

**THE
PHOENICIAN**

1929



•. THE .•
PHOENICIAN

of the

Westmont-Upper Yoder High School,

WESTMONT,

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.



PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-nine

Dedication

TO

MR. OSCAR BELLES

A TEACHER

OF WHOLEHEARTED DEVOTION
TO HIS CLASS WORK

A MAN

OF UNIQUE PERSONALITY AND
REFRESHING GENIALITY

A FRIEND

OF WARM, GENEROUS SYMPATHY
WHICH HAS WON THE HEARTS
OF THOSE WITH WHOM HE HAS
COME IN CONTACT.

WE DEDICATE THE

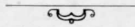
PHOENICIAN

1929



Mr. Oscar Belles

Foreword



To get to you a book representing a certain value in money, is not
our aim;

But rather to give you something by word and picture that may merit
a place in your permanent library,

Something that you may look to in years to come to recall times spent
in the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School,

Something that sets our community in a class of its own, through the
appropriate theme—trees.

In Memoriam

ADELINE EICHLER

CLASS OF

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN



GEORGE ROSS COOK, Jr.

CLASS OF

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR

The Staff

Editor-in-chief, Clarendon Crichton

Associate Editors

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Emily Thomas
Ann Stremel

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Dorothy Stutzman
Olga Davis
Olga Navratil

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Natalie Suppes
Betty Burkhardt

Dramatics

Jane Tarr
Jane Davis

Organizations

Gretchen Kopp
Elizabeth Hinchman
Mary Bell

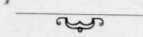
Business Managers

Margaret Mary Coll
David Yingling
Robert Gray

Typists

Dorothy Kennedy
Evelyne Hunter

Table of Contents



SCENES FROM AROUND WESTMONT

ADMINISTRATION

CLASSES

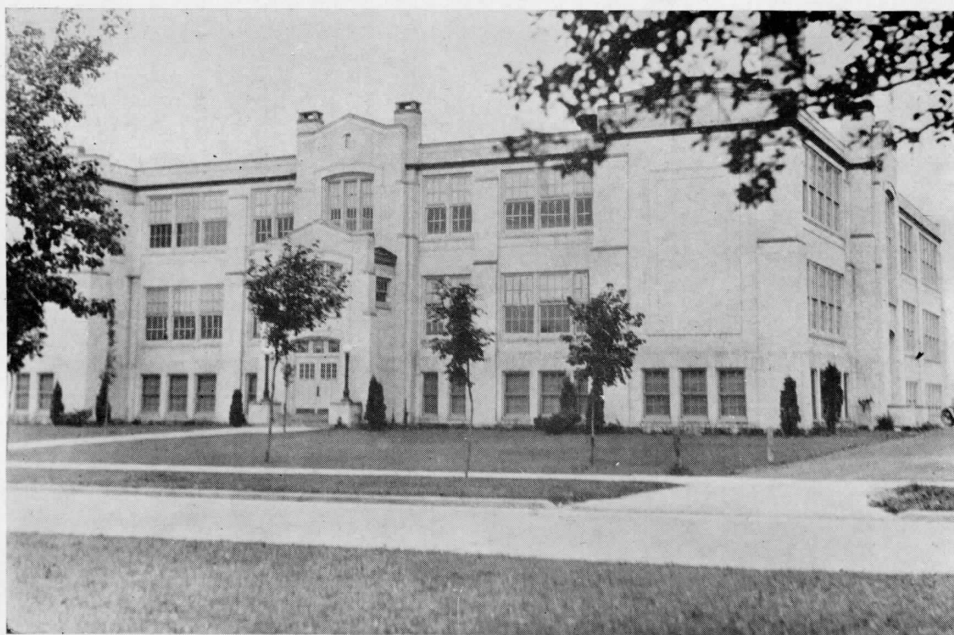
LITERARY

DRAMATICS

ORGANIZATIONS

ATHLETICS

JOKES



WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL



*"They are my friends and draw earth intimate.
God planted trees to play this human part.
They are my friends and live within my heart."*

Suzan De Lancey



*"Tall somber, grim they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodlands care
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams,
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more."*

Paul Hamilton Hayne



*"When in the woods I wonder all alone,
The woods that are my solace delight,
Which I more covet, than a princes throne,
My toil by day; my canopy by night."*

Edward Hovell Thurlow



*"Very good in the grass to lie
And see the net work against the sky
A living lace of blue and green
And boughs that let the gold between."*

Katherine Tynan



*"A place of secret peace thou art,
Such peace as in an hour of pain
One moment fills the amazed heart,
And never comes again."*

Mary F. Robinson



*"The deep seclusion of this forest path,
O'er which the green boughs wave a canopy,
Along which bluet and anemone
Spread dim a carpet."*

Madison Cowien

Westmont-Upper Yoder
BOARD OF DIRECTORS



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Supervising Principal of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School



Miss Laura E. McGann

Principal of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School



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Gettysburg College

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Carnegie Tech

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Miss Greer, *Girls' Physical Education*
Arnold College

High School Awards

1928-1929

D. A. R. MEDALS

Henrietta Custer
First Prize

Robert Gray
Second Prize

ORATORICAL CONTEST

William Boger
First Prize

Clarendon Crichton
Second Prize

SOPHOMORE SHORT-STORY CONTEST

Love Plot

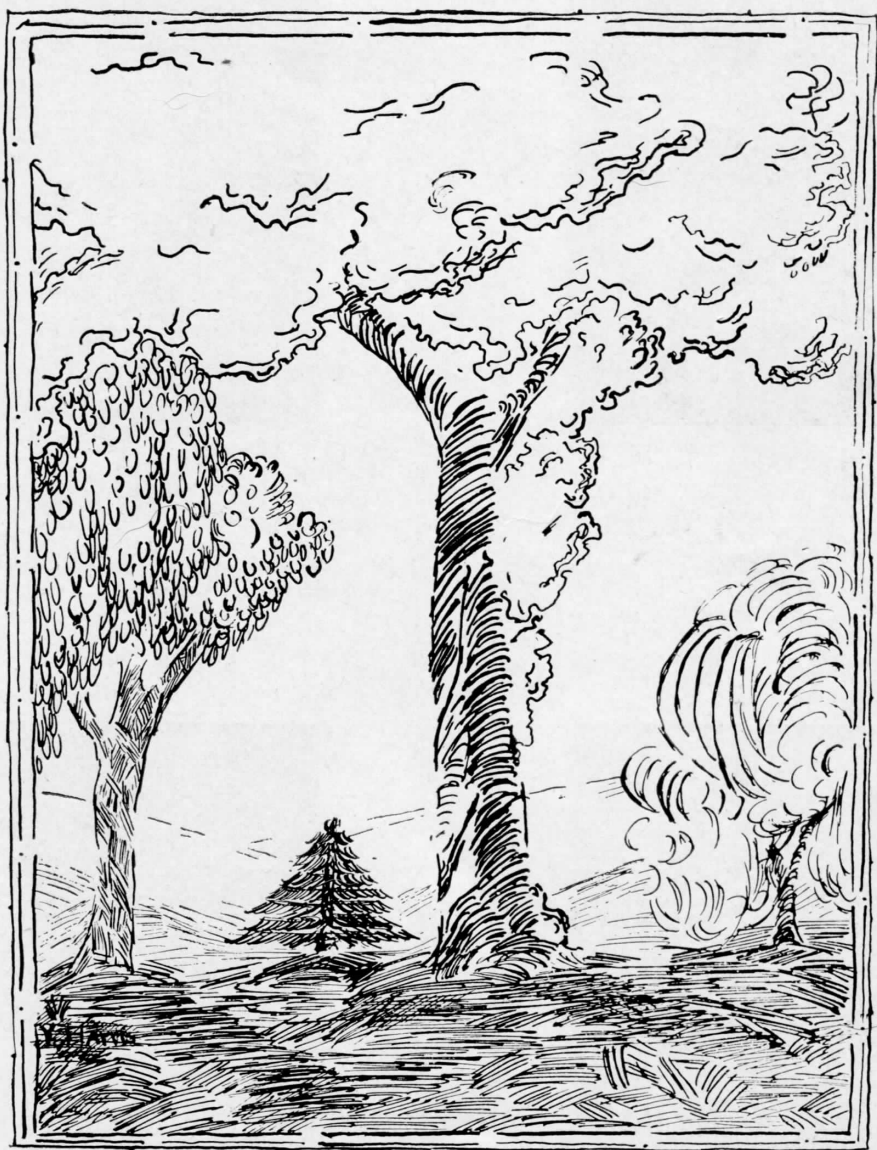
Sara Elizabeth Dodson
First Prize

Charles Gilbert
Second Prize

Detective Plot

Agnes Sobditch
First Prize

Albert Bailey
Second Prize



CLASSES



HOWARD ALBERT

Boys' Club, Science Club (1).

Howard is a silent one,
Who finds his work a lot of fun;
For the school 'twill be a shame,
To lose this boy so fair and game.



JOSEPH ALBERT

Junior Varsity Football (3), Senior Class
Play (4), Boys' Club.

"His thoughts have a high aim, though their
dwelling be in the vale of an humble heart."



GEORGIA BARRETT

Science Club (1), Biology Club (2), Choral
Club (1) (2) (3) (4), French Club (4), Basket-
ball (3) (4).

A little hasty in spirit
Is our classmate Georgia Barrett,
But when we want a task well done
It's off to her that we do run.



MARY BELL

Glee Club (1), Science Club (1), Biology
Club (2), Phoenician Staff, Girls' Club.

Mary Bell can't talk very loud,
But she can gain recognition in any sort of crowd,
Through her wit and ability,
Her charm and sensibility.



WARREN BENSHOFF

Thrift Savings Bank (4), Senior Class Play (4), Biology Club (3), Poster Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Boys' Club.

Warren does the electrician work;
In this job he never does shirk.
He loves to dally around the fuse,
And gives the players all their cues.



MARTHA BOYLE

Basketball (2) (3) (4), Captain, Girls' Club, French Club (4), Phoenician Staff, Girls' Club Play (3), Athletic Club (4), Choral Club (4).

"Here's a health to the lass with the merry black
eyes
Here's a health to the lad with the blue ones."



BETTY BURKHARD

Glee Club (1) (2), Latin Club (1), Senior Play, Phoenician Staff, Girls' Club.

Betty is our joyful lass,
The cutest person in our class.
She gets the crowd to laughing
By her clever wit and chaffing.



ROYDEN CASKER

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

All men who do act a part
Are not, truly, villains at heart;
So it is with our schoolmate,
Who of his parts does never prate.



MARGARET MARY COLL

Science Club (1), Ass't Bank Cashier (3), Thrift Savings Bank (3), Class Treasurer (4), Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4), Glee Club (3), Phoenician Staff, Vice-President Bank (4), Business Manager of Play (4), Girls' Club. "Miggy" Coll, a dainty little lass, The famous treasurer of our class, Is as witty, and wise As folks twice her size.



JANE DAVIS

Science Club (1), Basketball (2) (3), Oratorical Contest (1), Girls' Club Play (3), French Club (4), Student Council (4), Girls' Basketball Manager (4), Biology Club (4), Girls' Club, Phoenician Staff.

"Elegant as simplicity, and warm as ecstasy."



CLARENDON CRICHTON

Gossip Staff (2), Hill-Top Hi Lights (3), Treasurer Boys' Club (3) French Club (4), President Hi-Y Club, Class Play (4), Athletic Association (4), Student Council (4), Basketball Manager (4), Editor of Westmont-Upper Yoder News (4), Editor of Phoenician, "W" Club (4), Boys' Club.

"And so I penned it down, until at last it came to be For length and breadth, the bigness which you see."



OLGA DAVIS

Science Club (1), French Club (2), Choral Club (2) (3), Girls' Track Team (2), Girls' Club Vice-President (3), Hill-Top Hi-Lights (3), Cheer Leader (4), Girls' Basketball (2) (3) (4), Girls' Club Play (3), Senior Play (4), Girls' Club President (4), Girls' Club.

We can tell that she was meant To be the Girls' Club president; Dependable as the Boatman of the Volga, That's our snappy little Olga.



THELMA FIENBERG

Science Club (1), Biology Club (3), Hill-Top Hi-Lights (3), Choral Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Girls' Club.

A quiet young lass,
But mighty full of joy.
We never see her pass
Without a certain boy.



HERBERT FULMER

Science Club (1), Poster Club (1) (2) (3), Prize Essay (3), Student Council (2) (3) (4), President of Student Council (4), Boosters' Club (4), Senior Class Play (4), Phoenician Staff (4), "W" Club (4), Football (4), Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Boys' Club.

"Hail fellow! well met—an all around good sport."



ROBERT GRAY

Student Council (3) (4), Camera Club (2) (3), Hill-Top Hi-Lights (2) (3), Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Senior Play (4), Boys' Club.

In scholarship he could not be beat;
He's the best one in our class.
Oft in contests he did compete,
And all with highest honors past.



VIRGINIA HANNAN

Gossip Staff (1), Oratorical Contest (1), Latin Club (1), Science Club (1), Biology Club (3), Girls' Club, Girls' Club Play (3), French Club (4), Junior Class President (3), Senior Play (4), Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4), President of Home Room Club (2).

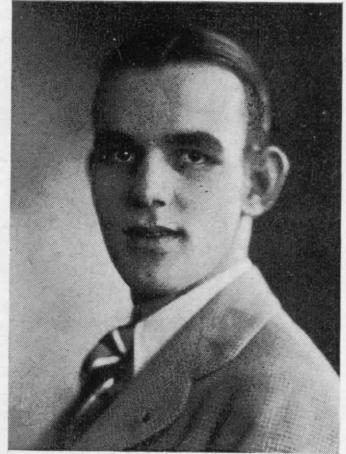
"Gentle in personage, Noble by heritage,
Conduct, and equipage; Generous and free."



ELIZABETH HINCHMAN

Science Club (1), Latin Club (1), Student Council (2) (4), Choral Club (1) (2) (4), French Club (4), Girls' Club, Phoenician Staff (4), Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4).

"So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure."



VICTOR HINKEL

Science Club (1), Orchestra (2) (3), Varsity Basketball (4), Senior Class Play (4), Glee Club (4), Boys' Club.

Now let us introduce to you one Victor Hinkel,
For two long years he did collect our budget;
And now believe us he full oft did have to wrinkle
His brow, because delinquent ones did grudge it.



HELEN HOFFT

Previous high school training at Mercyhurst Seminary, Senior Class Play (4), Basketball (4).

She doesn't say much,
Nor say it very loud;
But we all must agree
She's one of the best of the crowd.



EVELYNE HUNTER

Science Club (1), Girls' Club, Choral Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Commercial Play (3), Thrift Savings Bank (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4).

In the commercial world to which she is going,
Ever wise, ever knowing,
Our little Evelyn will be good we know,
And in her work never slow.



EMRYS JENKINS

Glee Club (2) (3) (4), Science Club (1), Student Council (1) (4), Senior Class Play (4), Boosters' Club (4), President Athletic Association (4), Junior Varsity, Football and Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Boys' Club.

Emrys is his name;
Speaking is his fame;
And still another factor:
He is a famous actor.



SYGMUND KAMINSKY

Biology Club (2), Hill-Top Hi-Lights Staff (3), Class Secretary (3), French Club (4), Cheer Leader (2) (3) (4), Athletic Association (4), Student Council (4), Boosters' Club (4), Senior Class Play (4), Class President (4), Boys' Club, Glee Club (2) (3) (4).

Sygmund is a clever wit,
As class president he does his bit.
For the class of '29,
Here's hoping he will always shine.



DOROTHY KENNEDY

Science Club (1), Bank Vice-President (4), Thrift Savings Bank (3), Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4), Banking Club (3), Girls' Club, Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Choral Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Phoenician Staff (4).

Dorothy's good at Basketball,
In that she does surpass them all.
Where e'er she is she does her best,
And does it with a powerful jest.



