

THANKSGIVING GOSSIP

WESTMONT UPPER-YODER HIGH SCHOOL

Volume 2

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Number 1

THE RECEPTION

Among all the entertainments of this year, the Senior Parent-Teacher reception stands out as the best. As the parents arrived, they were taken charge of by the reception committee, composed of Hilda Meehan, David O'Laughlin and Mildred Wagle, class officers. The parents, the teachers and the Seniors all mingled and became acquainted with each other. When most of the guests had arrived, they were ushered to the library, where Sarah Geer and John Gobin played for them before the regular program was started.

Mildred Wagle opened the program with a reading, "What Mr. Gray Said." Then the Girls' Chorus came on, thinking more of lost heels and unstripped presidential dignity than of the songs. However, it is possible to sing and laugh at the same time; but to play a comb and laugh at the same time is a different matter. There can be no half-laughing, half-playing. One played, or one laughed. In this case, one played and six laughed. Regina Eck was next with her amusing selection, which everyone enjoyed. Then that embryonic opera company, the boys' quartet, distinguished itself with scarlet faces and several songs. The last feature of the program was Grace Coll's reading, "By Courier," from O'Henry.

After the program had been ended there was dancing, in which were included a Father-Daughter, and a Mother-Son dance. Then someone suggested a square dance and a Virginia reel. If racing around in a circle, clutching and hurling each other in every direction, can be called a square-dance, they square-danced, accompanied by shrieks and "Turkey in the Straw." Although the Virginia reel was not quite so wild, it was sufficiently exciting. At least, it was amusing to see them, particularly the not-quite-so-slender ones, skipping around without any idea as to where they were going to skip to next. When the reel was over, refreshments were served. The refreshments were not only welcome, but were almost necessary after such strenuous exercise. At about eleven o'clock the reception was ended.

We feel sure that this reception has helped in getting the mothers and teachers acquainted and more

actively interested in the school, and we hope to have many more such good times in the following months.

OUR SCHOOL BANK

One of the things which impresses a stranger most, is our School Bank. He can readily see that we are aiming to do things in a business-like manner; that we are encouraging thrift and systematic saving; that the Bank is being operated on a sound business policy. He can tell by the chart posted on the bulletin board, the amount deposited by each class on each banking day which is Tuesday. The stranger learns on inquiry that the Bank will declare interest soon, perhaps not so much as the banks in the city give, but a reasonable return in proportion to the number and size of deposits will be made. The rate of interest will probably be about three per cent. Here again is an illustration of a sound business quality. Interest is being paid on money which might have needlessly been spent for something else. Accounts can be opened with any amount.

The teller then receives the deposit, marks it on his daily deposit sheet and gives the depositor credit for the amount in his small Red and Gray Pass Book. The teller then proves his cash, turns it over to the cashier, Jerome Schmerin, for final check over. An entry is then made by the bookkeepers or tellers giving the depositor credit in his account in the ledger. The head bookkeeper, William Hinkel, then double checks all previous work. He then prepares a statement at certain intervals stated by Mr. Engh, our Faculty Advisor, showing that all accounts are in balance and noting all withdrawals during that fiscal period. Now what more secure or more safe style of banking could be desired? It is simple, yet it adheres to sound, everyday banking principles.

Withdrawals can be made on short notice, but these are not encouraged, since the primary motive of the Bank is thrift and saving.

It has been suggested that if Freshmen students deposit a certain amount weekly and continue to do so, their Senior Year Class Expenses will have been cleared. However, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors can even follow a similar plan and

reduce some expenses that will be met during their last year in High School.

The Thrifty Savings Bank is based on sound principles. It was made by the students, of the students, and for the students of the Westmont High School.

Is this institution not worthy of your better support?

WILLIAM E. HINKEL, '24.

