown,  
And eyes of blue,  
There aren't many girls  
Who rival you,  
Gertrude!



**CATHERINE STIFFLER**

Girls' Club, Choral Club (4), Track Team (2), Biology Club (2), Basketball (3) (4), Capt. Basketball (4).

Kate Stiffler throws whizzes in baskets.  
We laud her pep up to the sky.  
A rippling laugh  
"But these aren't half  
Of the charms of the girl"  
We cry.



**JULIA SYMONS**

Girls' Club, Choral Club (4), Poster Club (1), Thrift Bank, Science Club (1).

Quiet Julia has won a place  
In all our thoughts and hearts.  
Whether she stitch or whether she knit,  
Whether she cooks or bakes rasin tarts  
In household arts,  
She does excel.



**CHARLES TEMPLE**

Gossip Staff (2) (3) (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Dramatic Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Glee Club (4), Latin Club (1) (2), Senior Class Play (4), Boys' Club.

Charlie could be bright  
(if he'd care),  
Charlie could be handsome  
(if he'd part his hair),  
Charlie could be tall  
(if he'd grow),  
Charlie could be funny  
(and he *is* just so).



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



**CLARISSA WAINGER**

Latin Cl b (2), Dramatic Club (2), Choral Club (1) (2) (4), Senior Class Play (4), Girls' Club.

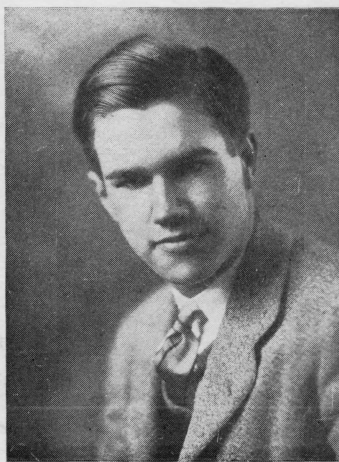
Whoever said, "The smallest  
In size makes the biggest man,"  
Is certainly right, for he surely can.  
Now, Miss Wainger's a miss,  
So let us say, "The same  
As that applies to this."



**HENRY WHALEN**

Class Sec'y (4), Oratorical Contest (4),  
Phoenician Bus. Manager (4), Boys' Club.

As secretary  
There ain't nary  
A one so neat as Hen;  
Take care what you think,  
Take care what you say,  
For he'll write it down with his pen.



**RUSSELL WHALEN**

Boys' Club (4), Glee Club (4), Football (4),  
Basketball (4), Oratorical Contest (4), Senior  
Class Play (4), W. Club (4).

Russ Whalen sings and sings and sings.  
Yet he can do a lot of other things;  
An actor be—  
Chase pig skins, gee!  
Throw goals you scarce can see.





## Junior Class

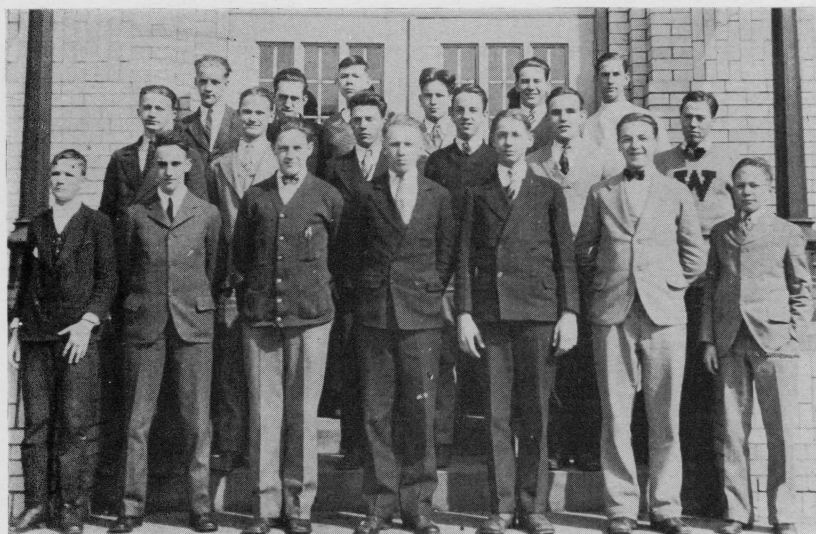
We are the class of twenty-nine,  
A better class you ne'er will find,  
First—Freshies new at the game.  
And then the Sophomores we became.

But now loyal Juniors we are;  
Better than the others by far.  
We've quite a history to tell—  
And to beat us you'll do well.

Early did we organize  
By electing officers wise.  
Virginia Hannan was our guide  
With Clarendon Crichton at her side.

Wayne Nelson was our pocket-book,  
And Sygmund Kaminsky our minutes took.  
In the sports we played our part;  
Entering them with all our heart.





## Junior Class

Upward, onward did we climb,  
Until many reached the honor line.  
We always tried our best to do,  
Always upholding our standards true.

And two of our cheer leaders came,  
From this royal class of fame.  
To the Seniors we did give  
A banquet that will always live  
Deep in their memories.

And now from the dear old Junior class  
Into the Senior we shall pass.

Emily Thomas '29

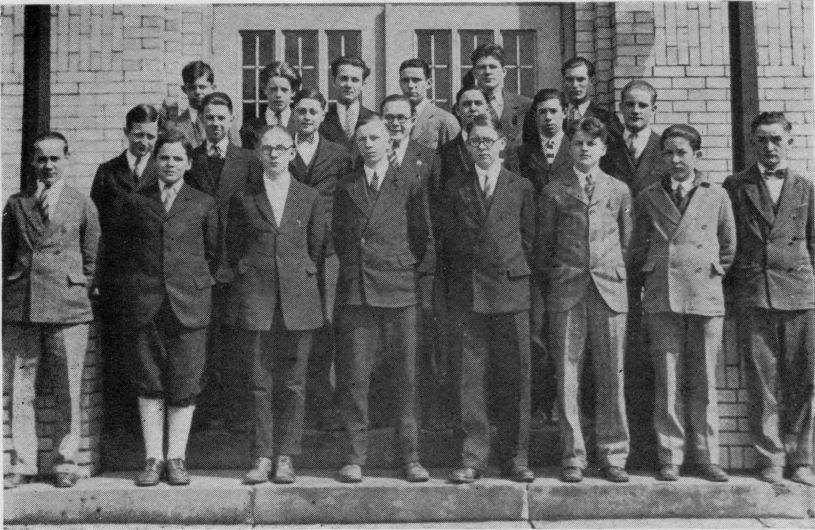




## Sophomore Class

Freshies green as ever,  
Full of greenness, made greener by upper classmen,  
Freshmen that roam aimlessly about the halls.  
They bcome Sophomores,  
They are dazzled by the fact,  
Contented with their privileges





## Sophomore Class

Yet do not dream of a progressive future.  
Plans for a party fail—  
Fail to bloom into success;  
Yet the Sophomores continue their existence.  
Short stories occupy their minds,  
But on they sail, presidentless to Juniorland.

Florence Kintner '30





## Freshman Class

**A** Freshman class of 58,  
 We entered Westmont in 28.  
 Under the eyes of those upper classmen,  
 You could easily tell we were all Freshmen.  
 Hurrah! Hurrah for a class that was true,  
 So I'll always recall it and I know you will, too.  
**F**orth from our room we strode one day,  
**R**eady for the gauntlet of barrel staves,  
**E**ach with fear way down in his heart;  
**S**tanding in line awaiting his part.  
**H**appily we returned when it all was o'er,  
**M**uch happier in spirit though our bodies much sorer.  
**E**ach day that goes by we think of it still, how  
**N**othing could daunt the strong Freshman will.  
  
**C**ame the good days of football. We gave to that too;  
**L**osing but two games we fought ever anew, for  
**A**ll other teams we sought to undo.  
**S**tanding names on the honor roll, we had but two,  
**S**o all through that year we were Freshman true.  
  
**O**h! again I implore you the good deed to hear,  
**F**or those fifty-eight Freshmen of that twenty-eighth year.





## Freshman Class

**T**he girls of that class, if I must tell you so,  
**H**ave played their parts so well, you know,  
**E**ach boy likes them so well that to do without them  
     He'd surely say No!  
**T**'were a good sight to see of those Freshies so dear,  
**W**hen at all Basketball games with their might they would cheer.  
**E**ach day in the High School of those Freshmen was heard,  
**N**either fools' trick nor some odd foolish word.  
**T**hen, too, must I add with a great deal of zest  
     Young girls of our class won the cooking contest.  
**I**n all of the class games they gave their support.  
**E**ach cheering her hero for all she was worth.  
**T**hen once again we'll recall them back,  
**H**urrah for those Greenies they knew their brass tacks!

**C**ome again to the girls—they were always there,  
**E**ach with her friend at all school affairs.  
**N**ow come the bright days that spring is bringing.  
**T**he trees start to bloom, the birds to sing.  
**U**nder the teachers we finish our exams;  
**R**eally, our heads with knowledge seem crammed.  
**Y**ou'll notice now that the time grows late, so please remem-  
     ber our green 58.

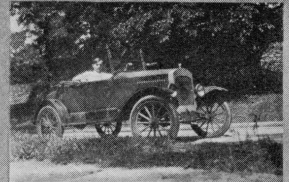
Edwin Hartz '31



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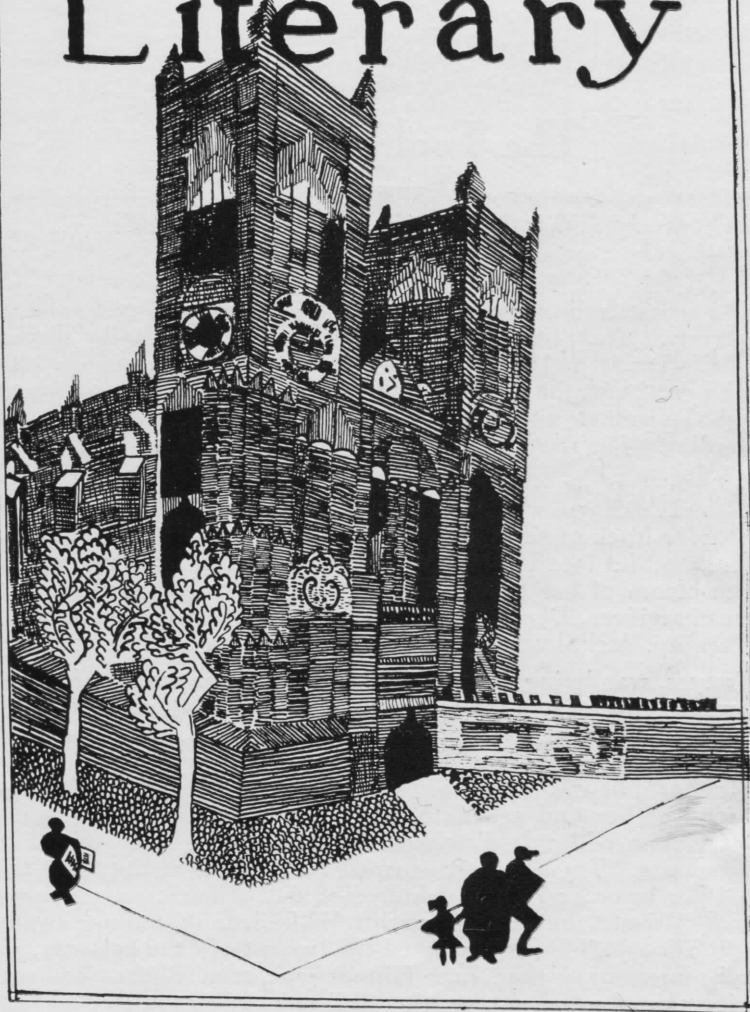
T H E P H O E N I C I A N

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# Literary





## The Tool of Destiny

by *William Boger* (Prize Short Story—1928)

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**S**EATED in a spacious dinner salon around a perfectly appointed table were Millicent Clarke's guests. The rare Viennese banquet cloth; the daring display of heavily-encrusted silverware and the gorgeous floral decorations on the dark mahogany table dazzled and enhanced the guests. The soft mellow light emanating from numerous candelabra gave the women, swathed in soft satin, tulle, or silver tissue, the appearance of gaudy butterflies. The men, immaculately groomed in sleek black dinner coats, lent dignity to the scene.

Millicent Clarke's charm was irresistible as she sat at the head of the table. Dressed in a straight slender frock of silver tissue, her beauty was exhibited like a dainty flower in a vase. Her youthful face beamed with satisfaction as she surveyed the splendor of the table. The bloom of her cheeks needed no heightening and her soft carmine lips scorned the use of artifice. Deep blue eyes darted mischievous glances around the table. To crown her beauty, dark, lustrous waves of hair framed her countenance.

Millicent's eyes, wandering down the table, scrutinized everybody carefully. There was Mrs. Brown picking nervously at her husband's clothes and—why of all things—Mrs. Johns was talking with Miss Sophie, the town gossip, and who could that be sitting at the end of the table on the left? She was extremely pretty and Millicent was forced to admit that, but who was she? Yes, she is boarding with Mrs. Johns, who has become very fond of her and asked to bring her because she was so lonely and had met no one. Quickly Millicent dismissed the girl from her mind and continued her scrutiny of her guests. Then her eyes turned to the foot of the table and stopped; a frown puckered her brow and the laughter died out of her eyes. An ugly doubt pervaded her mind, "Would she be happy with Wilfred or should she swallow her pride and win Jack?" Thoughtfully, she weighed the two men in the balances. True, Wilfred Larchmont had more money than Jack Hilton; true, that Wilfred had made a greater show of affection than Jack and true, that Wilfred had never treated her as Jack was treating her, but which one did she admire most? In the face of all, Millicent was forced to concede that she admired Jack Hilton more than Wilfred, who had swept her off her feet by a storm of tempestuous love-making. Bitterly Millicent blamed her horrid pride for all her troubles, but even now, she was not willing to trample her pride underfoot and win Jack, but would rather marry Wilfred and lead a life of unhappiness. Cruel pride!

