

Lydia C. K. Appel.

June 11, 1909.



Vol. II

Portsmouth, Ohio, June, 1909

No. 7

"FINISHED BEFORE GRADUATED"

That's one of the good mottoes of our school. No matter how long it takes you, you are carefully instructed and drilled until you are fully qualified to fill a first-class clerical position, and can pass a rigid examination, before given a diploma.

We turn out not only "Graduates" but competent Bookkeepers and Stenographers. We can prove this by referring you to many of our former students who are successfully filling first-class positions. School open all year.

ENTER ANY DAY

Portsmouth Commercial School

DAMARIN BUILDING

N. J. HENRY, PRIN.

P. H. S.

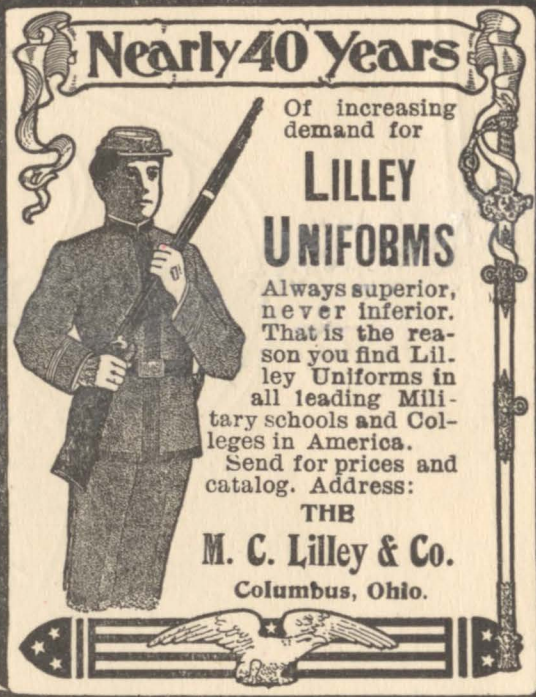
BOYS AND GIRLS

GO TO THE

HARRIS ART GALLERY

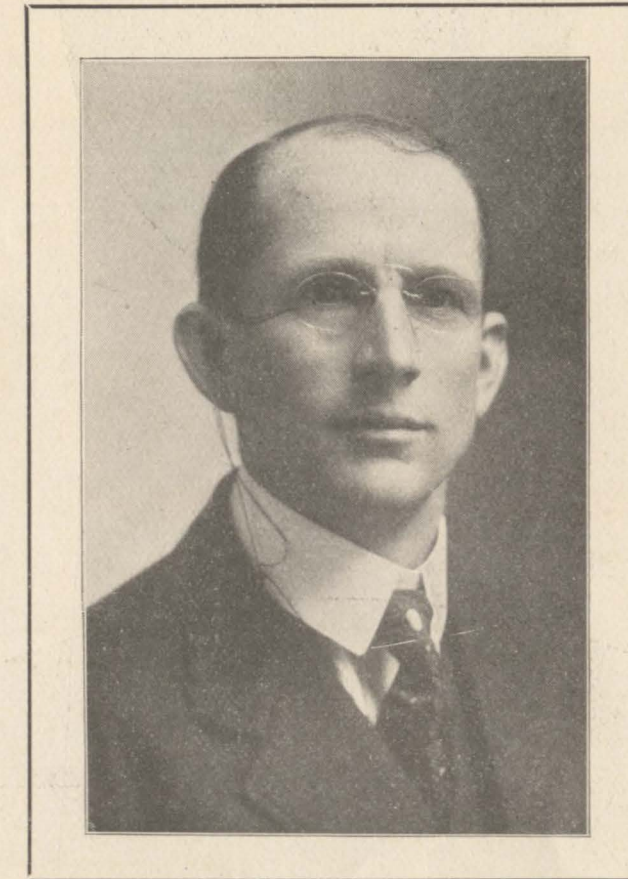
FOR

PHOTOS



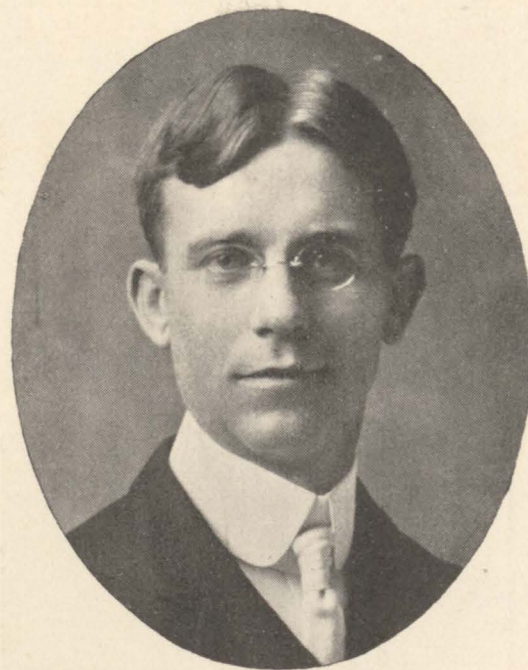
Nearly 40 Years
Of increasing demand for
LILLEY UNIFORMS
Always superior, never inferior. That is the reason you find Lilley Uniforms in all leading Military schools and Colleges in America.
Send for prices and catalog. Address:
THE
M. C. Lilley & Co.
Columbus, Ohio.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.



MR. FRANK APPEL,

our beloved and highly-respected Superintendent, formerly our Principal. He has served the city of Portsmouth but one year as Superintendent, but long enough to convince the citizens of his capabilities, and us, the students of Portsmouth High School, that he is a friend to every student and a worthy example for the growing youth to follow.



MR. HENRY.



THE FACULTY.

THE ECHO

VOL. II

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, JUNE, 1909

No. 7

JOHN L. GRIMES.....*Editor-in-Chief*

HAZEL KENYON.....*Literary Editor* EVAN WILLIAMS.....*Sporting Editor*

BERNICE BETTMAN.....*Local Editor* WILLIAM ATLAS.....*Business Manager*

BEATRICE NAVE.....*Alumni Editor* CHARLES NICHOLS.....*Ass't Business Manager*

THOMAS CURRY.....*Assistant Editor*

HELEN GILLILAND.....*Exchange Editor*

