

**THE**

**HILL-TOP**

**HI-LIGHTS**

**DECEMBER, 1927**

# THE HILL-TOP HI-LIGHTS

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## An Abbreviated Tail

**T**OMMY HAWKINS was happy. As he walked down old Meeker Street, on his way home from school, he was whistling and his heart was light. It was Thursday, and this very afternoon he intended to visit the city sport commission, in his eyes as important as to visit the President, and enter Jack, his large, agile, and beautiful cat, in a coming feline exhibition.

Tommy was a boy of eleven years, but was courageous and dauntless, with high ambitions for a good education. He was willing to tackle anything, was studious and willing to work, and was the leader of his class in school. His young father was not well-to-do, holding only a minor postal position in a government office, but he loved his son and was much with him, a companionship which developed a strong love for his father.

Tommy had never been able to do anything for them, or to give them any small present, but because of his regard for them he wanted to remember them. Having his beautiful cat, he, this very day, was intent upon entering it in a large city wide exhibition, in which he might win a prize, at least enough for a few small presents.

He did not head for home as usual, since today his mind was fixed on a large seven-story gray brick building, five blocks from his home. In about fifteen minutes he arrived at its base and entered a large swinging door. He boarded the elevator and was rapidly raised six floors. He stepped off into a long, wide corridor. His hard heeled shoes made a great deal of noise on the cement floors.

He thought to himself, "Why should I be frightened at a little noise, and why should I be scared to see a mere man?" On arriving at the door of the Sport Commissioner's office, he boldly stepped in and waited his turn in a row of five people, all bigger than himself. Tommy, at last, entered the inner office of the busy commissioner. He stepped up to the large man before him, and, in his dauntless manner, put before him his case and what he wanted done. The Commissioner quickly responded to Tommy's requests, and before Tommy left, wished him good luck in the contest, in which he had entered Jack, his cat.

Encouraged by this and imbued with greater ambition Tommy went home where he met his parents, but he didn't tell them where he had been or what he was planning to do, because he preferred to have a Christmas surprise for them.

That night he slept well and arose greatly refreshed, but the next morning in school, he was unusually poor in his studies. That can probably be accounted for by his thoughts of nothing else but the coming cat beauty contest.

Tommy was glad when school was over and hurried home. As he arrived at the threshold of his home, his mother met him with a worried look on her countenance. Tommy immediately asked, "What is the trouble, Mother?"



"Jimmy", she replied, "has hurt the cat."

"What!" fairly shouted Tommy, in a stunned, half-sobbing manner.

"Yes, he pulled my scissors off the table, and snipped the poor kitten's tail, nearly taking it off."

Tommy, at this, did not answer but rushed into the house. He found his small brother, Jimmy, who was not yet old enough to understand why the cat shouldn't have its tail bobbed, but did not say a word to him. His pet was sunk down in a corner, looking frightened, and licking its wounds. He comforted it and saw that its hurts were not serious before doing or saying anything.

He had a faint, sick feeling, and besides crying, felt like thrashing his younger brother. He counted nine as he had been taught by his parents to do when angry, and then muttered to himself, "Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk."

Exactly twenty-four hours after he had come out of the large gray structure yesterday, he entered it again today. In fifteen minutes Tommy was again going toward his home, but this time trudging wearily, and with a heavy heart, as he had been forced to scratch the name of his pet from the exhibition lists. The Commissioner had said, "I'm sorry," as Tommy had left his office.

Tommy knew that now, all hopes were gone for getting Christmas money from that source, but all his ambition and hopes were not gone yet.

That night, different from the night before, Tommy rolled and tossed wearily in his bed, unable to sleep. He thought of his misfortune, although he did not want his parents to know of his disappointment. He tried to think of some way in which he could dig up a few dollars, but no ideas came to his tired brain.

Saturday morning dawned clear and beautiful. Tommy arose early because he wished to speak with his mother. As he came down the stairs he met her and sighed, "Guess I'll take the old job again. It's not hard, but I am afraid I'll never get enough money to start a bank account."

His ever encouraging mother spoke up, to the effect that he would and finally, also, Tommy agreed that he might.

"I can and I will," thought Tommy to himself, as he started towards the house of Mrs. Storey, a wealthy society woman, for whom he had formerly worked after school hours.

When he rang the doorbell, never thinking how early it was, a surly maid answered the door and told him in a disagreeable tone, that if he wanted anything around here, to come around at eleven o'clock.

"I will," thrust back Tommy as he hurried down the steps.

Meanwhile he sought something to do as he never liked to be idle. He ran several errands for his mother, as he preferred that to anything else. These took him down town and he happened to see



the Sport Commissioner, which reminded him sorrowfully of the exhibition in which he couldn't enter his cat, Jack.

Eleven o'clock found Tommy ringing the bell of the Storey mansion and this time Mrs. Storey herself came to the door. Immediately Tommy in his bold way asked her if he might have his old job again.

