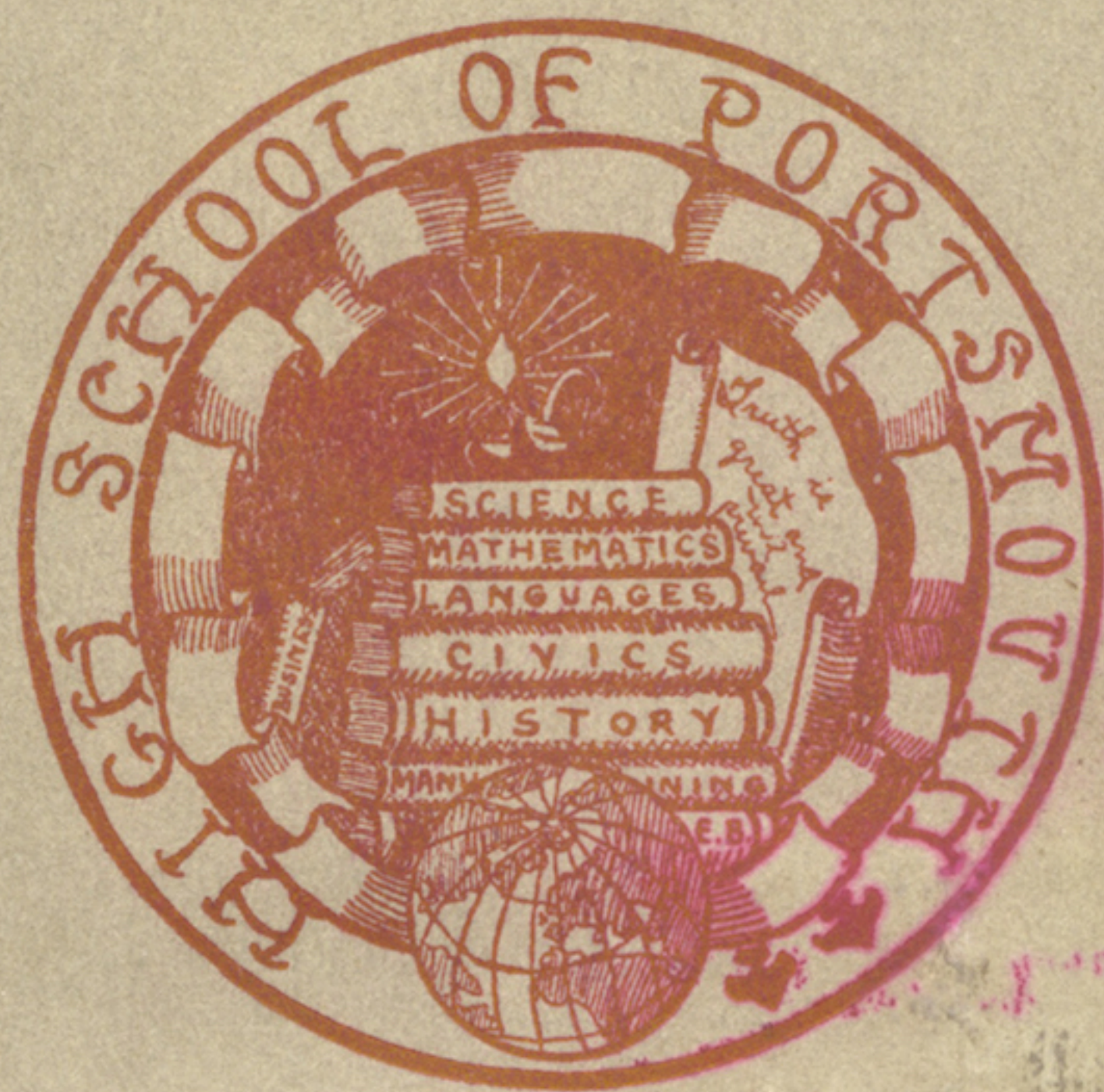


# The Annual





\$ 87<sup>00</sup>  
Po

# The Echo

Published by

## The Class of 1912

Portsmouth High School



Published by  
THE ECHO PUBLISHING CO.  
Printed by  
CONGER'S PRINT SHOP  
Portsmouth, Ohio



This Annual is Dedicated

to

Mr. W. D. Gilliland

In grateful appreciation and acknowledgment

of

his counsel and faithful guardianship

during our High School life





THE EDITORIAL BOARD





Entered as Second-class Matter, Feb. 24, 1908, at Portsmouth, Ohio, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879

**A**FTER great difficulties we launch the Annual. In theory, it is no task, but a pleasure, to enlighten the public concerning the many and the varied affairs of the Graduating Class. In reality, it is quite different. The staff has spent minutes, hours, days and even weeks of labor. Some think it is the duty of an Editor to write continually. Not so! A High School paper is not a staff paper. The various classes should furnish so much material, that all the editors should have to do would be to pick out the best, and publish that. Is this the case in P. H. S.? No! No! Emphatically no! The editors go around begging, pleading, and praying for material; and what is their reward? "I haven't time!" "I can't!" or "Do it yourself!" In the past this may not have been the case; but this, we have found to be true in our work on the Annual. Even some of the Seniors, who should be most enthusiastic, have given us these answers. Not only have they given us these answers, but they have done all in their power against the Annual. What could we do? Work—work—tax our energies to the utmost—do our level best and hope to please our readers, this is all.

Now do not misconstrue our meaning. All have not done so, but many have. Some have worked hard and faithfully;

not only Seniors, but several members of the other classes cannot be praised too highly for their work. Concerning these, we have no kick; but why couldn't we have a class composed entirely of such persons?

MR. W. D. GILLILAND

**I**N Mr. Gilliland, we have a man, all that the word should signify. For seven years the public has seen him presiding over the destinies of High School, guiding and governing with wisdom and with equal justice. Not only did he instruct us in book-knowledge, but he also inspired in us High School spirit, spirit for greater knowledge, spirit for greater good.

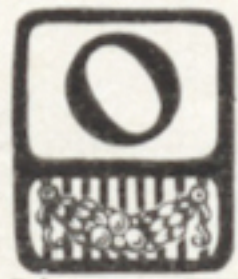
It seems too bad that one so capable and so well liked should leave old P. H. S., but we must not think always of our own good. With reluctance we bid him farewell, hoping and wishing that he shall be as successful in his new position as he has been in P. H. S.

**F**EW realize how great is the expense of publishing the Annual. By advertising, by advertising alone we were enabled to issue it, and as it is the order behind the ball that makes the cannon effective, also it is not the ads, but the business firms and



professional men, backing these ads, that are the power. The Annual, as well as the Echo, owes especial gratitude to the Retail Merchant's Association for the favorable resolution passed by that body, announcing its intention of advertising in the Echo.

Land. The Portsmouth schools did him honor by escorting him from the train to Tracy Park, where he delivered an address. This is the second time in the history of the city, when a President, while serving his term, was within our gates.



ON Wednesday, May the eighth, Portsmouth had the honor of entertaining for an hour, William Howard Taft, the First Man of the




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### The Staff

JENNIE FOSTER	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
CHAS. SAMSON	- - - - -	Business Manager
HAZEL ATLAS	- - - - -	Literary Editor
FRED THOMAS	- - - - -	Athletic Editor
EARL BRAND	- - - - -	Staff Artist
LOUISE BOTHWELL	- - - - -	Local Editor
HAROLD WELCH	- - - - -	Alumni Editor
CHARLOT BARNETT	- - - - -	Exchange Editor
LYNN P. AN	- - - - -	Assistant Business Manager

The above Staff with the following changes, edits The Annual:

MARJORIE JENKINS	- - - - -	Local Editor
RUSSELL McCURDY	- - - - -	Alumni Editor
		Bumps Editor







MR. FRANK APPEL, Superintendent.

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.

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### To the Members of the School Board

It is a singular distinction to be a member of the Board of Education, which so successfully carried to a culmination the project to build a new High School. As the class of 1912 is the first to be graduated from this edifice, it is fitting, in this—their Annual—for the Seniors to express their attitude and appreciation for the Board's unceasing efforts, so freely given.





## The Faculty

Miss Elizabeth D.	Mr. Joseph I. Taggart,	Mr. J. F. Yenner,	Miss Margaret T. Ricker,
Mr. Blackstone,	Miss Emma M. Cramer,	Miss Emily Ball,	Mr. W. D. Gilliland, Principal;
Miss Pearl McKerrihan,	Miss Lucy W. Hall,	Mr. J. D. Creveling,	Mrs. Ruby Williams.



## Class of 1912



CHARLES TAYLOR ATKINSON  
"It was small, very small indeed."



HAZEL ATLAS  
"She could talk, Lord, how she could talk."



ALBERT IGNATIUS BALMERT  
"Men of few words are the best men."



MARY BARNETT  
"Mary's a grand name."





EDNA MARY BAUER

“Demure damsel, dainty and dear.”



EDWARD ADOLPH BENDER

“A solemn youth with sober phiz  
Who does his work and minds his biz.”



THOMAS EARL BRAND

“In framing artists, art hath thus decreed  
To make some good, but others to exceed.”



ALMA CATHERINE COVERSTON

“One o’ the precise and tidy sort, as puts their  
feet in little India-rubber fire buckets when its wet  
weather.”





EFFIE CADOT CRANSTON  
"Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman."



TIRZAH IRENE CROSS  
"Of manner gentle, of affection mild."



JOHN HENRY DALTON  
"Rich in saving common sense."



BLANCHE MAGDELYN  
"But to see her was to love her—  
love forever."





FRANK S. FERGUSON  
"His form was of the manliest beauty."



MARTHA JANE GUTHRIE FOSTER  
"Infinite riches in a little room."



RUTH B. FOWLER  
"A flower of meekness on a stem of grace."



KATHLENE IONE FRICK  
"Cheerful, pleasant, happy and content."





J. HOWARD FRICK

“Oh, that this too, too solid flesh, would melt!”



HERBERT LEE FRY

“He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men.”



MABEL FLORA G. MAN

“Her eyes, fair windows to a fairer soul,  
Were brown.”



MIRIAM HORTENSE HAAS

“Nothing lovelier can be found in woman,  
Than to study household good.”





JOSEPH HORCHOW

“For I am nothing, if not critical.”



REUBEN HORCHOW

“So wise, so young.”



MARJORIE LILLIAN JENKINS

“Fair is she to behold, that maiden of sevent  
mmers.”



GOLDIE WENONA LANTZ

“She openeth her mouth with wisdom.”





JAMES T. LYNN

“And he always wore a pompadour.”



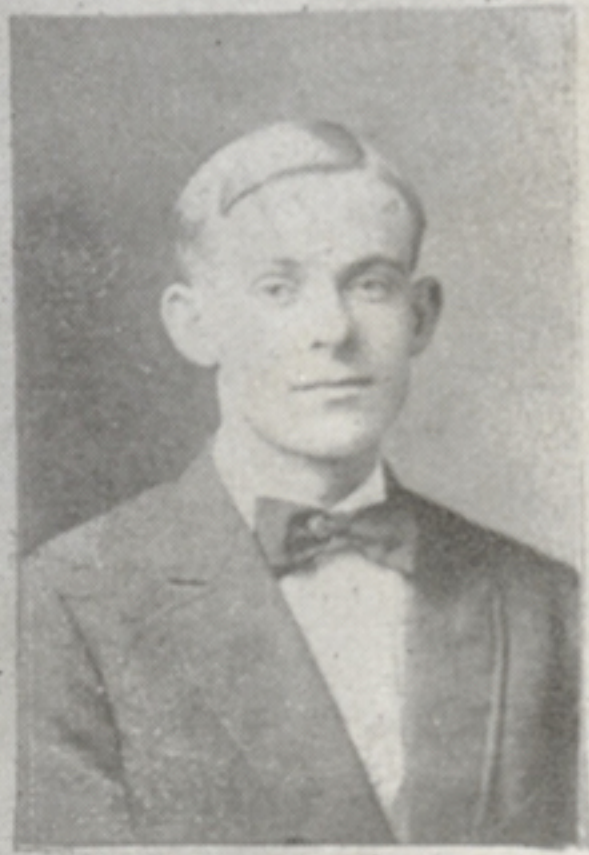
RUSSELL K. McCURDY

“The rule of many is not well, one must be chief.”



