

# MIDWINTER GOSSIP

WESTMONT-UPPER YODER HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME 3

JANUARY, 1925

NUMBER 5

## THE GIRLS' CLUB PLAY

The Girls' Club is carrying out its tradition this year by presenting something more difficult than anything they have ever attempted before. Their annual play will be Goldsmith's best known comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," to be given Friday evening, February 6. Last year they presented two very modern one act plays, "Suppressed Desires," and "The Florist Shop." This year's play is a five act comedy which takes us back to Eighteenth Century life in England. The play is a charming idyl in which the rough edges of the world are ground smooth, in which faults turn out to be virtues and mistakes to be blessings. Soon after the opening of the play a riotous scene is presented at the "Three Pigeons," led by the loutish squire, Tony Lumpkin, who expresses his crude philosophy of life in his song—

"Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,  
With grammar, and nonsense and learning;

Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,  
Gives genius a better discerning."

Two lost travelers appear whom Tony mischievously diverts to the house of step-father, Mr. Hardcastle's, as to an inn. The travelers are young. Marlow, whom Hardcastle is

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## CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR FEBRUARY

- Feb. 5—Boys' Club, 12:30.  
Feb. 6—Girls' Club Play—"She Stoops to Conquer."  
Basketball—Mount Savage—away.  
Feb. 7—Basketball—Cresson—away.  
Feb. 9—Chapel—Miss Hammond—Trip Around the World.  
Feb. 12—Girls' Club—12:30.  
Feb. 13—Basketball—Ferndale—home.  
Feb. 16—Chapel—Music.  
Feb. 19—Boys' Club—12:30.  
Feb. 20—Basketball—Leechburg—home.  
Feb. 21—Basketball—Altoona—away.  
Feb. 23—Chapel—Washington and Lincoln program.  
Feb. 26—Girls' Club—12:30.  
Feb. 27—Basketball—Mt. Savage—home.  
Feb. 28—Basketball—Juniata—away.

## SKIING

Youty, Yout, is heard from the hill.  
Oh! goodness me look! such a spill.  
There Johnnie, Billy and Ted did lie  
As their pair of skis did fly.  
They tried to come down a very swift slide,  
But did not have quite a perfect ride.

Youty, you, again is heard  
There comes John, oh how absurd!  
But goodness me, he must be thrilled  
Though just the same he might be killed.  
Oh! There he's turning 'round that bend,  
At last he's safely at the end.

Now Billy tries to display his skill,  
But in vain, again he fell down the hill.  
He tumbled and rolled, and it was a fall,  
That when he got up he could only crawl.  
Now skiing is a jolly sport,  
But I prefer a game of some other sport.

ANNA WILNER, '27.

## INTERESTING SPEAKERS AT BOYS' CLUB

On January 8th, Dean McGahan gave a very interesting report on his trip to Titusville, Pa., where he attended an Older Boys' Conference, December 8th and 9th. This conference had for its theme of discussion: "Christian Fellowship," which was symbolized by the torch which we had at our school last Spring. The torch will start on another two-year journey over Western Pennsylvania, bearing as its symbol—Truth.

On January 22nd Mr. Harry Cramer, engaged in the insurance business in Johnstown, gave a very helpful and inspiring talk on the "Importance of Education in the Business World." He gave as statistics the information that out of one thousand boys, one hundred and forty-eight graduated from high school, and twenty-three from college. He proved that it was the boys with good training that made the most success in the business world.

Andrew Crichton: "Do people fall off this cliff often?"

Guide: "No, only once."

Miss Canon: "What is an oyster?"

Roberta Williams: "An oyster is a fish built like a nut."

## SPLENDID PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

A contest of an interesting and varied nature was given at Westmont-Upper Yoder High School Thursday night, Jan. 29th, at eight o'clock. The contest was to determine the best speakers in our school, and the two awards, a gold medal for first prize, and a silver one for second, are the annual gifts of Mr. George T. Robinson, for this event.

There were fifty contestants who tried out for the preliminaries, and from this number, twelve were chosen to represent the school in the finals. Their readings were very happy selections and it was indeed difficult for the judges, Mrs. F. L. Carpenter, Miss Myra B. Swisher and Rev. J. R. Roberts, to come to a decision as to the winners of the contest.

