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Annual

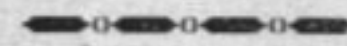


Portsmouth High School

Portsmouth, Ohio

Nineteen-Eighteen

Dedication

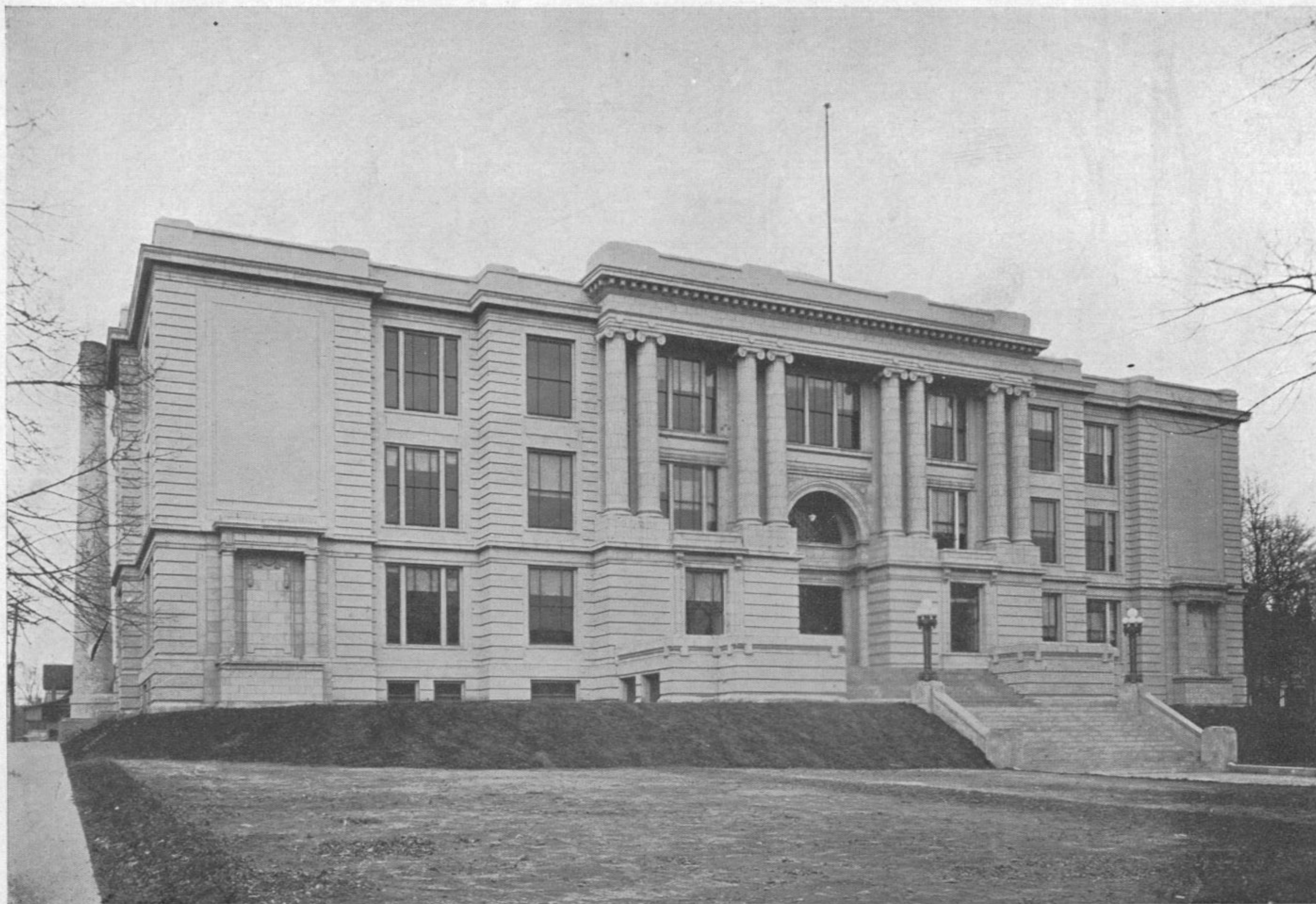


To Miss Hall, who is never weary in well doing,
we, the Class of 1918, as a token of our
respect and affection, dedicate
this Annual.



MISS HALL

“Our School”



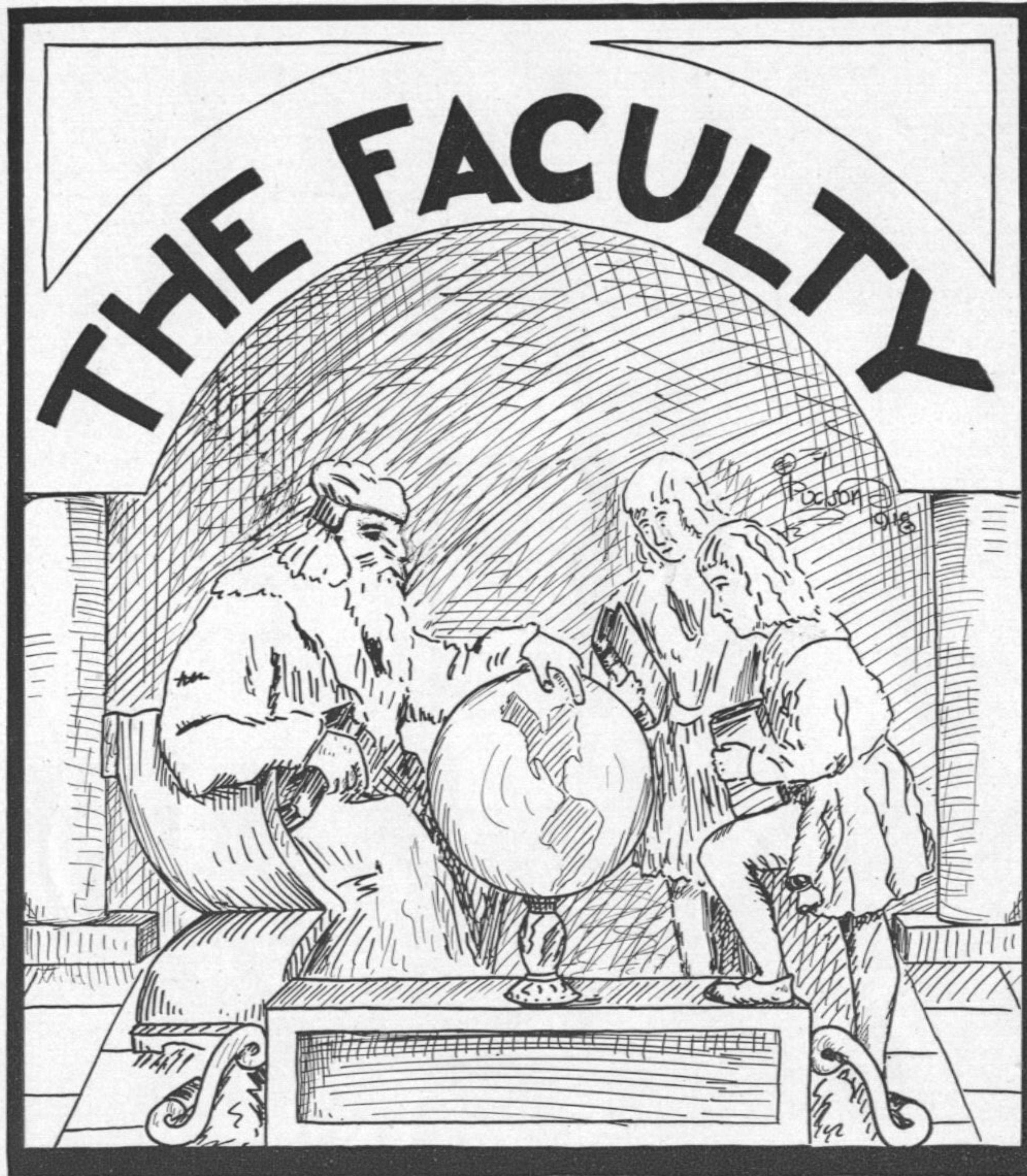


The Annual Staff, 1918

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Table of Contents

Dedication - - - - -	2	Sophomore Class Officers - - - - -	46
Our School - - - - -	4	Sophomores '20 - - - - -	48
Annual Staff - - - - -	6	Lecture Course - - - - -	49
Table of Contents - - - - -	8	Physical Training - - - - -	49
Faculty - - - - -	9	Freshman Class Officers - - - - -	50
A Song of the Classes - - - - -	12	Freshmen '21 - - - - -	52
Classes - - - - -	13	Counsel to the Class of '21 - - - - -	53
Senior Class Officers - - - - -	14	The Honor Roll - - - - -	54
Autographs - - - - -	16	Alumni - - - - -	58
Seniors - - - - -	17	Snaps - - - - -	59
Class History - - - - -	30	Orchestra - - - - -	60
The Senior Banquet - - - - -	31	The Athletic Association - - - - -	62
The Dream - - - - -	32	Athletics - - - - -	64
Farewell to Corporal Stone - - - - -	34	Football - - - - -	65
Stanzas to the Class of '18 - - - - -	35	Basket Ball - - - - -	69
The Frivolities of Life - - - - -	36	Debating - - - - -	73
In Memoriam - - - - -	37	Do-Shi-Kai - - - - -	75
The Roster - - - - -	38	Review Staff - - - - -	77
Mid-Year Senior Class '19 - - - - -	40	Locals - - - - -	78
Pony Cartoon - - - - -	41	Chorus - - - - -	79
Junior Class Officers - - - - -	42	Military Training - - - - -	79
The Class of 1919 - - - - -	44	Senior Class Play - - - - -	80
Junior-Senior Debate - - - - -	44	Even So - - - - -	81
The Junior-Senior Party - - - - -	45	Last Will and Testament - - - - -	84
The S. O. E. - - - - -	45	Jokes - - - - -	85





MISS BALL
Mathematics

MISS BRAUNLIN
Mathematics

MR. LEACH
Commercial

MISS WELTY
History

MISS CRAMER
English



Mr. APPEL

Superintendent



MISS SLAYMAKER
Languages

MISS SUMMERS
Domestic Science

MR. CHESROWN
Manual Training

MISS EVANS
English

MRS. WOOD
History



MISS MORRIS
English

MISS HOUSER
Latin

MISS EASTON
General Science

MISS RICKER
Civics

MISS AYER
Sewing



MR. FULLERTON

Principal



MR. BAKKER
Latin

MR. ECHOLS
Manual Training

MISS SAYRE
Chemistry

MISS MARTIN
Physical Training

MR. WHEELER
Mathematics

MR. GLANDON
Commercial

A Song of the Classes

1. First we were Freshmen and sat 'way up stairs,
And we firmly believed the Seniors all airs,
They looked down upon us as though we were less
Than Freshmen, bright Freshmen, at their P. H. S.

2. Then, when we were Sophomores with debonair look,
Our vile Freshman ways we all quickly forsook,
We walked through the corridors and felt we were blest
By just being Sophomores at our P. H. S.

3. Next Juniors, oh, Juniors, our families' one pride,
By the laws of the school did we always abide,
We knew about History and Latin, but best
We wasted no time at our old P. H. S.

4. And now we are Seniors and taking our ease,
We cut recitations whenever we please,
We go to the theatre, and have quite a whirl,
For soon we'll be out of school into the world.

Cho: Then it's one, two, three, four, and we all fall in line,
To the tune of our Profs. we must always keep time,
We must work like a Turk, or not do our best,
And that is the standard of OUR P. H. S.

—Ruth Reinicker.



Senior Class Officers

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	James Trone
Vice President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Harold Adams
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Paul Noel
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Harold Dunn
Class Color	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Yellow and White
Class Flower	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Tea Rose
Class Motto	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Res Non Verba



Stuart Sims.	Catherine Burns.	Martha Jane Phillips	Harold Dunn.
Jorothy Nutter	Cleo Resler.	Catherine Hendrickson	Hazel M. Holmes
Glyde Strickland	Alma S. Miller	M. Olive Johnson.	Mary H. Pusateri
Garnet Donley.	Joel S. Meyer.	Eva Christ	Hazel Appleton
Elizabeth Bulker.	Arthur Stoll	Alva L. Mathiott	Frieda R. Smith
Corwin L. Knowles.	Frieda L. Henge	Margaret C. Morrow	Georgia Chabot
Donald Dillon.	Katherine Hall.	R. Kenneth Fox	Dorothy Kinsey.
Helen Ferree	Ruth Remick	As Johnson	Charles S. Baker
Pauline Armbrust	Mary S. Taylor.	N. Aileen Cook.	Harold Adams
Ralph Riddlebarger	M. Ethel Clausen	Marvel C. Galford	Dana L. Jones
Atlanta Mills	Martha M. Moutz.	Della Cahley	J. Hudson Jr.
Sara P. Hadden	Irene Oursler	Elizabeth Blackburne	Paul A. Noel
Arthur S. Henderson	Ruth Graf.	Elmer Kennessy	Harold Butz
Dorothy Varner	Olive Meadows.	Arthur Rau	James F. Taylor.
Florence B. Riley.	Helen DuPre.	Harold L. DeVos	Reba Kennedy
Ruth Butler.	Helen Cross.	Helm P. Dawson	Chas. Lawson
James O. Trone	Freda Chandler	George D. Blume	Albert Wood
Cordelia McJunkin	Franklin Dever	Clara Norman.	Selby Dillon



HAROLD FRANCIS ADAMS—"Ada."

Interclass debate, '17, '18; Class Vice-president, '18; Assistant Editor-in-chief, Review, '17; Editor-in-chief, Review, '18; Junior Reporter Annual, '17; Class Basket Ball, '17; Athletic Association; S. O. E.

"He is a perfect knowledge box,
An oracle to great and small."

HAZEL CAROL APPLETON—"Haze."

"There's not a bit of her that is not amiable."

PAULINE EDNA ARMBRUST—
"Peggy."

Do-Shi-Kai; Chorus; Athletic Association.

"When she will, she will
And you may depend on it;
But when she won't, she won't,
And that's the end on it."



CHARLES SEXTON BAKER—
"Little Breeches."

Athletic Association; Football; Orchestra; Chorus; Band, '16; Class Basket Ball, '17; S. O. E.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin,
I never care to be as funny as I kin."

ELIZABETH ANNE BLACKBURN—
"Betty."

Athletic Association.

"Everybody smiled who met her,
None were glad who said farewell."

GEORGE DEWEY BLUME—
"Blumey."

"Of manners gentle, of affection mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child."



CATHERINE BURNS—"Cad."

Glee Club, '17; Athletic Association;
Do-Shi-Kai.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."



LEA RUTH BUTLER—"Ruthie."

Senior Reporter, Review, '18; Athletic
Association; P. H. S. Trio; Orchestra.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet
music."



HAROLD BUTZ—"Mike."

Athletic Association; Senior Baseball.

"Large was his bounty,
And his soul sincere."



GEORGIA CHABOT—"Chaby."

"Her smile was like a rainbow, flash-
ing from a misty sky."



LURA FREDA CHANDLER—"Peggy."

"She has good ideas and the power to
carry them out."



MARY ETHEL CLAUSING—"Deckle."

Athletic Association; Glee Club, '18;
Literary Society, '15; Do-Shi-Kai.

"Her wit was more than man, her in-
nocence a child."



ARTHUR LONG CLENDENEN—
"Charlie."

Athletic Association; Athletic Editor, Review, '17; Circulating Manager, Review, '18; Advertising Manager, Annual; Executive Committee, '18; First Lieutenant Cadets, '17.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

AILEEN COOK—"Bill."

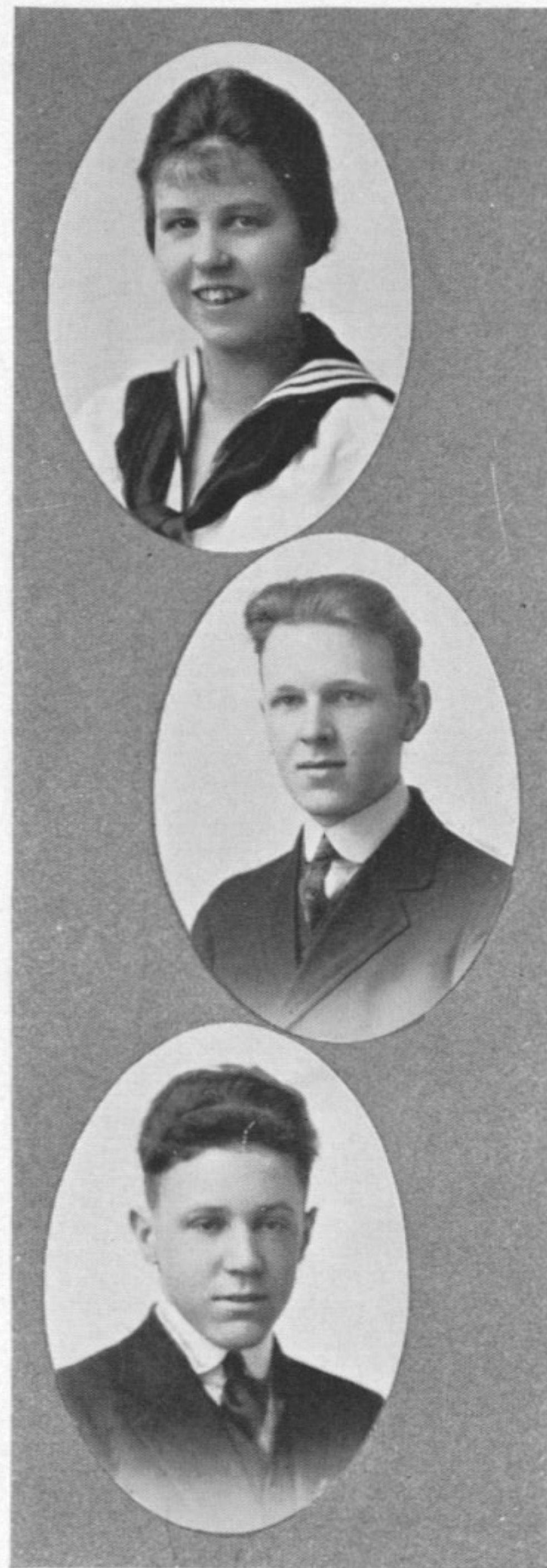
Literary Society, '15; Athletic Association.

"Slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers."

HELEN MARY CROSS—"Lennie."

Athletic Association.

"She is a maid of artless grace,
Quiet of voice and sweet of face."



HELEN ROTH DAWSON—"Hellie."

Class Vice-president, '15, '16, '17; President Athletic Association, '18; Vice-president Athletic Association, '17; Alumni Editor, Review, '18; Class Historian, Annual; Social Committee, '17.

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

FRANKLIN JOHN DEVER.

Senior Baseball; Basket Ball, '17.

"Swift as the Boreal light that flies
At midnight through the startled skies."

HAROLD FOSTER DEVOSS—
"Hecky."

Football, '18; Senior Baseball; Athletic Association.

"Much study is a weariness to the flesh."



DONALD TYNES DILLON—"Dib."

Athletic Association; Senior Baseball.

"Deep on his front engraven deliberation sat, and
Public care and princely counsel on his face yet shone."

EDMOND SELBY DILLON—"Seb."

Annual Reporter, '17; Captain Cadets, '17; Athletic Association.

"He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are almost like wit."

ARTHUR ARNOLD DOLL—"Ashur."

Basket Ball, '17, '18; Athletic Editor, Review, '18; Editor-in-chief, Annual; President Athletic Association, '18; S. O. E., Chemical Laboratory Assistant.

"Endless are his modes of speech and far
Extends from side to side his field of words."



CLARA M. DORMAN.

Athletic Association.

"Why should I blush to own I love?"

GARNET DONLEY—"Don."

Glee Club, '17; Chorus; Athletic Association; Literary Club, '16.

"She acted all and every part
By turns—with her vivacious versatility."

HAROLD S. DUNN—"Dunnie."

Class Treasurer, '17, '18; Assistant Editor-in-chief, Annual; Advertising Manager, Review, '18; Track, '17; Athletic Association; Class Basket Ball.

"So near is grandeur to our dust,
So Nye is maid to man,
That when she whispers, 'Lo, thou must,'
This youth replies, 'I can.'"



HELEN LEONA DUPRE—"Dupie."

Athletic Association.

"She was the quiet kind whose nature never varies."



HELEN KING FERREE—"Spike."

Glee Club, '18; Chorus, '17, '18; Athletic Association, Literary Society, '15, '16.

"Will I never see a bachelor of three-score again?"



RICHARD KENNETH FOX—"Foxy."

"The world knows nothing of its great men."



MARVEL EVELYN GALFORD--"Gal"

Glee Club; Athletic Association; Literary Society, '15, '16.

"On the stage, she was natural, simple, affecting."



STUART GIMS—"Peck."

Athletic Association; Senior Baseball; Cadets, '17.

"Great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous."



MARY GOWER

Chorus, Athletic Association.

"And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes."



RUTH KATHERINE GRAF—"Rufus."

"Heaven was in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love."



ELIZABETH LYDIA GULKER—
"Lib."

Athletic Association; Do-Shi-Kai.

"Thou wert fashioned to beguile
So have all sages said, all poets sung."



KATHERINE HALL—"Kits."

Class Secretary, '15, '17; Class Treasurer,
'16; Alumni Editor, Annual; Athletic
Association.

"I wish, how I wish that the spring
would go faster,
For study is driving me mad."



JENNIE HEID

"If a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be
thine."



CATHERINE GERTRUDE HEN-
DRICKSON—"City."

Executive Committee, '18; Athletic As-
sociation.

"My library was dukedom large enough."



ELMER HENNESSY—"Lovem."

Literary Society; Athletic Association;
Cadets.

"Sometimes I set and think,
And sometimes I jest set."



FRIEDA HENSGE—"Fritzie."

Glee Club, '17; Chorus; Athletic Association.

"Thy spirit, independence, let me share."



HAZEL MOORE HOLMES.

Glee Club, '17, '18; Athletic Association; Local Editor, Review, '17; Executive Committee, '18.

"Here is everything advantageous to life."



JOHN IMBODEN HUDSON—"Merm."

Cartoonist, Annual; Sergeant Cadet Corps; Senior Baseball; Athletic Association.

"I shut myself in with my soul,
And the shapes come eddying forth."



IRA JOHNSON.

"Men of few words are the best men."



OLIVE JOHNSON—"Ollie."

Altoona High School.

"Her voice was faint and sweet."



DANA LEWIS JONES—"Spider."
Cheer Leader Athletic Association, '16, '17; S. O. E.

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."



REBA BEATRICE KENNEDY—
"Doc."

Chorus.

"And what she greatly thought, she
nobly dared, yet cautious always."



DOROTHY KINSEY—"Dot."

Quotation Editor, Annual; Orchestra;
P. H. S. Trio; Chorus; Social Com-
mittee, '17; Athletic Association.

"Patient of toil; zealous, yet modest."
L. W. H.



CORWIN LANG KNOWLES—
"Slimy."

Captain Cadets; Athletic Association;
Inter Class Debate, '16, '17; Assistant
Advertising Manager Annual.

"I am nothing if not critical."

CHARLES BURKE LAWSON.

"A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes."



ALICE LOUISE MATHIOTT—
"Lous."

Chorus; Local Editor, Annual; Executive
Committee, '18; Interclass Debate, '18.

"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening
air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."



CORDELIA McJUNKIN—"Cordede."

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."



OLIVE MEADOWS—"Polly."

"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household
good."



JOEL E. MEYER—"Sis."

Baseball; Glee Club.

"His is a mood of vague indifference."



ALMA LOUISE MILLER.

"She is rather diminutive altogether,
So much the more precious."



MARTHA MAGDALENE MORITZ.

Chorus.

"Man delights me not."



CLARA MARGARET MORROW—
"Peggy."

Athletic Association; Do-Shi-Kai; Glee
Club; Chorus; Literary Society, Lynch-
burg, '16.

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be
wooded,
She's a woman, therefore to be won."



PAUL KENNEDY NOEL—"Woogy."

Athletic Association; Senior Debating
Team; Class Secretary, '18; Assistant
Business Manager, Annual; Senior Base-
ball; Inter-class Debating.

"His was a practical turn of mind."



DOROTHY F. NUTTER—"Dot."

Athletic Association.

"As merry as the day is long."



DELLA MAYE OAKLEY—"Dede."

Athletic Association.

"I'll be merry, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for no one."

EVA ESTHER OBRIST.

Chorus.

"And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial."

LYDIA ILENE OURSLER.

"Fair she was,
Pure, as you ever wish your knights
to be."



MARTHA JANE PHILLIPS—"Mart."

Joke Editor, Review, '18; Joke Editor,
Annual; Do-Shi-Kai; Athletic Associa-
tion; Chorus; Glee Club, '18.

"The scientific study of man is the
most difficult of all branches of
knowledge."

MARY AGNES PUSATERI—"Puss."