JEAN IRENE MILLER

“She was a burning and a shining light.”



ALBERT GREY NOEL

“As proper a man as you shall see on summer's day.”





ANNA FRANCES OBRIST  
"Of studies took she most care, and most heed."



HARRY LEROY PRESSLER  
"I did laugh, sans intermission."



GEORGE M. REITZ  
"Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's heart."



CHARLES H. SAMSON  
"Weighed down with business, and with other cares."





H. REA SELBY  
"Mr. Chairman, I move the previous question."



DELLA MAE SMITH  
"One of the 57 varieties."



MARCIA WINTERBURN STORCK  
"She sits high in all the people's hearts."



ANGELA HELEN SWITALSKI  
"It seemed a cherub, that had lost it"





FRED ROSS THOMAS

“I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit,  
Till I break my shins against it.”



HUGH HERRICK TREMPER

“What's the use of hurrying, fellows, there's plenty  
of time.”



GLADYS PAULINE WITTENBERG

“The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.”



SENIORS '12  
CLASS OFFICERS

President	-	-	-	Russell K. McCurdy
Vice President	-	-	-	Jennie Foster
Secretary	-	-	-	Fred Thomas
Treasurer	-	-	-	Charles Atkinson
Sergeant-at-Arms	-	-	-	Harry Pressler
Time Keeper	-	-	-	Rae Selby
Faculty Member	-	-	-	Mr. W. D. Gilliland

Colors—Red and Gray

Flower—Red Carnation

Motto—“Truth is great and will prevail.”



## History of the Class of 1912

In September, 1908, a very large and promising consignment of raw material was delivered at the Educational Factory, located on Gallia and Waller Sts., ready to be thrust into the machine that grinds out stately and dignified Seniors, from shy and insignificant Freshmen. This material consisted of the members of the present Senior Class and about sixty others who fell by the wayside during the process of manufacture. As each separate individual plunged blindly into that maze of educational machinery, but one thought—one purpose urged him on—to gradually get the corners of his ignorance ground down, the bumps rubbed off, the crevices filled, and at last to emerge looking a model of perfection and feeling as if he owned the world, and carried a mortgage on the solar system.

After this supply of green material was assorted and arranged to the satisfaction of the faculty, and affairs had begun to run smoothly, the mass of young hopefuls was collected into the Study Hall and informed that the time for organization was at hand. That was surely a tame gathering! What first Freshman meeting isn't? The science of using the ballot was explained, and, after an experiment, the following result was obtained: President, Roy Horn; vice president, Graves Williams; secretary, Lillian Nave; treasurer, Ben Hitchcock. Soon a motto, "Truth is Great and will Prevail," was selected, with a red carnation as the class flower, while Red and Gray was substituted for the conventional green.

One pleasant outing at Millbrook broke the monotony of the constant grinding and moulding, a process which fashioned the former crude material into budding Sophomores.

The Sophomore machinery was next put to work. The ballot was no longer a plaything but an instrument for use. It produced the following officers: President, Roy Horn; vice president, Graves Williams; secretary, Jennie Foster; treasurer, Fred Thomas.

The polishing and molding continued, corners were further rounded, rough surfaces planed, and with geometric precision, the art of proportion was pursued.

The shaping was not all along classic lines. Occasionally effects were sought in a lighter vein, for instance, the first party, and the Freshman-Sophomore picnic at Creightons. To aid the Literary Machine, the Delphic Literary Society was formed, with Mr. Mark F. Wilcox manipulating the oil can. The half completed product then took the form of an ivory topped Junior.

The wheels whirl on, the faculty lend keener touches, the finer machines are at work, and completion approaches in the Junior year. New officers were elected: President, Russell McCurdy; vice president, Marjorie Jenkins; secretary, Hazel Atlas; treasurer, Rae Selby.

As the product developed the accompanying social life developed equally, until it reached the crowning point in the Junior-Senior banquet. And so three-fourths fashioned, the manufacture entered the Senior department.

Now the finishing lines are put to work, the last rough surfaces are sand papered, the polishing process is done. So attractive is it that the Juniors arrange a banquet and place it on exhibition at the Washington. And then again at the factory, the grinding goes on until another display is staged at Creightons, this time with the Juniors as the heroes.



In the Senior Class meeting the ability and usefulness of the article is in strange contrast to its awkward appearance in the first stage of development. One article is capable of making a loud empty noise for a long time without running down; another is capable in "Laying on the Table;" a third is efficient at devising a "Standing Rule;" while a fourth automatically springs "The Previous Question."

The final touches are now made, the

last stroke is added, and carved and polished to the highest degree, the product leaves the factory and takes its place upon the Great Exhibition Stage. Dignity, stateliness, majesty, affability—all the agreeable traits are incorporated in it. Here the Superintendent and Factory Manager demonstrate its points of merit and efficiency, and attach a certificate of examination. It is now ready for delivery, and from the exhibition takes its destined place in the world.

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## A Successful Failure

"Well, what is it you are wanting now?" These were the impatient words with which a large, finely formed young man was greeted by his father, a wealthy New York business man. "I have secured you positions in every imaginable line of business, in which I have the least influence, and am rewarded by being a dead failure at all of them. Still, you say you will not take any of my money; so you remain idle because I cannot consent to the foolish proposition of letting you take a position on a ranch or out in the open. Well, come around tomorrow, when I will decide what we can do."

Charles Logan, for such was the young man's name, while he had never been a brilliant scholar during his college life, always maintained a fair per cent in his studies and was the pride of the gridiron and the baseball field. In fact, when tests of athletic skill were made, there seemed to be nothing which he could not do, and do well. But since his graduation from college he had seemed a failure at everything he had tried.

In the first position that his father had secured for him he did not un-

derstand why a man, when he was doing his level best, should take a cursing from a man who was by far his inferior. Accordingly, the contractor, with whom he had taken employment, had to let him go or to discharge the foreman, and naturally he retained the foreman. In a large wholesale house, where next he was employed, he failed to understand why a man worth millions was privileged to comment upon the inferiority of the goods being sold him, could call them trash or anything he chose and not be called to account; so, when one of the firm's best customers began these tactics, young Logan immediately grasped him by the most convenient part of the trousers and put him out of the store. Naturally, the only way to appease the wrath of the customer was to discharge the clerk. So again, he was out of a position, a result that followed all along the line.

Now, he had just returned from the sixth trial, followed by a letter sent by the company with whom the father had placed him. In it, the President of the company stated that while he would like to please Mr. Logan and keep his son in the business, yet for the business' sake he would rather have the son at home



and pay him a salary, as otherwise it would be only a matter of time until the business would be ruined.

After leaving his father's office he strode down the street, the very picture of health and manliness, with the thought uppermost in his mind: "I do wish Dad would get me a job somewhere where I could make good, for I do seem to be a failure in all the places he has tried me."

It so happened that Richard Logan, the father, was speaking to a friend, one Bruce Jarvis, who was a lumber man of vast wealth and who owned extensive timber lands both in Maine and Oregon. During the conversation he mentioned the fact that the boy was out of a place in the city and that he would like to put him some place where he could make a man of himself. He said that he seemed to be a regular ruffian and that all he knew was to smoke cigarettes and to use his strength on people who opposed him. With a smile the lumber man said, "I'll tell you what to do, if you really want to make a man of him. Let us send him up into Maine to one of my lumber camps."

"That is just the thing, I will send him to you tomorrow, when you can give him a letter of introduction to one of your foremen."

Thus it was arranged. The next day young Logan put in his appearance at the office of Bruce Jarvis and asked if he was ready for him. The lumber magnate smiled and handed him a letter, telling him to present it to the foreman of Lumber Camp No. 4, Tolegan, a small lumber camp in the heart of the Maine woods. The boy left the office whistling and vowing to himself, "This time I am going to fool them all."

The following week he arrived at his destination, presented his letter to the lumber camp boss, and stood back await-

ing some reply. The boss tore open the letter and read these few hasty lines from his employer:

"I am sending you the son of one of my best friends in New York. Put him to work at any thing you see fit; but above everything else make a man of him."

Young Logan presented quite a contrast to the men who were gathered around the camp waiting for supper time. Mr. Smith, the boss, after reading the letter, looked up and said: "Well, I will attend to your case tomorrow, so make yourself at home for the present."

As soon as the foreman entered his shanty, the men began to guy the new arrival, but without much success. In his city clothes he looked much smaller than he really was, and as he was smoking a cigarette, naturally he was supposed to be some college boy who tho't he would like to come into the woods to rough it for awhile. Accordingly, they were expecting to have quite a bit of fun out of him.

In a few moments, in response to a call for supper, the men all went into a large shed where the supper was served. Young Logan followed the rest to the supper table where the guying continued even more unmercifully than before; the object of the remarks however seemed to have an unlimited supply of humor and would have passed all the jests off with a laugh had it not been for one incident, which occurred during the serving of the meal.

As a help to the cook, there was a deformed colored boy, who served the coffee to the men. As he was coming in with the last cup in his hands, he stumbled over a rough plank in the floor and spilled the entire contents of the steaming liquid on one of the teamsters at the table. The man, known as Red



Hogan by the men of the place, was hot tempered and the best fighter of all the camp. With an exclamation of rage he sprang from the table and grasped the deformed boy by the throat and through his clinched teeth snarled, "I will, you, you black devil! You did that on purpose!" With a bound Logan was at the boy's side and with a quick movement of his arm grasped the red-headed giant and threw him half-way across the room.

Fearful of the outcome, the men gave each other quick glances, and muttered under their breath, "Now he will get his." However, the protector of the colored boy did not seem in the least afraid. As a matter of fact, he was meeting Hogan's gaze without a qualm of fear, and when the teamster started towards him, he still held his ground. The foreman entered the door just at this moment, and with a glance took in the situation.

He turned to Hogan and said, "Here, you know we will allow no fighting in the shanty." With a curse the teamster turned to the boy "If that young college Whipper Snapper will come outside for a few moments, I will pulverize him." Logan smiled at the boast, and in an even tone of voice replied that he would be glad to accommodate him. The foreman laid his hand on the boy's shoulder with the remark, "Look here, boy, I do not want to see you injured the first day you are here." Charles only shook off his hand and said that he was able to take care of himself and that he would be glad to teach that bully a lesson.

Thereupon they started for the door. The men all hurried out of the shanty, for nothing is so welcome to a lumber camp as amusement of this kind. A circle was quickly formed, as quickly the fight was over. As is generally the case, science easily overcame brute force and it took a few minutes only for the college boy to beat the ruffian into submission. Like all bullies he was a coward at heart, and when he found he had met his match, he left the camp vowing vengeance.

The foreman was pleased at the outcome, for he himself had feared the teamster. The next morning Logan was put to work in Hogan's place, and from the beginning was successful. He began to plan ways of lightening the work and made numerous improvements so that he was soon next to the boss in authority. After Charles had been there about five months, the owner appeared for a short visit. He noticed the many changes that had been made, and naturally wanted to know who was responsible for them. Great was his astonishment to learn that the credit was due to Logan.

The next week Mr. Logan, Charles' father, read with delight the following words: "If you have any more such fellows as your son Charles, send them to me, for I can use them. After a visit to my camp, I have decided to make him my general manager, which position carries with it a salary of \$15,000.

Your friend,  
Bruce Jarvis."  
EVELYN GARRISON, '13



## To the Class of 1912

I wonder, O I wonder  
How many ever thought  
While walking thro' a forest  
Of the lessons to be taught.

The forest represents us  
With its trees of varying hues  
Their traits, their looks, their motions  
From the aspen to the yews.

We have the graceful elm tree  
Her leaning life-like air  
Displays our grace and beauty,  
As nothing else, so fair.

There, too, is the stately warrior,  
The oak with his brawny boughs  
Our strength and very sinew  
He holds to all his vows.

We, also, have the willow,  
Whose drooping branches weak,  
Portray our languid frailty  
If permitted so to speak.

And there's the Christmas holly,  
Whose hue is e'er the same  
And no matter where you meet her,  
Or when, she's just the same.