ARBOR DAY

Every year it is customary for the Senior Class to plant a vine, shrub, or tree on the grounds of the school. This year the Senior Class purchased two Ghinko trees, one to be planted on each side of the walk leading to the west door. In spite of the fact that due to the trees having been injured in transportation, the actual planting could not take place on Arbor Day, the exercises were held out in front of the building as had been planned. The program consisted of songs and a reading and talks on subjects appropriate to Arbor Day. The latter part of the program was in charge of the Senior Class at which time the Senior president presented the Senior trowel to the Junior Class.

CATHERINE SCAMMELL.

SEWING CIRCLE

"Look Mildred, isn't this adorable! Annie sure does embroider well."

"Weren't Liz's proofs perfectly marvelous?"

"Oh! I can't do this right!"

"Didn't you nearly die?"

"Needle! Needle! Who has a needle?"

"Let's dance. Who'll lead me?"

What can be the cause of their hair-raising shrieks and incessant laughter?

Why it's the sewing circle, made up of our own dear Senior girls. How sweet of them to gather together every Monday evening to sew instead of studying like they ought to do and want to do! They give their time and energy to make the trip to Washington pleasant for the Senior boys.

Seriously though, the girls do work awfully hard, although they make quite a lot of noise while doing it.

CLARA OSGOOD.

THE STAFF

1923-1924

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PICTURES OF THE SENIORS

Pictures! More pictures! And still more pictures! Yes it is the Senior Class and it all started about two weeks ago. A marvelous array of likenesses of various seniors were brought to light. Day-light robbery was very much in evidence and many pictures, yea even multitudinous numbers, disappeared. Certain of the works of art are really what the name implies, for unless they were labeled they could not be identified even by the owner.

But wait till they see mine!

JOHN GOBIN, '24.

SENIOR CHAPEL PROGRAM

On October the first the Senior Class had the opportunity of entertaining the school by presenting a program in chapel. I think you will all agree that you were entertained, for our class is far famed for its talented members, and they performed in their best manner. Grace Coll and Owen Higgins both told a story, Isabell Wilner sang, Catherine Simons spoke to us about the work of the Associated Charities, and Miss Lippi gave a very impressive reading, "Jean Val Jean and the Bishop."

The Senior Chapel marked the initial performance of the Senior Quartet, composed of Messrs. Gobin, Proudfoot, Seitz and Cook. Oh, yes, we also had with us the Senior—er—orchestra in which Ross Cook and William Hinkel played the saxes, John Gobin the violin and Sara Geer the piano.

ALVENA BRICKNER.

MOTHER-DAUGHTER NIGHT

On November the ninth, the Mother-Daughter Night was held. Most all of the mothers attended, and the interesting program justified the splendid attendance. The main feature of the program was the style show. Slinkey types with jet hair glided across the stage in gorgeous array; fuzzy types with blond hair charmed the audience, while the Athletic Girl breezed in and out. The styles were, of course, beautiful, and their charms may be attributed as much to the wearers as to the gowns themselves. During the showing of the dresses, Mrs. Harris spoke on styles in connection with types of people, illustrating each type with a girl. Miss Lowe, from the Penn Traffic, then made a speech, touching briefly on the aims of that store, on the employees, on the methods of observing, training, and helping them, and on her own individual work. Both these talks were very interesting as well as instructive. The girls, the mothers, and the teachers then mingled together, becoming acquainted. Refreshments were served by the girls, and at about eleven o'clock the guests left. We feel that we have accomplished the purpose of this Mother-Daughter Night—that of creating a closer bond between the mothers and daughters by having a common interest in the school, and of affording the mothers and teachers an opportunity to become better acquainted.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

You all know what fine spirit was displayed by the girls, and the part they played in making this year's track meet a success. The girls showed their spirit from the first practice, when they turned out in large numbers, until the day of the meet, when the contestants who had been chosen were bundled up in every available blanket and shipped to Ebensburg.

Although the girls were not quite as fortunate as the boys they succeeded in taking a first and a second place, for Viola Peden took first in baseball throwing and second in the basketball throw. Even though Frances McGahan and Anna Vickeroy did not take any place this year we feel they will run off with all the honors the next time. We are also looking forward to next year, when Mary Campbell will bring home the laurels for her running.