"Well," she answered dubiously, "I have a new boy on the job because I thought you were quitting."

Before she could say another word Tommy quickly answered, "If you'll give me a chance, I'll do my best."

"All right," she returned, "I'll give you both a chance. The boy that gets the most work done best gets the job." With that she closed the door and Tommy fairly flew around to the tool house.

The other worker he found to be larger than himself, but Tommy's determination was sure to win. At five that afternoon Tommy strode triumphantly home because the old job was his.

The coming week was a happy one for him and he worked at his job with renewed vigor. Heavy snow fell at the end of the week which made him more work and a small increase in pay.

Tommy at this time had lent his cat, Jack, to a neighboring grocer, Mr. Perkins, on condition that the latter would feed the cat.

The plan had worked out very well as the grocer who had no cat, needed protection against rodents, and Tommy needed all the money he could get at present. About a week before, however, Tommy, intent upon the contest, had taken the cat from Mr. Perkins, but now he was only too glad to let him have it again.

The exhibition day came and went, but Tommy was so engrossed in his other work that he had forgotten all about it. The time was slipping by very rapidly for Tommy and soon the holidays were at hand.

The last four days before Christmas were cheery ones and Tommy worked hard. December the twenty-fourth was a busy day for him as he shoveled snow all during the day and was intent upon buying presents that evening.

The great day dawned and Tommy was again extremely happy. In fact even happier than he had been that first Thursday. He was first to rise and reach the dining room and he busied himself hustling around, seemingly fixing things in order.

Shortly after, Tommy's mother, father, and brother Jimmy appeared in the dining room, ready for breakfast, and, to their great surprise, his mother found before her a large beautiful clock set in wood. On a small card, placed on the top of it were the words, "From Tommy." Likewise father, Jimmy, and even "Jack," the cat, received presents from Tommy; Father a wonderful silk shirt, Jimmy several shining new toys, and "Jack" a neat little coat.

The first thing they all wanted to know, however, after they had profusely thanked Tommy, was how he had been able to get them.



Then, for the first time Tommy told them all about his hopes in the cat contest, and how they had been ruined.

"I wanted a little Christmas money, but had no way of getting it so I took my old job again," he explained. "I worked hard for Mrs. Storey and to my great surprise on Christmas eve she handed me a check for ten dollars and wished me a Merry Christmas. She said I had been of such value to her at low cost that she wished to reward me. I could not understand it, in my delight. Overjoyed, I started home and almost forgot to get "Jack". I went to the store, got the cat, and wished Mrs. Perkins, who was at that time in charge of the store, a Merry Christmas, but before I could get out Mrs. Perkins called me back, and told me Mr. Perkins had a little Merry Christmas for me. The kind gentleman handed me a check for three dollars, saying it was a bonus of ten cents on every mouse the cat killed. He would not allow me to give it back, and he said he was giving it to me with the understanding that I should use it for my own happiness, and I did."

Clarendon Crichton (Class II)

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## Dolls

Ever since I can remember, I have loved dolls. When but very small, I had my first unbreakable doll. This doll was a clown, one side of his suit being red and white, and the other side black and white, with bells on the sleeves and pants. He had a small, boyish face with close-cropped painted blonde hair, blue eyes, and a mischievous mouth. Scotty, as I called him, was my constant companion on long walks, at meals, and in the long, dark and dreary hours of night. Scotty, my oldest and dearest doll, has not as yet been rivaled by any breakable or unbreakable doll, though there have been many more attractive.

As soon as I became old enough to realize that a doll cannot be dragged around upon the floor, laid upon a banister at the top of the stairs and many other places where Scotty had been laid, I got an unbreakable doll in a mahogany cradle. (Really Scotty had fared well with this rough handling except one time, when I threw him on to the tiled floor of the bathroom in a fit of temper, resulting in Scotty's nose being flattened into what is commonly termed a pug nose.) Well, this other doll came to be Scotty's sister; she was very dainty and had to be handled gently, much to Scotty's disgust. Her eyes were deep blue and her mouth a tiny scarlet bow; her hair hung in curls, and she had tiny, dimpled hands.

Sara, so she was designated, was dressed very prettily in the dainty color combination of pink and white. The undergarments were white and lace and pink ribbons at the neck and the legs; the dress was very similar with narrow tucks and lace down the front and ribbon at the sleeves and waist and neck. The bonnet and coat were pink crepe de chine, smocked in white, with lace and ribbon. The



little shoes and socks matched the outfit. I loved Sara's soft fluffy things and loved to dress her prettily when I took her away with me or for a walk.

Sara took many trips with me and I always saw that she had a suitable wardrobe. During our stay in Atlantic City, we had such a good time together. She wore her little yellow bathing suit and cap when I took her out in the sand to play, and she put her little pajamas on when we went to bed at night. She had party dresses too, for she was not unpopular and was included in most of my invitations. But I never took Sara to church; I thought she was rather small for that and might go to sleep.