Now, all these make the forest,  
Together with others, too,  
And each needs its companions  
Or this world would never do.

And if of one kind all were,  
The scene would not be right;  
But with each one so comely,  
They make a pleasing sight.

Now friends, just think it over,  
In the learning where you delve,  
Have you found a bonnier forest  
Than the Class of Nineteen Twelve?

LENA SHERMAN 113



# The Portsmouth Daily Times.

Vol. 99. No. 7

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1938.

Price 10c

## IN WHEELERSBURG

Our eminent cartoonist, Mr. Earl Brand, has gone to the State Capital at Wheelersburg to attend the State Gubernatorial Convention. The opposing candidates are: for the Sociable party, Miss Marjorie Lillian Jenkins; for the Anti-Suffragette party, Miss Effie Cranston. Among the speakers will be Edna Bauer, whose address will be entitled "Down with Men." Frank Ferguson, "How to be Beautiful though Political;" Ruth Fowler, "Woman's Weapon—the Tongue." All the prominent politicians hail from Portsmouth.

## NOTED POETESS

Portsmouth has the honor of being the home of perhaps the world's greatest poetess, Gollie Lantz, whose work is attracting notice throughout Scioto County. Her poem on "The Daisiest Daisy in Dayfield" is a masterpiece.

## NOTED ARTIST

Frederic Ross Thomas, Africa's greatest living artist, will speak at the New Opera House this evening. His evening lecture will be "The Misfits," or "The Square Peg in the Round Hole." 10,000 seats have already been sold and the remaining 5,000 will be on sale at Dalton's Grocery.

The price of admission is 3 cents for adults and two children for 1 cent.

## SPORTING NOTES

Samson has been sold. Word was received here today to the effect that Chuck Samson has been sold to the Cubs for the record breaking sum of \$50,000.

## WATCH FOR IT

Read our new serial story which begins in tomorrow's issue. It's a hammer by that rising novelist, Hazel Atlas. Title: "Beautiful Beatrice's Betrothal"

## OUR GIRL'S OWN COLUMN

Beginning with next Wednesday this space will be devoted to answering questions which "our girls" may ask us. Those on Beauty will be answered by the noted Beauty Specialist, Mme. Angela Switalski; those on affairs of the heart by Miss Mabel Goodman.

## FINED FOR OVERSPEEDING

Mr. Rea Selby, the noted aviator, was brought before Mayor McCurdy yesterday. He was going at the rate of 20 miles a minute and the flag on his machine caught fire.

## "LEHRERIN" ILL

The High School German teacher, Miss Jean Miller, is quite ill. It is feared she will be forced to be absent several weeks. Miss Gladys Wittenberg will act as her substitute. Miss Wittenberg studied under the famous Prof. Dice.

## HEAR HER TONIGHT

The remarkable lady evangelist, Miss Alma Coverston, will deliver her famous sermon on "The Corruption of Women Voters" at the Coverston Tabernacle on Timmond's Hill.

Wanted—to correspond with a middle-aged gentleman with matrimonial intentions  
Address  
Miss Blanche Eckhart  
Box 23

Portsmouth, Ohio  
Notice—Must be at least 4 feet in height and able to earn half the living.

Wanted—Young ladies to attend my domestic science classes.  
Hash a Specialty  
Class rooms located in old Second St. School Building.  
Miss Miriam H. Haag

Athletes—Use Lynn's Liniment for those st and bruises.

## SOCIAL COLUMN

After a long courtship, which had its beginning in High School days, Miss Martha Jane Guthrie Foster, Portsmouth's best known attorney, and Mr. Russell McCurdy, our worthy Mayor, were last evening united in marriage by Rev. Albert Noel.

Miss Marcia Storck, the noted New York contralto, rendered a beautiful solo entitled, "Quit a' Kickin' My Dawg Aroun'."

Among the out of town guests were: Miss Tirzah Cross, teacher of English at the Rarden High School, Dr. Anna Obrist, of Scotoville, and Prof. Geo. Reitz, professor of Civics in the University of South Webster.

The far famed artist, Miss Mary Barnett, has just returned from South Portsmouth, where she has been copying some of the masterpieces in the renowned galleries of that city. She reports an enjoyable trip and states that she did not suffer from sea sickness during the entire voyage.

## COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Adding  
Subtracting  
Penmanship  
Teachers  
Fathleen Frick  
Howard Frick  
Della Maye Smythe  
Rates Reasonable

## GREAT PIANO SALE

\$400 Pianos reduced to \$399.99  
Jos. Horchow  
Furniture Co.

## POLITICAL

### ANNOUNCEMENT

We are authorized to announce  
Herbert Fry  
as Candidate for  
Cemetery Trustee  
Subject to Sociable  
Primary

I am a  
Candidate for  
Township Constable  
and humbly solicit  
your support at  
The Anti-Fat Primary  
I am confident that I  
can easily fill the  
office.

Harry Pressler

Edward Bender  
Candidate for  
Probate Judge  
Subject to the Anti-Suffragette primary.  
Your support solicited

## BEAUTY SPECIALIST

Chas. Atkinson, M. D.  
Office Hours:  
5:30 A. M.—5:30 P. M.  
5:30 P. M.—5:30 A. M.  
Office centrally located  
on Timmond's Ave.  
Freckles extracted  
without pain.

## NOTICE TO

### P. H. S. STUDENTS

Take "Reuben's Rules of Order" to class meeting with you. "The Infallible Guide."

## NO MORE

### STRAIGHT HAIR

Use Balmert's Rubber Wavers and have hair like unto corkscrew curls.

## PATRONIZE

### DALTON

The self-made grocer who sells home-made groceries.

## BE ON TIME

Get Tremper's wonderful Wakener and always be on time.

This device may be connected with any alarm clock and awakens the sleeper by discharging a squirtgun loaded with ice water in his face.

Guaranteed to Work Accept no Substitute



## "H. H. S., 1912"

'Twas in September, nineteen-eight  
Those lads and lassies young, but great  
Entered, as "Freshies" old Portsmouth  
High,  
There their level best to try.  
That wonderful class of '12.

How proud they felt in nineteen-nine  
When back they came as "Sophs" so  
fine;  
They toiled unceasingly day by day,  
Slowly but surely, winning their way.  
That sturdy class of '12.

How haughty, they, in nineteen-ten,

When back to school they came again,  
As "Juniors" to win an honored name  
And position in the "Hall of Fame."  
That honorable class of '12.

And now they're "Seniors," brave and  
true  
To those dear old colors—"Red and  
Blue;"  
So here's to those who've strove to try  
To advance the interests of Ports-  
mouth High.  
That loyal class of '12.

H. L. F., '12.

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## The Class Will of 1912

We, the Senior Class of Portsmouth High School, of the city of Portsmouth, and commonwealth of Ohio, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament, revoking all former wills, devises and testaments, of whatever nature, by us made.

Item First: To our chief heirs, the Juniors, we bequeath all possessions left us by the class of nineteen hundred and eleven.

Item Secnd: To all future generations we bequeath "our promised land." The deceased exhorts them to remember that they are enjoying the fruits of our labor. However, we unselfishly wish them many happy hours within its walls.

Item Third: To the coming Senior class, we bequeath all our genius for the making and the carrying out of plans for the welfare of the school.

Item Fourth: With downcast hearts we bequeath our dearest possession, Prof. W. D. Gilliland, to the care of the South Americans.

Item Fifth: To the girls of the Jun-

ior class we leave the task of persuading Mr. Creveling that Woman's Suffrage should exist throughout the U. S., especially in the State of Ohio.

Item Sixth: To all future civic's classes, we bequeath our "clothesline." The same may be found in our present place of residence artistically adorning the eastern wall.

Item Seventh: The geometry models which now repose upon the geometrically constructed shelf in Mr. Creveling's room we bequeath to the waste basket.

Item Eighth: To the debating clubs of the future, we bequeath our Boola Boola song.

Item Ninth: We bequeath the congressional records to the Freshmen. They will furnish the children interesting reading for idle study periods.

Item Tenth: To the Freshmen we also bequeath our one standing rule, permitting members to speak for one minute only, knowing from the composition of their class that they will need it as did we.

Item Eleventh: To the Freshmen, we



also bequeath the headgear worn by the boys of our class during our own Freshman year. The aforesaid headgear consists of a number of caps, at least two inches in diameter, alternating red and gray stripes, with the emblem twelve sprawled across the front. We hope they will be as becoming to the boys of '15 as they were to our own pretty dears.

Item Twelfth: To the tender care of the Alumni Association we will "Little Red," our mascot. We caution the said Association to keep the strictest guard over this precious possession, as we are fearful lest some class might infringe upon our rights and adopt him as their mascot.

Item Thirteenth: To next year's local editor, we bequeath Mr. Creveling's jokes. They have proven a great help in editing the "Annual" and we part with them very reluctantly.

IN THE ITEMS:

Item Fourteenth: I, Charles Samson, bequeath to August Adams, my "Both-ers," for their heart curative purposes.

Item Fifteenth: I, Reuben Horchow, do hereby bequeath to James Pearce, the task of moderation in class meetings.

Item Sixteenth: I, Jennie Foster, bequeath to Helen Dunn, my monopoly of the presidency.

Item Seventeenth: I, Hugh Tremper, knowing the beauty of traveling slowly, hereby bequeath my position as engineer on the "Slow Train through Arkansas" to "Pi" Johnson, who is urged to be as faithful an engineer as I have been.

Item Eighteenth: I, Hazel Atlas, do bequeath all my "Sauce" to the faculty, feeling sure that no future generations of children will be able to supply a sufficiency.

Item Nineteenth: I, James Lynn, do leave sealed instructions for the proper cultivation of a pompadour to Richard Duduit.

Item Twentieth: I, Effie Cranston, bequeath my numerous photographs of Arthur Johnson to the High School at large, the same to be used in adorning the walls of the new High School.

Item Twenty-first: I, Frederick Ross Thomas, do will, bequeath, and devise my "Apple Grove" to ——— ——— ——— (oh! I can't do it!)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by said Senior Class, as and for their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at their request, and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses to said foregoing instrument.

MUTT AND JEFF

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## Evening Mist

Up from the sea,  
And over misty headlands, high up-  
rising,  
There floats a veil of gossamer shadows,  
Shrouding all save here and there,  
A lone eucalyptus, tall and fantastic;  
Gigantic watch-guards of the coast,

*Twenty-eight*

While through them gleam opalescent  
The faintly fluttering draperies of de-  
parting day.  
Like as the day my hope doth go,  
And shines but faintly through the folds  
of gray despair.

GOLDIE LANTZ, '12.



## Light

Now the Physic's class peruses  
All the mysteries of light,  
Its reflection, its refraction,  
But especially its light.

Three hundred thirty thousand meters  
Quite incredible does seem  
For the special speed per second  
Of a single little beam.

And it may seem simply awful,  
If not sighted from afar,  
'Cause the speed seems very different  
From the northern polar star.

If we should be permitted  
In nineteen and eighteen,  
To look at earth from this great star  
A wonder would be seen.

A most exciting battle  
That occurred in '63  
And fought at famous Gettysburg  
We at that time could see.

So what seemed awe-inspiring  
Is not so very great  
For it seems that sight of Gettysburg  
Arrived there very late.

It would surely be convenient  
If the naughty things we do  
Would not reach the teacher's vision  
Till too late to get a "U"

Then we would not have to worry  
When exams had almost come  
That a "U" would make us take 'em,  
And maybe flunk in some.

LOUISE BOTHWELL, '13





JUNIOR '13.

President, Guy Moore.

Secretary, Kenyon Johnson.

Class Colors: Maroon and White. Flower: White Carnation. Motto: "Nitimur Vincere."

Vice-President, Marguerite Dawson.

Treasurer, Harry Doerr.



## A Color Scheme

A dash of color—  
A shimmering sheen—  
And still another—  
A dazzling green.

“What?” is the question on every  
tongue.

The only answer “Alack, alas;  
Yes, they have only just begun,  
They are the High School Freshman  
Class.”

And now a shifting,  
You scarce can think  
Before they're drifting  
Into a pink.