EMANUEL KLEINMANN

Gossip Staff (1) (2), Vice-President of Class (1) (4), Phoenician Staff (4), French Club, (4) Track Manager (4), Class Play (4), Student Council (4), Boosters' Club (4), Athletic Council (4), Boys' Club.

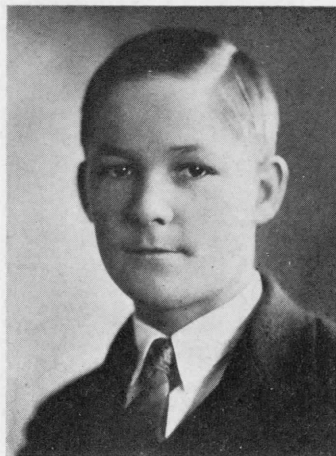
Emanuel is the boy
Who is a constant joy
To students friends and pals,
Hard-workers, shirkers, gals.



GRETCHEN KOPP

Science Club (1), Glee Club (2), French Club (4), Girls' Club (4), Phoenician Staff (4).

"Who can fortell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?"



MICHAEL MATONIK

Commercial Play (3), Glee Club (4), President Thrift Savings Bank (4), Boys' Club.

Michael is very efficient;
In typing he's also proficient:
He taps on the keys,
And keeps up with the breeze.



DOROTHY MILLER

Poster Club (1), Biology Club (2), Science Club (1), Girls' Club.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."



JOHN McGRATH

Science Club (1), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), President of Boys' Club (4), Boys' Club, Poster Club (3) (4), "W" Club (3) (4), Basketball (3) (4), Football (1) (2) (3), Football Captain (4), Athletic Association (4), Student Council (4), Senior Class Play (4), Boosters' Club (4).

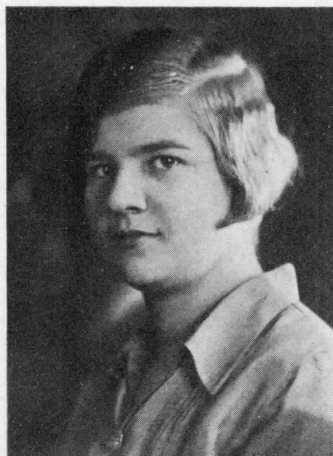
"Speedy" McGrath has won his name
Because of his great football fame.
They say each night he has a flame,
But no two nights is she the same.



OLGA NAVRATIL

Science Club (1), Student Council (2), Girls' Club Play (3), Choral Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4), Phoenician Staff, French Club (4), President of Choral Club (4), Girls' Club.

"And she glitters when she walks,
But she's always quietly arrayed;
She's always human when she talks."



MARTHA SINGER

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

Martha's ready and ever there;
She's always willing to do her share.
To us she ever will be dear;
Her character we do revere.



MARGARET STURROCK

Science Club (1), Track Team (2), Biology Club (3), Basketball (1) (2) (4), Choral Club (2), (4), Advertising Manager of Bank (4), Girls' Club.

She seems to know just how to please,
And makes us all seem quite at ease;
Her manner quiet and shy, yet gay,
Will aid her yet in many a way.



DOROTHY STUTZMAN

Science Club (1), Biology Club (2), French Club (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4), Choral Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Girls' Club.

Dorothy's good at studies;
Always does her work.
She has lots of friends,
But does not care to shirk.



ANN STREMEL

Science Club (1), Girls' Club, Social Service Secretary, Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4), Senior Class Play; Class Secretary (1), French Club (4), Phoenician Staff.

This lovely lady of mold divine
Is like a statue all sublime.
Her clothes are but a gorgeous frame
For her noble soul of equal fame.



NATALIE SUPPES

Science Club (1), Girls' Track Team (2), Girls' Club Play (3), Hill-Top Hi-Lights (3), Girls' Basketball (4), Secretary Athletic Association (4), Vice-President French Club (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Poster Club (4).

Miss Suppes of artistic temperament
Is also a dancer of much compliment;
She is good looking and gay,
And, we hear, will be famous some day.



JANE TARR

Student Council (1), Biology Club (2), Science Club (1), Gossip Staff (2), French Club (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Girls' Club.

"What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle—glorious
shine!"



EMILY THOMAS

Science Club (1), Basketball (1) (2), Gossip Staff (1) (2), French Club (4), Hill-Top Hi-Lights (3), Phoenician Staff (4), Girls' Club Play (3), Girls' Club.

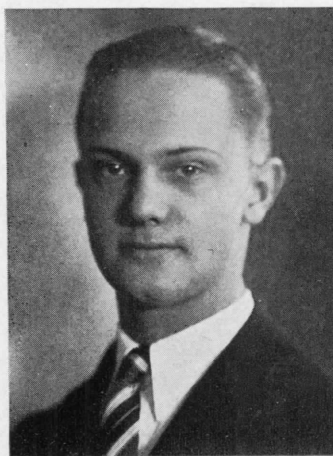
Emily is a poet grand;
She writes of every beauteous land.
Some one famous she will be,
Thru her poems and personality.



NAOMI WAINGER

Science Club (1), Gossip Staff (2), Latin Club (1), Girls' Club Play (3), Basketball! (1) (2), Hill-Top Hi-Lights (3), Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff (4), Phoenician Staff (4), Girls' Club, Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

This girl is our mischief,
Vivacious and snappy.
She uses her talents
To keep the school happy.



DAVID YINGLING

Class President (1), Student Council (1) (2) (3), Hi-Y (3) (4), French Club (4), Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4), Class Secretary (4), Boys' Club, Basketball (4).

He's as quiet as you'll find,
But at basketball he's great;
He will never stay behind,
When his high school is at stake.





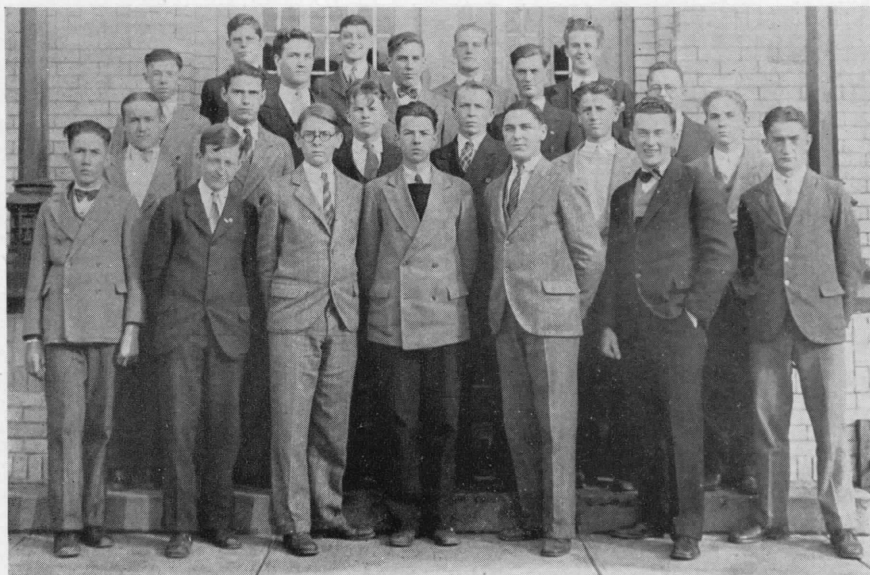
Top Row—F. Peer, L. Krieger, A. Rock, H. Delozier, M. Hunt, F. Fisher, M. Miller.
Second Row—H. Witprachtiger, L. McClintock, B. Anstead, F. Pollock, D. Mosholder,
V. Berkley.
Bottom Row—F. Kintner, E. Arendt, V. Harris, H. Custer, F. Peterson, A. Devine.

Junior Class

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of a Junior class of this hemisphere,
Who do their work with hearty joy,
And with their books they do not toy.

Their president—Lowe McIntyre—
Has led them well through many a fire,
Until, at last, the goal he gains.
But not alone, supreme, he reigns,

For all his classmates do their share
To carry on and help to bear
The burden that is theirs to see
Completely done, from troubles free.



Top Row—R. Gobin, C. Klatzkin, L. McIntyre, R. Prosser.

Third Row—G. Tiffany, P. Witt, C. Replogle, C. Mowery, J. Schlesinger.

Second Row—A. Witprachtiger, L. Mosholder, C. Bingham, S. Dubinsky, J. Stana, W. Ringler.

Bottom Row—E. Schneck, G. Hager, E. Howells, K. Slangler, W. Boger, J. Wesner, B. Ferg.

Junior Class

There's Boger, who can do the best,
Not far above, yet past the rest,
In contests where he far surpasses
The pupils of the other classes.

For these Juniors 'tis safe to say
They've won out, in many a way;
And some day they will gain a name,
A truly honest, worked-for fame.



Top Row—S. Dodson, M. Keafer, L. Shaw, A. Schneehage, E. Minchau.

Third Row—A. Sobditch, L. Dunkle, E. Vickroy, C. Brickner, M. Hickey, E. Waters.

Second Row—E. Albert, E. Kuhn, F. Keafer, E. Fienberg, H. Meister, N. Coller, H. Wheatley.

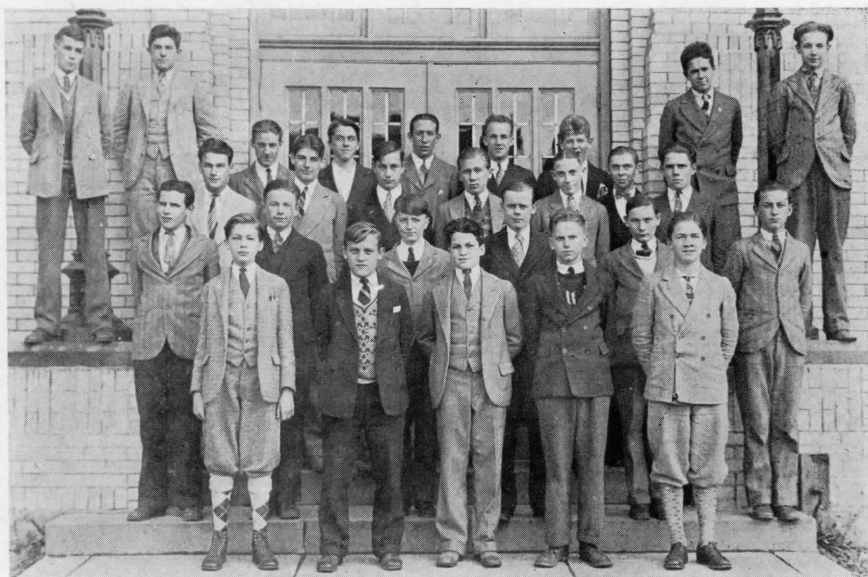
Bottom Row—E. Potter, R. Carbaugh, R. Pudliner, M. Hunter, L. Geist, N. Berney, H. Delozier, M. Witkosky.

Sophomore Class

This is the class of '31;
For us, school has more than "just begun."
In spite of all our troubles,
We are not without our fun.

Our class has been organized:
Our president's Charles Kunkle,
Our treasurer's none other
Than Miss Louise Dunkle.

Frank Bracken is our secretary;
Eliza Waters, —vice-president.
That Sarah Elizabeth and Agnes
Are literary, we're confident.



Top Row—J. Robson, J. Hannan, E. Barrett, G. Whitten, E. Hartz, H. Wagner, C. Kunkle, D. Muckley, R. Cornelius.

Third Row—W. Matusz, K. McCauliff, K. Smith, E. Williams, J. Zubrod, T. Navratil, C. Haynes.

Second Row—D. Adams, W. Lewis, J. Nelson, M. Reed, E. Wicknick, A. Kochiss.

Bottom Row—A. Bailey, F. Stiffler, C. Owens, C. Gilbert, F. Bracken.

Sophomore Class

• Hamer Wagner was the captain
Of the school's basketball team;
George Whitten's our best joker—
His remarks just make us beam.

Look at school records; then, I know
That you will surely find:
In athletics and in scholarship
We're farthest from behind.



Top Row—G. Momberger, A. Hoff, E. Kyler, H. Culp, A. Stenger, G. Witt, S. E. Head.

Third Row—E. Fenslau, A. Kauffman, M. MacEwan, L. Kyler, F. Swank, A. Stutzman, F. Orner.

Second Row—B. Russell, H. Behrndt, V. Potter, M. Brickner, M. C. Chaplin, H. Neafach, R. Berkey, N. Hildebrand.

Bottom Row—R. Ringler, E. Fite, M. Rhoades, V. Eckel, J. Giles.

Freshman Class

The Freshman Class of '29
Came skipping merrily in line,
To join the fold of Westmont High.
Our aim was this:—"To do, or die."

We're happy cherubs, very coy,
But many a laughing girl and boy
Tomorrow will not smile so much.
Or with the "profs" we'll get "in dutch."

With vim and vigor ne'er surpassed
We do not leave our work for last.
We seem to have a hidden power
That makes us study every hour.



Top Row—H. Smith, W. Kintner, J. Gurley, R. Peel, J. Zimmerman, R. Northwood, J. Wellington, L. Winkler, C. Griffith, E. Hoffman, N. Zakuciya.

Fourth Row—H. Wicknick, M. Marshall, R. Horsfall, R. Hunt.

Third Row—P. Croyle, P. Popvitch, C. Kaufman, H. Schneck, R. Benshoff, G. Tarr, J. Friebe.

Second Row—M. Kaminsky, R. Roundsley, W. Byers, C. Lebzelter, H. Luden, E. Pentrack, M. Wilner, H. Rodstein, J. Benford.

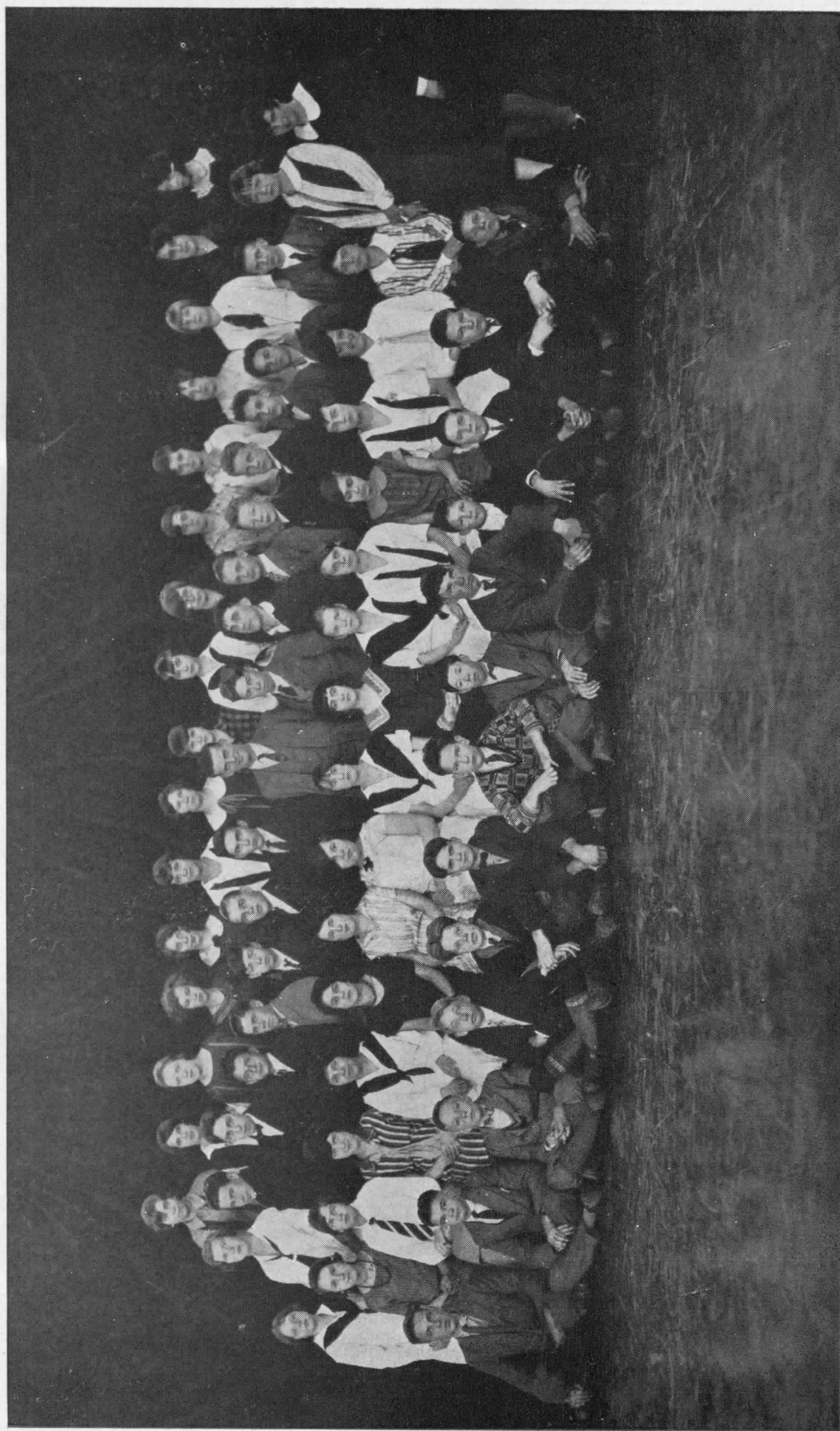
Bottom Row—P. Haynes, J. St. Clair, A. Stock, H. Varner, H. Schneck, R. Stewart, R. McGahan, M. Boyle.