Before Sara was very old, I got a very pretty lady doll. She had long blond hair, which was arranged very nicely, and had a very pretty face. She was very beautiful, so it wasn't very long till she fell in love and became engaged to one of my men dolls. Their wedding was in early June, and Jane, a neighbor, and I were busy making the trousseau.

The wedding was by the rosebush in the backyard. We set the dolls up against blocks. The preacher (I borrowed him from a cousin) the bridegroom in a tuxedo, and the best man were at the altar which was constructed ingenuously by two blocks. As soon as the guests arrived, neighbors too, with the exception of the traffic cop in the alley, the ceremony began. The bridesmaids came first, one in lavender satin, one in blue satin; the flower-girls were in pink and had rose petals in their baskets; the ring-bearer was in blue; the bride wore white satin and had a train and veil; she carried lilies of the valley, and leaned upon her father's arm. After the ceremony, iced-cocoa and angel-food cake were served. The bride and bridegroom were locked in the cupboard for their honeymoon till Jane and I built a house for the happy couple to live in. We gathered green boards and shingles for the roof from a neighboring house just being completed. When the house was finished, it had two floors and partitions which divided them into rooms. One side of the house was on hinges so that the furniture might be changed and the dolls placed within. Jane and I were unable to put windows in but made a crude attempt at the door, which was plenty large for the lady but rather cramped for the man. The furniture for this house was very modern and very pretty, for indeed, it came from the big city of New York as a Christmas gift. Everytime I bought a package of chewing-gum, I received a small sample rug, and soon my house was well carpeted.

Soon enough the family increased, and there were two new members added to it; later a third and forth. A mammy doll, patterned after Dinah, cooked the meals and looked after the baby when the father and mother went to the opera or out to dinner. Then, also, sometimes a little old lady, with gray hair and a black dress with white neckcloth, called grandma, came to visit.

My family grew and grew and after many years when I put them away because I had grown up, I still kept a select few and put them in my bedroom. Of course, now I have a few modern, long-legged



dolls and a Parissienne doll, but still I keep some of my old favorites, because I really love my baby dolls since they seem so much more real and lovable than these modern dolls; in fact, they fill a gap in my heart which I shall always cherish and keep sacred as a symbol of my childhood.

Ann Stremel (Class 11)

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## The Rainbow

What is it that arches the sky in colorful hue,  
That floods the earth in red, green and blue;  
What is it that arches from hill to hill,  
And makes us wonder with awe-stricken thrill?

Is it the birds upon their flight,  
Is it the stars that light the night,  
Or is it the sunbeams golden ray  
That makes up stop and watch them play?

'Tis but the rainbow that arches the sky  
Like a bower of flowers blooming on high,  
And who made this wondrous colorful hue?  
God made the rainbow for me and for you.

Emily Thomas (Class 11)

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## Sketch

The view from the brow of the hill was fascinating. It was nearing nightfall; the sun hung low in the heavens. Away in the distance, the foot-hills, clothed in all the gala colors of fall, were sinking into the purple shadows as the golden sun sank lower in the sky. The river flowing placidly through the valley below reflected the dying rays of the sun, taking on the appearances of a molten stream of gold. Gradually the sun sank lower and lower until it disappeared below the horizon. It was then that the scene was the most engrossing. Lights began to suffuse their radiance. As the houses were widely scattered in this vicinity, their windows, with the light streaming through them, appeared like giant fireflies at rest. These were not the only lights asserting themselves, for the moon rose slowly over the hill behind me and smiled jocosely. The stars came out, one by one, until the sky was everywhere studded with stars, like a crown set with priceless jewels. After gazing at this panorama of Nature's displays, one realized that all beauty is not the work of man.

William P. Boger, Jr. (Class 10)



## Man Did This

When we visit great cities and behold the towering buildings, the arching bridges spanning the rivers, the wide, spacious boulevards, we are delighted and amazed, and we think with pride "Man did this." We dream to ourselves of a large building which grows unusually fast, with ladders being hoisted, windows put in, with men scurrying to and fro, everyone busy, everyone intent on his work—none loitering. We do not realize that there are exceptions.

We tour Europe, and as we gaze at the wonders of the Ancient World, the ruins of the Coliseum, the firm structure of the pyramids, the beauty of the Rheims Cathedral and picture men high up, building the noble walls, painting the arched ceiling, frescoing the interior, we are astonished and filled with awe, and think with pride "Man did this."

On our journey, we visit relatives who are building a new home. They point out the managing carpenter and say, "A capable, efficient man; sticks to work and sees that the others do also." As we watch the rafters being hammered to place, hear the sharp commands of the manager to his men, we marvel at the progressive, business-like air around this partly-built house, and we think to ourselves with pride "Man did this."

Then we take the last leap of our journey home. We find that in our absence a water pipe has burst and that the water is covering the floor—*inches* deep. We immediately call the plumber and order him to come "*presto*". Meanwhile, we start unpacking.