The first prize was awarded to Jo Muckley, who gave Mark Twain's account of "Our Guide In Genoa and Rome," and the silver medal was won by Vera Fulmer, who read "The Per-

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## BASKETBALL RESUME

Westmont, 36—Juniata, 32, at home.  
Westmont, 29—Alumni, 46, at home.  
Westmont, 41—Somerset, 30, abroad.  
Westmont, 36—Cresson, 32, at home.  
Westmont, 23—Windber, 44, abroad.  
Westmont, 33—Johnstown, 56, at home.  
Westmont, 35—Windber, 33, at home.  
Westmont, 29—Tyrone, 46, abroad.

## THE PRIZE POEM

Oh come and meet, just once a month  
And show your spirit true;  
For if you don't and if you won't,  
Just see the ones that do.  
Just see the ones that do.

They are happy, proud and say, if you  
come and be as gay,

Your boys and girls of High School  
age will follow in your way,  
So please be prompt and please be true,  
To the Home and School Club here  
So please be prompt and please be true,  
To the Home and School Club here.

JOHN METZNER, '25.

This was the prize-winning poem in the contest given by the Home and School Club. This poem is to be sung at all the meetings and symbolizes the purpose of the organization.



# GOSSIP

## STAFF

Published by the Westmont-Upper  
Yoder High School

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Nineteen twenty-five has brought all the newness, freshness and inspiration that a new year always brings. By the time, three hundred and sixty-five days have revolved through the mind of the old year, its brain has become quite muddled—comparing it with the condition of your editor's after one week of examinations—and is in need of some renovation.

Nature, realizing that nineteen twenty-four was in danger of brain fever after the crowning strain of the holiday festivities, set to work to mend the situation.

The crisp, cool winds blew from the trees the worn-out leaf-thoughts, and the snow, sometimes gentle and soft, sometimes blustering and rough, covered them. Those leaves are dead, but they were not wanted, for without them the tree, which, in the past year symbolizes a problem solved, a decision reached or a conclusion drawn, could never have grown. Even yet those thoughts are not useless. The elements of the leaves are each year used over by the trees as they grow larger and more beautiful. Likewise each year our ideas concerning the world and human nature grow. The ideas are based on the same thoughts, only the thoughts, as they are torn into their elements and built up again, change to a higher plane of understanding.

There are some impressions that do not change, just as the evergreen's leaves stay fresh and green. Those are the pictures that live through our mind intact—a beautiful painting, a poem picture, a lovely landscape, or simply the remembrance of some perfect moment in the past year.

A new mind makes a new person, so we have before us a New Year, fresh, joyous yet mysteriously intangible. When our brain is clear and we feel happy and confident we do our best; so while the year is still young let us fill it with the best that is in us!

We were very disappointed and sorry to find that Miss Higgon, of our history department, was unable to return to us, after the holidays. Miss Higgon had been ill before vacation, but had recovered sufficiently to be present the week preceding Christmas. A nervous breakdown, following an attack of la grippe and pleurisy, has made it impossible to return to school this year. The "Gossip" and its readers wish her a speedy recovery.

### "THE JANITOR'S CAT"

The pavements were made to walk on. Why not use them?

Even though the space in the school is continually being decreased, we should do our best to help conditions.

The public speaking contest causes the absence of teachers from the study halls. Why should anyone take advantage of it?

It doesn't require an Honor System to be honest.

I notice that not as much paper is on the floor as there was last month. Let's see if we can't keep the floors entirely clean of paper.

One of our players said the other day that the rooters of the neighboring schools were poor sports because they refused to keep quiet while fouls were being shot. Let's see that he doesn't get the same opinion about us.

### BOOK REVIEW OF LORNA DOONE

Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" is a delightful book to read. It is a romance because the characters, incidents, time and scenery are alike romantic. In shaping this tale, the writer does not wish to claim the dignity nor cumber it with the difficulty of a historic novel.

The writer also thinks the outlines are filled in more carefully, and the situations (however simple) more warmly colored and quickened, than the reader would expect to find in a legend.

He also knows that any son of France, chancing upon this volume, could not fail to recall the nursery tales of his childhood—the tragic deeds of the outlaw Doones in the depths of Bagworthy, Forest, the beauty of the hapless maid brought up in their midst, and the plain John Ridd's herculean power.

DORA DU PONT.

