

PHOENICIAN





The Globe Theater
and
Vicinity





"The play's the thing."

"Hamlet"

THE PHOENICIAN
1930



Edited by
THE SENIOR CLASS
of
Westmont-Upper Yoder High School

DEDICATION



TO MISS GRACE OSBORNE,
WHOSE LOYALTY TO OUR HIGH SCHOOL
AND WHOSE SERVICE IN OUR BEHALF
ARE A CONSTANT INSPIRATION, WE
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE
THE PHOENICIAN

1930



Miss Grace Osborne

FOREWORD



"Our true intent is all for your delight."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

THE STAFF



Editor-in-chief, Charles Replogle

Associate Editors

Literary

William Boger
Henrietta Custer
Mary Hunt

Joke

Caroline Reiser
Kline Spangler
Grace Ream
Curtis Roundsley
Joseph Schlesinger

Class

Florence Peterson
Helen Delozier
Dorothy Mosholder

Art

Florence Kintner
Louise McClintock
Violet Berkley
Wayne Ringler

Athletics

Charles Klatzkin
Bernard Ferg
Clair Mowery

Photographic

Virginia Harris
Edgar Howells
Richard Gobin
Paul Witt

Organization

Margaret Miller
Charles Bingham
Arthur Witprachtiger
Lowe McIntyre

Business

Berniece Anstead
Alice Devine
George Tiffany

Dramatics

Elsie Arendt
Hilda Witprachtiger

Typists

Florence Pollock
Florence Peer

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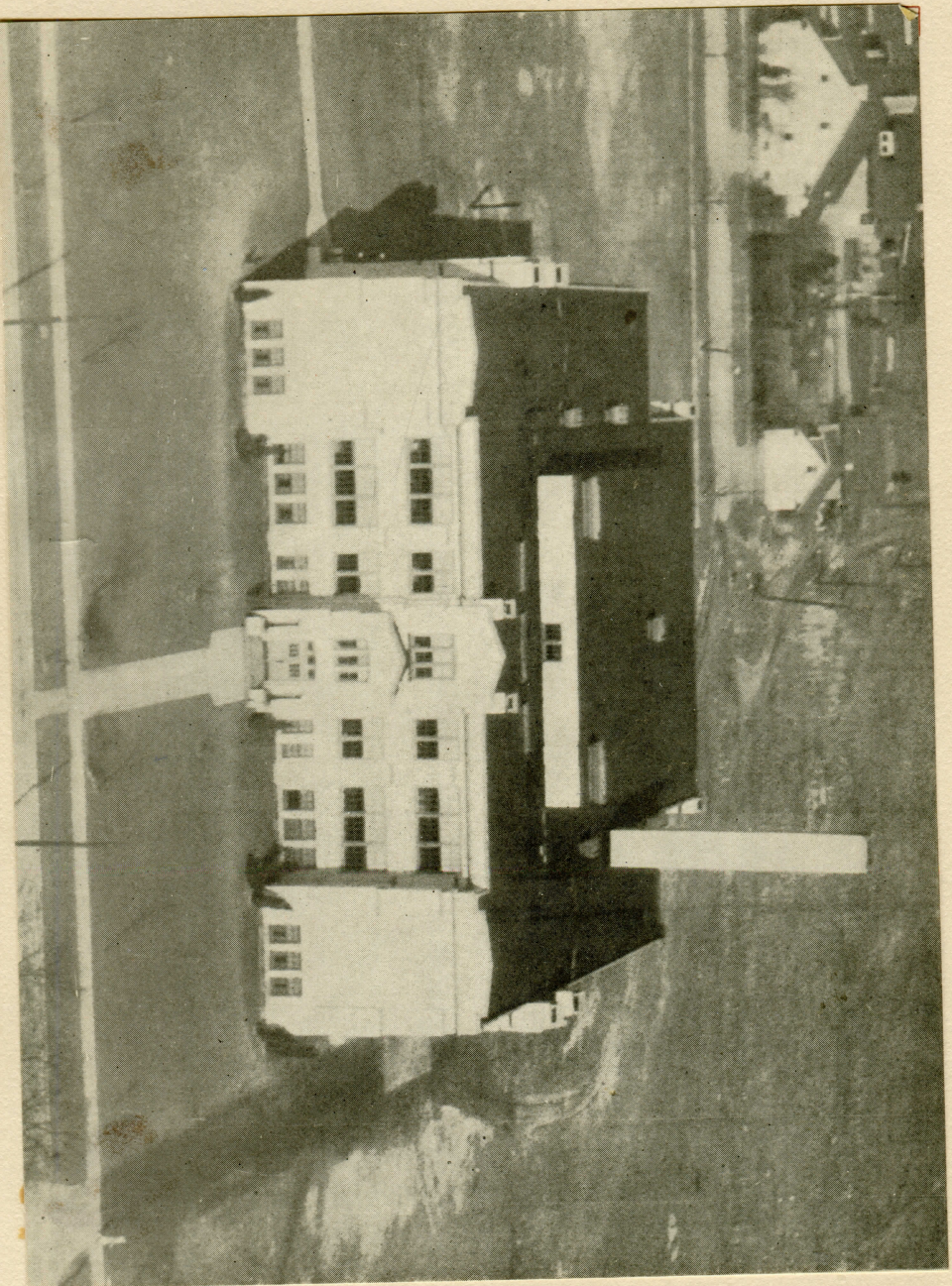
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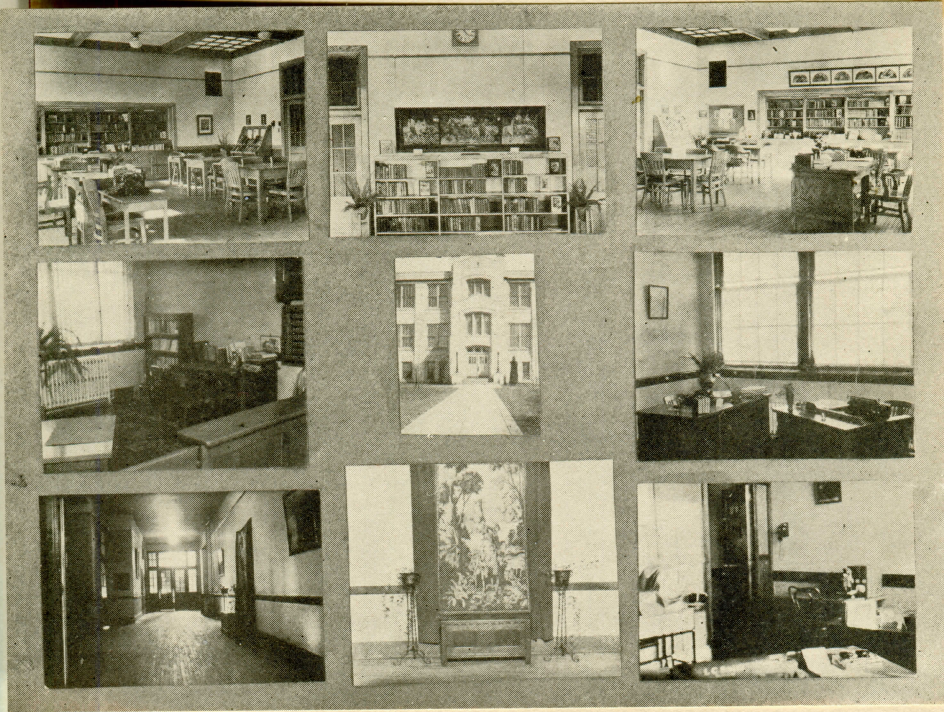
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Westmont-Upper Yoder High School

Frank Turgeon, Jr.

THE PHOENICIAN



Library, Offices, and Halls

THE PHOENICIAN

Board of Directors



Dr. L. K. Cleaver, *President*

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Mr. G. A. Jahn, *Secretary*



"I do commit his youth to your direction."

"King John IV."

THE PHOENICIAN



The Faculty

- | | |
|--|---|
| MR. BELLES, Mathematics
Harvard University | MISS GRAY, Music
Carnegie Tech |
| MR. ENGH, Commercial Subjects
Ohio Northern University | MRS. KEFFER, German, History
Columbia University |
| MISS ESENWEIN, English
Ohio Wesleyan University | MISS KANTNER, French
Oberlin College |
| MISS OSBORNE, Latin
Michigan University | MISS CORWIN, English
Bucknell University |
| MISS CANAN, General Science, Biology
Chicago University | MISS McGANN, Principal
Bucknell University |
| MISS LANDIS, Commercial Subjects
Elizabethtown College | MISS POMEROY, Home Economics
State College |
| MR. OTT, Chemistry, Physics
Gettysburg College | MISS GREER, Girls' Physical Education
Arnold College |
| MISS GREER, Librarian
Wells College | MRS. HARRIS, Art
Carnegie Tech |
| MR. TOMB, Social Science, Muskingum College | |



"And then the justice,

* * *

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part."

"As You Like It."

THE PHOENICIAN

High School Awards

1929-1930



D. A. R. MEDALS

William Boger
First Prize

Harlan Smith
Second Prize



SOPHOMORE SHORT-STORY CONTEST

Margaret Brickner
First Prize, Detective Plot

William Kintner
Second Prize, Love Plot

Jack Zimmerman
Third Prize, Detective Plot



THE FORENSIC LEAGUE DEBATES

County Champions

Affirmative Team

Charles Replogle
Lowe McIntyre
Edgar Howells

Negative Team

William Boger
Bernice Anstead
Charles Klatzkin

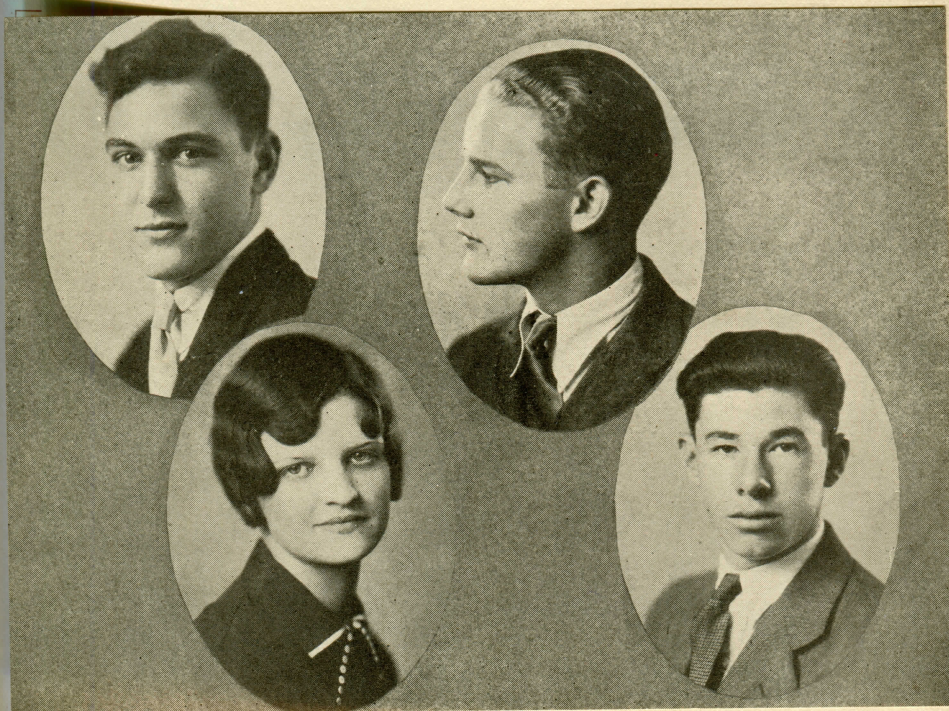
SENIOR



“Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and beared like the pald,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth.”

“As You Like It.”

THE PHOENICIAN



Senior Class Officers

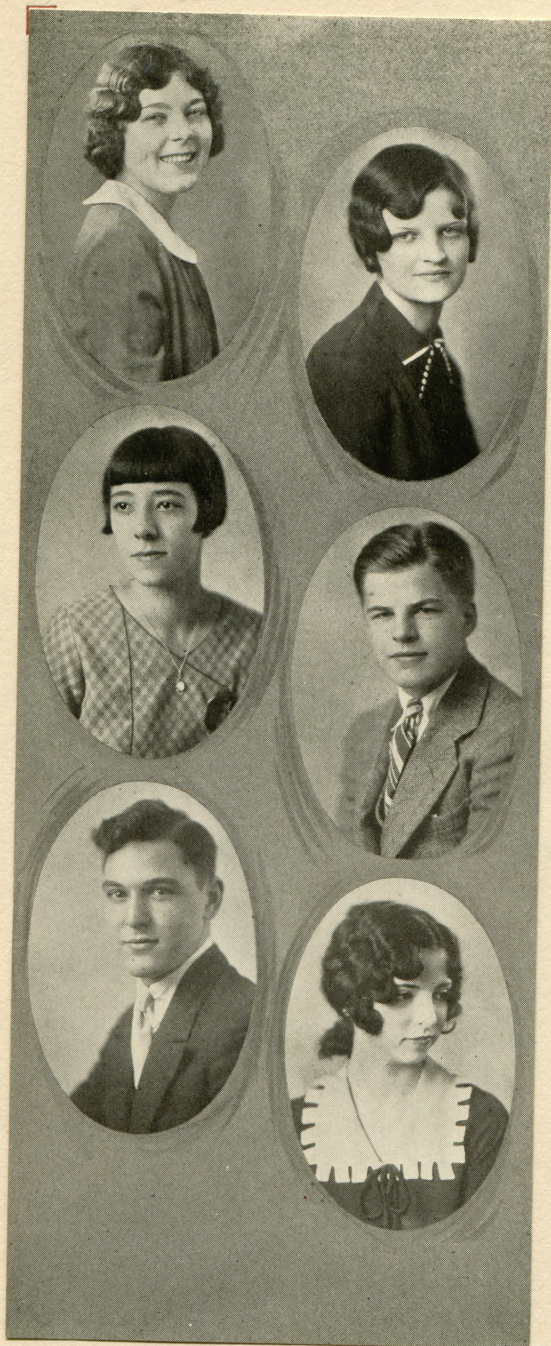
William Boger, *President*

Elsie Arendt, *Secretary*

Lowe McIntyre, *Vice-President*

George Tiffany, *Treasurer*

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BERNICE ANSTEAD "Bernie"

"So busy she is with the crowded hours, but always finds time to smile."

Girls' Club Social Chairman (4), Choral Club (1), Accompanist (3) (4), Science Club (1), Orchestra (3) (4), Biology Club (2), French Club (3) (4), Manager of Girls' Basketball Team (4), Athletic Association (4), Class Play (4), Forensic League Debate (4), Business Manager of the Phoenixian Staff (4).

ELSIE ARENDT "Els"

"In shorthand she surpasses all."

Girls' Club, Science Club (1), Yodler Staff (3), Thrift Savings Bank (3), President (4), Class Secretary (4), Choral Club (1) (2) (3), Dramatic Manager of the Phoenixian (4).