Strange! what did dazzle and tire the  
brain

Think of perfection is and how,  
How it aids in its rest again,  
For they are High School Sophomores  
now.

A foot-ball season  
Which never is bleak,  
And for some reason  
No yellow streak.

“Why?” is the query we hear at last,  
“Are they so clean in every play?”  
“Why, their Sophomore stage is fairly  
past,  
And they are High School Juniors  
today.”

A future warning—  
Still tried and true

As in life's morning,  
But rather blue.

Yes, blue as days so swiftly pass.

The reason why you all can guess;  
For, this, the present Junior Class  
Next year will leave old P. H. S.

LOUISE BOTHWELL, '13

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Have you ever noticed it to be a characteristic of one of our instructors to quote very glibly at the opportune time many of our great authors? Perhaps you have also noticed that many of his maxims are Biblical. For instance, in consoling a pupil over his work long done and forgotten (in third term algebra) he may advise him to “let the dead past bury its dead.” Or if, perchance, some pupil has actually made a mark, he instructs us to “go and do likewise.” In asking for volunteers one hears his voice ringing out “who'll be the next?” and consoles some of us poor creatures on the fence that “the first shall be last and the last shall be first.” He tells us that “sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,” and also to prepare our following day's lessons, for “we know not what the day may bring forth.” Then again he informs us that on the final day of reckoning “there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth” and after the long dreaded event is over and we have tried our best he tells us we did “almost from the sublime to the ridiculous.”

LENA SHOOTS, '13







SOPHOMORE '14.

President, Ellsworth Williams.

Secretary, Maud Smith.

Treasurer, Graham Revare.

Vice-President, Ada Robe.

Colors: Green and White: Class Motto: "After the battle comes the reward."



## The Graduates

## S. and S.

It is with feelings of regret that we see the present Senior class pass from our midst,—the class so studious, so jolly, so accomplished. In the last four years these pupils have studied together, worked together, played together, and they leave the High School better by their presence. As they finish this part of their course, they leave to carry out farther their purpose in life. With even deeper regret we must bid farewell to our beloved principal, W. D. Gilliland. Accompanying the Seniors, he graduates to another part of his life's work. As to the class we wish them the fulfillment of their highest and loftiest ambitions; as to Professor Gilliland, we wish him prosperity and happiness in his new position.

### Lives of Seniors all remind us

We will some day be there too,  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Stories of what we can do;—

Stories, that perhaps another  
Journeying o'er the High School road  
A forlorn and struggling brother,  
Hearing, is lightened of his load.

BLANCHE CARRIER, '14

S. and S. Everybody knows what they represent. However, fearing that some one may not, perhaps we had better make it known to all. They stand for the best (how honorable!) classes in High School,—the Seniors and the Sophomores. The former are the recognized rulers of the school; the latter, the terrible and relentless (?) tyrants of the humble Freshmen. The natural tendency of the Sophs to display to the lower classmen, and sometimes to the upper, their brilliant knowledge and worldly wisdom has been handed down from—well, by keeping out of history, from the one who invented, discovered, or made the name of Sophomore. Therefore, when you hear the above-named class performing any of the aforesaid things, just content yourselves with the one consolation that, in two years, they will be Seniors—Seniors in all that the name implies.

Here's to the Seniors of P. H. S.  
Seniors in aim, Seniors in fame,  
Seniors in name, as Seniors they reign,  
Farewell Seniors, to you, our boys,

HAROLD WELCH, '14







FRESHMEN '15.

President, Forest Williams.

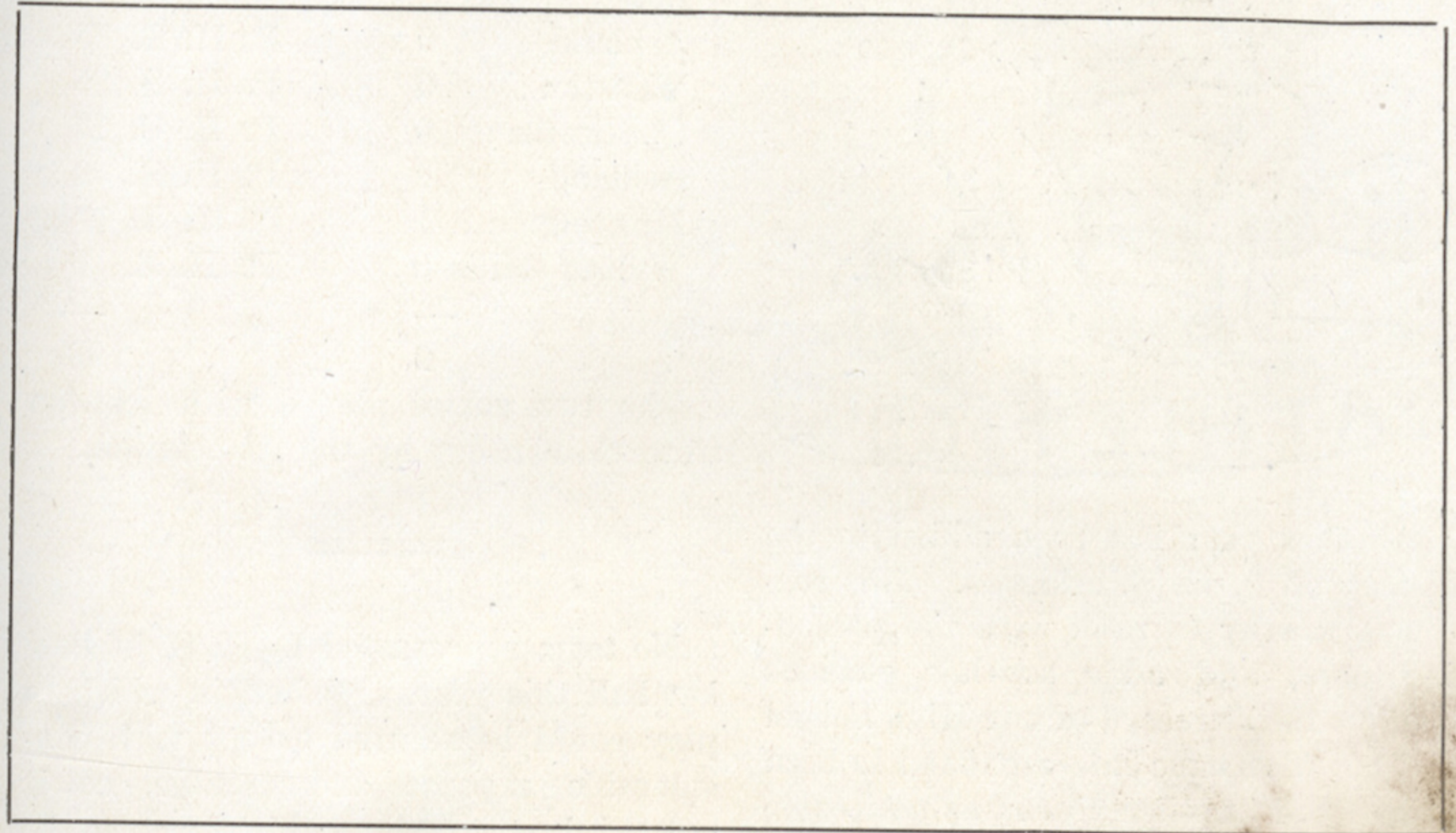
Secretary, Helen Rardin.

Vice-President, Belford Atkinson.

Treasurer, Mildred McAfee.



## A Blank



Our little friends the Freshies  
Thought that they would play a prank  
On the "Annual" Staff of Seniors  
By leaving this page blank.

Course you want to know the reason  
Why they played this little trick;  
And I know you're in a hurry,  
So I'll tell it very quick.

Now it seems that all these Freshmen  
Have such great extravagance  
That they wanted to display it,  
So they found in this a chance.

And another fitting reason is,  
They're quite fond of display  
So this blank's a demonstration  
Of the work they do each day.

Then these knowing little Freshmen  
Thought this page might rightly serve  
As a contrast for their faces.  
Don't you think they had their nerve?

Next remember how we studied  
In that dear old Physic's class  
That a mirror was just merely  
Some invisible plate glass.

And you heard of how a Sophomore  
Saw some gentle waving grass;  
But a closer view revealed it  
As the present Freshman class.

But the Freshies say that Sophomore  
Has just pulled off something raw;  
That he looked into a mirror  
And 'twas his own face he saw.

But each Freshman has decided  
That it's better now by far  
Not to be some waving green stuff,  
But just what they really are.

So I hear they had decided  
Just to let this one page pass  
As adequately illustrating  
Now, the present Freshman Class.





Another year has been added to the history of P. H. S. athletics. This season is worthy to rank with the preceding ones, and adds another glorious chapter to the record of our High School sports. The same interest that has been manifested in other years was noticeable in this. The students supported the football team more loyally perhaps than ever before, and would perhaps have given their assistance to other sports just as enthusiastically.

The football season was almost a repetition of last year's record. The team won every game except the tie with Walnut Hills. Such a record is indeed deserving of notice and those who made it are to be commended. The outlook at the first of the season was not as bright as in former years, but as the weeks passed and the team added victory after victory to its trophy pole, the era of doubt passed, and that of confidence dawned.

The light players grew faster, the weighty ones surer, and the whole joined together in developing team work. James Pearce captained the team, while Graves Williams acted as manager.

The important matter of securing a capable coach was solved without going further than the faculty. Mr. Creveling's valuable assistance and training

to the players and exercised a general oversight over them.

Below appear the scores of the season

Ashland	0	P. H. S.	35
Wellston	0	P. H. S.	25
Chillicothe	0	P. H. S.	17
Ashland	0	P. H. S.	9
Huntington	0	P. H. S.	12
Walnut Hills	0	P. H. S.	0
	—		—
	0		98

The two games played with Ironton were thrown out by the Association.

No team represented P. H. S. in Basketball this year. No hall in which to play could be secured except with considerable expense and trouble, so it seemed best to allow this sport to be disregarded in the High School. Several games, however, were played between High School students and local teams. The boys were graceful losers on two occasions when they tackled more experienced and better organized teams. The girls were more enthusiastic and engaged in several exciting contests with teams chosen from their number.

Early in the season the class teams were organized and a high school baseball league formed. Much material was presented to the different managers for trial. Owing to the press of work upon the Seniors at this period of the year they were able to take little part in this sport, but the other classes have played many exciting and interesting games. A team picked from the class teams and managed by Chas. Sampson engaged local aggregations on different occasions coming out successful each time.

Although athletics are not occupying as prominent a place in P. H. S. as they should, the succeeding years will doubt-



less see a great change for the better. The class of 1913, and those following it, will find a wider range of sport open to them in the new gymnasium and the

field. May the same success and good fortune which has so long accompanied the P. H. S. teams continue to be with the future athletes.





## The Team



Pearce, captain, left end. "Pearcie" is a good man for the place. Although of rather slender build, he has a determined way of meeting opposition and breaking through it. His specialties are breaking up end runs and pulling men down before they reach the scrimmage line. This is his second year on the team.



Hitchcock, fullback. "Hitch's" short heavy build well fits him for line bucking, and many a yard of territory has been added by his plunging. This is his second and last year at P. H. S. football.



Padan, right half. "Runt" is fairly fast on his feet and stuffed full of grit. He has a knack of hitting the line with terrific force, a trait which offsets his lack of weight; and at tackling and end running he is among the best. This is his second year in football. Next season he will captain the team.





McCurdy, right tackle. "Rus" is a tower of strength both on the assault and the defense. He was one of the huskiest men on the team and in line bucking, spoiling opposing plays, and breaking through the line for tackles he is on a par with the best. This is his second and last year at football in P. H. S.



Selby, right end and center. "Seb" is both fast and large, and as a result, is a valuable player. At center, he gives a team a world of strength; at end he is speedy and a revelation in breaking up plays. As a reserve for overtaking loose runners he always shines. This is his third and last year for P. H. S. in football.



Lynn, left tackle. "Jim" is a valuable player to his team in all respects. His weight fits him for the line, and he seldom fails to gain when carrying the ball. He also has a steady head and is proficient at kicking-off.