(Continued from page 1, column 1) expecting as the suitor for his daughter, and his friend Hastings. Hardcastle recognizes them, but Marlow and Hastings also for a time, believe themselves in a hostelry, think Hardcastle is the host and his daughter the servant, and behave accordingly. The situation, however, favors the love affair between Miss Hardcastle and Marlow, for the latter, who has never been able to conquer his bashfulness with ladies of condition, finds his path easy with the supposed bar-maid, who in the end,

"Thus having stooped to conquer with success,

And gained a husband without aid of dress,

Still as a bar-maid I could wish it, too,

As I have conquered him to conquer you."

The cast is as follows:

Sir Charles Marlow.....	Bessie Glosser
Young Marlow.....	Louise Cook
Squire Hardcastle.....	Louise Stevens
George Hastings.....	Janet Cook
Tony Lumpkin.....	Hermine Luebbert
Diggory.....	Elsa John
Roger.....	Mary Frances Tarr
Dick Muggins.....	Josephine Whitten
Stingo, Landlord of the "Three Pigeons".....	Frances McGahan
Pot Boy.....	Clarissa Wainger
Jack Slang.....	Roberta Williams
Amenadat.....	Mary Frances Tarr
Tom Twist.....	Lena Horton
Postilion.....	Betty Harris
Bar Maid.....	Louise Sheridan
Dolly.....	Adeline Eichler
Mrs. Hardcastle.....	Margaret Sutton
Miss Hardcastle.....	Mary Campbell
Miss Constance Neville.....	

Mary Louise Burkhard

### TRAVELING FROM KYOTO TO NORO

One has many interesting experiences traveling on land or sea. The following experiences which I had while traveling in the Orient I have enjoyed thinking about.

We were spending a week in Kyoto and planned to go for one afternoon to Noro, where the Emperor formerly lived, a very beautiful city that is much loved by the Japanese.



Our rickshaw called at the hotel and we climbed in. The rickshaw man buttoned the rubber blanket close up to our chins for a pouring rain was falling, such as Japan only knows how to produce. Then he started off with the rickshaw galloping through the narrow, winding streets to the station, where we took the train.

As we entered the train we noticed the windows thrown open and the passengers purchasing little pots of tea which they sipped as they drove along and when emptied were placed beneath the seat on which the people sat.

At Noro we were met by a friend in an automobile who took us to the most interesting things in the city. One of the most interesting of these is the large park which is filled with deer.

In Noro the deer is a sacred animal, supposed originally to have been ridden by one of the gods, so that now they are given the greatest care and attention.

While we sat in the automobile the deer came flocking to us and thrusting their heads inside the car. We purchased deer cakes from the little shop nearby and fed them to the deer. Each time we gave a cake the deer would make three bows like the Japanese people do when they bid you good morning, good afternoon and good evening.

SYLVIA RUSH.

### ALUMNI NOTES

Rose Alma Harrigan, '24, left Westmont, Jan. 26th for Indiana Normal, where she will take up a teachers course.

Louise Wellington, '23, is home from the University of Indiana, where she has attended for the last two years. The school has been shut down because of a stoppage in the water supply.

Margaret Roach, '24, has returned to the Mercy Hospital to resume her training course, after an absence of about three months, caused by an operation for appendicitis.

### FOR A'THAT AND A'THAT IT'S ONLY HAIR TONIC

"Well sirree, it were jest like this," explained the old timer to a group of idlers lounging around Jenkin's General Store and combined Barber Shop. "I haven't had my hair cut for two months and my beard hain't been clipped fer over three years. So this morning when Mandy told me for Pete's sake to git 'em cut I jest cided I would. Anyways I needed it sarta badly as this ole beard gits in the por-

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### SHORT STORY POEMS

I wrote a little story,  
I called it Dapple Gray,  
I gave it to Miss Trine  
And prepared myself for an A.  
  
She marked it here  
And she marked it there  
And she finally marked it E.  
Now, do you really think that's  
fair?

Sophomores, Sophomores, quite contrary,

How are your short stories going?  
Worse and worse they seem to go  
What they will be I do not know!

A poor forlorn little Sophomore  
Sat in the corner  
Wiping the tears from his eyes,  
When asked why he was so sober—  
"Oh, another short story I must  
write," he cries.

The Sophomores looked at one another,  
Perhaps you have heard this tale  
before.  
But have you heard  
They had to write all their short  
stories over?

One poor little sophomore  
Has lost his short story  
And can't tell where to find it,  
Leave it alone and it will come  
home  
Bringing a mark upon it.