Exchange Editor, Review, '17; Literary
Editor, Review, '18; Literary Editor
Annual; Inter-class Debate, '18; Inter-
scholastic Debate, '18; Athletic Associa-
tion.

"She was a scholar, and a ripe and
good one;
Exceedingly wise, fair spoken and
persuading."

ARTHUR RAU.

"Blessed be the meek."



RUTH AUGUSTA REINICKER—
"Rooster."

Glee Club, '17; Athletic Association;
Do-Shi-Kai.

"The gods have made thee poetical."



CLEO VIRGINIA RESLER—"Heinie."

Glee Club, '17; Athletic Association.

"I worked with patience, which is
almost power."



RALPH RIDDLEBARGER — "Riddle."

Inter-class Debate, '18; Athletic Associa-
tion.

"His manner of saluting.
Was a joy to all beholders."



FLORENCE BROOKING RILEY—
"Flo."

Athletic Association; Assistant Athletic
Editor, Annual.

"I have no other but a woman's reason—
I think him so, because I think him so."



AVIS KATHLEENE SMITH—
"Smittie."

Glee Club, '17; Chorus; Do-Shi-Kai;
Basket Ball; Athletic Association.

"Glad that she is alive,
And very much alive she is,
As all her doings show."



CLYDE M. STRICKLAND—"Red."

Business Manager, Annual; Business
Manager Athletic Association, '15, '16;
Captain Football, '17; Senior Baseball;
Basket Ball, '18; Football, '16; S. O. E.;
Sergeant Cadet Corps.

"Large-brained, clear-eyed of such as he
Shall Freedom's new apostles be
Who following in war's bloody trail
Shall every lingering wrong assail."



JAMES FRANKLIN TAYLOR—"Jim."
Manager Senior Baseball Team; Football, '17.

"You hear this boy laughing?—you think he's all fun?
But the angels laugh too, at the good he has done."



MARY STEWART TAYLOR.
Athletic Association.

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought."



JAMES ORVILLE TRONE—"Jim."

Class President, '15, '18; Executive Board, '17, '18; Athletic Association Secretary, '17; Business Manager, Review, '18; Assistant Business Manager, Review, '17; S. O. E.

"His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
He slips from politics to puns,
Passes from Cicero to Moses."



DOROTHY VARNER—"Dot."

Literary Society, '15, '16; Glee Club, '17, '18; Assistant Joke Editor, Annual; Social Committee, '17; Literary Editor, Review, '16; Athletic Association.

"In arguing long this person owned
great skill,
For, even though vanquished, she could
argue still."



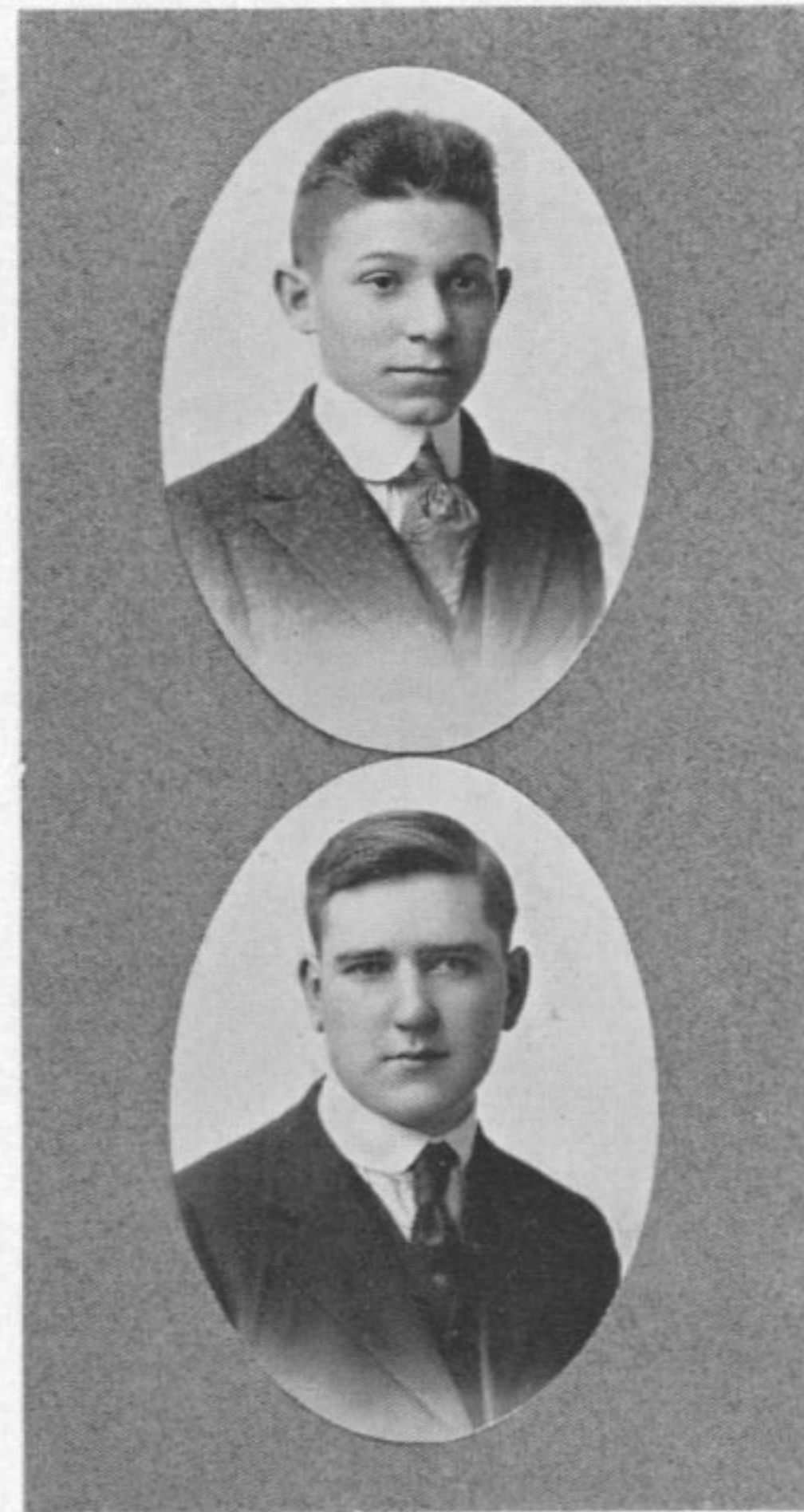
LAURA WARDEN.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

ATLANTA WILLIS—"Georgia."

Chorus; Glee Club, '17, '18.

"Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together."



ORVILLE WOLFF.

"I am meek and gentle."

ALBERT FRANKLIN WOOD—

"Woodsie."

Senior Baseball; Athletic Association.

"This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."

Class History

While we do dislike to boast, we must say, we're proud as can be of our class. Each one of us feels in his own way that his four years in P. H. S. have been beneficial to him, and it remains to be seen whether the school will profit by our having been a part of it.

It was in the autumn of 1914—September, to be exact—that we entered Portsmouth High School as Freshmen. Ours was the largest class which, up to that time, had been enrolled in P. H. S. We lived up to all that was expected of us (as most Freshmen do) and were as "green" as Erin Isle. Frequently were we accused of being in the wrong institution, and were constantly being reminded of the long-anticipated, but now-hated realization that we were merely Freshmen and not privileged characters around there.

As Freshmen, we were quite dormant in school activities. (It doesn't behoove children to be too lively, you know.) Our class organized towards the close of the year when Mr. Creveling called us together for that purpose. As a result of the election, James Trone was chosen president; Helen Dawson, vice-president; Katherine Hall, treasurer; and Selby Dillon, secretary; with Miss Musser as faculty member.

There were no social functions held exclusively for us, or by us, our first year, but we were allowed to congregate to some extent with our upper classmen.

It was a happy day that dawned to make us Sophomores! Our class was organized much sooner than it had been when we were Freshmen—that in itself told, in part, of our progress. Not many moons came before Harold Shumway was made president; Helen Dawson, vice-president; Robert Quinn, secretary; Katherine Hall, treasurer; and Royal Marting, Sergeant-at-Arms. Miss Morris acted as our guide in the capacity of faculty member.

One of our members did not come back to us that year—a member whom all of us recognized as an all-around class-

man. Paul Schirrmann had been called by the One Omnipotent, and we were left to regret that our classmate had been granted so short a time on earth.

During our second year we were represented in all school athletics as well as in the various social organizations. Our only social function, as Sophs, was the customary Hallowe'en Party.

With our Junior year came the sad realization that half of our high-school career was over. It was while we were bemoaning this fact that we were startled in chapel one morning at being challenged by the Senior president to more things than we were able, on the spur of the moment, to comprehend. Nevertheless, all his challenges were accepted and we started straightway to prepare for the various contests. Our class was organized first, with Royal Marting as president; Helen Dawson, vice-president; Katherine Hall, secretary; Morris Ball, treasurer, and Mr. Davis faculty member. Then we made preparations for our part of the high-school parade in the Korn Karnival. The result of these preparations—even the Seniors admitted it—were quite successful.

As Juniors, we were represented in all school athletics as well as on debating teams. Several members of the class were on both the "Review" staff and on the "Annual" staff. We had two parties during our third year, one to celebrate Hallowe'en and the other to pay tribute to St. Valentine.

And now we are Seniors. Oh, bliss! It makes us feel almost important to have the under-classmen stare at us with that how-did-you-ever-do-it look on their respective countenances. Surely it's the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, and, unless it goes to our heads instead of our hearts, we're going to leave to P. H. S. the memory of the brightest class since the one of 1873. Six of our class are candidates for diplomas of graduation with HIGHEST DISTINCTION.

As Seniors, we dared to defy Women's Rights by selecting

a very exclusively masculine set of officials. James Trone was chosen president; Harold Adams, vice-president; Paul Noel, secretary; and Harold Dunn, treasurer; with Mr. Fullerton as faculty member.

Our class is well represented in athletics and in almost all social organizations. One of our members, Mary Pusateri, is on the inter-scholastic debating team.

The Junior-Senior Hallowe'en Party manifested the good will existing between the two upper classes. The Senior Girls' Get-Together Party, being a strictly feminine affair, made more obvious the already self-evident bonds the girls have in common, and served to bring into closer relation all the girls of the class. The Senior Banquet, held in the main

corridor of the high school was the "wisest last which made the end most fitting."

We are now anxiously, eagerly—even greedily—preparing for our class play, "The Amazons," which will, according to custom, end our activities as high school students.

And, as we come nearer the graduation time, we realize more fully our shortcomings and our blunders; but we have the good sense to be sorry for them and foresight enough to profit by them. Our sincerest hope now, is that P. H. S. in some way, may be bettered for our having attended the institution, and that some day we may bring further honors to our high school.

H. R. D.

The Senior Banquet

On Friday evening, May 2, the members of the Senior Class of the P. H. S. gathered at the high school for the class dinner party. The charming affair brought together about eighty guests, including members of the class, faculty, and representatives from each of the other classes. The long corridor served for the dining-room, the entrance to which was an arch of yellow and white with a dome overhead. Twenty large American flags were used effectively in the decorations. To carry out the class colors of yellow and white, the lights were shaded with yellow, casting a soft glow over the long table upon which there were baskets of marigolds, white carnations, and ferns.

Miss Lulu Summers, instructor in Domestic Science, had arranged the menu for the elaborate six-course dinner served.

After the banquet, Harold Adams, toastmaster, announced the toasts, as follows:

"The Seniors," Mary Pusateri.

"To the Allies," Charles Baker.

"To the Ladies," Harold Shumway.

"Evils of Matrimony," Helen Dawson.

"A Toast," Howard Lowry.

"Our Past Achievements," Freda Hensge.

"Our Destinies," Arthur Clendenen.

"A Toast," Harold Clendenen.

"To the Faculty," Arthur Doll.

"To the Lower Classmen," Alice Mathiott.

Short talks were given by Miss Lucy Hall, Miss Emily Ball, and Mr. Clark Fullerton, of the faculty.

The Dream

I dreamed a dream of dreams after the proverbial sandman had laid his hands lightly o'er my eyes. I saw the good ship, '18, launched upon the sea of fortune. Curious and anxious, I boarded the vessel, and bade it carry me swiftly to my friends of long ago. Although the stops were many, both frequent and far between, the captain never murmured, the crew never sighed; all seemed glad and eager to carry out my slightest wish. Borne on the wings of time, this dream ship skimmed over the land and the sea, and floated through the air. Opportunity beckoned, and soon we were landed at the State capital, Columbus.

Walking as if by magic, I came to the latest-built theatre. In the lobby, I saw Arthur Rau, who had drawn the plans for this fitting home of drama. Close to him were the supervisors of this same building, Charles Baker and Donald Dillon. Soon the place was filled with the din of applause as Arthur Clendenen, the famous actor, came on the stage ready to play the part of Macbeth. He was ably assisted by Martha Phillips in the role of Lady Macbeth. So ended my first dream.

The next morning, as I was strolling along High Street, a little lad about nine years old, accosted me with the shrill call, "Paper, lady?" As I put my hand into my purse, I noticed a mysterious resemblance to some past acquaintance. I handed him some coins, at the same time asking him his name. He said, "Dana Jones, Jr." Astonished at the reply, I said, "Why Junior?" He pompously replied, "Why don't you see, my daddy's name is Mr. Dana Jones; he's head man at the big dye house. So long." Smilingly I turned to my paper. On the front page I beheld the words, "Governor Trone will be a candidate for re-election." Farther along in the paper, I came to the announcement, "Prima Donna Atlanta Willis will be seen at the Hippodrome, New York City, in the

well-known opera, "Faust." I decided to embark in my fantasy ship for this great metropolis of the world. I arrived at a very opportune time, for I had the pleasure of not only attending "Faust," but of hearing the two great musicians of the day, Miss Dorothy Kinsey and Miss Ruth Butler, who had recently returned from their extensive studies abroad, present their well-known emotional rendition of war songs.

After the lights went out, I slept a dreamless sleep for a short period of time. Then suddenly I became aware of an array of newspapers and prophecies, scattered about promiscuously. I picked up one newspaper at random. Lo, the headlines flashed out, "The Giants win the World Series, due to their manager, James Taylor." A second paper announced, "Clyde Strickland takes foremost place as the coach of the football team at Yale." I turned to the society column, and read, "Mrs. Clyde Strickland, nee Miss Dorothy Nutter, has as week-end guests Miss Laura Warden, the teacher of Domestic Arts at Boston; Miss Avis Smith, who only recently returned from New York, where she attended the Style Show, in behalf of the Smith, Blackburn, and Oakley establishment of frocks and millinery. Last evening at the home of Mrs. Strickland was announced the engagement of Miss Avis Smith to the building supervisor, Mr. Charles Baker." A school-day promise was thus fulfilled.

The prophecies next claimed my attention. "I, the God of Success, have placed Miss Catherine Hendrickson as Latin instructor in the Chicago University." "Eva Obrist has taken up settlement work in New York." Picking up the last paper, I was astounded to see: "Go to Washington. I, Juno, command you." When I had obeyed the command, some irresistible force carried me to the House. Were my senses deceiving me? There, before me, was Miss Hazel Holmes, addressing the members on the question of the "six-year term." Among

the other members, I distinguished Miss Ilene Oursler and Miss Alice Mathiott. Then I went to the Senate. At this place the forcible voice of Senator Dunn, from Ohio, held the listeners spellbound. At the stenographers' desk, I saw Miss Hazel Appleton, Mr. Elmer Hennessy, and Mr. Joel Meyer engaged in the rapid work of taking down the numerous speeches. As I left the Senate, whom did I meet but the famous author, Miss Frieda Hensge, who told me that she had come to Washington "to take in the sights." While there, she had learned that the Hon. Selby Dillon, Judge of the Supreme Court, had declared the eighteenth amendment constitutional. She had also been informed that Mr. Arthur Doll was editing a non-partisan paper, one of the most reliable papers in the country, and one in which the people placed their confidence.

As Frieda was scheduled to leave on the next train, I was left alone, surrounded by a maze of facts and a desert of time; so I decided to make a visit to the newspaper establishment of which Miss Hensge had told me. As I entered the office, I was confronted with this announcement: "Learn new words daily. Study this list for to-day: atrocious, connoisseur of sesquipedalianism, surreptitious, sternutation, agglutination, contumelious, scintillate, paraphonious." I was welcomed by the assistant editor, Miss Ethel Clausing, who delegated the little "Red-Headed Devil Gims" to accompany me through the building. On the way, he informed me that his father, Mr. Stuart Gims, was working on the invention of the self-threading needle. Several familiar faces were evident among the throngs of employees; they were those of Imboden Hudson, cartoonist; Harold De Voss, head printer; Catherine Burns and Margaret Morrow, reporters, and Cleo Ressler, copy reader.

As I was leaving I heard the remark, "Have you heard the latest?" and stopped to listen. One of the reporters was saying: "Now write this item in good style: The engagement of Miss Katherine Hall, a society leader of Portsmouth, Ohio,

to our editor, Mr. Doll, was announced October 19 at the home of Miss Dorothy Varner, another belle of Portsmouth. Among the guests present were: Elizabeth Gulker, Helen Ferree, and Helen Du Pre." I only too readily believed the truth of this statement.

The sea seemed to be calling me. My faithful ship carried me to France. I traveled to Paris. Here at the hotel I met Miss Helen Dawson and Miss Florence Riley, who had done faithful work as Red Cross nurses and were now traveling over the continent of Europe before returning to their native city. I also met another sight-seeing party composed of Pauline Armbrust, Garnet Donley, Clara Dorman, and Marvel Galford, chaperoned by Mrs. Burton, formerly Miss Reba Kennedy. That evening I had the pleasure of meeting our Ambassador to France, Mr. Ralph Riddlebarger.

Then another period of darkness followed. I felt as if we were traveling swiftly. Suddenly I heard a terrific noise, which proved to be the cheers which greeted Wood's victory in a prize fight with the late world's champion. By degrees, I discovered that I was in Chicago, and decided to spend a profitable hour or so at the public library. I found here as one of the librarians, our own Ailene Cook. While I was talking to her, Scout Executive Knowles entered. Though he told me that he had experienced both success and hardships, I found him still the most obliging of men. When I walked with him to the door, I beheld signs across the street bearing the inscriptions, Doctor Blume and Attorney Butz.

I seemed to be between the land of sleep and wakefulness, but still Morpheus held my eyes willing prisoners. Since I had wished to embark in my ship once more, I set out for the city of the Golden Gate. Here I wandered from street to street. I beheld an imposing building, which I learned was a college of business, under the supervision of Mr. F. Dever. One of the competent teachers here was Miss Mildred Williams. A folder I obtained informed me that this college had a counterpart in St. Louis, managed by Mr. Paul Noel. While

listlessly wandering about I came to the barracks, where, in the uniforms of captain and first lieutenant, I saw Ira Johnson and Kenneth Fox.

When I went to my hotel, I met the "globe-trotter," Miss Reinicker. She informed me that only that morning she had read in the daily paper that Prof. Harold Adams had been raised to a deanship in Harvard University. She had met Miss Helen Cross, who is teaching elocution in the San Francisco schools. I also learned that Miss Olive Meadows was the manager of the hotel where I was staying.

The next morning my good luck ship gave the shrill cry, "Home!" and I followed gladly where it led. We came to my own, my native city. Hustle and bustle were everywhere. It was eight o'clock in the morning. Mr. Wolff was hurrying to his tailoring establishment. Miss Miller, Miss Moritz, and

Miss Chandler were wending their ways to their respective schools, where they sought to instill the germs of knowledge into the heads of the rising generation. Charles Lawson was discussing with a friend the trials he was forced to endure as mayor of New Boston. I was about to disembark, when a desire for a last look caused me to stop. I was certainly rewarded, for I saw a comfortable home, where Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Olive Johnson, Miss Jennie Heid, and Miss Georgia Chabot were discussing "The Betterment of Mankind."

"Lo, I awoke. What had occurred?" It was only the morning after Commencement Day, and I realized what had happened. I had been carried on a seemingly endless voyage to different lands, and had encountered my schoolmates in their respective life careers. "May my dream come true," is my fervent, final prayer.

M. A. P.

Farewell to Corporal Stone



On Wednesday evening, May 1, the Seventh Period Cadet Officers' Club met in a delightful social gathering at the home of Captain Corwin L. Knowles. The evening was very pleasantly spent in dancing, games, and music. Afterwards dainty refreshments were served. The house was artistically decorated in the national colors. The party was given as a farewell to Corporal Adolph Stone, who lately enlisted in the marines, and left for Paris Island Training Camp on May 4. All were gay until the time came for saying "good-by." The guests formed a line along which Corporal Stone walked, shaking hands with each. Great emotion was felt, but all were proud of Corporal Stone, as he is among the first to leave P. H. S. to enlist in the service of our country.



Eighteen Stanzas to the Class of "Eighteen"

The souls of departed Seniors
Had fled to another world,
Yet neither was their glory dimmed,
Nor the flag of "Eighteen" furled.

Their souls had transmigrated,
As we are taught by Hindu lore,
Please give me your attention now
And learn what is in store.

There was a mighty pile of stones—
An ancient seat of learning—
To which the jungle beasts had come
To keep the home fires burning.

Here came the pond'rous elephant—
A Titan of the Wood;
By many known for wicked deeds,
Yet by Satan understood.

Here also came Miss Crocodile,
A f(i)lip and coquette she;
In days of old she used to say,
"Oh, there's the boy for me."

The king of beasts to council came,
A Lion of power and station;
And down he sat as was his wont,
In Virgil recitation.

Next in stately order came
Miss Peacock, vain and flary;
How oft said she, "I'd like to see
The wop I'd go and marry."

A wise old owl of high renown
Viewed these with kindly eye;
Upon the times was he well versed,
And on writings in the sky.

With pen clasped tight in came Miss Fox,
A sly and witty creature;
Her essays bright and style quite right
Encharmed her English teacher.

Miss Chamois was in evidence,
Much used in room and hall;
Long since both ghosts and shades
she'd made,
But here pale ghosts were all.

Miss Kangaroo, let's not forget,
Most marvel-ous indeed;
A maid demure with heart secure,
Ne'er lovers would she heed.

The beasts flocked in 'til all had come
To show their love and spirit;
Then Jimmy Owl for silence called
Quite loud so all could hear it.

Up came the business of the day
And that of years gone by;
They discussed Latin and the like
In voices shrill and high.

Now this whole throng of civics were
As ign'rant as could be;
But what cared they, for who had failed
Their loyalty to see?

A 'quiring, chatt'ring voice was heard
Amidst the great confusion:
"Oh, Monkey-me, I cannot talk
Without Art-less intrusion."

Up spake the Snail, a knowing worm
Of cosmographic learning;
"I've traveled o'er quite all known lands,
For unknown parts I'm yearning."

When lo! on rusty flagpole 'rose
That banner dear of old;
All held their breath and bowed
their heads—
'T was of snowy white and gold!

Long live the class of "Eighteen,"
And their worldly tasks begun.
All did their best to lead true lives,
And now my tale is Dunn.

The Frivolities of Life

Clear the arena, the spectators are eagerly waiting! The lions are behind strong doors. The silence is intense. All eyes are fixed on the entrance. In staggers the day dreamer, the somnolent Dana. His nights are days, and vice versa. Alas! his eyes are closed; he staggers toward the mighty door. The lions rush forth. Oh, horrible sight, the crowd turns away! Forgetful Dana is left to his fate. The cry goes up, "Beware, beware, my lads; keep your eyes open at the proper time."

The scene shifts. While the crowd has been bewailing the sad fate of Dana, two fair damsels have entered. Contrary to the barrenness of ancient arenas, this arena is supplied with many accessories, including a piano. Mademoiselle Dorothea seats herself at the piano, while Senorita Ruth, with her bewitched violin, prepares to play. As the two strike up a weird, fantastic reverie, the enraged lions stop in their meditated attack. Calmed by the dreamy music, they silently creep back into their den, whence they give their attention to the charmed sounds that fill the place.

As the music gradually dies away, Selby, the Wit, steps into the arena. "Is this a Senior meeting?" Upon hearing this superlatively nonsensical question, the lions once more rush forth. But alert Selby makes one dash for the door, and thus escapes the fate of Dana. The audience is greatly interested in what has been taking place, and awaits with rapt attention further developments.

Soon the well-beloved Helen walks in and addresses the lions with a few sagacious, witty expressions. The lions think her remarks so novel that they seem to put on a look of intelligence. At this opportune time, the diminutive Charles presents himself and offers comments on all things and persons, illustrating his sayings with applicable cartoons. Moving with stately grace, the learned Lady Martha Jane joins the two, when a most profound conversation ensues in which she asks Charles on what he has written his so-called famous parody. He replies, "On paper, of course." So overcome are the lions by the witticism that they roll over and over, to the great amusement of the throng of spectators.