The occasion of this dinner, though the biggest social event of the season, had been unannounced; futilely the guests tried to curb their curiosity; the intensity of the situation increased with the passage of every minute.

Finally Wilfred after a quick reassuring glance at Millicent, announced the suspense to be at an end. The lights were extinguished and a curtain noiselessly drew aside at the far end of the room. Instinctively, everyone turned his attention toward this new feature.

In a tableaux was revealed the interior of a church, beautifully decorated with flowers. The rites of a marriage were then performed with the characters of the first scene as principals. As this tableaux vanished and the lights flashed on a gasp of und-



derstanding as well as of surprise burst from the guests, "This party was the formal announcement of Millicent's engagement to Wilfred!" In response to vigorous demands, Millicent passed her ring down the table. Many a covert glance was cast at the blazing circlet, no mean temptation.

Glancing disinterestedly about the spacious room, her eyes roaming from an antique chair, to old portraits of her parents' day, then to——. Suddenly Millicent stiffened and her eyes stared fixedly at the heavy maroon colored portiere beside the door leading to the garden. A piercing scream broke from her lips as she rose; too late she clapped her hand to her mouth. Terrified by her scream, others had risen and now demanded the cause of her fright. Forcing herself to think that her imagination had played a trick on her, she laughed with an effort and reassured her guests, "Don't be alarmed, it's nothing. I screamed foolishly when I saw my pet cat jump at one of the birds." This story was not at all unlikely, for all could see from their places the cat with feline grace padding stealthily in the wake of one of the numerous birds in the conservatory.

A sigh of relief broke over the room but this relief was short-lived. During the momentary confusion, the engagement ring had disappeared. A pall fell over the room, then a faint murmur was audible, then a buzz, as of the droning of many bees, and finally pandemonium broke loose. Disorder reigned and it was quite a long time until order could be restored. After much questioning, it was learned that the pretty stranger next to Wilfred had last seen the ring. She had had it when Willicent screamed and had laid it on the table in front of her as she half rose. When she next thought of it, it was gone. That was her explanation.

It was too much to ask the young men present to disbelieve a girl who had such a pleading voice, such a beautiful face and her eyes—eyes that said more than words. They succumbed immediately, and each tried to outdo the other in his efforts to establish her innocence. Also it may be said that Wilfred was not the last of these gallants and when Millicent noticed his attention to this stranger, she became all the more suspicious of the girl. Had anyone watched this charming stranger closely during the confusion, he might not have been so readily convinced of her guiltlessness. Her movements had passed unnoticed on account of the disorder. Picking the ring from the table, she had adroitly flicked it into the bowl of flowers at the center of the table. The girl's composure and calmness baffled Wilfred and the other young men.

"I'm sorry, Millicent, but we can't find the ring," acknowledged Wilfred.

"Is that so? Doesn't your pretty little friend know where it is either?" asked Millicent icily, her vanity piqued that Wilfred should pay so much attention to a stranger.

"Oh, why blame her, she's quite a nice person, and she wouldn't take it," flared Wilfred, quick to defend the girl.

"I'm so glad you like her and, of course, if you say she's innocent there can be no doubt of it." Millicent was seething with inward rage and spoke with biting sarcasm.

"H'm, I guess you'd call in your friend Hilton if I'd let you."

"If you would let me?" Millicent stopped aghast and then broke into scornful laughter. "If you would let me? Why you seem to forget that you are not my master. But as you said, I am going to call Jack."

"No, but I soon will be," muttered Wilfred under his breath and then aloud in a more conciliatory tone, "You really don't mean you're going to call that nonentity, do you?"

"I certainly do," declared Millicent, "he's not a nonentity either. I want you to speak respectfully of him. I think Jack Hilton is a fine young man, and I thoroughly admire him." Millicent turned and walked a few steps away to hide the blush which had mounted to her cheeks. She hated herself for those words in Jack's defense, but her inner self had spoken and though she did not admit it even to herself, her mind always turned to Jack when she was in trouble.



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Wilfred mistaking this action for a sign of submission began, "Come darling, let's not quarrel on the night of our engagement."

Millicent turned slowly, "We're not engaged, see!" Triumphantly she displayed her hand without a ring.

Wilfred glared at her and rasped, "We're not, eh. We'll see about that," and stalked off, a malicious sneer distorting his handsome features.

Millicent shuddered as she walked unsteadily toward the telephone. This talk had been a revelation to both Millicent and Wilfred.

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Wilfred had good reason to oppose Millicent's calling Jack Hilton. They had been in college together, Wilfred, the son of the richest cattle king of the West, and Jack, the son of poor but respectable parents. Wilfred had had to watch Jack become the leader at college in athletics, studies, and in the social circles, through hard work and industry, while he became almost an outcast, surrounded only by bought friends. Finally, after commencement exercises, Wilfred had insulted Jack. Jack, having already taken quite as much as he could from such a cad, sailed in and thoroughly whipped Wilfred. Their enmity had smouldered for years and again flamed up over the question of Millicent.

Jack in a friendly way, with no malice at heart, had one day told Millicent about Wilfred's true character. Well knowing his assertions to be correct, yet her vanity piqued, she had taken exception to his well-meant advice and told him coldly that he should mind his own affairs. Stunned by this rebuff, Jack had left and not spoken to her since. Millicent, little thinking that Jack would not make amends and patch matters up, had allowed her affiliations to go on with Wilfred and now she found herself on the verge of marriage with him. Too proud to admit her error, she would go through with it, but the finding of the ring was the task of the present.

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Having called Jack, Millicent waited with fluttering heart. True to his maxim, Jack arrived in short order. Millicent flew to the door, but the man she met there was not the old Jack. This man was cold, distant, taciturn, and businesslike. Something seemed to contract and grow cold in her breast and she felt rather than heard his cool impersonal salutation, "Good evening, how are you?" She knew his "how are you" was not asked out of concern for her, but merely as a formality.

"Good evening, I'm well thanks." Queerly enough, Millicent felt awkward in the presence of this cool gentleman, with whom she had once been so familiar. Hesitating to begin, Millicent waited uneasily and was greatly relieved when Jack broke the silence.

"You called me, I presume to exercise my profession—?" he broke off.

"Yes," Millicent shot a glance at him as she said it and saw him wince. She longed to comfort this man who was suffering so much as a result of her pride, but she dared not, "My ring has disappeared mysteriously at the table when I passed it around."

Jack's lips twitched, another queer turn of fate. He not only had to surrender the one he loved, but had to recover the ring which separated her from him. He said nothing and Millicent told briefly the happenings of the evening.

"Miss Clarke," and he put biting emphasis on the latter word, "will you please have all the guests detained and give explicit orders to leave everything untouched in the dining room?"

Millicent recoiled as from a whip's lash when he called her Miss Clarke, but without comment fulfilled his directions.



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"Ladies and gentlemen, it will probably be embarrassing, but it is necessary that everyone be searched, so the women will please line up on the left side of the room and the men on the right." Everyone was more than willing to be searched, and each complied readily to Jack's command. Millicent and her maid had started the search of the women, and Wilfred and Jack the search of the men.

"Pardon me, but aren't you the detective?"

Jack straightened and could not suppress a broad smile of admiration for the trim bit of femininity that stood before him. "Yes, ma'am, is there anything I could do for you?"

"I'm Blanche Harman," she said shyly.

"Pardon, I'm Jack Hilton." They both laughed and shook hands.

"I won't bother you much. I was the last one to see the ring and I feel as though I'm responsible for it, and I'd like to solicit your aid in proving my innocence."

Jack looked searchingly at her and evidently satisfied, responded, "Everything I can, I will do. You don't have to worry about anything though, I feel confident that the ring will be found."

"Thank you so much," Blanche said.

"You're perfectly welcome," gallantly returned Jack and watched Blanche admiringly as she again took her place in line.

Millicent noticed Jack's attraction to Blanche and was all the more suspicious of her.

The search completed, the ring was not yet found and futilely Jack re-examined the entire room. Not even the thread of a clue was found. Jack dismissed the guests and all left with the exception of Blanche, who remained on the pretext of comforting Millicent. Searching his brain for a full hour without any result, Jack decided to call it a night, and snapping out the lights, moved toward the door, hat and coat in hand. Millicent intercepted him and in broken sentences told him at great length what she thought was a foolish illusion of a hand.

"Miss Clarke," Jack said reproachfully, "you should have told me this sooner."

Unnoticed, Blanche had slipped into the now darkened dining salon while Jack and Millicent were conversing. Painfully, slowly and stealthily, she crept toward the bowl in the middle of the table. The goal was reached; her hand crept eagerly into the bowl expecting every moment to be rewarded, but no, her heart sank and she drank the dregs from the cup of disappointment. It was not there! The distance which she had just traversed so painfully but patiently was now endless to her leaden feet and the silence intolerable to her already jangled and over-strained nerves. Then she heard footsteps. There was not a moment to be lost, Millicent and Jack were silhouetted in the main door. Frantically, Blanche plunged toward the door leading into the kitchen, and scarcely had she closed the door securely behind her when the lights flashed on in the dining hall. Blanche managed to muster all her remaining strength into one last effort and returned to the drawing room from which she had started and flung herself exhausted in a huge arm chair. Meanwhile, Jack, prepared for any expediency, drew an ugly little automatic from his pocket and advanced to the portiere. A thorough examination of it confirmed Millicent's story, and a grunt proclaimed his satisfaction. For Millicent's benefit, he pointed significantly toward a wrinkled part of the drape.

"Well that's that, but I surely wish a little more information were available."

"Do you have any idea as yet?" asked Millicent timidly.

"No, not yet, but I think I soon will have," Jack answered coldly. "If there are any further developments, call me, and for the present, good-night," he ended abruptly and strode out into the night. Millicent was nonplussed; never had Jack treated her so rudely before.



When Millicent re-entered the drawing room, Blanche was seated there, outwardly calm. Having forgotten her presence, Millicent was frightened when Blanche kindly offered to stay with her during the night, but Millicent refused, though sincerely grateful for the generous offer. Politely she took her leave of Millicent and went away. No sleep came to her eyes, however, when she threw her exhausted body on the bed. Her brain racked and torn by indecision and dread, tormented her abominably, and it was with infinite relief that Blanche could rise early in the morning; conceal as best she could both the pallor of her cheeks and the ugly hollows under her eyes and set out, with her mind made up, for Hilton's apartment.

Knocking boldly at the front door, Blanche waited and was admitted by a disgruntled land-lord.

"Good morning," she said by way of salutation.

"Morn'in," he returned.

"Could I see Mr. Hilton?"

"I don't know, I'll see though," he added more pleasantly.

Shortly Jack appeared, hair tousled, and sleepy-eyed, jerking a coat on hastily, and making aimless passes at his tie in the effort to straighten it. He was greatly surprised to see Blanche before him at such an hour and his amazement was ill-concealed.

"How are you this morning," he began awkwardly, "and what brings you here at this hour?"

She laughed softly and at once put Jack at ease, "Business, purely business."

"To be transacted here or in some less public place?" he asked.

"In some less public place, if you please," Blanche replied.

Making excuses for his own appearance and that to be expected in his rooms, he led her into his living room which was also a work room. She seated herself in a deep leather chair and collected her thoughts. Jack nervously paced the floor and finally began, "If this is to be a business interview, isn't it about time to begin?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Hilton, I was collecting my thoughts."

"All right, my error," and he plumped himself down in a chair.

"This conversation relates to last night's happenings," she sighed and plunged on. "This ring disappeared during the confusion following Miss Clarke's scream. No one knew who took it, I—"

"Don't say anything you will regret, for anything which you might say here can be construed by someone and used against you," broke in Jack.

"I've weighed the consequences and have decided to make a clean breast of things," Blanche continued, "I took that ring when Miss Clarke screamed. I flipped it into the bowl in the center of the table." She glanced toward Jack and saw his brow furrowed. "You can't believe it; no I did it nicely and no one suspected me, but my plans fell through and that's why I came to you. I was sure, and still am, that none saw me in the act, yet after you turned out the lights in the dining hall and while you were talking to Miss Clarke in the vestibule, I stole back to get the ring; it was gone. I examined the bowl over and over, but it was gone. I couldn't rest last night, the ring haunted me continually." Blanche could scarcely refrain from crying out and the convulsive heavings of her breast betrayed her effort.

"I believe you, Miss Harman, but I doubt whether anyone else will. The ring was last in your possession and now its disappearance leaves you more under a shadow of doubt," Jack paused and then continued in a monotone. "Your story furnished one more link in my reasoning, but what motive had you in taking the ring?"



"I'll tell you as briefly as possible. It has been in my family for generations and generations. In poverty and prosperity, it was our one cherished possession. During recent financial reverses, Mother entered into negotiations with Mr. Larchmont against my will. By an underhanded trick, Mr. Larchmont got it from Mother without any compensation and almost immediately left town. Fortunately he had never become acquainted with me, so all unknown to him, I have dogged him across the country awaiting my chance to regain the ring. To be near him, I coaxed Mrs. Johns to ask if I could come to Miss Clarke's party. I seated myself next to Mr. Larchmont. When the ring was passed down the table, I was nonplussed to find that it was our ring unaltered in the least. My chance had come and I took advantage of it. I hope you understand, it represents almost our entire worldly possession," she finished with a catch in her voice.

"That's all right, I understand," Jack breathed. "But I'm glad you didn't take that ring. I'd hate to see you in a law suit."

Thanking Jack for his trust in her and being convinced that no criminal charges could be brought against her, she departed.

Promptly, Jack seized the phone and called his finger-print expert. A few words sufficed and hurriedly Jack grabbed his hat and dashed out to the curb where he was met by his friend in a roadster. They spun down the street almost recklessly, the driver being too much absorbed with Jack's narrative to bother about his driving. Jack finished his story just as the grinding of brakes announced their arrival at Millicent's home.