VIOLET BERKLEY "Vi"

"Just a true friend and pal."

Girls' Club, Choral Club (1) (2), Poster Club (2) (3) (4), Thrift Savings Bank (2) (3) (4).

CHARLES BINGHAM "Chuddy"

"He will win his way with a smile."

Boys' Club Vice-president (3), Science Club (1), Hi-Y Club (2) (3), President (4), Junior Varsity Football (2) (3), Junior Varsity Basketball (2) (3), Varsity Football (4), Varsity Basketball (4), Biology Club (3), Poster Club (3), Class Play (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

WILLIAM P. BOGER, Jr. "Bill"

His motto is: "Every addition to human knowledge is an addition to human life."

Boys' Club Treasurer (4), Science Club (1), Students' Council (1) (2) (3), Gossip Staff (1), Junior Varsity Basketball (2), Varsity Football (3) (4), W. Club (3) (4), Athletic Association (4), Glee Club (2) (3), Hill Top Hi-Light Staff (2), French Club (3), Biology Club (3), First Prize Short Story (2), First Prize Oration (3), First Prize D. A. R. Essay Contest (4), W. U. Y. News (3), Hi-Y Club (4), Class President (4), Truck Captain (4), Forensic League Debate (4), Class Play (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

HENRIETTA CUSTER "Peg"

"A vivacious and dependable student."

Girls' Club Secretary (3), President (4), Choral Club (2), French Club (3) (4), Science Club (1), Biology Club (2), Class Treasurer (3), W. U. Y. News Staff (3), First Prize D. A. R. Essay Contest (3), Phoenixian Staff (4).

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HELEN DELOZIER

"Henny"

"A courteous and responsible lady."

Girls' Club, Science Club (1), Choral Club (2), Thrift Savings Bank (3), Secretary (4), Second Prize Short Story (2), Yodler Staff, Phoenixian Staff (4).

ALICE DEVINE

"Frenchie"

"Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

Girls' Club Music Director (4), Choral Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Thrift Savings Bank (1) (2) (3) (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

BERNARD FERG

"Beans"

"Who ever saw this boy angry?"

Boys' Club, Science Club (1), Biology Club (2), Orchestra (3) (4), Thrift Savings Bank (3) (4), Glee Club (4), Junior Varsity Football (3) (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

RICHARD GOBIN

"Dick"

"Dick always looks on the brighter side of life."

Boys' Club, Science Club (1), Poster Club (2) (4), Biology Club (3), Junior Varsity Football (3), Glee Club (4), Track Manager (4), Athletic Association (4), Class Play (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

VIRGINIA HARRIS

"Red"

"We expect great things of Virginia in the dramatic world."

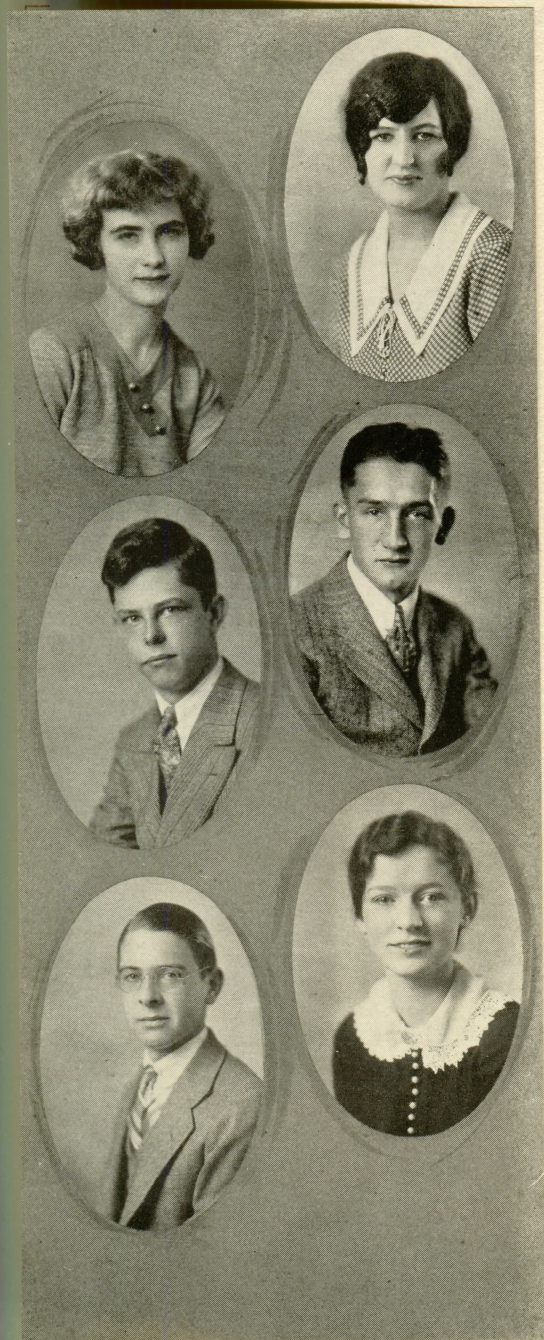
Girls' Club, Students' Council (1) (2) (3), Science Club (1), Hill Top Hi-Lights Staff (2), Third Prize Oration (3), W. U. Y. News Staff (3), French Club (3) (4), Cheer Leader (2) (3) (4), Class Vice-President (3), Athletic Association Secretary (4), Class Play (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

EDGAR HOWELLS

"Ed"

"Edgar possesses all qualities of a honest and successful business man."

Boys' Club, Poster Club (1), Science Club (2), Hi-Y Club (3) (4), French Club President (3) (4), Forensic League Debate (4), Class Play (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).



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MARY HUNT "Marest"

"If you don't want some one contrary,
Just search for this Mary."

Girls' Club Secretary (4), Choral Club (1)
(2) (3) (4), Biology Club (3), Phoenixian Staff
(4), Science Club (2).

FLORENCE KINTNER "Florenz"

"Her art will make the world more beautiful."

Girls' Club, Science Club (1), Biology Club
(3), Poster Club (1) (3), French Club (3) (4),
W. U. Y. News Staff (3), Art Editor of the
Phoenixian (4).

CHARLES KLATZKIN "Fish"

"An answer to some maiden's prayer."

Boys' Club, Science Club (1), Hi-Y Club (2)
(3) (4), Glee Club (2), Biology Club (3), Junior
Varsity Football (3), Junior Varsity Basketball
(3), Varsity Football (4), Varsity Basketball
(4), Athletic Association President (4), W. U.
Y. News Staff (3), French Club President (3),
Yodler Staff (4), W. Club (4), Class Play (4),
Forensic League Debate (4), Phoenixian Staff
(4).

LILLIAN KRIEGER "Lill"

"She loves to delve in foreign tongues."

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

LOUISE McCLINTOCK "Weesie"

"For everyone who passes she has a smile."

Girls' Club, Science Club (4), Poster Club
(1) (2) (3) (4), Choral Club (1) (2) (3), W. U.
Y. News Staff (3), Thrift Savings Bank (3) (4),
Phoenixian Staff (4).

LOWE McINTYRE "Mac"

"He hath a passion for tin on wheels."

Boys' Club, Poster Club (1), Second Prize
Short Story (2), Biology Club (3), Orchestra
(1) (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y Club (3) (4), Class President
(3), Vice-President (4), Forensic League Debate
(4), Class Play (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

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MARGARET MILLER "M and M"

"Quietness often hides a joyous heart."

Girls' Club, Choral Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Poster Club (2) (4), Science Club (2), Organization Editor of the Phoenixian (4).

DOROTHY MOSHOLDER "Dot"

"A quiet studious and likable maiden."

Girls' Club, Choral Club (1) (2), Science Club (2), Poster Club (2) (3), Biology Club (3), French Club (3) (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

CLAIR MOWERY "Good Lookin"

"A born leader and an outstanding athlete."

Boys' Club President (4), Varsity Football (1) (2) (3), Captain (4), W. Club (1) (2), Treasurer (3), Vice-President (4), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Hi-Y Club (2), Vice-President (4), Varsity Basketball (3) (4), Athletic Association (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

FLORENCE PEER "Floreny"

"Endurance is her crowning quality."

Girls' Club Treasurer (4), Choral Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Thrift Savings Bank (3) (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

FLORENCE PETERSON "Flossie"

"A short, snappy, black-eyed lassie."

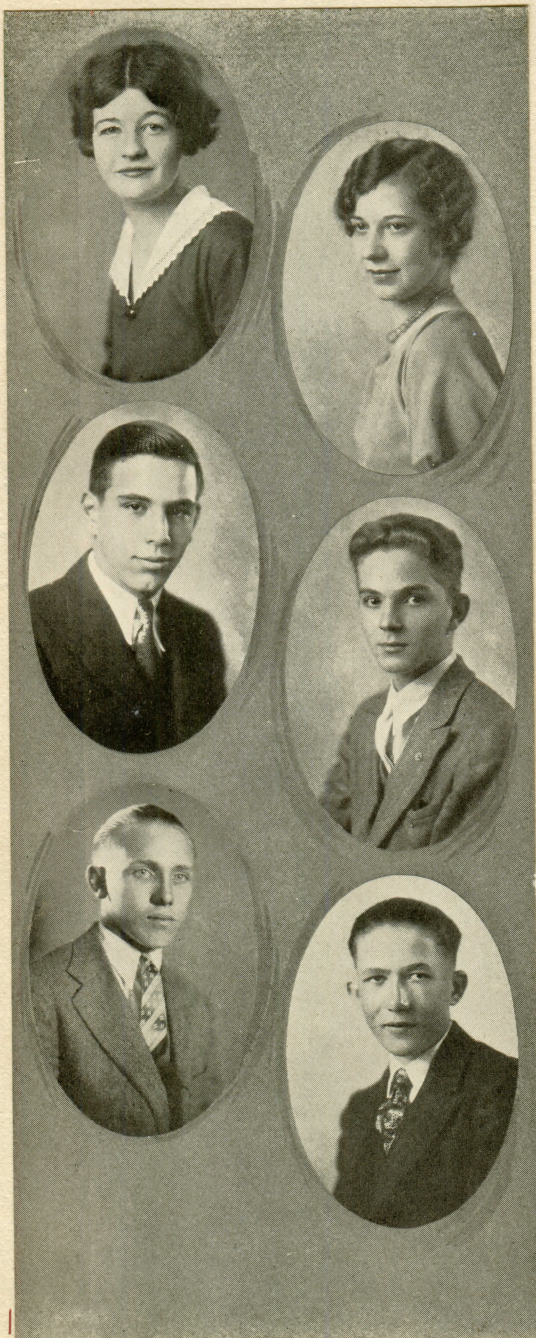
Girls' Club, Choral Club (1) (2) (3), Science Club (1), Thrift Savings Bank (3) (4), First Prize County Penman (1), W. U. Y. News Staff (3), Class Play (4), Class Editor of the Phoenixian (4).

FLORENCE POLLOCK "Polly"

"The girl who collects budget and admiration."

Girls' Club Vice-President (3), Choral Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Thrift Savings Bank (3) (4), Science Club (1), Phoenixian Staff (4).

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GRACE REAM "Daddey"

"A lively, carefree lass who will seek her way with her personality."

Previous training at Reading High School.

CAROLINE REISER "Karleen"

"An affable girl with many pals."

Previous training at Johnstown High School. Girls' Club, Choral Club, Joke Editor of the Phoenixian.

CHARLES REPLOGLE "Rep"

"Charles will be a shining exponent in the field of engineering."

Boys' Club, Junior Varsity Football (3) (4), Hi-Y Club (3), Treasurer (4), Biology Club (3), W. U. Y. News Staff (3), Class Play (4), Editor-in-chief of the Phoenixian (4), Forensic League Debate (4).

WAYNE RINGLER "Rev"

"Much he has accomplished with diligent work and determined spirit."

Boys' Club, Science Club (1), Biology Club (2), Poster Club (2) (3), French Club (3), Vice-President (4), W. U. Y. News Staff (3), Glee Club (3) (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

CURTIS ROUNDSLEY "Curt"

"Curt is always happy."

Boys' Club, Glee Club (4), Orchestra (4).

ERIC SCHNECK "Erie"

"He is seldom heard from, but the still small voice is wanted."

Boys' Club, Science Club (1), Phoenixian Staff (4).

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JOSEPH SCHLESINGER "Joe"

"Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Boys' Club, Glee Club (2) (3), Science Club (3), Biology Club (3), Poster Club (2) (3), Orchestra (3), Junior Varsity Football (3), French Club (3), Phoenixian Staff (4).

KLINE SPANGLER "Bud"

"Quiet and always willing to do his share."

Boys' Club, Science Club (1), Biology Club (2), French Club (3), Phoenixian Staff (4).

GEORGE TIFFANY "Tiff"

"A most capable treasurer he has been."

Boys' Club, Thrift Savings Bank (2) (3), Junior Varsity Basketball (3) (4), Junior Varsity Football (4), Class Treasurer (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

ARTHUR WITPRACHTIGER "Utz"

"His violin is his soul companion, and our pleasure and delight."

Boys' Club, Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4), Junior Varsity Football (3) (4), French Club (3) (4), Class Play (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

HILDA WITPRACHTIGER "Hild"

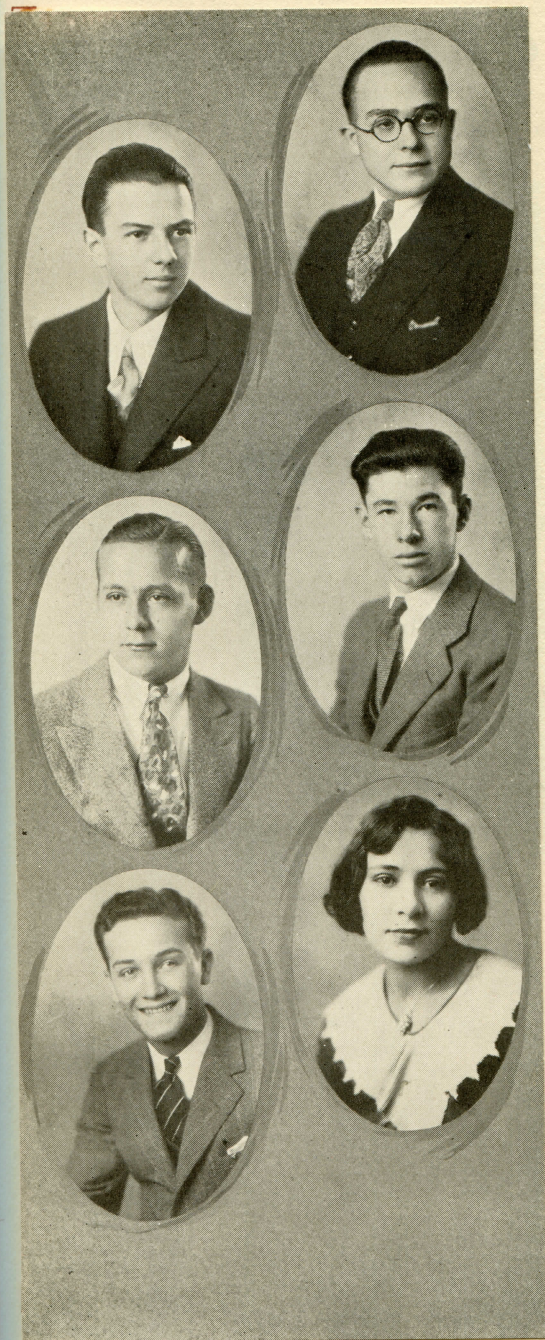
"A laugh for every word."