This year the points made by the girls and the points made by the boys were taken separately and both the boys and girls ranked fourth. As all the points were made by the Seniors it will be necessary for next year's team to work doubly hard.

So far the track meet has been practically the only athletics we have had this year, but we are all looking forward and are anticipating a great time at the basketball games.

THANKSGIVING POEM

For the cool clear air of a frosty morn,
For the distant blast of a hunter's horn,
For a pale gold moon in a noon-day sky,
For an ivy vine a-climbing high,
For the joy o'livin';
Thanksgivin'!

For a friendly word on a hill o' song,
For a happy heart the whole day long,
For a bit of sunlight on the grass,
On children laughin' as they pass
For the joy o'livin';
Thanksgivin'!
MILDRED WAGLE, '24.

TRACK MEET

The cry was "Ebensburg or bust," when we set out for Ebensburg to see our team bring home some laurels. After a slow journey we reached the fair grounds, and saw the crowds waiting for the teams to round into action.

About 10:30 the track was cleared and the preliminaries run off in fine shape. Frank Leahey qualified in the high jump and pole vault and showed fine form. Wagner qualified for the shot put, and Proudfoot took first place in his heat for the 120-yard low hurdles. Ev. James, our future star, qualified in the pole vault.

After the preliminaries were run off, and after lunch was over the finals began. Oliver Proudfoot showed unusual form and romped home the winner of the 120-yard low hurdles. Frank Leahey after a hard fight for both high jump and pole vault, took second place in each. Ted Wagner, the stalwart, with his mighty arm, won the shot put. Both Bud Marley and Ben Coll showed that they were fighters when they ran the mile. The relay team was not as successful in their efforts, not because of lack of good runners, but because of the fact that nearly every member of the team was tired out as a result of participating in other events.

Westmont must be congratulated because of its fine showing in the inter-scholastic county track meet and of its fighting spirit against great odds. We must thank Johnnie Gobin, Raymond Hammond, Clara Osgood and Mary Louise Burkhard for cheering our team on toward victory. To get fourth place the team showed remarkable skill and speed.

FATHERS' and SONS' NIGHT

Probably the best spirits and feelings that could possibly exist between a Father and Son were exhibited on "Fathers' and Sons' Night."

The idea of a "Fathers' and Sons' Night" made its initial appearance last year. It was such a success that it was decided to include another of its kind on Boys' Club Program for this year.

The meeting was opened as during a business session, being called to order by the President, John Gobin. Bud Roach, Secretary, read the minutes of the previous meeting. The Boys' Club's famous song, "When You and I Were Young Maggie," was then joined in on by Fathers and Sons alike. David O'Laughlin, Vice President, welcomed the fathers on behalf of the Boys' Club and wished them an enjoyable evening. Mr. Northwood gave the response to this address and also spoke about a "Boy's Relations with His Father."

Mr. Walter (Mickey) Cramer, Boys' Work Secretary, from the local Y. M. C. A., spoke on the formation of various "Hi-Y" Clubs in the High Schools in and around Johnstown. He told of their noble purpose and the success with which they were meeting in all their undertakings. This was followed by several interesting talks by Messrs. Fails, Shambach, Crichton, and others. Mr. Chas. Greer gave us a very unusual speech on Father and Son, (due to his inability to find something humorous and yet have its connection with Father and Son). He traced Father and Son from Biblical times up through the ages to the present. His speech or oration (as it may have been termed by some) however lengthy, was educational and instructive.

Oh, yes, I knew I had almost forgotten something,—the Eats! It couldn't have possibly been forgotten by the Sons because a special assessment had been made and collected for that purpose. So rather than disappoint the sons, the Eats were sent in.