Eagerly and skillfully they went about the work. A half-hour of labor rewarded them, and the results corroborated with and verified the testimonies of Millicent and Blanche. Exultantly he gave further directions to his colleague and they departed.

Late that afternoon the finger print expert knocked boldly at Jack's door and was greeted with a broad grin of satisfaction. "All right, let's hear the news."

"Well, your crook is the king of rogues' gallery, Red Insley," cried Jack's friend and watched merrily the varying emotions passing over Jack's face.

Deliberating for sometime, Jack at last joined his friend at the window and conversed quietly with him for nearly an hour. At the conclusion of their talk, they left the room each first having seen to the condition of two ugly little objects which they drew from their pockets.

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The dining hall of Millicent's home was pitch dark. No noise broke the stillness unless——. What's that? A barely audible sound of a key being cautiously turned in a lock. Nothing more, then a gentle breeze signified the opening of a door. The dim light from a dark lantern flashed across the spacious hall. Hastily it flicked out and a faint exhaling of breath was heard. The intruder felt secure and was about to proceed to his work but——. Suddenly his arms were pinned to his sides by a grip of iron, he was powerless to resist. A chuckle of satisfaction grated on his ears. Soon a light flashed on. Losing no time, one of his captors faced him with two automatics and the other snapped a pair of hand-cuffs on his wrists. A survey of his attire and equipment affirmed his guilt and in a commanding tone, Jack demanded, "No funny stuff and no sob stories. Where's that ring?"

"Don't have no ring," declared Red truculently.

"Seems queer, doesn't it now," leered Jack. "Perhaps you need a coxer."

Quickly Jack's friend stepped in back of Red and grasped his wrist and elbow firmly. "How about it, tell me where it is."

"No," snapped Red and tensed his muscles. His resistance was futile, steadily his arm was forced up, up along his spine. The pain was too much, "I'll tell—I'll tell—any-



thing—stop it,” he roared, in agony. His arm fell limp and he could hardly talk sufficiently to say where the ring was. Ruthlessly Jack’s friend raised the man’s injured arm and tore aside the shirt under his armpit. There was the ring sparkling and radiant in a new pouch. Eagerly Jack reached for it and placed it jealously into his vest pocket. The solution of the mystery was complete and after Red Insley had been lodged temporarily in the local jail, Jack went light-heartedly to his rooms.

Next morning, refreshed by wholesome sleep and at peace with the world, Jack, after a quick but perfect toilet and a bit of breakfast, started toward Millicent’s home. Carefree and happy, Jack gloried in the beauty of the day and walked briskly toward his destination. In accordance with his plans, he found Wilfred and Blanche already present. Millicent held herself aloof, but the sparkle of her eyes and her uneven breathing betrayed her curiosity. Jack, after a painful delay began his solution of the mystery.

“I was faced with a problem but had no means of proof, no clues, no suspects. It was hardest to get started, but Miss Clarke aided me considerably. Probably you, (pointing to Blanche and Wilfred) still do not know what frightened her at the table.”

“The cat, of course,” said Blanche, but was surprised at Jack’s negative word.”

“No, Miss Clarke threw everyone off the track admirably. She really saw a hand, the finger tips alone visible, tensely clutching the portiere that hangs by the door leading to the garden, but thinking that it was her imagination, she told about the cat. However, when she screamed, the hand disappeared. During the excitement, what happened to the ring, was the question. It disappeared, but where and how? Miss Harman,” Jack glanced at Wilfred as he mentioned the name but noticed nothing, “helped me along this line. She had flicked the ring into the bowl at the center of the table. But why? We shall hear later. After the search nothing being found, the guests were dismissed, and discouraged after two hours of futile labor I turned out the lights and went to the vestibule where Miss Clarke first told me of the hand. While we were talking, Miss Harman stole back to the dining hall to get the ring. She found that the ring was gone. Just as I re-entered the hall to investigate the matter of the hand, she got out. I confirmed the hand theory and took my departure closely followed by Miss Harman. She came to me early the next morning and told me of her act. Miss Harman left me, but I thought her information linked the hand in some way to the disappearance of the ring; nothing was certain. My finger print expert got on the case immediately and further linked the hand and ring. The finger prints on the curtain corresponded to those on the bowl. Whose fingers were they? That was the next logical question. The expert, after consulting the rogues’ gallery, discovered that the thief was none other than the notorious crook, Red Insley. When he told me this, something rang false, I could not associate so notorious a crook with such a pretty theft. Ah! I had it then. He had come bent on making a big haul, all the valuable jewelry. He had entered by the garden door with a skeleton key, which I have here,” and displayed it, “during the announcement of the engagement. When the lights flashed on, he had intended the hold-up, but unfortunately for him he had dropped his gat, as I learned from the ground outside the door, in making his entry. However when the lights flashed on, seeing so much loot before his eyes, he forgot himself and had grasped the portiere. Then Miss Clarke saw his hand and screamed. He withdrew his hand but saw Miss Harman flip the ring into the bowl. Then after my examination and departure from the room, turning the lights out after me, he had sneaked forth and taken the ring and would have taken more but was most probably frightened by the stealthy entrance of Miss Harman. Unarmed, he had thought best to skip. So we see that Miss Harman alarmed Red, and I frightened her in turn by my entry to investigate Miss Clarke’s hand theory. But I thought surely Red will not be satisfied with merely a ring, he will try again. Trusting to luck, my friend, the finger print expert, and I lay for him at the door. We were crowned with success.



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Red, figured that a theft right on top of the other would be so totally unexpected that the very audacity of the plan would warrant its success. Thus our fine friend played right into our hands and we recovered this," and Jack flourished the ring.

"Great, give it here," cried Wilfred and reached expectantly toward it.

Jack placed a firm and restraining hand on his shoulder and said sweetly, "No, it will go to its real owner this time," and passed it to Miss Harman.

Wilfred's face flushed and grew livid, his eyes flashed fire, but he was quelled before those cool, steely eyes of Jack.

"What do you mean, Jack?" asked Millicent stupidly.

"I'll leave it to Miss Harman to explain while I get this fellow out of town."

It may be said that Miss Harman explained more than the incident of the ring to Millicent, for Jack on returning from his unpleasant mission was met with open arms. No second invitation was necessary; the will of Destiny was fulfilled.





## Flower Fancies

by Ann Stremel (Prize Essay—1928)

The *corsage*, a dainty bouquet of flowers, has always seemed to me a token of sweet sentiment, disclosing in its innocent fragrance and daintiness the emotions of the giver. It seems to waft its subtle odor and charm over the wearer, as a mist softly descending and enclosing in its folds the little dale, nestled among the hills.

Often I have sat at the play and looked up at the lovely woman sitting in the box with a most attentive and well-attired escort. No wonder he is so attentive, for she seems ethereal, one who has lived among the clouds. Her shining black hair is gathered into a knot at the nape of her neck and caught with a carved gold pin; her lovely slender hands and nails are carefully groomed; a gold locket is clasped about her soft neck; the gold earrings; the gorgeous black velvet evening gown with V neck, front and back; and full skirt is scalloped and faced with the same silver as the sash; and last of all a gorgeous *corsage* is fastened upon her shoulder. That dainty little bouquet with a certain dignity seems to radiate her charms and personality, and is, indeed, a delightful tribute from the escort. Can you blame him for casting his eyes so often in her direction and being sometimes quite forgetful of the stage until she calls his attention to it? As I would go home from the play, I would often build air castles and imagine myself in her place with a lovely *corsage* on my shoulder, a handsome escort beside me, and a box in which to radiate my charms.

My dream came true on a trip to Washington one winter. I was curled up on the bed, wrapped in a negligee, contemplating what gown to wear to dinner, when there was a rap at the door. The bell boy came in with a small, square box from the florist. I opened it in great excitement and hastily untied the ribbon. As I lifted the lid and pushed back the green tissue paper, there, snuggled in the bottom, was the daintiest little *corsage* I had ever seen. The little pink tea roses, some open and some in bud and the lilies-of-the-valley with a few ferns made a very sweet nosegay. As I was sitting before the mirror of my dressing table, putting the last touches to my coiffeure, I pinned the *corsage* upon the shoulder of my green tulle gown; it blended most harmoniously with the embroidered roses at the hem and shoulders of the gown. When I descended the steps to the main dining-room with my handsome and titled escort, I gazed at my *corsage* in ecstasy, feeling my dream had come true. After dining, I went to the opera with a shawl draped about me, but carefully exposing the *corsage*. All during the evening the *corsage* created an irresistible appeal about me, and I could hardly restrain from burying my face in the foliage. That night still holds one of the most treasured places in my memory.

I have a fondness for reading old-fashioned books and for seeing olden times pictured upon the stage. One particular play I shall always remember. The heroine was rather perturbed and was awaiting the arrival of her lover. She had lovely black curls and was dressed in a white lace hooped skirt with tight bodice and low neck; in her hair was a rosette of lace. She was sitting upon a sofa with her feet upon a little stool, the last ruffle of her pantaloons plainly visible, beneath which peeped her tiny feet, encased in ballet slippers. The caller was announced and proceeded to the center of the room, where he bowed and revealed from behind his back a nosegay. She



curtsied and took the flowers, pressing them to her and forgiving him all. How I envied her! I had always wanted to be attired in an old-fashioned hooped skirt and ruffled bonnet, carrying a nosegay!

Then this dream of mine came to life also. One summer under the auspices of a local hospital, a lawn fete was planned and one of the committee members donated her residence for the occasion. I was asked to be the bride in a mock-wedding to be held during the early part of the evening when most of the guests would have arrived. There were to be four bridesmaids and a maid of honor, each of whom was to wear a hooped skirt and ruffled bonnet and carry a nosegay. I wore my mother's wedding gown of old lace with a high neck, tight waist and long train. I wore long white gloves and my veil was carried by a train-bearer in hooped skirt and pantaloons. My nosegay was simplicity itself; its stems swathed in tinsel paper with a long piece of white bridal tulle tied about it. The sweet old-fashioned flowers of pink and white were enclosed in a dainty paper lace doily. As I approached the altar to the strains of Lohengrin, I couldn't keep my eyes from that lovely bouquet, nor refrain from holding it tightly pressed against me. Later, I pinned it on the coat of my ensemble to go out with my newly acquired husband. Although the wedding was a farce, the nosegay was real and left with me an everlasting remembrance.

But I really think I got my greatest thrill from my first *corsage*; therefore, I have left it till the last. It was one bright Easter morn, and I was dressed with everything new, from head to toe, to take my part in the Easter parade. It was then that I received my first *corsage*, and it was one of the most thrilling moments of my life. I had the little bunch of violets pinned at my waist and was the envy of my Sunday School class. The violets themselves expressed more of a sermon to me in their purity than the one from the pulpit, and seemed to carry me far away in my thoughts.

Thus this little dainty *corsage* with its sweet simplicity seems to wend itself into the innermost corners of the heart and to remove the veil of doubt and sorrow and to open its gates to love and joy. To me, at least, whether it be a nosegay or a *corsage*, it has an appeal that is almost irresistible.





## The Amateur Stage Manager

by *Herbert Fulmer* (*Prize Essay—1928*)

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“Humph—an amateur production! I wonder if I should waste the time and money to see it or not. There will be no attractive lighting combinations, for the school has not been provided adequate equipment. A high school play with school boys and girls in it and a high school boy working the lights. What does he know about lighting? I don’t think I’ll go.”

Such a thought runs through the heads of those who read my title. All this may be true of some non-progressive high schools, but, on the modern high school stage, the lighting equipment is of the best, and the job of working the lights is one of the most complicated of play and stage work. The lighting of such an amateur production is the question most pondered by the play director, art director, and stage manager.

In the first place, it is the stage manager’s duty to attend a rehearsal before any light cues are given him, in order to get “the lay of the land.” In this way he becomes familiar with the play and the actors. After this, the director should give him a set of probable cues to be worked out and then corrected by the art director.

Then, during the last two dress rehearsals, all glares and miscalculations of effects must be corrected. This correction is made by a little more or a little less light from one of the many sources. By this time, also, the “stage hands” should understand thoroughly what their duties are. The stage manager should, by the last rehearsal, have his cues well in hand. A set of emergency cues should be acquired and put in a safe place in case of some accident to the real set.

At the last rehearsal, the stage manager’s opinion of the show is at a low degree, and he thinks a person would be justified in his opinion of an amateur production; but, after the show, compliments come in from all unexpected corners and the show has evidently “gone over.”

To those who think a stage manager has an easy time, I have a few words to say. A competent stage manager must be a fair electrician, a good prompter, in case prompting is necessary; he must know who goes on where, when, and be ready for any emergency that might arise. As one of the more inexperienced actors goes shuffling along through the wings, he trips over a light cord going to one of the main “floods.” The wire is broken the fuse is blown out, and the stage is plunged into darkness. In ten minutes the play starts and the break must be repaired by “play time.”

In the case of prompting, I have had one of the most interesting and unusual experiences. It was near the end of the play, when the hero and heroine were alone. Everything was going off “par excellence,” when I heard the hero stammering over his part. Automatically I glanced to the prompter’s corner and, to my amazement, it was empty! Quickly I found a play book and the place, and at that moment the hero stopped, completely lost. In a low voice, I said the next line. Before a half-dozen words were caught by the hero, he had his place and no one ever knew he was lost, and when the play ended, his work was highly praised.

So it was, the play was saved by the stage-manager, who should have been doing anything but prompting. Thus, the destiny of the play often falls upon the stage manager and he can “make or break” the amateur production.



## From a Sunrise to a Sunset

by *Lowe McIntyre* (*Prize Short Story*—1928)

The long slanting rays of the rising sun were just peeping over a hill-top into a populous valley as a freight train ground to a stop before a long line of steel mills. The train had barely stopped moving when a door of one of the empty box cars opened slightly and a face to which a razor had not been applied for many days looked out. After the owner of the face had assured himself that there was no one in sight, he threw out his sole possessions, consisting of a few whatnots wrapped up in an old bandana, onto the tracks and followed them himself.