Girls' Club, Science Club (1), Choral Club (2) (3), Thrift Savings Bank Vice-President (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).

PAUL WITT "Pucky"

"There is honesty, manhood and good fellowship in this good looking chap."

Boys' Club, Science Club (1), Hi-Y Club (2) (3) (4), Thrift Savings Bank (3), Junior Varsity Basketball (3), Athletic Association (4), Basketball Manager (4), Poster Club (3) (4), Phoenixian Staff (4).



The Senior Class History

Now from the pinnacle of present achievement we pause and gaze into the past, not without intermingled feelings of joy and regret, before we plunge out in Life's uncharted sea.

We are Seniors now by name, but we are really only "Freshies" four years older, four years wiser. Now we laugh at our silly fears of four years past, wonder at our studious bent, and speak in derision of our former aspirations to be lofty Seniors and ascribe those follies to our tender years and lack of experience.

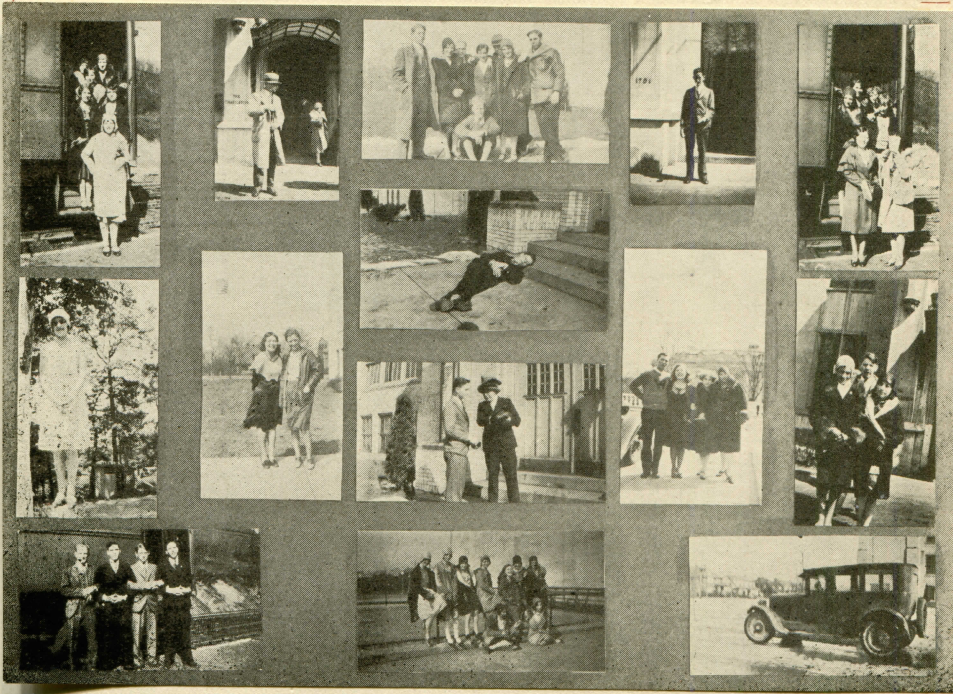
"Wise fools" we were the second year, just dreaming along in blissful reverie, without cares, without woes, possessed with a satisfied complacency for "we weren't Freshies any longer." And then one day, too late, we realized another year was sped.

"The Grand Awakening." Junior year held work and play for all us would-be-Seniors. We had first, of course, our social obligations—to secure our "1930" rings and entertain our departing Senior friends. Then, our other high concern, we had many credits yet to earn before assuming the crown of high school sovereignty.

We are now the Seniors, but we, too, will soon pass on and leave behind a trail as shadowed as did those who went before. We have had our petty altercations and our difficulties, but they are dwarfed beside our good times and our fond remembrances. And now we say good-bye to the school of the good old Red and Gray. We only wish that we were "Freshies" once again.

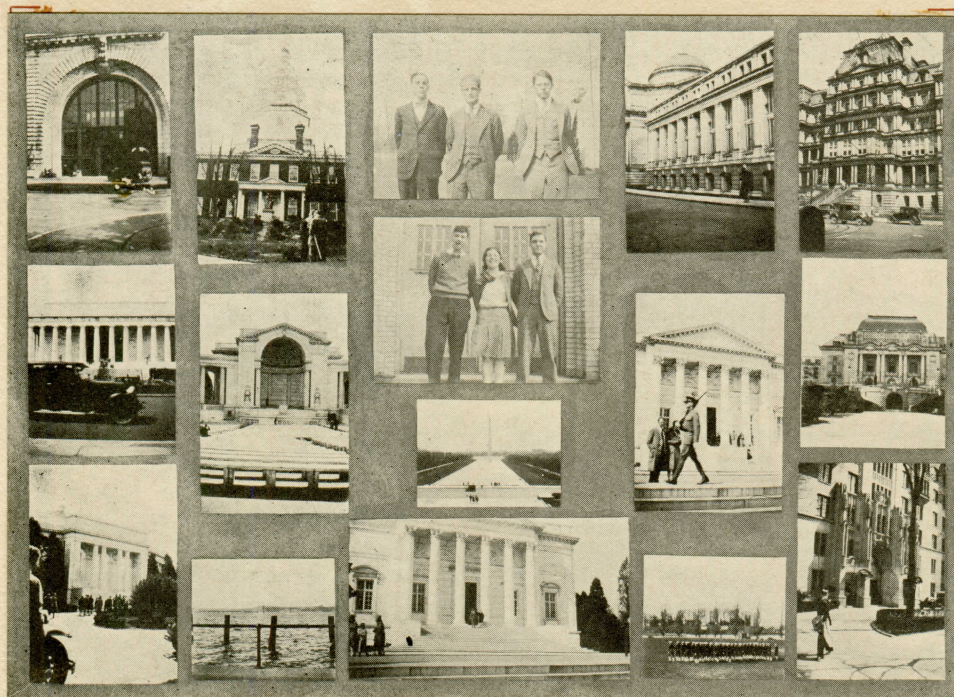
William P. Boger, Jr.

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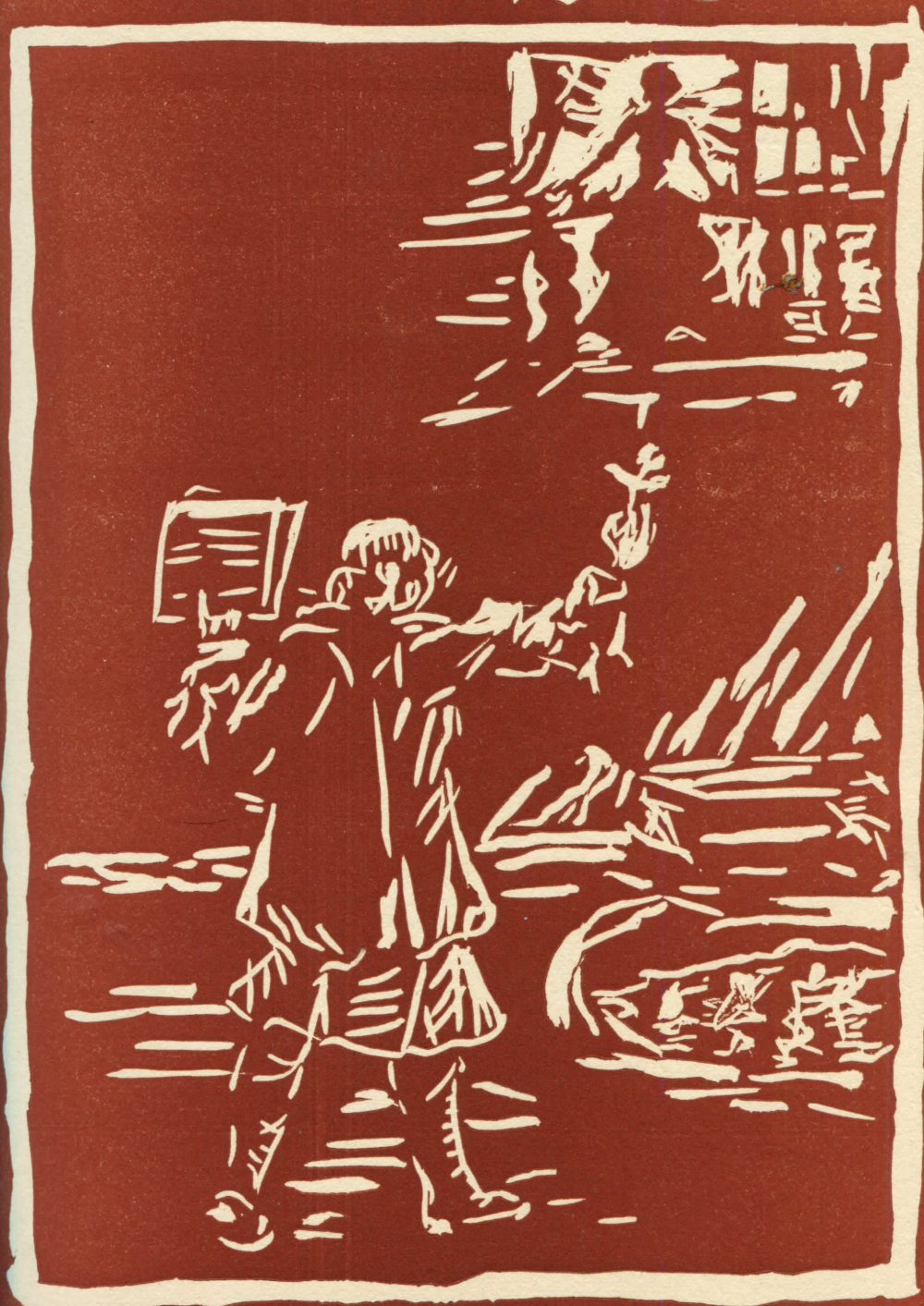
Our Seniors

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Here and There

JUNIOR



"And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

"As You Like It."

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Junior Class

Our history is like a play,
Progressing onward day by day.
Looking back o'er every page.
Looking back upon the stage,
I see the curtains draw apart,
I see from whence we made our start.

ACT ONE—We were mere infants in the play,
With, for ourselves, scarce a word to say,
Since every word or look was checked
By seniors in their honors decked,
Until all our dignity was crushed.
And from each senior gladly rushed.

ACT TWO—We settled down to business,
And organized our class with great success.
With Charles Kunkle as our president,
We climbed further up in our ascent.
That was a year of hard work and play,
A year of progress from day to day.

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Junior Class

ACT THREE—Pilgrims on the road of life,
Slowly nearing the close of the strife,
Onward, onward we neared our goal,
Slowly, slowly we climbed the knoll.
And there we left one name, large and clear,
We left the noble name "Juniors" there.

The curtains fell ere I saw act four,
But I knew that I dared see no more,
For the play of life goes on and on,
And we never know what comes till dawn.
But the sun has set in the golden west,
And, till it rises, the future must rest.

Sara Elizabeth Dodson

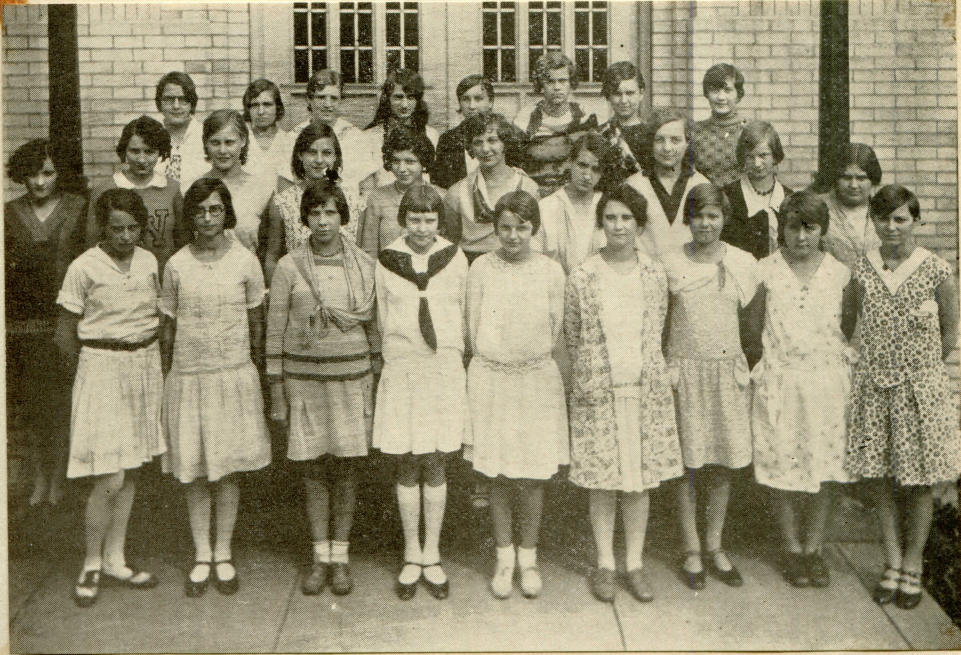
SOPHOMORE



"Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school."

"As You Like It."

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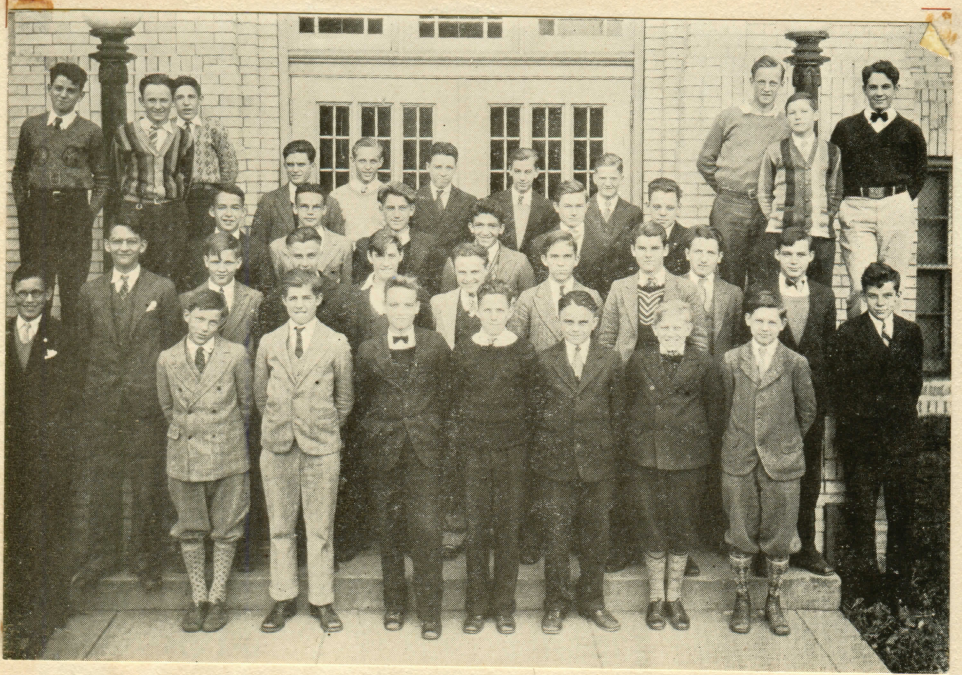


Sophomore Class

The radiant sun was lowering in the west,
And all the sky with myriad glow o'ercast,
When lo, a vision caught my sight,
Above the rugged mountain crest.

