

# CHRISTMAS GOSSIP

WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME 3

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NUMBER 4

## THRIFT SAVINGS BANK CONTEST

At a recent meeting of the bank, the following questions were decided upon. First, the Thrift Savings Contest. All classes will be permitted to participate, beginning after the first of the year. The class that gets the largest percentage of depositors, who deposit one dollar or more will get the prize for that week. The prize will be a banner, the wording of which has not been fully decided upon. It will be awarded permanently to the class that wins it the greatest number of times during the school year.

The second question decided upon was that of deposit tickets. The bank plans to issue these tickets when one wishes to deposit money in the bank.

The third question concerns the budget. The budget will be printed and will be ready for distribution by the first of the year.

## SPLENDID CONCERT GIVEN BY MUSIC CLUBS

The combined music clubs of the Westmont-Upper Yoder High School gave a concert, Nov. 26th, at the Presbyterian Chapel. There was an appreciative audience in attendance, who seemed to so thoroughly enjoy the program that it was necessary for Miss Ames, the able director of the concert, to tell the people that the program was concluded. One prominent member of our School Board of Directors was heard remarking after the program: "Well, I don't know which I enjoyed more, this program or that of the Cleveland Symphony orchestra, which I heard last week."

One of the commendable features of the concert was that each number was well selected and was played, or sung in a manner which showed that an active appreciation for music had been awakened in the individual performers.

The program consisted of vocal numbers, given by the Girls' Glee Club, orchestral selections, and a Boys' quartette, sung by William Bailey, T. D. Williams, Lawrence Albert and George Gregory.

We are looking forward with great interest to the second concert, which will be given later in the year.

## "EXTRA—EXTRA"

The sorrowful query of "Will they never come," so often heard in the Senior class, was changed December ninth, to the joyful cry of "They're come, they've come." The good news spread like wildfire until the whole Senior class was caught in an uproar of excitement and the school police force was called out to quell the confusion. No it wasn't the arrival of Santa Claus or even the Easter Bunny, but something almost as important to the Seniors. It was the arrival of the 1925 class rings and pins.

## DRAMATIC CLUB

On Monday afternoon after school, December 8, the Dramatic Club presented to the students its first play of the year. The play, "A Christmas Chime," was written by Margaret Cameron and presented at the regular meeting of this organization. It is a pure comedy written in one act and because of their good acting the players made the play a huge success.

The plot portrays a series of complications ensuing from a broken engagement, the subsequent meeting of the parties concerned at a house party and the efforts of their host and hostess to keep them apart after learning of their broken engagement. Every minute throughout the play there is some line or action which provokes a hearty laugh.

Dorothea Wolf played the part of Gladys Terrill.  
John Gobin—Joe Terrill.  
William Bailey—Ted Owen.  
Mary Louise Burkhard—Dolly Wakely.

All took their parts quite cleverly, fitting themselves into their particular parts.

The Dramatic Club is now working on a Christmas play entitled "A Christmas Carol," which will be presented to the school Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 23rd (and Monday night, the 22nd, to the Home and School club, whose members expressed a wish to see it.

## THE 23rd SHORT STORY

Miss Trine is my teacher,  
I shall not pass,  
She maketh me to write short stories.  
She maketh me also to report on them.  
She reviseth my stories and leadeth me in the paths of short story writers.  
Yea, though I have many excuses, she will not relent.  
Her words and her marks, they terrify me.

She prepareth a test for me and my classmates.  
She annointeth my head with ink-  
quity,  
My eyes shed many tears.

Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,  
For I have labored long, and it seemeth as though I had dwelt on the study of short stories forever.  
Amen.

A weary and forlorn Sophomore,  
CERTRUDE HAIGHT, '27.

## A BLOW TO SCIENCE

Life is real, life is earnest,  
But it would be more sublime  
If we didn't have to study  
Science, Science all the time.

The people died who wrote it,  
The people died who spoke it,  
The people die who learn it,  
Blessed death, they surely earn it.  
SYLVIA RUSH, '28.

## GIRLS' CLUB PREPARE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

During the month of December, the Girls' Club had two meetings. At the first, on Dec. 4th, Clara Osgood, our former president, gave a very humorous and entertaining talk about her experience as a Freshman at the Pittsburgh College for Women. There was a short business meeting, and it was decided that the members would fill Christmas stockings with gifts suitable for soldiers in the hospitals.

At the second meeting, Dec. 12th, we had a very interesting program of readings and musical selections. The following program was given:

Monologue—"Father's Joy Ride"  
Francis McGahan  
Piano Solo.....Hermine Leubbert  
Reading—"The Painless Dentist"  
Vera Fulmer  
Monologue—"She Says She Studies"  
Mary Louise Boyle  
After the program, the girls dressed dolls, which they will give to the children in the hospital at Cresson, for Christmas.

## JUNIOR CLASS RESOLUTIONS

We, the Junior Class, hereby resolve,  
1. To support student government, by,  
a. Not talking after the tardy bell rings.  
b. Making no unnecessary confusion, while on the way to and in Chapel.  
2. To try hard to bring up our grades and eliminate all red marks.  
3. To support the school savings bank to the best of our ability.  
4. Not to make "beauty parlors" out of our class rooms and the Junior home room.  
5. To use dictionaries in studying all subjects, whenever necessary.  
H. HAWK.