Multer, left guard. "Korky" is well built for a place on the line and plays his position in great style. Besides blockading every assault in his quarter he finds time to shift about and hobble runners when they are making progress in other places.



Johnson, right guard. "Pi" is another husky one, and is not a bit backward about using his muscle when he wishes to break through the opposing line and pull down the runners for a loss of ground. Few plays go through his position without decidedly difficult traveling.



Williams, left half. "Gravy" is a bright light at line bucking and tackling. He hits the line with terrific force and never stops until he is down. His tackling is of an excellent variety, and in the open, he is a dangerous runner.





Poffenberger, center. "Poffie" plays a nice game at center both on the offense and defense. At passing the ball he is almost always accurate and rarely confuses a signal. He is always in the game; and in the right place, at the right time.



Samson, end and backfield. "Chuck" is an all around player and, as a result, plays no special place. He is a hard line plunger, when playing in the backfield, and a speedy end, when playing on the line. A taste for spilling interference and an ability to tackle makes him a foe to the opposing end runs.



Searcy, quarterback. "Circ" filled the quarterback position in most approved style. He ran the team nicely and passed the ball neatly. Nice gains were made by his circles around the wings and his trick line bucks.



# Alumni

The Portsmouth High School Alumni Association was organized in the month of June of the year 1869, at the suggestion of Miss Belle O. Whitney, now of Circleville and a member of the class of 1869. This meeting was held at the Fisher home on Second Street, now occupied by Mr. John Jones and family. The guests of honor were the members of the class of 1866 (which was the first class to receive certificates of graduation, and the class of 1867. There were no certificates of graduation issued during June 1868, as there were no students sufficiently qualified to receive them.

MISS ALICE TREUTHART,  
Cor. Sec'y. Alumni Asso.

Portsmouth High School has given over four hundred persons the elements of a good education. Many of these graduates have passed the entrance exams of that great university, "Eternity." Some have deserted singleness for the happy marriage bonds. These are represented in the High School by their children. Others have appreciated their education to such an extent that they have enlisted as officers in the great educational army. We can find these graduates in our own schools. In fact, the following seven members of our high school faculty are among the number: Miss Emily Ball, '72, Miss Lucy Hall, '78, Miss Emma Cramer, '79, Miss Margaret Ricker, '89, Mrs. Ruby Williams, '89, Miss Essie Dice, 1900, and Miss Pearl McKerrihan, '05.

A number of the former students of P. H. S. have been brought into the public eye; we make brief mention of the following:

Mr. J. W. Bannon, '56, a prominent lawyer of this city; Mr. D. P. Pratt, '60, ex-superintendent of the Portsmouth schools; Mr. Frank B. Kehoe, '70, President of the Portsmouth Banking Co.; Mr. Filmore Musser, '75, Cashier of the Ohio Valley Bank; Mr. Harry Ball, '81, a prominent attorney of Portsmouth; Mr. Oscar Newman, '84, a well known attorney; Mr. Ed. Reed, a member of the Joseph G. Reed Co.; Mr. Pearl Selby, '89, a member of the Selby Shoe Co.; Mr. Fred Tynes, '89, mayor of the city of Portsmouth; Captain Louis Dice, '95, stationed at Fort Terry, N. Y.; Mr. Thornton Pratt, '95, a lawyer of Chicago, Ill.; Mr. W. D. Micklethwait, '95, a physician of this city; Mr. Richard Micklethwait, '01, a physician; and Mr. Karl Zoellner, '02, a jeweler of this city.

There are several recent graduates engaged in business in this city, among whom are: Russell Stockham, '04, Ralph Streich, '06, William Tremper, '06, Russell Anderson, '07, Simon Lehman, '07, Ralph Marting, '08, William Atlas, '09, and Ledlie Conger, '10.

The Portsmouth High School is represented by her graduates in the following twenty-one institutions of learning: Ohio State, Cincinnati University, Ohio Wesleyan, Ohio University, University School of Cleveland, Michigan University, Purdue, Dartmouth, Yale, University of Wisconsin, Oberlin, Western, Columbia, Lafayette, Rose Polytechnic, Berea, Cherry Chase, Belvue, New York, N. Y., Hollins, Virginia, Lake Erie College, Painesville, and the Portsmouth Business College.

The annual Alumni banquet will be held Friday, June 7, at the Washington



Hotel. The executive committee is composed of Margaret Klingman, Lydia Geisler, Mrs. Ruth Ferguson, Mrs. Mina Bond, and John Grimes. A most cordial welcome is assured the class of 1912.

These banquets are held to talk over old times and live "those high school days" again. The graduating class is invited and welcomed, and its members are given the opportunity of joining the Alumni Association. High School affairs are discussed and, at times, bonds are issued to advance some high school movement. So, you see, the organization is one not merely to afford amusement.

The requirements for membership are, a Portsmouth High School diploma and twenty-five cents dues. There is no initiation, therefore ye timid ones, be not afraid! There is an assessment of sev-

enty-five cents for the banquet besides the twenty-five cents per year.

The following honorary members and invited guests, other than the class of '12, will attend: Mr. Frank Appel, superintendent of Public Schools; all of the High School faculty that are not graduates; the present Board of Education; and the society reporters of the Blade and Times.

Attend, old members, and if you can do nothing more, at least give the incoming members a hearty welcome.

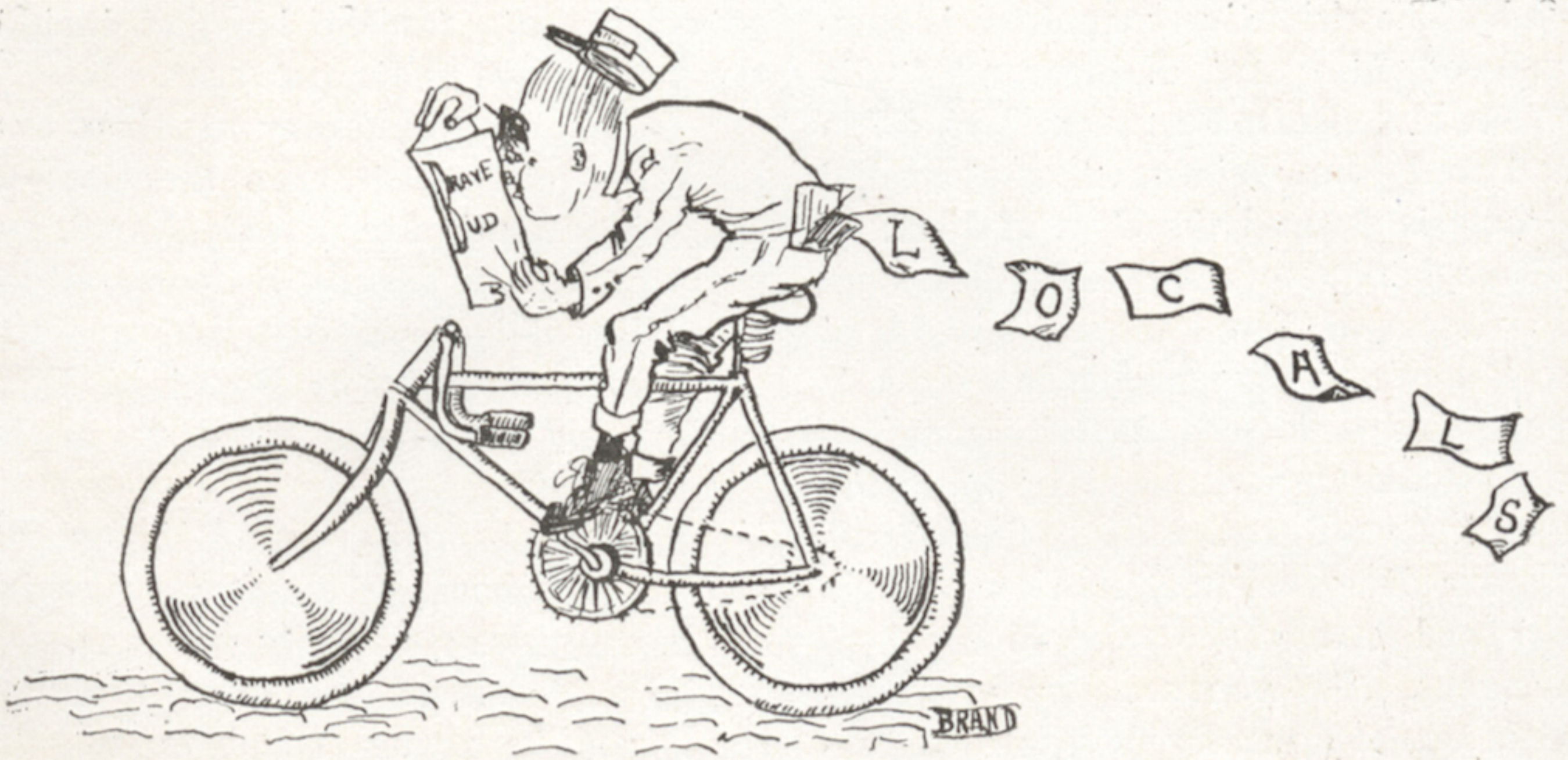
The first act of the present Senior class, on becoming members of the Alumni, will be to extend our heart-felt thanks to the Alumni Association for the banquet and hearty welcome. The deepest gratitude will also exist for the kind advice and the boost into outside affairs that we expect to receive.

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## OUR MASCOT







Question in Physics Exam.—“Do you believe that there is such a thing as a sound wave? Why?”

Answer on bright pupil's paper—“Of course, because Mr. Creveling says so.”

The Civics class is discussing Mr. Pinchot:

F. F.—“Will, Gifford, er—he was in favor of preserving the forests, wasn't he?”

Mr. G.—“Really Frank, I didn't know that you knew Mr. Pinchot so intimately.”

E. C. (translating)—“He beat himself with his ears.”

He must have resembled Maud!

For the benefit of those who do not know the members of the “Ars-in-Lege” class, we take pleasure in presenting you with the following list, together with some of the motions used by them:

Miss McK.—“What is the first part of the Constitution of the United States called?”

A. Tracy—“The preambulance.”

Charles S. (in Virgil)—“Polux loved his brother so well that they were

twins.”

Mildred Pfau  
 Mary Barnett  
 Joseph Horchow  
 Carl Collett  
 Kathleen Frick  
 Cecil Sarver  
 Adam Mootz  
 Herbert Fry  
 Albert Noel  
 Della Smith  
 Edna Bauer  
 Miss Ricker  
 Russell McCurdy

Russell Egbert  
 Clarence Jaynes  
 Howard Frick

Amend  
 Recommit  
 Order of the day

Previous Question  
 Suspend the Rules

Lay on the Table  
 Postpone Indefinitely  
 Expunge from the Record  
 Reconsider a question

H. L. F., '12



Mr. C.—“You’ve seen some of the stars, haven’t you, James?”

James—“Oh yes.”

Mr. C.—“I mean the celestial bodies”

Mr. C. (explaining a problem) “Now, Tirzah, you’re the fish down in the water.”

T. C.—“Well, at least I’m in the swim.”

The Echo is in receipt of a very interesting letter from Harold Walker, of Sweetwater, Tennessee. We regret we have not space to publish it.

Ask Earl Brand why the dandelion is his favorite flower.

Mr. Yenner—“And now, I am sure we would all be pleased to listen to a little talk by Mr. Taggart.”

Mr. Taggart—“Well, er—really, I’m not used to extemporaneous speeches like Mr. Yenner is. You know he hears them in his classes every day.”

The following unidentified expressions were found in or about the High School building. If not called for by the owners within ten days, they will be turned over to the Humane Society.

“All children over twenty-one years of age—”

“640 square acres—”

“I read that over *twice*—”

“Juniors and other foreigners—”

“A despondent verb—”

“A congregational Record—”

Gladys (triumphantly)—“Last year we took German with the Seniors, and Miss Dice said the Juniors were lots smarter than the Seniors.”

Mr. C.—“Well, I won’t let Miss Dice beat me. I’ll say the same thing about

this class.”

And Gladys sits and thinks!

“YE BALLADE OF YE TENNE LYTLE SENIOR GYRLES”

Ten little Senior girls all in a line,  
Mary fell in love, and then there were nine.