Lest the lions' joy may change at any moment, the trio make their exit, and give place to the renowned speaker, Sir Arthur. He bows to the right, to the left, backward and forward, including the audience

and the lions in a self-possessed, comprehensive survey of the arena. Thus he greets his hearers, beasts as well as men, "Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear." He takes the lions' growl for a sign of approval, and begins an endless discourse on the follies of life. (Is it possible that a lion can comment thus?)

"Oh, the babble of the Babel
Oh, the flutter of the fuss,
To begin with Cain and Abel
And to finish up with us.")

Gradually the lions are so overcome by sadness upon hearing the words of the wise speaker, that, with tears coursing down their cheeks, they mournfully tread their way back to their abode. Sir Arthur in turn is so "Affected" by the "Effect" his speech has had on the beasts that he leaves, shedding such copious tears as Dido did at the approaching departure of Æneas.

Ere long, Frieda, with a tragic look upon her face, leads a funeral procession, bearing a bier upon which are heaped text-books of Caesar's Gallic War, of Cicero's Oration, and of Virgil's Æneid. As they mournfully move along, they slowly chant the following refrain:

"Omnes qui scripserunt mortui sunt,
Omnes qui dixerunt mortui sunt,
Omnes qui intellegunt moriuntur,
Beata mors, eam certe merent."

Next, Della the Magician, comes in with her troops of attendants. She waves the magic wand wrested from Mercury. The lions come forth changed into the faculty of P. H. S. The audience is now none other than the student body of our Alma Mater; the arena is our own beloved school building. Dana, who has now learned his lesson, is restored to his friends through the strange power which the mythical wand has over all. The participants once more appear, the faculty and their schoolmates; and thank all for their kind interest and commend the arena to the keeping of future Senior classes.

Mary A. Pusateri.

In Memory of Our Classmate

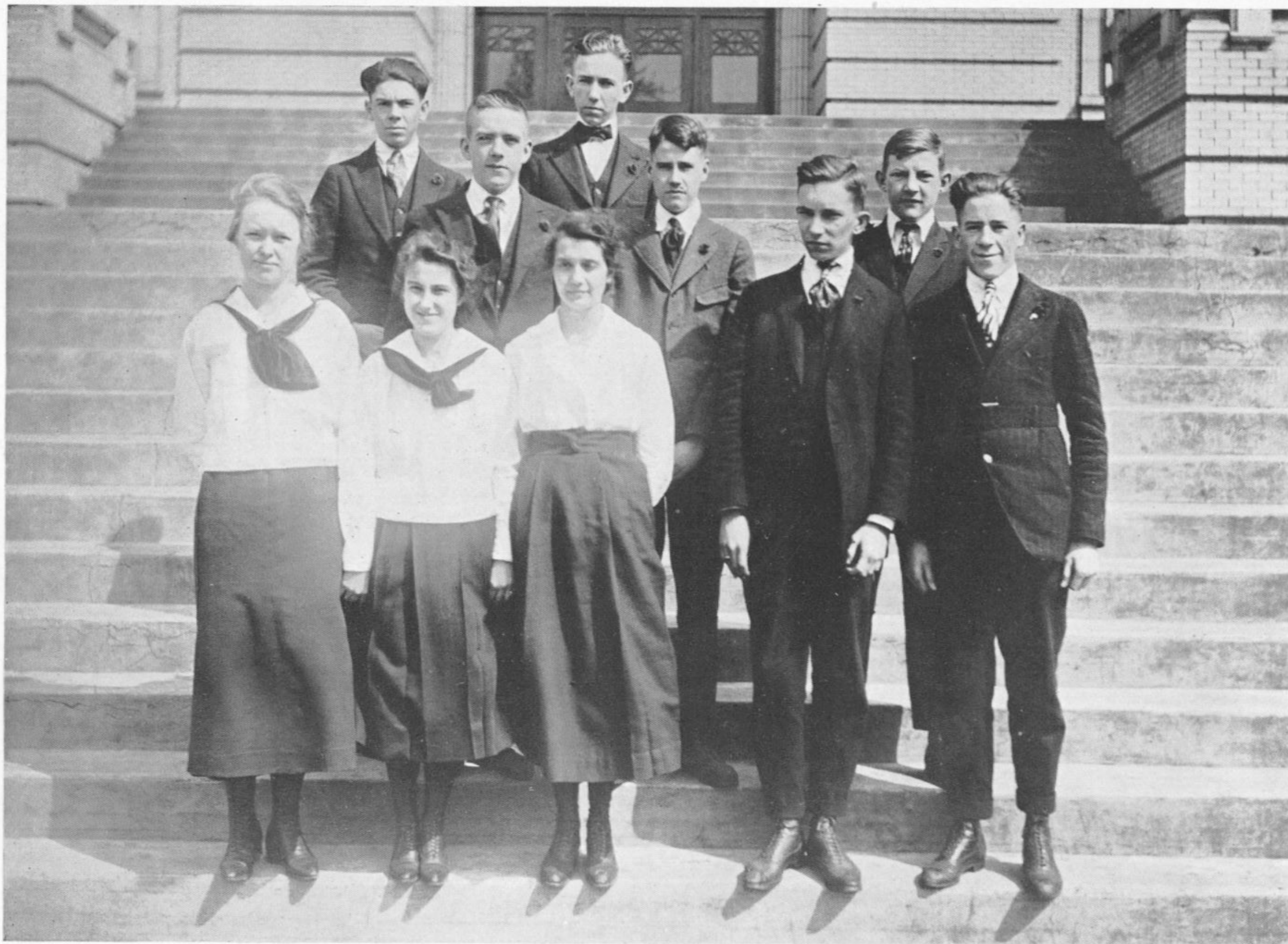
PAUL SCHIRRMANN

Who died during our Sophomore year, thus depriving us of
the pleasure of his closer acquaintance.

“A loss to earth and a gain to heaven.”

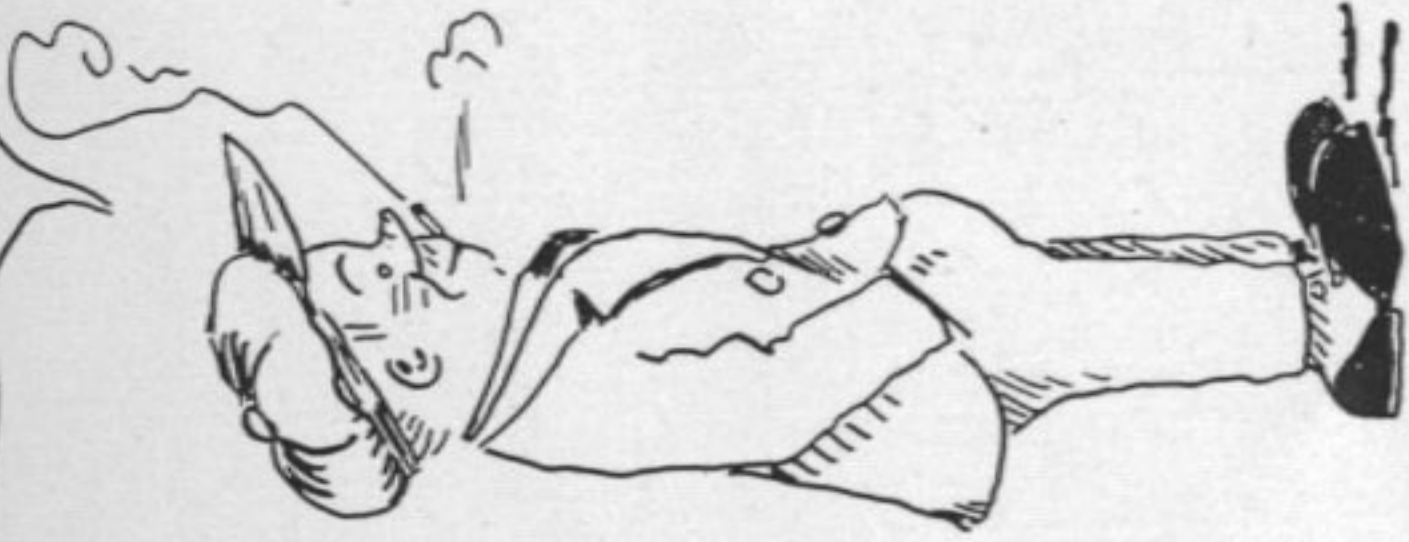
COMMON NAME	PET NAME	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	AMBITION	WHAT LIKELY TO BE	FAVORITE SAYING
Harold Adams	"Ada"	Looking wise	Editor of New York Sun	A printer's devil	"By Heavens!"
Hazel Appleton	"Haze"	Teasing	A stenographer	A poorhouse matron	"Well—good-night."
Pauline Armbrust	"Peggy"	Chewing gum	Elocutionist in concert company	A loving wife	"Don't cha do dat again."
Charles Baker	"Little Breeches"	Finding a "wumin"	An admiral	A jail-bird	"Goo-ness."
Elizabeth Blackburn	"Betty"	Being agreeable	To have a kind and lovable disposition	A heart breaker	"I hate that!"
George Blume	"Blumey"	Giving out song books	A physician	A butcher	"Oh, those silly girls!"
Catherine Burns	"Cad"	Being dignified and sedate	To be a suffragette	A divorcee	"Oh, heavens!"
Ruth Butler	"Ruthie"	Fiddling her time away	Violinist in concert company	Idol of America	"I almost expired."
Harold Butz	"Mike"	Blushing	To be on 95 list	A henpecked husband	"No, by gosh!"
Georgia Chabot	"Chaby"	Making up work	To be a foreign missionary	Wire walker	"Great guns!"
Freda Chandler	"Peggy"	Studying (?)	A teacher	A millionaire's wife	"Oh Poodle-dogs."
Ethel Clausing	"Deckle"	Talking	To wear false teeth	A street car conductoress	"Oh, gee, I'm hungry."
Arthur Clendenen	"Charlie"	Discoursing	To be a great surgeon	Caruso, No. 2	"D—n if I know."
Ailene Cook	"Bill"	Typing	To be a librarian	A lady "Cop"	"I forgot."
Helen Cross	"Linnie"	Speaking with a soft voice	To travel and see the world	A movie star	"Oh!!!"
Helen Dawson	"Hellie"	Descrying love	To be a registered nurse	An old maid	"Oh, Lordy."
Franklin Dever	"Frank"	Ballin' the Jack	Electrical engineer	A horse doctor	"Gosh darn it!"
Harold DeVoss	"Hecky"	Grinning	Deaconess in a Holy Roller Church	An undertaker	"Goodness, gracious me!"
Donald Dillon	"Dib"	Getting acquainted with Mr. Vergil	To be a deacon	A bartender	"I'm just amoanin' for a cigarette."
Selby Dillon	"Seb"	Engaged in reflexive thought	A lawyer	A crook	"Catchin' any?"
Arthur Doll	"Ashur"	Using big words	Aspiring to the Halls of fame	A soap-box orator	"786—please."
Garnet Donley	"Don"	Flirting	To make everybody smile	An undertaker's wife	"Cute as a bug's ear."
Clara Dorman		Self-contemplation	Lady of leisure	A society belle	"Oh, Kid!"
Harold Dunn	"Dunnie"	Promenading up and down Second Street	To die happy	Nigh done	"Hang it."
Helen DuPre	"Dupie"	Gittin' scairt	To be a teacher of French	Dean of a co-ed school	"Great Scott!"
Helen Ferree	"Spike"	Getting letters from George	To have dimples	A prince-ss	"Just like 'at."
Kenneth Fox	"Foxy"	Enjoying his own company	To be an educated man	An Antarctic explorer	"Oh, Heck!"
Marvel Galford	"Gal"	Playing stenog	To excel Flora Finch	A chorus girl	"Great Caesar!"
Stuart Gims	"Peck"	Joy-riding on his motorcycle	To be a farmer	A steamboat captain	"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."
Mary Gower		Helping "Don"	To pass in Latin	A detective	"Oh, Horrors."
Ruth Graf	"Rufus"	Studying	To make good taffy	A nun	"What in the world."
Elizabeth Gulker	"Lib"	Powdering	To be a Red Cross nurse	A mere maid	"Good Gosh."
Katherine Hall	"Kits"	Wanting—A doll	To have no ambition	An aviatrix	"I thought I'd die."
Jennie Heid		— and seek	A learned pedagogue	An elusive young creature	"Ah, forget about it."
Catherine Hendrickson	"City"	Whispering to Hazel	A high school teacher	A newspaper reporter	"I'll be darned."
Elmer Hennessey	"Loven"	Reading novels	A good business man	A lion-tamer in a circus	"By Heck."
Freda Hengse	"Fritzie"	Fussing	To be a great authores	A Latin teacher	"Fiddlesticks."
Hazel Holmes		Being bright	To be a musician	A manicurist	"Oh, Piffle!"

COMMON NAME	PET NAME	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	AMBITION	WHAT LIKELY TO BE	FAVORITE SAYING
Imboden Hudson	"Merm"	Writing poetry	A cartoonist	An inventor	"Hello! Mister Callahan."
Ira Johnson		Buying W. S. S.	A musician	A multi-millionaire	"I 'spect."
Olive Johnson	"Ollie"	Speaking with a wee voice	A nurse	Somebody's tiny wife	"Ye gods and little fishes."
Dana Jones	"Spider"	Shootin' pool	To break all alarm clocks	A snoring beauty	"By Golly!"
Reba Kennedy	"Doc"	Presiding over Mr. Fullerton's office	A music teacher	A ticket-seller at a circus	"Isn't that the truth!"
Dorothy Kinsey	"Dot"	Tickling the ivories	To run a chicken farm	A snake charmer	"Oh, I know it."
Francis Knauss		Trying to graduate	To be a chemist	An anti-suffragette leader	"Oh, wait a little while."
Corwin Knowles	"Slimy"	Reminiscencing	A scientific farmer	A Broncho-Buster	"Git the devil."
Charles Lawson		"Chiffoniering"	A civil engineer	A brigadier-general	"I hate that!"
Cordelia McJunkin	"Cordede"	Making excuses	To be a teacher	An author	"I'm so tired!"
Alice Mathiott	"Lous"	Debating	A college pedagogue	A living model	"Wouldn't that frost you?"
Olive Meadows	"Polly"	Acquiring culinary fame	A dietitian	A chiropractor	"Gittin' up and actin' the fool."
Joel Meyer		Cranking a movie machine	To be a business man	A major in the Salvation Army	"Ye Gords!"
Alma Miller		Shining in class	A musician	A noted composer	"Let's go to town."
Margaret Morrow	"Peggy"	Reading letters from Jack	To never get old	A viscountess	"A whole smear."
Martha Mortz		Being busy	To be a teacher	A dressmaker	"That's not fair."
Paul Noel		Bringing the cows home	A minister	A prize-fighter	"You're a heathen!"
Dorothy Nutter	"Dot"	Making everybody happy	To capture a red-headed "Hon"	A bewitching damosel always	"Ye gods."
Della Oakley	"Dede"	Laughing happily	A government stenographer	A farmer's better half	"Oh, my soul!"
Eva Obrist		Answering the 'phone	To be a nurse	Bare-back rider in a circus	"Have a heart!"
Ilene Oursler		Winning hearts	To be a settlement worker	Manager of beauty parlors	"Good-night!"
Martha Phillips	"Mart"	Flirting	A singer	An old maid with a romance	"M' dear."
Mary Pusateri	"Puss"	Being original	A scribe	"The Lady from Ohio"	"Holy Smoke."
Arthur Rau	"Art"	Jerkin' sodies	To be a draftsman	A poet	"Poor Stumah."
Ruth Reinicker	"Rooster"	Writing poetry	To make Miss Sommers work hard	A cook	"Sure 'nough."
Cleo Ressler	"Heinie"	Fooling the teachers	To be a singer	"The Immortal Cleo"	"You're all wrong 'bout that."
Ralph Riddlebarger	"Riddle"	Ushering	To be an angel	A fat old bachelor	"By George."
Florence Riley	"Flop"	Doc-toring	Never to grow up in single blessedness	"A clinging vine"	"Shummy said——"
Avis Smith	"Smittie"	Giggling	To be a teacher	A baker's wife	"Oh, Golly."
Clyde Strickland	"Red"	Taking care of his girls	Never to have gray hair	An eminent physicist	"961-X, please."
James Taylor	"Jim"	Watching the clock	To be a deacon	A phrenologist	"You're a liar."
Mary Taylor		Taking her time	A canteener	A book-agent	"Oh, Horror! Hush!"
James Trone	"Jim"	Running the "Times"	To be a mining engineer	An astronomer	"And another thing I'd like to say."
Dorothy Varner	"Dot"	Being pretty	A successful actress	A "vamp"	"Oh, my dear."
Laura Warden	"Bob"	Falling in love	Never to forget how to smile	A diving nymph	"Oh, my lung and liver."
Atlanta Willis	"Georgia"	Singing	A grand opera singer	A social reformer	"Umh, that's nice."
Orville Wolfe	"Wolffie"	Living up to his dignity	To be a preacher	A hypnotist	"Doggone it."
Albert Wood	"Woodzie"	Worrying Miss Ball	To get 97 in Latin	A noted police character	"You tell'em, lad, I'm too mad."



MID-YEAR SENIOR CLASS '19

WHAT'S YER
CHIEF TROUBLE
HUH?



AW! I STUDY
HARD
'N THEN
ONLY GET
65



SHUCKS! I
HAVEN'T EVEN
GOTTEN B'LOW
85



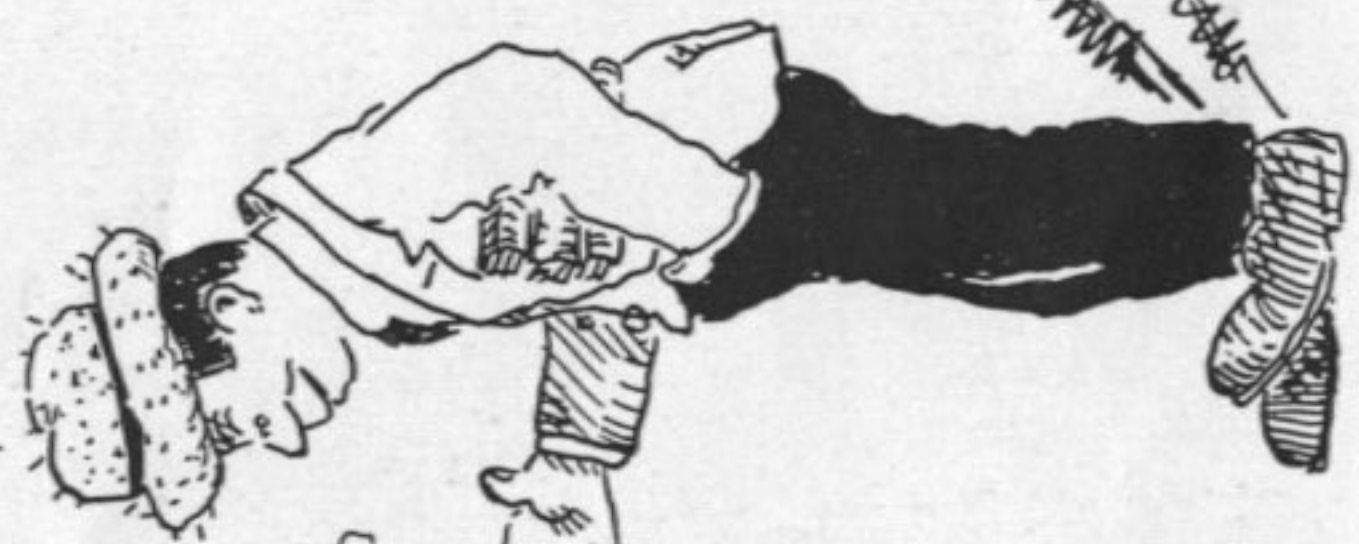
HUH!



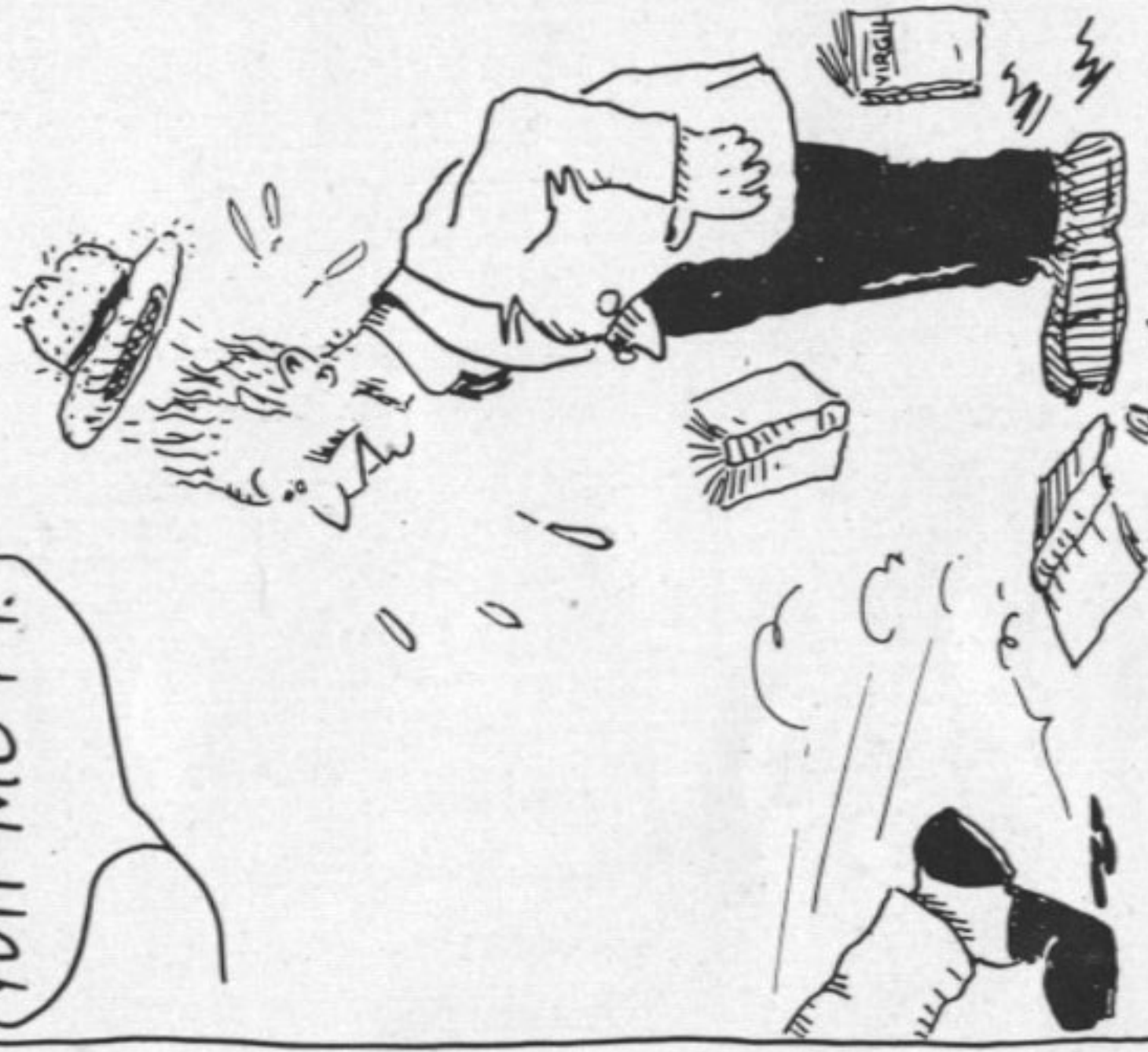
I GET BY 'N
DON'T EVEN
HAVE T' STUDY



SAY TELL
ME 'OW
YUH DO
IT.

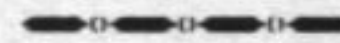


GOT A
PONY
YUH MUTT.



1961
J. Johnson

Junior Class Officers



President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ward Miller
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mildred Prichard
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Virginia Spencer
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Olga De Minico
Faculty Member	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Morris
Executive Committee	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	{ Helen Nye Mary Butler Marcella Sommer
Class Colors	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pink and Green
Class Motto	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	"On the Upward Trail"



The Class of 1919

"On the Upward Trail." It was with this inspiring motto that the present Junior class started its "climbing"; it has been truly said that a school will never advance until a determination for mental growth begins with each individual. Accordingly, it is because of this determination that it has surpassed the other classes in the study and oratorical realm. With the realization that more than fifteen of this class will be graduated from dear old Alma Mater with highest honor, surely they can justly be proud of their splendid showing. During the present year, the Junior class has led, not only in the number of its highest distinction pupils, but it also has the honor of having the highest of highest distinction students.

With some modern Ciceros, Demosthenes, and Hortensii in their debating world, the Juniors had a comparatively easy struggle gaining first honors. It was on February twenty-fifth that the Juniors won their first laurels this year from the Senior class. The question for debate was, "Resolved: That the Constitution of Ohio should provide for the recall of all elective officers." The affirmative side was upheld by the Senior team, which was composed of Alice Mathiott, Mary

Pusateri, Harold Adams, and the alternate, Paul Noel. The winning team was made up of three of P. H. S.'s most eminent debaters, Ward Miller, Howard Lowry, and Russel Rutledge. These latter were also successful contestants for the inter-scholastic debate.