About a half an hour later, the so-called plumber arrives in a little Ford coupe, with another man, and with a wad of tobacco in his mouth. He slowly ambles from the Ford, then with one foot perched on the running board, he continues his conversation with his friend inside—a conversation which lasts fifteen minutes. We are slightly annoyed.

However, he does finish talking and in his slouchy manner approaches the house. He tells us that before attending to our wants, he first must see another man who lives two blocks down the street. He goes and is gone for half an hour, while the water keeps coming higher and higher in the house. We are rather disgusted.

When he does appear later, those of us in the living room are atop sofas, chairs, and tables. He looks at the water-flooded floor, at the persons on the table, he shifts his wad of tobacco from his left to right cheek, and leisurely remarks "Wal, guess I'd better get to work." We, with the visions of the lofty temples of Europe still in our minds, think so also.

He gets down on hands and knees and starts tinkering around. We leave him to the delights of his profession, and despite the water, continue the unpacking. Pretty soon we come back, watch his slow movements, his tobacco rolling from side to side. We see no accomplished work and find him more interested in the toe of his boot than the burst pipe.



After he has worked for an hour, he hunts one of us up and says "Can't do it today. Not the right kind of tools." He slowly hands us a bill for five dollars, and departs. Then, as we look from the water soaked floor to the bill, and from the bill to the floor, all the ethereal castles of Europe slowly fade from our minds, and we think with disgust "Man did this."

Sylvia Rush (Class 12)

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## "Next"

It usually seems to me, as I enter a barber-shop, that I am about to endure a long, tedious wait. Cheap magazines are plentiful; last week's newspapers are also on hand. But they hardly tend to mitigate that long, hot wait. However, I grit my teeth, fondle my map, and then, with heroic desperation, enter the already crowded shop.

There are six chairs there; each one is manned by a perspiring son of sunny Italy. A searching glance reveals a single unoccupied chair. It screeches and groans dismally as I sit down, but I am already used to that.

Upon looking around, I rest my eyes upon the third chair, occupied by a young girl. Judging by her expression, she is evidently getting her first bob. Her face is brightly lit up with smiles as she admires herself in a small hand-mirror. The young barber with the curly, greasy-black locks is doing his best to impress the young miss by long, wavy swirls of his blades, artistic passes, and great flattering comments upon her renovated appearance.

At last her job is finished, and the barber's never failing "Ne-e-ext" features. I grab a dilapidated "Saturday Evening Post," and become lost in a story which I distinctly remember of my mother's reading at my tenth birthday party. After what seems to me as ages, pass, my turn comes, and I proudly strut up to the chair; at the same time, bestowing some "I hope you don't feel hurt" looks upon the people who are still waiting.

The barber swaths me in towels, sheets, tablecloths, rubber collars, and, it seems to me, everything else he can lay his hands on. Then, "Part inna da meedle?"

"Yeah! Naturally!" is my usual answer to the obvious question.

Towards the end of the operation, I hear a shrill whistle outside. Upon turning around to discover its source, I receive a sharp, piercing stab in the back of my neck. Of course, it takes about a half-hour till the people, who were scared out of their wits by my terrific roar, are again seated and orderly. Finally, however, that inevitable "Ne-e-ext" booms forth, and I am free once more.

When I am again out in the fresh air, I begin to think a little about the barber-shop in general. Suppose there were no barber-shops; then what would our men look like? Instead of the usual cut, here and there, if we had to cut our own hair, we should look like so



many battle-scarred soldiers. Our beauty would then be judged by the number, size, and general gauging effects of our "scars of battle." Just imagine the publicity to be gained by the man who successfully trimmed his own hair. But after all is said and done, we finally must realize the necessity of the barber-shop, and even though the waits are long, the mournful "Ne-e-ext" peculiarly affords us a source of indescribable pleasure.

Sygmund Kaminsky (Class 11)

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## One Vacation Day

It appears that no matter what time of the year it is, or where it is, we will always choose a place to take our vacations where there is water. It may be along the sandy coast of the ocean, where the waters keep rolling in to meet the far flung coast; or it may be in the high mountains, where the placid lake lies rippling in the sunlight and then drops over the mountainside into a beautiful roaring falls to seek a gently winding course through a quite and peaceful valley until it eventually reaches the great ocean.

At the time of my story, we were living along the Allegheny River about ten miles from Pittsburgh, which was at that time within the boundaries of the greatest inland steam-boat traffic in the world. Although the steam-boats were only stern wheelers and could not move about with rapidity, there were many thousands of tons of coal and sand transported over this river, weekly, by these boats.

It was a beautiful July day back in the year of 1918 that I arose as usual to greet the beautiful sun which was already high over head, and I, being only six years of age, was quick to perceive that I was not the first one up by all means, for my father had been at work for about five hours and my mother, who had left word with my older sister to get my breakfast when I arose, was well on her way to a long-promised visit to my aunts.