Nine little Senior girls sitting on a gate,  
Gladys tumbled off, then there were eight.

Eight little senior girls, looking up to heaven,

A shooting star hit Jean, then there were seven.

Seven little Senior girls, in an awful fix,  
Alma got out, then there were six.

Six little Senior girls looking at a hive;  
Miriam got stung, then there were five.

Five little Senior girls, sitting on the floor;

Edna got stepped on, then there were four.

Four little Senior girls, putting out to sea;

Anna got wet, then there were three.

Three little Senior girls, oh, what a few;  
Hazel flunked in Civics, then there were two.

Two little Senior girls, out for lots of fun;

Effie went to a ball game, then there was one.

One little Senior girl, left all alone,

Goldie graduated, then there were none.

Sophomore—“Come, give us a song.”

Freshman—“I’m not a singer.”

Sophomore—“Well, what are you, a Wheeler and Wilson?”—Ex.

I wonder what would happen

If Hugh would come early?

If Goldie would fail to recite?

If Reuben would stay away from class meetings?

If Mr. W. D. G. would laugh?



If Marjorie would talk louder and  
 If Hazel would talk less?  
 If Russel wouldn't blush?  
 If the new High School would be finished before 1915?  
 If Blanche wouldn't wear earrings?  
 If Albert B. would flirt and  
 If Charlie A. would not?  
 If everybody would contribute to the Echo?

---

High School corner  
 Clock's at eight  
 Junior lassies  
 Very late,  
 Stell and Helen bring up the race  
 Helen whispers, "Stella do be have a face."

---

Mr. Blackstone (before he reads the exam grades)—"And I assure you, they will remain just as they are, without one plea."

---

Mr. C.—"What do you consider the hardest subject we have had this year, Kenyon?"

Pie (reflectively)—"Well, I don't know—seems to me light is the darkest subject we've had."

---

Mr. G.—"Everybody keep still, so you can hear the Seniors yell."

---

Miss H.—"What is Tennyson's great elegiac poem about, James?"

J. L.—"I think its about a man that died."

---

Mr. C.—"Name some reflectors,

Hazel."

H. A.—"Well, a mirror is."

Mr. C.—"Is that the only one you've had any experience with?"

---

Mr. C.—"Charles, come here!"

C. S. (absently)—"Yes ma'm, in a minute."

---

Miss Scarf in Glee Club practice—  
 "Miriam will you please play 'forevermore?'"

---

For the first time in the history of P. H. S. the Baccalaureate Sermon, the Class Play and the Commencement Exercises will be held in the auditorium of the High School. The Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered by Rev. Atkinson, Pastor of Manly M. E. church. For Class Day, the Seniors will give a classic—Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The cast is as follows:

Rosalind	Blanche Eckhart, Hazel Atlas
Celia	Marjorie Jenkins
Phoebe	Della Smith
Audrey	Jennie Foster
Duke	Marcia Storck
Orlando	Rae Selby
Oliver	Russell McCurdy
Touchstone	Earl Brand
Jacques	Reuben Horchow
Charles	James Lynn
William	Henry Dalton
Duke Frederick	Herbert Fry
Corin	Harry Pressler
Adam	Fred Thomas
Jacques Debois	Charles Atkinson
Silvius	Howard Frick





### AS "WE" LIKE IT.

All the High School's a stage  
And all the boys and girls merely play-  
ers.  
They have their exits and their  
entrances  
And each one in his time plays several  
parts.  
His acts being four ages. At first the  
Freshman  
A little whining schoolboy, with his  
satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like  
snail  
Unwillingly to school. The next age  
shifts  
Into the cute and boisterous Sophomore  
With books in hand, and girl at side,  
His little hat, well kept, a world too  
small  
For his swelled head. And then the  
Junior lads  
With eyes severe and clothes of modern  
cut,  
Full of wise learning and frugality  
And so he plays his part. Last scene of  
all  
That ends this strange and eventful  
history  
Are the worthy "A's," the wise and dig-  
nified "Seniors"  
Sans *spite*, sans *foolishness*, sans *ignor-  
ance*.  
(With apologies to Shakespere)

HARRY PRESSLER, '12

### NAMELESS

Far up the lengthened lake were spied  
Four darkening specks upon the tide,  
That, slow enlarging on the view,  
Four manned and wasted barges grew,  
And, bearing downwards from the Past,  
Steered full upon the Future's task.  
The barge of Freshmen had now passed,  
And, to the windward as they cast,  
Against the sun there came to shine  
The gay young Sophomore's bannered  
shrine.  
Nearer and nearer as they bear,  
Books, pens, and tablets flash in air.  
Now might you see the Juniors brave  
With songs and pennants sing and wave.  
Now see the Seniors, proud and wise,  
As his large oar each rower plies;  
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,  
The wave ascending into smoke;  
See these proud Seniors as they row,  
And mark their brilliant colors flow  
From their high standards down and  
sweep,  
As, rushing through the lake amain  
They plied the Portsmouth High re-  
frain:  
Che he, che he, che ha, ha, ha!!  
Portsmouth High School! rah, rah,  
rah!  
Portsmouth High, Portsmouth low,  
Portsmouth High School, O-hi-o!!!  
MARCIA STORCK, '12







## “Pink Tea”

Motto: V--A--R--!

Yell: Toot! Toot!

Membership: 13!

Officers: 0!





### The Year's Social Events in P. H. S.

A "Spread" in honor of the Foot Ball Team at the Dawson Home.

The Junior-Senior Banquet at the Washington Hotel.

Junior-Senior Outing at Creighton's Inn.

#### SENIORS

Hallowe'en Masquerade.

Party of rejoicing after mid-year exams.

Valentine Party.

#### JUNIORS

Hallowe'en Party

Leap Year Valentine Party.

#### SOPHOMORES

Hallowe'en Party.

Valentine Party.

#### FRESHMEN

Hallowe'en Party

Valentine Party

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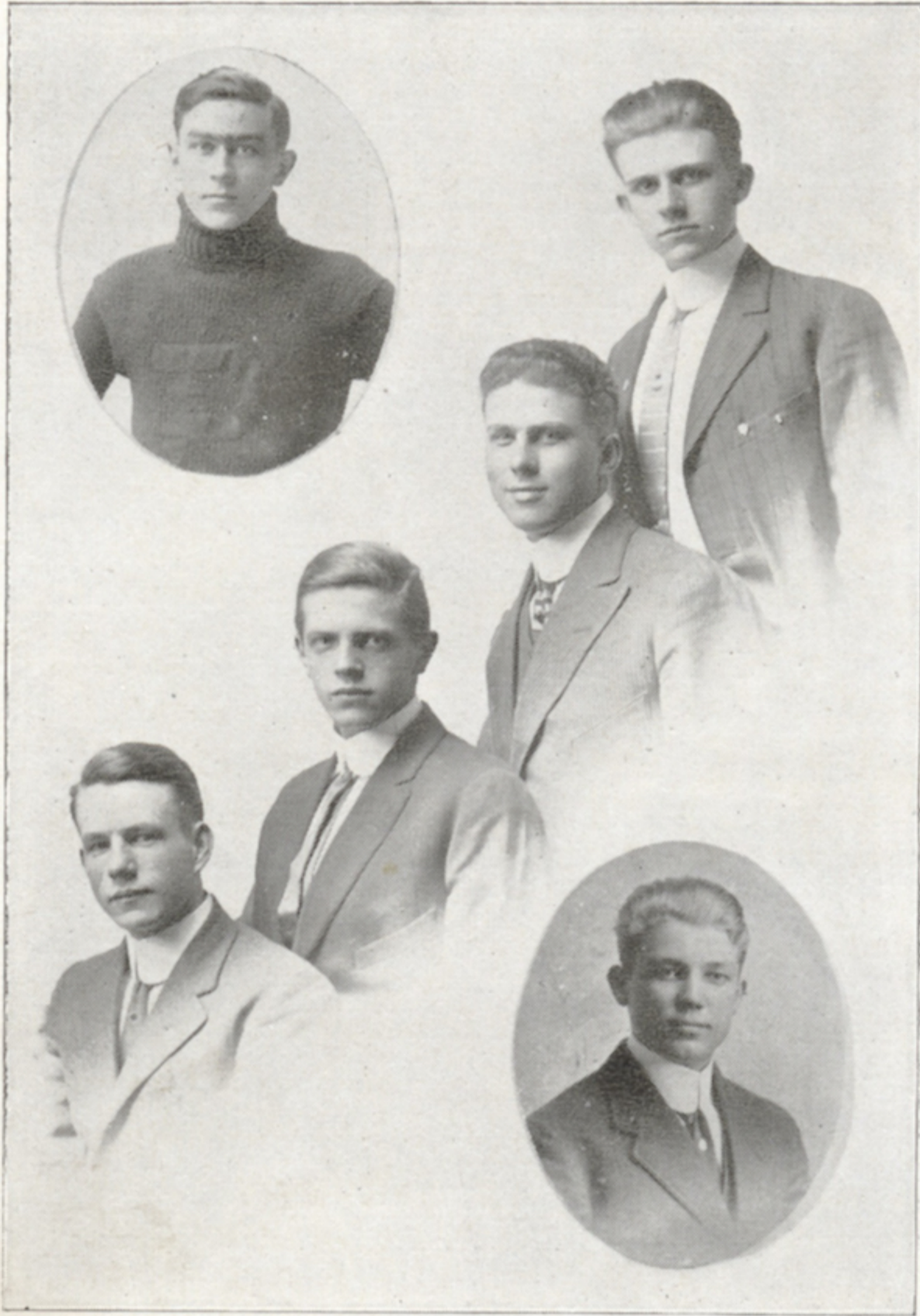
#### E. M. B. S.

This society is made up of the following Juniors and Sophomores: Helen Dunn, Martha Magee, Stella McCall, Lena Hauck, Edith Hudson, Jennie Clare, Nell Searcy and Nell Turley. The organization was effected during the month of February, 1911, for social purposes. There has been no regular place or time of meeting, and the society is without officers or a constitution. The meaning of the name, "E. M. B. S.," is unknown, but it seems that it might be interpreted, "Eat Much Baked Salmon," because the girls have had several delicious "spreads" some of which were enjoyed by a few of the opposite sex. Miss Searcy has moved to Cleveland, and Miss Turley has withdrawn from P. H. S., to attend a school for girls. The other members remain under the wand of mystery, and may their joyous times continue.