Freshman Class

We are not lax in sports, oh no!
The other classes weep with woe,
When on the field we come in haste;
We never have much time to waste.

We play a game that is worthwhile,
And play it in the proper style.
We give them a merry chase,
And then the music we do face.

And now we say the time draws nigh
To have us Freshmen come on high
To Sophomore land where we can be
A class above the other three.



Freshmen of Four Years Ago



The Cradle Roll



Familiar Faces



Washington Trip

Senior Class History



You have watched a structure grow,
Rising from the earth so slow;
Upward higher 'till at last,
All the others are surpassed.

Our class is like that structure grand,
For now we hold a higher stand;
But first the base we had to lay,
And dream the rest to rise someday.

No one knew from that weak base,
On the morrow in its place,
We should tower up so high,
'Till we almost reached the sky.

Within we put our very best;
We built it well to stand the test.
The books of knowledge were our tools;
The highest standards were our rules.

We must fortify our walls,
Adding truth within our halls,
Building character with strength,
'Till we gain our goal at length.

Thus a structure strong and grand,
We can give to all the land.
We can show to all the need
To fit their lives for each small deed.

Emily Thomas '29



LITERARY

EXCERPTS FROM THE SHORT-STORY,

“A Golden Sorrow”

by

Sara Elizabeth Dodson (Prize Short-Story—1929)

In the great dim library of Hillside, a stately old mansion built high on a hill, sat Elwell Chandler. He was a crusty old gentleman, with silky white hair, fine features, and a really handsome face, which, though firm, bespoke gentleness and unexhausting patience. But he had a hot white anger that, though it was seldom, if ever, awakened, was aroused now. His broad forehead was wrinkled into stern lines, his mouth trembled, and his steel-gray eyes shot sparks of fire to a handsome young man, equally as angry, who sat on the opposite side of the cherry table, turned a rich, dark red with age. Yes, young Roscoe Chandler was a handsome youth, and just now his remarkable features were even more striking than ever. His clear blue eyes gleamed in anger, a frown wrinkled across his broad forehead, from which his wavy, blonde hair was brushed, his shoulders were squared and held high in a defensive manner. All in all, except for the changes which Father Time had made on the elder man, it was surely a case of “like father—like son.” But neither seemed to be in the mood for displaying fine features, for, as the heated argument continued, both grew more and more excited, talked louder and faster, and each was bent on having his own way.

“And another thing,” Mr. Chandler was saying, “look at her people and her pedigree. She can’t trace her ancestry back to the noble Pilgrim Fathers like you, my son.”

“But, dad, I’m not marrying her people and her pedigree,” retorted Roscoe, angrily.

“Look here, Roscoe Chandler, I’ve given my final command. I *will* not have a son of the Chandler’s—God bless them!—marry a common blacksmith’s daughter. Betty is a nice girl in her place, but—oh—well—well, let her keep her place,” concluded Elwell, fiercely.

“Are those the only reasons you can think of?” demanded Roscoe. “I am my own master by law, and I think, since it is I, *not* you, who has to live with the girl, that I should choose my wife. Oh, Father, please be more reasonable,” he added in a kinder tone, for his father’s face was becoming blue and congested, a symptom of a disease which was fast claiming the elder Chandler. Roscoe, seeing this, remembered the caution which the doctor had recently given him.

“My boy,” began Mr. Chandler, also assuming a kinder tone, “there is one great reason for my not wishing this marriage, and that reason you shall never know.” (Did Roscoe only imagine he heard a note of sorrow in his father’s voice?) “But,” Mr. Chandler again became excited, “I will add in final conclusion—that not one penny of the Chandler fortune do you get if you marry Betty Dean. Do you understand?”

Mr. Chandler lit a cigar and nervously puffed at it, evidently waiting for his son’s reply. Likewise, Roscoe sat, silently weighing hard his father’s cruel words.

As he sat thus, a vision of his mother on her death-bed came to his eyes. She had been lying still and beautiful on her white bed, waiting patiently for death to release

her from the bands of cruel pain which had held her fast. Roscoe, a college freshman then, had knelt at her side, waiting for her "goodbye." Finally a faint flicker of her eyelids had foretold returning consciousness. Seeing she wished to tell him something, Roscoe had leaned closer. He had caught only half of the broken sentence, but he had always remembered it. "My son, your father is a sick man, though, as yet, even he doesn't know it; so always obey him in every way—Good-bye, Roscoe, my boy," she had whispered and then slipped into the beginning of that long sleep which knows no end.

As Roscoe thought of all this, tears suffused his blue eyes, at which his father, not knowing what was going on in his son's mind, wondered not a little. Rising to his feet unsteadily, he said, "Dad, I don't care for all your money, but—well, I'll do as you want me to," he finished brokenly, and hurried through the door, for the tears had threatened to overflow.

"But I'll find out that 'main reason' if it takes me forever," vowed Roscoe to himself. "I'm sure it had something to do with Mother, poor woman, I know her life wasn't a happy one."

* * * * *

A little later, after all traces of tears were removed, and the golden sun was sinking behind the purple hills in the west, Roscoe walked slowly toward the Dean cottage. It was a beautiful evening and the faint odor of roses penetrated the air. But the young fellow was in no mood to enjoy the glories of such a beautiful mid-summer's eve.

As, arm in arm, Betty and Roscoe strolled down a quiet lane, Roscoe told his sad story.

"Betty," he began, "you know I love you. I always have and always will. But, dear, a little while ago, I told dad I was going to make you his daughter and, oh, Betty dear, he won't let me marry you! I can't bear it—and—what can we do?" he ended helplessly.

He looked down at the girl at his side and was not surprised to see tears trembling on her lashes.

* * * * *

At last, having strolled along in unalloyed silence for awhile, each thinking of the unhappy future, they turned toward home. When home was finally reached, Roscoe said almost cheerfully, "Betty, I don't care for anyone or anything but you. I did think once today that I'd have to obey dad. I won't tell you why. It was just a sweet memory, but now I realize that I would make a wreck out of my life without you, so I have decided to make you Mrs. Roscoe Chandler before tomorrow passes. Dad will disinherit me, but I'll get a job. We'll find a little nest somewhere, and work up and up—together. I'll come for you tomorrow morning at eleven. Good-night, darling." Roscoe held her close in his strong arms for a moment, but before Betty could answer, he had sped out into the darkness and home.

Next morning Roscoe called for Betty at the appointed hour, saying, at Mrs. Dean's inquiry, that Betty and he meant to take a ride in the cool morning air.

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Late in the afternoon, they came upon a little, red brick church all covered with vines, in which they were quietly married.

Betty's parents treated the young couple kindly, offering everything, from pies to chairs, to help them. But the Chandler pride flowed in Roscoe's veins and he politely but decidedly refused help, for he wished to support his own wife. Why shouldn't he, for had not Betty promised to take him for "better or for worse?"

But Mr. Elwell Chandler never spoke a word to his son when the boy went to beg his father's forgiveness. This was the only drop of bitterness in Roscoe's cup of happiness.

To-gether, through the long summer days, then the long winter days, and again through another hot summer, Betty and Roscoe worked and prayed, and at the end of the fall, they were living happily and in less poverty in a pretty white bungalow, not far from the Dean cottage, with Roscoe, Jr. to add to their happiness.

Roscoe's thoughts often returned to the conversation with his father in the old library at Hillside.

"I do wonder what dad's big reason was for not wishing me to marry Betty. It may have been some foolish prejudice, but he looked so sober when he said he had a 'main reason.' Oh! well, if it had been very important he'd have told me. Why did he have to be so confounded secret about it? But I don't care. I have Betty and the baby and life is perfect—at least almost perfect," he added, for he did love his father and hoped he'd forgive him.

At last one day, purely by accident, Mr. Chandler met face to face with Mrs. Dean, as he stepped from his limousine to go into the bank. It was impossible to ignore each other. Tipping his hat politely, Mr. Chandler inquired after her health and that of her husband; but never a word did he speak about Betty and Roscoe. But Mrs. Dean, tears in her eyes, begged him to forgive them. Both realized it was no time to talk of such things, standing as they were in front of the National Bank on Main Street. Mrs. Dean dried her eyes hastily and said with forced cheerfulness, "Excuse me, El—, I mean Mr. Chandler. I shouldn't have spoken just about the children. But call on me at four to-morrow and we'll talk things over," she ended.

Before he could murmur an excuse, for Mr. Chandler had no desire to 'talk things over', Mrs. Dean was far down the street.

* * * * *

"Mr. Chandler," began Mrs. Dean the next afternoon, when Mr. Chandler, seeing nothing else to do, had marched stiffly into her small but neat parlor, "I know why you forbade the marriage between Betty and Roscoe. But why take away Roscoe's happiness like—yes, I will say it—like your father took away yours? Against your will, the children have striven to keep out of the jaws of poverty and have succeeded even to the point of having a little extra money for luxuries. My husband and I have helped, but we could do little, first, because Roscoe is too proud, second, because we can't afford it. As I have said, I know your 'main reason,' as Roscoe terms it, but—but can't you forgive and forget? They will be a great help to us all, if we'll let them be, for the years are fast slipping by," she ended in final appeal.

Mr. Chandler, silently and stiffly sat on the old plush couch, thinking of Mrs. Dean's long speech. . . . Yes, he knew that she knew his "main reason" and why shouldn't she? His thoughts traveled back *twenty years*. It was *he* who then had been pleading with *his* father. And as he had been with Roscoe, Elwell Chandler's father had been firm. But Elwell, having a rather weak will, had, unlike his son, gone off and married Diana Geray, instead of the girl he loved, Bessie Abbot, this very Mrs. Dean, whose husband had been willing to take only second best love and had helped her nurse her wounded heart. Yes, old Elwell's life had been anything but happy. Why, then, should Roscoe's be?

He jerked his thoughts back to the present, conscious that it was not wholly his son's happiness which had made him relent, but the desire to see his own son's firstborn. He thought, "And a little child shall lead me and all to happiness."

"Yes, Bessie," he said, using the name which had been spoken so often in love from his lips, "I'll go now and beg the children's forgiveness."

And he did. He told Roscoe and Betty his sad story, saying that he still loved Betty's mother. "But," he ended, "I will live on with you, bearing my sorrow as best I can, but will call it my *golden sorrow*, for it has saved your life's happiness, my children."

And in the happy years which rolled by, Mr. Chandler's sorrow grew less and less heavy to bear, for he had found sweet solace in his son and daughter, and the manly little fellow, Roscoe, Jr.

EXCERPTS FROM THE SHORT-STORY,

“The Sliding Panel”

by

Agnes Sodbitch (Prize Short-Story—1929)

Whether Harry Dixon had been born with or had acquired that intangible sense, known as the detective instinct, is uncertain, but there is no doubt that he possessed it to a remarkable degree. He was an expert detective and a master of more or less impenetrable disguises. He had been summoned by the chief-of-police to the little town of Pleasantville, North Dakota, to solve a bank robbery that had occurred several days before.

Harry was a tall, lean, handsome man of twenty. He was studious, sentimental, and had a weakness for the dramatic. His evenings he spent reading books, and like many another such genius, had a distinct preference for detective stories.

When Harry was summoned to Pleasantville, he was overjoyed, because as he had always wanted to go to some small town and startle its inhabitants by solving a mystery that they thought could never be solved. When Harry reached the town, he alighted from the train and stood on the platform to survey the place.

Pleasantville was just a small village, having a main street, several stores, belonging to some chain of stores, many small cottages, several restaurants and a movie house. The village also boasted of a moderate sized hotel. In the distance, the tower of a church could be seen peeking out of the trees that bordered the street.

Because very little happened in this small secluded village, it was no wonder that the people were startled when it became known that the bank had been robbed. Thus it was that in Pleasantville there was use for a good detective like Harry Dixon. So it was for this acute need that he had been sent for.

Harry was awakened from his reverie on the platform by a shout from behind. Turning around he was startled to see his old friend and assistant “Billy Bones” Harrison.

Billy stood exactly six feet and three inches tall. He was thin and all bones, thus, his nickname, “Billy Bones.” His clothes hung on his lanky form like baggy garments on a wooden scarecrow. His hands and feet were enormous and clumsy, giving him an almost gangling, awkward appearance.

“What ever brought you down here?” asked Harry.

“The train, of course,” answered Billy.

Harry laughed, “Yes, I know that, but why did you come here?”

“Well, the chief told me you were coming here, so to surprise you, I hopped on the train and arrived pronto.

“Well, I’m glad you came, old fellow,” said Harry with a smile. “Tomorrow morning we are going to visit the bank that was robbed and inspect the vault room.”

“Oh, so that is why you came here? The chief didn’t tell me why. So the bank was robbed, eh?”

"Yes," replied Harry, "and it's up to us to find out who did it."

Harry and Billy slept at the hotel that evening; in the morning they arose early and after breakfasting, went to the bank to see Mr. O'Hara, the bank president.

* * * * *

The president, a big red-headed Irishman, greeted them with a curt "Good morning."

"I received a letter of introduction from your chief, and I presume that you are Harry Dixon and this is your assistant?" asked Mr. O'Hara.

"You are right, Mr. O'Hara, we are," answered Harry.

"My daughter was here this morning, and I am a bit late in my work, so our conversation must be limited; I have an important meeting this morning."

"Yes, we met your daughter just as she came out of the bank. Mr. Harrison, my assistant, has met her before."

"She is a wonderful girl—just like her mother. I try to give her everything she wants, but when I try to give her my head cashier, for her husband, she declines the offer."

"Well, I don't blame her," thought Harry to himself. He had already caught a glimpse of the head cashier, and had formed his own opinion of the young man.

"I will call John and introduce you to him," continued the president, as he pressed a button on his desk.

The door opened immediately and the head cashier, as though he had been waiting for the summons, entered the room. He was a well-dressed young man, quite handsome, but his eyes conveyed a leering, restless look. His presence made one feel uneasy.

"You rang for me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, John, I want to introduce to you Mr. Harry Dixon and his assistant, Mr. Harrison, the detectives who have come to investigate the robbery."

"I do hope you succeed in catching the villain. The mystery is beyond our ability to solve," was the cashier's cold answer.