## THE JANITOR'S CAT SEZ

I've been on a vacation, but I'm glad to be back on the job.  
I see more names on the Honor roll.  
Fine. Keep it up.  
I see the red grades are disappearing. Let's make them all disappear.  
I was pleased to hear that at least two chapel programs a month will be devoted to improving the singing of the school.  
Pencil marks look better on the paper than on the school furniture.  
Good citizens always respect the property of others.  
Waste baskets were invented to hold waste-paper, why not use them instead of the floor?  
Borrowers seldom have anything.  
I can't purr and catch mice at the same time. How can you talk and study at the same time?

## BASKETBALL

When the class of '24 graduated last year they took with them five varsity players of the basketball team. The only varsity man remaining was "Bill" Seitz, who was elected captain for the basketball year 1924-25. This year, as there were four vacancies, a large number of players were out for these places. As yet Mr. Engh has not picked his team, but he has confided to us that we will have a good team.

The manager, Robert Williams, has booked a number of games and anticipates a very interesting season.

The first game will be played with Juniata High School on the 19th of this month on the Y. M. C. A. floor. If we have the crowds we had last year we will be playing in our new gymnasium, which will be large enough for four hundred spectators. Let's not only look forward to next year's games, but give our customary support to the games of the coming season.

## RESUME OF SEASON'S FOOTBALL BALL GAMES

1. Westmont, 26—Fendale, 6.  
2. Westmont, 24—South Fork, 2.  
3. Westmont, 6—Boswell, 26.  
4. Westmont, 7—Cresson, 7.  
5. Westmont, 19—Catholic High, 0.  
6. Westmont, 6—Derry, 42.  
7. Westmont, 24—Cochran, 0.  
Totals—Westmont 112; Opponents 83.

## GIRLS' IDEA OF A FOOTBALL TEAM

Wrong End.....Ramón Navarro  
Won't Tackle.....Rudy Valentino  
Nose Guard.....Ricardo Cortez  
Middle Man.....Antonio Marino  
Vanguard.....Prince of Whales  
Fishing Tackle.....Dick Barthelmess  
Other End.....Richard Dix  
Some Back.....Conrad Nagel  
Better Half.....John Barrymore  
Last Half.....Milton Sills  
Full Back.....Lewis Stone  
Umpire.....Cecil De Mille

## CALENDAR FOR JANUARY

Jan. 5—School reopens.  
Chapel program—Sophomore Class  
Review of the year 1924.  
9—Basket ball, Cresson H. S.  
12—Chapel program—Commercial Law class—Mock Trial.  
Basketball—Winber H. S.  
16—Basketball—Johnstown H. S.  
19—Chapel program—Dramatic Club.  
19—Basketball—Conemaugh H. S.  
H. S.  
23—Basketball—Winber H. S.  
26—Chapel program—The Newspaper.  
Basketball—Johnstown H. S.  
30—Public Speaking Contest.  
Basketball—Conemaugh H. S.



GOSSIP

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THE YULETIDE SPIRIT

When the snow flies and the air has a frosty tang, and the nights become clear and cold, an indefinable spirit is born in the world. Each succeeding generation has experienced the change and has named it the "Christmas Spirit."

The impulse to perform some deed of good will at this time of the year is manifested in several ways. A typical reaction to the Yuletide Spirit is the mad rush of shopping from December first until the twenty-fourth. We start out early in the morning with a long gift-list. We examine casually hours at a time, possible gifts. Later our efforts become more frantic. After pushing, colliding with other shoppers and hours of weary search, we assemble our hard-won gifts and hide them until Christmas Day.

Why do we do these seemingly inexplicable things? Is this hurried performance of good will, indicative of a mind filled with grateful remembrance of the coming of the world's greatest gift?

When the great luminous star, shining over Christ's cradle in the manger, guided the wise men, bearing their precious gifts for Him, there was no such scene of frantic celebration. In the calm and loveliness of the night they brought their tribute to the great God, who sent into the world a Savior of mankind, who helped in turn, by His supreme effort of giving His life, to make the world happier and better. Is this not the real Christmas Spirit? The spirit of giving to those who need our gifts, of making happy those whose life has not had the light of happiness during the year? This is the real Christ-like spirit, and that is the Yuletide spirit, if we wish to observe the authentic original holiday of the Nativity.

A STOCKING'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

It was the most wonderful night, of the year, Christmas Eve, when little Ann took her pretty, white stocking from its warm drawer and hung it on her bed post. Then, turning out the lights she jumped into bed, pulled the white blankets around her head, and fell asleep, dreaming of Christmas.

All was still and dark; it was past midnight. Outside the snow was falling noiselessly and fast. The poor little stocking began to feel very lonely. The loneliness increased, and finally the stocking indignantly cried out:

"The very idea of taking me away from my brothers and sisters, and hanging me in this uncomfortable position on a bed post! And what's more, I'm almost frozen to death."

Little Ann, sleeping soundly and dreaming of Santa Claus, did not hear the little stocking's plea.

"Oh dear me, such an unkind world," mumbled the little stocking. "I suppose that wretched creature expects me to be worn all day tomorrow and no sleep tonight. Oh dear!"

This last complaint was interrupted by sleigh bells on the roof. Presently someone slid down the chimney.

"My land, robbers I suppose," said the stocking. "Oh, and look at me, right ready to be grabbed."