#### O. N. T.

From among the senior girls an even one-half dozen organized a social club early in the present year. A delightful society was graced with a name, shrouded in mystery, but from which the initials O. N. T. have floated. The time of meeting varies, the date being fixed by the will of the members, in order that no masculine intrusion may disturb the peaceful gathering. At these little tete-a-tetes, many social problems are discussed, while music assists in easing the fleeing hours. And teacups appear, from whose interior sweet odors arise, and sweet nectar is sipped by the following members: Marjorie Jenkins, Gladys Whittenberg, Effie Cranston, Tirzah Cross, Marcia Storck and Lillian Nav



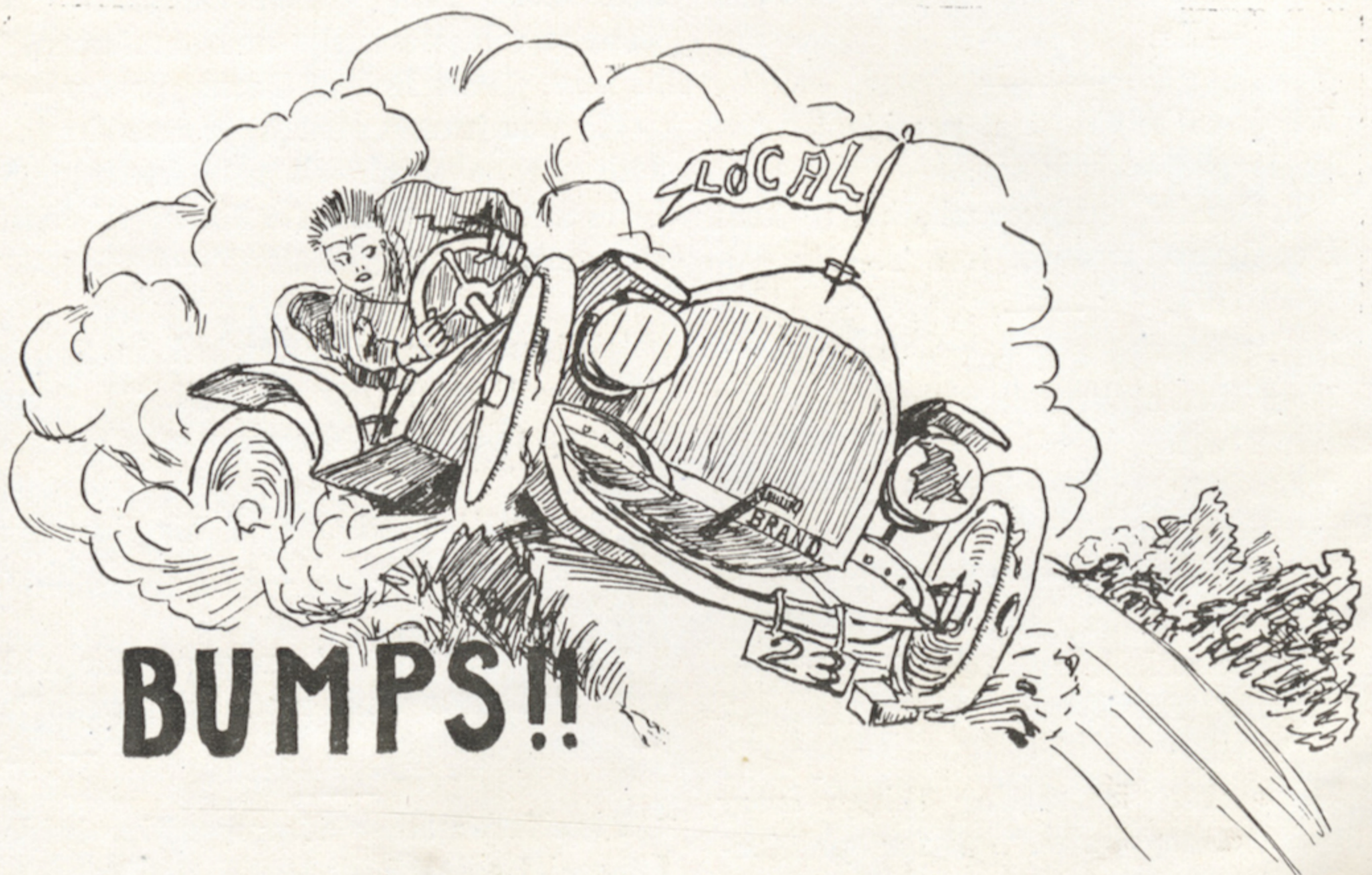


Wonder Who?



B. N. C.





#### ADVICE TO A PEACH

While a humble and lowly position,  
the bottom of the basket is far safer.

The harder you are, the better you  
will get along in the world.

Remember that sweetness is the most  
important quality for you to cultivate.

Appearing green will sometimes car-  
ry you safely through an embarrassing  
position.

Try and cultivate a calm repose of  
manner when some one tells you you  
“look good enough to eat.”

Don't seek luxuries. Remember, the  
handsomer your basket and the more  
elaborate your ribbons, the greater your  
danger.

Don't waste time envying your better  
looking sisters. If they are the first to  
leave the family tree, you may have  
cause to be glad you were the last.—Ex.

Lafky: “I want some talcum pow-  
der.”

Clerk: “Menens?”

Lafky: “No, wimmens!”—Ex.

Minister: “Well, brother Jones, I

hear that the Lord has smiled on you.”

Jones (who had recently become the  
father of twins)—“Smiled on me? He  
laughed out loud at me!”—Ex.

Of all sorry sights to masculine view,

There is one inexpressibly shocking—  
’Tis a short skirted girl in a neat, low-  
cut shoe,

With a hole in the heel of her stock-  
ing!—Ex.

An odor of the past—gasoline.—Ex.

Napper: “Jones is so visionary! No-  
body takes any stock in his schemes.”

Snapper (gloomily): “I did.”—Ex.

Money makes the mare go—and puts  
a touring car in her place.—Ex.

Bobby—“Pa, what is the ‘ruling pas-  
sion?’”

Pa—“The third term fever, my son.”  
—Ex.

Teacher—“Why, Willie, these prob-  
lems are all wrong! What is the  
trouble?”

Willie—“I don’ no. I worked awful



hard before I could even get 'em wrong."—Ex.

Who's to be the next president,  
No longer bothers me;  
Whether its Teddy or whether its Taft  
I've figured it down to a T.—Ex.

Ben Franklin did not write the following, but nevertheless they are well known truths:

"The last lap of a joy ride is usually made in a hearse."

"Some people are naturally uncongenial, and others make 'daffydils.'"

"'Race suicide in New York's four hundred;' Providence knows its business."

"The most interesting things every statesman says are 'not for publication.'"

"We have no use for a woman who makes her dog. Even a dog has some rights."

"The only way to cure a man who is always deprecating his shortcomings is to agree with him."

"We are not saying anything against Christian Science, but did you ever try it on a baby with the colic?"

"Some women love a man with a past, and others prefer one with a future; but the man with a present is always sure of a hearing."

"Whenever we meet a man whose soul desire is to 'go to heaven,' we always feel like helping him along."—Ex.

#### MATER VS PATER.

When Willie broke mother's azalea,  
Ma said, "Why, whatever can alea?"

But pa said, "My lad,

That was all to the bad!  
Come out to the shed and I'll whalea!"

—Ex.

The earnest lecturer raised his voice

and spoke with special emphasis' "I want to tell you ladies and gentlemen," he said, "that Robert Burns' poetry—"

He was interrupted by a man in the audience, an editor whom he had roused from a doze. "Good for Robert!" cried the man enthusiastically."—Ex.

"When I was shipwrecked in South America," said Captain Sail, "I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Mercy!" cried one of his listeners of the fair sex. "How could they talk?"

"They couldn't!" snapped the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild."—Ex.

Dignified mother of prospective bride (to social editor)—"And little Dorothea, sister of the bride, who is to be flower girl, will be dressed like a Dresden shepherdess, with golden crook festooned with rosebuds and—"

Young voice from the stairway—"Ma where is the washrag?"—Ex.

Because riches have wings is no sign that the rich will ever have them.

The best jokes are always on some one else.—Ex.

Mike (to the alarm clock as it goes off)—"I fooled yez that time. I was not aslape atall."—Ex.

Jack (to friend back from vacation)—"Well, old man, how did you make out among the summer girls?"

Friend—"I'm no photographer, but I got a lot of negatives."—Ex.

"They say there are as many microbes on a dollar bill as on a fly."

"Gee, but I would like to get near enough to swat a few of 'em."—Ex.

Indignant customer (who had ordered



chicken and ham pie)—“Look here, waiter! What’s the matter with this pie? There’s no chicken in it!”

Waiter—“Well, sir, you wouldn’t expect to find a dog in a dog biscuit, would you?”—Ex.

#### QUICK LUNCH PHILOSOPHY

Mastication is the thief of time.

He who gulps and runs away

May live to gulp another day.

Bolt and the world bolts with you;

Chew and you chew alone.

Some men are born dyspeptic, some achieve dyspepsia, and others have wifie’s biscuits thrust upon them.

Always say pie.—Ex.

The greatest man in a congressional district met a pig and had the condescension to say, “Good morning, my humble friend!”

“Sir,” said the pig austerely, “I am the greatest hog in all this region!”

As the two passed on an adjacent philosopher was heard to murmur, “One

small pair.”—Ex.

“The hour of twelve has struck” hissed the ghost.

“I don’t blame it,” replied the materialist. “It was worked to death long ago.”—Ex.

#### TIMELY ENDEARMENTS

The epithets of former days—

Sweet words like “peach” or “honey”

No longer suit our modern ways.

The swain would chant his lady’s praise

In terms that mean more money.

No longer “apple of my eye”

Or “precious lamb” should cheer her;

Adorers who would fain apply

A gastronomic name, must try

Comparisons much dearer.

This leaves a somewhat narrow range  
Of priceless words to utter,

And sentiments they should exchange

May sound, at first, a trifle strange—

“Dear egg!” “My pound of butter!”

—Ex.

### THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

**HOME  
STUDY**

19th Year

#### Correspondence Study Dept.

offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor’s degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, and those in different vocations. Begin any time.

U. of C. (Div. Z) Chicago, Ill.



*Early to bed,  
And early to rise.  
Do us a favor,  
And we'll put you wise.*

*Early to bed,  
And early to rise.  
Read what the following  
Advertise.*

*Early to bed,  
And early to rise.  
Go to the following  
And Patronize.*



## The Quality Shop

Always the largest selection  
of Diamonds and Watches in  
city, and at lowest prices,  
quality considered.

W. L. WILHELM

The Reliable Jeweler and Optometrist  
507 Chillicothe Street

# *Hall Bros.*

*Masonic Temple  
Portsmouth, Ohio*

*The Clothing Store*

*Also Hats and Shoes*



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**TREMPER & DONALDSON**  
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Civil, Mechanical, Electrical

Established 1824  
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# *HOT!*

*Did You Say Hot?*

*WELL I SHOULD SAY NOT.*

*Not at*

# *The Casino.*

*The Coolest and most Comfortable  
Place of Amusement*

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*For No. 1 Pure Ice Cream and  
Full Measure, try*

*Jake Pfau's*

*Home Phone 170*

*Bell Phone 216-X*

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*The Only Independent Shop  
in Portsmouth*