"I do too," said Billy, "I think it won't take us such a long time."

Mr. O'Hara then excused himself, and left Harry and Billy to investigate the vault room.

"Why didn't you tell Mr. O'Hara of that sliding panel we discovered today, Harry?" asked inquisitive Billy, later in the day.

"Because," explained Harry, "I do not want him or anyone else to know anything about it until we get the thief. I think I know who the person is and I will tell you what I think about this case."

"When you fell against that panel this morning and we discovered that it could be moved into the wall, and idea came to me: You know that in the evening, when the cashier and his helpers examine the vault, no money is missing. But I predict that when he returns in the morning to open the vault, he takes out the money and places it in the inclosure in the wall. Then he hurries to the president's office and tells him that several hundreds of dollars are missing. The president rushes to the vault and sees for himself that the money is gone. The suspicion is then directed away from the cashier."

"This morning as we were coming out of the bank, I noticed an office room directly beside the main entrance to the bank, and on the window was a sign, "John Wolfe, Sr., Contractor! When I saw this, another idea flashed into my head: This panel leads into the office of the contractor, John Wolfe's father. When John puts the money in the

wall, his father draws it from the other side, and in this way the money is taken from the bank."

"I don't see how you ever thought of all that without me to help you," said Billy.

"I don't either, but I did it all the same. Now I want to tell you something else."

"Oh, I guess it's about Patricia. I noticed you fell hard for her when you saw her."

"No, it's not that, although I really do like her, but it's something concerning this robbery. The vault is set for eight o'clock. At that time the cashier opens the door. Tomorrow morning we will go to the contractor's office, disguised as business men who wish to have some buildings erected.

"I think John has some signal—a method of letting his father know that he has placed the money in the wall. When we hear that signal, you get out your revolver and keep Mr. Wolfe in his chair. I will go to the wall and move the panel. When John enters the wall, I will grasp him by the arm and hold him. We will have a few plain-clothes men stationed by the door, and when we get John, you will signal for these men, and the victory shall be ours."

"All right," said Billy, "I understand perfectly just what I am to do."

Harry and Billy then went to the little restaurant where they had eaten their breakfast. When they entered, Harry saw Patricia and John Wolf having their lunch.

"So that is what she meant, when she said she had an engagement!" thought Harry.

* * * * *

Harry and Billy started for the bank the next morning. Their plans for the "frame up" had been completed. Just as they were rounding the bank corner, they saw John Wolfe enter the bank, so they hurried into the contractor's office. They were admitted by Mr. Wolfe himself.

"Good morning, sir," greeted Harry.

"Good morning," replied Mr. Wolfe.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the contractor of Harry, after all three had been seated.

"Well," said Harry, "I am a lawyer and I would like to build——"

Just then a knock was heard on the wall.

Billy pulled his revolver out of his pocket and warned the contractor with, "Don't move, Mr. Wolfe."

Harry ran to the wall and waited. Again a knock was heard. Harry then knew where the panel was, so he pushed it back.

John Wolfe jumped back when he saw Harry, but Harry was too quick for him, and had him grasped by the arm, before John could turn around.

Billy summoned the men waiting outside the office door. They came in, the leader with a pair of handcuffs in his hand.

"Well, Mr. Dixon, you caught them on the job, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Harry, "just as I thought I would."

"I guess you've got me," sneered John, "but I kept the others guessing."

"Yes, I think you did," answered Harry, "but no more money will be taken now."

Just then the office door opened and Patricia and her father walked hurriedly into the room.

"Oh, Harry, I'm so glad you caught them. Billy phoned Daddy to tell him to come here, that something was going to happen," said Patricia, all in one breath. "And to think it was John Wolfe, the man Daddy wanted me to marry!"

"No, daughter, I knew you never would marry him," said her father, "because the day you met Harry Dixon, I saw a great change come over you and I knew, from that time on, you would never marry John Wolfe."

"But how did that panel get there?" inquired one of the men.

"Well," explained Harry, "John's father was the contractor in the building of the bank, and he had that wall constructed so that one of the panels could be moved. That is how they got the money."

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The men then led John Wolfe and his father out of the office. Mr. O'Hara, seeing that Harry and Patricia wanted to be left alone, started to lead Billy out the door. Billy turned around and looked back into the office, just to see Harry take Patricia into his arms. Billy, with a chuckle, closed the door softly, and followed Mr. O'Hara.



EXCERPTS FROM THE ORATION,
“Origins of the Constitution”

The Constitution is the most inspired and most nearly perfect governmental document ever evolved by the mind of man. It is not perfect in so much as it is the work of human minds. But where, in all the languages of government, can we find more noble and more lofty sentiments expressed in a statement so profound and searching as in that of the Constitution? It is as Lincoln said, “the greatest single work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.” It is more than a collection of laws—more than the basis of government for these United States, it is the very life and soul of a God-fearing and liberty-loving people. It is not the immediate product of a few months nor of a few years work but that of ages of religious and political progress. It is the consummation of all those aspirations of past ages for political security and representation in government.

The Constitution is a symbol of truth, a torch shining into the darkness, leading us to justice, a standard of purity and integrity, a pledge of fraternity and equality, and verification of wisdom. It is a mute but eloquent testimony to those years of religious intolerance, of cruel tyranny, and of absolute despotism.

Those august statesmen of 1787 set down in the Constitution a record of the human events of time as surely as any historian in the pages of his manuscript. Its realization is the outcome of a slow process of historical development.

Grover Cleveland in his Centennial oration said, “Our Constitution comes to us sealed with the test of a century. The principles upon which it is based have been found sufficient in the past and they will be found sufficient in all the years to come if American people are true to their sacred trust.”

Fellow-countrymen, ours is the task of keeping intact and inviolate those principles embodied in the Constitution; principles for which patriots have bled, battles have been fought, wars waged, and monarchies overthrown; principles which can be traced in the chapters of history through the progress of centuries of religious and political freedom.

Every age has been a step in the development of our Constitution. The Roman and Grecian civilizations have given us a model of democratic rule. Men of those ancient republics, such as Cicero, Plato, and Solon, are some of the most outstanding figures in the world's battle for democracy.

The Constitutional document grew out of a long-standing grievance—a grievance which first found expression in the Magna Charta. That famed Charter forced upon King John was the greatest step of Medieval times taken by any nation or any people toward self-government.

But the step once taken, that spirit of discontentment became an uncontrollable potentiality, the universal appeal of suppressed nations and peoples for self-government. Even in modern times, was it not this plea for representation that was the theme expressed in the Plymouth Compact, the Bill of Rights, The Declaration of Independence, the Ordinance of the Northwest Territory and finally in the

Constitution? Was it not this same appeal that was the cause of the French revolution, the Bloodless revolution in England, the overthrow of the Russian monarchy, and the American revolution? After all it was "taxation without representation" that incited the American colonists to rebellion to procure liberty at any cost and if not liberty—then death.

Ladies and gentlemen, the American colonists knew precisely what they wanted and they went about getting it. When England chose deliberately to ignore their appeal and even refused them representation, the colonies fought, and dearly did they pay for their right with the life blood of patriots. But the outcome was liberty and self government.

After the futile attempts of the two Continental Congresses and the Articles of Confederation, the Constitutional Convention was called in a last desperate effort to draw up a plan of government. No more confederacy could suffice the needs of American people; they needed a strong central government. It is providential that the ineffectiveness of the Articles of Confederation was so soon recognized; that there was at hand the leadership of such men as Franklin, Washington, Madison, Governour Morris, and James Wilson. These men gave us our Independence, our Union, our Constitution.

The ship of state was finally steered into a safe and sheltered harbor, after braving the tempests of war and party dissensions. A new nation was born, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Fellow citizens, does not this Constitution deserve more than a passing consideration, more than a placid indifference, more than a slight knowledge of its intricacies? It is our government, the very foundation of our country; it was created by us, it was created for us; it is our duty—it should be our desire—to cherish and protect it. It is the Constitution, laying its foundations upon those principles of freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of religion, and the right of petition, which has guided the United States through crucial moments, which has won for us the respect and admiration of nations, and it is under the strength and fortitude of the Constitution that the United States has prospered and endured.

Let me again quote Grover Cleveland: "Every American citizen should rejoice in his citizenship because the work of framing this Constitution and this government have survived so long and have survived with so many blessings. He should rejoice in the wonderous growth and achievements of the past one hundred years and in the glorious promise of the Constitution through centuries to come."

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The Constitution is the most enduring temple ever conceived by the wisdom of ages or consecrated by the blood of heroes. The cornerstone of this magnificent edifice was laid by the statesmen of ancient Greece and Rome, the foundations were constructed strong and massive, by the Medieval champions of liberty, and the grand and glorious superstructure under which it is our privilege to live was built by our ancestors, the Constitutional fathers. May we by the grace of God be master builders and guard this citadel of freedom with hallowed hands and transmit it to the generations yet to come with no blot from our neglect and no blemish from our misdeeds.

William P. Boger '30

The Soul of a Tree

I love thee dear old tree
As you stand with arms unfurled;
As you look on us and see
Us creatures of the world.

I love to look into your arm
And find the secret there:
A mother shielding from all harm
Her brood with loving care.

I gaze on your blossoms white,
As they bloom in the early year.
Who is not thrilled at the sight
So common and yet so dear?

I have watched you in the sunset,
As you sway to the zephyr breeze.
I have watched you in the darkened jet,
When the night has stilled your leaves.

I have seen the snow upon your hair
And in your bosom lain.
I have guessed that often there
You have suffered cruelest pain.

But always patient standing there,
In thy crowning beauty's grace,
Sheltering all with thy tender care
Who may come to thy soothing base.

Now I begin to see the plan,
Of patience and of love you hold,
God means for every man
In his life to mold.

Emily Thomas '29

Trees

Trees, the most lofty, most majestic part of nature, deserve our earthly praise. The beauty of the trees is incomparable as they form a shadowed outline against the deep blue sky and as their network of lacy leaves protects Mother Earth from the sun's brilliant rays. The sweep of the branches, the curve of the trunk, and the curling of the roots add loveliness to these kings of the forest. How beautiful they are, reaching toward each other as though holding hands to form a natural arch and to throw mystic shadows upon the path below. Their inky black shapes, silhouetted against the evening sky, take on fantastic forms and often appear almost human. May we ever extol the wondrous beauty of the trees.

Ann Stremel '29



Our Prospects

What are our prospects, our future? We have just completed a four year course in the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School, a secondary institution of education where we have had every opportunity to learn. We have been taught high ideals and a sense of moral responsibility toward the life we are beginning. Our public duty and private obligations have not been neglected. If any one of us is impolite, gross, cheap, idle, selfish, or if his community behavior is barbaric, his virtues savage, and his morals primitive, it is in spite of and not because of the splendid training we received in school.

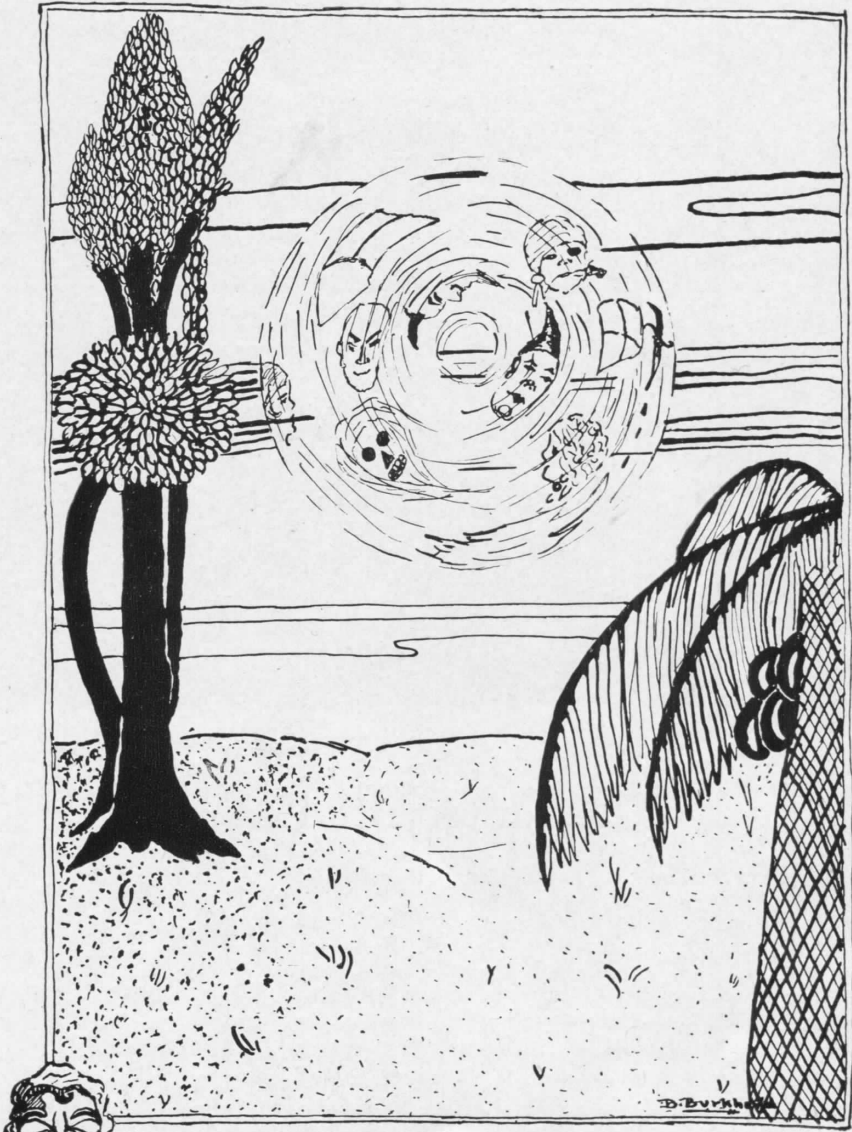
Although we have had every facility to enable us to store away useful knowledge, yet we have acquired only such information as we desired, for, as a well-known Harvard professor said, it is impossible to teach anyone a single fact. Therefore, one all-pervading factor which limits our prospects is the purpose and zeal with which we have applied ourselves to our daily tasks. The slacker is poorly equipped to meet life, and, unless he changes, must inevitably fail.

A well rounded education does several things for us, as industrious high school students. It renders us capable of meeting particular situations in our social and business life; it enables us to think clear, sustained thoughts; and it prepares us to appreciate and enjoy life.

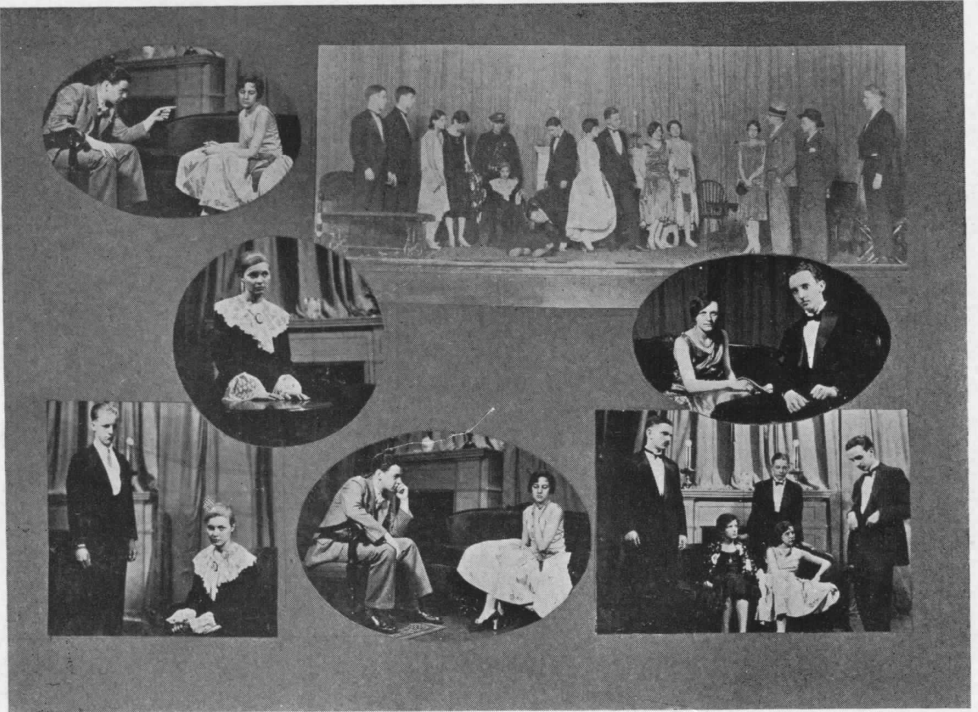
We are facing a world of activity which does not want zeal without knowledge; there is enough breakage now. Nor does it want knowledge without zeal; that means waste. It wants power that is inspired and checked by wise purpose and desire for service. In all spheres it seeks for persons who have integrity and skillfulness which must be controlled by knowledge.