After having eaten, I could not content myself by staying in on such a nice day; so I went out to play with my friends. I had not played long until I was tired and overheated. I thought I would take a stroll down the river. Since the river was only about sixty yards from the house, I was soon sitting under a tall, shading poplar tree which stood on the river's bank. After gazing for some time at the beautiful blue carpet of water which spread before me, with its mighty sides lapping gently against the shore, I was inspired with a very sudden and unusual idea. This was my idea. I had been watching the steam-boats passing before me and had noticed the huge lane of waves that they would leave in their wake as they passed before me. I decided to take one of my father's canoes, which was fastened not far from where I was sitting, and paddle out in the river and wait for a boat to pass by, thereafter paddling into the lane of waves and riding gently up and down, as I had seen other men doing.



Although having already swum over half way across the river and also having some knowledge of paddling a canoe, I had never attempted a thing such as I was about to do; but having all the determination of a boy of six, I was soon paddling toward the middle of the river, for I had already noticed a steamer nosing her way lazily down the river, and I had put out immediately in one of my father's canoes. In a short time, I had paddled very close to the huge monster. Before I could tell what had happened, I heard a great roaring noise and was immediately splashed with water from the great wheel of the boat.

No doubt you will wonder what was going on in the canoe. Everything had happened so quickly and noisily that for a second, my heart stood about still. After recovering my senses, I soon paddled into the heaving troughs of water left by the great river monster.

Then the fun began. First the canoe rose steadily upon the great wave, up, up, up, until I thought it would never stop, but suddenly it rested a second on the dizzy heights of the wave, in which time I saw many wonderful things. Down the river was the steam-boat slowly receding in the distance, and to my right I could faintly discern my sister waving her arms and screaming as loudly as possible. Then things faded slowly from sight as the canoe glided smoothly downward until nothing could be seen but the blue sky, water, and the tops of a few high hills in the distance. This continued until the river was once more calm and peaceful.

As I slowly paddled to the shore where my sister was standing, I kept thinking of what was in store for me. Although I did have to eat my supper standing, I thoroughly enjoyed my lone experience.

Edwin Hartz (Class 9)

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## The Rose Diamond

A Serial in Three Parts, by *Robert Gray*

The ways of Fortune are peculiar; her smile often turns out to be a frown, or a seemingly severe blow to be a real gift such as only Dame Fortune can give. Such a gift all unexpected and unsought seemed to have come to Arthur Berkeley one beautiful spring afternoon as he hurried along a downtown street.

Arthur Berkeley was a young dentist, twenty-five years of age, who was rising rapidly in his profession. He lived at Waterford, a small suburb of the great city, with his widowed mother, commuting back and forth daily.

On this particular day, having been detained later than usual at the dental office where he worked, he was hurrying to catch the last train which would get him home in time for dinner, when, in a crevice of the pavement, something glittering caught his eye. Thinking it might be worth picking up, he stooped and slipped it in his pocket to examine at his leisure.



When he had settled back in his seat on the train, Arthur took out the object. "It seems to be as big as a walnut," he thought. "It's too big to be a real stone as I thought it might be." But when he opened his hand, it threw out scintillating rays of light that seemed to come from the heart of the stone. "A cut rose diamond of that size! It'll be worth a fortune," flashed through his mind.

Nervously he put it in his vest pocket and glanced around to see if anyone had noticed it. There were only two other people at that end of the car. One, a young lady, had not looked up from her magazine since the train had left the station. The other had evidently been watching, for he started slightly and stared out the window. He was a queer character, a burly German with an immense mustache that curled back almost to his ears, giving him a vicious appearance. "Gosh that tough saw it," thought Arthur, quaking inwardly. I hope he gets off before I do. I must get rid of this tomorrow before some thug sticks me up."

The time until they reached his station seemed interminable. Always he had the feeling of being watched. He was somewhat relieved when he alighted at his station to see that the German had gone on.

After hurrying home, he spent a sleepless night wondering whether he had better advertise, or tell the police, or dispose of the diamond. He would be on Easy Street for the rest of his life if he should find no owner and could sell it. Ah! just the thing! He'd tell his friend, Joe Johnson. Joe, a lawyer with a considerable knowledge of various other things including precious stones, had always liked mysteries, and he would know what to do.

Bright and early the next day he opened his friend's office door and sang out, "Howdy, Joe, got something in your line."

"Hello, Art. What have you got?" responded the other. "Golly" he ejaculated when Arthur produced the diamond. "Let's see, an inch in diameter, cut, not a flaw. I'll bet it weights one hundred fifty carats. That rose color will make it more valuable I think, although they usually pay more for white ones. But that color is so unique that it ought to increase the value. I wonder where it came from; there might be an 'ad' in the paper—I'll send the office boy out to get some."

This disposed of, Arthur asked what his friend thought ought to be done about the diamond.

"Well, if there's no 'ad' in the papers, you must advertise and try to find the owner—but put it in a safe deposit vault at once. I'll go with you as soon as we see the papers. Oh, yes, have you shown this to any one else?"