Having satisfied himself of the appearance of the place, he began to walk down the track in search of—well, probably a destination.

As he had done many times before, he ransacked the town in search of a job, and at last, just as he was about to give up and go on to another town, via the railroad's hospitality, his efforts were rewarded. He secured the job of shoveling iron ore, coke, and limestone into a little car that fed one of the great blast furnaces in the steel mills. It was the hardest job he had ever had and his muscles ached from the unusual effort.

But at last his efforts were rewarded. His superiors, seeing that there was something more than hard labor in him, advanced him to be boss of a labor gang on a blast furnace. Now he was under the direct supervision of the head of that department, one William Thornton, who was a tall, thin, dark, coldly-handsome man whom one might expect to be in favor with members of the fair sex. He was pleasant, but yet there was something Bob did not like about him. There seemed to be something sly and underhanded about him that one could not exactly explain, and at times Bob had seen a cold hard glint in his steel-gray eyes as he was engaged in solving some business problem.

At the end of every day, it was Bob's regular duty to hand in a report to Thornton of the production and the consumption of his particular blast furnace. One day, late in October Bob took his report up to Thornton's office, as usual. As he sat down at one end of the waiting-room, to await Thornton's good pleasure of seeing him, he glanced to the opposite end of the room and almost gasped, for there sat, to Bob's mind, the neatest bit of femininity he had ever seen. She apparently did not notice him for her head was buried in a worn magazine. As he glanced at her, noting every detail from her white kid gloves to her smartly attired feet, he thought, "Gee, if I could only meet a girl like that, I might have something to work for. I've traveled over most of the world and I've never met her equal. I wonder who she is."

But just then his reveries were interrupted by the opening of the office door, and as if in answer to his mental question, an elderly gentleman stepped out and looked toward the girl who was now standing up.

"Oh, Father, you stayed so long!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear, business matters detained me with Mr. Thornton," he returned, "but come, we are late already."

"So this is old Atkinson's daughter," thought Bob as he entered Thornton's office; and then, sadly, "I'm afraid she's far out of my reach. I heard that Thornton has been running around with her."

"G'd afternoon," carelessly greeted Thornton, "there's something here that I'd like to talk to you about."



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

---

Then for several minutes they talked on the production of blast furnaces.

Suddenly Bob exclaimed, "Say, you have here in this book that the average production for last week was 3740 tons a day. That can't be right because——."

"Listen," exploded Thornton, "who's keeping these books, anyhow? I guess I know what our production is better than any measley labor boss!"

"But Mr. Thornton, that can't be right because I know that our production was never under 4000 tons, so how——?"

"Get out of here! I guess I don't need any of your advice," exclaimed Thornton, "and furthermore you'd better watch yourself. I know lots of fellows that would give a lot to have that job of yours."

"He might have acknowledged his mistake decently instead of acting that way about it," thought Bob as he walked to his rooms that night. "I wonder just what he's got up his sleeve, anyhow."

In his work, Bob progressed rapidly and after a short time had many new friends. One evening, one of these invited him to a rather large party that he was holding. It was late in the evening and they were dancing. He had just finished a dance when he heard someone call his name. He turned and saw one of his friends and beside him—could he believe it?—was Cornilia Atkinson, the girl that he had been wild to meet, and a girl that—, well, that is enough.

"Come here and meet a friend of mine," the friend invited.

Right then and there Bob lost all the poise he ever had, for as he walked up to the girl, he felt mean, shabby and awkward under the spell of those wonderful eyes and that enchanting smile. As if in a dream he acknowledged the introduction, and made some awkward remark about the weather.

"Do you dance?" she asked.

"Er-a certainly. May I—," he began.

"Certainly you may," she said, and before he knew it she was in his arms and they were gracefully gliding across the floor. He felt as if he must say something, but he could think of nothing to say. He reflected that at the same time, it was his happiest and most embarrassing moment. He delighted in her touch, feeling her slim body move in accordance with his.

"Aren't you the girl I saw in the waiting room of Thornton's office one day?" he asked. Of course he knew she was but he felt he must say something to break the silence between them.

"Why yes, I believe I am," she returned, "you are getting along in the mills pretty well now, aren't you?"

"Yes, I have nothing to complain about," he said.

"You are in charge of a blast furnace now, aren't you?"

"Why yes, how did you know?" he asked.

"Oh, I asked Bill—Mr. Thornton," she returned.

He had several more dances with her that night, and seeing that she seemed to be alone, he ventured to ask if he might take her home.

"Well," she seemed to be thinking, "sure you can," she said at last.

"Thanks a lot," he returned.

But after the party was over and he was taking her out the door, up rushed Thornton with, "Say, I thought I was going to take you home."

"So did I, but you were nowhere to be seen, and I accepted Mr. Bowman's kind offer to take me," she returned sweetly.

Thornton looked at Bob, but Bob was looking at Cornilia. "I have the car out here and I—," he said weakly.



"I'd just as soon walk though," she said.

The next day at the mills his mind was still full of her. He could not seem to be able to think of anything else all day long and in the late afternoon when he went, as usual, to make his report to Thornton, he was still thinking many pleasant thoughts about her. He sat down on the dingy bench and he remembered the day when he first saw her.

"All right, next," Thornton said from within the office. But this fell upon deaf ears as far as Bob was concerned, for he was still day-dreaming. After waiting a reasonable length of time, Thornton came to the door of the office. "Hey, there, what's the matter with you?" he asked, "Oh, so it's you, is it? What are you doing anyhow? Day-dreaming I suppose!" with a sneer, "Thinking about Miss Atkins I suppose. A swell chance you have, a labor boss! Do you think for one minute that she would have anything to do with you? She has a little more respect for herself than that."

"Then how much do you think that she would have to do with a cad like you?" blurted out Bob throwing all prudence to the winds in his anger.

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said," returned Bob angrily.

"Listen," exploded Thornton growing purple with rage, "If I ever see you toying with her affections again you'll be sorry for it."

"And just what do YOU have to say about it?" asked Bob.

"Plenty, she is mine," answered Thornton, "Now get out before I lose my temper." Bob started out. "And by the way," said Thornton, growing more calm, "you may stop on your way out tonight and get your pay to date and with it a little blue envelope. I'll phone down now and tell the clerk to have it ready for you."

"What's the idea?" exclaimed Bob knowing full well what the proverbial blue envelope meant. He started to walk back, but Thornton closed the door in his face.

So, utterly dejected, he walked out of the mills. He was almost to despair. He decided to see if he could find another job. But week after week passed and he could find nothing. Meanwhile his small fortune dwindled to a few dollars and he became more discouraged than ever.

And so time went by until another spring came. But strangely enough, instead of April showers, there came April downpours. It rained, rained, rained, rained some more, and kept on raining. The river rose and rose until it overflowed its banks. It rained some more until there were from two to four feet of water on the floor of the valley.

It was one afternoon in May. It had stopped raining although the sky was still overcast with clouds. Bob and a friend of his were rowing up beside the river in an old flat-bottomed rowboat.

"Say, don't you think the current is a lot stronger than usual?" asked Bob's friend as they tugged at the oars.

"I'll say it is," he agreed, "I wonder what has caused that."

"Nothing serious I hope," returned the friend, "although I couldn't guess what it is."

But even as he spoke the current seemed to grow stronger. Then Bob's attention was arrested by something else. He saw a canoe coming toward them in which sat two figures; he recognized the one in front as Cornilia Atkinson and the one in back as Thornton. His friend, noticing that Bob's attention was riveted upon them, remarked, "A pretty couple that pair will make. Have you heard that they are engaged?"

"What?" exclaimed Bob, "Engaged! That cad!" but then controlling himself, "Yes, a pretty couple they will make!"

But all at once he was interrupted by something else. He heard a distant roar with wild shouting intermingled. Nearer and nearer came the shouting until some of it began to be distinguishable.



"Flood! Flood! The dam has burst! To the hills! To the hills!"

Then in the chaos that followed, Bob instinctively looked toward the canoe. He saw Thornton, stricken by fear and forgetting all about Cornilia, jump from the canoe at the same time overturning it and starting to swim toward the city to what he thought would be safety. There was Cornilia at the mercy of the rushing waters clinging to the canoe, for, literally, dear life.

But Bob had seen this episode and muttering "Coward," he stripped off part of his clothes and jumped from the boat and started in the direction of the girl he loved. Sometimes swimming and sometimes wading he reached the over turned canoe after a seemingly interminable time.

As he grasped the girl, she smiled a weak smile at him and then her face froze in terror and her eyes fluttered shut as she fainted. Bob turned to see what had frightened her and saw to his horror a great dark wall of water rushing down the valley upon them. He felt his heart sink and despair freeze his blood, but looking at the face of his beautiful companion whom he held in his arms, he determined at least to save her. So he began to progress slowly, it seemed ever so slowly, toward the hill. He toiled on and on with a few others who were seeking to escape the flood until he came to the bank of the river and could no longer wade. He looked toward the advancing wall of water and saw that he had no time to lose, so he plunged in with the girl and began to swim across. But the ever increasing current carried him down the river far faster than he could swim forward. The great flood rushed on toward them, threatening every minute to drown them in its mighty embraces. But Bob, taking heart when he thought of the girl he had to save, swam more strongly and after seeming long hours of dreadful agony, finally reached the opposite shore. However his job was by no means finished. He had to climb the steep hill before him if he expected to escape the on-rushing flood.

After a heroic struggle he reached the hill and laid her down on a patch of green grass and tenderly worked over her until she opened her eyes, sat up, and smiled at him. But then she shuddered and pointed toward the city.

"Oh, my poor father and all those poor people," sobbed Cornilia, "What shall I ever do? I'm alone in the world now."

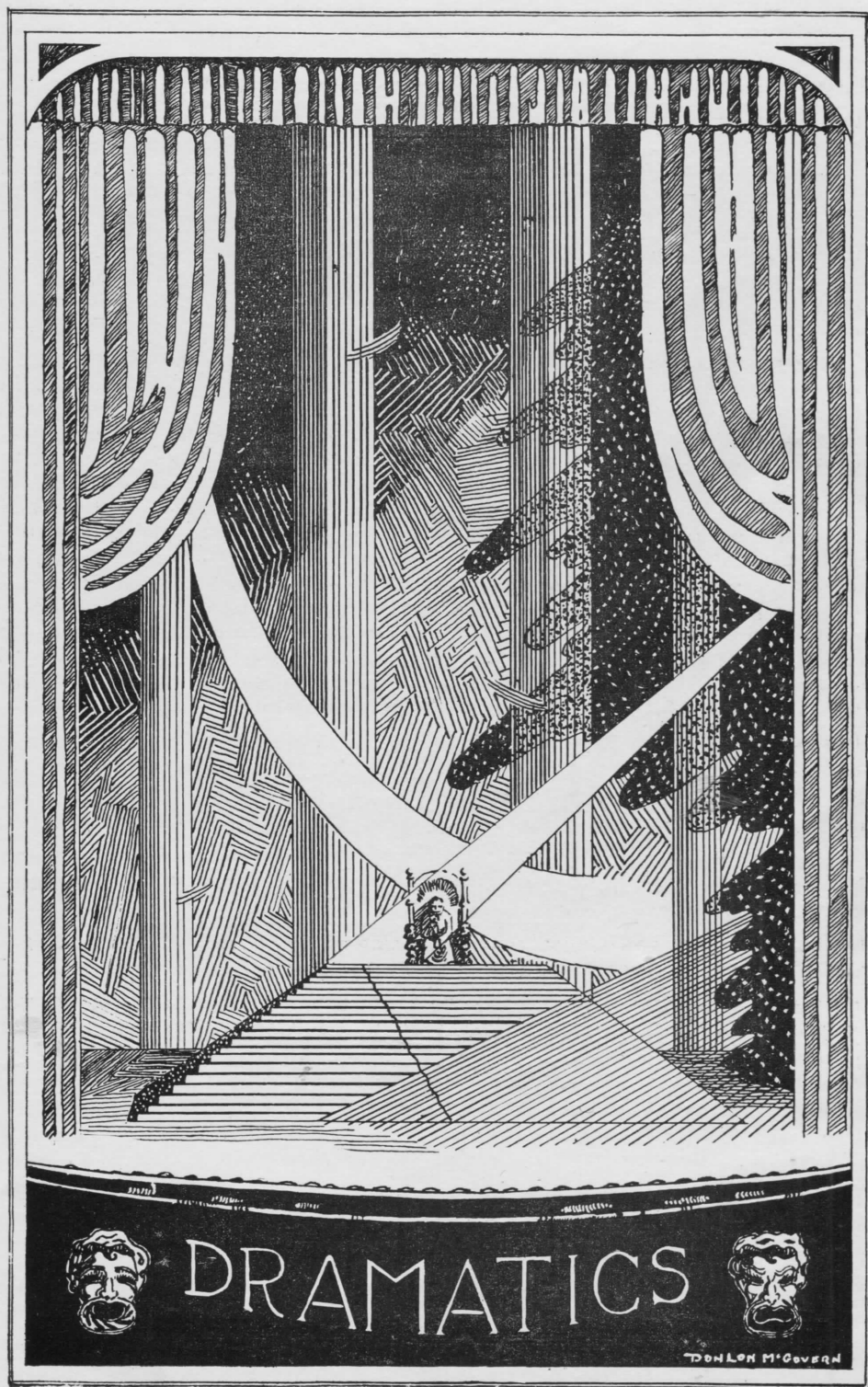
"No, you're not," said Bob. "Not if you will consider me at all. I feel quite able to support two just as well as one."

She looked at him and smiled that enhancing smile of hers. "You darling," she exclaimed, "I'll never feel lonely as long as you are with me."