The stocking shook with fright. There was a bump, and out of the chimney pranced a little, fat man, dressed in a red suit, trimmed with beautiful white fur. A huge sack was strapped to his back.

"And a-n-d who are you, pray tell?" asked the scared little stocking.

"Me? Why do you mean to say you don't know who Santa Claus is?"

"What a funny name. Why your name's as funny as you are! But that's not telling me who you are," said the stocking, half laughing and half crying.

"Oh, so you are a new one on this job are you?"

"Well, I'm just two weeks old," said the stocking. "Look, not a hole or a darn in me!"

"That's just the kind I need," said Santa Claus, with a chuckle, for he knew he was going to have some fun with this stocking.

The little stocking watched every move of the spry little man as he opened his large sack of toys and sweets.

"Well, let me see now. From my record Ann has been a very good girl all these twelve months. Guess I'll have to reward her for that."

Then Santa took from his sack a large yellow orange and dropped it into the stocking.

"Oh, oh," gasped the stocking, "you nearly knocked the breath out of me. Oh, my tde! Tell me what you are doing!"

"Hush, hush, you'll scare the reindeer," said Santa Claus as he took from his bag a handful of toys and sweets.

"Oh, oh, wait a minute, you'll split my sides. I'm bursting; stop, stop! I can't possibly hold any more!"

Then Santa, placing a beautiful doll in the top of the stocking, picked up his bag and, as he started up the chimney called.

"Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas," muttered the doll. "Seems like I've heard that before. Why, upon my word! Didn't he say he was Santa Claus? Well, well, I was so frightened that I didn't care who he was. Why of course I've heard of him. Ann said when everyone is good he visits the homes of the children, making everyone happy. Dear me, how I growled when he was here. How ashamed I am!"

In the morning, very early, Ann jumped up and emptied her full stocking on the bed.

"Oh how happy I am. How good of you, little stocking!" said Ann (but she didn't know the little stocking was listening to every word.)

She placed the stocking back in the drawer and closed it.

"Well, where on earth have you been all night?" asked the brothers and sisters.

"Oh, I've had the most wonderful experience, making little Ann happy," said the stocking. "You don't know how happy you can be until you've made someone else happy."

Then the stocking related its adventurous story to the envious brothers and sisters of the honor of being a Christmas stocking.

MARY CAMPBELL, '26

THE DOLL SHOP

Time: Present, about two months before Christmas.

Place: Doll Shop.

Characters:

Maria Sykes—Shop-keeper.

Dolls

Teddy Bear

Tiny Fairy

Mary Jane

Betty Lou

Other important dolls.

Scene I

Maria (rearranging dolls)—Goodness, the way this shop gets mused, makes me believe sometimes these dolls are alive and delight in seeing me work. (She busily dusts for a few minutes.) Well, I'm not working any longer. It's twelve o'clock now. If I must work like this now, what must I do in about a month? (Puts on coat and hat and goes out. Locks the door behind her.)

Betty Lou (stretching)—Poor Maria, I'd like to do something nice for her. She works so hard to keep us neat.

Mary Jane—I do not see that she should be so tired as she pretends. I am so tired of seeing no customers that I could scream. The only people we see are Maria and a few people to buy birthday presents. Maria should have mercy on our poor ears, and stop her everlasting grumble.

Teddy—Now Mary Jane, you should have mercy on us also. You will see plenty of customers around Christmas time. I was here last year and know that while this shop is open, there are nearly always people in here buying dolls.

Mary Jane—Oh you little, brown, fuzzy bear, a lot you know about such things.

Betty Lou—Please stop quarreling and come, let's play. I'm so stiff.

Tiny Fairy—Teddy, will you wind up the old music box, so we can do our folk dance?

(Teddy does as asked. All the dolls scramble from their places and form a circle. They give their dance.) Teddy—Whew, that's work. While we rest, Tiny Fairy, will you do your ballet dance? You don't get tired as easily as we.

(She starts. The key is heard in the door. The dolls hurry back to their boxes and Maria enters.)

Maria—Goodness, there must be rats in this place by the scrambling I just heard. (She looks for rat-holes as curtain drops.)

Scene II

Time: December 20, at 9:30 P. M.

Place: Same as above.

(Maria has closed the shop for the night.)

Mary Jane—My, this has been a hard day. I never tried before to look my prettiest for a whole day.

Teddy—I told you that you would see plenty of Christmas shoppers.

Mary Jane (angrily)—Oh, Teddy, you do provoke me so. Stop or I'll cry and wash off all the pretty pink on my cheeks.

Betty Lou—Why must you two always quarrel so? We are all too tired for play, so let's just talk. How did you like that dear old lady who wore that adorable little bonnet?

Tiny Fairy—I liked her. I pitied her too, for while she was here, there was a tear in her eye as she said something about her grand-daughter being seriously injured, in a hospital. She bought that sweet Ma-Ma doll for her.

Mary Jane—I just hated her because when she looked at me, she said that I "was not of the huggable type," and that was what she wanted. I am glad I look that way. I hate hugging, especially by sticky little girls. I just adored that fur coat on that rich lady. She was so very lovely too. She stood here for about ten minutes, and I feel certain that she wants me yet.

Teddy—There you go again, Pride. Presently you will fall. I suppose you fell in love with that ten year old snob with her, did you?