I saw a group of happy, hopeful youth,
Wending their way with steady forceful step,
Striving to reach a certain goal,
Before the sun had set.

Their journey seemed clear as onward they went,
And though many a hardship challenged their way,
Each with a youth's perseverance
Attacked, overcame, and moved on.



Sophomore Class

They seemed to be writing their names in the sky,
In brilliant colors that never could fade.
There were athletes and men of all trades—
An honor roll rising in space.

Then as the last faint glimmer of the sun
Sank slowly into space beyond my view,
I saw appear, as each one traced his name,
"THE SOPHOMORES—The Class of Nineteen Thirty-Two."

Harlan Smith

FRESHMEN



"At first the infant,
Mewling in the nurse's arms."

"As You Like It."



Freshman Class

OH, the Freshman class is marching,
Is marching toward the top;
Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors
Pass on before they stop.

We are marching over mountains
And into valleys low;
We are marching in the sunshine
And in the rain and snow.

We have been here but a year,
Having entered in the fall;
We early fell in line and
Have kept there, one and all.

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Freshman Class

And though we're plodding onward,
We're a happy eighty strong;
We all announce our coming
With a merry dance and song.

Oh, now the year is passing;
We will reach our first big goal.
And we will find not one is missing
At the calling of the roll.

And we will keep on marching,
In the years that are to come,
For now we have just started,
And our task is but begun.

Olga Shortess

LITERARY



"Words, words, words."

"Hamlet"

CAUGHT BY REMEMBRANCE

FIRST PRIZE SHORT-STORY

by

MARGARET BRICKNER

".....and as a matter of fact," Detective Adams went on, "one of you killed him." He paused looking around at the small, silent, and pale group about him. "Now," he suddenly blurted, "we'll soon have this matter cleared. Answer my questions truthfully. Too bad for anyone who doesn't," he warned. "All right," he pointed, "you're first."

Philip Conroy jumped as though he had been struck, for he was the one at whom Adams had pointed. His pulse beat faster.

"Who are you and where were you at about one o'clock yesterday?" queried Detective Adams.

"I'm Philip Conroy, nephew of — of William Montgomery. I was on the sun porch where Babs had advised me to go. She gave me some rubbing liniment and advised me to go there."

"Who's Babs?" inquired the Detective, taking notes.

"Her," Philip pointed to a tall, blond, blue-eyed girl about the age of twenty-two. "She was Uncle Will's nurse."

"Yeah?" drawled Adams, turning to Barbara. "What's your full name?"

"Just Barbara Wynne, sir," came her quiet composed voice.

"Well, I'll question you later," and then as a thought struck him, he regarded both suspiciously. "Any affair?" he abruptly demanded of Philip.

"Wha-a-a-a," Phil was taken aback.

"C'mon, c'mon."

"W-Well, sir," Philip looked proudly and admiringly at Barbara, "she's to be my wife in June and....."

"Ah - ha, wife, huh? Well, I'll be....."

Barbara Wynne, greatly embarrassed at the attitude of this seemingly unfeeling detective, blushed a crimson red.

"Say," Phil began haughtily.

"Now, tell me everything, beginning from the lunch," he demanded of Philip.

"Well," sighed Phil as though about to perform an unpleasant task, "uncle Will became angry and went up....."

"Wait a minute; give me the whole thing."

"He got angry," continued Phil, "because I.....I asked him to lend me ten dollars for the big Harvard and Yale game. He said, 'If you think I'm going to leave my

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money to a bunch of darned spendthrifts, you're crazy. Why, I'd rather leave it to charity.' "

Philip bent his head as though ashamed. To think that his Uncle had raged so at them just before he died.

"Um-m-m. So he practically threatened to change his will, did he? Well, well go on."

"He—he went upstairs in a towering rage and at about one o'clock he called to—to," Philip stammered.

How could he tell him? It threw suspicion on her—her, the one girl he really loved.

"Well, he called to Babs to get him the sleeping potion from the medicine cabinet in the bathroom. Then"

"Enough," Adams interrupted, "She'll tell us the rest," he indicated Barbara. "Now tell us your story," he demanded.

"I—I—I," she stuttered. Philip reached out and took her hand. She looked at him and continued. "I went upstairs when he called me and got the bottle of sleeping potion from the bathroom and also a glass of—of water. I set them on the stand by his bed. I didn't mix it for him but just set it there because I knew he didn't like anyone to mix any medicine for him or even give it to him. I asked him whether he was ill and he said he had a severe headache." She paused.

"What next?" prodded Adams.

"I left him then and heard him lock the door after me. And—and that's all I know."

"That's all you know, huh? Well, one of you knows something which you'll soon wish you didn't know," flared Adams.

"You're next," he drawled nodding to a young, rather pretty girl with coarse black hair, which curled stiffly around her forehead. "What's your name and what do you do around here?"

"Patricia Gale," came her choked-up voice from under the large white handkerchief. "I was Uncle Will's ward."

"Well, tell us all you know."

Taking down the handkerchief from her face and sitting more erect, she began, "Philip suggested that Mr. Montgomery be wakened for dinner at about three-thirty, but she, there," and indignantly pointed at Miss Wynne, who slightly cowered at the glance received, "she says, 'No, no, we had better let him rest while he can.' Maybe if it hadn't been for her, we"

"I don't want anything that could have happened; I want what did happen," snapped Detective Adams.

Patricia regarded Adams through her narrowed, dark eyes with a kind of disgust. And then after drawing a long breath, she continued, "She went to call Uncle Will about six o'clock, and after rapping and calling for ten minutes, she called to Phil, who was on the sun porch. He came up the elevator. Soon she had all of us in the hall—Aunt Linda, Philip and me. We couldn't get the door open and neither could we waken Uncle Will. She was all pale and excited. I wouldn't"

"I noticed you were white and excited, too," put in Phil.

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Patsy regarded him. "Oh, she was enough to make the devil turn white," she defended.

"Go on, go on," interrupted the detective.

With an indignant glance at Philip, she continued. "We called Jenkins, the gardner. He came up and broke the lock for us and then——then we," she broke down, once more covering her face. "Poor Uncle Will!"

Philip regarded her puzzled. Queer way for her to act, for she was one of those who were not naturally so disturbed, but then this was different from most things.

"C'mon, brace up," demanded Adams.

"Did Mr. Montgomery act queer yesterday?"

"N-No."

"She wasn't here in the evening," put in Philip.

"Where were you?" Adams inquired quietly.

"At the Capital theater."

"By yourself, I suppose?"

"N-n-no, with a friend."

"What friend?"

Patricia bit her lip and then, "Jim Murray."

"Who's he?"

"A stock broker and also my fiance," she added proudly. "Aunty knows him, don't you, aunty?"

"Yes, dear," came a high pitched voice from a deep plush chair. "He's a very nice young man."

The detective turned around to see a small gray-haired old lady in a black satin dress. She regarded him through large, round, almost child-like brown eyes.

"You're Mrs. Curtis or Aunt Linda, I presume?" Adams asked.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Curtis, Mr. Montgomery's sister. If you want to know what I was doin' yesterday, I was baking pies. William always objected to my baking pies because he said I didn't need to, but I always liked to. My pies always get pretty good. The blackberry pies are de — —"

"Let your pies rest, please, just at present," interrupted Adams. "Tell us every thing you know or saw or heard that no one else has told."

"I don't know. oh yes! I saw—I saw something yesterday that bothered me but I—I just can't think of it now."

Adams looked puzzled.

Phil whispered to Adams, "She's just a bit absent-minded, Mr. Adams."

Adams nodded, "Think, think hard," begged Adams, although he knew it was practically useless.

"It was someone—someone upstairs in—in—. I just can't think of it," she blurted out.

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What did his aunt know? wondered Philip. Something else pointing to—God, why was he always thinging of her! She couldn't have done it.

"Well, I can't."

"I say," came a voice from the large oak doorway. "If you want my information, Mr. Adams, you'll have to come now. I have business to attend to, you know."

"Right, Doc. Be with you in a minute," consented Adams. "Now, Sam," he turned to a husky plain-clothes detective, "it's around twelve. I suppose we should allow these people to eat lunch, but no talking, get me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Doc, tell me all," implored Adams. Once out in the hall he changed his manners. He wasn't always the hard-hearted detective. Adams was a middle-aged man, blond, and broad-shouldered. He had a wife and three children, all of whom he dearly loved. He was slowly but surely becoming one of the best known detectives in his state.

"Come up to the room and I think I can tell you better," informed Doctor Johns.

As they walked up the winding, thickly carpeted staircase, Adams noticed how everything was dim and dull. There were thick-hanging curtains over the large bay windows in the wide roomy hall and in the bed-rooms. The wind could be heard howling unceremoniously around the house.

"Now, to begin with," started Doctor Johns, upon entering the also thickly carpeted room, formerly Mr. Montgomery's bed room but was now the unlucky man's death chamber. "Mr. Montgomery was poisoned, we know, but I doubt if by his own hand or even to his own knowledge. I think if the man wanted to commit suicide, he would have chosen, more than likely, a less painful method. This man was poisoned by a deadly poison, Arsenic. Of course, I haven't heard all that the household has had to say but."

"Well, I'll tell you," obliged Adams, and gave every detail to the doctor. "Now," he concluded, "what do you make of it?"

Dr. Johns regarded Adams thoughtfully. "Evidently then, Mr. Montgomery could have prepared what he thought to be the sleeping potion and have taken a large gulp of it, after locking his door and preparing for bed. If he did, it would have instantly burned his throat and stomach, causing him terrible pain—so terribly painful, in fact, that he would have instantly fallen across the bed and dropped the glass on the floor. He suffered in the last few minutes in which he lived all that anyone could suffer in a lifetime. He was naturally unable to call for aid or, in fact, make any noise at all, as the poison would have weakened him too quickly. "Why," the doctor pointed to the dead man's face, "you can tell by his face how he must have suffered."

Adams looked at the contorted pale and wrinkled face of Mr. Montgomery, owner of a large expensive estate and a well-known millionaire. God, the man surely must have suffered everything in those last minutes! Who could have been so cruel or so desperate as to kill an old man with such a poison? The thought of it made him shudder!

"Yes, but if he mixed it himself, where's the bottle of supposed sleeping potion? Miss Gale said she set the bottle and glass on the stand. If that's true, where's the bottle?"

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"Well, there are many ways for bottles to disappear," mused Dr. Johns.

"Yeah, that's true, but she could have been lying, you know. In fact, all of them could. Darn it!"

The doctor looked doubtful. "I'll be going now. If you need me, I'm at your service anytime."

"Much obliged," returned Adams.

Once alone in the room, Adams began looking around. He pulled back the heavy curtains from the big bay-window and let in the light. He sighed with relief when the sun hit the farther-most and darker corners of the room. He went over to the side of the large oak bed, and kneeling down on the soft blue rug, he studied the blotch made by the spilt contents of the glass. Yeah, it was poison all right. Suddenly in the midst of his investigation, he jumped. What on earth's wrong now? Another person murdered under his own nose? It sounded like it down there—all confusion and noise. All these thoughts ran through his head as he ran down the stairway leading to the dining-room.

In his excitement he almost bumped into Mrs. Curtis, who was running up the stairs.

"What's wrong down there?" he panted. "And where are you going?"

"Up to get the smelling salts. She's ill and has fainted." Mrs. Curtis ran up the steps. Adams reached the bottom of the steps and entered the dining room.

"What's wrong here?" he demanded a second time.

Barbara Wynne and Sam, Adams' helper, were bending over Patricia Gale. Philip Conroy was sitting in his arm chair, watching. Barbara stood up.

"Patricia suddenly became ill at the table and fainted," she explained.

Adams rushed up to Patricia and receiving the smelling salts from Mrs. Curtis, applied it to Patricia. Soon there were signs of consciousness and Adams motioned to Sam to aid him in carrying her upstairs. During this time Barbara, Phil and Mrs. Curtis looked on with pale faces, saying nothing. Mrs. Curtis followed Adams and Sam.

Soon Barbara and Philip heard Adams' voice coming from the hall. He was telephoning to the doctor.

"Hello, Doc? Say, Miss Gale has become ill and she's everlastingly vomiting. Will you come up? Anything I can do till you get here? Something to keep her vomiting?.....Why, doc.....What! Don't tell me that a.....Well, I'll investigate." He slammed down the receiver.

"Something must be wrong," mused Babs.

"Yes," Phil looked puzzled. Reaching out and taking her hand he murmured, "Babs, tell me that you didn't do it."

"You doubt me!" she started back white-faced.

"Babs, don't," begged Phil. "You know I love you and wouldn't doubt you but I just wanted to hear you say that you didn't do it—that's all."

She bent down and kissed his forehead. "What a splendid man," she thought. He looked so tired and dear in the old wheel chair that had held him for at least two years.

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"Phil, I love you, too, and I swear I didn't do it."

"Thank God!" he breathed and taking her in his arms as best he could, he kissed her lovingly.

"Well," came Adams' stern voice from the doorway. "Thought you'd fooled me, huh?" He stood there biting his lip in apparent rage. His eyes traveled around the room, finally letting them rest on the table.

Barbara put her arm protectingly around Phil's shoulders. What on earth had happened to Adams! His face was flushed with rage. He stamped over to the table and picked up a glass one-fourth of the way full with the water that Patricia had used at lunch. Putting it to his lips, he tasted the contents.

"Sure," he glowered. "A pretty clever one." Suddenly he wheeled around facing the lovers. "Patricia Gale's been poisoned and the poison's been put in this glass. Now, which of you did it?"

Barbara uttered a little shriek and Philip turned pale.

"I'll go," The detective stopped abruptly. A heavy thud and a short cry were heard upstairs. Adams turned and ran up the stairs. At the top, he beheld Mrs. Curtis in a huddled heap in front of the small stand in the hall. He picked her up quickly and stretched her out on the carpet. As he did so, he gasped, for blood was running down the front of her face. She was apparently unconscious. Quickly bathing her forehead, he saw the large cut on the front of her head. He gave her Spirits of Ammonia, picked her up and laid her on a bed in a near-by bedroom. He called Barbara, who was soon bandaging up the wounded head of Mrs. Curtis.