Another proof of Junior development is displayed by the fact that they voluntarily organized a Spanish club, the purpose of which is to increase the knowledge of the Spanish language, customs, and history. The meetings are held every two weeks of the month. Much credit for the remarkable success of this club is to be given to Miss Slaymaker, Spanish instructress, who so kindly gave her time and attention to this noble organization.

Not only are we well represented in the above pursuits, but also in the athletic world. In basket-ball and football we were upheld by Thomas Williams, Garnet Neff, George Locke, Millard Wells, Henry Gordon, Edward Cunliffe, and Noble Lett.

A. L. L.
M. M. S.

Junior-Senior Debate

One of the crowning events in the debating realm was the Junior-Senior clash, held on the night of February 25, in the High School auditorium. The topic under discussion was, "Resolved: That the Constitution of Ohio should be so amended as to provide for the recall of all elective officers."

Those upholding the affirmative side were Mary Pusateri, Alice Mathiott, Harold Adams, with Paul Noel as alternate; the negative side was just as staunchly defended by Russell Rutledge, Ward Miller, and Howard Lowry.

Miss Hall was the chairman, while the judges were Rev. Dr. Horst, Rev. Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Myer. During the intermission, while the judges were making their decisions, a piano duet was rendered by Anna Morris and Le Monne Jackson.

It is needless to say that the final decision, announcing a unanimous vote for the Juniors, was received with great enthusiasm and animation.

A. L. L.
M. M. S.

The Junior-Senior Party

The groaning of ghosts, the rattling of chains, the shrieking of the wind, and the flashing of lights combined to make the night of November 2, 1917, a memorable one in the minds of the members of the classes '18 and '19; another fact also makes it an unforgettable one, namely, that this was the first time for years that two classes united to entertain their members. To say the least, this was one of the most successful Hallowe'en parties ever given in P. H. S. While great credit for such success may be attributed to the enthusiasm of the Senior and Junior members, the labor and ability of the executive committees and the management of the class presidents, a large part of it must be given to Miss Morris and Miss Hall, who so ably and systematically devised and arranged for the pompous affair.

When eight o'clock arrived and the first ordeal of passing the blood-curdling ghosts, stationed in the dark corners of the dimly-lighted basement, had been successfully passed, the masked guests in vari-colored costumes were ushered into the gymnasium. There, under the glaring lights and festoons of class colors, they made their acquaintance with Romeo and Juliet, the lightly-tripping chorus girl, Dame Fashion, Little Bo Peep, the cringing ghosts, Bespeckled Clown,

the dark-skinned gypsy, and many other romantic and tragic characters.

After getting a peep into their future loves and hates, the guests next rather fearfully unmasked. A grand march and Virginia reel, led by Miss Martin and Miss Slaymaker, were heartily joined in by nearly all.

After eleven o'clock, refreshments were served to the jolly crowd.

Those on the refreshment committee were: Charles Baker, Ward Miller, Virginia Spencer, Helen Nye, and Mary Holmes. Howard Lowry, Selby Dillon, Marcella Sommer, and Martha Phillips comprised the program committee. On the decorating committee were: James Trone, Albert Locher, Mary Butler, Dorothy Kinsey, Arthur Clendenen, and Mildred Prichard.

Great interest in the affair was shown by the teachers, a fact which the pupils fully appreciated. The faculty was represented by Miss Slaymaker, Miss Morris, Miss Hall, Miss Ball, Miss Houser, Miss Welty, Miss Ayer, Miss Martin, Miss Summers, Mr. Hindall, Mr. Chesrown, Mr. Echols, and Mr. Fullerton.

A. L. L.
M. M. S.

The S. O. E.

Probably the most select organization in P. H. S. is the S. O. E.. It is composed of those Junior and Senior boys who have rendered some particular services to P. H. S. Their meetings are held every Tuesday evening. The members of the Executive Committee, Harold Adams, James Trone, and Howard Lowry, make the constitution and by-laws. The following are the officers: Harold Shumway, president; Harold Adams, vice-president; Noble Lett, official bouncer.

Those on the refreshment committee were: Charles Baker, Ward not qualified to become members of the "Inner Circle." However, positive information concerning the secrets thereof, might be obtained from the excellent official bouncer, Noble Lett.

Each member of this illustrious order is adorned with a "skull and cross-bone" pin. This emblem signifies either danger or immortality. The order has a limit of eighteen members, and each year

enough from a lower class are chosen to balance those leaving by graduation, thus keeping the organization an established factor in school life.

One can readily see from a glance at the list of members that it is mostly from the Athletic and Literary fields that they are gathered. Those enrolled on the roster at last census are:

Harold Shumway, President.	James Trone, Executive Com.
Harold Adams, Vice-President.	Millard Wells.
Noble Lett, Official Bouncer.	George Locke.
Clyde Strickland.	Dana Jones.
Arthur Doll.	Charles Baker.
Howard Lowry, Executive Com.	Richard Anderson.
	Richard Knost.

Sophomore Class Officers

President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Harold Clendenen
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mildred Brown
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Duis
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Richard Hopkins
Faculty Member	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Nixon
Class Motto	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Esse Quam Videri
Class Color	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pink and Lavender



Sophomores '20

Once upon a time in a kingdom, known as Portsmouth High School, a king, His Royal Highness, Harold Clendenen, ruled over his dependable subjects, who called themselves Sophomores. Their beloved ruler was assisted in his pleasures, as well as in his troubles, by his executive council, over which presided Her Honor, Mildred Brown. The scribe of this council was Dorothy Duis; the purser, Richard Hopkins; the man-at-arms, Knight Homer Church, and the whole kingdom was mothered by Her Majesty, Queen Nixon.

The tasks laid upon the council were so heavy that two of the members fell by the wayside; but these hardy people, nevertheless, were able to go on.

About this time, a great war arose and the beautiful queen was called to the battlefield of her lover. The king was aided in this great conflict by his loyal subjects, who filled the public coffers with their savings, so that the king might buy Liberty Bonds to set free the neighboring countries.

All the brave and loyal subjects were trained at once in the army of the king, making ready to wipe the oppressor from the earth.

The political questions of the kingdom at this crisis were debated in the public places by the sages, Eugene Schloss, Marguerite Fullerton, Isaac Kelly, and Helen Dowling, who defeated their brethren, the Freshmen.

This kingdom also furnished three ambassadors, Marguerite Fullerton, Isaac Kelly, and Maurice Mendel, to speak in council with the neighboring town of Huntington.

Leaving the scene of war, we shall picture this little king-

dom in the time of peace. The amusements of the court were presided over by the king's officers, Richard Anderson, Richard Knost, Eugene Schloss, and Isaac Kelly, under the direction of Helen Dowling. The chief amusement of this people was a masked ball held on the night when witches were supposed to ride abroad.

On the field of valor several citizens of the kingdom clashed with their opponents, winning renown for themselves and their kingdom. The ones who kicked the ball were Howard Moritz, Stuart Little, and Richard Anderson. Those who placed the ball in the basket were Richard Hopkins, George Staten, and Howard Moritz; and the inter-country team, who won the title of "Never Losing a Game," were Captain Richard Anderson, Richard Knost, Richard Hopkins, George Staten, Fred Multer, Howard Moritz, and Alfred Millard. There were many citizens who were good at batting—especially Captain Richard Knost; and the first time they waged war on the Freshmen, they defeated them severely.

Neither did this kingdom lack in minstrelsy, for its subjects frequently rejoiced in music and song.

Citizen after citizen, through his industry and perseverance, had his name posted on the honor board in the public place.

And it has been prophesied that this people shall not die out; but, through dissemination of knowledge and good deeds, shall be well known in the "Land of the Future."

Helen Dowling, '20.

Dorothy Duis, '20.

Lecture Course

As has been the custom for several years, the P. H. S. provided for a series of lectures and concerts, to be given in the high-school auditorium.

This year the course consisted of nine numbers, each of which the people patronized by a ringing welcome and loud applause. To be sure, each program was well worth the price of admission. The season tickets were sold at the exceedingly low price of \$1.50. Had it not been for the large number of tickets sold, it would have been impossible to have presented these high-class, educational entertainments at such a price.

Next year it is the intention of those promoting the lectures to place an even better selection of performers at the service of the residents of Portsmouth.

The numbers came in the following order:

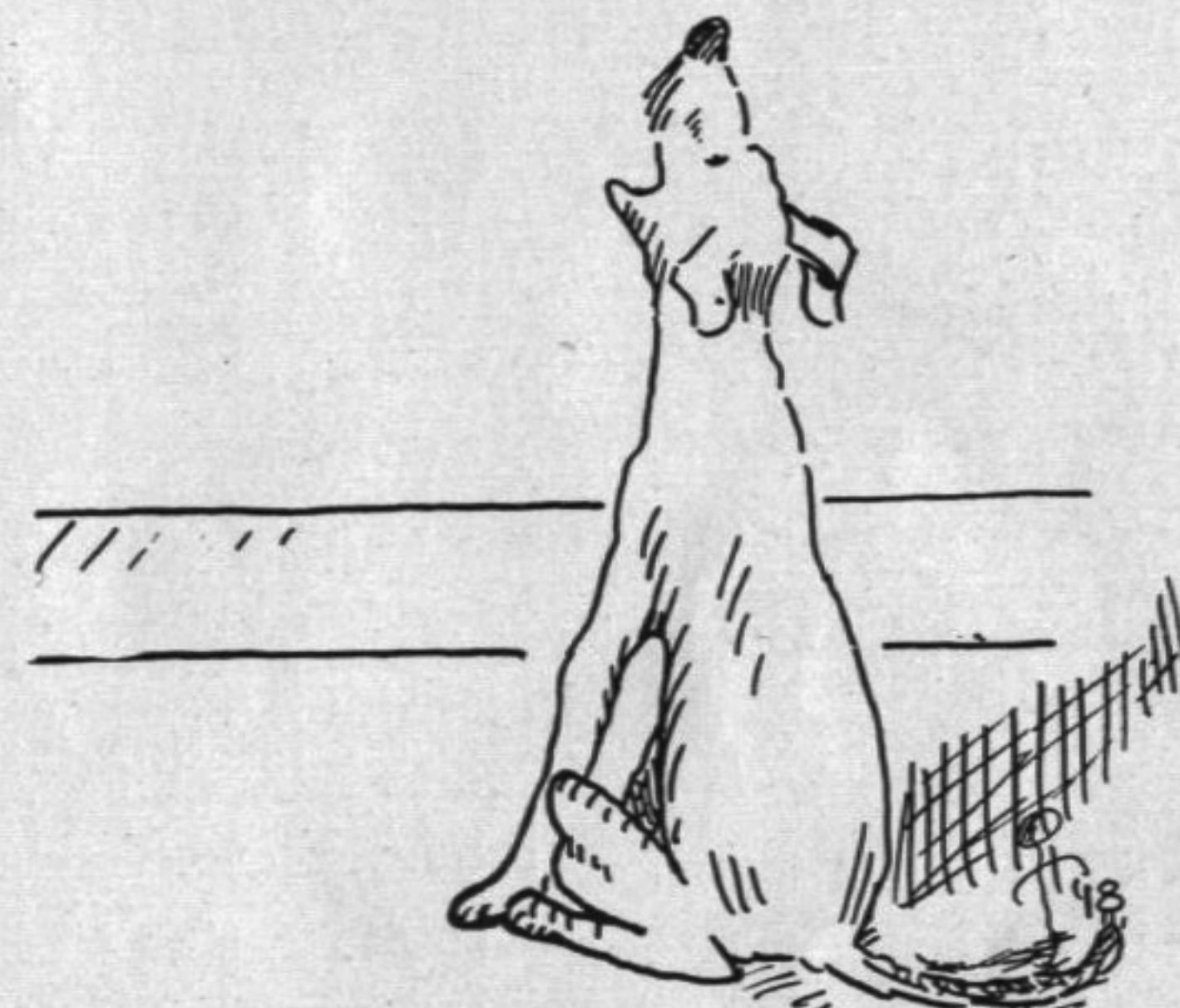
1. The Chicago Orchestral Choir, October 10, 1917.
2. Thomas Brooks Fletcher, November 22, 1917.
3. Hon. J. Adam Bede, December 5, 1917.
4. Miss Catherine Ridgeway, January 3, 1918.
5. Laurant and Company, January 10, 1918.
6. Montague Opera Singers, February 12, 1918.
7. The Musical Guardsmen, March 20, 1918.
8. Princess Watahwaso, March 29, 1918.
9. Montraville Wood, April 22, 1918.

Physical Training

Under the direction of Miss Martin, the Physical Training Girls have enjoyed a successful season of general training, consisting of athletic exercises, marching, and dancing. These exercises develop and strengthen muscles, at the same time adding new interest to school life. Basket-ball work has been a special feature of this year's course, the girls practicing on Tuesday and Thursday nights after school.

Hiking leaders have been chosen. Many enjoyable hours have been spent by the girls with Le Monne Jackson, Helen Dawson, Lillian Matthews, Olga De Minico, Mable Helt, Helen Matthews, and Hazel Holmes as leaders.

The girls have organized with Helen Dawson as president, and Mildred Prichard as secretary and treasurer. The Advisory Board consists of Violet



PIPING GRADUATION
to '19

Stockham, Helen Dawson, Le Monne Jackson, and Mary Butler.

The association has adopted a letter system through which every girl, with a certain standard, is presented with a letter.

The girls presented a beautiful service flag to P. H. S. this year.

The demonstration given in April proved to be a decided success.

Freshmen Class Officers



President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Paul Graf
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fred Multer
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret Stahler
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Irving Prince
Faculty Member	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Easton
Colors	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Green and White
Motto	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Foundations first, then castles"



Freshmen '21

In the land of study, P. H. S., is the Republic of the Freshmen who had by perseverance, battled their way to the ideal democracy from the kingdom of the grammar schools.

These gallant explorers, after attaining their goal, appointed their ruler, a president, in the person of Paul Graf. As vice-president, they selected Fred Multer. Margaret Stahler was chosen as their secretary, and Irving Prince was made treasurer. The cabinet consisted of Mark Heer, as leader, and his assistants, Ethel Eckhart, Virginia Gilbert, Evelyn Campbell, and Paul Graf. Ruth Atlas was chosen corresponding secretary.

The colors and the motto of the republic were selected at the first meeting, the motto being "Foundations first, then castles," and the colors, green and white.

For the pleasure of his followers, the Chief Executive entertained with a masquerade. The party was held on October 29, 1917, under the supervision of Miss Easton, Chief Counsellor to the President. The Grand March was led by Miss Martin and Mr. Echols. Capable committees had been appointed and all agreed that the party was a great success.

As time progressed, the nation became involved in a controversy with the adjoining country, the Sophomore Republic. The disputed question was, "Resolved, That the coal mines within the borders of the United States should be owned and operated by the Federal Government." The rulers of both nations called a council to determine the best method of settling the dispute. The most capable diplomats were selected to deliberate upon the momentous question. The Freshman Republic appointed Evelyn Campbell, Ruth Atlas, and Douglas Knowles, with Paul Graf as alternate. The Sophomores chose Eugene Schloss, Marguerite Fullerton, Isaac Kelly, and Helen Dowling as alternate. Miss Ball presided and States-

men Frank Moulton, Mark Crawford, and George Osborne acted as judges to decide which republic was right in the question. After much skillful debating, the eminent jurists retired. The decision was given in favor of the Sophomores, who argued the negative of the question.

Later the Freshman Republic allied with several neighboring countries to battle against a foreign nation, H. H. S. The Freshmen sent Representatives Evelyn Campbell and James Scott, as alternate.

Besides the work required in the management of the republic, the Freshmen engaged in various enterprises for both pleasure and profit, among which were music and athletics.

The Freshmen were represented by Fred Multer on the football and basket-ball teams organized by the athletes of four great republics.

The members of the Freshmen Girls' Basket-ball Team were the captain, Dorothy Berndt, and her co-workers.

Forwards	Center	Guards
Margaret Bodmer (Dorothy Berndt)	Bertha Blood	Helen Morris Agatha Staker

The substitute team consisted of:

Margaret Mongan	Temple Messer	Dorothea Mayo
Mildred Werner		Lillian Freund Edith Cunliffe

The Boys' Basket-ball Team was composed of the captain, Everett Wallace, and the following:

George Schirrmann	Benson Ogier	Paul Graf
Everett Wallace		Mark Heer

A Girls' Chorus of All Nations was organized, represented from the Freshmen by Bertha Blood, Christine Selby, Margaret Stahler, and pianist, Audrey Reeg.

Counsel to the Class of '21

1. And, behold! it doth come to pass that the days when the Seniors, who have ruled, do cease.

2. And the days, when ye shall enter your duties, are nigh and not afar off.

3. Give ear to our words, Freshmen; consider our meditations, harken unto the voice of judgment; hold our commandments in reverence.

4. For thou art yet NOTHING, cultivated and multiplied many times.

5. Herewith are the words of the wise, the class of '18, that thou despiseth; but a fool doth despise wisdom and knowledge.

6. Child, hear the instructions of thy superiors.

7. Thou shalt tend strictly to thine own business. He that passeth by and meddleth with property of one of superiority is like unto him that taketh a dog by the ears, for he is bitten.

8. Thou shalt not seek the company of thine classmates and pollute the air by thine undesired presence.

9. Each morning before coming to school, thou shalt let "Mamma" wash thine hands, and cleanse thine ears; likewise comb thy pretty locks of hair.

10. Thou shalt inhale the fume of some chemical from the Lab. and thus remove thy denseness.

11. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's book, his girl, his tablet, nor his "pony," nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

12. Thou art too young for dates; confine thyself to prunes and other sweetmeats.

13. Thou shalt ever liken thyself after the image of the departed Seniors.

14. Thou shalt study twenty hours per day.

15. Whosoever keepeth our decrees shall be prospered and shall eat of the most delicious fruits of life.

16. But he who doth not keep them, shall receive a chain of knowledge weighing his brain to the utmost.

Hear Ye! OBEY! OBEY!

In an Orchestra of Nations, the Freshmen were represented by Dorothea Mayo, Clifton Yeager, Stanley McCoy, Paul Oakley, and Robert DeMinico.

For the benefit of a vast number of nations engaged in the World War, seventy-four per cent. of the entire state voluntarily entered into the Red Cross work.

In conjunction with the Red Cross work, seventy-seven per cent. of the citizens are buying War Savings Stamps to aid the United States with which the Freshmen are thoroughly in sympathy.

The Freshman Cabinet unanimously approved of a resolution to further, in the future, in every way possible the standards and principles of the important republic and to surpass in all things, and in all ways, the accomplishments of the neighboring nations.

In the resolution the cabinet recommended that each citizen take an interest in athletics and furthermore take part in Red Cross work, and buy War Savings Stamps to help spread democracy throughout the world.

A band of sturdy pilgrims,
We're guided, day by day,
Along the paths of knowledge,
Though stormy be the way.
We'll never halt nor falter
But earnestly press on
With study, song, and laughter
Until the goal is won.

Evelyn Campbell.
Charles Thomas.



THE HONOR ROLL

Editor's Note

The compilers of this Honor Roll have endeavored to make it as complete as possible; but, owing to the difficulties of obtaining information and to the constant changes of address, many names have doubtlessly been omitted. The staff wishes to thank those teachers, pupils, and other persons who so kindly gave their help in the preparation of this list.

Members of Faculty of P. H. S. in Service

Miss Charlotte Bannon—Canteen Service with French Red Cross.
 Mr. Cornete—Branch of service and location unknown.
 Alva Hindall—Government Chemist, Birmingham, Ala.
 Bernard LeRoy—U. S. Naval Reserves, Newport, L. I.
 Robert Rucker—Somewhere in France.
 Herbert R. Schilling, Second Lieutenant, Co. C, 336 Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Pike, Ark.
 Charles M. Weyand—United States Y. M. C. A. Secretary.

Former Students in Red Cross Work

Jean McCall—Red Cross Nurse, Naval Base Hospital No. 5, France.
 Gurney Noel—Red Cross Nurse, Italy.
 Sarah Ellen Phillippi—Red Cross Nurse, France.
 Ella Ressinger—Going to France as a Red Cross Nurse.

Former Students of P. H. S. in Service

Barry Alger—Signed up for Overseas Service, in Camouflage Dept.
 Richard W. Alger—Captain, Engineering Dept., Washington, D. C.
 Howard Allen—Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Barracks No. 52, Camp Hancock, Ga.
 W. Collins Allen—Quartermaster's Corps, Portland, Ore.
 Otto F. Apel—Lieutenant D. O. R. C. Camp Baker, Ft. Bliss, Texas.
 Belford Atkinson—To take examination for aviation service; four months with Alpine Chasseurs in Verdun Sector.
 Charles M. Baggs, R. O. U. S. N., Great Lakes, Ill.
 Norman R. Baker—Ordnance Dept., Washington, D. C.
 William Clifford Baker—Medical Corps, Chickamauga Park, Georgia.
 Harry Morris Ball—Marine Corps, Paris Island, S. C.
 James A. Barber—Co. A, 1st A. M. G. Battalion, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
 Frank Beehler—U. S. Navy Yards, Washington, D. C.
 Carl Bennet—Lieutenant, Submarine "L-11," U. S. N.
 Arthur K. Beumler—Medical Reserve.
 Guy Blair—Second Lieutenant in Army.
 Albert Blum—33d Co., 9th Training Battalion, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Otto Blum—Second Lieutenant, Divisional Schools, Gas Defense Instruction K 7, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Thomas Earl Brand—Engineering Reserve Corps.
 Harry Brandel—33d Co., 9th Training Battalion, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Warren Briggs—First Lieutenant, Camp Perry, Ohio.

C. Donald Brown—Second Lieutenant, 42d Inf., Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Otto Brunner—"Top Sergeant," Co. D, 5th Engineers, Corpus Christi, Texas.
 John Burt—Ordnance Dept., St. Louis, Mo.
 Harold Byron—Marine Corps, Paris Island, S. C.
 Leslie Chick—U. S. Engineers' Corps with Pershing's Expeditionary Forces in France.
 Stephen Chick—Truck Driver, Fort Riley, Kan.
 J. Albert Clausing—Headquarters Co., 329th Inf., Camp Sherman, O.
 Leroy Compton—With Aero Squadron, France.
 Ledlie W. Conger—Medical Corps, National Army, Fort Oglethorpe; transferred to Band.
 William Feurt Crawford—Second Lieut., Camp Sherman, Ohio.
 Lorin D. Cunningham—Hospital Unit, France.
 Boynton Davenport—Aviation Section, Signal Corps, France.
 Morris A. Davidson—Co. E, 35th Engineers, American Expeditionary Forces, France.
 Chalmer Davis—Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.
 Wiley Dawson—Major, in Quartermaster's Dept., San Diego, Cal.
 Louis Dice—Major, Field Artillery, U. S. Army, Camp Stuart, 60th C. A. C., Newport News, Va.
 James Dickey—Major, Quartermaster's Dept., Washington, D. C.
 Edgar Doll—Corporal, Quartermaster's Dept., Ft. Thomas, Ky.
 F. Wallace Drew—Corporal, Caisson No. 1, 112 A. A. Train, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 Thomas Drugan—Home Guards, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Normal Duewell—Ft. Snelling, St. Paul, Minn., Aviation Section.
 William DuPre—Second Lieut., Quartermaster's Dept., France.
 Elvin Eckhart—American Expeditionary Forces, France.
 Russell Egbert, Apprentice Seaman, U. S. Naval Operating Base, Co. 131, Unit J, Hampton Roads, Va.
 John H. Emmert—Military Police, Oberlin Bldg., St. Paul, Minnesota.
 John Marcus England—Corporal in Bakery Co. 303, Q. M. C. N. A., Camp Shelly, Hattiesburg, Miss.
 Clarence Evans, Camp Taylor, El Paso, Texas.
 Walter Fannin—Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Frank S. Ferguson—Sergeant, first class, 308 Inf., Signal Corps, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Howard Feyler, M. D.—Lieutenant ranking, O. R. C., Columbus Barracks, Ohio.
 Clyde Fitch—Medical Reserve Corps, Baltimore, Md.
 Massie Foley—Cincinnati Base Hospital No. 25, Camp Sherman, O.
 Jno. H. Folsom—Army Field Clerk, Port Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J.
 David E. Gardner—Second Lieutenant in Regular Army, somewhere in France.