Betty Lou—Teddy, will you please stop? Everyone is allowed his own opinion. For my part, I loved that poor little girl who just looked. I wanted to throw myself in her chubby little arms.

Tiny Fairy—I did too. She looked so envious of the other little girls who handled us, but she seemed to be afraid. Poor dear, I wonder if she will have any Christmas.

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Betty Lou—"I'd like to make one little girl happy."

Mary Jane—"Won't you please keep quiet now? I must sleep or I'll lose my renowned beauty."

Tiny Fairy—"We all need it, for we hope to be chosen by Santa Claus to be put under some Christmas tree on Christmas Eve, and we must be beautiful. Goodnight."

All—Goodnight folks, goodnight.

EMMA MAY JONES, '25

BILLY'S DREAM

"Well, Billy, what would you like for Christmas?"

Billy puckered his brow thoughtfully, his mouth was too full of candy for speech. When it was partially empty, he managed to reply:

"I dunno. Losh o' things." He chewed violently for several moments, then spread out one chubby hand and numbered his desires.

"Iectric engine, wagon, sled, bat, football suit, ice skates, football, tennis racquet, automobile and a German police dog! I guess that's all."

"That's enough," laughed his aunt, mentally noting down his gift-list.

Billy Jennings was seven years of age and a more selfish, greedy boy of seven was never seen. He was spoiled, but not pampered.

It was two days before Christmas and Billy had, long ago, published his Christmas list everywhere. Of course, like all boys, he was now on his very best behavior.

Billy was spending the day at his aunt's and while they were eating dinner she inquired about his Christmas wishes. Billy had stuffed himself so full, he was unable to reply.

"Well, Billy, you'd better run along home before it's too dark. I'll see what I can get you, if you are real good. Goodbye, dearie."

"Goodbye, Aunt Alice. Thank you for the nice day—I've had a very nice time."

Having recited his well-memorized speech, Billy turned and trudged through the glistening snow, towards home.

When he had gone two blocks he met a pale, thin, tired-looking youngster.

"Hello, Billy, merry Christmas!"

"Oh, hello. Merry Christmas, yourself. Watcha' gettin' for Christmas?" Jimmie Barnes dug his shoes into the snow and blushed, while hot tears rolled down his sunken cheeks.

"Nothin'. My sister's sick and there ain't no money!" He sighed audibly. He had just been gazing wistfully into a store window, at a two-dollar football, picturing himself kicking it across a field. But two dollars! Mother could never spare that! He had torn himself away and then met Billy Jennings, his idol. Billy, to whom two dollars was barely worth mentioning.

"Well, I gotta go, so long."

When Billy reached home his mother kissed him and began to divest him of his wraps.

"Did you have a nice time, darling?"

"Yes, mother."

"Plenty to eat?"

"Yes, mother."

"Did you thank Aunt Alice?"

"Yes, mother." Sigh.

"All right, dear, run along to bed now."

Billy obeyed, slept all night and managed to pass the next day and night in some manner. Then came Christmas and such a wonderful Christmas.

Billy received all he wanted and more. He stuffed candy and nuts all day, ate two turkey-dinners at home and went to his Aunt Alice's and ate more.

What a pitiable contrast was Barnes' wretched home to Jennings' home of wealth and plenty.

The fire, in the former, was out—there was no fuel, the table was empty there was no food. Jennie, the sister, was sick, pale and exhausted from continuous coughing; Mrs. Barnes was weary and forlorn and Jimmie was wishing and sighing for something to eat, while back in Jennings' Billy was preparing for bed, so full and sick he could scarcely stand.

"Goodnight, Billy dear, you'll be all right in the morning. Good night."

"Good-night."

Billy tumbled into his cold, white bed, feverish and sick, but unwilling to admit it.

He fell into a restless slumber after much tossing. He soon began to dream.

He dreamt he was on a ship alone, surrounded by piles of packages tied with red ribbon, and heaps of turkey. The sea was a heaving mass of white bundles tied with red ribbon, and candy—sticky, red, peppermint—candy. The sails of the ship were big sheets of red candy. Suddenly Billy saw Jimmie Barnes floating around on the water, crying for food and gifts. From another direction came Santa Claus, and when he neared Billy he began to talk. He delivered a cruel, severe sermon to Billy, calling him the "meanest, greediest, most selfish boy in the world" and praised Jimmie. He told Billy he'd have to eat sticky, red, peppermint cady till he died, and untie white presents tied with red ribbon, until he fell over from exhaustion, because he was so selfish and never even gave Jimmie a thing. Here Santa faded away and Billy awoke with a start, to find himself in his mother's arms.

"Darling, what is wrong? You were screaming and crying and jumping up and down in bed and hitting at something."

Billy, shamefacedly told his dream. But the next day the Barnes received a mysterious invitation to Jennings'. They were sent for and were treated royally. And, by the way, Billy has never touched sticky red candy, nor white bundles and never stuffed himself since.

HERMINE LUEBBERT.

ANCIENT RENO

[Enter King Arthur]

Arthur—Oh, ho! What a dreary day for court. I do hope that something exciting happens. It seems as though the only cases I settle are dog and cat fights.

[Enter Crier]

Crier—Sir, I am sorry to inform you that three alarming cases await your decision.

Arthur—Man, are you insane? Alarming! Did you say alarming? (Crier nods). Hooray! Bring them in. Hurry.