When Arthur told of the German on the train, Joe looked serious but said, "I guess it won't matter much because if he had wanted it, he would have followed you home and tried to get it on the way. Here are the papers now—let's have a look."

Nothing having been found, they telephoned carefully worded ads to all the papers, then went out and placed the diamond in safe keeping.



The next few days nothing was heard concerning the jewel.

On the evening of the second day Joe received a telephone call from Arthur. He was so excited he could hardly talk coherently. "The German! He got off the train here! Disappeared! I'm—HELP—."

*To be Continued in the February Issue*

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## The Royal Road To Romance

*by Richard Halliburton*

Richard Halliburton's first book, his greatest, and one of the most entertaining and educational works on the market to-day is a narration of thrilling, spectacular and true-to-life experience. His descriptions—vivid, pleasing, exact, even humorously inclined at times, lay before one an elaborate panorama of the world—as the vagabond adventurer sees it.

Studies, the author abhorred; engagements he despised, and modern civilization he shrank from—into a land of dreams—dreams of far away countries and unfrequented corners. His ambition was to conquer, to humiliate rock-bottom customs—hence the defeat of the Matterhorn, at the hands of, no, the feet of, the author.

In company with a roommate from Princeton, the author secured a berth on an east-bound vessel. He was no longer a student indulging in luxuries, but a deck hand, a common "salt," crossing the mighty Atlantic in quest of adventure. And he found it.

The pair, Irvine and the author, purchased bicycles in France and toured about taking in sights, roughing it only as a vagabond knows how.

From childhood the author had longed to scale the Matterhorn, that mighty European peak with a causality list as long as one's arm. The feat was accomplished, out of season, and with breath-taking thrills. Halliburton at one time hung, as a sack of straw would, five thousand feet above sea-level with only air, atmosphere, to break his descent if the rope should break; but it didn't, he lived to witness even more thrilling experiences.

The famous Rock of Gibraltar had the honor of allowing the author to tramp over it, until, he was placed under arrest for taking pictures. A pleasant experience one should think, being held as a spy in one of Johnny Bull's stern and "rock bound" prisons. As usual, however, Halliburton went free, only after a severe trial and a week of prison food in his purely Yankee tummy.

Egypt, the pyramids, the Sphinx, and the Nile, all were visited, frequented by the author, but adventure was lacking in this "tourist burdened land."

At Monte Carlo our hero relaxed, rested, and consequently lost all his money at the Casino.



Next India, with its wierd and mysterious history, with its deep jungles and dark rivers, facinated him. A delightful night was spent with only the moon, the owls, and the alabaster pools of the magnificent Taj Mahal.

A journey into the interior, (by a system that would shame any American hobo) delighted the author and two thrilling tiger-hunts would equal any of Poe's tales of close escapes from death.

These latter journeys were taken alone, for Irvine had left the author in Paris. Upon reaching the coast once more Halliburton fell in with another American adventurer, whom he calls "David."

These two youngsters went, on foot, up into the heart of Tibet, and into the only land where a woman has more than one husband.

"David" fell victim to a severe sunstroke, and the author was forced to travel on alone, after seeing his friend safely in a good coast hospital.

Many, many, are the thrills and adventures that befell the author during the remainder of the two years it took him to circle the globe.

Halliburton fell into the hands of Chinese pirates, Russian Bolsheviks and as a final "fling", thrill, or what-you-may-call-it, climbed the Japanese Fujiyama, alone, and during a season which travelers and even natives claimed an ascent purely impossible.

I have mentioned only a few of the wonderful things that happened to Richard Halliburton during his wild two-years search for adventure. Scores of other things happened to the author, who, as a college-man with that delightful disease of "wanderlust," set out with pockets practically empty, but with a light heart.

John Reese (Class 12)

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## "EDITORIALS"

### How Many Tubes Has Your Radio?

The ideals of a nation are reflected in its conception of deity. The gods and goddesses of ancient Greece represented the ideals of that great people. Athena, patron divinity of Attica, represented the finest ideals of the Greek race, chief among which was learning.

Socrates, the great Athenian philosopher, represented the best in Grecian education. Socrates believed that any normal person may become learned. He proved his belief through conversation with an ignorant slave. The conversation began simply enough, but before it was ended, the slave was discussing weighty problems of Grecian philosophy. How did Socrates raise the thinking of an ignorant slave to that of a philosopher? We have the answer in Socrates' record of the conversation.

He believed that to build our structure of knowledge, we must begin with what we already know. We must connect each new thought with the thoughts we possess. We must learn to speak the new thought readily. The more thought units we possess, the greater our ability to



acquire new and more complex thoughts. And so the process continues.

Had Socrates lived today, he might have told us that the greater the number of thought tubes in our mental radio, the greater is our receptivity for thought messages. What is the thought reception of your mental radio? What is your ideal of learning?