And then, for the first time in many weeks, as if in accord with the scene, the setting sun peeped out from behind a bank of clouds, illuminating the two lovers with a beautiful golden light.





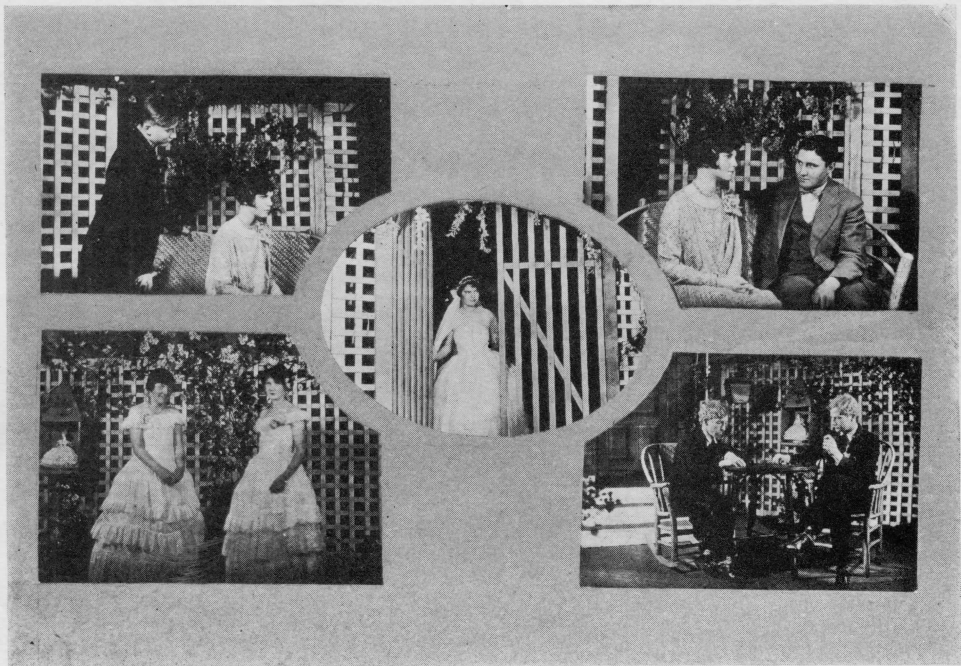


DRAMATICS



DONALD M. GOWER





“Smilin’ Through”

*Presented by Class of 1927*

Westmont-Upper Yoder High School Auditorium  
MAY THE THIRTIETH

CAST OF CHARACTERS

|   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| Sarah Wayne . . . . .   | Elsa Fabn         |
| Mary Clare . . . . .  | Mary Frances Tarr |
| John Cartaret . . . . .   | George Wertz      |
| Dr. Owen Harding . . . . .  | Fred Brickner     |
| Ellen . . . . .   | Charlotte Dunkle  |
| Kathleen Dungannon . . . . .  | Louise Stevens    |
| Willie Ainley . . . . .   | Herbert Walker    |
| Kenneth Wayne . . . . .   | William Bailey    |
| Jeremiah Wayne . . . . .  | Lycurgus Gurley   |
| Moonyeen Clare . . . . .  | Hermine Luebbert  |
| Wedding Guests—Betty Harris, Roberta Williams, Sylvester McCall, Homer Dishong, and Earl Eckel. |                   |





## Girls' Club Plays

The proceeds of four plays, staged by the Girls' Club, defrayed the expenses of the Club this year. Under the supervision of Miss Greer, "The Beau of Bath" by Constance McKay, "Solemn Pride" by George Leighton, "My Lady's Lace" by Edward Knoblock and "The Travellers" by Booth Tarkington were produced in the school auditorium on February 10.



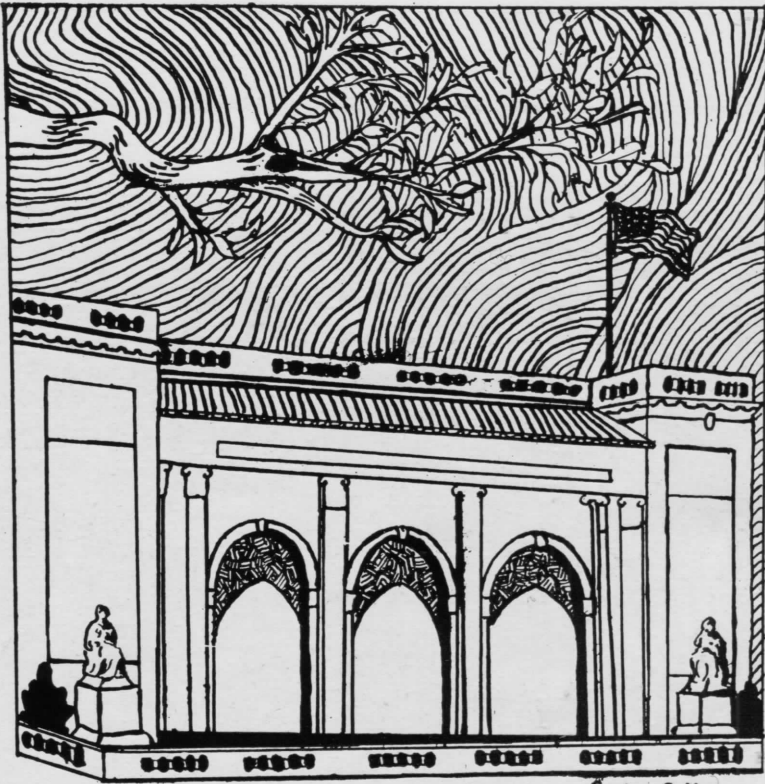


## Washington Trip Plays

“Spreading the News” by Lady Gregory and “The Imaginary Invalid” by Moliere were staged March 23 by the Senior class.

The proceeds from these plays were used to apply on the expenses of the Senior class for the annual trip to Washington.





Emily Collier

# ORGANIZATIONS





## Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff

A literary magazine, "The Hill-Top Hi-Lights," this year took the place of "The Gossip," the school newspaper. The magazine, including within its pages a variety of poems, short stories, essays, sketches, jokes, and news of the school, was published by the Seniors in the month of December, by the Seniors and Juniors in February, and by the Juniors in May. Sylvia Rush edited the first edition, Sylvia Rush and Clarendon Crichton, the second, and Clarendon Crichton, the third.

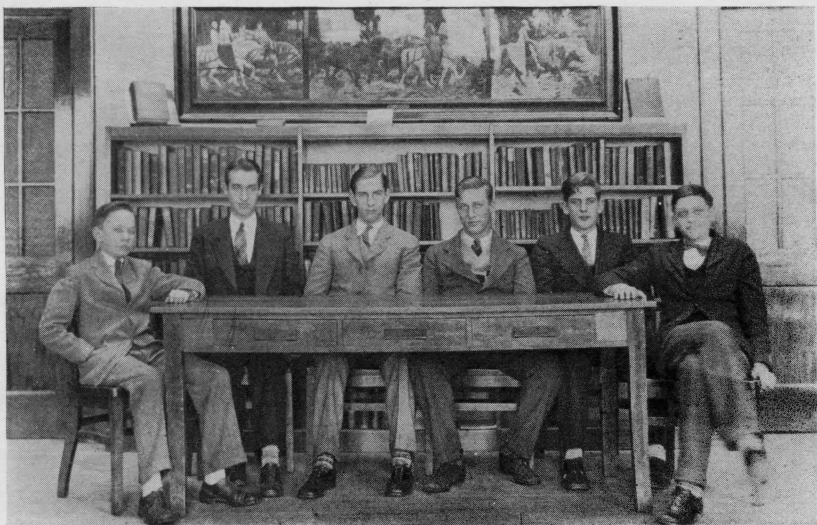




## Phoenician Staff

Sylvia Rush, *Editor-in-Chief*, Henry Whalen, Telford Eppley, Wiltrude Miller, Charles Kintner, Emily Coller, Craig Longwell, John Reese, Charles Temple, Robert Geer, Mildred Lecky, Anna Mary Raab, Margaret Fassett, Marguerite Florman, Eleanor Dovey, Sylvia Klatzkin.





## Boys' Club

Under the supervision of the following officers the Boys' Club enjoyed a successful year: Charles Kintner, *President*; John Sawyer, *Vice-President*; Telford Eppley, *Secretary*; Clarendon Crichton, *Treasurer*.

The meetings in which Louis Piper and his orchestra entertained, and in which addresses were delivered by Mr. Traugh, Boys' Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Rev. Winey, Rev. Whalen, Miss McGann, and Evangelist Deever, were enjoyed by the boys.

The delegates to the State Conference, John Sawyer and Robert Campbell, had a successful trip.

The annual Father and Son Night was a big success. Rev. Whalen delivered the address.

Many new members were initiated into the Hi-Y Club. Many from this club attended the Girl Reserve-Hi-Y conference in Johnstown. The Hi-Y Clubs of the city held three meets: one in swimming, one in foul shooting, and one in basketball. Westmont placed first in basketball and second in swimming and foul shooting.





## Girls' Club

The Girls' Club in the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School, of which every girl in the school is a member, has as its purpose the teaching of high ideals.

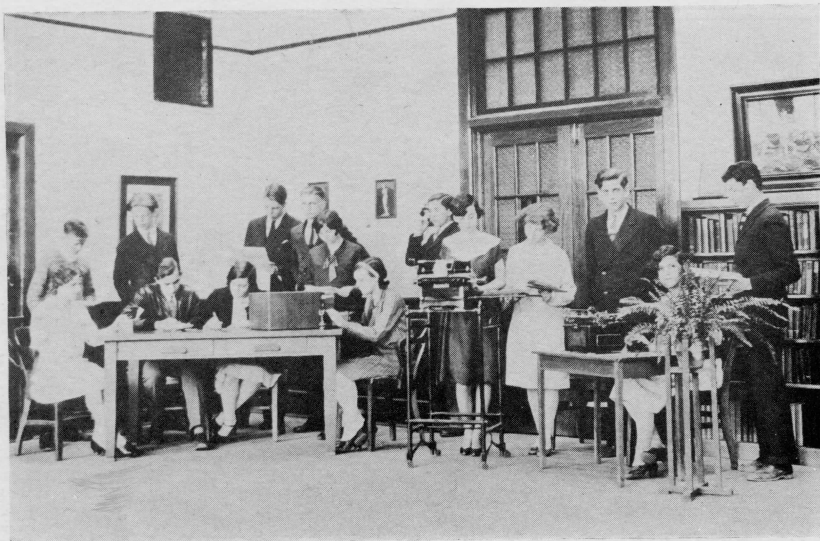
The event of the year, the Mother and Daughter Banquet, was attended by nearly all the girls and their mothers.

A Father and Daughter Banquet, something new, proved to be a success.

At the club meetings, held on alternate Tuesdays, Miss Dowling, Miss Ellenwood, Miss McGann, Mr. Gile, and Rev. Ashman were the speakers.

The officers who served during the year were Ruth McGahan, *President*; Olga Davis, *Vice-President*; Sylvia Rush, *Secretary*; Anna Mary Raab, *Treasurer*. These were assisted by the following chairmen: Margaret Fassett, *Program*; Mary Catherine Porter, *Social*; and Mildred Leckey, *Social Service*.





## Thrift Savings Bank

Within the walls of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School a Bank, a business-like institution, encourages systematic savings among the pupils.

The officers, chosen for the school year 1927-28 from Banking and Advanced Book-keeping classes, are as follows: Board of Directors, Anna Mary Raab, *President*; Chester Miller, *Vice-President*; Eugene Smith, *Secretary*; Wayne Nelson, *Cashier*; Margaret Mary Coll, *Assistant Cashier*. The publicity committee consists of Anna Mary Raab, Gwendolyn Daugherty, Julia Symons, Wayne Nelson, and Dorothy Kennedy. The advertising and poster committee is composed of Chester Miller, Eleanor Callet, Evelyn Hunter, Howard Albert, and Margaret Mary Coll. Mr. Carl Engh, Commercial instructor, acts as treasurer.

This bank, which is operated from 8:25 A. M. to 8:40 A. M. on Tuesdays, brings results. The enrollment is one hundred and thirty pupils or sixty-six and two thirds per cent of the school. The total amount deposited from September 1927 to April 1, 1928 was \$170.13. The withdrawals are infrequent.

The Bank depending, as it does for its support on student cooperation, demands the support of the whole school.



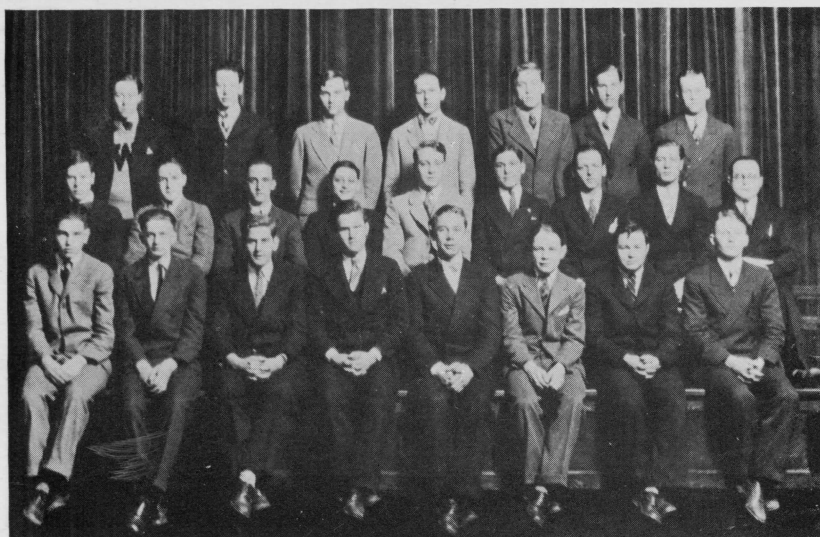


## Orchestra

The weekly chapel programs, the Girls' Club plays, the Washington Trip plays, the Senior Class play, the Cantata on April 27, and the Cambria County Music Week Program on May 11, were events in which the orchestra this year participated. At the Music Week festival the orchestra played "Largo" and "March Athalia."