[Enter guard with Elaine, who is sobbing]

Arthur—now, now, my proud beauty. No sob stuff in this court. Please state your trouble.

Elaine—Oh mighty king and judge, I would like a decree of divorce from my husband. Ever since I bobbed my hair he has been cruel to me. All his days are spent with knights and all his nights are spent in a daze.

Arthur (to crier)—And you said this was alarming! (To Elaine) Is your husband in court?

Elaine—Yes, oh king. He sits yonder biting his finger nails. His name is Lancelot.

Arthur—Lancelot, arise, retire and match wits with Sir Gawain. Next case.

[Enter Juliet (haughtily)]

Juliet—Sir, my case is brief. My husband insists on serenading me with selections on his saxophone.

Arthur—Enough! Enough! His name, and where is he? Romeo (rising)—Here I am. Should I play a selection?

Arthur—Yes, Homleyo, you may retire to the court yard and fight a duel with the Comte de Paris. May the best man win! (Arthur sips some wine, and then speaks to attendant)—Now, bring in an alarming case.

[Enter Katrinka]

Katrinka—King Arthur, every night my husband brings home a fake head and then he nearly laughs his own head off. I can stand it no longer. There he is, your honor. There's Brom Bones! (Everyone, excepting ladies, laughs.)

Arthur—Silence and order! Brom Bones, Ichabod Crane awaits you at the race track. Your penalty is a race. Go. (Arthur sips more wine; ladies whisper).

Arthur—This has been a pretty good day, after all. There may be three divorces granted.

[Enter Lancelot, Romeo, Brom Bones.]

Arthur—Lancelot, how are you here?

Lancelot—King Arthur, I told Gawain a prohibition joke and he dropped dead.

[Elaine runs to Lancelot and cries] My hero!

Arthur—Here is Homleyo, also. How are you here?

Romeo—Your honor, I started to play "Doddle Dee Doo" to Duke Paris. His wig turned gray and he died of old age.

Juliet—My Romeo! How brave!

Arthur—Silence again. Trombone, how are you here?

Brom Bones—Well, king, it was like this. Just as I started to race Ichabod, a Mister Barney Google had him arrested for stealing Spark Plug, and now he is in jail.

Katrinka—My Bones, my Bones!

Spectators—Good night!

Arthur (in disgust)—Good night is right!

CHARLES TEMPLE. '28.

JACKIE GOES CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Dec. 10, 1924

Pulling his coat collar up around his neck and his cap down over his ears, Jackie Brandon, a lad of nine, started out in a blinding snow storm to do his own Christmas shopping.

Just a year ago Jackie learned that there was no "Santa Claus," and so felt quite grown up at being allowed to make his own purchases at Christmas time.

Mother said: "I'm afraid the stores will be too crowded for such a small boy." But Daddy couldn't see it that way and said:

"Oh let him go, he's big enough to take care of himself and experience is a wise teacher, you know."

After receiving some money from his daddy, Jackie went on his way. In his hurry he forgot that the pavements were icy and he fell headlong in front of a fat lady, making her drop all her packages. Jackie began to cry, but remembering that he was quite grown up, jumped up and after gathering up the lady's packages, hurried on. Entering the Penn Traffic Jackie found what his mother had said to be true and he hardly knew which way to turn. Remembering his daddy first he hurried towards the men's department. It was quite crowded but Jackie managed to get waited on and when asked what he wanted he quickly replied, "A pair of house slippers for my daddy."

"What kind do you prefer, young man?" questioned the clerk.

"I don't know. What kind do you have?" answered Jackie.

"Step right over here, sonny, and I'll show them to you," was the reply.

Jackie obeyed and decided upon a light tan pair. After they were wrapped and Jackie got his change, he hurried over to the ladies' department where he purchased a sewing basket for his aunt.

After this purchase was made, he wandered over to the book counter where he found just exactly the book he wanted for his oldest sister.

Next he took the elevator to the art department where, after much consideration he bought a fancy apron for his mother.

His little sister was not to be forgotten, so down to the toy department he hurried.

"Oh! just what I want for little Janet. Yes, I'll take it," he exclaimed, and the clerk immediately wrapped the package.

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(Continued from page 3, column 4)

Oh, dear, he nearly forgot Grandpa and that would be a great mistake, so back to the men's department he trotted, where he bought a beautiful tie. Just the kind Grandpa would like.

Now to get his last present which was for his big brother. What was it his brother said he wanted? Oh yes, a pipe, so that's what Jackie bought.

Now the next problem was to get the presents home safely without any one seeing them. His money was all gone and he was very tired, and of course glad to get home. Every one was inquisitive, but Jackie refused to answer one question. After dinner was over he went to his room without being told. He wrapped the presents and then was soon in bed. Jackie lay there for a while thinking about his shopping and wondering if he would get what he wanted. Then, remembering that tomorrow was Christmas he closed his tired eyes and was soon asleep.

Jackie was the first to wish everyone a "Merry Christmas," and soon had everyone else up by his shouts. After breakfast was over everybody gathered around the big Christmas tree in the parlor and Jackie began to distribute his presents. First Daddy received his, then mother, little Janet, Aunt Sarah, Grandpa, and then Joselyn, his oldest sister.

Jackie looked around to see where Bob, his brother was, and then hearing a loud snore picked up a small package and ran upstairs.

"Get up Bob, this is Christmas. Here's your present," called Jackie.