John E. Shambach, *Supervising Principal*

## A Principal's Algebra

Like all humans, we are interested in the greatest thing of its kind in the world.

It may be Charles Lindbergh, the richest man living, the biggest tree, the largest ship, the supereminent inventor.

Problem: What can be the greatest thing of its kind in our school life?

Solution: Let  $x$  = our High School Spirit  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  of Westmont = We  
 $\frac{2}{5}$  of Upper = Up  
 $\frac{2}{5}$  of Yoder + u = You  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  of If = I

Answer:  $x + We + You + I + Up = \text{Our Hill-top Standards}$

With the greatest hopes for the best year possible, I am very happy to call and sign myself,

Your Principal,  
 Laura E. McGann

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

### I Have A Rendezvous With X. Ams.

The melancholy days are here,  
 The saddest of the year,  
 When we must study night and day;  
 Mid-term exams are near.  
 We only study forty pages  
 Of Geometry so tangled,  
 That when I go to bed at night,  
 I dream of naught but angles.  
 The Physics helps in after life,  
 And has uses by the score,  
 So to this end we now must learn  
 Two hundred pages more.



O' History, O' History,  
When I thought of you, I sighed  
For the good old days before we heard  
Of Paul Revere's long ride.  
And so creeps on the petty race  
Forever and forever,  
We learn so much it is enough  
To drive one to the river.

## Guess Who?

There is a miss named.....  
Who doesn't for school much care;  
To vamp all the boys  
Is her greatest of joys  
All she needs is her baby-like stare.  
There's a stalwart youth called.....  
Whose line could never bore ya'.  
He craves to be a breezy mister,  
But he has a Freshman sister.  
He has trials enough for a lawyer.  
There's another young miss named.....  
Who went driving one day in the rain.  
She parked on a hill;  
Now this modern Jill  
Finds her name of newspaper fame.  
There's a coy little maiden named.....  
Who never liked a boy named Lawrence,  
But with her literary style  
Such names her beguile  
That begin with "C" or "B"—not Clarence.  
There's a flaxen haired lad called.....  
Who does to school on bicycle go  
His friends in class he pesters  
Till they change classes in semesters  
And wish him to an everlasting woe.  
There is a young lad named.....  
Of mechanical things quite fond.  
He erected one day  
In a logical way  
A vehicle to ride upon.

Advice to Frosh—In case of fire, do not run. Green material never burns.

Miss Trine—How did you become such a wonderful orator?

Eppley—I began by addressing envelopes.

Russ W.—I'd like to be a conductor.

Hen W.—Why so?

Russ W.—I heard Mary say she adored Carmen.



## THE ARCHED WINDOW

And the snow covers the ground—  
The flowers are gone—  
The limbs are bare—

Speaking of nature reminds us that just before this snowfall, Miss Canan's Biology class, out on a special bird-hunting trip, saw a bird—a very unusual one for this year—in fact, as far as it is known, it has never before been seen in Elk Run. It is the Red-breasted Nuthatch, a small bird of a gray color with a red breast. And again, a quite important bird a Hermit Thrush, also a very uncommon one for this region, which was found dead in the woods this fall, will soon be added to the school's collection of mounted birds.

When we talk of birds being found dead in the fall, we remember that fall is over and the foot-ball season is no more. Our team was a successful one, but then, a foot-ball team that is well coached, that uses the greatest degree of team play, that has a heady general, that has speedy and elusive backs, that has a dependable line and the right spirit cannot but return triumphant in the greatest majority of their scheduled contests and such was the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School Foot-ball Squad of 1927. As it should be, the coach, Carl A. Engh, should receive the greatest credit for the enviable success of his team which was able to earn victory in seven of nine starts, although they faced in the greatest part a tough schedule, including such teams as Hollidaysburg, Portage, Ferndale, Derry, Cresson, and their Alumni. On account of the manager-elect's not returning at the opening of the year, Telford Eppley was elected to that position and throughout the fall most capably filled his place.

During the season, Westmont's great backfield was able to ring up a very impressive record. This quartet, or as they might be called also, quintet, shoved the pigskin across that last chalk mark no less than thirty-one times. Also, they succeeded in pulling their opponents to the ground behind said chalk mark for no less than three safeties. Seven extra points added to this list gave Westmont 199 points; to their opponents, 75.

Captain Charles Kintner, who valiantly led his team through the tough spots ran the impressive distance of five yards every rush on an average, while he and his three running mates together totaled the average of 47 yards per rush.

As is usual, so that the coach may see his team in action and test their comparative strength, a set-up or preliminary game is arranged and such was the Cochran Game. Coach Engh's machine showed early and impressive power by smothering the Cochran Junior High Eleven under a 37-0 score. The following day, however, Westmont, who journeyed to Hollidaysburg, even though pitted against a superior team in size and weight, would have won, had it not been for bad breaks, the most dreaded thing in the game. Fighting brilliantly to the last ditch they met the first of their two defeats to the tune of 8-6.