The orchestra is composed of Rose Pudliner, violin; David Yingling, violin; Lowe McIntyre, violin; Arthur Witprachtiger, violin; Louis Piper, saxophone; Sylvia Klatzkin, piano; Ruth McGahan, clarinet; Dwight Muckley, clarinet; and Benny Fletcher, drums.



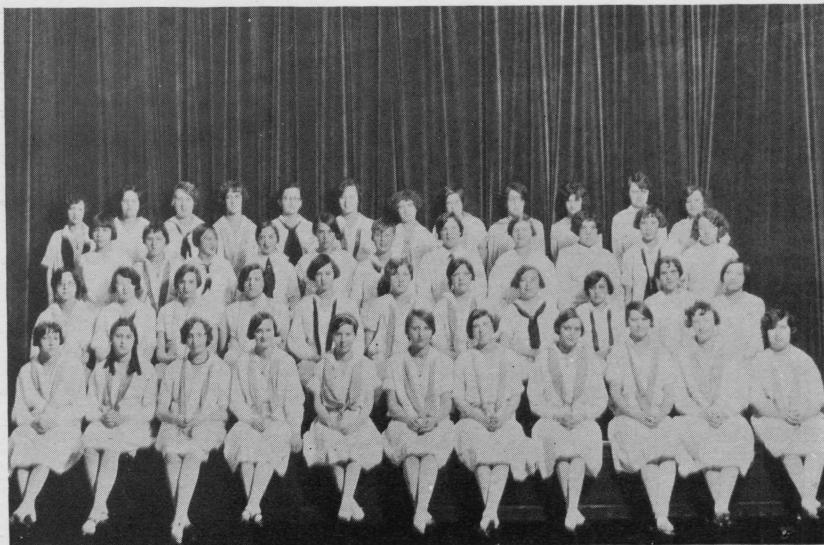


### Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club, which met once every two weeks, assisted in the cantata, "On the Nile," and sang in chapel the following selections: "Vive L'Amour," "Down Mobile," "Good Bye My Lover" and "Those Old Pals of Ours."

Within this club is a boys' quartet which consists of Homer Dishong, first tenor; Telford Eppley, second tenor; Sygmund Kaminsky, baritone; and Robert Geer, bass.





### Girls' Choral Club

"La Laroyande," an Arabian folk song, "The Elf Man," and "On the Road to Mandalay," were the selections which the Girls' Choral Club gave in chapel.

This club, which met three times every two weeks, assisted in the cantata, "On the Nile," which was presented in the auditorium, April 27, 1928. The theme of this entertainment was of camp fires, of romance, of war, and of peace among a tribe of people on the Nile river. The music was of three parts: soprano, alto, and baritone.





## Poster Club

The Poster Club is an organization which is beneficial to the entire school because of its active work in school advertising, decorating, and other artistic pursuits.

The Art department is the official advertising organization of the school, and all the art work which leaves the school is done or approved by this department. The scenery for stage settings is painted and kept in good condition, and the lighting effects for the stage are managed by the Art department. Finger marks are erased and worn places on the walls of the school are fixed by this department. The department also takes care of all the art work in "The Phoenician."

Classes in costume designing, water color, pen and ink, pencil sketching, charcoal rendering, and applied design are conducted under the supervision of the Art department.

This department had the honor of designing the first cover for the annual "Directory of Public Schools of Cambria County."

At the Cambria County Fair the awards were as follows: First and second in water color, first in pencil, second in designing, second in charcoal, and second in paintex.





### Students' Council

For the year 1927-28, the Students' Council officers were Mary Catherine Porter, *President*; David Yingling, *Vice President*; and Virginia Harris, *Secretary*.





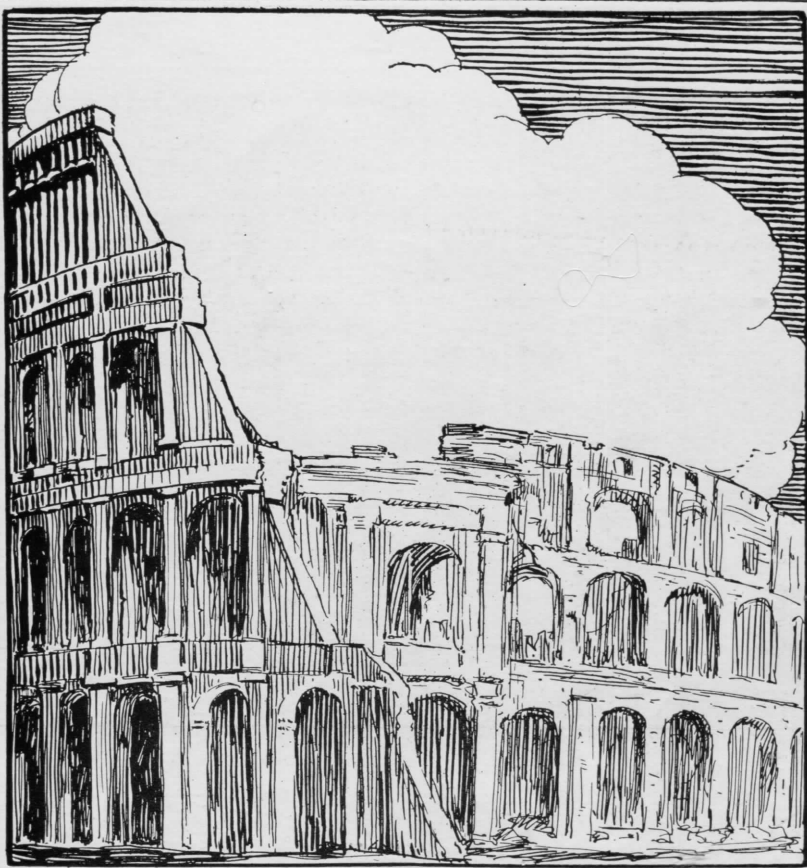
## Science Clubs

This year there were four Nature Clubs, composed of pupils of the Science and Biology classes, under the competent instruction of Miss Elsie Canan.

Members of the Biology class made weekly excursions after school through most of the year. Many trips have been made to the Elk Run Valley where there is an abundance of wild plant and bird life. In the fall, a study was made of autumn wild flowers, shrubs, leaves, trees in foliage, birds in migration, and insects. During the winter months, when the weather permitted, the work was carried on in recognizing twigs, tree structure, and winter birds. Extensive work was carried on during the Spring. The tours after school included a study of many wild flowers in leaf, bud, and blossom; shrubs in bud and leaf; recognition of trees in bud, blossom and leaf; birds in migration, and summer resident birds. Beside these, the bird lovers took early morning trips to learn to know their feathered friends, and their calls, especially while the birds were in migration.

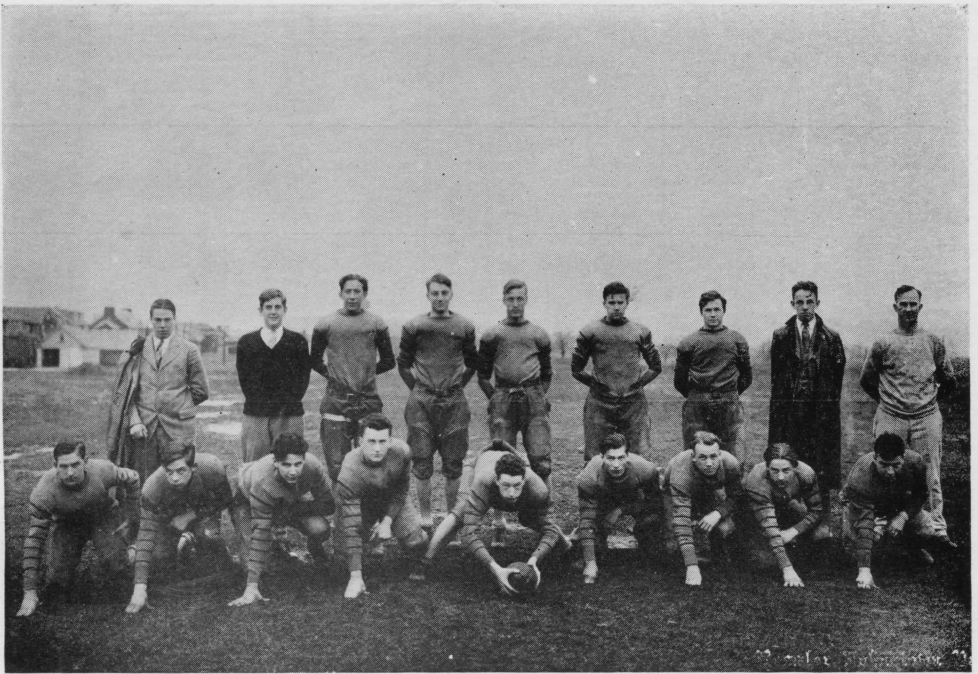
The three Science classes have been taking weekly trips after school and fifth periods since their organization the first week in March. These jaunts, too, for the most part have been to Elk Run. Birds, trees, and wild flowers were the high spots. Keen interest has been taken in recognizing birds at close sight, on the wing, and by their calls.





# ATHLETICS





## Football—Season of 1927-28

Football in Westmont enjoyed the most successful season in its four years of existence. Of the nine games played, the team met but one real defeat and that was at the hands of the undefeated Portage High School team. Hollidaysburg High managed to give Westmont its other defeat by an 8 to 6 score in a last minute rally.

Westmont, outweighed by practically every team it met, won over some tough opposition in Cresson, Ferndale, and Dale high schools. One of the surprise games was the one in which Westmont swamped Conemaugh under an 83 to 0 score. Our team was out-scored by only two of the twenty-five high schools in Cambria County. Westmont's points of the season were 199; opponent's, 73.

Cochran Jr. High first met defeat at the hands of the Westmont eleven. This 37 to 0 victory partly atoned for the tie score of the year before. Wagner's long kick-offs and the end runs by Longwell and Whalen featured.

The next game with Dale was another walk-away. Dale gained but three first downs in this game, while Westmont's back-field gained at will. To stop Kintner from smashing through tackle would have required an entire team assembled at those positions.

The Portage game was a sad story. We opened this game with three straight first downs, but after this Portage had things their own way. We were defeated but it was no disgrace. There was no question as to who had the better team.

Partly recovered from the Portage defeat, Westmont proceeded to administer a 6 to 0 beating to our rival, Ferndale High on the Ferndale gridiron. Things were very much Westmont's the first quarter, but the necessary punch was lacking to make the score larger. McGrath was very much in evidence in this game. In fact, the entire team knew what it meant to have Ferndale defeat us; so to say anyone was the shining light would be unfair to the whole team.

In the next game Westmont ran wild and buried Conemaugh under an 83 to 0 defeat. According to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, this was the highest score run up



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

by a high school team for that Saturday in the Eastern part of United States. The score itself tells what each member of the team did.

Somewhat of a surprise was sprung on November 20th when Westmont sent Cresson down to an 8 to 6 defeat at Cresson. The teams fought on even terms most of the game, but Westmont showed more fight and aggressiveness. Whalen and Carroll certainly were outstanding in this game, and Capt. Kintner was anything but idle.

The football final on Thanksgiving Day went to Westmont High when the Alumni were defeated 14 to 6 in a hard struggle. We were considerably outweighed, but better physical conditions and an assortment of trick plays found the Alumni napping, and a varsity victory attained. The dogged determination of our line, who were outweighed at least 15 lbs. per man was remarkable. McGrath, Kintner, Piper and Whalen certainly covered themselves with glory.

As the games with Hollidaysburg and Derry were not attended by the team reporter, Clarendon Crichton, no definite facts from these games are available. In the Hollidaysburg game, Westmont lost a hard fought game by an 8 to 6 score. Longwell starred on the offense with a pretty thirty-yard run for a touch-down. On four occasions did our line hold Hollidaysburg on their 5 yd. line.

At Derry, in a sea of mud, Westmont ran up a 21 to 6 score against their old opponents. Westmont's triple and quadruple passes combined with hidden ball plays made it difficult for Derry to stop those terrific plunges of Captain Kintner. Straight football scored Derry's only touchdown.

Those who received their letters in football this year are as follows:

|                |                 |                |
|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Hamer Wagner   | John McGrath    | Louis Piper    |
| Edwin Hartz    | John Sawyer     | Craig Longwell |
| John Wesner    | Howard Black    | Telford Eppley |
| Claire Mowery  | Robert Campbell | Peter Carroll  |
| Russell Whalen | Charles Kintner |                |

With seven of this year's letter men available for next year the football season should be equally as good if not better. John McGrath, better known as "Speedy" has been elected Captain and if his playing ability serves as any inspiration, we certainly can look forward to some thrilling games.

The probable schedule for next year is as follows:

|                             |         |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| Sept. 29—Adams Twp. H. S.   | at home |
| Oct. 5—Dale H. S.           | at home |
| Oct. 12—Ferndale H. S.      | at home |
| Oct. 27—Hollidaysburg H. S. | away    |
| Nov. 3—Somerset H. S.       | away    |
| Nov. 10—Derry H. S.         | at home |
| Nov. 16—Conemaugh H. S.     | away    |
| Nov. 24—Alumni              | at home |

## INDIVIDUAL WRITE-UPS

### *Ends*

Peter Carroll, playing his second year at end, was the most consistent player on the team. Although he was not a flashy player, Pete could always be relied on.

John Sawyer, the other end, though it was his first in football, certainly did his best. With another season he should be more experienced. As a receiver of passes, John ranks among the best. The fact that he and Carroll received honorable mention on the All-County team, speaks well for their abilities.

### *Tackles*

For a high school team our line was exceptionally light and Robt. Campbell, playing his first year at tackle, though he did not measure up in size to most of his opponents, certainly showed the courage and determination which he possesses.