Walter Gims—Quartermaster's Corps, Motorcycle Div., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Ronald Frederick Gordon—H. A. I. C., U. S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Illinois.
 Carl Graf, M. D.—Lieut. Medical Reserve Corps, Aviation Camp, San Antonio, Texas.
 Russell Guffey—Medical Reserve Corps, O. S. U., Columbus, Ohio.
 D. Williard Gustin—Army Field Clerk, France.
 Howard Harsha—First Lieut., Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 Carl Hauck—Second Lieut., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Hubert Heinisch—Lieut., 1st Training Battalion, 1st Co., Section M, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Henry C. Hengse—Evacuation Hospital No. 5, Medical Corps, Camp Crane, Allentown, Pa.
 William B. Herms—Captain in Department of Sanitation.
 John F. Higgins—Marine Corps, Paris Island, S. C.
 Oscar Hoerr—Corporal, Co. D, Infantry, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama.
 Chester Holton—Senior Lieutenant, U. S. N.
 Offnere Hope—Lieutenant-Colonel, A. E. F., France.
 Stanley Hopkins—Naval Base, Cape May, N. J. With mine sweepers along Atlantic Coast.
 Ralph M. Hopper—Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 Joseph Horchow—Lieut., Aviation Sec., San Diego, Cal.
 Reuben Horchow—2d Lieut., Quartermaster's Dept., France.
 C. E. Houchins—Co. F., 308th Engineers, Camp Sherman, Ohio.
 Robert Horr—Cadet at West Point, U. S. Military Academy.
 Elmer T. Huddleson—2d Lieut., Captain of Tank, Gettysburg, Pa.
 Baird Hudson—Cadet at West Point, U. S. Military Academy.
 Clarence Jaynes—2d Lieut., 324th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 L. Carmel Jaynes—1st Lieut., Ordnance Dept., Washington, D. C.
 Kenyon Johnson—Seaman, U. S. S. "Nevada," U. S. N.
 Sherrard M. Johnson—Lieut., Field Artillery, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Joseph Jones—Medical Reserve Corps, Columbus Dental School.
 Roger Jones—Quartermaster's Corps, Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis.
 Gilbert L. Kendall—2d. Lieut., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Richard Kendall—Ordnance Dept., Washington, D. C.
 Chase W. Kennedy—Major-General U. S. Army, in charge of Camp Custer, Battlecreek, Mich.
 Walter Koegle—Wagon Master, Quartermaster's Department, Camp Johnston, Jacksonville Fla.
 Simon Lehman—Infantry, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 Davis Levi—Science and Research Dept., Aviation Section Signal Corps, Camp Arthur, Waco, Texas.
 Walter Lewis—Corporal, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Theodore E. Lilly—Base Hospital No. 13, Camp McPherson, Ga.
 Cranston Locke—U. S. Marine Corps, Paris Island, S. C.
 John M. Lynn—Engineering Corps, Camp Dix, N. J.
 David Hill McCall, M. D.—Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va.
 Russell McCurdy—Lieutenant, Camp Dix, N. J.
 Howard McKerrihan—Aviation Corps, San Antonio, Texas.
 Frank Malone—Corporal, Co. G, 330th Inf., Camp Sherman, Ohio.
 H. A. Marting—Captain of Artillery, Fort Sill, Okla.
 Ralph S. Marting—Yeoman, U. S. Naval Reserves.
 Royal Marting—Student at Annapolis, U. S. Naval Academy.
 Walter Mathiot—Sergeant, Co. E, 145th Inf., Camp Sheridan, Ala.
 Theron B. Matthews—First Sergeant, Co. H, 55th Pioneer Inf., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
 Alfred B. Mills, M. D.—Lieut., Medical Corps, American Expeditionary Forces, France.
 Dudley Molster—Marine Corps, Paris Island, S. C.
 A. R. Moore, M.D.—Captain, in charge of Hospital, France.
 Guy A. Moore—1st Serg. in Tank Service, Gettysburg, Pa.
 Adam Mootz, Co. A, 7th Bat., 20th Engineers, U. S. N. A., France.
 Vance Morris—Medical Unit, Metropolitan Hosp., Ft. McHenry, Ky.
 Lester Nutter—Student at Annapolis, U. S. Naval Academy.
 Robert Nutter—Lieut., 3d Aviation Detachment, A. E. F., France.
 Asher Oakes—With 464th Aero Construction Squad., A. E. F., France.
 Orin Oakes—U. S. Navy, Commanding Co. No. 65 of Apprentice Seamen, Camp Farragut, Great Lakes, Ill.
 Franklin C. Padan—Lieut., Aviation Section, Signal Corps, San Antonio, Texas.
 Lynn F. Padan—Mess Sergeant, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 Robert S. Padan—Sergeant, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 Lawrence Patterson—U. S. Marines, Paris Island, S. C.
 James A. Pearce—2d Lieut., Cavalry, Camp Sherman, Ohio.
 Ralph C. Peel—Medical Corps, Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.
 Crowder Perkinson—Commissioned Ensign in U. S. Naval Reserve Force at Annapolis.
 William D. Perkinson—Co. D, 145 Inf., Camp Sheridan, Ala.
 Harry E. Phillips—U. S. S. "Delaware" somewhere in foreign waters.
 Charles Pirung—Coast Artillery, U. S. Army.
 William Pixley—Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas.
 Williard C. Poffenberger—Ordnance Dept., U. S. Army.
 Elza Porter—Cook, Co. E, 145 Inf., Camp Sheridan, Ala.
 Fred Prediger—Sergeant, Instructor Engineers, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.
 Charles Pray—2d Lieut., Tank Service, Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.
 Richard B. Prince—Chief Wireless Operator, U. S. S., "Munplace," U. S. N.
 David Raesman, M.D.—First Lieut., Officers' Medical Reserve Corps.
 Harry Rapp, M.D.—Lieut., Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 Paul Ressinger—U. S. Navy, Chicago, Ill.
 Graham Revare—147th Field Hospital Unit, Camp Sheridan, Ala.

Harold Rhodes—U. S. Marines, Paris Island, S. C.
 William W. Ricker—Lieut.-Col., Ordnance Dept., France.
 Wesley Ridenour—Co. D, 33d Engineers, Camp Devens, Ayers, Mass.
 Orville Roberts—Secretary to General Fage, Harrisburg, Miss.
 Harold Robertson—Cadet Flying Detachment, Kelley Field, San Antonio, Texas.
 Arnold C. Schapiro—Medical Corps, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.
 H. Rea Selby—1st Lieut., 330th Regiment, Camp Sherman, Ohio.
 John Shoemaker—Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 S. Anselm Skelton—2d Lieut., Regular Army, Ft. Dodge, Des Moines.
 John Simon—War Department, Washington, D. C.
 William F. Smith—Chauffeur, Quartermaster's Corps, Texas.
 Alfred L. Sprecker—First Cook in Caisson Company, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 Adam Stahl—Sergeant, Medical Corps, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.
 Wendell G. Staten—Ordnance Dept., Washington, D. C.
 Adolph Stone—Marine Corps, Paris Island, S. C.
 Earl F. Strickland—First Sergeant, U. S. Marines, France.
 Oscar I. Strickland—First Lieutenant, France.
 Howard A. Swisshelm—U. S. Navy, Great Lakes Training School, Waukegan, Ill.
 James Edson Tener—2d Lieut., O. R. C., Battlecreek, Mich.
 Bruce Thomas—Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 George Thomas—Officers' Training Camp, Petersburg, Va.
 William M. Thomas—Passed examination for Aviation Pilot.
 Cecil Tidd—Corporal with Trench Mortar Battery, Headquarters Company, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 Hugh Tremper—Dental Reserves, University of Michigan.
 Paul Walker—Lieut., 19th Field Artillery, Camp McArthur, Waco, Tex.
 Henry Wall, Aviation Corps, Waco, Texas.
 Carl Warner—14th Balloon Co., Fort Omaha, Neb.
 Millard Wells—Marine Corps, Paris Island, S. C.
 Carey Williams—Sergeant, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.
 Evan C. Williams—1st Lieut., Regular Army, Ft. Benjamin Harrison.
 Forest Williams—Medical Corps, A. E. F., France.
 Graves Williams, Lieut., U. S. Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa.
 James D. Williams—1st Lieut., Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 John E. Williams, Jr.—Medical Corps, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.
 Russell D. Williams—Company Agent, Co. D, 145 Inf., Camp Sheridan.
 Samuel Williams—Lieutenant, Camp Mills, Long Island.
 Alfred G. Yapple—Naval Radio Operator, Newport Naval Training Camp, U. S. Navy.
 Leslie Yapple—Apprentice seaman in U. S. Navy, Great Lakes, Ill.
 Dee York—Student at Annapolis, U. S. Naval Academy.
 Arthur F. Young—Aero Photography, Cornell University, N. Y.
 Clifford Zuhars—Ordnance Dept., Naval Reserves, Carnegie Steel Co., Menhall, Pa.
 Edwin A. Zuhars—Co. B, 6th Inf., somewhere in France.

Ralph Riddlebarger of the graduating class of Nineteen Eighteen, is in class 1-A of the draft, subject to call at any time. He attempted to enlist in the navy, but was rejected on account of his eyes. A student of sterling worth, he has always been one of the mainstays of his class. Ralph has

shown his loyalty and his appreciation of the school by remaining at P. H. S. to finish his course. The good wishes of the entire school, and especially those of his own class, accompany him in his fight for Uncle Sam and for the freedom of the world.

In Memory of William Harrison Miller

William Harrison Miller was the first Portsmouth High School boy to sacrifice his life on the altar of freedom and democracy. The body of the dead hero arrived in Portsmouth on April 30, and was accorded a military funeral by the patriotic citizens of the city. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Onstott, pastor of Manly Church. The body was accompanied to Greenlawn Cemetery by a long funeral procession, in which the G. A. R. and many social and industrial organizations were represented.

William Harrison Miller, son of James R. and Emma Miller, 1411 Grandview Avenue, was born in Scioto County, February 26, 1892. He was reared in this county, educated in the common schools and attended P. H. S. during the years 1907 and 1908. Later he took a correspondence course in boiler-making, and for nine years was employed at his trade

in the N. & W. Shops, East Portsmouth, where he was held in high regard by all.

On June 26, 1917, at Parkersburg, West Virginia, he enlisted as boilermaker in the navy, and shortly afterwards was assigned to the destroyer, "Manley." Life on the ocean agreed with Miller and he wrote many interesting letters home. He met with death, March 19, 1918, in foreign waters, when the "Manley" collided with a British man-of-war. The collision caused a depth bomb on the "Manley" to explode, Miller and several others being killed.

William Harrison Miller was held in high esteem by all of his fellow-workers, and his popularity was attested to by the large crowd that attended the funeral. A promising specimen of noble manhood and a young man of high character, Mr. Miller is mourned as a martyr for his country.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!"

Our dear old Alma Mater mourns the loss of another of its sons. Millard Wells, a Junior, has joined the Marines and is now at Paris Island preparing for participation in this great fight for liberty. Millard has been active in all forms of athletics. He served two years on the Basket-ball Team and one

on the Football Team, and was invaluable to each. His work on the Review, as Print Shop Director, is to be commended. We cannot wish him better luck than this; that he gets his crack at the Germans.

Alumni

In behalf of the class of 1917, the president, Corporal Cecil Tidd, presented to the high school a loving cup. Upon the cup is to be engraved the name of that member of each graduating class who attains the highest average during the four

years. The cup now contains the name of Selma Lindemeyer. This gift undoubtedly will prove an incentive to the graduates of future classes to strive for a high average during the four years in high school work.

Boys in Service

Brig. Gen. Chase Kennedy '75
Dr. David Riesman '86
Dr. Arthur Moore '89
Lt. Col. William Ricker '90
Lt. Col. Offnere Hope '91
Dr. Alfred Mills '03
Herbert Heinsch
Dr. Hill McCall '05
William Pixley
Lieut. William DuPre '06
Sherrard Johnson
Lawrence Patterson
Robert Blum
Warren Briggs
Harry Rapp
Simon Lehman '07
Carl Bennett '07
Ralph Marting
Howard Harsha '08
Evan Williams
Guy Blair
Donald Brown '09

To-day every one is interested in the boys who are in service for Uncle Sam. The following are the names of the members of the Alumni who now are in the ranks.

Rae Selby
Joseph Horchow
Otto Blum
Ledlie Conger
Wallace Drew
H. A. Marting
William Thomas
Aronhold Schapiro
Anselm Skelton
Carl Hauck '10
Cary Williams
James Williams
Robert Padan
Ralph Peele
Carl Graf
Harry Brandel
Frank Ferguson '11

Reuben Horchow
Russell McCurdy '12
Lynn Padan
Hugh Tremper
Carl Bauman
Guy Moore '13
Robert Nutter
Walter Lewis
Carl Warner
Theodore Lilly
Arthur Beumler
Crowder Perkinson
James Pearce
Collins Allen
Carl Black
Otto Brunner
Boynton Davenport

Charles Abbott
Carl Blankenmeyer
Graham Revare
Ellsworth Williams
Tenley Huddleson '14
John Simon
Richard Kendall
Alfred Sprecher
Adam Mootz
Cranston Locke
Fred Gordon '15
Forrest May
Lorin Cunningham
Alfred Yapple
Russell Williams
Ralph Hopper
John Higgins
Richard Prince
Elza Porter
Howard Swisshelm '16
Cecil Tidd '17

The Alumni also has two of its members, Jean McCall '09 and Charlotte Bannon '91 in France doing Red Cross work.

At West Point, Robert Horr '15 and Baird Hudson '14 are

being trained in all the tactics of war. They will be graduated this coming spring, and they hope to be sent immediately to France.

K. H.



The P. H. S. Orchestra

Following the custom of previous years, we have an excellent orchestra of high calibre. Under the leadership of Dorothy Kinsey, it has made wonderful progress. We certainly wish to thank the Portsmouth High School musicians who made it the best high school orchestra in the Ohio valley. They have played at all the entertainments, lectures, and plays given in the auditorium. With the exception of Dorothy Kinsey, Ruth Butler, and Charles Baker, it remains intact next year. It is hoped that the present high standard of our P. H. S. orchestra will be maintained throughout the coming years.

Dorothy Kinsey	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pianist
Dorothy Mae	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Hazel Barngrover	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Ruth Butler	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Robert De Minico	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Bowen Prince	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Clifton Yeager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Violin
Carmen Oakley	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Clarinet
Charles Baker	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Clarinet
Paul Oakley	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cornet
Howard Lowry	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cornet
Stanley McCall	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Cornet
Harold Shumway	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Drum



The Athletic Association

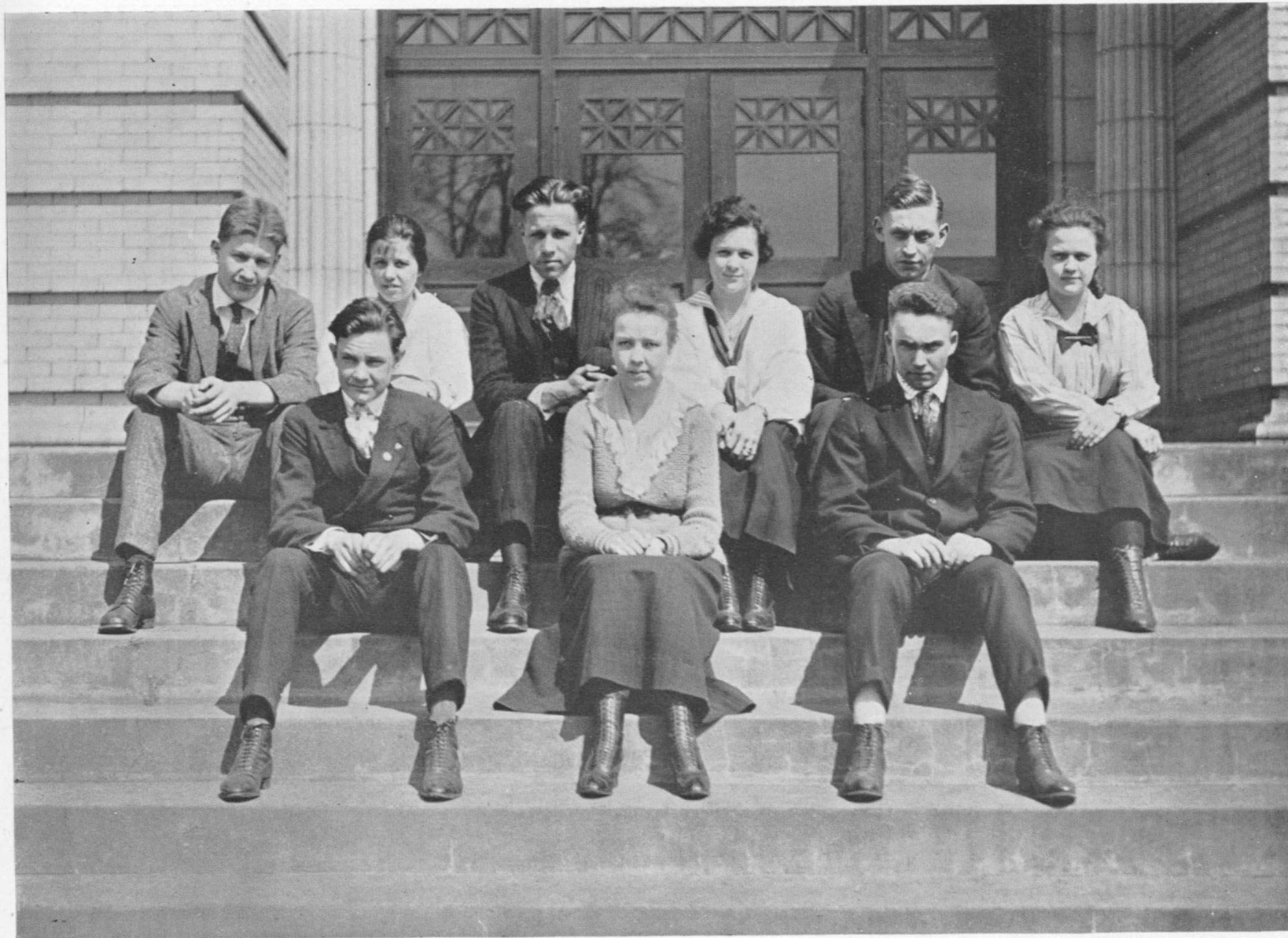
The purpose of this organization was twofold: (1) it was to interest students in athletics; (2) to place athletics upon a successful financial basis. Mr. Hindall was the football coach; Mr. Wheeler was the basket-ball coach. The season tickets were sold at fifty cents each.

The first term officers were:

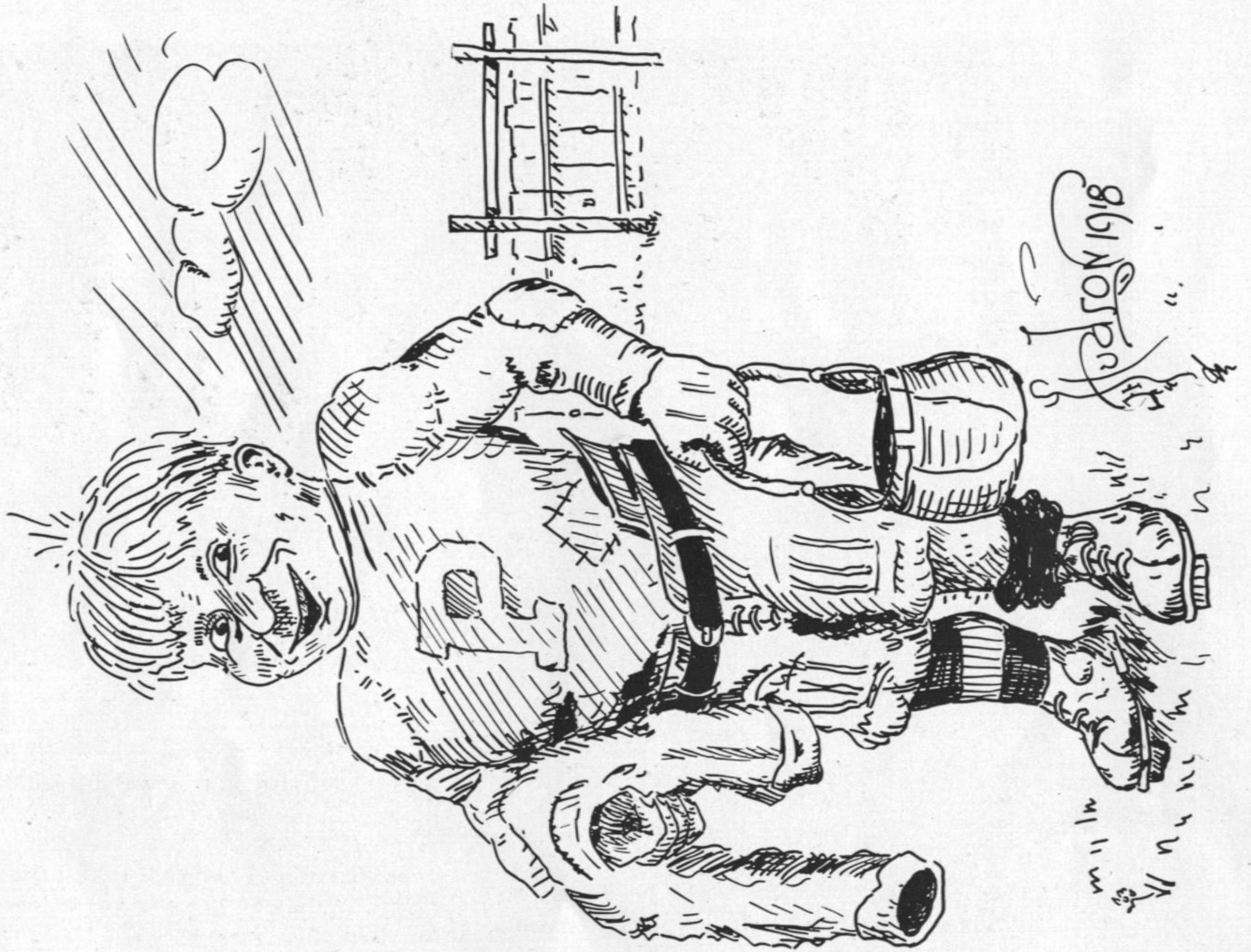
President	- - - - -	Helen Dawson
Secretary	- - - - -	Noble Lett
Members of Executive Board	- - - - -	{ Ray Grimes Mildred Prichard

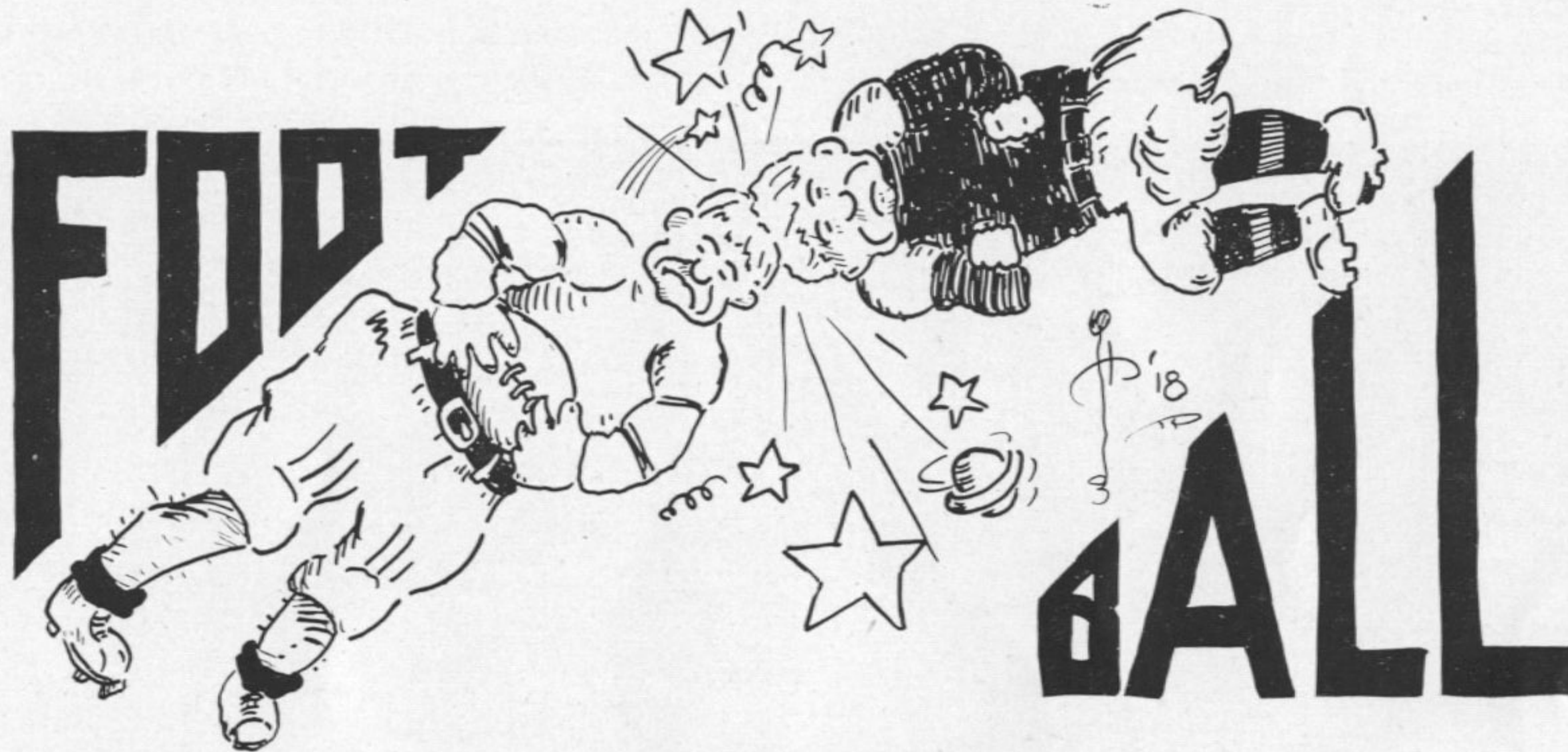
New officers were chosen the second term:

President	- - - - -	- Arthur Doll
Secretary	- - - - -	Helen Dowling
Members of Executive Board	- - - - -	{ Katherine Hall Harold Shumway



ATHLETICS





A. L. HINDALL, Coach.
 CLYDE STRICKLAND, Captain.

The P. H. S. Football Team experienced a very successful season this year in spite of the many difficulties encountered. Part of the time there was no coach present, and at no time were two teams out for practice. Since the boys did their best and acquitted themselves nobly in every game, there is no kick coming. The lads won six games, tied one game, and lost but two. In five of the games won, the opponents were "white-washed." In all, P. H. S. scored 189 points; their adversaries, 59.