### HANG IT ALL

During your wandering through the highways and byways of W. H. S., have you not heard the rather startling remark of "I have a dandy new word I can hang you on." And upon exploring the recesses of room 203 have you not noticed several dignified looking individuals, whom you judge to be Seniors, scratching their heads and sighing over what appears to us to be a jumble of lines and letters. And then haven't you been almost knocked off your feet by one of those very same individuals who wildly leap up and down the hall and victoriously exclaim, "He didn't hang me, I got it and I still had my arms and legs left."

Well all you who are curious to know how and what this joyful person escaped from—just visit the Senior Assembly room at noon, and it will be explained to you.

Mr. Belles: "Lycurgus; Stop talking to Leonard."

"Horse!" "Ah heck! I don't like to talk to myself!"

### EXCHANGES

The "Gossip" wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges during the month:

"The Spectator," Johnstown, Pa.  
"The Echo," Hazelton, Pa.  
"Student Lantern," Juniata, Pa.  
"The Coker," Connellsville, Pa.  
"The Spokesman," Tyrone, Pa.  
"The Echoes," Carrolltown, Pa.  
"The Mirror," Punxsutawney, Pa.

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tater soup—every time we have it."

"Next," called Tad Jenkins, the barber.

"I spect you're next Pap Greely."

"I spect I am," agreed Pap.

Twenty minutes later Pap proudly surveyed his clipped locks in the mirror.

"My o' my," he exclaimed, "but don't that shure 'nough su'stract 'bout twenty years from my age."

"Jest a minute—hold your hosses," ordered Tad as Pap started to climb down from the barber's chair. "I ain't through with you yit—I hain't 'plied the hair tonic yet."

"The hair what?" asked Pap. "What's it fur?"

"It stops ye from gettin' bald," explained the worldly wise Tad, "and it smells nice too."

"Smells! None fur me then—me Mandy'll think I been drinkin'."

"O, no," assured Tad. "It don't smell like liquor—wait'll I read you what it says on the bottle."

"Hilogary's Hair Tonic, guaranteed to prevent baldness and to grow hair over night. It is scented with the sweet perfume of wild violets and lily's of the valley. All gentlemen of Paris use it—" An' then down at the bottom it has somethin' in French—but as I ain't no scholar in that language I won't bother to read it."

"It ain't done me no good," growled one of the interested onlookers.

"Well—it—er—er takes more fur some people," hastily exclaimed the barber.

"Well, if it don't cost no more 'plie it then," decided Pap.

"My brother won't know me," said Pap as he surveyed his reflection the final time before leaving the store. "This 'ere brother of mine jest lately moved to the next town and he's comin' over to see me 'an Mandy safternoon. Well, so long—hope the hair tonic works," he added as an after thought.

"Oh it will. I have all faith in it," assured Tad.

Later that afternoon the peaceful scene in front of Jenkin's general store



turned into nothing short of a young riot. For who should appear in the midst but Pap Greely—now it was nothing unusual in his approach as he was one of the usual loungers—but it was very extraordinary at this so said time as it was the anti hair cut Pap with the unkept hair and beard.

"Great Scott!" "Heaven forbid!" "Do you see what I see?" "Don't tell me that 'are Pap.'" were some of the remarks of the several members in the crowd who were able to speak. The rest unable to utter a sound stood staring at the personage of Mr. Richard John Henry Greely.

"What's the fuss?" inquired Tad, as he came running out of the store.

"Nothin' 'cept I came fer a hair cut and these fellers act like idjects over it," explained the newcomer.

"Greely!" shouted Tad. "Great Scot that ere hair tonic sure did quick work."

"Yeh—he mentioned hair tonic and I—"

"Come right in," cried the excited barber, not heeding Greely's remark. "Do you mind if I print your picture in the paper as a advertisement and example fer Hilogary's hair tonic?"

"Example," queried Mr. Greely.

"Run over for the photographer, Johnny," commanded the unheeded Tad, "and make it snappy."

"I suppose this is the way they treat newcomers in this town," mused the one unexcited person to himself, "but they shure seem darn nutty to me."

It took some time to find the photographer, as he was loafing around town for he did not expect any business so soon after the eighth grade commencement. But finally he returned with Johnny and his apparatus.

"Watch the birdie—watch the birdie," he ordered after finally coaxing the camera to work properly. "Watch the birdie."