*Conger's  
Shop*

*We need no be... advertisement  
than the work in this book.*

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*Fifty-seven*



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WE KNOW YOU USE BOOKS

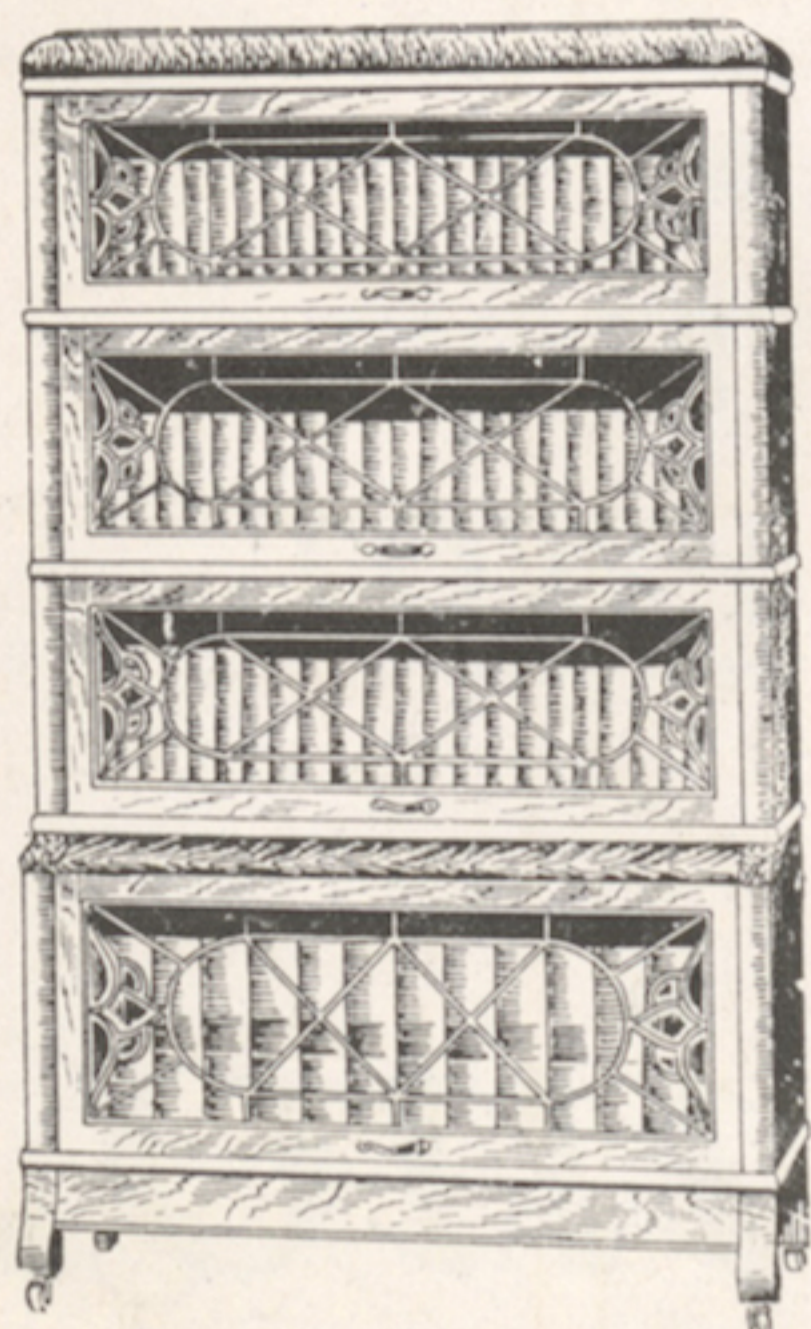
THEREFORE YOU NEED A

# BOOK CASE

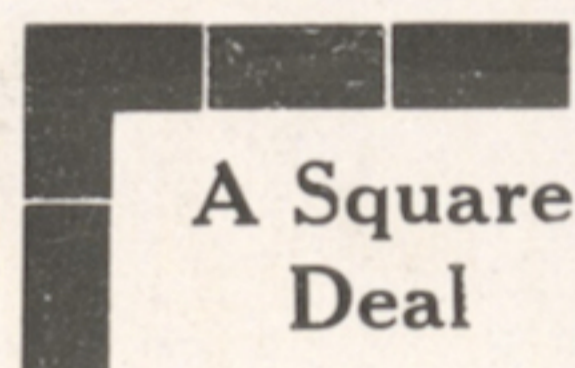
LET US SHOW YOU  
OUR COMPLETE  
LINE OF

## Macey Sectional Cases

In Mahogany, Early English and Golden Oak



*The Sam'l Horchow Co.*  
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*The Practical*

## TAILOR

Makes Suits that give satisfaction. Call and see our line. Prices reasonable. Cleaning and Pressing a specialty

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*Do you want*

*Fine Bakery Goods*

*If so, Buy*

## KNITT L'S

*Always Good*

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*A complete line of Needlework, Stamping, Cutting Stencils, Firing China.*

*All kinds of Designing.*

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*Dealers in*

## GROCERIES Produce, Milk and Feed

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*From Fifteen to  
Fifty and from  
New York to  
Los Angeles*

From the time a young fellow graduates into long trousers, up until the time he's fifty, and then some, he can wear **R. B. Fashion Clothes** and wear them with a relish.

From country end to country end, North, South, East and West, younger men from 15 to 50 admire **R. B. Fashion Clothes** and admit that they are the best ever.

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Two-Twenty  
CHILLI

*Your Hosiery, Gloves, Collars and Fancy Jewelry, Novelties can be supplied by us most satisfactory.*

*Handsome Sunshades, New Norfolk Jackets, Dainty Dresses all are here for your selection.*

*We cater to all, and you will find this an ideal place to shop.*

**The Atlas Trading Co.**

**603 Chillicothe Str**



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# *The Fashion, Wm. Atlas,*

*Manager*

*Ready-to-wear Togs for Women*

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*See*

## *David Stahler*

*for Garden Hose  
Lawn Mowers,  
Favorite Ranges*

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*If its good enough for the  
High School  
it should suit you*

**LOWE BROS.**  
*High Standard Paints*

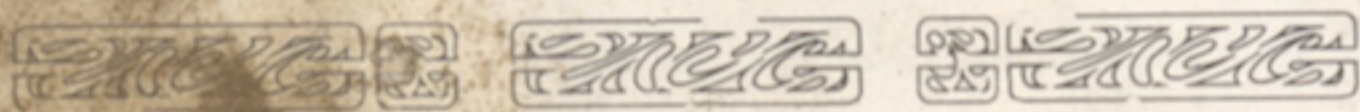
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## **ALEX M. GLOCKNER**

Agent

Corner of Gay and Gallia Streets

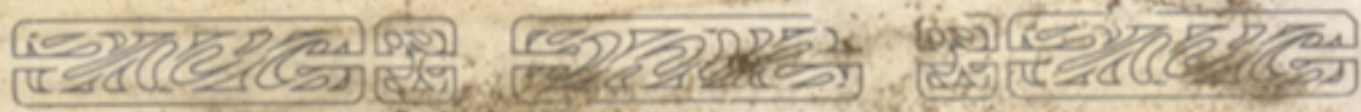
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## *Lehman's*

*for*

## *Reliable Shoes*



### **THE GIRL WHO GRADUATES**

from High School; who hesitates to pledge her years to a College Course; who, nevertheless desires to study, to enjoy college advantages, to cultivate special interests, to enrich her life and her friendship, should know of the

### **NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY**

It is a Junior College  
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126 days free  
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especially to meet the needs of High School graduates. Collegiate  
Science, Travel, Law, Business, Outdoor Life. Illustrated book of  
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*You will always leave*

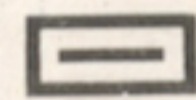
## **The Sugar Bowl**

*With a  
Satisfied Feeling*

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*Protect your checks  
with a*

## **Protectograph**



**W. W. Reilly & Co.**

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Those old Daguerreotypes of grandfather and grandmother and Aunt Mary and then the quain pictures of father and mother taken just after the war, money could not buy them from YOU.

Are you forgetful of the fact that future generations would cherish just such pictures of you?

### **King's Art Gallery**

Open Tuesdays and Saturdays to 8 p. m.,  
other evenings to 7 p. m. Sitings made either  
Day or Night.

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## Our Satisfying Growth

Is perhaps the best evidence that we can offer of the value of this bank to the business of Portsmouth and the vicinity.

Perhaps the strong features of the bank which are causing depositors to open new accounts with us would prove equally satisfying to you.

In any case, we solicit your account and offer you every possible banking facility in carrying on your financial affairs.

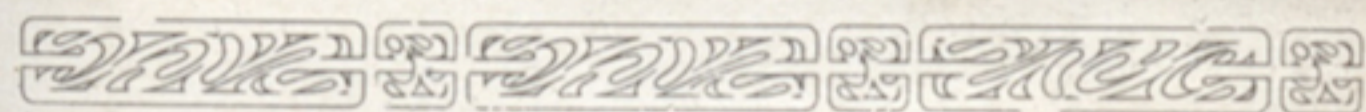
## First National Bank

Capital and Profits	-	-	\$ 430,000.00
Resources over	-	-	2,000,000.00



*Jewelry of Daintiness,  
Quality of Richness,  
Selection of Newness*

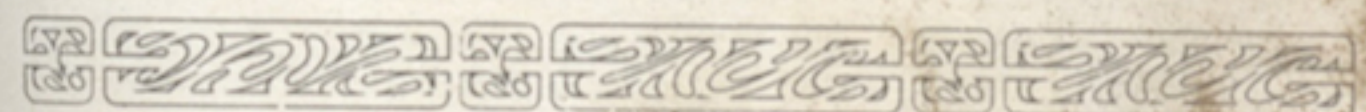
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**Smith &  
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Follow Advice and  
get the BEST

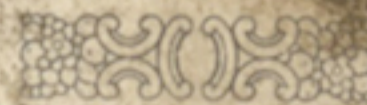


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*Whether Senior, Junior, Sophomore  
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*You Won't Fail to Recognize Merits of*

**SELBY SHOES**

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*They have an Air of Exclusiveness that appeals to the young lady  
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If choicer materials, more fashionable patterns and shades could be created, you'd find them in Anderson's clothes. And if greater skill in tailoring existed than exists today, it would be employed in the manufacture of Anderson's clothes.

If you haven't seen Anderson's clothes, you don't know what is possible in clothes.

You don't know how wonderfully well clothes can fit, and how fashionably they can be tailored.

Anderson's clothes have led in style, fit and materials -- in every quality that goes to make clothes good, and always by a wide margin.

Doubt this if you may, but you won't after you've seen our suits. They await your inspection today.

*Suits \$12.50 to \$25.00*

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# The Anderson Bros. Co.

*Chillicothe Street, Corner of Third,  
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO*

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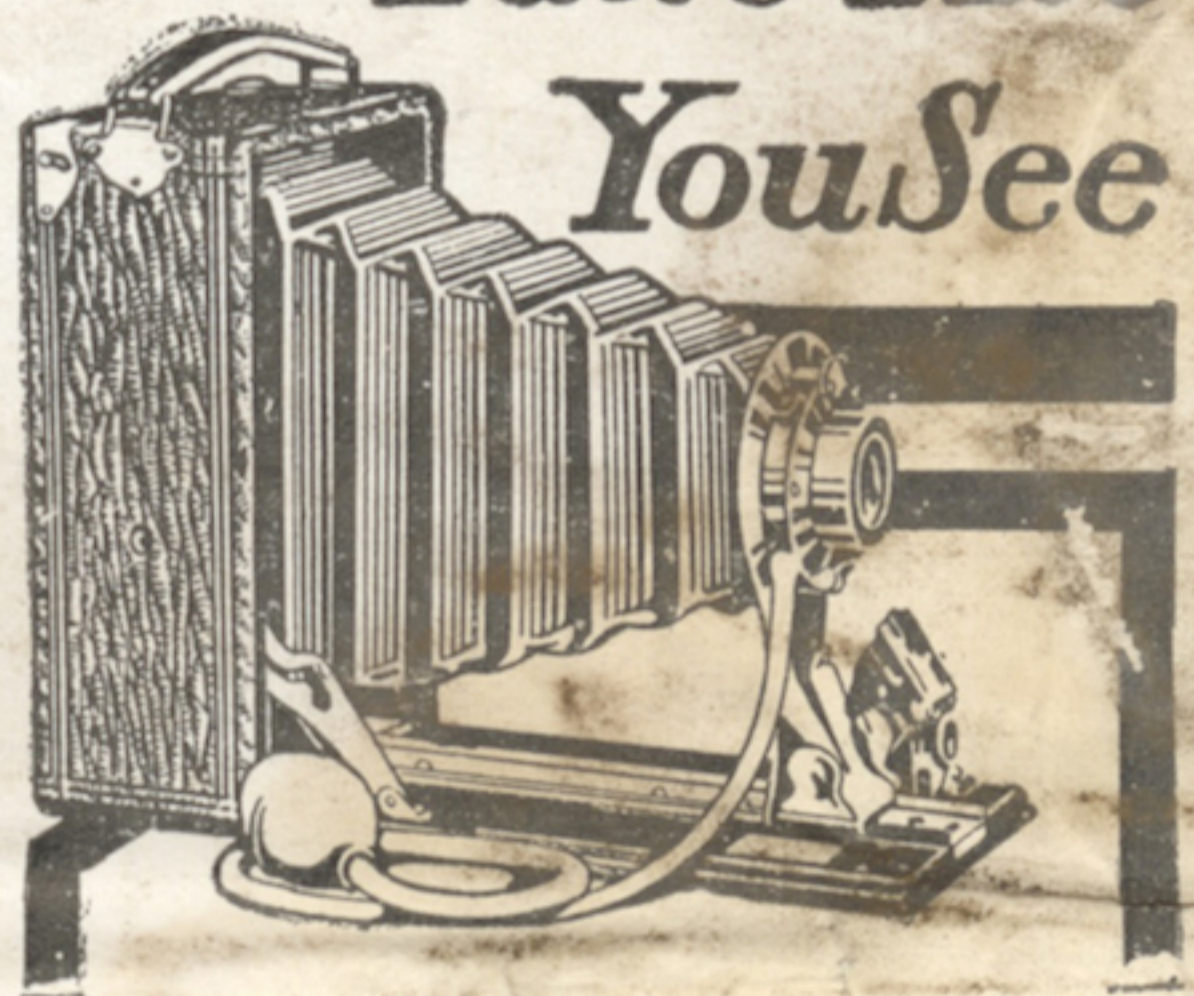
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only one-half cent a word  
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*Be sure that it is  
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