Then came Dale, who was easily swept aside by Westmont's superior gridders, in easy manner the score being 24-0. Following this the defenders of the football cause at Westmont-Upper Yoder High were pitted against the county champions, the greatest High School Foot-ball machine that digs up the girdiron in this section of the state, today; none other than Portage High. Westmont, unwaveringly, travelled to Portage, only to be buried under a rather humiliating avalanch of touchdowns, numbering eight in all. But not once again did Westmont accept the bitter tastes of defeat. In a hard fought battle Ferndale was put aside. Conemaugh made a name, almost a nationally known name for Westmont by allowing themselves to be massacred by Engh's fast eleven, with a score of 83-0. Derry, a traditional rival, was readily defeated on their own field, 21-6. Cresson, a powerful and much touted team who had been beaten only by Portage, was next on Westmont's grid menu. Only after playing the greatest game of the year Westmont subdued them by the slim margin of a safety. The Alumni game, which closed the season, was won by Westmont only after a struggle, 14-6.

So the Westmont-Upper Yoder Football Team went through the most successful season of it's career, progressing day by day in knowledge of the game under the careful tutelage of Coach Carl A. Engh.

Not only is it our Athletic Department that has good reports. Westmont is proud of her three essays on "The Evolution of Cooking" and proud of the writers of these themes. Edwin Hartz was winner of the first prize offered by Blue Room Cooking School, a prize of twenty-five dollars, Rose Pudliner was winner of a prize of three dollars and Dorothy Yutzey was also a winner of a prize of three dollars.

And still another phase of school life is the Alumni Association of Westmont-Upper Yoder High School which sponsored last night in the school gymnasium a Christmas ball that was brilliantly successful. To the strain of music by Hess'-Penn-Sylvian Orchestra the couples enjoyed three hours of dancing. This was, of course, the principal diversion of the evening, yet reminiscences of the former school days of "the old gang" ranked a close second in furnishing the mirth and pleasure of the evening, and was the real motive of the Alumni Association in sponsoring the affair.

Another "sponsoring" affair that has been going on in the school was the prize essay contest, sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution, in which every student in the school participated. The subject of the essay was "The History of the American Flag"—a subject on which ample reference was obtained in each home room, in the library, and in the Cambria Library. The essays are written, the manuscripts submitted, but the winner of the gold medal has not yet been announced. That is the question, who will it be?

To come back to athletics. Since the football season has closed, the practice for basket-ball team began on Monday November 24th, giving slightly over two weeks preparation for the first game on December 16th. There is plenty of competition this year, and since competition calls for better playing, this year's team should be a success.



The greater majority of the boys out for the team this year, have had very little actual experience in variety playing; but this handicap will be most likely overcome after the first few games. Coach Engh has picked four teams on which he will devote his time for training and the members on these teams will be subject to promotion or demotion at any time. The regular line-up will not be known until December 16. This year Westmont is in section IV of the Cambria County High School League, comprised of Ferndale, Conemaugh, Dale, Richland, Southmont, and Westmont. There are four sections in the Cambria County League and the winners of these sections will meet at the end of the season to determine the county champions. Besides the ten regularly scheduled league games, games have been arranged or are pending with Johnstown Central, Cumberland, Latrobe, Greensburg and Junior College. With such a hard schedule and with the prospects of a good season, the team asks for the support of the student body and residents of Westmont and Upper-Yoder Township. Not only does your attendance help the team morally, but it helps financially, a fact which though rather annoying, is absolutely necessary.

The schedule for the year follows:

\*Indicates league games of Section IV, of the Cambria County Inter-scholastic League.

The unofficial schedule of the Varsity basket-ball team for the 1927-28 season as reported by Mr. Engh, our coach, is as follows:

* Dec.	16	Richland High School.....	at home
	20	Latrobe High School.....	away
*	21	Conemaugh High School.....	away
* Jan.	6	Ferndale High School.....	at home
*	10	Richland High School.....	away
*	13	Conemaugh High School.....	at home
*	17	Dale High School.....	at home
*	20	Southmont High School.....	at home
*	24	Dale High School.....	away
*	27	Ferndale High School.....	away
*	31	Southmont High School.....	away
Feb.	3	Johnstown Senior High School.....	at home
	10	Alleghany High School of Cumberland, Md.....	away
	11	Beall High School of Frostburg, Md.....	away
	17	Johnstown Senior High School.....	away
	24	Alleghany High School of Cumberland, Md.....	at home
Mar.	2	Punxsutawney High School.....	away
	9	Vandergrift High School (Pending).....	away
	16	Pending.....	at home

Season ticket books containing admissions to six (6) home games will be sold to students for one dollar (\$1.00). Adult tickets containing the same number of home games will cost \$1.50.

Any student who sells two (2) adult tickets will receive a student season-book free of charge.

\*These tickets can be procured from Mr. Engh or Robt. Campbell, Mgr. of Basket-ball.