Click—and the picture was taken.

"When will it be finished?" asked Tad. "Do you—?"

But he never finished his sentence for who should stride into the store but another Pap—the Pap with the really trimmed hair and beard.

"What's the Same Hill?" cried the amazed Tad as he looked from one to the other.

"Thank heavens you came—these fellers are a pack of nuts," sighed the anti hair cut Greely.

The crowd, unable to control their wonderment any longer asked Pap for an explanation.

"Why, shure 'nough," beamed Pap. "You never did meet me twin brother, now, did you? Well folks meet Mr. Ralph George Earl Greely of Peck-

ville."

"O—twins," chorused the crowd.

"Yes and hair tonic," chuckled the photographer.

MARY FRANCES TARR, '27.

(Continued from page 1, column 3) fect Tribute," by Mary Andrew. Both selections were given with unusual ability, marked by skillful interpretation and clear enunciation. Honorable mention was given to Robert Campbell's clever interpretation of Eugene Field's "Limitations of Youth," Andrew Crichton's reading of Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," and of Hermine Luebbert's skill of delivery in the selection, "The Soft Spot In B 606."

For dramatic interpretation special mention should be made of Dorothea Wolf's splendid interpretation of the "Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes. For oratorical ability, the laurels go to Bernard Coll, who gave the famous speech of Patrick Henry: "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death." In dialect, Frances McGahan gave a splendid piece of work in the "Tar Baby" story of Joel Chandler Harris. For character study, Mary Frances Tarr gave a clever presentation of the character Jane, in a selection from Booth Tarkington's novel, "Seventeen." Arvilla Kniss gave a very vivid presentation of the horrible death of Benedict Arnold. Thomas Cleaver made an original three minute talk on the "Development of Radio," giving us a concise account of its growth. Special mention should be given to Louise Sheridan's reading of "The Happy Prince," by Oscar Wilde. She has an unusually lovely voice, and it is to be regretted that her selection was so lengthy as to mar her chances for one of the prizes.

At the beginning of the contest, and at the end, when the judges were in conference, the High School orchestra, directed by Miss Martha Ames, gave several beautiful selections, which were very much appreciated by the audience.

### JOKES

The teacher in a San Francisco public school was trying to demonstrate a simple experiment in the generation of steam.

"What have I in my hand?" she asked.

"A tin can," came the answer.

"Very true. Is the tin can an animate or an inanimate object?"

"Inanimate."

"Exactly. Now, can any girl or boy tell me, how, with this can it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed power, almost beyond control?"

One little boy raised his hand.

"All right, you tell us, Carter."

"Tie it to a dog's tail."

### GIRLS' CLUB

The Girl Reserves of Westmont High School have had two very interesting as well as educational meetings this month. At the first meeting held January 15, Mrs. Calvin C. Rush of Southmont spoke to the girls of her trip to Japan about five years ago. She told many interesting incidents in a pleasant and charming manner to an appreciative audience.

The second meeting was held Jan. 29, and on this day Mrs. Andrew B. Crichton of Westmont told us of our South American neighbors, their ideals, customs and modes of living. Mrs. Crichton spent last winter in South America and in a pleasant and accurate description she pictured to us her experiences while there.

Our next meeting will be on Feb. 8. A very interesting program has been planned for this meeting and all members are cordially invited to be present.

### Wanted—A Drink

Time—2 a. m.

"Ma, I want a drink!"

"Hush, darling, turn over and go to sleep."

"I want a drink!"

"No, you are restless dear, turn over and go to sleep."

(After five minutes) "Ma, I want a drink!"

"Lie still Mary and go to sleep."

(After a few minutes) "Ma won't you please give me a drink?"

"If you say another word I'll get up and spank you! You are a very naughty girl. Now go to sleep!"

(A little while later) "Oh Ma, when you get up to spank me will you give me a drink?"

### STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

Say you lazy pupils,

Who didn't write a thing

To help along the "Gossip,"

It is to you I sing.

Now look at me for instance,

My mind is full of doubt,

But then I wrote this little poem

To help the "Gossip" out.

Now when you think you know a joke,

Or you're very, very near it,

Just write it out and hand it in

To show you have some spirit.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, '28.

Soph to Frosh: "How do you like Physical Ed?"

Frosh: "Er—l—er—I beg pardon, sir, but my name isn't Ed."