The open doors of opportunity and the world's welcome to youth are incentives to character and efficiency. Our eyes are forward.

Robert Gray '29



DRAMATICS

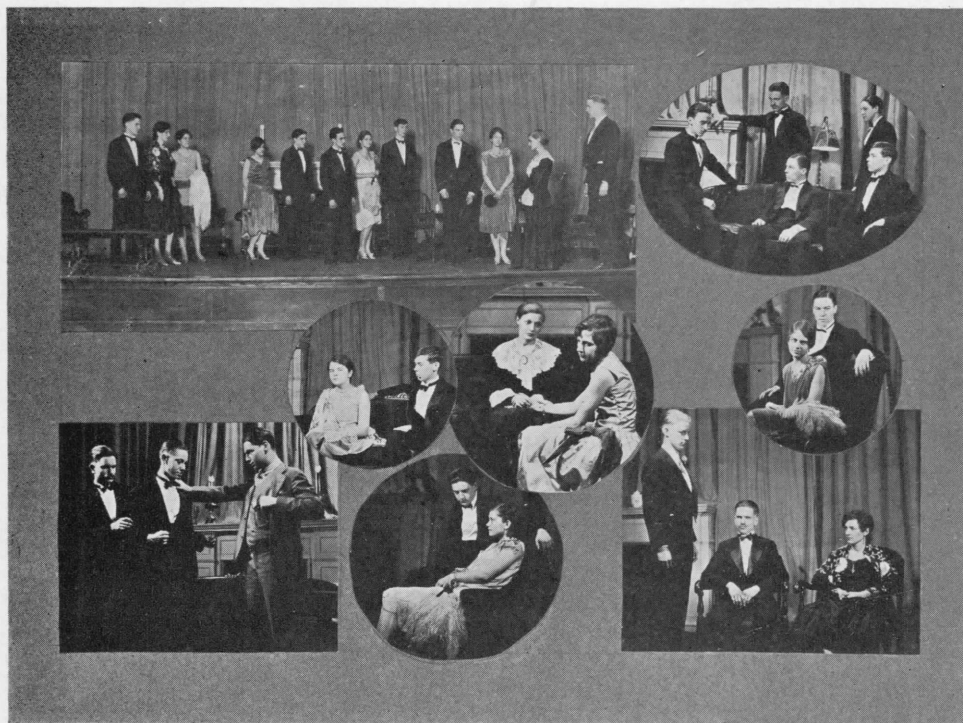


The Thirteenth Chair

Dramatis Personnae

Helen O' Neil
Will Crosby
Mrs. Crosby
Roscoe Crosby
Edward Wales
Mary Eastwood
Helen Trent
Grace Standish
Braddish Trent
Howard Standish
Philip Mason
Elizabeth Erskine
Pollock
Rosalie La Grange
Tim Donahue
Sergeant Dunn
Doolan

Betty Burkhard
Emanuel Kleinman
Jane Davis
Herbert Fulmer
Emrys Jenkins
Natalie Suppes
Ann Stremel
Virginia Hannan
John McGrath
Robert Gray
Royden Casker
Helen Hofft
Joseph Albert
Olga Davis
Sygmund Kaminsky
Clarendon Crichton
Victor Hinkle



The Thirteenth Chair

The "Thirteenth Chair," written by Bayard Veiller, was presented by the Senior class, February 15, for the purpose of raising funds for their annual Washington trip. Throughout this mystery drama were tense situations of the most dramatic type, combined with a splendid degree of humor, which made the production an ideal one.



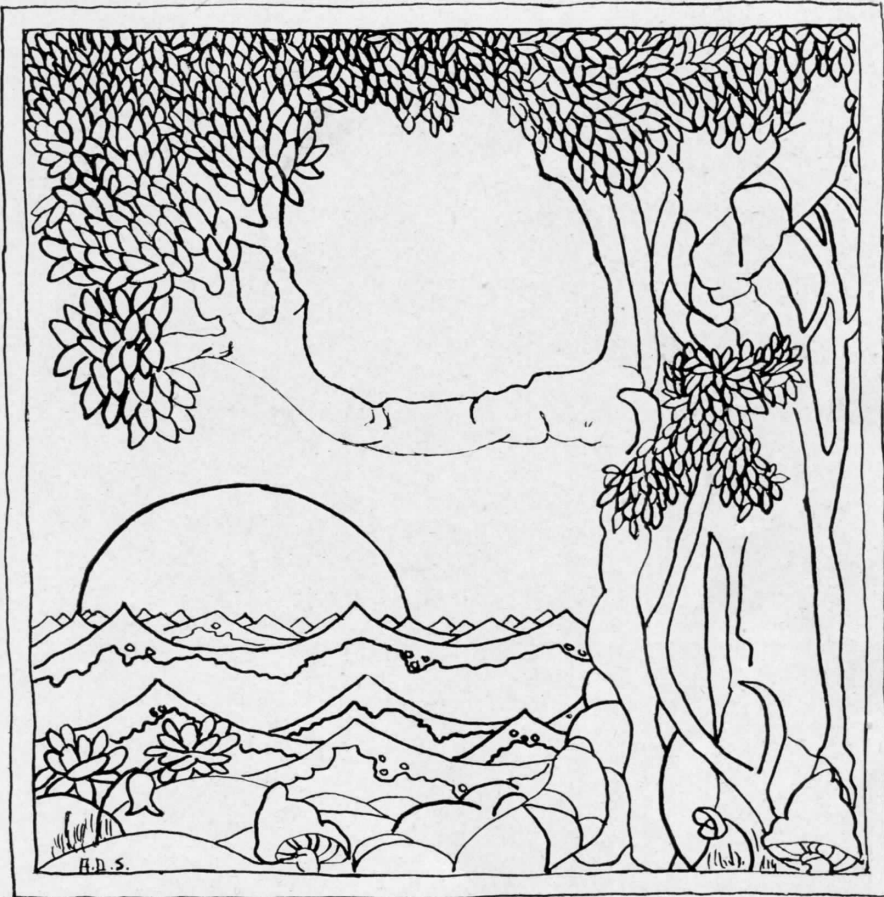
The Rivals

The Senior class of 1928 presented "The Rivals," a drama from the pen of Richard Sheridan, on Friday evening, May 18, 1928, in the High School auditorium. The play, considered one of the finest works of Sheridan, is replete with humorous situations and contains much dramatic "color."

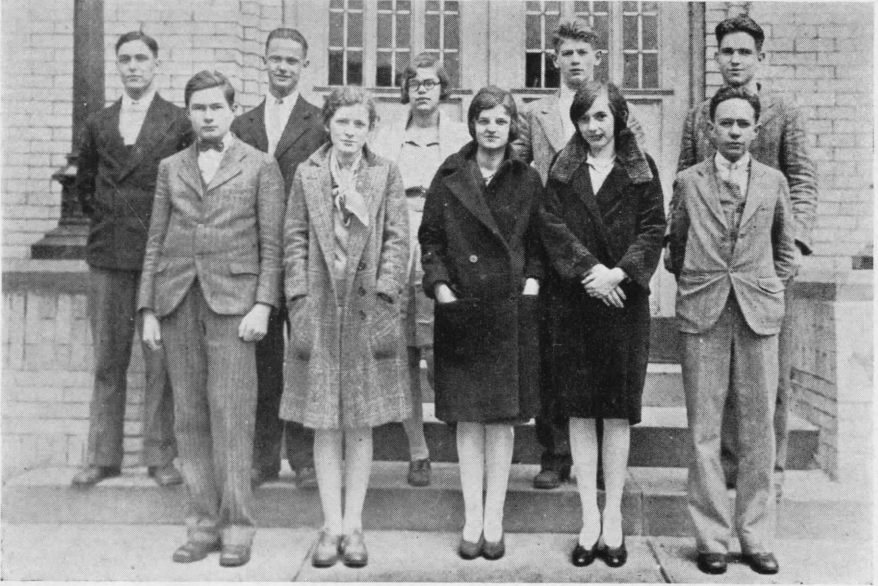
Under the able supervision of Miss Margaret Greer the cast nobly produced through conversation and costuming the dramatic spirit of the eighteenth century.

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

Fag, Howard Black; *Thomas*, Benny Fletcher; *Lucy*, Jane Ake; *Lydia Languish*, Sylvia Rush; *Julia Melville*, Margaret Fassett; *Mrs. Malaprop*, Ruth McGahan; *Sir Anthony Absolute*, John Faunce; *Captain Jack Absolute*, Russel Whalen; *Faulkland*, Craig Longwell; *Aces*, Louis Piper; *Boy*, Clarissa Wainger; *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, Robert Campbell; *David*, Charles Temple.



ORGANIZATIONS



Student Council

The Student Council experienced a very progressive year under the leadership of President Herbert Fulmer.

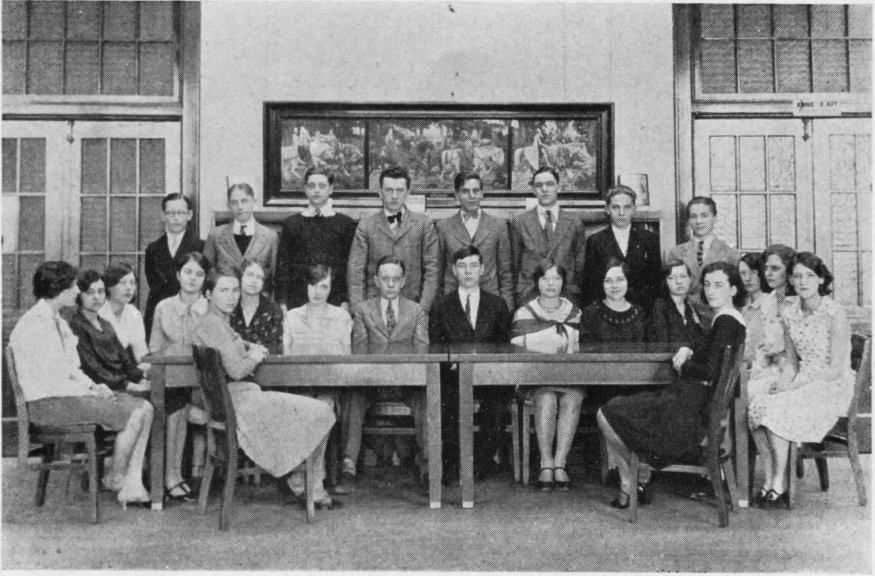
The main achievement of the Council was the formation of the Booster Club, composed of residents of Westmont and students of the High School. The purpose of this club was to assist financially all the organizations of the school.

The officers of the Student Council are: *President*, Herbert Fulmer; *Vice President*, David Yingling; *Secretary*, Virginia Harris.



Phoenixian Staff

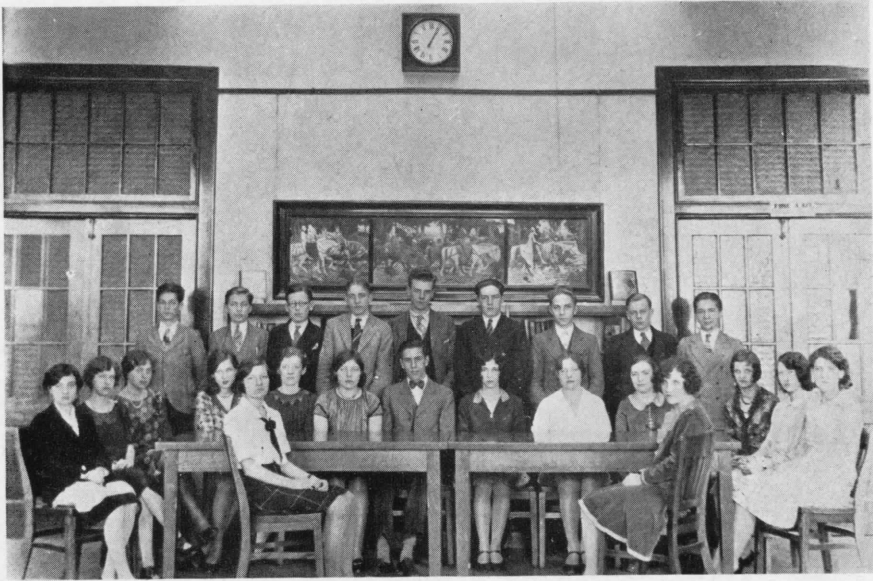
Jane Davis, Virginia Hannan, Mary Bell, Gretchen Kopp, Naomi Wainger, Emily Thomas, Ann Stremel, Clarendon Crichton, Martha Boyle, Olga Davis, Bob Gray, Margaret Mary Coll, Emanuel Kleinman, David Yingling, Jane Tarr, Dorothy Kennedy, Evelyne Hunter, Herbert Fulmer, Olga Navratil, Dorothy Stutzman, Elizabeth Hinchman, Natalie Suppes, Betty Burkhard.



Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff

"The Westmont-Upper Yoder News," a monthly news publication of 1928-1929, supplanted "The Hill-Top Highlights," a literary magazine of the previous school year. The following schools contributed material to the paper: Elim, Berkley, Benscreek, Coon Ridge, Stutzman, Tioga Street, and Westmont High School. "The Westmont-Upper Yoder News" devoted its columns principally to news and literary articles.

The staff for the first semester was composed mainly of Seniors.



Westmont-Upper Yoder News Staff

For the second semester of the school year 1928-'29 a new staff, composed mainly of Juniors, was selected to carry on the work of the "Westmont-Upper Yoder News."

During the seven months of labor on the paper, the staffs deserved much credit, and many of the members obtained splendid experience necessary for editing similar publications in the future.



The Girls' Club

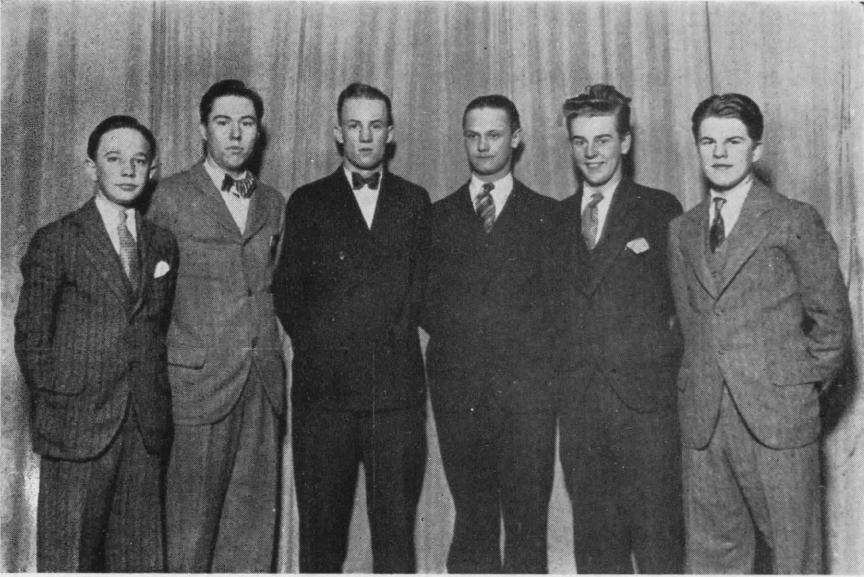
Interesting and varied are the programs and activities of the Girls' Club, conducted by the following officers: Olga Davis, *President*; Florence Pollock, *Vice President*; Henrietta Custer, *Secretary*; Virginia Hannan, *Program Chairman*; Jane Davis, *Social Chairman*; and Ann Stremel, *Social Service Chairman*. Miss Margaret Greer is the faculty adviser.