The first game was played at Jackson. P. H. S. had to offset but two weeks of practice with grit and determination to win, and surely deserve much credit for defeating Jackson 25 to 0.

Ironton was the scene of the second game. Weak defensive playing and a crippled line-up were the reasons for losing this game. The result was: I. H. S. 27; P. H. S. 0.

Editor's note: "Red Grimes, quarter-back, was knocked 'kind-a-funny' at the beginning of the second half and was taken out of the game."

"Strick, who was playing half-back, substituted at quarter-back."

The third game was played at Chillicothe. Here, weak, defensive playing and failure to kick goals lost the game by one point. Long end runs by DeVoss were the distinguishing feature. Score: C. H. S. 13; P. H. S. 12.

Ashland met its Waterloo on the P. H. S. field in the fourth game. Though the up-river boys showed spunk, they were out-classed all around. The score was 0 to 39.

In spite of the fact that rain fell in torrents and the field was covered with two inches of mud and water, the game with Jackson was played at Portsmouth as scheduled. Pushing and sliding were in evidence. By means of two goals and a goal kick, P. H. S. slid to victory.



The big game of the season was the home game with Iron-ton. Never was P. H. S. in better form. Forward passes and line plunges worked like clock-work. The line held like a first-line trench in modern warfare. Score: P. H. S. 7, I. H. S. 6.

Editor's note: "Stoney played this game with nine boils on his arm. A big night-shirt parade was the feature of the evening. Professor Hindall shocked the town."

P. H. S. then journeyed to Gallipolis. On a field covered with brick-bats and glass and as uneven as a choppy sea, P. H. S. put up a valiant fight, and succeeded in tying Gal-lipolis, 13 to 13.

Editor's Note: "Shummy had an 'awful' accident in this game. Cramps."

The highest score of the season was made against Ashland, who was beaten by 61 to 0. P. H. S. worked 30 forward passes out of 37 attempts. Line plunges also played a suc-cessful part in the game.

The farewell game was with the Alumni. P. H. S. made the Alumni score look like nothing. Forward passes, as usual, were the main stay. Score: Alumni 0; P. H. S. 20.

The fame of the P. H. S. forward passing machine spread all over southern Ohio. It was indeed a machine.

Seventeen lads received letters for this season. They were: Strickland, Lett, Williams, DeVoss, Taylor, Grimes, Wells, Bryant, Locke, Stone, Moritz, Little, Cunliffe, Multer, Ander-son, Shumway, and Baker.

The Faculty Representative

Mr. Hindall, faculty representative, was a valuable man for the team and a "true 'nuf sport." His feet just couldn't stay on the ground when a good play was worked successfully. P. H. S. realized their loss when Mr. Hindall left for Govern-ment service.

WALTER FANNIN.

Much credit is due Walter Fannin for his valuable instruc-tion in football. While waiting his call to the colors, he

helped P. H. S. out wonderfully. The student body joins the P. H. S. Football Team in thanking Mr. Fannin for his services.

"STRICK."

Mr. Clyde Strickland (as he is rarely called) was our cap-tain this year. He is recognized by everybody as being one of the best captains ever turned out by P. H. S. He surely broke up his share of plays at the extreme left flank, and his work in pulling forward passes from the air is to be greatly commended.

"RED."

Ray Grimes could find no equal this year when it came to deciding who was the brainiest quarter-back in southern Ohio. The old boy sure knew how to do it. He was a regular whirl-wind and he had rare forward passing ability. He will be counted upon for next year.

"MARGY."

Noble Lett, full-back, must have had a thorough course in farm work, judging from his ability to plow a line and cover ground. One of Lett's specialties was catching forward passes over the line. It becomes Mr. Lett's duty to be captain of next year's team, and the student body joins in wishing him a most successful season.

"TOMMY."

Thomas Williams was a regular demon in all senses of the word at left half. His specialty was line plunges and he was a hard tackler. He will be back next year to perform some more of his good work.

"HECKY."

Harold DeVoss, a speedy little sucker, performed some great doings at right half. He was especially good in exe-cuting end runs. Hecky had some marked ability in picking the holes, and this helped P. H. S. scores considerably.

"JIMMY."

His name is James F. Taylor, commonly known to us as "Jim," and he comes to us all the way from New Boston. The fact that he has had experience on every team that was ever formed in that village, no doubt accounts for Jim's grit. He filled the position of right half with most excellent ability.

"RUSS."

Russell Bryant occupied a two-fold position—that of tackle and that of end. Critics say that he performed his duty as though he was an old hand at the game. He was a good tackler and a speedy end.

"WELSY."

Millard Wells earned for himself a knightship in the Royal Order of the Broken-nose Gang. He was right there when it came to breaking up plays and intercepting forward passes. His position was right end.

"SHUMMY."

Harold B. Shumway was a mighty bear in his position of end. His weight and speed helped P. H. S. out of many tight places. He showed marked ability in blocking plays around end.

"LITTLE BREECHES"

Charles S. Baker was the little man of the team this year. Being small, his main feature was running between the legs of the opponents and getting his man. Baker filled the position of end.

"MORITZ-Y."

Howard Moritz certainly deserves a great deal of credit for his work at left tackle. His weight and policy of "keep shut and hit hard" won the respect of every one. Moritz will be on hand next year.

"CHAUNCEY."

George T. Locke was just the same on the gridiron as any place else, that is, always cracking something. In this case, he made a specialty of cracking limbs. Locke occupied the position of tackle and will be back next year.

"DICK."

Richard Anderson was the other heavy man on tackle. Dick showed himself to be made of the right stuff when it came to nerve. An injured knee kept him from a few games, but he came back for some more. He is a candidate for next year's team.

"STONEY."

Adolph Stone surely has a name to fit his purpose for he certainly made a "stone wall" for P. H. S. Too much cannot be said of his work at right guard. "Stoney" will again perform on the gridiron next year.

"EDDIE."

Edward Cunliffe showed so much nerve in football this year that when the time comes for him to propose, he should have no difficulty at all. Eddie could block plays and never feel it. He will no doubt occupy his same position of guard on the team of '19.

"BUTCH."

Fred Multer, strong as an ox, was a humdinger at left guard. He butchered and cut up his share of plays in great style. His weight and grit will prove a wonderful help on next year's team.

"INNOCENT."

Owing to the fact that no nickname for Stewart Little can be recalled, the editor, judging from his picture alone, assumes the right to supply one. Little was undoubtedly the best center in southern Ohio this year. His specialty was playing in the mud. He succeeded in mussing quite a few faces in the course of the game.

FOOTBALL GAMES.

Jackson	0	P. H. S.	25
Ironton	27	P. H. S.	0
Chillicothe	14	P. H. S.	13
Ashland	0	P. H. S.	39
Ironton	6	P. H. S.	7
Gallipolis	13	P. H. S.	13
Ashland	0	P. H. S.	61
Jackson	0	P. H. S.	13
Alumni	0	P. H. S.	21
Total points	59		192

1917

1918

BASKET BALL



A. K. Wheeler—Coach, Business Manager.
Harold Shumway—Captain.

The 1917-18 Basket Ball season can scarcely be called a victorious one, not because of the inefficiency of the players but because luck seemed to be against them. Though Portsmouth High School had a good team it was light in weight. Only three of the letter men from last year were on the team this season.

Those who received Basket Ball P's this season are: Harold Shumway, Guy Edwards, Noble Lett, Arthur Doll, Fred Multer and Millard Wells. First, thanks are due Mr. Wheeler for his services in coaching the boys. Then we wish to express the hope that the players leaving us this year may become varsity letter men.

CAPTAIN SHUMWAY—"Shummy."

Shummy is one of our valuable lettered having played three years on the Portsmouth High School Basket Ball team. Last year he succeeded in getting a berth on the All South-eastern Team, but this year, fortunately perhaps, no All-star team was chosen. We lose him this year.

GUY EDWARDS—"Eddie."

This was Eddie's second year on the team and he played his part to perfection. "Small but mighty," we had hoped to see him on the All-star Team.

NOBLE LETT—"Margy."

When it came to playing center, Margy was a star. He was always on the job and ready for each and everything that came his way. Margy was the big man of the team and with him rested our hopes or retaliation, always. This was his first season on the team but we certainly hope he is back next year.

ARTHUR DOLL—"Dolly."

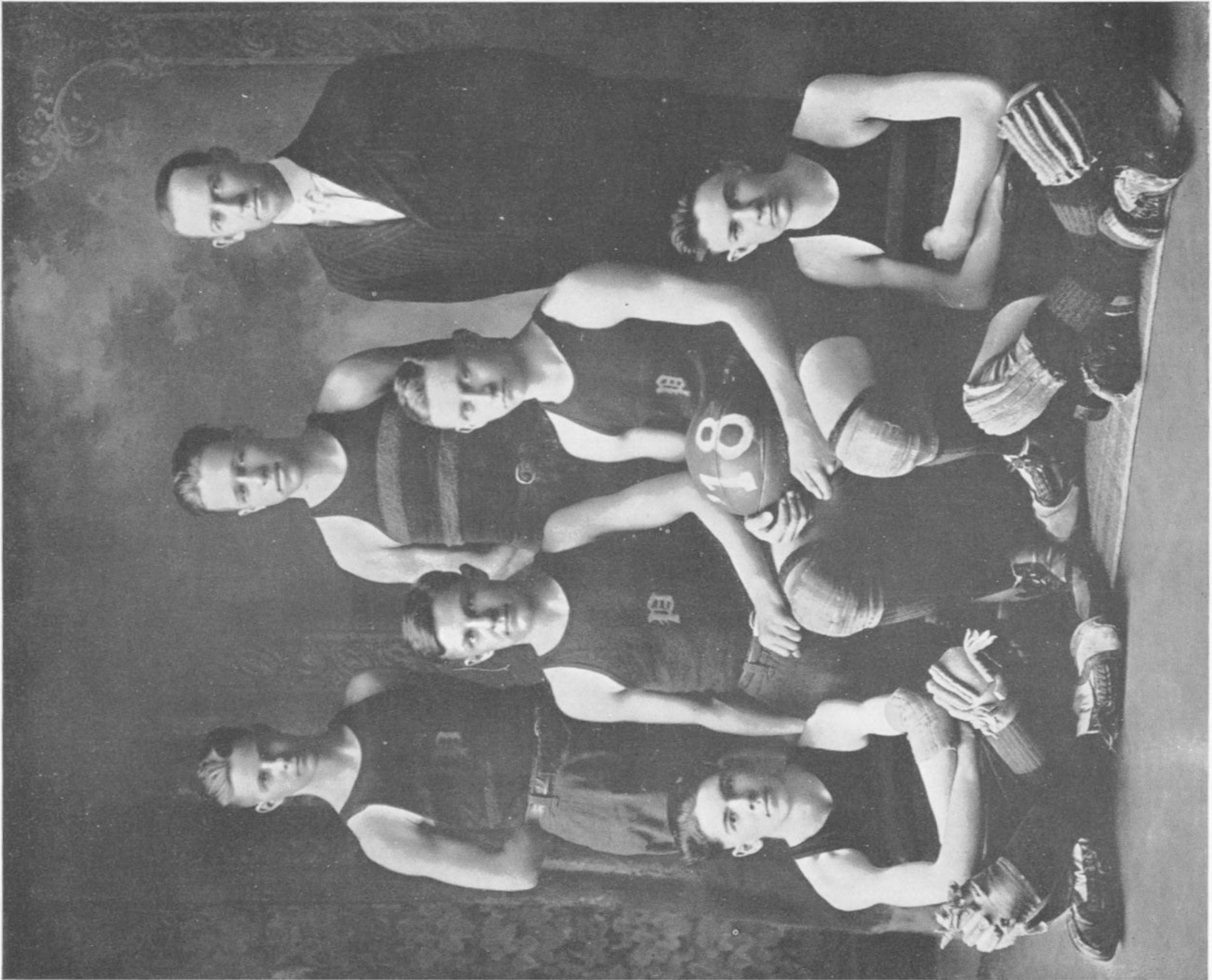
Dolly was always ready for the ball when it came his way. Although luck was sometimes with him in making baskets, his fine pass work is what kept him on the team. He will be graduated this year.

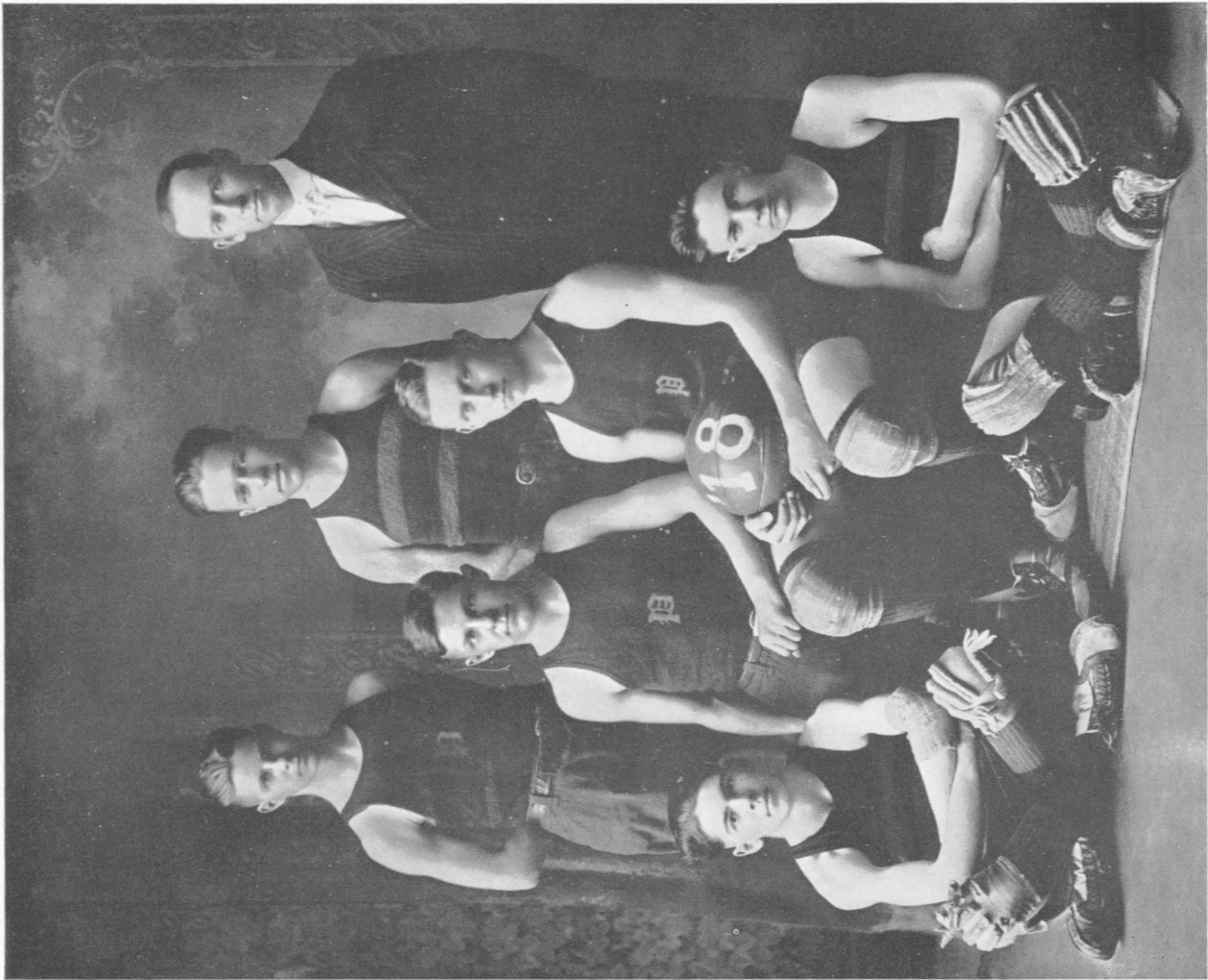
FRED MILLER—"Fritz."

Fritz was a hard player. When he got the ball it was ours. Fritz is only a Freshman and he bids fair to become one of the unsung heroes of Basket Ball fame.

MILLARD WELLS—"Wellsie."

Though Wellsie didn't play in every game he made a splendid showing when he did play. In weight, Wellsie was





handicaped, but in energy—oh, my! He has answered his country's call.

Clyde Strickland, Richard Hopkins, and George Staten, who appeared but a few times on the floor, made splendid subs.

The Basket Ball Banquet

On March 24, the Senior Class of Domestic Science Girls served supper to the Portsmouth High School Basket Ball boys. Covers were laid for: Coach Wheeler, Harold Shumway, Arthur Doll, Noble Lett, Millard Wells, Fred Multer, Clyde Strickland, Richard Hopkins, and George Staten.

The color scheme consisted of the high school colors, red and blue, with a basket-ball center piece decorated with red carnations. The place cards were small basket balls; red carnations were the favors.

The hardest game of the season, with Huntington, was what may be termed a "glorious" defeat. The score was so oscillating that the game was not won until the last minute of play, when Huntington caged one, thereby breaking the tie. Workman, for Huntington, and Edwards, for Portsmouth, were the main "stand-bys."

Final score, 34-32.

At Chillicothe, our boys staged the best game ever seen in that gym. The first half ended with the score in our opponents' favor, 15-12. In the last half Portsmouth came back strong and for a while led by two points. The excellent foul shooting ability of Gehring, of Chillicothe, however, robbed us of this lead. The score was tied. With only ten seconds more to play, Chillicothe's forward made a sensational shot from below center, giving them the large end of the score—26-24.

The Games

Waverly	15	at P. H. S.	45
Ashville	26	at P. H. S.	24
Waverly	19	at P. H. S.	18
Huntington	34	at P. H. S.	32

Athens	23	at P. H. S.	36
Huntington	43	P. H. S.	26
Gallipolis	52	P. H. S.	23
Chillicothe	26	P. H. S.	24
Athens	36	P. H. S.	23
Alumni	27	at P. H. S.	25

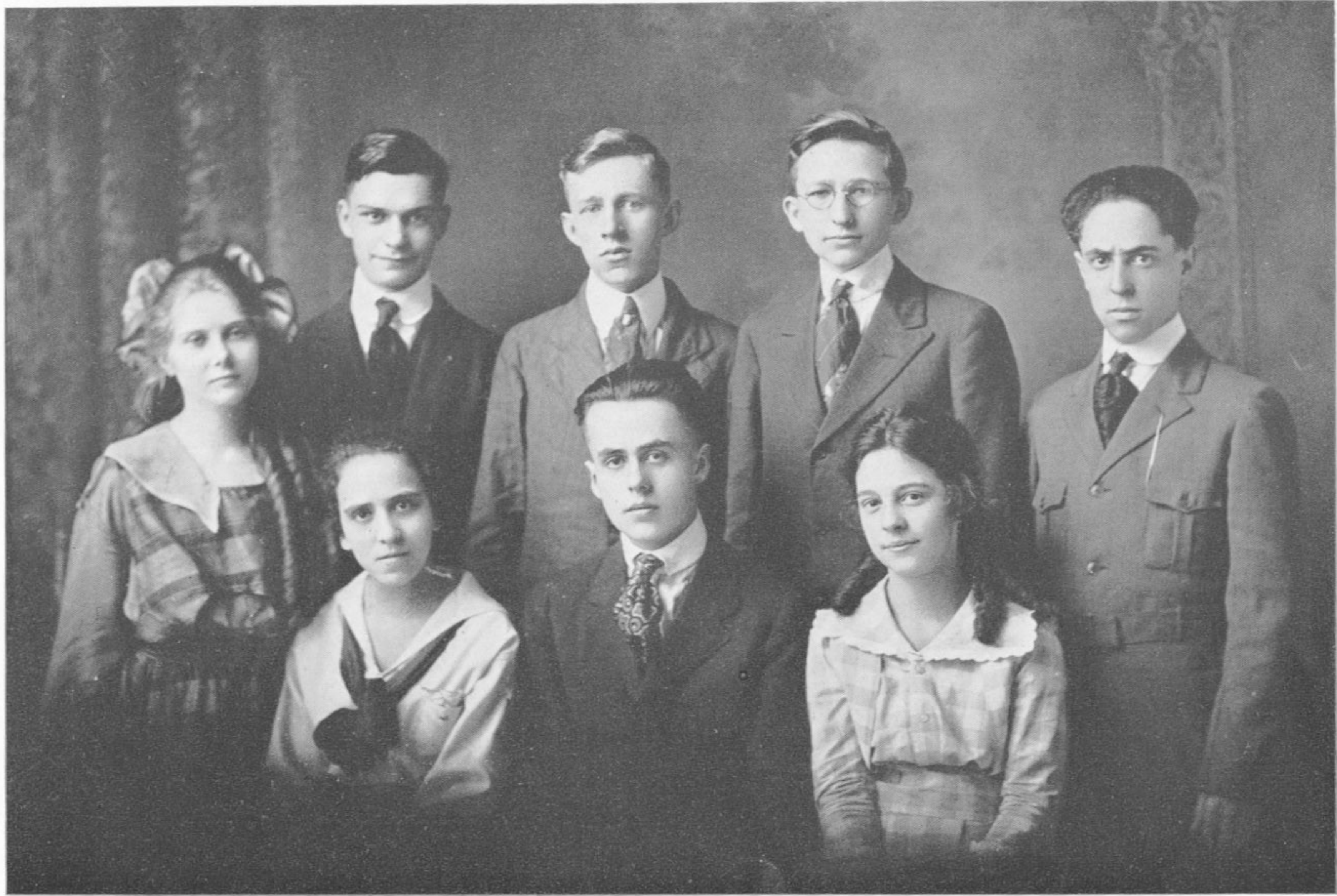
Total points	301	Total points	276
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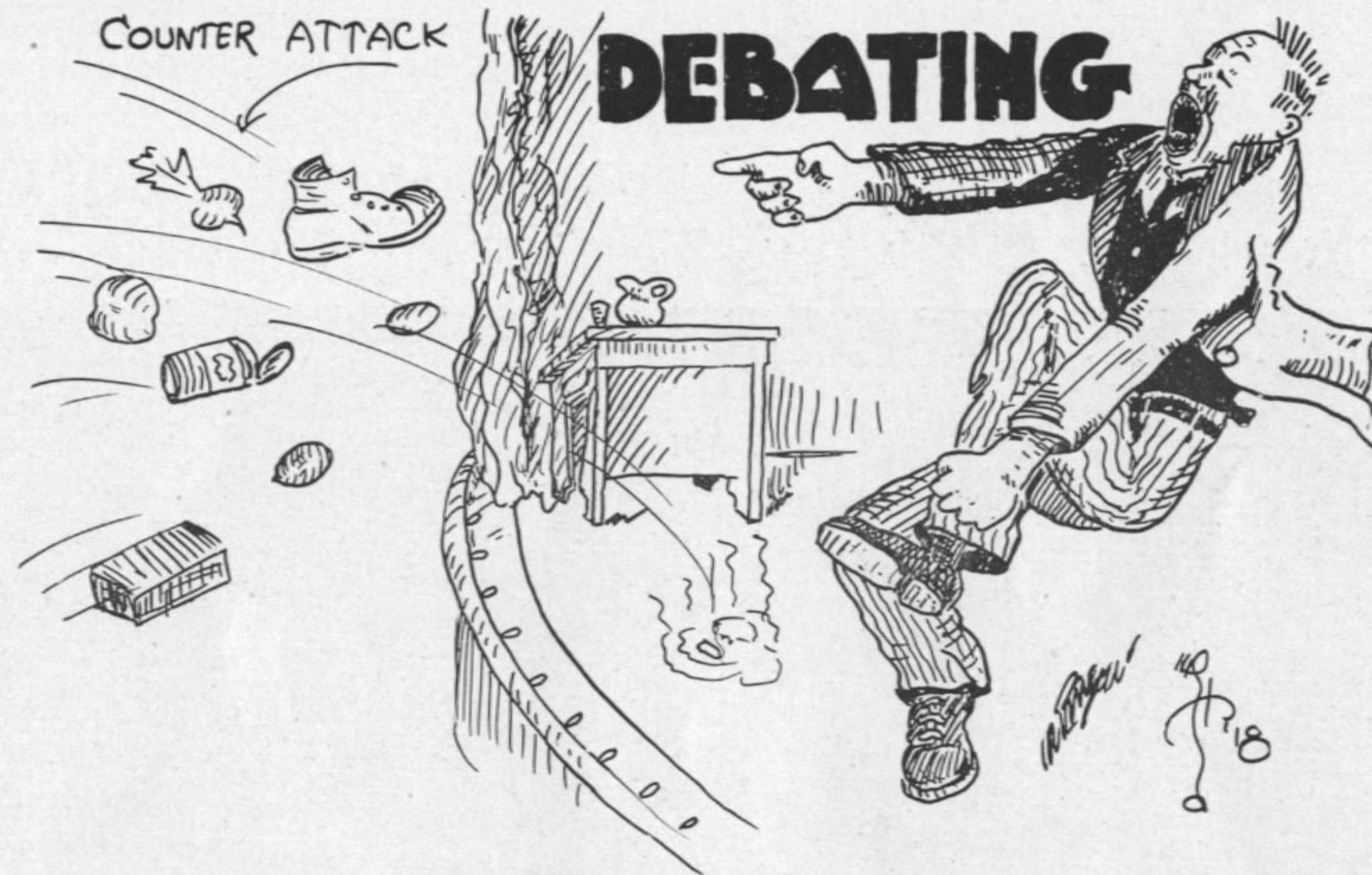
POINT MAKERS.