Mr. Adams looked around in the hall. It was very apparent that Mrs. Curtis had tripped over the carpet and had struck her head against the stand, for the carpet was pulled up and there was blood on the edge of the stand. When Dr. Johns arrived, he had two patients to treat. After attending to Patricia Gale, he called Mr. Adams into the hall and informed him, "She is not very ill," in fact, she is practically well, except perhaps for a slight headache. The poison in the glass wasn't enough to kill a— a cat." Mr. Adams nodded his head.

"This one is next." He pointed to the room in which Mrs. Curtis was resting.

After being inspected and treated by Dr. Johns, Mrs. Curtis rested comfortably for a while, but as morning drew nigh she seemed to grow worse. Early in the morning, while Adams was standing by her bedside she suddenly emitted a faint, "Oh-h-h-h."

"What's wrong, Mrs. Curtis? Is something bothering you?" inquired Adams sympathizingly.

"Oh, I just remem oh." She put her hand to her head. "Oh, it couldn't have been she," she moaned.

Adams stood with brows knitted, pondering on these words. Suddenly the meaning struck him. Mrs. Curtis remembered now what she had forgotten. He hastily called Dr. Jones, Barbara, Patricia and also Philip who was brought up in his wheel-chair.

"Now," Adams looked at each one, "Mrs. Curtis is going to tell what she had forgotten."

"N-n-n-no, I can't," protested Mrs. Curtis.

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"Mrs. Curtis, remember, each one of these young people is in great danger and you.....you only, perhaps, can clear this," stated Adams, trying to impress her.

"What a way to treat an old woman so ill," Patricia flung with scorn at the detective.

"I'll tell," consented Mrs. Curtis. "On Wednesday night about twelve o'clock—yes, it was twelve o'clock for, I remember I heard the clock downstairs strike twelve—I awoke with a terrible thirst. I got up and decided not to turn on the lights, as they might annoy or awake one of the others. The heavy curtain in the hall had been pulled back during the day and the moonlight streamed in through the window in the east side of the hall." She sighed. "I got up and making no noise, walked to my door, which was open and.....and I stopped, for I noticed a crouching figure against the curtain. It was doing something with the curtain for the curtain kept moving. Then....."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Adams and then he called, "Sam, bring the curtain on the left side of the window at the east end of the hall."

"Yes, sir," came the response from the hall.

The tearing down of the curtain could be heard. Everything else was silent. Phil clasped Barbara's hand comfortingly. She looked at him knowing that he no longer doubted her word. Soon Sam appeared with the curtain.

"Lay it here," commanded Adams. "All right, now, let's spread it out." The curtain was made with thick heavy brown material and was very dusty. Detective Adams started a very careful examination of the curtain. "Hm-m-m-m, what's this?" He began ripping open what seemed to be a little pocket in the curtain. Suddenly he pulled out a little bottle with the label "A S H, O." "Arsenic, huh?" "Well, doc, we've found the bottle. This is the true arsenic, is it not?"

"Yes," confirmed the Doctor, "that's it."

Suddenly a little cry came from Mrs. Curtis, "Oh, she must have done it! She must have done it!" She tried to get out of bed.

Adams, setting the small bottle on the stand, rushed to her and trying to comfort her, said, "Come now, Mrs. Curtis, tell us the rest."

Mrs. Curtis quieted down and continued. "The figure in the hall suddenly straightened out and the face appeared in the moonlight. It was.....it was....." Everyone held his breath. Mrs. Curtis straightened out her long, thin white arm and pointed "Her!"

A shrill scream filled the room. Everyone looked in the direction she pointed. Suddenly the girl pointed at, with a quick movement, grabbed up the arsenic on the stand. "Don't come any nearer or I'll drink this," she threatened.

"Stand back," commanded Adams in a coarse voice.

"I killed him, surely. I had to if I wanted to save myself," she whispered in a hoarse voice. "I'll tell you everything, but don't dare to come near. On Wednesday night I went to the theater for a while and after the show went with a crowd to 'The Mary Anne.' We danced and were having a good time when suddenly the place was raided. They got my name and I knew it would appear in the paper. When I got

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home I was panic-stricken. I'm not a fool. I knew he would leave me out of his will immediately, even if he did like me, for he hated scandal. It was either that or kill him. Well, as you know I chose the latter. I wouldn't have used this poison, but it was the only kind I could get. I knew he took a sleeping potion almost everyday in order to rest, so I simply changed the sleeping potion. It was easy to secure the bottle in the room when we all rushed in. I simply threw it in the garbage, after saving a little to put in that glass of water. It threw your suspicion away from me, didn't it? If it hadn't been for that sneaking, poking, old woman!" she laughed sneeringly, a half-hearted laugh. "But you won't take me alive, at least." She raised the posion to her lips.

"Stop her!" yelled Adams running forward. Phil, who had been leaning forward in his wheel-chair with horror written on his chalk-like face, suddenly relaxed in a dead faint. The strain had been too great for him. The women screamed and fainted.

Adams' yelling and attempt to stop her were of no avail; for, within sixty seconds, the body of Patricia Gale lay stretched out lifeless upon the floor!



DRAMATICS



"All the world's a stage."

"As You Like It."

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"SECRET SERVICE"

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

Miss Kittridge
Martha
Wilfred Varney
Mrs. Varney
Hospital Messenger
Edith Varney
Jonas
Li. Maxwell
Capt. Thorne
Caroline Mitford
Mr. Arrelsford
Sergeant Wilson
Cavalry Orderly
Henry Dumont
Li. Forway
First War Dept. Messenger
Second War Dept. Messenger
Li. Tyree
General Randolph

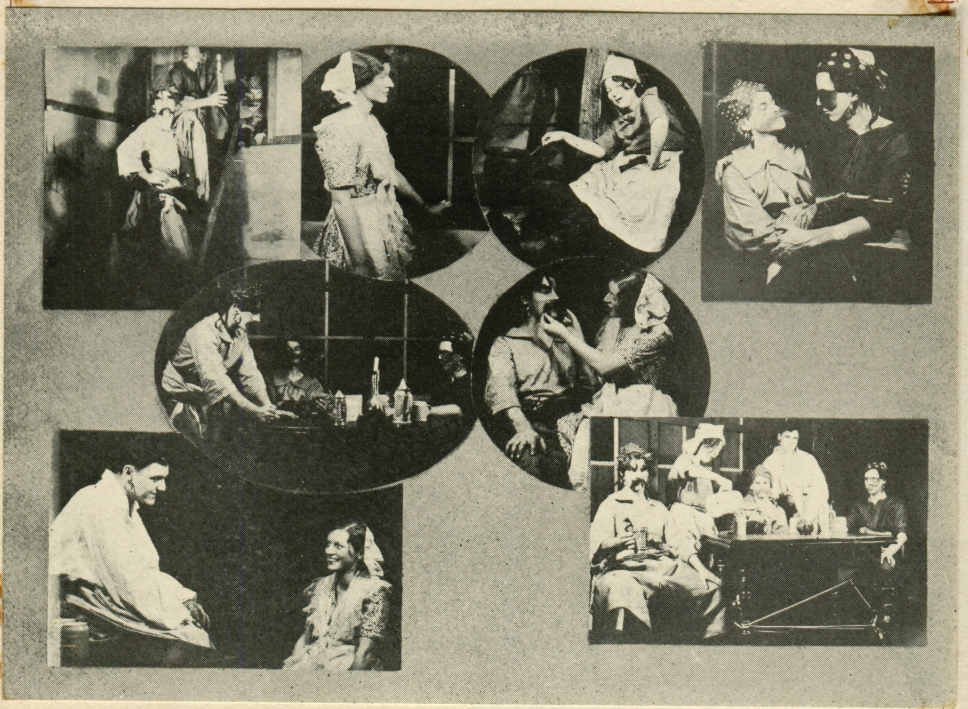
Margaret Mary Coll
 Martha Boyle
 Clarendon Crichton
 Emily Thomas
 Olga Davis
 Virginia Hannan
 Robert Gray
 John McGrath
 Herbert Fulmer
 Betty Burkhard
 Emrys Jenkins
 Royden Casker
 Joseph Albert
 Victor Hinkel
 Emanuel Kleinmann
 Howard Albert
 Micheal Matonik
 David Yingling
 Sygmund Kaminsky

SOLDIERS

Clair Mowery
 Charles Replogle

John Wesner
 Paul Witt

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"WAPPIN' WHARF"

Dramatis Personnae

Duke
Patch-eye
Darlin
Red Joe
Captain
Betsy
Meg
Sailor Captain

Lowe McIntyre
Charles Replogle, Jr.
Berniece Anstead
William Boger, Jr.
Charles Bingham
Virginia Harris
Florence Peterson
Edgar Howells

Sailors

Richard Gobin
Leighton Mosholder

Charles Klatzkin
Arthur Witprachtiger



<i>Business Manager</i>	Helen Delozier
<i>Costume Manager</i>	Henrietta Custer

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"Secret Service"



On Friday May, 1929, the Senior class presented "Secret Service," a romance of the Southern Confederacy, by William Gillette. The action of the play took place in Richmond, during the War of the Rebellion, at a time when the Northern forces were entrenched before the city, and were endeavoring by all possible means to break down the defenses and capture the Confederate Capital.

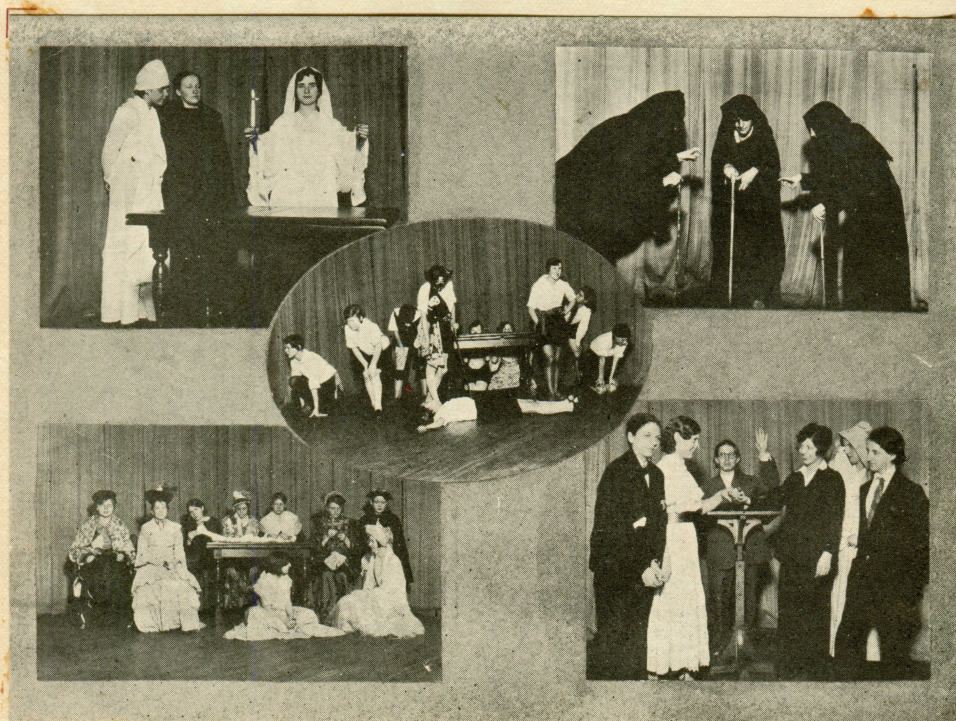
The drama, with its many intricacies, was portrayed in a very commendable manner by the players and was enhanced to a further degree by unusually fine setting and costuming. The play gave evidence of untiring effort on the part of the director, Miss Greer, as well as the players.

"Wappin' Wharf"



"Wappin' Wharf," by Charles S. Brooks, was presented by the Seniors on December 13, 1929—a night auspicious for pirate doings.

The villainy of the three old sea dogs "rottin' ashore," their rollicking, piratical ditties, the love affair of Betsy and Joe, and everything together made it just a night of seamen's revelry. The "treasure trove," invested from the hopeless audience, was used to defray the expenses of the Washington trip.



Girls' Club Plays

ORGANIZATIONS



"When shall we three meet again."

"Macbeth"

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The Student Council

This year the Student Council was reorganized under a new constitution, which was compiled by representatives of the four classes. The organization consists of three representatives of each of the four classes, one representative from Boys' Club and one from Girls' Club, one from Athletic Association, one from the Music Department, Editor-in-chief of the *Phoenixian*, Managing Editor of the paper and a Faculty Advisor.

The object of the council is the establishment, stabilization and application of democracy among the students of the school in matters of intergroup importance and in matters affecting the entire student body.

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Phoenixian Staff

Florence Pollock, Florence Peterson, Florence Peer, Margaret Miller, Elsie Arendt, Caroline Reiser, Florence Kintner, Berniece Anstead, Charles Replogle, Virginia Harris, William Boger, Charles Klatzkin.



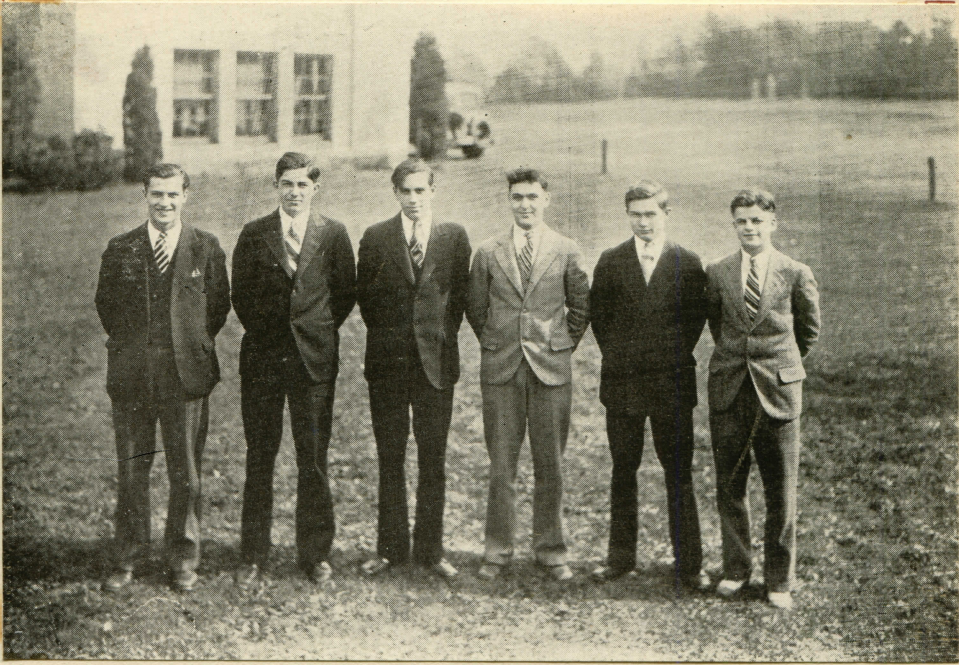
The Girls' Club

This year the program and activities of the Girls' Club have centered around the theme, "International Friendship." In carrying out the spirit of the theme, the girls accomplished much to foster cheer and fellowship. They generously provided food for the Thanksgiving dinner of two needy families. Clothing and toys were given at Christmas time to a family of five. During the same holiday season, as has been the annual custom of the club, a number of the girls went carol singing. Probably the chief accomplishment of the club in developing international friendship was the sending of a Treasure Chest of toys to the children of the Phillipine Islands.