These officers are working earnestly to provide interesting speakers. The theme of the educational programs for the year is "Worthy Use of Leisure Time." Mrs. Keffer, Miss Greer, Mrs. Harris, Miss McGann, and Mrs. Boag were the speakers. The meetings are held on alternate Thursdays.

In the early fall the club had its first and most entertaining recreational meeting, the informal and formal initiation of the Freshmen.

At Thanksgiving and Christmas time the girls furnished food and clothing to needy families.

It is hoped that the good fellowship and school spirit which has pervaded this year's activities will continue in the clubs of our successors.



The Boys' Club

The Boys' Club is showing a great deal of spirit and enthusiasm in its activities this year. In the meetings, an attempt is made to guide the future vocations of the boys and to stimulate a pride in pursuing a definite and useful field of work in life. Mr. Traugh, Johnstown Hi-Y director; Mr. Shambach, Supervising Principal; Mr. Engh, coach; Rev. Strayer, minister of the Westmont United Brethren Church; Mr. Fulmer, Manager of the Johnstown Bell Telephone Company; and the Rev. Rhys Roberts of the Westmont Presbyterian Church have delivered vocational addresses.

The officers chosen for the club from the Hi-Y group are: John McGrath, *President*; Charles Bingham, *Vice President*; Hamer Wagner, *Secretary*; and Robert Prosser, *Treasurer*. Mr. Tomb is the faculty adviser

The Hi-Y club, which is an organization within the Boys' Club, admitted seven new members during the year. It is an honor to belong to this organization because the character and scholastic standing of each prospective member must pass the personal approval of each club member before he can be initiated into the organization.



Thrift Savings Bank

The Thrift Savings Bank of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School is organized at the beginning of each year, with a president and board of directors in charge of its affairs. This bank has been instituted as an activity of the school for the purpose of developing the spirit of thrift among the students and of offering an opportunity for systematic saving, primarily, to pay the expenses of the annual Senior Class Washington trip. Thus, with such a noble and business-like purpose in view, our bank has depended for its success upon the student cooperation and their ability to grasp worth while opportunities.

The board of directors of this organization, which are chosen from the banking and advanced-bookkeeping classes, in charge of Mr. Engh, are: *President*, M. Matonik; *First Vice President*, D. Kennedy; *Second Vice President*, M. M. Coll; *Secretary*, W. Benshoff; *Treasurer*, Mr. Engh.



Orchestra

The high school orchestra, under the direction of Miss Gray, has participated in the majority of school activities during the year. Regularly in assembly period, it added enjoyment to the programs. Early in the year it entertained, in conjunction with the Glee Clubs, at the Educational Conference. In the Cambria County music contest which took place on April 20th at Ebensburg, the W. U. Y. H. S. orchestra won first place above five competing orchestras and is now the possessor of the silver cup awarded to the winner.

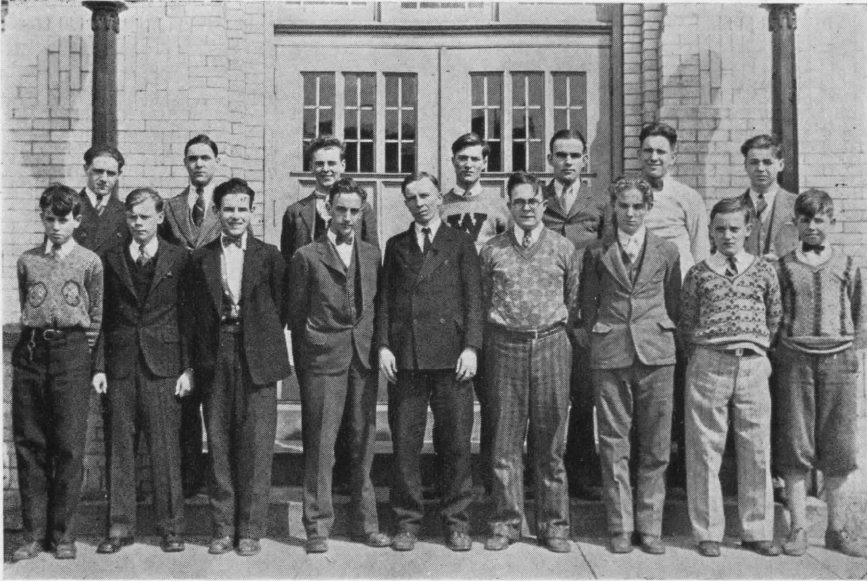
The orchestra is composed of Berniece Anstead and Margretta Keafer, pianists; David Yingling, Lowe McIntyre, Arthur Witprachtiger, Charles Griffith, Harlan Smith, Robert Roundsley, Theodore Navratil, John Nelson, Rose Pudliner, and Jane Giles, violinists; Don Adams and James Wellington, saxaphonists; James Gurley, flutist; Bernard Ferg, clarinetist; Louis Winkler, trumpeter; and Richard Stewart, drummer.



The Girls' Choral Club

The Girls' Choral Club has an enrollment of fifty-five members and is directed by Miss Ethel Gray. The officers are: *President*, Olga Navratil; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Elsie Arndt; *Business Manager*, Florence Pollock; and *Typist*, Evelyne Hunter. Bernice Anstead is the pianist for the club. Most ably did the club represent its school, through song, at the Educational Conference, February 23, and at the County Music Contest held in Ebensburg, April twentieth.

The outstanding accomplishment of the year was a cantata, "The Three Springs," given April fifth. A striking feature of the program was some ensemble work done by the Shobert children of DuBois, Pennsylvania. The splendid work of Natalie Suppes, Betty Burkhard, and Virginia Harris, as the dancers, was most noteworthy.



Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club, this year, consists of sixteen boys, representing the four classes. Although they have not had many public appearances to exhibit their skill, they have entered into all they have undertaken most spiritedly. They sang at the Educational Conference, held in our school, and at the County Music Contest, in Ebensburg. The members this year are: Michael Boyle, Malcolm Read, Don Adams, Emrys Jenkins, Stephen Dubinsky, Joseph Schlessinger, Wayne Ringler, Fred Stiffler, Robert Hunt, Royden Casker, William Boger, Robert Prosser, Clair Mowery, Victor Hinkle, Herbert Fulmer, and Sygmund Kaminsky.



The Poster Club

The official duties of the Poster Club are to paint scenery for stage settings and to manage the lighting effects for the plays produced by various organizations of the high school. In addition to these tasks, this club takes care of all the advertising of the school, the filing, mounting, and cataloging of illustrative material in the Art Room, and all the art work in "The Phoenician."

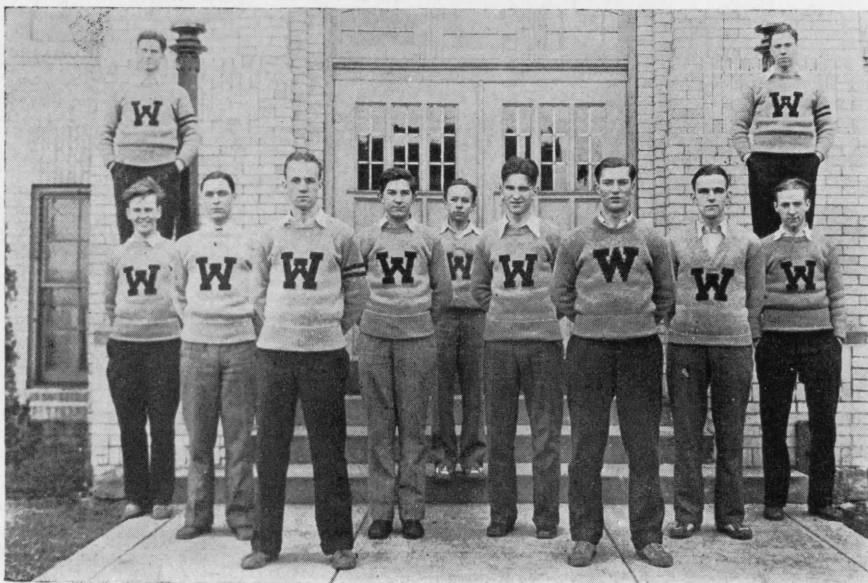
The Poster Club awards at the Cambria County Fair were as follows: First in water color, second in charcoal rendering, and second in poster lettering.



Biology Club

The Biology Club is organized in September, and carries on its work under the instruction of Miss Elsie Canan. Those who are giving considerable time to after school work are Jack Zubrod, president of the club, Florence Fisher, Florence Kintner, Jane Davis, Charles Gilbert, Charles Replogle, and Lowe McIntyre.

The club makes its field trips in Elk Run Valley, where there are about seventy species of wild flowers blooming in March, April, and May. Intensive study of the trees and birds is made throughout the fall, winter, and spring.



The Varsity "W" Club

The Varsity "W" Club is a group of boys who have earned their "W's" in at least one major sport and who have been formally initiated into the club.

The club is under the guidance of John McGrath, *President*; Hamer Wagner, *Vice-President*; Clair Mowrey, *Secretary*; and John Wesner, *Sergeant-at-Arms*. There is a great deal of inherent power in this organization and great things are expected of it in the future.

The members who are at present enrolled are as follows:

Football

McGrath
Barrett
Boger

Wesner
Mowrey
Wagner

Fulmer
Prosser
Hannan

Basketball

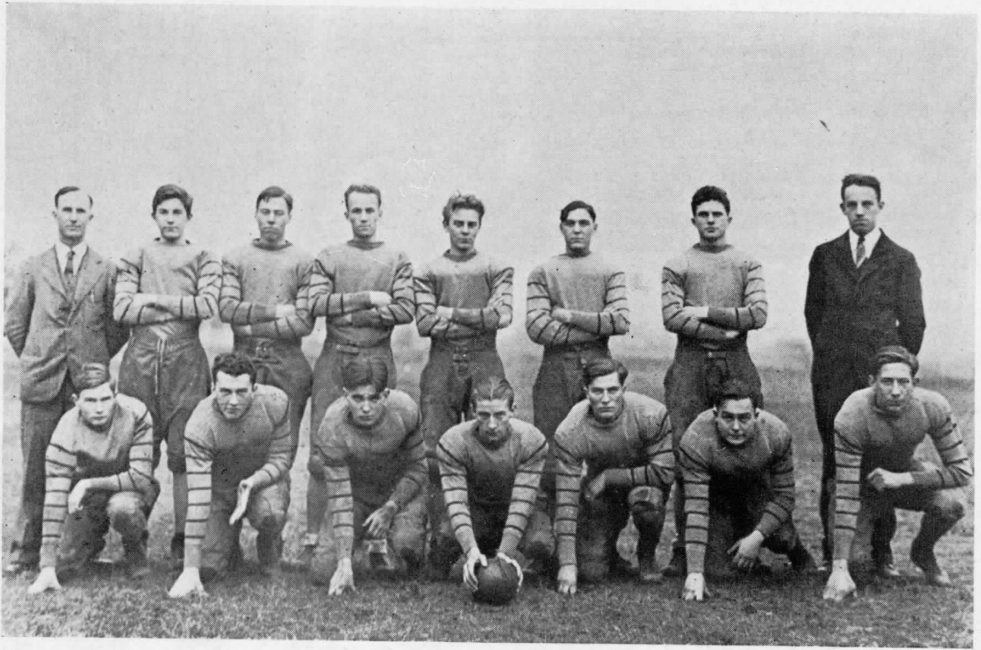
Crichton
Marshall

Prosser
Mowrey
Hinkel

Wagner
McGrath



ATHLETICS



Our Football Team

For the first time in its history, Westmont High put forth a football squad that went through its regular playing season, undefeated. It was a light, scrappy eleven that finally turned the trick, and brought to Westmont our first unbeaten team. They took over such notable outfits as Hollidaysburg, Somerset, and Ferndale. In almost every contest, our boys were outweighed, but showed that a team can't lose if it won't lose. The 6-6 tie played with Conemaugh, in a veritable sea of mud, was the only game that the boys failed to tuck on the right side of the ledger. Again, as always, much of the credit for the boys' fine showing must go to Coach Carl Engh, whose splendid training and "never-say-die" spirit inspired the boys in many of their climaxes.

In the opening of the season, Westmont snowed in Adams Township, 57-0. From the start the team showed its real class, and our goal line was never threatened. Captain "Speedy" McGrath led the attack that never let up until the final whistle had blown.

In the Dale encounter which followed, Westmont romped through to a 25-0 victory. Dale was unable to cope with the fast Westmont attack, and was utterly unable to penetrate our defense. McGrath and Wagner reeled off great yardage in this game.

Next followed the Ferndale thriller, where Westmont secured a six point lead on a touchdown, and added a safety to give them two additional points and an 8-0 lead. A spectacular touchdown and extra point by Ferndale, however, made the score 8-7, giving Westmont a close win over her greatest rival. The boys showed great fight in squeezing out this victory.

In the Hollidaysburg game that followed, Westmont presented a stone wall defense in the closing period, to snatch a 6-0 victory from their heavier opponents. Westmont's

lone touchdown came as a result of one of Prosser's well directed passes, which Boger gathered in and sprinted nine yards to the goal line. This game showed that our boys ranked with the best, and did not lack fight.

On the Somerset jaunt, our boys sprung a big surprise, and upset the dope, for after Somerset had gotten off to a six point lead in the first quarter, our boys stiffened, and on a series of line plunges, McGrath took the ball over, to even the count. Then Wagner intercepted a forward pass, and reeled off fifty-five yards for a touchdown, with one of the prettiest exhibitions of broken field running seen all season. When the smoke had cleared, Westmont was on the long end of a 12-6 score.

Derry fell before our fast attack in the next game, 19-6. It was not until the final quarter that the Red and Gray stepped out and put the game "on ice."

The final game was with Conemaugh, the only team to hold Westmont even, playing a 6-6 tie with us. Westmont did not score until the final period, and the boys closed the season in a blaze of glory.

INDIVIDUAL WRITE-UPS

Ends:

"Tags" Marshall and Jack Hannan cavorted around the outside flanks of the line and made a fine job of it. Two freshmen: these boys have plenty of time to show their "goods" and star for Westmont.

Tackles:

John Wesner and "Eddie" Hartz balanced the line with their heady playing. It was not uncommon to see either or both break through and nail the runner dead in his tracks.

Guards:

"Herb" Fulmer and Claire Mowery braced the team with their fine work. Mowery, next year's captain, was a stone wall on defense and was a great aid to our line. Fulmer did well for a first year man.

Center:

"Eddie" Barrett's steady passing and fiery spirit made him a valuable keystone for the line.

Quarterback:

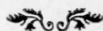
"Bill" Boger, diminutive quarterback, shone at the difficult art of getting under punts and receiving forward passes.

Halfbacks:

Hamer Wagner and Bob Prosser were stars on defense and attack. Hamer's kicking and Bob's passing left nothing to be desired in the work of this stellar pair.

Fullback:

Captain John McGrath led Westmont's attack, besides being a bulwark on defense. His heady generalship carried the team through to numerous victories.