Well, while all this was going on, the ("Constipated Trio,") (John Gobin, Sall Geer and Bill Hinkel), were working silently (?) While eats were being devoured, musical selections and solos were rendered

in bang-up fashion (as this had been their first chance). Whether a first impression remains a lasting one or not I cannot say, but I will say that the piece called "You Gotta See Your **Papa** Every Night," just took the audience off its feet, only to be returned when the noise had settled down again. Time-out was then called so the orchestra could eat (much to the satisfaction of those present).

After eating, the fathers mingled among each other and thus became friends. The meeting was then adjourned by the order of the President. The Fathers pronounced this affair a great success and hoped that more meetings of this kind would be continued not only next year but in years to come.

WM. E. HINKEL, '24.

MENTAL DETOURS

Oh, why did anyone ever invent such a thing as an essay! I'll admit that they are perfectly alright to read, but—to compose—you start out on a winding, nobody knows where—to roam, hunting for a subject. There are many signs and suggestions at every corner, but none quite suit your fancy. Your thoughts race wildly about, here and there; still your search is hopelessly futile. Oh—what is on that sign? There's an arrow pointing to a very good idea. You believe that you'll follow that pointer and drive out to the highway.

Everything goes smoothly for a little while; then new signs and guides cease to appear, and you are at a loss to know what to write. Unconsciously, you are on by-roads.

"Wasn't that dress in Kline's window perfectly stunning! I believe I'll trim my new dress something like it. I wonder what I ought to wear tomorrow; guess I'll have to press my skirt. Yes, and I mustn't forget to ask Dot what she is going to wear to 'Track.' I don't know when I'll ever get all that Cicero translated,"—and there you hit the main-road with a bump, for you happen to think you'd better finish the essay first. Again, you travel on for the distance of a sentence or two and come to a complete halt. Stretching away before you is a yawning gulf, at the other side of which is a golden idea; but

no words can be found to bridge that gulf. You turn to one side and plunge in, trying to find something which will bring you a little nearer to your prized idea; the more you flounder, the deeper into that jumbled abyss of thoughts you go. Often it seems as though this thought must surely reach the idea; yet there is always something lacking. Finally, you grasp at a sudden inspiration, hold it, place it, and the bridge is completed—your goal gained, and another paragraph on the paper.

By this time, you can recognize the guide-signs better, and the way becomes easier; nevertheless there are some such tempting, tantalizing by-ways, that before you are aware of it you have turned off on one of them. There is one which usually brings you to your destination. It is sunny, dreamy, and restful. Misty visions of blue sky, green sloping hills and bright flowers float before you. A yellow road curves lazily along a clear placid river and peaceful hills. You do not travel on this road as on others, but glide along lightly in a carefree manner. You are in another world altogether different, and have no memory of the destination that you were trying to reach. You have no power over yourself, but drift off into airy space. Soon, if no one calls you back, you reach the land of dreams.

FLORENCE STUTZMAN, '25.

FOOTBALL

The football season at Westmont began and closed rather abruptly, because the Senior Class proved that they were the kings of the gridiron. The Junior class must be given second place because it beat all the teams except the Seniors. The Freshies and Sophs, considering their size, showed up well.

BASKETBALL

The Basketball Five is showing some real speed in practice and if they keep it up they will have a basket full of laurels. In the league this year the team will be sure to win if all the pupils will come out and cheer the fellows on. We have a team we should be proud of and a coach we should be glad to assist.

THE LIBRARY

In 1919 books were bought with Liberty Loan Bonds which formed the nucleus of the Westmont High School Library. Starting thus from a few books the library has steadily increased until now it contains 1100 volumes concerning practically every subject in which a student would be interested. They include books on Sociology, Religion, Science, History, Biography, and Fiction as well as those on Fine and Useful Arts. These have been secured through liberal appropriations from the School Board and gifts from Mrs. T. J. Callet, Mrs. Karl Stremel, Mrs. H. M. Tarr, Morris Lewis, the Westmont Mothers' Club and the Phoenician of 1922-23.