Features of the year that were of interest to the girls socially were two successful parties: one a Halloween party and the other a Martha Washington party. The activities of the year closed with the installation of the new officers and Tea given for the Mothers.

The officers who served during the year were: Henrietta Custer, *president*; Elsie Minchau, *vice-president*; Berniece Anstead, *social chairman*; Louise Dunkle, *social-service chairman*; Alice Devine, *inter-club council member*. Miss Margaret Greer is the faculty advisor of the organization.

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The Boys' Club

Under the leadership of Clair Mowery, president, and Mr. Tomb, faculty advisor, our Boys' Club has proved to be an entertaining and instructive organization of the school. Starting with the Freshman initiation, and continuing throughout the year with lively social programs and good speakers, the club has shown that it has a valuable place among the activities of our school. A Father and Son Night was among the final activities of the Club this year.

The officers of the organization are: Clair Mowery, *president*; Jack Hannan, *vice-president*; Ronald Peel, *secretary*; and William Boger, *treasurer*.



The Girls' Choral Club

This year the Girls' Choral Club, under the supervision of Miss Gray, has almost doubled its size of last year, making a present enrollment of eighty members. The girls have been training especially for tone quality and part work.

Several times the club has appeared before the public. The mixed Glee Club sang at the Home and School Club meeting. On April the twenty-fourth, both the grade schools and the High School participated in the Spring Concert. The following program was rendered:

Orchestra Selections—Grade School.

Seventh and Eighth Grades—Cantata, "Rip Van Winkle."

Orchestra Selections—High School.

Mixed Glee Clubs of the High School—Cantata, "Spring Cometh."

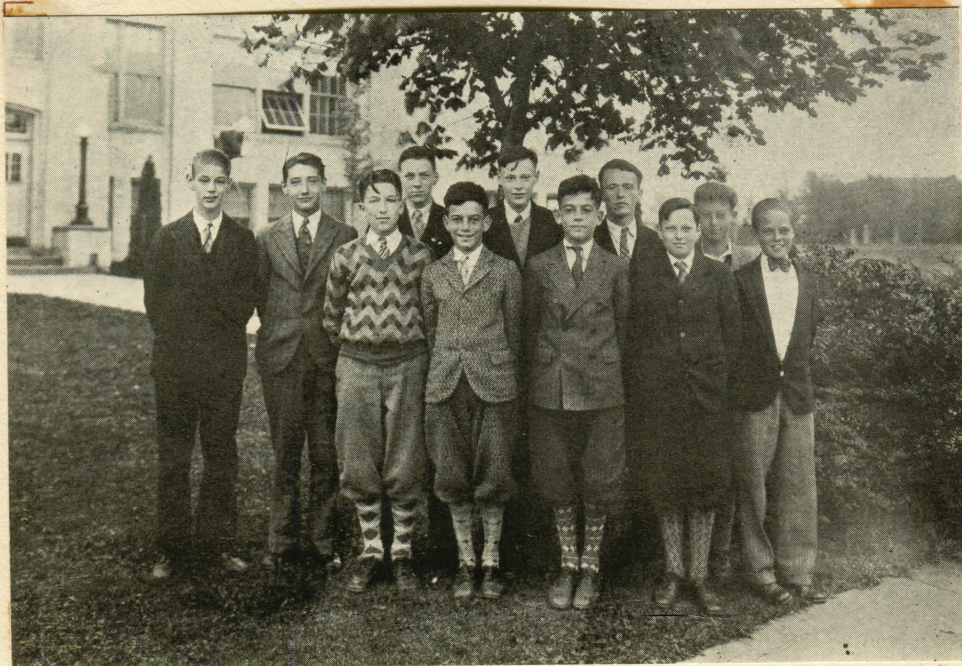
Grade School and High School—Band Selections.

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The Boys' Glee Club

With an increase in enrollment this year, the Boys' Glee Club has done creditably well. In January, the boys appeared in a mixed chorus at a Westmont Home and School Club meeting. On the evening of May ninth, they further exhibited their musical ability, along with the Girls' Choral Club, in "Spring Cometh," the spring concert cantata.



The Freshman Boys' Glee Club

The Freshman Boys' Glee Club, a newly formed organization this year, is composed of the eleven most outstanding and capable singers of the Freshman class.

These boys, from time to time, have made special appearances before the student body. With further direction under the supervision of Miss Ethel Gray, the music instructor, the school predicts a bright future for these young, energetic musicians.



The Orchestra

This year the orchestra group has expanded to twenty members. Rehearsals take place once a week, at which time musical programs are prepared for assembly.

In April, the orchestra entered the Forensic League Contest and won first place among all orchestras of the C group throughout Cambria County, an honor claimed by this group for the second successive year. The orchestra played two numbers, the "Country Dance" by Beethoven, the required number, and "Intermezzo" from the "Larlesine Suite" by Bizet, the selected number.

Miss Ethel Gray, the music supervisor, is greatly responsible for the success of this musical group.



The Biology Club

Each year, under the supervision of Miss Elsie Canan, the Biology department forms a Nature Study Club. After school, when the weather is favorable, the club makes weekly field trips in Elk Run Valley, with occasional trips to other places. The members of the club on these trips study chiefly birds, wild flowers, trees, and also ferns and mosses. Early Saturday morning trips are taken in May for the study of birds and bird songs.

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Thrift Savings Bank

The Thrift Savings Bank of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School is organized each September, with a president and board of directors in charge of its affairs. This bank has been established in our school to develop a spirit of thrift among the students. The bank also offers an opportunity for saving money to pay the expenses of the annual Senior Class trip to Washington, D. C. The amount of money deposited the first semester was \$346.25.

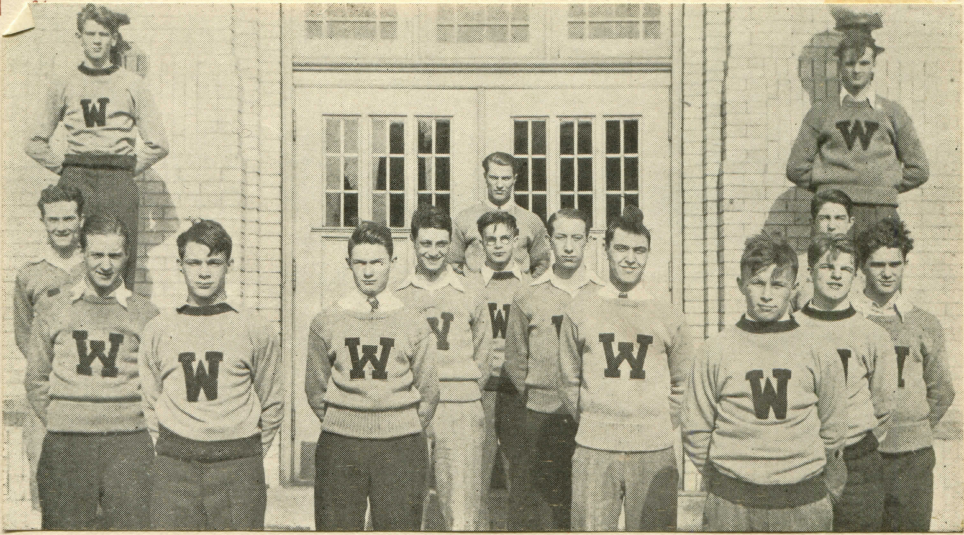
The board of directors of the bank, in charge of Mr. Engh, are: *president*, Elsie Arendt; *vice-president*, Hilda Witprachtiger; *secretary*, Helen Delozier; *treasurer*, Mr. Engh.



Domestic Science Club

The Domestic Science Club is a new organization this year. It made a splendid beginning under the leadership of Miss Pomeroy, *faculty advisor*; Margaretta Keafer, *president*; Dora Bowers, *vice-president*; Margaret Waters, *secretary*; and Marion Parker, *treasurer*.

At its meetings, held on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, the members discuss current home problems. During the Christmas season the club dressed sixty lolly-pop dolls for the children in the Memorial Hospital. It is hoped that this club will become a permanent organization of our school.



The Varsity "W" Club

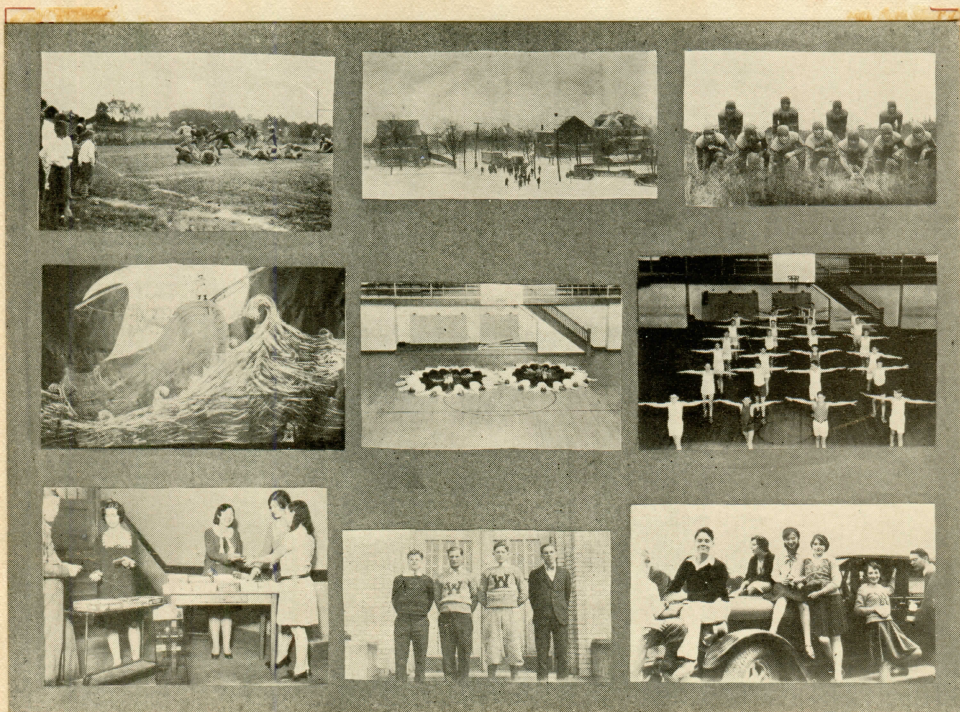
The "W" Club is composed of those hardy warriors who have led the Red and Gray to victory on the gridiron, in the cage, and on the cinder path.



The Athletic Association

The purpose of the Athletic Association is to promote clean sports among the students.

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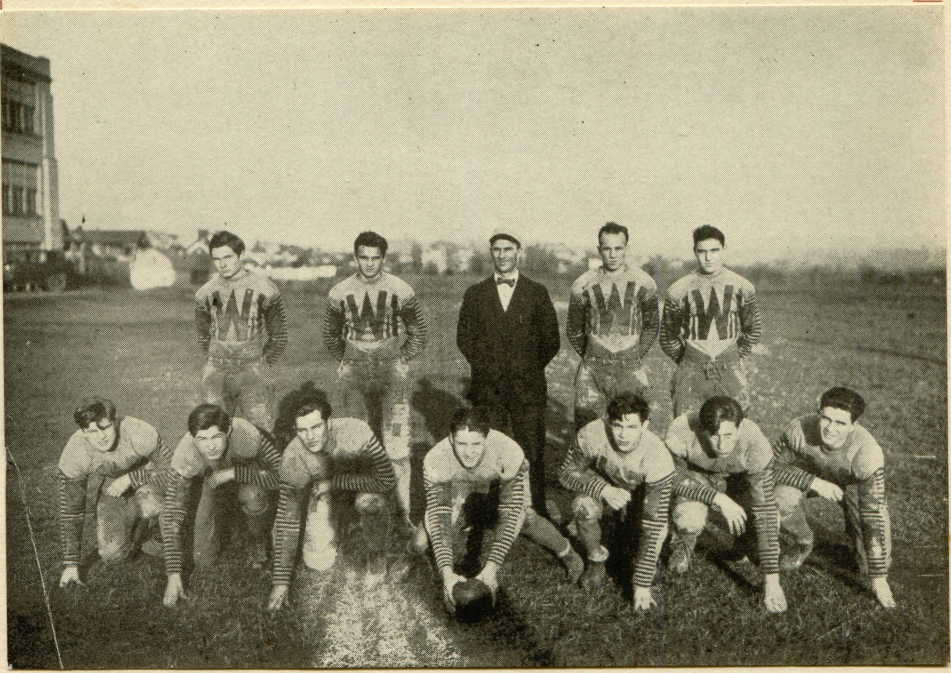
SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

ATHLETICS



"Nor tripped neither, you foot-ball player."

"King Lear"



Our Football Team

Westmont's 1929 football team had a very successful season, although it did not compile such an enviable record as our '28 edition. Faced by the most difficult schedule ever attempted by any Westmont-U-Y eleven on the gridiron, we compiled a record of four victories, five defeats, and one tie. With such teams as Hollidaysburg, Youngwood, Ferndale, Derry, Somerset, and Blairsville on our schedule, along with the fact that the Red and Gray was outweighed in almost every game, our defeats were justifiable.

Starting the season with only six regulars from the '28 machine, Coach Engh was forced to rebuild his entire backfield. Opening against Patton on September 27, our team gave indications of another championship year, by lacing them to the tune of 19-0. Every member of the squad saw action in this game.

On the fourth of October, Dale was also set back by a score of 19-6. Dale had a team that fought to the last ditch, and made her lone touchdown in the closing minutes of the game. Boger and Captain Mowery were in the limelight for Westmont.

In our best exhibition of teamwork of the year, we swamped the big Iron Horse Townites from Conemaugh, 39-0. With scintillating end runs, reverses, and fakes, interspersed with weak side plays, Conemaugh was swept off her feet.

We invaded Ferndale on the eighteenth of October, when the Yellow Jackets and our boys staged a battle royal. With the borough championship as the incentive, the two teams battled to no decision through four hectic quarters.

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On the next Saturday, we penetrated Hollidaysburg's lair, to engage the gridders of that place. Westmont fought gamely against a team that got the jump at the very start by making three touchdowns via the forward pass route and the line. In a great comeback our boys returned to the field to outplay Hollidaysburg completely in the last half, but succeeded in making only one touchdown. The game ended, 26-6. Bingham and Wagner starred in the backfield, while Captain Mowery and Marshall starred in the line.

Meeting Blairsville for the first time on the second of November, we were returned victorious by the score of 7-0. With the incentive of one touchdown, our cohorts never relinquished their slim lead. We scored our touchdown on a beautiful weak side play, with Wagner carrying the ball. "Hamie" and DeLuco starred for their respective teams.