Edwards	107
Doll	74
Shumway	23
Lett	14
Wells	6
Multer	4

Record of Athletic Achievements

Noble Lett—Football (1 bar), Basket Ball, Track.
 Harold Shumway—Football, Basket Ball (2 bars).
 Millard Wells—Football, Basket Ball (1 bar).
 Fred Multer—Football, Basket Ball.
 Guy Edwards—Basket Ball (1 bar).
 Arthur Doll—Basket Ball.
 Clyde Strickland—Football (1 bar).
 Thomas Williams—Football (1 bar).
 Richard Anderson—Football.
 Ray Grimes—Football.
 Russell Bryant—Football.
 Stuart Little—Football.
 James Taylor—Football.
 Edward Cunliffe—Football.
 George Locke—Football.
 Howard Moritz—Football.
 Adolf Stone—Football.
 Harold De Voss—Football.
 Charles Baker—Football.





The Portsmouth-Huntington Debate

Portsmouth and Huntington held their third annual debate on Tuesday, April 23; the question for debate was, "Resolved, That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years, and should be ineligible for a second term."

Here, Superintendent E. V. Bowers, Superintendent Bowers, of Waverly, and Rev. Dr. Chandler, of the Bigelow M. E. Church, acted as judges.

The affirmative argument was presented by our local team: Marguerite Fullerton, Maurice Mendel, and Howard Lowry.

The Huntington team, taking the negative side of the question here were, Harry Wright, Lucien Harrison, and Edward Dowis.

In Huntington, the judges were: Professor W. H. Franklin, of Marshall College; Mr. Eustace Adkins, of the First National Bank, of Ceredo, and Mr. Frank Malin, a prominent attorney, of Ashland.

The Huntington affirmative team, consisting of Russel Morris, William Maier, and Charles Love, debated against our local team, which upheld the negative side in Huntington: Evelyn Campbell, Isaac Kelly, Russell Rutledge.

At home the negative team was awarded the decision, but the Portsmouth team won in Huntington. Thus the honors between the two teams for the silver loving cup, remain as before.



The Do-Shi-Kai.

This year has been a successful one for the Do-Shi-Kai girls. Their calendar for the year appears below.

November 2. At the Y. W. C. A., the following officers were elected:

President, Mary Brock; vice-president, Olga De Minico; secretary, Mary Butler; treasurer, Elizabeth Duduit.

November 16. At the Y. W., a program of music and readings was given. Jane Chandler was secretary pro tem.

December 7. The girls held a nut party during which they played many games.

January 16. There was a reception for the Field Secretary, Miss Ward.

January 17. Miss Ward addressed the girls in the high school auditorium.

February 1. Olga DeMinico presided over the meeting, during which a program consisting of music, readings, and games was rendered.

February 15. A Valentine Party was given at the home of Lillian and Helen Matthews.

March 1. The girls sewed for the Bureau of Community Service while Miss Houser entertained them with stories.

March 15. The girls enjoyed a pleasant evening of dancing and games at a St. Patrick's Day Party in the Y. W. C. A.

The April, May, and June meetings were well attended, and many delightful hours were spent together by the members.

Do-Shi-Kai.

I am bidden sing a ditty
Of a jolly band of lassies,
Very happy, very pretty,
Very dem-o-cratic, too,
Who, with all their occupations,
Every happy day that passes,
Eke with joy and much elation,
Find some friendly deed to do.

So I tune my tinkling lyre;
There's no lack of inspiration—
Why implore the Olympian choir
When I do not need their aid?
Sooth, a single tress wind-dancing
Starts a lyric conflagration—
Here's a pair of bright eyes glancing,
And the ditty's all but made.

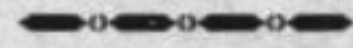
Still not all of life is laughter,
And not all a song is trebles,
Graver years must follow after
All the merry days of youth;
There'll be clouds that show no lining,
There'll be wrongs to make us rebels,
There'll be weary days of pining,
Many dreary nights forsooth.

So I sing my little ditty;
Every happy day that passes
May the lassies all so pretty
Learn to laugh and learn to live,
Learn that life is what we make it,
Learn to see through rosy glasses,
Joy may slumber—we must wake it
If we'd have all life can give.

—Anonymous.



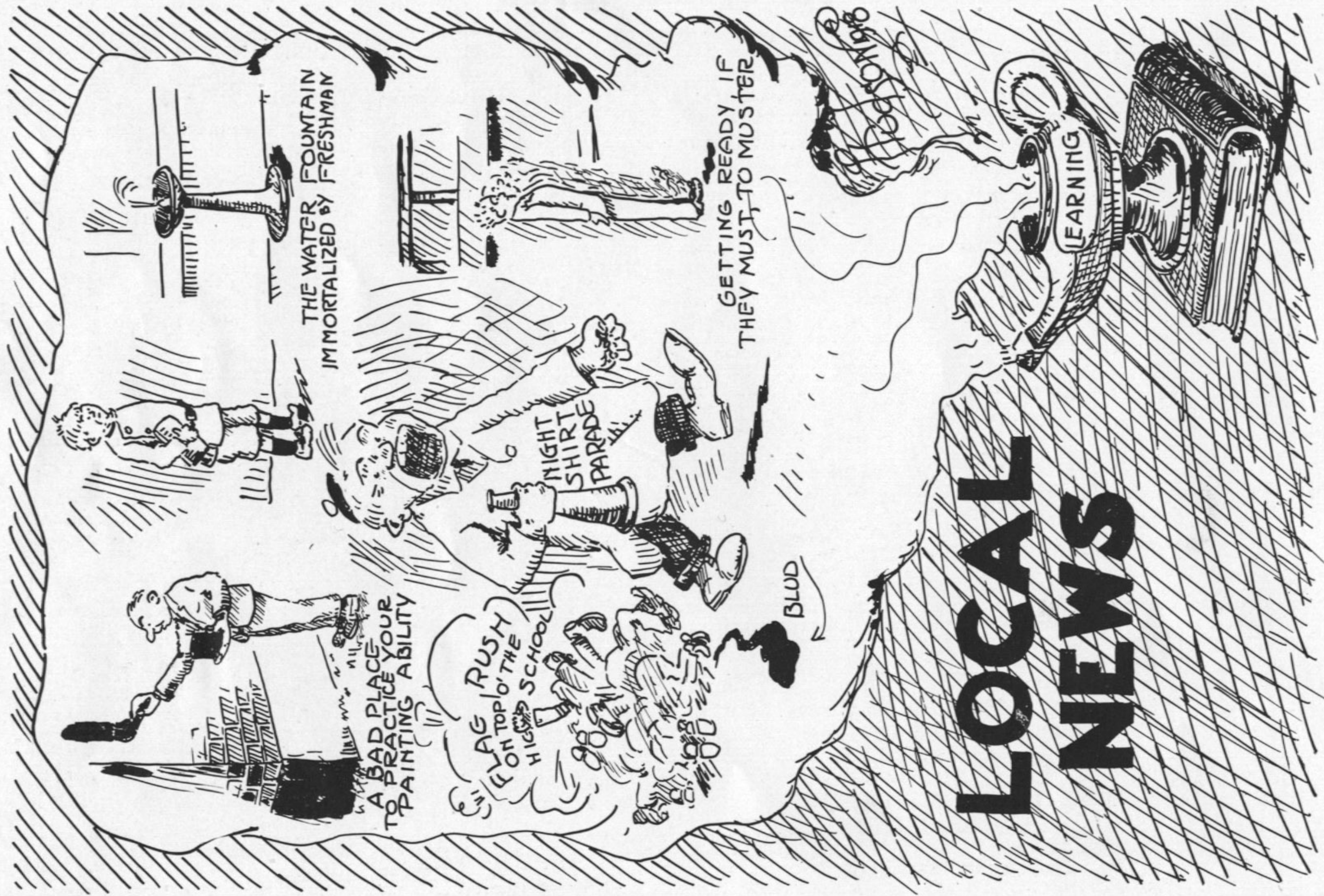
The P. H. S. Review



One of the most important assets of any good high school is the high-school paper. P. H. S. has gained much of its reputation through "The Review." It is hoped that with the whole-hearted and enthusiastic aid of the entire student body, it will remain the greatest "boost" of the school. Our paper is edited solely by P. H. S. students and is printed by the boys in the Print Shop.

Review Staff

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HIGH SCHOOL

GETTING READY IF
THEY MUST, TO MUSTER

BLUD

LOCAL NEWS

LEARNING

"Our Affairs"

High School Chorus

"Music is language, science, and art."

For some time music has been tolerated as a necessary evil in most modern high schools. In P. H. S. room has been made in our curriculum, just as room is made for a fat person on an over-crowded street car.

October 17, from 7:45 to 8:25 was the first day on which the P. H. S. Chorus met. It was composed of one hundred and four girls and twenty-six boys.

But thirty of these dropped by the wayside before the end of the first term, because of the early hour at which the chorus met.

On the fifteenth of February, at the beginning of the second semester, eighty girls and nineteen boys were enrolled. Then came the call for the boys to take military drill. Now the chorus numbers eleven boys and sixty girls.

The purpose of the chorus: As yet, it is far from being realized. First, the chorus work should increase the love of music; it should give students a chance to acquire the ability to read music more readily. It should add to the enjoyment of school life; it should enable pupils to learn which part they are best fitted to sing; and finally, it should lead to the establishment of a definite course in music in the high school at some period in the future.

During the past year the chorus has met twice each week, on Wednesday and Friday mornings. Miss Scarff, the able director, gave each pupil taking part one-eighth of a credit each term.

Military Training

This organization is not an entirely new one, for in 1888, Mr. Sparks, the High School Principal, organized two companies, the members of which wore regular military uniforms.

Then, Mr. Gilliland organized and drilled the P. H. S. Cadets in the mornings before school hours. In 1917, Mr.

Leroy had charge of the boys, who voluntarily took the training.

However, this year, military drill is compulsory. Major Crumbaugh, a retired officer of the United States Army, has charge of two well-drilled companies who are preparing to defend their country if it is necessary. The officers elected by the boys and approved by the major, are:

First Period Class

Captain	- - - - -	Selby Dillon
First Lieutenant	- - - - -	Arthur Clendenen
Second Lieutenant	- - - - -	Thomas Williams
Sergeants	{	Clyde Strickland Lee Hamner
		Harold Dunn Rossmore Gault
		George Wilson
Corporals	{	Donald Dillon Howard Journey
		Harold Adams Charles Edgington
		Harold Butz James Beard
		Charles Baker Harold Clendenen
		Noble Lett Eugene Schloss

Seventh Period Class

Captain	- - - - -	Corwin Knowles
First Lieutenant	- - - - -	Franklin Dever
Second Lieutenant	- - - - -	Richard Anderson
Sergeants	{	Imboden Hudson Roy Jewett
		Carmon Oakley George Locke
Corporals	{	Seymour Bein Orla Morgan
		Richard Knost Donald Sheridan
		Lucian Hudson Paul Wittington
		Paul Graf

At the close of the year, a cup will be presented to the best drilled company, the members of which will be given pins, signifying that they were members of the prize company of P. H. S. in 1918.

The Senior Class Play

Following a time-honored custom, the Senior Class of Portsmouth High School presented their annual Class Play on Thursday and Friday evenings, May 30 and 31.

The play selected by the Class of '18 was "The Amazons" a farcical romance in three acts by Arthur Wing Pinero. It is a merry and fantastic little play and the author was apparently prompted by no more weighty motive than the indulgence of his own playful fancy. He attempted no criticism of life; he sought to solve no problem of morality, sociology or psychology. He merely permitted himself to dally with the "mannish woman" idea in the lightest, gentlest spirit of satire, and in a most whimsical mood of romance. In the Tangle of Overcote Park we seem to hear distant laughing echoes from the Forest of Arden, and in Lady Noeline Belturbet, and Barrington, Viscount Litterly, we fancy we recognize the descendents of Rosalind and Orlando.

The Senior Class offered such an bundance of material that two distinct casts were arranged for the two nights, and with great success. The parts were very ably handled by all interpreting them and the expression and spontaneity of the principal characters was a surprise and delight. The freshness, delicate humor and unconventionality of the piece, and the quaint prettiness of the girls' masculine costumes, captivated the audience.

The Persons of the Play

Barrington, Viscount Litterly	{	James Trone
Galfred, Earl of Tweenways		Franklin Dever
		Charles Baker

Andri, Count de Grival

Rev. Roger Minchin

Fitton (a gamekeeper)

Youatt (a servant)

Orts (a poacher)

Miriam, Marchioness Castlejordan

Lady Noeline Belturbet

Lady Wilhemia Belturbet

Lady Thomasin Belturbet

"Sergeant" Shuter

{	Arthur Clendenen
	Arthur Doll
	Ralph Riddlebarger
	Harold Adams
	James Taylor
	Arthurs C. & D.
	Albert Wood
	Marvel Galford
	Cleo Resler
	Dorothy Varner
	Alice Mathiott
	Martha Phillips
Ruth Butler	
Alma Miller	
Helen Dawson	
Laura Warden	
Catherine Burns	

The scene is laid in "The Tangle," an overgrown corner of Overcote Park and afterwards at Overcote Hall. Great Overcote, as everybody knows, is a two hours' railway journey from town. The events of the play occur on a single day in a fine September.

The Senior Girls "Get Together"

On April 12, the Senior Girls were entertained at the home of Mrs. Walter Gableman, on Jackson Avenue. Knitting, games, and music formed the diversion of the evening. Forty girls and Mrs. Fullerton, the Misses Ball, Hall, Ricker, and Sayre were the guests. The hostesses were: Mary Pusateri, Helen Dawson, Katherine Hall, Ruth Butler, Dorothy Kinsey, and Alice Mathiott.

"Even So"

Modern writers are permitted, by either custom or application, to present their rantings from any one of three viewpoints; namely, that of a participant in activities; that of a disinterested by-stander, written in the third person; or that of the omnipresent raconteur. For reasons, both apparent and varied, the writer has chosen the last method.

I.

In a very small and totally neglected back lot, there is in the process of construction, a ditch. Beside this ditch, shamefully forgotten in their desuetude, lie two important implements in the art of soil delving; to-wit a pick and a shovel. Not fifty feet away may be seen a very broad back with legs, arms, and neck to match, adorned with an heirloom (something handed down from Sire to Son) of a coat, with several ventholes and patches. In juxtaposition of this corn fed, a close observer can readily behold what at first appear to be a pair of very bowed legs (as if their owner had been born under a low roof) but which gradually resolve themselves into a figure in the shape of a human being. This worthy pair of individuals are intently engaged in instructing the coming Walter Johnsons and Matthewsons how to hold a ball to throw the famous Taylor and Woods "fade away." An angry voice, coming seemingly from the direction of the alley, berates the two unfortunates and insists that they resume their defacing of Mother Nature. This self-same voice has been oftentimes heard raised in arguments or harangues within the four walls of Portsmouth High School, where its owner was graced with the title of the "wit." Poor, but honest toilers, albeit educated.

II.

A quiet and gentle rumbling, as of a Ford crossing a covered bridge, may now be heard above the din of unprintable epithets issuing from those youthful aspirants to base-

ball fame. We see a delapidated vehicle, loaded with bricks, emerge slowly, very slowly, from around the corner. On the driver's seat, apparently oblivious to surroundings, sits a be-whiskered creature who is busily making funny marks on a piece of paper which he holds in his hand. At the bottom is a fantastical inscription somewhat resembling J. I. H. Closely following in the wake (if anything that slow is awake) of the first, is another, similar in appearance, and speed, and with the same inevitable destination. The pilot of number two, however, is not in the customary place, but instead we behold an angular, gangling, long-haired shadow that dances and acts in general like all humans' original, arboreal, pithecoïd ancestors, on the improvised stage of the bed of his "carriage," while the two skeleton quadrupeds amble casually onward. This driver who has been cheating his horses to get a square meal for himself, proclaims to the wide world that he is not "Long" because his middle name is. While on the third and last of this funeral procession of (brick) bats, we see a diminutive, infinitesimal piece of humanity which, regularly, every third of the measured steps of his acquines, leaves a prodigious sigh and mutters through clenched teeth, "Woman, how deadly is thy sting," and verily believes that all honeybees are females, with an uncanny aptitude for inflicting punishment. His little breeches can no longer be called breeches, in sooth, they can not even be called bark because they do not cover his limbs. If one were to follow the little yellow dog which has just turned the corner three blocks down he would bump unexpectedly into a soap-box which bears, besides the inscription "Ivory," something else ivory, which is carrying on a loud, disputatious and argumentative discourse on the why and wherefore of man's resemblance to an ape, using himself as an illustration. After his audience of two blue-eyed children, a cross-eyed cat, and a dog with three legs have quietly departed, he descends from his perch, picks

up his box, and moves slowly away, like the snail that carries its house on its back.

In a little by-way not many leagues from here is a red-head bent industriously over a dirty palm which contains some "filthy lucre" made conspicuous by the fact that it is, like this article, also red. We say filthy because the red-head, which tells the dirty hand what to do, has just directed it to scratch in the alley-way whence its brethren came, for more of the filthy lucre because assuredly, four insignificant coppers would not buy a loaf of bread in these times of parsimonious proclivities. Necessity is the mother of scratching for pennies in an alley.

Oh, distraught friends, let me apprise you of the fact that ITS doors are opened wide and beckoning to you.

III.

Looming very large before our range of vision is an elaborate sign which reads "Send all your second-hand goods to Lemon & Co." As the distance gradually increases between the sign and us we see that it is a walking advertisement. The hands and face of the wearer are decorated with a coating of something akin to coal dust. Truly this youth comes nigh to emulating his beloved progenitor. But what attracts the foot-steps of the moving signboard is this special direction? Aha, now the obstruction is removed, it all is clear. A spidery individual, with pipe-stem legs and what was once a blue suit, is leaning intently over an inverted dry-goods box which has several almost round rocks upon it. In this Tuesday person's hand is a broom stick, minus the broom, and with a fixed stare in his bee-yutiful eyes, he is exclaiming "Two ball in the corner pocket." His companion, a giant with three boils on his neck and a cigarette in his mouth deftly catches a "ball" as it rolls over the edge and places it on a knot-hole in the top. His rock rolls neatly over the corner and saying "That's it," empties his pockets of various others. Ananias never lied faster than the rusty nails, articles of barter, changed hands. Near-by occupying an upturned bucket with as much decorum as possible, we see the very embodiment of personified dignity and quietness, encased in

a blue suit with white stripes, and beautified with numerous freckles. This one of theoretical and practical turn of mind cannot resist comparing the rocks of the players to the amendments of the Constitution, those going over-board representing the ones killed before passed. Had this plan worked, not an amendment would we have to-day. In sooth, the potent revolutionary politician with the same cognomen would have uneasily turned in his grave. From underneath a "side-door sleeper" of a slowly moving freight train climbs an exceedingly ragged individual with a tattered suit having a belted coat as his wearing apparel and two spindle shanks his only visible means of support. He crosses over to where the person of judicial aspect sits, and purely from force of habit and not from astrological reasons, reads his monologue from the sky, gesturing with two fingers pointing outward. It seems that this opinionated personage is bestowing his approval and sanction upon a judiciary measure of our own beloved United States. A third party precipitately joins this isolated group. His hair is unkept, retroussé nose painted a glorious carmine, an optic darkened, and a half-torn P shows plainly on the background of a dirty sweater, which is decidedly the worse for wear. In one breath this spasmodic arrival spouts half of Webster's unabridged and, perceiving his hearers' looks of amazement and incredulity, with his last expiring ounce of oxygen manages to emit, "I just got out."

Book, the Second

In a poorly illuminated cubby-hole of a room, far back in the eighteenth story of one of our typical tenement houses and beyond the reach of contaminating human beings and all other prowlers, except rodents and insects, is a feminine, with hair streaming down in her eyes, kimona unfastened at the throat and aquiline nose guiltless of paint or powder, this month past. The floor is hopelessly littered with paper; returned manuscripts, just finished manuscripts, unfinished manuscripts and never to be finished manuscripts. At the bottom of her lately completed, "Do Married Men Make the

Best Husbands?" is a Chinese hieroglyphic which, deciphered, would disclose an appellation well known in the literary circles of her Portsmouth High School. Were we to mention her masterpiece, "Alcohol and Heredity," the identity would be much more evident. On the ground floor of this identical building, scrubbing away for all she is worth is a flashing-eyed member of the fairer sex who is the bane of all well-meaning policemen and ice-men. Every time the door slams, she nervously jumps, and scrubs the harder. But why, oh, why, should she mind the "bangs" of the door, she has them herself. Down one flight of stairs in the basement, we find one who is similarly engaged, and the harder she rubs, the more intensive becomes the little red cross on the floor. Kind red cross reminiscencer, let us remind you that "stone walls do not a prison make." Never far from this pair is a dainty blonde, with all characteristics removed but the irradicable dimples, receiving and giving at all times that most esteemed of knowledge, womanly advice, as she dusts the pans and washes and dries the dishes. No woman's life is complete without a secret and therefore these three have theirs. Higher up a deliberate maiden with a woe-begone expression is carefully spreading the last cover on the bed. The dying notes of a fiddle in a near-by apartment reach her ears and she absent-mindedly sighs her favorite cuss word "Stradivarius, Stradivarius." And because the hackneyed hearthstones by the grate bear some faint resemblance to the keyboard of a piano, the other occupant of the room sits "tailor fashion" on the much-worn rug and allows her calloused fingers to wander

listlessly over the space in front of her while she softly hums a few bars from "Missouri Waltz." Oh, what idiosyncrasy of fate decreed that these delectable morsels of femininity should spend their allotted three score and ten in such abominable drudgery. An imperious and most absurdly grotesque figure across the hall assiduously berails the poor unfortunate janitor as she industriously sweeps the cobwebs from the walls. She is certainly blessed (or otherwise) with a will of her own and "when she will she will, and when she won't she won't." An individual rather inclined to corpulence, slowly descends the stairs with a bucket and mop in one hand and a cheap pamphlet in the other. Her gestures become violent, her step uncertain and hasty, and she finally abruptly lowers the burden at the bottom of the stairway. Glancing from the book and wringing her hands, she cries, "Will these hands never be clean?" Yes, Budding Thespian, merely perform the necessary ablutions in the bucket you so whole-heartedly detest and rest assured your hands will be cleansed of all "dirt" at any rate. Oh, aspiring actress, have you so long harbored the ambition of being a player that you have forgotten the fate's decree that you are to be the proud possessor of seven beautiful children?

Thus the last sad remnants of a once proud and glorious class, so promiscuously consigned to the Senate, governor's seat, newspaper staff, mechanical world, stage, or literary field, exhibiting the customary perversity of all mortals, eventually fill the position for which they were intended.



Last Will and Testament of the Class of Nineteen Eighteen, of P. H. S.

Friends, Faculty, and Classmates:

You have been called together on this most solemn occasion to hear the last will and testament of the class of 1918, and to receive from our hands the few but valuable gifts we wish to bestow upon you. After deliberate consideration and great forethought, we have distributed our possessions in the following generous manner, and hope the recipients will use them wisely and well. Being in full possession of a mind almost bursting with superhuman knowledge, which comes with four years of high-school training and goes from us so soon, we do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises made by us at any time heretofore.