Bob yawned and rolled over in bed. He reached out his hand for the package and with half closed eyes opened it. He looked and looked at it. Was it a pipe? He winked and blinked. Maybe he was only dreaming. Sure enough that's what it was.

"Jackie if you mean this for a joke take it and get out 'cause I want to sleep." He handed Jackie the queer looking corn-cob pipe. Jackie was insulted and closed his brother's door with a bang.

Had he forgotten the folks down stairs? No, he'd peep through the banisters before he went down. Yes, they had unwrapped their presents. What was it he heard Aunt Sara say? "It was a child's sewing box." Surely not, but yes she did because he could see her holding a celluloid doll in one hand and little scraps of colored material in the other. Oh why hadn't he looked inside instead of just at the outside of the basket?

"Sara, maybe you could wear this apron, for I can't get it around me," he heard mother say.

"Can you imagine me wearing a bright blue tie with orange spots?" questioned Grandpa.

"Mamma, what is this?" asked little Janet as she scrambled over to the other side of the room.

"Why dear, that's a tool box, that surely isn't yours is it Janet?" asked mother.

"Why didn't Jackie get me a dollie?" was the only reply.

"Say mother, what on earth possessed that boy to buy such an outrageous size?" asked father holding up a pair of house slippers about the size of boots.

"Well, I suppose he was afraid he'd get them too small and told the clerk you were very big. Bless his little heart," said sympathetic mother.

"And will you look what he gave me, Thurston's Book of Magic tricks," said Joselyn reading the title aloud.

They could suppress their merriment no longer and everybody laughed outright. This brought the tears to Jackie's eyes for he had tried so hard to please them.

"Jackie"—came a call from down stairs, but no answer.

"Jackie"—"still no answer.

"Jackie come on down stairs."

This sent the lad to his room instead of bringing him down stairs. For once he had dared to disobey. Footsteps were heard coming up the stairs, and Jackie trembled with fear. His father entered the room and exclaimed, "Why, Jackie, you aren't crying are you. Did you forget this is Christmas and there are presents down stairs for you. Won't you come down. Now tell me why you're crying, my little man."

Jackie's face lit up because he liked to be called "a little man." Well—daddy—I—tried—to—get—nice—presents—that—everyone—would like—but—they—only—laughed—at—them," sobbed Jackie.

"Well come on sonny, we'll go down stairs. I'm sure everyone likes their presents, and as to the slippers you gave me, they are fine only just a little too large, but mother can exchange them for the right size."

Then daddy took Jackie's hand and led him down stairs, where everybody thanked him and assured him that they appreciated his thoughtfulness. Jackie felt discouraged, but after unwrapping his presents he was so happy. A pair of gloves from his aunt, books, games and everything a boy could want. He even got the dog he wanted, from his father. After receiving all his presents he said, "Oh, Gee, I'm never going to try to do my own shopping again. Every thing you got me is just perfect and what I got is all wrong. I'll never do it again."

"Well Jackie, dear, how do you suppose we learned to do our shopping?" asked mother.

"Was that what Dad meant when he said 'experience is a wise teacher.'"

"Yes," answered mother.

"And so it is," said Grandpa, shaking his white head and remembering the first "Christmas Shopping" he did.

LUCILLE PETRIKEN, '26

## SANTA CLAUS ON THE "LIMITED"

Scene I—Living room of Smith home in California.

Mrs. Smith—That phone! Will it never stop ringing? It sounds like a long distance call, doesn't it John?

Mr. Smith—Yes it does Margaret—never mind I'll answer it.  
(Goes out of the room—returns excitedly.)

Guess what? Your mother and father have invited us to spend Christmas with them in New York.

Mrs. Smith—Oh John, how wonderful! You will let us go won't you? Of course we'll go in the Ford and the children will enjoy it so. Oh, dear! I'm so excited.

Mr. Smith—We'll go of course. It will be a wonderful vacation. But we won't go in the Ford.

Mrs. Smith—But—

Mr. Smith—Now don't argue with me Margaret. You have never been East in winter and you haven't had much experience with Fords either.

Mrs. Smith—All right, John, dear. Oh here come the children. They will be so surprised. Come here, dears.

(Enter three children, Buddie, aged ten, Jane, aged eight, and Dick aged six.)

Mrs. Smith—Grandma and Grandpa have invited us all to New York to spend Christmas. Won't that be grand—and maybe we'll go in the—

Mr. Smith (decidedly)—No, we won't go in the Ford and that's final. We'll go in the train.

Mrs. Smith—All right John, dear—only I do think it would be a lovely trip.

Buddie—Goodie! There will be snow there won't there Mama? And I can go sledding.

Jane—Oh! Then Santa Claus can come in a sleigh like I read and not on roller skates like he has to here.

Dick—And I can sleep on the chuchu train, can't I mama?

(Curtain)

Scene II—On the train bound for New York. On chair car.

Mrs. Smith—Oh dear—I'm so glad I met you Mrs. Silby. It's so nice to be able to talk to some one on this long trip. And your little boy Bobbie and your girl Mary make such lovely playmates for my children. Then Mr. Silby and John get along so well together too. My dear would you look at that horrid old Mr. Jones, he's actually telling the children to go somewhere else to play. Goodness gracious I have no patience with people who don't like children. Here we have been three days on the same car with him and he hasn't said one nice word to them. Come here dears and play.