Before an immense crowd at the Point Stadium on the sixth of November, Ferndale's Yellow Jackets were again met. It was anyone's game for three hotly-contested quarters, and just at the time when it seemed as if another scoreless tie would be eminent, Ferndale succeeded in making a touchdown through the medium of a forward pass. We lost the game, but it was to a team undefeated during the entire season.

Our next hop was to Derry, where, in a sea of mud, we were defeated, 7-0. The Main-Line boys scored in the first quarter, and though we came back to outplay them in all departments the rest of the battle, we could not force over a tally.

At Somerset, Westmont started off with a bang by completing pass after pass, Kindya doing the hurling, and Hannan and Marshall the receiving. At the beginning of the second half, the big Orange and Black team pushed over two touchdowns. In the last quarter, on power plays, Westmont scored a touchdown. The game ended 13-7, Kindya, Hannan, Marshall, and Boger starring for our team.

After a much-needed week's layoff, we visited Youngwood, where we suffered a 7-0 setback. Although we had four or five scoring opportunities, nothing was made of them, but it was a "whale" of a game. It was the last game for our Captain, Clair Mowery, as it was for Klatzkin, Boger, Bingham, and Ferg. We will miss these men next year, but prospects point to one of the best teams in the history of our school for 1930, and we expect great things of the next year's edition.

INDIVIDUAL WRITE-UPS

Ends: "Tags" Marshall, "Bill" Diamond, and "Billy" Lewis formed a trio of very capable wingmen. These ends were adept in getting under punts and following the ball.

Tackles: "Eddie" Hartz and "Si" Hannan were fast and aggressive players.

Guards: "Clair" Mowery and "Fish" Klatzkin, class of '30, occupied the guard positions with much gusto. Mowery, the team's captain, was an outstanding player of the county for three years.

Center: "Eddie" Barrett was the ideal pivot man for a football team. He was always sure in his passes, a vicious tackler, and an all-around good man.

Halfbacks: "Hamie" Wagner was the triple threat man of our team. He was an excellent punter, was a dangerous open-field runner, and a good passer.

"Nony" Alexander was an excellent man for interference.

"Ronnie" Peel was a splendid pass receiver and interferer.

"Chuddy" Bingham was our all-round utility man for the backfield.

Quarterback: "Bill" Boger starred brilliantly in the early-season games as a ball-carrier deluxe. Despite his injury he was the team's most consistent yard-gainer.

Fullback: "Mike" Kindya was an excellent pass-heaver, a deadly and hard tackler, and also a mighty fine line-plunger.

Managers: We must also pay respect to Curt Owen and his assistants, who were responsible for keeping the players supplied with water, and for the condition of the field before each game.



Our Basketball Team

The Hilltop Basketball Team experienced, this current year, probably the most successful season of its existence. As entrants in the Conemaugh Valley Basketball League, we lost but one game. The Red and Gray Juggernaut compiled a record of fifteen wins and only six losses for the season. Alleghany High of Cumberland, the Maryland champs, was the only team able to turn the trick.

We opened our season against Adams Township, and smothered the up-county lads to the tune of 37-8. Against Conemaugh, Westmont-U-Y could not strike her stride, and the Iron Horse Townites handed us a 39-27 beating. After this game, Westmont went on a scoring spree and captured eight straights. Ferndale was the first victim, 26-13. Again visiting Adams Township, our boys ran up forty-four points against fourteen for the Township lads. We avenged a defeat earlier in the season by setting the skids under Conemaugh for a 30-20 setback. Dale was next beaten in the most thrilling game of the season to date, 37-31, in two extra periods. One of the choicest morsels of the whole year was the drubbing handed Johnstown Central High on their floor, 42-23. Westmont had everything her own way in this game. The Yellow Jackets from Ferndale were again met and beaten, 31-20, as was Southmont, by the score of 43-13. Dale took her second beating of the year, 32-25, on her home court. Johnstown's lads turned the tables on our boys in the next game in an extra period, and we were nosed out, 34-28. On our annual Southern jaunt we received two setbacks: one from

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Beall High School of Frostburg, Md., 38-32, and the other at the hands of Alleghany High of Cumberland, 33-12. Alleghany returned our visit and took our boys in by a score of 54-30, on our home court. However, we came out of our slump by setting the Southmont basketeers down 24-23, and the Beall cagers, 52-13, in the highest scoring game of the year.

As the regular season was over, all eyes were turned toward the St. Francis tournament, in which Westmont's aspiring team started out well by jolting the South Fork team, 32-26, in the first game. Our lads ran roughshod over Beccaria Township, 49-13. In the quarter finals we defeated Nanty-Glo, (the preceding year's champs), 20-10. In the semi-final round, Dale's hopes were blasted by a 29-23 trimming. Entering the final round, Westmont played inspired basketball the first half, leading by nine points, but in an extremely exciting finish we were nosed out by Portage, 28-25. As a result of our standing, we received the Emil Salony cup for the runners-up, and eight individual silver medals for the members of the team. We also placed two men on the all-star tournament team: Kunkle, at center, and Captain Wagner, at a guard post.

Prospects for an even better team are seen in view for next year. With but three letter men graduating, our next year's team will have four varsity men as a nucleus, and with available reserve material nothing should stop Westmont in '31.

The success of Westmont's athletic teams this year should be credited in great measure to our Coach, Carl A. Engh, whose untiring efforts and sportsmanlike attitude have been appreciated by both school and community.

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

		<i>Field Goals</i>	<i>Fouls Made</i>	<i>Fouls Missed</i>	<i>Total Points</i>
Marshall	F.	75	14	26	164
Kunkle	C.	49	13	19	111
Hannan	F.	36	12	14	84
Kindya	F.	35	12	15	82
Wagner, Capt.	G.	30	20	15	80
Mowery	G.	30	18	26	78
Bingham	F.	20	2	14	42
Klatzkin	G.	8	1	3	17
Alexander	F.	6	3	1	15
Hartz	C.	5	2	5	12
Total Points		294	97	140	685
Opponents		191	117	100	498

Those who received their letters were:

Jack Hannan	Charles Klatzkin
Mark Marshall	Charles Bingham
Charles Kunkle	Paul Witt, Mgr.
Clair Mowery	



FOOTBALL SCORES

Westmont.....	19	Patton.....	0	Home
".....	19	Dale.....	6	Home
".....	39	Conemaugh.....	0	Home
".....	0	Ferndale.....	0	Away
".....	6	Hollidaysburg.....	26	Away
".....	0	Ferndale.....	6	Away
".....	7	Blairsville.....	0	Home
".....	0	Derry.....	7	Away
".....	7	Somerset.....	13	Away
".....	0	Youngwood.....	7	Away



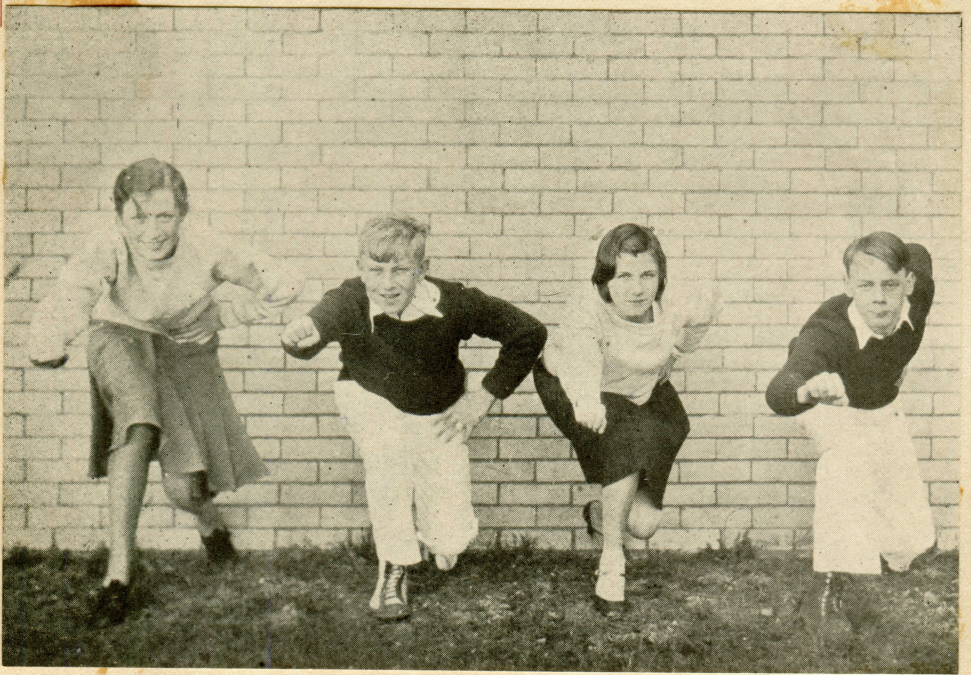
Our Girls' Basketball Team

Although the Girls' Varsity of 1929-'30 did not have a golden road of victories, it made a splendid showing. The girls gained a reputation for themselves through their "clean" playing and good sportsmanship.

As manager, Bernice Anstead, ideally served the team, but we will lose her by graduation in June.

With the exception of Helen Hofft and "Kay" Chaplin, the sextet had never before met outside teams. Much credit is due Miss Elizabeth Greer, coach of the Varsity, who molded quite a team out of this material that came to her early in the season.

The following girls received their letters: Anna Marie Schneehage, Agnes Sobditch, Margaret Brickner and Elsie Minchau. The subs who were awarded numerals were: Margaret Miller and Charlotte Brickner.



Cheer Leaders



YEA, WESTMONT!

Yea, Westmont, sock it to 'em

Yea, Westmont, sock it to 'em

Yea, Westmont, sock it to 'em

Team, Team, Team!

JOKES



"As it is a spare life,
Look you, it fits my humor well."

"As You Like It."

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The Class Will

We, the class of nineteen thirty, upon leaving the school, have decided to dispose of certain curious belongings for which we have no further use.

Hence, to the class of nineteen thirty-one, we do here-by give the privilege of being Seniors. We also wish to leave them "our self humility and respect for teachers."

To the Sophomores, we bequeath all stubs of pencils and pieces of paper left behind in the rush. To them also, we give all our autographs in text books. We know they will cherish and keep these things.

As for the Freshmen who, as yet, are a harmless collection, we are at a loss to know what to bestow upon them. In order that they may overcome their extreme modesty and self-consciousness, we leave them our dashing assurance and faultless integrity.

We bequeath the following personal curios with the hope that they will use them as effectively in the future as we have used them in the past:

Berniece Anstead's downtown boy friends to Agnes Sobditch.

Elsie Arendt's girlish figure to Ruby Ringler.

Violet Berkley's typing ability to Betty Kyler.

"Chuddy" Bingham's dramatic eloquence to Fred Stiffler.

The Pierce in William Boger's name to Charles Shomo.

"Peg" Custer's "pull" with Mr. Belles to Jane Giles.

Helen Delozier's business tact to "Babe" Kuhn.

Alice Devine's good nature to Rosemary Sharp.

"Beans" Ferg's clarinet to "Eddie" Hartz.

"Dick" Gobin's hospital-going ways to Curt Owens.

"Ginge" Harris's red hair to "Shorty" Geist.

Edgar Howell's seriousness to Charles Kunkle.

Mary Hunt's tallness to Louise Kyler.

Florence Kintner's late excuses to Jack Benford.

"Fish" Klatzkin's personality to John Dovey.

Lillian Kreiger's mastery of foreign languages to Naomi Berney.

Lowe McIntyre's curly hair to Lewis Foy.

Louise McClintock's giggles to Jack Hannan.

Margaret Miller's basketball ability to "Snips" Dunkle.

Dorothy Mosholder's shyness to Betty Campbell.

Clair Mowrey's athletic powers to "Peewee" Sakmar.

Florence Pollock's indifference to Eliza Waters.

Florence Peterson's shortness to Sarah Dodson.

Grace Ream's chewing gum to Miss Cannan.

The Jr. on Charles Replogle's name to anyone who lacks the dignity.

Caroline Reiser's hair pins to Doris Meyers.

Wayne Ringler's boyish innocence to "Hamie" Wagner.

Curtis Roundsley's manly strides to "Eddie" Barrett.

Eric Schneck's abnormal school interest to "Chips" Whitten.

Joe Schlesinger's quietness to "Mac" Reed.

George Tiffany's love for the girls to "Mike" Boyle.

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"Utts" Witprachtiger's freshman girl to Frank Bracken.

Hilda Witprachtiger's gabbiness to Freda Keafer.

Kline Spangler's stacomb to Charles Labe.

"Puck" Witt's calmness to "Tags" Marshall.

Therefore, we, the class of nineteen-thirty of Westmont-Upper Yoder High School, having hereby disposed of all our worldly possessions, do declare that the terms of this will shall be carried out without alteration. Any possessions of this class not herein mentioned shall be placed in the trophy case of the school, in remembrance of a class that had come, learned, and has graduated into the world.

(Signed) Class of 1930.

Witnesses:

Caroline Reiser

Charles Klatzkin



The School Clock

First Day of School: Weren't the Seniors glad when 207 was made their home room? And, say, were those poor freshmen frightened! It was a good thing school was turned loose at noon.

First Assembly: Were you all "het up" about the way the Dunkle sisters sang the "Pagan Love Song?" Not a soul slept during this assembly.

Emrys Jenkins' Talk: The entire school marched with a stately air to hear the stories of England. Everyone decided not to buy any gasoline in that country.

Senior Pictures: The seniors were all dressed up in their best, with but a single thought in their minds—to grace the year book with an artistic pose.

Institute Week: For one whole week the "tables are turned." The teachers worked and the pupils played.

Halloween Party: Despite the fact that everyone was afraid of the witches and goblins, we had a good time. And didn't that old cider just "hit the spot?"

The Night Football Game: Among the glare of floodlights and the cheers of the crowd, Westmont-U-Y bowed to the Black and Gold, suffering a 7-0 defeat.

Armistice Day: Another day off for most of us, but "our boys" worked hard to win the game at Somerset.

Thanksgiving Vacation: To think we were told to lay aside our books and play for two and a half days—just to eat, sleep and celebrate the day.

Class Debates: O such days! Nothing but read, write and learn, until finally the Seniors stood up in English Class and argued to the finish.

Senior Play: Did those bold, bad pirates scare you, too? But, say, wasn't the whole thing a "howling" success? Even the fair damsels enjoyed dancing in that old pirate den.

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Christmas Vacation: Whoop, Whoop, Hooray! Christmas Vacation—a few days to become good for Santa Claus, a few days to enjoy our toys, and then nurse sick stomachs.

Dr. Anderson's Talk: A rush to the auditorium to get good seats. Bet the Doctor's arm was still sore the next morning.

Final Exams: It all happened in two short weeks—the attempt to learn everything, taking the tests, and then worrying over the results.

Lincoln's Birthday: Did you pay your ten cents to hear the Indian speak and then dash home to find a ten-foot piece of cloth to make a turban?