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

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Hamer Wagner, our Freshman member, was about the pluckiest and hardest player on the team. We look for big things from Hamer on the gridiron in the remaining years of his high school career.

### *Guards*

Claire Mowery was another of those players who does not have much weight but an excess of determination and endurance. By reason of his speed and dependability, it would not be surprising to see the coach shift Claire to an end position.

Edwin Hartz, another member of the Freshmen class, playing his first year of football, did very well. We expect few opponents to get Edwin out of his position this coming year. A very willing pupil and a likeable nature makes him admired by his team-mates.

John Wesner playing his first year of football did so with great credit to himself and school. A little more "fight" John, and the opponents will know where you come from.

### *Centers*

Howard "Lydia" Black played his last for Westmont and we certainly will miss him. A very steady player with an occasional flash now and then was Howard.

Edward Barrett has first chance on that vacant center position provided he can fill it as capably as his brother Carl did several years ago. Show us your "stuff" Edward.

### *Quarter-back*

To Russell Whalen went the responsibility of leading the way for the ball-carrier. Time and again his perfect interference made gains possible. When called upon to carry the ball, his speed and elusiveness made it difficult for the opponents to bring him down. As a safety man, he was hard to get past. Russ received honorable mention on the All-County team.

### *Half-backs*

John "Speedy" McGrath was all that his nick-name implies. He was an exceptional ball-carrier, and if there is anyone better than John next year, we desire to see him. To John belongs the responsibility of directing the team on the field. He is our Captain for 1928.

Craig Longwell was another of our sterling backs. As a ground-gainer he was hard to beat. A good punter, fleet of foot player, and good passer made him a "triple threat" player. Too bad you cannot be with us next year, Craig.

Louis Piper always filled in any of the back-field positions when called upon to do so. Louis is very small of stature but has a bundle of determination.

### *Full-back*

That Chas. Kintner, our Captain, was the outstanding player not only of our team, but of this County has been ascribed to by those who saw him in action. As a line plunger he had no equal; his ability to skirt the ends made him dangerous; and the power of his punts and forward passing made it impossible to determine what was taking place. A love of football combined with his aggressiveness will make some college glad to have his services.

### *Coach Engh*

The success of any team depends not only upon the ability of the coach to impart knowledge of the game but to secure the co-operation of his players in adherence to training rules and the right attitude toward true sportsmanship. Looking over the list, it must have been a trying task, but Mr. Engh certainly has the respect and admiration as well as appreciation for the pains-taking efforts and patience during the season just ended.

### *Manager*

That Telford Eppley did his work would be putting it mildly, for nothing was left undone to make the comforts of the players more enjoyable. Both he and his assistants are to be commended for their splendid services.





## Girls' Basketball

Although Westmont-Upper Yoder High School has had a girls' basketball team only the last two years, the girls have succeeded in making a name for themselves. This year they lost but one game. The schedule was inter-scholastic with the surrounding high schools, and called for eight games, one of which was tied and one defaulted.

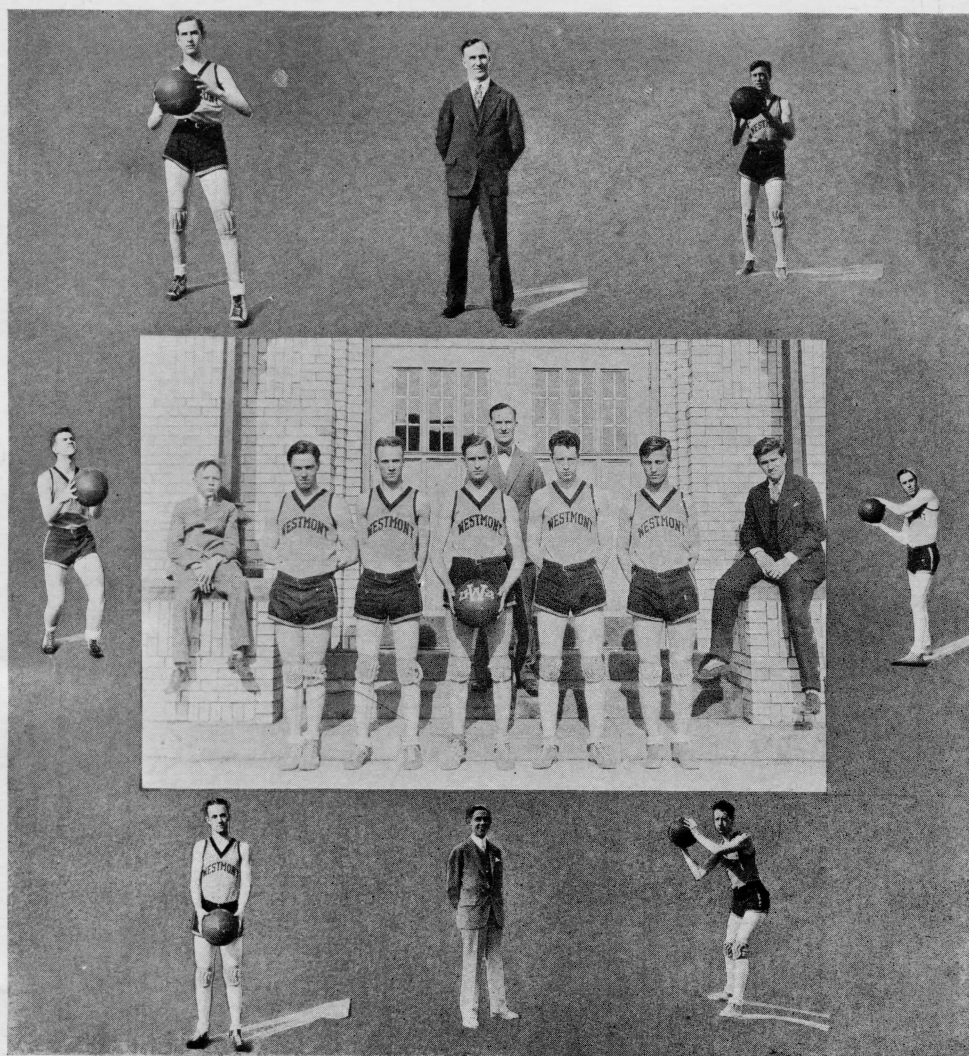
The following girls earned their letters by participating in over fifty-one per cent. of the games: Catherine Stiffler, Mary Catherine Porter, Emma Jane Lohr, Mildred Lecky, and Olga Davis. The business manager, Katherine Huebner, also earned a "W".

The substitutes were Dorothy Kennedy, Jane Ake, Ruth Owen, Esther Berkley, and Cornelia Rogers.

### Basketball Schedule

|          |     |                     |     |
|----------|-----|---------------------|-----|
| WESTMONT | 20  | SOUTHMONT           | 6   |
| "        | 26  | FRANKLIN            | 6   |
| "        | 26  | FERNDAL             | 22  |
| "        | 14  | GARFIELD            | 13  |
| "        | 19  | FRANKLIN            | 10  |
| "        | 14  | SOUTHMONT           | 14  |
| "        | 14  | GARFIELD            | 38  |
| "        | 2   | FERNDAL (defaulted) | 0   |
| TOTAL    | 133 | TOTAL               | 109 |





## Basketball—Season of 1927-28

This year the Westmont basketball team ran through a very good season with the resulting total of eight victories and eleven defeats. Considering the fact that Capt. John Sawyer and Chas. Kintner were the only players available from the previous season, Coach Engh deserves a great deal of credit for the wonderful showing. The team was unusual in many respects in that it displayed its greatest ability when pitted against some superior team and the reserve power, gained through strict adherence to training rules, enabled the players to come from behind with endurance sufficient to gain victory.



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

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With three letter-men available to start the 1928-29 season, and with some promising reserve material, nothing can prevent Westmont from taking the prominent place it has held in basketball during past years.

The season was opened Dec. 20th with a victory for the Red and Gray. The defeated team was Richland High. The following Tuesday the team made its first trip away from home, going to defeat before the strong Latrobe quintet. The following evening Westmont lost a heart-breaker in an extra five-minute period of play to the champion Conemaugh High team at Conemaugh.

At the beginning of the new year, Ferndale, our traditional rivals, defeated us for the first time since the erection of our gymnasium, and it was a well earned victory for them. More fighting spirit was manifest at the next game with the result that Richland High was defeated on their own floor in a beautiful exhibition of passing and team-work. After two setbacks by Conemaugh and Dale respectively, Southmont High was easily defeated.

In the next game we were defeated by Dale, but from then on Westmont went on a rampage and won the next four games, defeating Ferndale at Ferndale, Southmont at Southmont, Beall H. S. of Frostburg, Md. at Frostburg, and Senior High of Johnstown. The victory over Johnstown surely was the surprise of the year inasmuch as the team, being very much inexperienced, was playing what is called an "in and out" type of basketball. Although the score was very close, Westmont out-passed and in fact outplayed Johnstown in every department of the game. Any time Westmont defeats Senior High of Johnstown, we consider the season a success regardless of the other scores.

The Frostburg victory occurred when our team played three games in the state of Maryland. However, the team of giants from Alleghany High of Cumberland, Md., broke Westmont's winning streak and Berlin High made matters worse by defeating us at Berlin, Penna., on the following night.

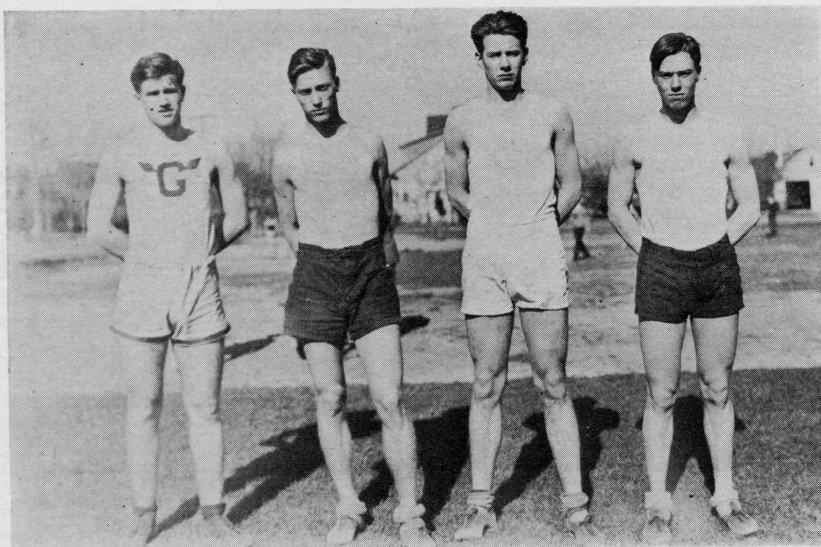
On the return home Johnstown High and Punxsutawney High defeated us in well played games, and Alleghany decided to defeat us on our own floor. Beall High School of Frostburg, Md. played on our floor for the first time, and as it was the last game of the season, the boys ended the season with a 44 to 41 victory.

Chas. Kintner, Howard Black, and Russell Whalen certainly gave their best in this their last game and we regret they cannot be with us next year.

At a meeting of the basketball players who received their Varsity "W", Hamer Wagner was chosen Captain for the 1928-29 season.







## Track Athletics

In 1927 Westmont's Track Team participated in the Cambria County Track Meet as well as in the Southern Cambria County Meet. In the former meet no points were scored, while in the latter Westmont tied for third place with Dale, a total of fifteen points being scored. Longwell and Kintner were the fortunate ones to receive Varsity Track Insignia.

This year, Westmont is entered in the Cambria County Meet as well as in the University of Pittsburgh Interscholastic Meet. Saturday May 12th, District 6, of the Penna. Interscholastic Athletic Association will conduct a Field and Track Meet at Altoona to which we will send our team. Russell Whalen and Capt. Craig Longwell are members of the Senior Class Play "The Rivals" and will be unable to participate in any track events until after May 18th. It is altogether likely that a quadrangular meet between Senior High School of Johnstown, Ferndale, Dale, and Westmont High Schools will be held the latter part of May. A dual meet with Conemaugh High is also contemplated. A list of the entrants and the events to be entered at the County Meet are as follows:

|                        |               |                           |
|------------------------|---------------|---------------------------|
| 100 yd. <i>Dash</i>    |               | <i>Shot-put</i>           |
| Wm. Boger              |               | Jack Conrad               |
| Chas. Kintner          |               | Chas. Kintner             |
| 220 yd. <i>Dash</i>    |               | <i>Pole-vault</i>         |
| John McGrath           |               | Jack Conrad               |
| Claire Mowery          |               | Wm. Boger                 |
| 220 yd. <i>Hurdles</i> |               | <i>Running Broad-jump</i> |
| Jack Conrad            |               | Claire Mowery             |
| Chas. Kintner          |               | Chas. Kintner             |
| 440 yd. <i>Dash</i>    |               | <i>Running High-jump</i>  |
| Claire Mowery          |               | Jack Conrad               |
| Chas. Kintner          |               | Chas. Kintner             |
| 880 yd. <i>Dash</i>    | <i>Discus</i> | <i>Javelin</i>            |
| John McGrath           | Jack Conrad   | Jack Conrad               |
| Claire Mowery          | John McGrath  | Claire Mowery             |





## The W Club

In the early part of this year a letter man's club, known as the "W" Club, was formed for the purpose of bettering athletics in Westmont-Upper Yoder High School. Craig Longwell was elected *President*, Russell Whalen, *Secretary-Treasurer*, and John Sawyer, *Vice President*.

The members of the club consist of those boys who have earned letters and are in attendance at this school. They are the following: Craig Longwell, Hamer Wagner, Edward Hartz, John Wesner, Claire Mowery, John Sawyer, John McGrath, Jack Conrad, Robert Campbell, Russell Whalen, Peter Carroll, Telford Eppley, Louis Piper, Howard Black, and Charles Kintner.