Mary—That funny old man has a nice picture book and I want to see it.

Mrs. Silby—Come Mrs. Smith, let's go out on the observation car. I do love to see the country—it's so different.

(Exit Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Silby.)

(Mary and Jane approach old man.)

Mary—May we see those nice pictures?

Mr. Jones (old man with white whiskers and bald head)—No, no, child—run along and play.

Jane—Your name is Mr. Jones, isn't it?

Mr. Jones—Do run along children. I don't want to be bothered.

(Buddie, Dick and Bobby come up to his chair.)

Dick—Don't you like sleeping on a chuchchu train—I do.

Mr. Jones—Children must I call your parents, or will you be good?

Buddie—Did you ever go sled-riding?

Bobby—I have a dandy pair of skates I'll let you try when we get to New York, Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones (utters hopeless sigh)—All right children come here. See (holds up book). Yes that's a picture of a horse and see that's a little pig. (Enter Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Silby.)

Mrs. Silby (gasps)—My goodness, look. (Both stare at Mr. Jones.) He's actually talking to them and laughing. Mrs. Smith—Oh well, so much the better. How many stitches did you say to put on for this sweater.

(Curtain)

Scene III—In chair car of same train.

Mrs. Smith (weeping)—Oh goodness, this dreadful train has been delayed one whole day by that wreck. We arranged to arrive at mother's just the day before Christmas and now we won't get there on time. What on earth will we do and no presents for the children either. I knew we should have gone in the Ford.

Mr. Smith (dryly)—We wouldn't have arrived till next week if we had.

Mrs. Silby—It's horrible (starts to cry.)

(Enter Mr. Jones)—My dear friends! What's the trouble?

Mrs. Silby (between sobs)—Tomorrow is Christmas and we don't have any presents for the children—oh my! What shall we do?

Mr. Jones (thoughtfully)—Oh, well I might as well do it. (Whispers something to them.)

Mrs. Smith (joyfully)—Would you really? We would never be able to thank you enough!

Mrs. Silby—Oh you dear man.

(Kisses him)

(Curtain)

Scene IV—Christmas day on the same train. The children are busily engaged opening presents. Mr. Jones is attired as Santa Claus. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Silby stand near, looking happily at their children.

Mr. Silby—This is wonderful of you Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones—Tut-tut—I bought all these presents and this costume in California to surprise my little grandchildren with today. But it is just as well to please these dear children; since I will be late arriving at home. I am glad to do it.

(Curtain)

LOUISE COOK, '25



ALUMNI NOTES

Alice Riley, '21, and Mary Wright, '22, are now teaching in Franklin grade school.

Sarah Geer, '24, came home Friday, November 21st, for a tonsil operation. She and Clara Osgood, also from P. C. W., were just ready to go back after a pleasant Thanksgiving vacation, when they received word that school would not open until Dec. 8, on account of a case of Scarlet fever, which had developed in P. C. W. over vacation.

Margaret Roach, '24, is convalescing rapidly after an operation for appendicitis. She was operated on Dec. 1st, at the Mercy Hospital, where she is training to be a nurse.

Catherine Krieger is home after a long stay in a Philadelphia Hospital, where she recently underwent a severe operation.

The following, who go away to school, spent Thanksgiving vacation at home:

- Vera Meehan—Rosemont.
- Hilda Meehan—Rosemont.
- Ross Cook—Pittsburg.
- Catherine Fisher—Lock Haven.
- Marion Bailey—Lock Haven.
- Catherine Simmons—Indiana.
- Mildred Wagle—Pittsburg.
- Sylvia Zaconic—Pittsburg.
- Isabell Wilner—Pittsburg.
- Mary Brands—Carnegie Tech.
- Olive Proudfoot—State.
- Alvin Proudfoot—State.
- Frank Leashey—State.
- William Hinkle—State.
- Charles Tarr—Westminster.
- Margaretfahn—Allegheny.
- Margaret Jones—Harrisburg.

THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

One cold winter night in July, with dense rain clouds hurdling through the clear atmosphere, a sulking figure might be seen fighting his way through the blinding sunbeams. With coat collar turned high and his sleeves rolled up to his finger tips, he plodded wearily homeward. Soon he turned short into a clear path covered with some three feet of snow, leading to his paternal mansion of three rooms.

Before crossing the threshold he paused for a mere hour and gazed with turned back at the cheerful atmosphere within, at the children just going to bed. He recalled vividly how his 50,000 rubles had been speculated the week before in the "See All Class Eye Company." He had lost all. Now his children must suffer the lack of Christmas presents because he had plunged too heavily into the wild-cat scheme. The glass eyes had positively refused to see. But how could he explain to the children on the morrow?

He staggered into his house and crept cautiously to the door of his children's room. Here what should greet his tympanic membrane but the prayers of his children to Santa Claus.

"Ah me," sighed he, "what shall I do for presents to my children?" Just then a loud clanking of wheels and a smell of burning wood predominated the atmosphere. He had thought of a wild scheme!

He grabbed his trusty musket and jumped out the door, and fired (killing eleven chickens and shooting half the barn away in his haste).

The children awakened at the loud report immediately rushed down stairs. "Oh daddy what was that terrible

noise we just heard," cried they. Between their frantic cries he replied, "Someone shot Santa."