Up to this time the library has been used only by the pupils of the High School, but it has been the aim of those in charge to extend the circulation over the entire community. The circulation is steadily increasing and in the month of October it reached 374 books for the month, whereas the monthly average up to this time was 75.

The pupils in the High School are being instructed in the use of all reference books such as directories, encyclopedias, atlases, dictionaries, concordances, and gazeteers, and in the handling of all library tools such as the card catalogue, indexes, periodicals, and methods of classification. This instruction gives definite help and interest to daily school works, resourcefulness in finding out things, knowledge of the use of public libraries, and aid in club and civic work.

The library is one of the most commendable organization in the community because it endeavors to meet one of the most urgent needs. The library organization instructs the pupils in the use and importance of good books, and in that way enlarges the child's conception of life, for books are one of the most broadening influences. They are the paths which lead from the narrow alleyways of life to the broad highways, and thus they are the means of transportation which carry us from life's sordid realities to its ideal conditions.

CALENDAR

Nov. 2—Father and Son Reception.

Nov. 9—Mothers and Faculty Reception—Style Show.

Nov. 12—Reception of School Board and Faculty.

Nov. 15—Senior Reception for Parents and Faculty.

Dec. 14—School Exhibit — Play—Senior Bazaar.

Dec. 21—Play by Dramatic Club.

A FANTASY

One small dim candle his gaunt features lit,

As the mad-man played Rachmaninoff.

His eyes—black caves with a light far inside,

So he sat in his cabin, perched on the cliff's side.

And the mad-man played Rachmaninoff.

The moon glared down on the black, craggy cliff

And the mad-man played Rachmaninoff.

The wind screamed round with her mad, flying hair,

Clutched at the dim blackened cabin so bare.

And the mad-man played Rachmaninoff.

The ocean roared out in its thunderous rage,

And the mad-man played Rachmaninoff.

The wild waves bellowed upon the sound,

Hating of music, wanting it drowned,

But high on the far clear air it came—

The mad-man playing Rachmaninoff.

The thin hands dropped, the flame flickered out.

And the man died, playing Rachmaninoff.

The sea was hushed, the wind was still

But through the earth shot a long hot thrill

From the fear in the heart of the wind and the tide.

For, slow from the deeps of the sea up it throbbed

And down from the high winds in rocks it sobbed,

And the soul of the sea with the soul of the wind

Was—playing Rachmaninoff!

JOKES

Mr. Belles sometimes gets so fussed by the conversation of the fair sex at the boarding house that he has been known to get so confused as to drop his copy of "Good Manners on All Occasions" into the soup. One morning the boarding lady brought in the syrup just when a particularly attractive person addressed a startling remark to our hero. He wanted to rub his head. He wanted to eat his breakfast. He wanted to answer the lady. He did them all at once. Seizing the jug, as he delivered his ultimatum, he poured syrup on his itching head, and viciously scratched his pan cake.

Miss Flesher: "Sam, what is the difference between Capital and Labor?"

Sam Blaschak: "Well, the Capital is in Washington and Labor is what you do with your hands."

Mrs. Engh (with newspaper): "It says here that men grow bald because of the intense activity of their brains."

Mr. Engh: "Exactly, and women have no whiskers because of the intense activity of their chins."

Miss Higgon: "Where is the capitol of the U. S.?"

Pupil: "Most of it's loaned to Europe."

Miss Lippi: "Why is our language called the Mother Tongue?"

Pupil: "Father seldom gets a chance to use it."

John Gobin: "Fellows! Don't forget to bring some old clothes for Clara Osgood."

History Board: Please bring Mary Owen and Henry Stuart sweaters for physical training.

A farmer hitched his team to a telephone pole. "Here," exclaimed a policeman, "you can't hitch here!"

"Can't hitch!" shouted the farmer. "Well, why does the sign say, 'Fine For Hitching.'"

"Why not buy an encyclopedia?" insisted the agent. "It can tell you anything you want to know."

"Don't need it," replied Mrs. Simons, "I have a daughter who is about to graduate from High School!"