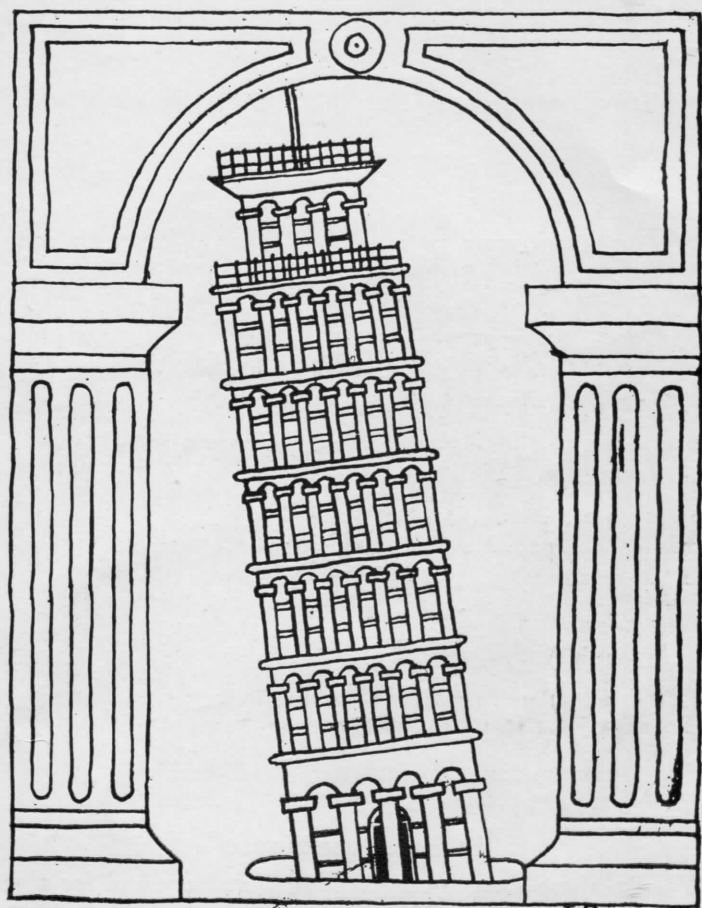
Syg, Cornie, Ginge, and Lew,  
With the help of the audience, too,  
Produce some yells in fitfell spells,  
While the game on the floor progress—es.

Yea Westmont,  
Yea Team!  
Yea, Yea Westmont,  
Team! Team! Team!

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Team! Team! Team!

Ow-ski, wow-wow,  
Ski, wow-wow,  
Westmont High School!  
Wow!





J. Faunce 28

# JOKES



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

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*"A little humor now and then is relished by the best of men."*

## JOKES (Stolen)

Campbell—"You can't wink at a girl with high-heeled shoes."

Black—"How come?"

Campbell—"You gotta use your eye."

Kintner—"Did you try to squeeze seven in your 'Chevy coupe?"

Longwell—"What do you think I am, an octopus?"

"Why do you speak of your wife as your Present wife?"

"Because her father gave her away."

Piper—"Is Faunce a good musician?"

Klatzkin—"Well, he played eight songs before he realized that his ukelele wasn't tuned.

Miss Landis—"Give me the city zoo."

Operator—"The lion is busy."

Dishong—"I can never get a pair of shoes to fit me."

Fulmer—"Perhaps your feet aren't mates.

Sawyer—"My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

Conrad—"And I always thought you were 100% American.

## In Hotel Lee House

Waiter—"Yes sir, those are the very best eggs we have had for a year!"

Eppley—"Huh! Well gimme two that you've had only about six months.

—Original.

Cop—"Hey, youse, no sleepin' on the benches!

Where d'ya think ya are? In the Ritz lobby?"

Dumb—"Say, lend me a dollar and I'll be a millionaire."

Dora—"How do you figure that?"

Dumb—"I already own six ciphers."

## In Washington

C. Temple—"Which way do the avenues run in your town?"

Newsy—"Both ways."

Cal—"You say that Dorovan made his money in oil?"

Hal—"Yes, he had a barber shop on the edge of the college campus."

Nat—"Why do the boys call Olga a 'Third Rail'?"

J. Conrad—"Beacuse she can't be touched."

"Skoal!" cried the guest as he lifted his glass in the good old fashioned way.

"Well, it ought to be," replied his host; "Its been on ice all day."

Doc—"Who was that cute little blonde you had at the dance last Thursday night?"

Russ—"Oh, she's that cute little brunette I had at the dance on Monday night."



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

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## In Washington

Conductor (calling streets)—“State!”

H. Black—“Pennsylvania.”

The light shows red,  
The light shows green;  
I think the cops  
Are awf’ly mean.

Bill—“What became of your lazy brother that was always yawning?”

Pete—“He’s doing a stretch in Sing Sing.”

Barnum—“I hear the lion’s hair is falling out.”

Bailey—“Yes, that’s his mane trouble.”

## Juno Seys

He whose laugh’s last is some humorist.

Mrs. Williammee—“Why do they put bridges on violins?”

C. Kunkle—“To get the music across.”

—Original

People who live in glass houses should go to bed with their clothes on.

—Original

Rus Whalen—“Say, did you say I was a big bum?”

J. Dovey—“Yes.”

Rus Whalen—“Well, then keep it to yourself.”

—Original

A coal dealer’s daughter  
Was Marguerite Flynn;  
By holy smoke!—where  
She hadn’t bin!

Pickpocket—“Gee! Dere goes Mike de Slick wid his hands in his own pockets.

## Sign in a Washington Restaurant

“We are not responsible if the hat or overcoat you get doesn’t fit.”

Frosh—“I’m looking for a snap course.”

Soph—“Have you ever thought about rubber band manufacturing?”

Reese—“When the cops came, the crowd beat it.”

Geer—“Did you run very fast?”

Reese—“Naw, but I passed some that was.”

Piper—“What’s the difference between you and me?”

Sawyer—“What is it?”

Piper—“Well, I’m smarter than you, but still you know more than I do when you know me.”

## JOKES (Original)

Oh, Anna Raab has a car,  
But that ain’t saying much.  
But you better not go too far,  
Or you’ll get yourself in Dutch.



## HOROSCOPE

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| Name              | Looks            | Usually Seen                 | Ambition                                  |
|-------------------|------------------|------------------------------|---|
| "Sister" Ake      | Eager            | Trying to be funny           | To get married                            |
| "Esther" Berkley  | Bashful          | Being quiet                  | To stay quiet                             |
| "Lydia" Black     | Sweet            | Singing                      | To be an osteopath                        |
| "Claire" Blough   | Goofy            | In the gym.                  | To be a gentleman                         |
| "Eleanor" Callet  | Uppish           | Driving a car                | ? ? ?                                     |
| "Monk" Campbell   | Dizzy            | Playing poker                | To own R. J. Reynold's<br>Tobacco Company |
| "Pete" Carroll    | Hefty            | Playing athletics            | To be in the Big<br>Leagues               |
| "Emily" Collier   | Reserved         | Drawing                      | To be an artist                           |
| "Gwen" Daugherty  | Irish            | Typewriting                  | To be a stenog.                           |
| "Erdean" Dorer    | Angelic          | Studying                     | To play a harp                            |
| "Eleanor" Dovey   | All right        | With "Toots"                 | To diet                                   |
| "Tel" Eppley      | Baby face        | Eating                       | To be a kid again                         |
| "Peg" Fassett     | Pert             | With Hamie                   | To be an opera singer                     |
| "Al" Faunce       | Deceiving        | In a car                     | To get another Ford                       |
| "Benny" Fletcher  | Pathetic         | In the orchestra             | To be a drummer                           |
| "Marg" Florman    | Around           | Reciting                     | To live in Altoona                        |
| "Bob" Geer        | Up to Jane Davis | With Jane                    | To be forever with<br>Jane                |
| "Kate" Huebner    | High             | Selling candy                | To be a school "marm"                     |
| "Charlie" Kintner | Sedate           | With the coach               | To be a college foot-<br>ball star        |
| "Sylvia" Klatzkin | Studious         | Studying                     | To study                                  |
| "Ted" Leckey      | Snappy           | With John                    | To marry John                             |
| "Jane" Lohr       | Funny            | With "Mike"                  | To find a "he" man.                       |
| "Doc" Longwell    | Swaggerish       | At Dykes                     | To be a doctor                            |
| "Toots" McGahan   | Peppy            | Talking to Miss Greer        | To be a business<br>woman                 |
| "Cheto" Miller    | Out of place     | In Roxbury                   | To be hard boiled                         |
| "Billy" Miller    | Intellectual     | Studying                     | To be educated                            |
| "Mary" Mosholder  | Shy              | With Esther                  | To go West                                |
| "Dot" Myers       | Cute             | Not at all                   | To get out of school                      |
| "Toots" Owen      | Barrelish        | With Eleanor                 | To drive a Packard                        |
| "Lou" Piper       | Musical          | Playing Music                | To be a second Paul<br>Whiteman           |
| "Mike" Porter     | Logical          | Talking to underclass<br>men | To get a blonde man                       |
| "Annie" Raab      | Co-edish         | With John Sawyer             | To be John's wife                         |
| "Charlie" Ream    | Studious         | Studying                     | To be President                           |
| "Jack" Reese      | Up in the air    | Up in the air                | To be up in the air                       |
| "Sylvia" Rush     | Witty            | Talking to Miss Trine        | To be a journalist                        |
| "Gene" Smith      | Collegiate       | Doing Nothing                | To be Collegiate                          |
| "Gert" Souders    | Everywhere       | Sitting around               | To get out of school                      |
| "Kate" Stiffler   | Athletic         | Playing basketball           | To talk forever                           |
| "Jule" Symons     | Shrewd           | With Anna Mary               | To be a good wife                         |



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

| Name              | Looks     | Usually Seen         | Ambition               |
|-------------------|-----------|----------------------|------------------------|
| "Tiny" Temple     | Important | Busy                 | To be lazy             |
| "Carusoe" Wainger | Tiny      | With Sylvia Klatzkin | To be a school teacher |
| "Hen" Whalen      | Tall      | With his brother     | To be a preacher       |
| "Rus" Whalen      | Important | With "Doc".          | To be a lady's man     |

The seniors are the berries,  
And you all know its true,  
'Cause to their Alma Mater  
They are all true blue.

We know a certain Freshman,  
Who likes a Senior lass.  
His name is Hamie Wagner,  
The hero of his class.

The Juniors have class meetings,  
To discuss the Junior prom.  
The Seniors they hail with greetings,  
'Cause they're the ones who'll come.

If you want to learn to smoke a pipe,  
Just go ask "Lydia" Black.  
But if his mood is not just ripe,  
You won't get an answer back.

## Famous Personages in Senior Class

Salesman Sam—Russ Whalen  
Guzz—Henry Whalen  
Dinty Moore—Benny Fletcher  
Boots—Marg. Fassett  
Barney Google—Howdy Black  
Boob McNutt—Bob Campbell  
Cicero Sapp—John Faunce  
Jiggs—Charlie Kintner  
The Mystery Boy—Doc. Longwell  
Major Hoople—Pete Carroll  
Casper—Charles Temple  
Uncle Everett—Bob Geer  
Andy Gump—John Reese  
Uncle Bim—Cheto Miller  
Mike and Ike—Charles Ream, Claire Blough  
Little Lord Fauntleroy—Eugene Smith  
Chester—Tel Eppley  
Min—Emma Jane Lohr  
Babe—Mary Catherine Porter  
Petey Dink—Louis Piper  
Henrietta—Ruth Owen  
The Widow Zander—Eleanor Dovey



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

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## Advice to Under Classmen

Never do your school work, even as we have done.  
Don't listen to the teachers, even as we have done.  
Never be on time, even as we have been.  
Always be on the up-an-up even as we have been.  
Always talk back, even as we have done.  
Always walk on the grass, even as we have done.  
Always loaf in the halls, even as we have done.  
Always be on the alert, even as we have been.  
Always enjoy yourselves thoroughly, even as we have done.

## A Five Act Play in Three Acts

### ACT I

Scene: Same as Act II

A street in Westmont, Pennsylvania.

(a couple are traversing the avenues of business.)

Borax—I love you.

Palmolive—I hate you.

He—(Drawing a gun) Am I not an artist?

### ACT II

Scene—Same as Act I

Enter Lifebuoy—Alas, poor Borax, I knew him well. The next time I see him I shall chastise him for the lead nickel he lent me. (Exit)

Enter Borax—Oh, wait until I get you, Lifebuoy. I shall exterminate him for that Old Gold he gave me. It gave me consumption. (Exit).

### ACT III

Enter Borax and Lifebuoy.

Borax—Villain.

Lifebuoy—Traitor. (Both draw their trusty bubble pipes to duel.)

Enter Palmolive—Alas, what takes place here. Ah, a duel! But, no, this cannot be. Away, false Borax, thou hast ruined my lawn with thy twenty mule team, and besides I like Lifebuoy's better.

Borax dissolves.

Lifebuoy—Ah, now let me hold thy palm Olive.

Palmolive—Not on your Life buoy. If I am that kind of a girl, I hope I shall be blown to atoms.

(Just then the gun went off.)

The End

## There Was a Freshie and His Lass

It was a Freshie and his lass  
With a hee and a haw and another hee haw!  
That o'er the green school campus did pass  
After school time, the well known joy time,  
When the buzzer does ring, hey ding a ding!  
Sweet Froshies love the ring.

The names are known at the present time  
With a hee and a haw and another hee haw!  
“Peg” and “Hamie” The way they rime  
After school time, the well known joy time,  
When the buzzer does ring, hey ding a ding!  
Sweet Froshies love the ring.



## As We Close—

**I**F in later years, this Phoenician book of 1928 recalls vivid memories of happy times spent in this High School, and if it brings to your mind the beautiful scenes of Westmont, we shall be glad, for toward that end we have labored.

Sylvia Rush,  
*Editor-in-Chief*





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