Basketball

Facing the opening of the new season with only two lettermen from last year's squad, Coach Engh proceeded to build up a light, fast, snappy, basketball quintet that performed with the speed and polish of veterans. Captain Hamer Wagner and John McGrath, the nucleus of this year's aggregation, exercised a steadying influence on the inexperienced players, and the boys displayed a fine team spirit in all their encounters. While the team did not amass an undefeated record, as our football team did, the boys acquitted themselves admirably against all competition, and were welcomed and commended everywhere for their clean play and good sportsmanship.

In the Southern Cambria County High School League, after a hectic season, Westmont finished third to Ferndale and Conemaugh. Westmont won two decisions from Southmont, Richland, and Dale, and dropped a heart-breaking game by one point to Ferndale. The bitter part of this defeat was that both teams were neck and neck, Westmont leading until the final thirty seconds. This defeat took some of the snap from our boys, for they dropped a return game to Ferndale, and broke even in two tilts with Conemaugh.

In the non-titular games, the Red and Gray did not fare quite so well. Westmont lost the opening game of the season to Punxsutawney and dropped decisions to Johnstown High and the fast Allegany quintet of Cumberland. In a home-and-home series with Beall High of Frostburg, Westmont took the long end of the score on our own floor, but fell by the wayside at Frostburg.

Considering the "greenness" of the squad, the boys made an excellent showing against much more experienced players. Since John McGrath is the only regular who graduates this year, Coach Engh and Captain-elect Prosser have an optimistic outlook

for next year. All the players have been seasoned under fire, and with promising material from the reserve team, Coach Engh looks forward to a most successful season on the court next year.

INDIVIDUAL WRITE-UPS

Captain Hamer Wagner held down the center post on the quintet, and performed consistently. His offensive and defensive playing, as well as his steadying influence on the squad, made him one of the most valuable and popular players on the floor.

"Bob" Prosser and "Tags" Marshall performed at the forward berths on the five. The boys pulled well together, and their accurate shooting kept Westmont in the lead on frequent occasions. The fine teamwork displayed by this pair was very commendable. Marshall, only a Freshman, led the team in scoring.

John McGrath and Claire Mowery were the guards of the regular quintet. Their steady defensive playing was one of the team's high spots, and had much to do with the relatively low scores of our opponents.

And, lest we forget the boys who kept the Varsity in trim and were ready to fill in at a moment's notice, we wish to comment Hinkle, Yingling, Bingham, Hannan, Kunkle, and Jenkins, members of the Reserves, for their excellent work.

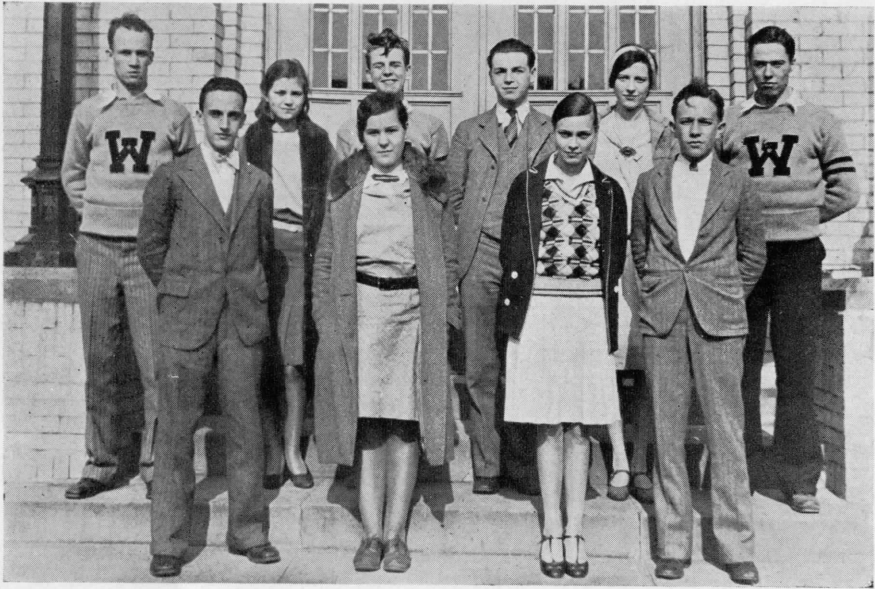
This year's record follows:

Westmont.....10	Punxsutawney.....36	Westmont.....21	Beall.....23
".....35	Richland.....23	".....28	Alleghany.....41
".....18	Conemaugh.....28	".....18	Johnstown.....28
".....43	Richland.....26	".....30	Alleghany.....42
".....25	Conemaugh.....16	".....53	Beall.....31
".....41	Dale.....10	".....49	Beaverdale.....16
".....39	Southmont.....16	".....21	Lilv.....25
".....20	Ferndale.....21	".....32	Alumni.....27
".....23	Dale.....11		
".....13	Ferndale.....19	578	493
".....23	Southmont.....9		
".....26	Johnstown.....45	Victories.....10	Defeats.....10

Track

While it is unfortunate that this book goes to press before either the annual county meet at Ebensburg or the city meet, we can make a safe prediction that the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School plodders will let all competitors know of their whereabouts.

Boger, McGrath, and Mowrey, the nucleus of this year's team, are an excellent three and much can be anticipated of them in meets with other schools. Much is expected of McIntyre in the mile, and Wagner, Tiffany, Williams, Peel and Witprachtiger are to be watched for coming events.



Athletic Association

The Athletic Association of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School consists of the faculty and the students of the school. The management of this association is entrusted to an Executive Committee, composed of the officers of the Athletic Association, the high school principal, the Girls' and Boys' Physical Education directors, a faculty advisor, the managers and captains of the various athletic teams, and the Senior cheer leaders. This Executive Committee, better known as the Athletic Council, meet on the second Tuesday of every calendar month.

The aim of the Athletic Association is to promote clean athletics under school management. During the school year, it revised and clarified certain sections of the Constitution and By-laws, and encouraged a more wholesome respect toward scholarship and athletics in our high school.

The officers of the association are: *President*, Emrys Jenkins; *Vice-President*, Robert Prosser; *Secretary*, Natalie Suppes; *Treasurer*, Mr. Engh.



Girls' Basketball

Although the Girls' Basketball Team of the season of 1928-29 did not have so many victorious games, it certainly is a team of which the entire school is proud. Its opponents were very much older girls and more experienced players, including Junior College and Y. G. B. I., teams composed entirely of girls who had graduated from high school in previous years.

The big factor of the team was its fighting spirit, for the members played as well in losing games as in winning games. Much consideration is due to the coach, Miss Elizabeth Greer, who worked very faithfully with the team.

The members of the team were all new material with the exception of Martha Boyle, Olga Davis, and Dorothy Kennedy. Considering their lack of experience, the team played very creditably. Each player received her "W" for good work on the team.



Cheer Leaders

TO 'EM AND AT 'EM

To 'em and at 'em and at 'em and to 'em
And to 'em and at 'em again
If we don't get 'em
When we go to 'em
We'll have to go at 'em again.

WHO RAH!

Who, rah
Rah, rah, rah!
Who, rah
Rah, rah, rah!
Who rah Westmont
Who rah Westmont
Yea-a-a Team!



JOKES

Unofficial Calendar

Sept. 5. Back again! Rush for back seats.

Sept. 7. First assembly program. Mr. Belles gave us a violin selection.

Sept. 21. Westmont Police Department lays down the law. "Don't attach your little bike to the autos."

Sept. 28. First appearance of the orchestra. "Miss McGann, do we have to clap?"

Oct. 1. A busy day. In assembly, some notables of the alumnae, C. Dunkle, M. Fassett and V. Fulmer, entertained. Very notable game with Ferndale High. Westmont was outweighed but victorious (of course!) Great crowd. We gave the teachers the Haw-haw. All out for Institute.

Oct. 22. Dig in again with all fours. Too bad we don't have some dumb teachers!

Oct. 26. Now the real trials begin. First Damrosch program. Should give Mr. Price a big hand for furnishing such a fine radio.

Oct. 27. Football team beat Hollidaysburg 6 to 0. All turned out for gay old jamboree party at hotel after the game.

Nov. 2. Much wailing and gnashing of teeth. Problems of Democracy class handed us a line about the Presidential election. Seniors handed it out. Take it or leave it. (Most of it was left.)

Nov. 10. Mean, old rainy day, but the team rose above the elements. Beat Derry High 19 to 6. Big reception in gym, and theatre party for Westmont's guests.

Nov. 11. Armistice Day.

Nov. 23. Schubert program. Brass (I'll say!) double quartet from J. H. S. came up and blew in the program. Howdja like the German?

Nov. 28. Beaming faces; thrilled freshies. Pile out for Thanksgiving. No need to be told twice.

Dec. 7. Mrs. Harris gave an artistic talk on art.

Dec. 14. Assembly! D. A. R. medals awarded. Congratulations to Henrietta Custer, first honors, and "Bob" Gray, second place (for once.) Scholarship cups awarded to Sophomore boys and Senior girls. (Didn't you know it?)

Dec. 28. Such bliss! Vacation in sight.

Jan. 1. Return to the work house! Too bad we couldn't have more flu! Got a whole extra week off.

Jan. 4. Boo-hoo! Ferndale defeated our lusty little basketball team 21 to 20. Talk about excitement!

Jan 11. Doctor Whalen gave a talk on "What is Your Name?" Four out of five have it. A Frosh just asked, "Doesn't the fifth have a name?" He's the first of the next four. Whoop her up! Our team beat Conemaugh 25 to 18, in our gym. Pretty good, considering that Conemaugh was formerly the league champion.

Feb. 8. Dr. Anderson gave a stimulating talk. Many taking notes, with rather discouraged looks.

Feb. 15. "The Thirteenth Chair," Senior Class Play. Weren't you scared though? Some thrills!

Unofficial Calendar

Feb. 19. Preliminary Opportunity Contest. Never knew we had such home talent!

Feb. 22. Washington's Brithday. We showed our patriotism by coming to school. (Mean patriotism.)

March 4. Inauguration heard over radio. We got out of classes. Many took advantage of this and gently but firmly fell asleep.

March 8. More gnashing and wailing of teeth. Orations! My dear, *can* you bear it? Boger, first place; C. Crichton, second; and 'Ginge' Harris, third. Too much excitement for one day. Dear old basketball team defeated Beall High Team of Frostburg Md., here, 53-31. Are you shouting.

March 14. Oh! Blessed Fates! Seniors got a half day off to go to the poor house, court, and finally, after a fit and some mud, to jail. Wasn't it glorious? The teachers flowered out into little children. (I guess it's second childhood!)

March 15. Sophomores surprised us with their St. Patrick's Day program. Not saying how, though! "Bill" Boger won second place in oratorical contest at Ebensburg. All "Het up."

March 29. Had only a half day of school. Out for Easter. Who looked the best with lollypops, the Seniors or Freshies?

April 1. Back again! All wish we would have brought some Easter candy to eat in school. That's how "angry" we were.

April 3. Seniors made a big splash at 6th grade Arithmetic test.

April 5. Girls' Choral Club "spouts" off. Good dancing and cantata, "The Three Springs," enjoyed by a big crowd.

April 10. Seniors off to make "whoopie" at the fair capital.

April 11. A grave yard couldn't be deader than the school today.

April 16. Many "heavy" eyes and swollen feet among Seniors! Yawns too.

April 20. Orchestra and a "select" number from the Girls' Choral Club and Boys' Glee Club go to Ebensburg. A good town that! Brought two cups home too.

May 3. Quiet halls; tiptoeing Freshies, no Seniors in sight, State Board "Exams" in full swing.

May 30. One day off for our last, little, insignificant vacation of the school year. Decoration Day.

May 31. Seniors seem to like detectives and such. Class play, "Secret Service," a great success.

June 2. Inspiring Baccalaureate Sermon delivered to Seniors in Presbyterian Church of Westmont. Life's not so funny now.

June 3, 4, 5, 6. I'll say it's not. Such awful suspense! Final "exams." Need I say more? Evening of June 6, Commencement. Glorious bliss! Never knew what it was to be "stuck up" before.

June 10. We gave the shout "heard round the world." Pack up your troubles, throw away your books, and place a last thumb tack on somebody's desk. Last day of school. And glad?

Senior Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1929 of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills, bequests, and devices of whatever nature by men made:

"Sonny" Kleinman's "pull" to Charles Klatzkin.
Mary Bell's modesty to Bill Boger.
Ann Stremel's love of argument to Margaret Miller.
Jane Davis's sweet disposition to "Hamie" Wagner.
Dave Yingling's car to the scrap pile.
"Nat" Suppes's love of art to Mr. Belles.
"Moss" Boyle's down town B. F's to Elsie Arndt.
Evelyne Hunter's curls to Jane Giles.
"Joe" Albert's height to Curt Owens.
Naomi Wainger's wise cracks to Violet Berkley.
Gretchen Kopp's letter writing ability to "Ginge" Harris.
Emrys Jenkins's winning way to George Hager.
Thelma Fienburg's boy friend to Louise Giest.
Victor Hinkel's staycomb to Charles Kunkle.
Dorothy Miller's quietness to "Chips" Whitten.
Betty Burkhard's enthusiasm to "Flo" Kintner.
"Bob" Gray's enunciation to future orators.
"Miggy" Coll's business-like manner to Kay Chaplain.
"J. T." McGrath's Sunday nights to Wayne Ringler.
Elizabeth Hinchman's slimness to Bernice Anstead.
"Shorty" Crichton's cigars to Edgar Howells.
Helen Hoff's chewing gum to Miss Greer.
Olga Davis's French pronunciation to Bob Prosser.
"Herb" Fulmer's absent slips to Charles Replogle.
"Dot" Kennedy's smile to Florence Pollock.
"Ginge" Hannan's logic power to Bob Prosser.
Warren Benshoff's stagehand ability to Dick Gobin.
"Syg" Kaminsky's white trousers to whomever they'll fit.
Royden Casker's church spirit to John Wesner.
Martha Singer's driving ability to Florence Peer.
Olga Navratil's quick step to Kline Spangler.
Jane Tarr's lipstick to Ruby Ringler.
"Mike" Matonik's memory to "Beans" Ferg.
Margaret Sturrock's Scotch descent to Joe Schlesinger.
Emily Thomas's navy regalia to Betty Kyler.
Georgia Barrett's blondness to Henrietta Custer.
Dorothy Stutzman's persuasivness to Kenneth Smith.
Howard Albert's quietness to Charles Klatzkin.