First Damrosch: Wonderful News! A chance to get that twenty-minute beauty nap while listening to the strains of a piece of classical music.

D. A. R. Medals: To be sure, Bill Boger and Harlan Smith would walk off with those nifty medals for writing the best essays on "Heroes of Peace."

Superintendents Day: Our Student Council certainly did make an impression upon the visiting superintendents, when they acted as guides through the school.

Cumberland: Yes, suh, that South'n climate sholy does agree with our boys, even though they were handed two setbacks to atone for their joy.

Forensic League: Were you in the auditorium the night Berniece and "Bill" showed Conemaugh debaters who was what and why?

Honors in Music: "Fish" Klatzkin went down to Southmont, played the piano and won.

Junior Dance: Of course the Junior Class would sponsor a dance after a big game and make money, but, anyhow, we will have to say it was a good one.

Tests: We all think those tests on Tuesday morning are all right, because, you see, they knock some time off each morning class.

Atlantic City: Because Miss McGann left town and Mr. Belles was made principal for the day was no reason why he should take it out on everybody else.

St. Francis: Did those dear basketball boys work hard just so they could stay till the last day and eat poached eggs on toast and baked potatoes? We wonder!

Opportunity Night: Leave it to Miss Gray to put on a night's enjoyment (free of charge). And depend on the Seniors to make a rumpus.

County Debate: To the rest of the world it was just Tuesday, but, to us, it was the day that our affirmative and negative debaters brought home the county championship cup.

Ebensburg: Just in the same fashion and with the usual fun, the Senior Problems of Democracy and Law Classes made their trip to Ebensburg, to visit the jail, Court-house, and Poor Farm.

Student Council: At last, our "Student Council" is active. They have adopted a constitution and elected "Si" Hannan as president.

Washington Trip: ?????? What to say? Well, the rest of you wait until it is your time to go and then you won't be able to say anything about it, either.

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Easter Vacation: Just two days were taken from regular school time. One day was to get ready for Easter and the other to live over the effects.

Junior Play: Well, we will admit that those Juniors showed a great deal of talent; in fact, we will say they were almost as good as "our seniors."

Cantata: The grade and high school girls and boys were all dressed up in their spring colors to sing in their best harmony "Rip Van Winkle" and "Spring Cometh."

Girls' Club Tea: You surely just knew something was going to happen when the girls were all behaving themselves, didn't you? And then after school the mystery was revealed—it was a Mother and Daughter Tea.

Junior-Senior: Big time for the seniors to "Sponge" and to fete themselves at the expense of the Juniors. But we still think the "1929" affair is a mark to shoot at.

Exams: Uh—Uh—Uh—Another one of those miserable weeks. Everyone suffered, but just the same, no one really died.

Baccalaureate: Not a grin, not a smile. Truly it was a very solemn and auspicious moment for all concerned.

Class Day: It's worthwhile going to school after all, even though you don't know which witch you liked.

Commencement: Not a smile in a class-load.

Closing Day: You bet it's a happy day, but then again, we will have to admit of a little sorrow.



The Freshman's Soliloquy

To study, or not to study; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
In brainracking awe of outrageous assignments,
Or to take up arms against a sea of teachers,
And, by opposing, end them?—To study, to sleep;
No more; and, by sleep to say we end
The contemplation of the thousand cursed flunks
That students fall heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd!—To sleep, to study.
To study? perchance to pass! Ay, there's the rub!
For in that cramming through the hours of night,
What profanity might be given voice must give us pause,
There is the disrespect that makes
Calamity of the Christian soul.
But who would bear the hurt of bawling out,
The cheator's wrongs, teachers' contumely,
The pangs of despised exams, the insolence
And spurns that patient condescension of teacher's mis-deeds take
When he himself might his quietus make

With a good time, and many flunks,
Upon his card? Who would the patience have
To groan and sweat, under a weary, irksome school life,
But that's the fear of something ('Tis the principal)
That undiscovered realm, from whose bourne
No student e'er returns as happy as he went
Puzzles the will, and makes us bear these ills we have
Than to fly to others that we know not of?
And thus teachers do make slaves out of us all.

The Exponent.



Which Excuse Do You Use?

"I studied the next chapter."
"I did know it but—"
"That's the part I don't understand."
"The page is out of my book."
"I was absent yesterday."
"I know it, but I don't know how to say it!"
"I never attended a circus."



Ed: "I'm sorry, Mr. Gilston, those jokes are terrible."

Assistant Ed: "Oh, I don't know, when I threw them in the stove, the fire roared."

First Freshie: "I wonder how the football players are going to get the mud off their suits?"

Second Freshie: "Well, what do you think they have the scrub team for?"

"Hear about the Scotchman who just went insane?"

"No, what was the matter?"

"He bought a score card at the game and neither side scored."

Mary H.: "What is the most liable to get broken, about an automobile?"

Clair: "The owner."

Mary K.: "Can you drive with one hand?"

"Si:" "Surely."

Mary K.: "Then have an apple."

Miss Corwin: "What's plural of whim?"

Curt O.: "Women."

Strange that the rising generation is never up till noon.

Woods: "Who was driving when you hit that car?"

J. Dovey: (Triumphantly) "None of us. We were all in the rumble seat."

She: "Wonder what Sir Walter Raleigh said to Queen Elizabeth when he put his coat down for her?"

He: "Probably, 'Step on it, Kid.' "

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Caroline "I hear they are starting a campaign against malaria."

"Peg" Custer: "No, now what have the Malarians been doing?"

"Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?"

"No, he was half-way under a train."

"Coach Engh surely is some conversationalist, isn't he?"

"He ought to be; he spent the whole fall strengthening his line."

What kind of a "Fish" is Klatzkin?

Whom does Mary Hunt?

Is Caroline an early Reiser?

Why is it that Edgar Howells?

What Peer is Florence?

When is Margaret a Miller?

What kind of Moss does Dorothy hold?

Is Alice Devine?

Has Paul Witt?

Whose heart does William Pierce?

Miss Canan: "Name a star that has a tail."

"Betsy" Campbell: "Rin-Tin-Tin."

"Posie:" "Your teeth are like pearls."

Berniece: "Oh! so you know her too!"

"Ginge:" "I suppose you'll see Trojan's Column in Rome?"

Gobin: "Yes, I'll probably read it every day."

L. McIntyre: "See Mowery jumping those hurdles? He'll be our best man in a week."

S. Dodson: "Oh! Lowe, come let's tell Father."

She is so dumb, she thinks the House of Correction is where a proof-reader works.

"Mac:" "Hey, Pa, let's go to the Centennial Pageant; its only a dollar."

Mr. McIntyre: "Next time, laddie, next time."

"Fish:" "C'm on, give me a kiss."

"Flo:" "No, I've got scruples."

"Fish:" "That's all right; I've had them twice."

"That's a chip off the old block," said the man when a bullet grazed his head.

"Knock, Knock."

Berniece: "What is it?"

Voice: "It is I—Opportunity."

Berniece: "You can't fool me, Opportunity knocks only once."

"Ginge:" "Tell me, have you ever loved another?"

"Kunk:" "Why, yes, of course, dear. Do you think I would practice on such a nice girl as you?"

"Chuddy" (Sunday morning): "Give me change for a dime, please."

Druggist: "Surely, I hope you enjoy the sermon."

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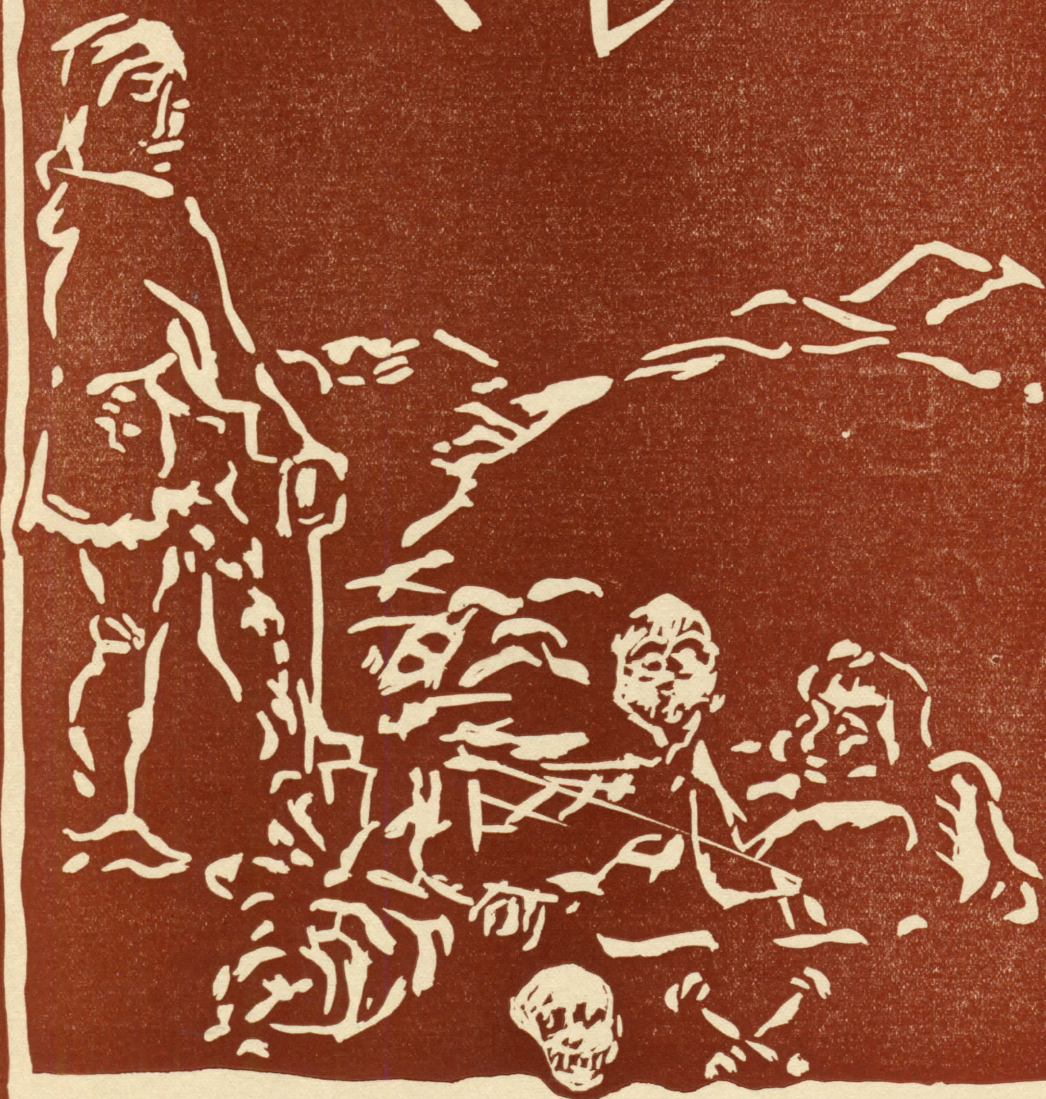
AS WE CLOSE

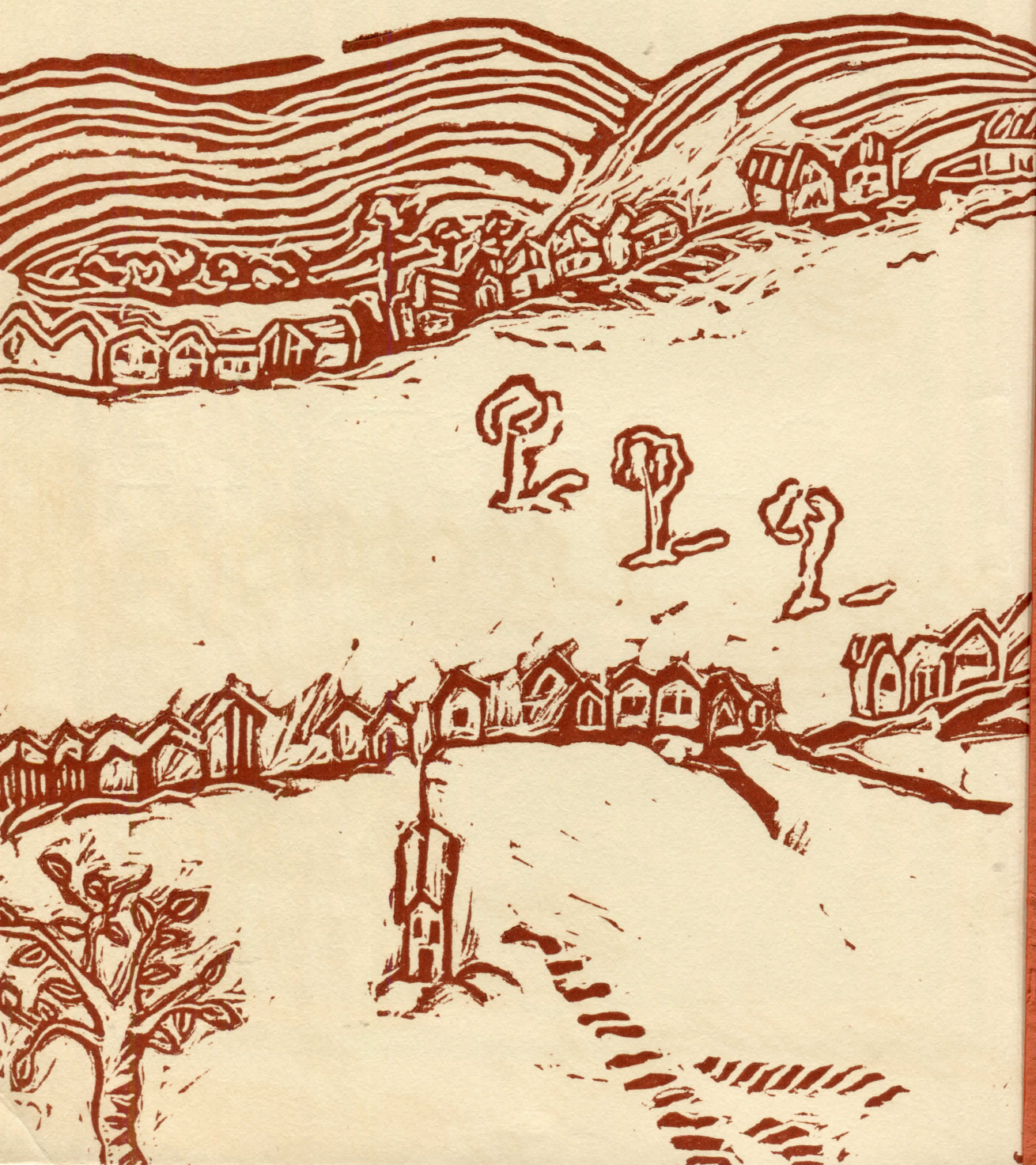
WE HOPE

THIS BOOK HAS REFLECTED
THE STUDENT LIFE AND STANDARDS
OF THE
WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL
FOR THE YEAR
1930



THE END





The Globe Theater
and
Vicinity