We ask that our funeral be conducted reverently, and with much pomp and glory; that our final resting place be in a choice spot on our campus, facing Gallia Street, and that on our tombstone be inscribed the following fitting epitaph:

They've done their best
Forbear to judge,
For we are sinners all.

We do dispose of our possessions as follows:

Article I. We will to the classes, all the odors, pleasant and otherwise, that have issued from Miss Sayre's Chemistry Room from time immemorial.

Article II. We give and bequeath to the faculty the right to publish to the world all our bright remarks and clever sayings, over which they all have laughed and then written down in their note books.

Article III. To Mr. Bakker, who has the sharpest of sharp eyes, and who is so very wide awake, we leave the sleepiness of Dana Jones. May the other classes profit thereby.

Article IV. To Mr. Leach, we leave the bashfulness and modesty of any one of our class who may have them.

Article V. To Miss Houser, we bequeath the money for a course in dramatic art, under Charlie Chaplin, and our best wishes that she may sometime star as Lady Macbeth.

Article VI. We grant to the Junior class our seats in our assemblies, and whatever ill will we have incurred from the faculty; also our Senior dignity.

Article VII. To Miss Ricker we will our fluent knowledge of History and Civics.

Article VIII. We give and bequeath to our sister classes, the dictionaries that grace (?) the tables of the assembly rooms. May they use them diligently and profit much thereby and find therein the meekness they need so badly.

Article IX. To Miss Hall, we bequeath our sense of humor, also our debating and arguing abilities.

Article X. To the Freshman class, we leave our integrity and truthfulness.

Article XI. To Miss Ball, we leave the accuracy and obedience that has ever been ours.

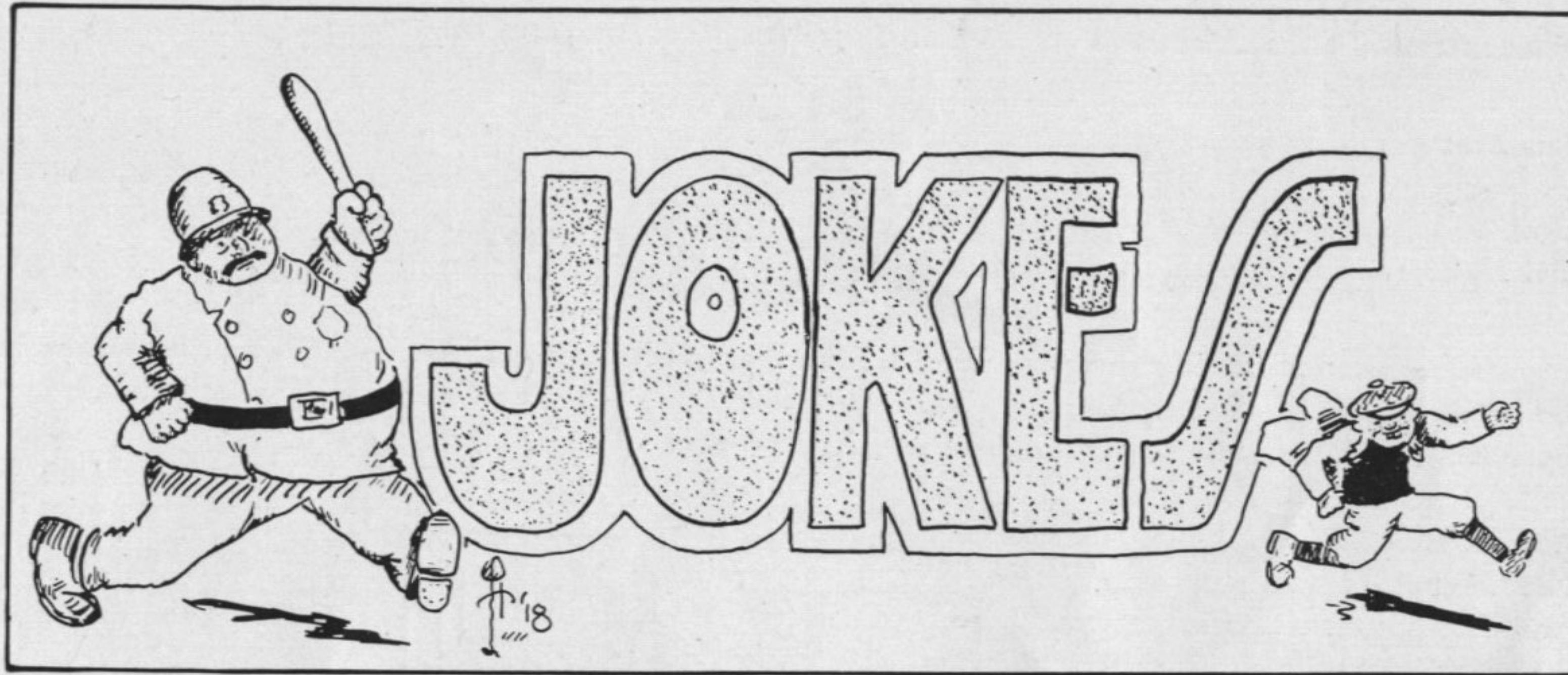
Article XII. All the rest of our property whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind, and quality it may be, and not herein disposed of, we give to the first people who may apply for it.

We do hereby appoint Mr. Clark Fullerton the executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness thereof, we, the class of 1918, the testators, have set our hands and seal, this month of June, A. D., one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Class of 1918.

Codicil. If the Freshmen and Sophomores will apply to Mr. Fullerton, they will receive a sealed letter in which we have described our various methods of escaping the suspicious glances of our favorite, Miss Ball.



MODEST MAN!

Miss Welty (announcing in Study Hall): "Mr. Chesrown wants six or seven girls at once."

SOCIETY NOTICES.

Revs. James Taylor and Albert Wood were in town attending a ministerial conference.

Mr. Harold De Voss, professor of Latin at Ohio State University, was visiting his parents this week.

WANT ADS.

Wanted—A cure for freckles. Florence R.

Wanted—Something to keep Dana from sleeping. The Faculty.

Wanted—"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou." James Taylor.

Wanted—A letter from Camp Sheridan. Cleo.

Wanted—A French accent. Arthurs C. and D.

Wanted—A meeting place, safe from Miss R. Shummy.

IN SOPHOMORE ENGLISH.

Seeley: "It is my pleasure to lead the destruction of this lesson on—"

Miss Houser (interrupting): "Although 'discussion' is your word, 'destruction' is just as appropriate."

Miss Ricker: "What is the trouble about Senators meeting thirteen months after they are elected?"

Helen D.: "They might die between election and the meeting time."

FOUND IN A CIVIC BOOK.

If there should be another flood,
To this spot haste to fly.
For tho' the world would be submerged,
This book would still be dry.

INEVITABLE PESSIMISM.

"If heaven lies about us in our infancy, how can we expect the world to tell the truth about us when we grow up?"

TAKING THE SENIOR PICTURES.

Mr. Fullerton: "Is Mary Taylor here?"

Student: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Fullerton: "All right, take the picture!"

PASS, STUDENT!

Professor: "Name eleven Shakespearean plays."

Student: "Ten Nights in a Bar Room and the Merchant of Venice."

Fortune Teller: "I will tell you what sort of man you were last with."

Fair Maiden: "Oh, I'd rather have you tell me what sort of man I will last with."

Professor: "What was the battlecry of the Texans?"

Soph. (dreamily): "Remember the alimony."

Freshie: "Why do they always cheer when a player gets hurt?"

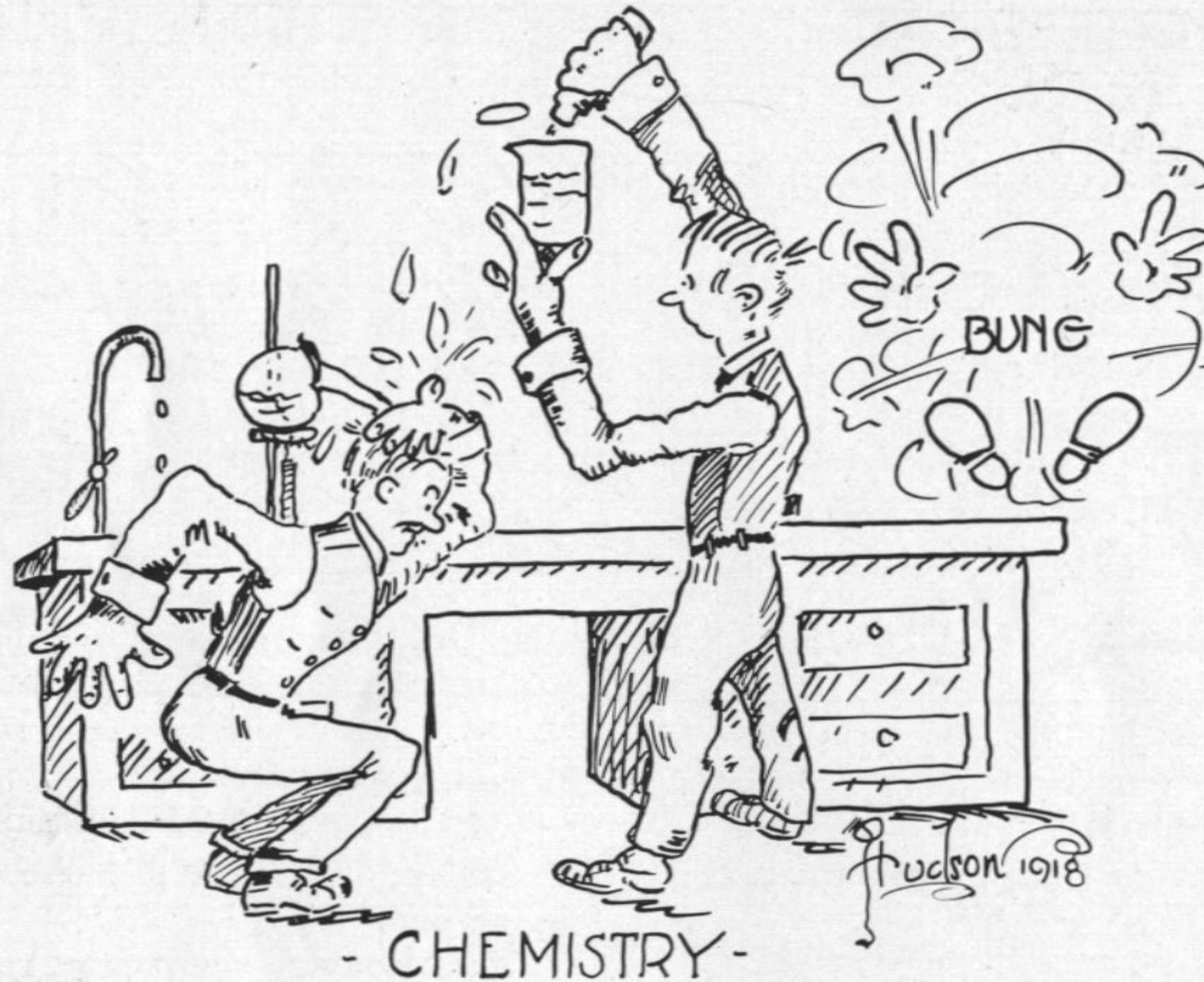
Soph.: "So the girls can't hear what he is saying."

She (polite blond): "O lieutenant! I could waltz to heaven with you."

He: (big and absent-minded): "Do you reverse?"

First Man: "What does 'accents wild' mean?"

Second Man: "It's a phrase used to describe a Sammy speaking French."



An Ohio judge has said that it is not against the law for a man to make a fool of himself. Gee! that's lucky; if it was against the law, wouldn't we have exciting times peering through the bars seeing who's next?

MY!

Miss Limousine: "What do you think of the Mormon system?"

Miss Ford: "My goodness! I think it's perfectly scandalous to have two wives."

"Guess I'll take a few days off," said Mr. Leach, as he tore the May sheet from the calendar.

"Squad, right!" said the major.

"Oh, gee! I'm glad we've done something right," said the green Freshie.

A prominent physician says that girl babies start to talk earlier than do boy babies. We could add something to that statement—but we won't.

Miss Sayre (assigning lesson): "Wednesday we'll take the process of dyeing."

Miss Sayre: "What constitutes a good dye?"

Cleo: "First, it must dye fast; second, it musn't run; third, it must be a good color."



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FORCE OF HABIT.

Her husband was an ardent fisherman and he was deeply engrossed in an article on casting for bass as he read the newspaper at the breakfast table, while his wife chattered about everything in general and nothing in particular.

"John," said his wife, "I heard that a man down town found an eel three inches long in a glass of water he drew from the faucet."

"That's nothing," mumbled John, absent-mindedly. "You should have seen the one that got away."

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GETTING EVIDENCE.

Aunt (severely): "As I glanced into the drawing-room just now, I saw the young man's arm around you."

Niece: "Yes, aunty, I was waiting for you to see us. Young men are scarce nowadays; one can't have too many witnesses."—Exchange.

Discretion is the better part of valor. Half the virtue in the world is possessed by people who are afraid to take a chance.—Quaker Chips.

To make both ends meet, watch both ends. If you would keep your head above water, don't let the grass grow under your feet.—Quaker Chips.

Harold Dunn (midnight): "Do you know I dearly love to travel."

Helen (meaningly): "Well, why don't you?"

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The London Glove solemnly avers that the chewing-gum habit is so popular in the American army that the order "Cease chew" has to be given to insure silence when the armies approach the trenches.

BLAME IT ON THE WAR.

She: "I hear you are engaged to an actress?"

He: "Yes, I tried to break it off, though."

She: "Indeed, and what are her terms?"

He (sadly): "Annexation or indemnity."

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SERVE

Get BUSY to-day

He: "The idea of your wearing the hair of another woman on your head."

She: "Or of your wearing the skin of another calf on your feet."

She (leaning over the rail on a rather breezy night, and gazing soulfully at a dim light on the eastern horizon): "I wonder if the moon is coming up."

He (weakly): "If I've swallowed it, I think it is."

Jones: "Yes, I'm feeling much better; it wasn't appendicitis, only indigestion."

Smith: "Ah, the table of contents and not the appendix that was wrong, eh?"

Jinks: "Your son is an undertaker; I thought you told me he is a doctor."

Brown: "I told you nothing of the kind; I said he follows the medical profession."

If you wish to be well informed, buy a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you points.

Query: "Why is Dot Varner a good Amazon?"

Answer: Because she has such a big mouth."

Said A to B, "I cannot C,
Why I should get a D."
"Oh, G," said B, "you get a D,
Because there is no Z."

Clergyman (about to write the date in the marriage certificate): "Let's see, this is the seventh, isn't it?"

The Bride: "O parson, you do all my marrying, and I should think you could remember better than that. This man is only my third."

"Do you think Avis is giggling at me, Strick?"

"I don't know, Bake, she often giggles at almost nothing."



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Spare Minutes*

—at—

THE PLAY HOUSE

Magazines

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Candy

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Grant and Grandview

High Class Drugs

First Class Service

"Nuf Ced"

Now with a parting word we leave you,
Since you've read these pages o'er,
Let not these contexts vex or grieve you,
But be cheerful as before.
Though your own lot may not be pleasant,
If you're slighted, roasted, bored,
You may deserve it, think it over,
Bear it nobly, don't deplore.
And though some faults and imperfections
Mar this work, yet we implore
That you recall, "To err is human,"
Profit by them; "Au Revoir."

The Sugar Bowl

Candies - Sodas - and - Sundaes



THERE ARE NONE BETTER

TRY THEM

Gallia and Findley Streets

Some one is always asking foolish questions. An actor boarded a Broadway surface car which had a new woman conductor in charge. Stepping up to her to get some change, he smiled and said,

"So you're the conductor, eh?"

"No," she replied, "I'm the tight-rope walker. How do you like your eggs?"

And the actor retired to one of the far-away corners and camouflaged his blushes with an evening paper.

Our Annual hae the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us.

The World Opens Its Doors to the

Tailored Man

Then be exclusive in your dress.

Wear our
NEEDLE MOLDED CLOTHES.

*The Line Where Quality is a
Reality and not a Promise*

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GALLIA & LAWSON

East End

NEW VIEWS ON MATCH-MAKING.

Mary (in Virgil): "An opponent was sought to fight with Dares."

Mr. Bakker: "In other words, a match was sought for him."

Joe: "Who was the new girl you had at the theatre last night?"

Jim: "Oh, that's no new girl—just the old one painted over."

Mrs. Hatch: "Where is your son's cantonment?"

Mrs. Scratch: I sent it to him yesterday and begged him never to drink anything but pure water out of it."

WHEN IN FRANCE.

General Pershing, as all the world knows, is tall, erect, robust—a manly figure of a soldier.

There is a story from the western front to the effect that General Pershing one day was called upon to assist in the decoration of a number of French officers.

The decorations had been duly pinned upon the officers' breasts and the American general had duly shaken the hands of the heroes. Then a pause ensued, and General Pershing turned jerkily to one of his staff and said,

"Look here, am I-er-supposed to kiss these fellows?"

HAY AND THE BARBER.

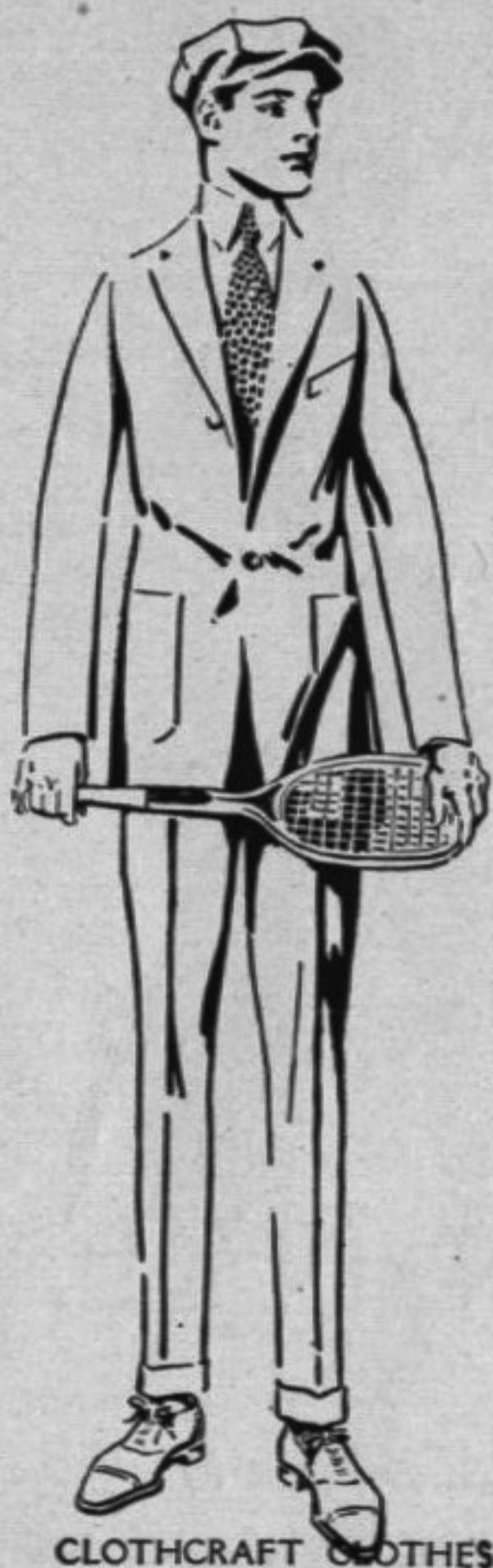
Captain Ian Hay, on one of his war lecture tours, entered a barber shop in a small town to have his hair cut.

"Stranger in the town, sir?" asked the barber.

"Yes, I am," Captain Hay replied. "Anything going on here to-night?"

"There's a war lecture by an English fighter named Hay," said the barber, "but if you go you'll have to stand, for every seat in the hall is sold out."

"Well, now," said Captain Hay, "isn't that provoking? It's always my luck to have to stand when that chap Hay lectures."



CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES

*Young
Men
Like
Our
Clothes*

Because
We
Like
Young
Men
And
Cater
To
Their
Wishes

KUPPENHEIMER
and CLOTHCRAFT
CLOTHES

(SHOES TOO)

LEHMAN'S

"The Live Store"

An English nobleman honored an American family by accepting an invitation to dinner. They were very solicitous, and punctuated conversation freely with, "My lord, won't you have some of this?" and "Permit me to help you to that, my lord."

Little Milicent, not to be outdone, took occasion on seeing my lord glance casually in the direction of the pickle dish to chime in, "Mamma, mamma, God wants a pickle."

Kind and benevolent lady (who has just given a tramp a piece of bread): "Now remember, I don't give you this for your sake, but for Jesus' sake."

Tramp: "Then, for Christ's sake, put some butter on it."

THE EARLY BIRD.

A certain Senior of the masculine persuasion had staid a bit later than usual (just a little bit) one Sunday evening.

After his adieu to his lady fair, whom he was not to see until eight the next day, on leaving the house, he was surprised to hear a window raised, and a voice call, "Leave an extra quart, please."

SPOOKS.

Glee Club Girl: "That song just haunts me all the time."

Her Mother: "That's not surprising when you consider the way you have murdered it."

FACIAL EXPRESSION.

English Teacher (to debater): "Evelyn, don't put so much emphasis on your 'Noes.'"

O. Sprague told the truth for once.

Fellow Student (noticing Sprague with red and blue litmus in his mouth): "What are you, Sprague, acid or base?"

Sprague: "I'm nothing."

Ancient History Test Question: "What is the most important date in Roman history?"

Dumbrute: "Antony's with Cleopatra."

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DRUGS

KODAKS — HUYLERS

SODAS

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Latin Teacher: "Give the conjugation of the Latin equivalent for 'walk.'"

Bright Freshie (to a fellow sufferer): "What is it?"

Fellow S.: "Darn if I know."

Bright F.: "Oh, yes; darnifino, darnifinas, darnifinat, darnifinamus, darnifinatis, darnifinant."

Pat (to an English traveler): "Sure, an' in Oirland, we niver hang a man with a wooden leg."

E. T.: "Now, that's jolly odd, don' cha' know? What do you do then?"

Pat: "Be jabbers, we hang 'im with a rope."

CHEER UP!

Why worry if a U-boat now
And then makes good its aim?
It merely strengthens every vow
To put the Hun to shame.

Why worry if a gallant lad
Is wounded by a shell?
It only makes us the more mad
To send the Hun to hell.

So, have no fear, be of good cheer,
Stick our your chin and grin;
We won't get licked, we can't get licked,
And we are sure to win!

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HALL BROTHERS

Masonic Temple

Fourth and Chillicothe Streets

GOING UP.

"Our gunners got the range at last and dropped a shell right among 'em, and when I looked again they were gone."

"For good?"

"Well, miss, they went in that direction."

NOT IN HIS LINE.

A bunch of gay young fellows were taking a joy ride in a tin Lizzie. One of them fell out as the car turned a sharp corner. He picked himself up painfully and hobbled over to a policeman on the corner.

"Why didn't you pick me up when I fell out of the car?" he demanded.

"Young man," replied the cop, "do you think I haven't anything else to do but pick up loose nuts that fall from flivvers?"

When a man tells you all his troubles, he becomes one of yours.

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INCORPORATED 1906

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WAR GARDEN

Coming?

Did you make that

BANDAGE

for that Soldier to-day?

SHOCKING!

First Senior (trying to organize a string orchestra): "Don't you play a mandolin?"

Second Senior: "No, I don't play anything but poker."

Mr. Fullerton (translating freely in Virgil): "You don't have to pay any attention to this; go to sleep and forget your cares."

Donald: "Oh, joy!"

Sophomore (in Caesar): "And they crossed the river by Fords."

Miss Sayre: "What is the objection to alum baking powder?"

Sid: "Got too big a reaction."

Professor: "What is density?"

Student: "I can't define it, but I can give an illustration."

Professor: "The illustration is good; sit down."

Albert W. (translating in Virgil): "And her combed hair moved—"

Mr. Bakker (interrupting): "No, her hair didn't move off—they didn't wear such things in those days. They wore their own hair."

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HOOVERIZING ON CLOTHES.

Helen C.: "Public utilities are those things which the people need."

Miss Ricker: "Such as clothing?"

Helen C.: "No! Such things as they need as a body."

SOME SEA NYMPH.

Miss Ball: "Where did Pythagoras live?"

Selby: "In the Ægean Sea."

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PORTSMOUTH . . . OHIO

LUKE McLUKE SAYS:

An old maid gets a heap of satisfaction out of the knowledge that Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, never married.

If wool keeps on getting scarcer, the ready-made stores will have to throw in a curtain stretcher with each suit of clothes.

After they have been married about ten years, a woman kisses her husband about as passionately as she licks a postage stamp.

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