THE CLASS ROASTER

JOHN HENRY	LOOKS	USUALLY SEEN	PASSWORD	DISLIKES	AMBITION
Howard Albert	Sleepy	Trying to sleep	"Let me sleep"	To be awakened	To go out west
"Joe" Albert	Quiet	In the home room	"What do we have in English?"	Studies	To be a flag pole sitter
"Georgie" Barrett	With her eyes	Selling candy	"—?x—! —,"	Burke's speeches	Not the slightest bit
Mary Bell	Angelic	With "Georgie"	"Mama!"	Bad boys	To own a dog farm
"Benjie" Benshoff	Over our heads	Acting as stage manager	"Not publishable"	Women	To be on Broadway
"Moss" Boyle	Athletic	Playing basketball	"How was your date?"	Monday mornings	To get married
"Betty" Burkhard	Pert	Talking	"For crying out loud"	Catty people	To be independent
"Posey" Casker	Zerstreut	Singing	"Hey you!"	Work	You never can tell
"Miggy" Coll	Peppy	Talking to Mr. Belles	"Oh Heavens!"	Cats	To be a court stenographer
"Shorty" Crichton	Important	Making "whoopie"	"Cud"	Discipline	To manufacture a good five cent cigar
Jane Davis	Pretty	Laughing	"Aw-w-w!"	Worms	To see Andy Gump walloped
"Odo" Davis	Kiddish	Putting her hair up	"Speaking of small fruits and nuts"	Chapel	To rub ink spots
"Thel" Feinberg	Wise	With an Altoona citizen	"No kidding?"	Johnstown	Take a guess!
"Herb" Fulmer	Bored	At Davis's	"Good!"	Shirts	To get paid for doing nothing
"Bob" Gray	Serious	Getting the paper out	"Oh, the devil!"	Frivolity	To be a scientist
"J. T." McGrath	At the weaker sex	Will not commit ourselves	"I'll bite"	Males	To cross the sea of matrimony safely
"Ginge" Hannan	Intellectual	Busy	"Why?"	Damrosch programs	To live in Boston
"Liz" Hinchman	Bashful	With "Gretch"	"For cat's sake!"	Squeaky singers	To keep that school girl complexion
"Hawkeye" Hinkle	Sheikish	In his car	"Howdy"	School teachers	To get out of school
"Sox" Hoff	Not innocent	Chewing gum	"Hi-Ya!"	To deposit her gum	To have a good time
Evelyn Hunter	Stenographerish	Quite innocent	"Oh dear!"	Dances and cigarettes	To be somebody's "stenog"
"Em" Jenkins	Bien	With a new girl	"Good gosh"	Clinging vines	To invent a non-stick stick of gum
"Syg" Kaminsky	Masculine	Trying to be funny	"Who's got a cigarette?"	Our orchestra music	To be President of the good old U. S. A.
"Dot" Kennedy	Out of breath	Arriving late	"Did the buzzer ring?"	Running noses	To be the President's short-hander
"Sonny" Kleinman	Brilliant	Fixing his tie	"See if I care!"	The morning after	To study law
"Gretch" Kopp	Snappy	Arguing with Ann	Never the same twice	This fair city	To be the wife of a red headed man
"Mike" Matonik	Calm	Studying	Too quiet to be heard	To be late	To be a bookkeeper
"Dot" Miller	Friendly	Being quiet	Depends on circumstances	Bumblebees	To remove the stingers from bees
"Olg" Navratil*	Kittenish	Frivolous	"For crying like a little child"	Flirts	To be a globe trotter
"Mart" Singer	At a certain teacher	Combing her hair	"I wanna go home!"	Snobishness	To become a Mrs.
Ann Stremel	Lady like	We don't know	"Really"	Winter	To be the best dressed girl in town
"Marg" Sturrock	Mischievous	Early, late or not at all	"Anything and everything"	Stale buns	To swim the Pacific
"Storothy" Stutzman	Devilish	Acting impish	"Wouldn't that scorch you?"	Men	To be a secret service girl
"Nat" Suppes	Everywhere	With "Bill"	"It's only the 'Kids'"	Problems of Democracy	To be an artist
Jane Tarr	Naive	Studying German (?)	"Did y' do your Deutches?"	Alarm clocks	To grow thin
"Em" Thomas	Babyish	Boosting the marines	"Aw Heck!"	The army	To be a poetess
"Nomic" Wainger	Like fun	Everywhere	"Keep cool, small child"	The world in general	To be nobody's wife
"Dave" Yingling	Sedate	Associating with the Divine	"Alice dear"	Everything but Alice	To be with Alice

MUCH ADO
ABOUT
NOTHING

The Westmont Squealer

NO ADO
ABOUT
SOMETHING

VOL. I

MARCH 4TH, 1949

Westmonter Famous—Wins in Giggling Contest!

GIGGLING CONTEST HELD

Westmonter Wins

The giggling contest held at Oski-wow-wow, in the midst of the civilized African jumble, won fame for all participants. This contest, which lasted for 15 years, ended yesterday.

Miss Jane Tarr, a Westmont-Upper Yoder High School alumna carried off high honors. Under the capable management of Miss Ann Stremel, Miss Tarr gained fame for herself and for her trainer.

During the contest, Miss Stremel would restate assignments given by teachers in school days, and as a treat would tickle her with a feather.

Each participant was perched in a palm tree. Monkeys were induced to throw cocoanuts at them. Rare colored birds, such as the feather-duster tailed ostrich, were incited to waggle their tails at the participants. This induced them to giggle even more.

Refreshments were served by means of "dum" waiters, mainly the former students of the W. U. Y. H. S.

Miss Martha Boyle and Miss Martha Singer won second and third prizes, respectively. These people have gained fame, due entirely to their own efforts, and this city should be proud to acclaim them when they return up the Conemaugh River tomorrow in the U. S. War-Ship "Coo-Coo-Cooty."

A school teacher wrote the following criticism on the edge of a boy's report card: "A good worker, but he talks too much."

When the card was returned, the father had written on it: "You should hear his mother."

"Herb": "Has your brother come from college?"

"Shorty": "I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."

LOVERS FINALLY APPREHENDED

Parents Now Rejoice

After six weeks of pursuit, detective Schellac Hoams has at last brought to a close the mystery surrounding the elopement of Helen Hofft and an unknown man named Epickles McGirk. Exactly six weeks ago, the young lovers were discovered missing, when both Helen and Epickles did not report for dinner. This was the only clue that the authorities had to work on, and it was largely through our able detective, Mr. Hoams, that they were discovered to have left town. Immediately upon this discovery, Mr. Hoams and his corps of detectives set out to bring the law-breakers back to their distracted parents.

According to Virginia Hannan, Miss Hofft's distinguished looking chaperon, who spied on the lovers through the keyhole several times, their romance had been brief, but so great was their affection for each other that they took the liberty of forsaking their loving homes and of inspiring each other to a more noble existence.

They were seen to happen off from the top of the United States National Bank building early Monday morning, in their single seated monoplane, the "Chimbly Sweep." Epickles weighing about three hundred pounds, Miss Hofft had to sit on the rudder to equalize the weight of the load.

They averaged approximately 340 miles per hour, and at noon they found they weren't hitting on all forty, so they made a forced landing in Frisco. (Their destination was China.) Here Helen was grabbed by Cecil B. DeMille at first sight, and just as her six weeks contract was about to expire, she and her lover were accosted by Shellac Hoams, and returned sobbingly to their fond parents.

NEW BOOK ON STAGE MANAGEMENT Unknown Man Now Famous

"A wonder book by an unknown man," says United Press concerning the super-human effort of the author of "Stage Manager's Guide." (To the Johnstown reader he is known as Warren Benshoff.) This writer, a stage manager himself, has won undying fame for himself in this book. It relates the tricks of the trade for A to Z.

Upon being interviewed by the United Press, Mr. Benshoff said he thought he would write another book, on the condition that he got paid for loafing. The title will probably be "The Tricks of Acting," he stated.

GRAY SCORES AGAIN

Prof. Robert Gray, dean of Carnegie Tech, today announced his latest invention. Since becoming dean of men at Carnegie Tech, Prof. Gray has been greatly interested in science, and has already a long list of useful patents, among them being a square circle, a doughnut without a hole, a smokeless pipe, and many other useful articles.

But his latest bids fair to become his greatest. Due solely to the efforts of Prof. Gray the "Spaghetti-spoon" was perfected. This consists of a number of small wheels which are in the bowl of the spoon and are run by either waves. The spaghetti is rolled up on these spools and by reverse action the problem of eating spaghetti is solved. In giving this invention to the world, Prof. Gray said: "Utterly cognizant of the physical fatigue incurred by the inhibition of spaghetti, I give this spoon to you to ease your toil and to mitigate the famine in the country, due to the weakened physical resistance."

Mr. Gray's fame has spread the world over. Johnstown hopes that he will continue his beneficial discoveries and inventions for the continuance of humanity's progress.

Krusty Kriminal Kommits Krummy Krime!

KRUSTY KRIMINAL KAUGHT KOMMITING KRUMMY KRIME!

Arrested by Miss Barrett

Miss Dorothy Stutzman, during a trip to Ebensburg back in '29, in her Senior year at high school, saw the wonderful conditions of the Ebensburg jail. She vowed then and there that at some time or other she would become an inmate of the institution.

Miss Stutzman, now known as number 1492, remembering her sacred vow, invaded the Kracher Koop, owned by Miss Georgia Barrett, a former classmate. Miss Stutzman was armed to the teeth with her patent invention for krummy krackers.

She krummed all the krackers in the Kracher Koop before being caught. Miss Barrett, unaware of the act that the Krusty Kriminal, who was krumming all the krusty krackers of the Kracher Koop, was Dorothy Stutzman, had her arrested.

Miss Stutzman would now be krunching krusty krackers in the Ebensburg koop, if it had not been for the kind consideration of a konscientious klassmate, M. M. Coll, a trustee of the jail.

BOOK REVIEW

"The Story of My Success" by Royden Casker Price 75 cents

Broadway's most recent hit (hit him!) writes in "The Story of My Success" about his glorious stage career (as a stage hand) in a most delightful way (throw it away.) He tells of how he rose to fame in a high school production, and ever since, has been very good (for nothing.) By all means, if you don't want to succeed, thoroughly peruse his book.

Aspires to Become An Inventor

New Invention Tried

Scientific world is agog giving much encouragement to Mr. David Yingling of the Great American Desert. Mr. Yingling has of late become very valuable to the scientific world.

He is now trying to perfect the invention of electrical sand. This sand, patented by the most famous scientist the world has ever known, Mr. Emanuel Kleinman, is an electrical preparation that scatters clouds when it is thrown into them. Mr. Yingling thinks that, if he could perfect this invention satisfactorily, it would be a great aid in securing the silver lining of clouds. If this were possible, Mr. Yingling thinks that the tariff could be lowered, for there would be such an abundance of silver in the world that revenue and protective tariff could be dispensed with.

WINS HONORS IN EGG LAYING CONTEST

Former City Man Wins Prize

In the Egg Laying Contest held recently at Ebensburg, Victor Hinkel, a former resident of Westmont, now living in Dilltown, won the silver egg nog cup. Mr. Hinkel, known as "Hawkeye" to his friends, is very proud of his Rhode Island red chickens that won this worthy prize for him.

We quote from Mr. Hinkel's speech given in acceptance of the cup: "And I also wish to thank Howard and Joseph Albert for the high grade of scratch feed they gave to me, for without this great aid I would never have been able to have won the prize."

FAMOUS LETTER IS PUBLISHED

President Wrote to Friend

Mr. John T. McGrath, very close friend and former classmate of ex-President Crichton, recently received a letter from his President friend, written while on his good will tour of France and Spain. The letter concerned the famous artist Napsup, whom, evidently, Mr. McGrath and former President Crichton know. Part of the letter follows:

"Because I have always been interested in rare paintings, I went to the Louvre as soon as I arrived in Parris. Whom do you think I saw there? It was—, but I'm getting ahead of my story.

"After I had examined a great many paintings, I finally came upon a beautiful painting named *The He Man!* When I inquired the name of the artist, I found that the famous artist Natsup had painted this picture. Imagine my surprise when I learned that Natsup was our former schoolmate Natalie Suppes."

BRIGHT BITS FROM NIT WITS

If music is the language of love, the saxophone player hates everyone.

Parents should kiss their children good night, if they don't mind waiting up until they come in.

The Chinese are backward because they worked cross word puzzles 4000 years ago.

Can You Imagine

"Nomic" Wainger with a quiet tongue?
 "Syg" Kaminsky in his right senses?
 "Vic" Hinkel without his hair combed?
 "Shorty" Crichton serious?
 "Ginge" Hannan without her Latin?
 Mary Bell boisterous?
 Gretchen Kopp without an argument?
 "Miggy" Coll taking her time?
 Emrys Jenkins wearing better looking neckties?
 "Herb" Fulmer coming early?
 Georgia Barrett with an eraser?
 Dorothy Miller angry?
 David Yingling without a certain party?

"Nat" Suppes never missing a day?
 Jane and Olga Davis looking alike?
 Helen Hofft without "Sweet William"?
 Miss McGann letting us out early?
 Olga Navratil acting sensibly?
 Olga Davis's poem "There was a Little Robin?"
 Dorothy Stutzman liking the men?
 Miss Esenwein not busy?
 "Curt" Roundsley with his lessons?
 Evelyne Hunter without curls?
 Where Martha Singer's straight hair went to?
 Mr. Tomb not hungry?
 Mr. Belles with hair eight inches long?

Some Witty Ditties

"Far Away and Long Ago"	Freshmen Days
"The Younger Set"	The Freshmen
"I Can't Give You Anything But Love"	"Shorty" Crichton
"Old Man Sunshine"	"Syg" Kaminsky
"What Are We Here For"	We sometimes wonder
"We Want You"	Diplomas
"Good News"	Vacation
"Flaming Youth"	"Bob" Gray
"An Outdoor Man for My Indoor Sport"	"Moss" Boyle
"These Charming People"	Faculty
"Tell The World I'm Through"	Seniors
"Making Whoopee"	In Washington
"Lucky Bird"	"Sonny" Kleinman
"We Are The Girls You Can't Forget"	Senior Girls
"On the Crest of a Wave"	Emily Thomas
"Just a Minute"	Mary Bell
"I'd Hate to be You"	The Pencil Sharpener
"I Fa' Down an' Go Boom"	Failing Student
"Among My Souvenirs"	A Senior's red marks

L. Krieger: "Why did Bill take to flying?"
 E. Waters: "I guess it's because he's no good on earth."

Dumb: "Sam just invented an aeroplane that is pronounced good."
 Bell: "Well, I just hope he keeps the good work up."

Mr. Ott (to Miss Pomeroy): "Your cream is very good."
 Miss Pomeroy: "It ought to be. I just whipped it."

Senior (who failed): "Oh, doctor, if I could only die."
 Doctor: "I'm doing my best for you."

"Hamie" Wagner: "Let's crack the whip."
 Bob Prosser: "All right, where is it?"

Miss Esenwein: "Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"
 H. Fulmer: "No, I didn't know he lived in Gettysburg."

Olga Navratil: "Shall I play 'Stars and Stripes Forever'?"
 Thelma Feinberg: "No, only for a little while, please."

R. Casker: "What is a free citizen?"

Mr. Tomb: "It's a man who can do anything he wants to, except for his wife, his conscience, his landlord, the laws, and his neighbor."

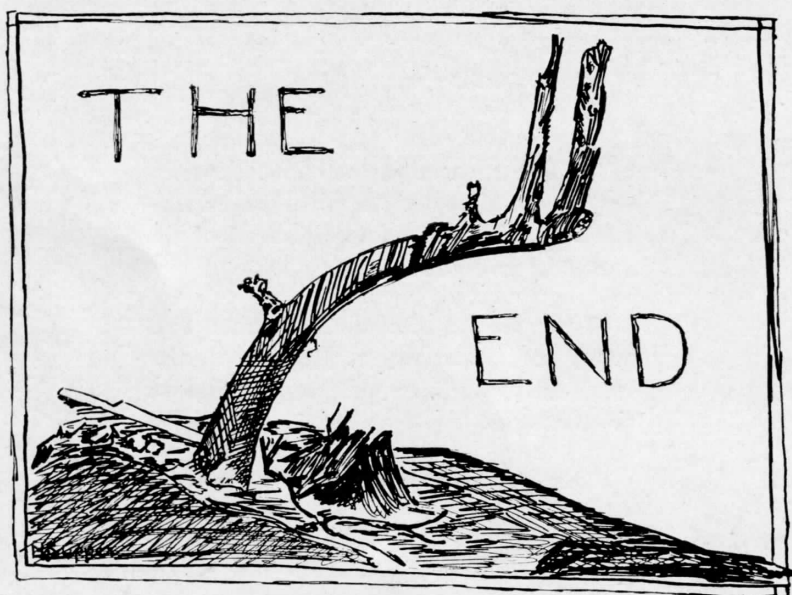
As We Close—

If The Phoenician of 1929 has in any way recalled a fond reminiscence, or increased the charm of an event of the past,

If it perchance has enhanced the glory of Westmont - Upper Yoder High School either of the present or the future,

Our purpose has been fulfilled.

Clarendon Crichton,
The Editor-in-Chief



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