'25 }JOHN H. GRAZIER  
}JOHN B. COBIN

NICKNAMES

1. Hermine Luebert—"Rusty," cause of her "rusty" hair. She must like it.
2. Vera Fulmer—"Nooks." Her sister gave it to her. However, she isn't stuck on it.
3. Irving Camp—"Camp"—nobody knows why. He seems to be able to stand it.
4. Leonard Grazier—"Len." It seems so cute, he must be in love with it.
5. Lycurgus Gurley—"Horse"—he somewhat resembles one?
6. Verna Fulmer—"Nern"—push-on by her sister, but she seems to enjoy it.
7. Rosemary Bingham—"Bing" and "Chewing Gum Liz"—due to several peculiarities of her. She stands up under the onslaught, however.
8. Josephine Whitten—"Joe." Is there such a one? We hope so.
9. Mary Frances Tarr—"Fancy"—because she likes it.
10. Mary Louise Boyle—"Weezie"—we wonder if it comes from a similar word?

11. Roberta Williams—"Beat"—another one fond of the male sex.
12. William Bailey—"Piv"—a certain person?? Seems to like it.
12. Lida Cook—"Cookie." Is she?
14. Homer Dishong—"Fat"—he's so slim.
15. Kathleen Coll—"Cappy"—it suits her personality.
16. Charlotte Dunkle—"Dunk"—given by a Junior to her. What does it mean?
17. Walter Sides—"Shiek"—because of his "shiek" haircomb.
18. Andrew Crichton—"Andy"—because he resembles a certain other popular Andy?
19. Olympia Viscount—"Lymp." We've seen her do it.
20. Fred Brickner—"Brick." It suits him.

—Verna Fulmer, '27.

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JOKES

Mr. Falls—"Your answer reminds me of Quebec."  
Wm. Woods—"How come?"  
Mr. Falls—"It's built on a bluff."

Miss Higgon—"Why don't you people ever know your lessons?"  
Wm. Woods—"There are too many dates to remember."

Miss Higgons—"Why William, I haven't asked you for a date today!"

Mgr. Baker bought a soft football to practice.  
Seitz—"That ball reminds me of near beer."

Baker—"Why?"  
Seitz—"The kick's all out of it."

Mr. Engh in Commercial Law—"How far does your property extend?"  
Class—"To the sky and to the center of the earth."

Engh—"Why doesn't it extend through the center?"  
Ev. James—"We want to give the poor Chinks a chance."

CRACKED ICE

It was such a cold night that Grandma, who was a flapper of 1928, had to run the electric fan to keep warm. The children, including grandfather,

were busily decorating the Christmas tree for the Fourth of July celebration. It was a beautiful pine tree, and its natural oak leaves glistened in the bright May sun. Baby Joe, who was six months old, ran to the window and watched Sister Jack and Brother Ruth running to school. Ruth, like all had boys, was throwing stones at a cute little Scotch Collie poodle, while her sister Jack pushed his go-cart down Maud Alley. All of a sudden, a gust of wind blew in through the tightly closed attic window and knocked Jenny, the cook, down the cellar stairs. She started to cry because she thought she was killed, when suddenly she found herself sitting in the middle of her bed, half awake and vice versa.  
—Mary Francis Tarr, '28.

IMAGINE THE SENIOR CLASS IF—

Dorothy Stenger and Blanche Hite exchanged dresses.  
Eliza Johns forgot to give everyone a pleasant smile.  
Florence Stutzman had three consecutive hours at her own disposal.  
Margaret Sutton and Rose Callet always agreed.  
Clifford Gay and Carl Arendt engaged in a boxing match.

Louise Sheridan was not always in a hurry.  
Jane Clark should suddenly become shy.

John Grazier weighed 200 pounds.  
Albert Baker forgot to be "Shiek."  
T. D. Williams and William Seitz forgot to talk "Athletics."  
Lena Horton was not seen carrying candy at noon.  
Emma May Jones had bobbed hair.

MY DAD

My Dad says he can't understand When girls begin to rhyme,  
Why they should always write About their mothers all the time.

He says in most girls' magazines On some page or another,  
You're sure to find a poem written All about "My Mother."

You never find a word to say How good their Dad may be.  
It's mother this and mother that As far as he can see.

And so next time I write a poem "I'll be about my Dad,  
The dearest, sweetest, bestest Dad I ever could have had.

—Ruth Van Wagner, '29.

A CHRISTMAS CALL

Setting—Living room.  
Christmas Eve.

Characters, 3 sisters.  
Bob, their brother.  
(Telephone rings.)

1st Sister: "Bob please answer the phone, and if it is Jim or Ted, I am not at home."

2nd Sister: Oh Bob I am not at home if Jerry calls, if it is Fred tell him I am out with Bill.

(Bob walks toward the phone.)

1st Sister: If it Fred I guess I will talk to him, for maybe he is going to invite me to the Wilson dance.

3rd Sister: Bob! please come here, (Bob looks in at the door).

Bob: Hurry Sis.

(A sharp ring of the phone is heard from the hall.)

3rd Sister: "I just wanted to tell you if Ben wants to talk to me I guess I will talk."

Bob: (He is heard lifting the receiver)—Hello, no this is not 1-9-2-5, but Circle 3-6-9-1. I beg your pardon, but what did you say? Oh thank you—same to you and a Happy New Year.

(Hangs up the receiver and the 3 sisters sigh.)

JANE CLARK, '25.

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