This Magazine is published the first of every month, throughout the school year, by Wm. Atlas

Price, seventy-five cents per year, payable in advance; fifteen cents per copy

Address all correspondence to the Editor of THE ECHO, Superintendent's Office, Portsmouth High School, Portsmouth, Ohio

Entered as Second-class Matter, February 24, 1908, at Portsmouth, O., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879



.... EDITORIAL

ALMOST before we are conscious of it, June is at hand; the final exams have done their work; the last issue of THE ECHO is out, and listen, the loyal, stanch and honest Seniors are gone! The Seniors gone! But more Seniors have come. Through the impetus furnished by the newly-arrived the wheel shall continue turning. The circuit of the four-year course will be run again. The newly-elected ECHO staff will enter upon its duties and experience the cares of high-school journalism. It will seem only like the space of an evening's rest

until the same beginnings are made again—there are no endings.

So it goes, on and on—

Through these eternal ages;

With the little deeds and great

We're filling up Life's pages.

WE are hungry after an explanation.

What has become of ambition? Searching among the lower classmen we find only a few footprints, evidences of former presence. Has ambition taken wings and flown? Only a meagre half dozen entered the competition for posi-

tions on the staff, and through this fact we are led to believe ambition has found more pleasant patrons elsewhere, and, like the Arab in the night, has softly stolen away. Now look about you, Sophomores and Freshmen, and find your lost virtue. Next year you will be Juniors and Sophomores, one round higher on this ladder, and though you are not wholly devoid of spirit, you will find that you are rocks in the path of advancement. If ambition has left you entirely, step aside and let the coming Freshmen pass you. Will you permit it? We are confident you will start anew with enforced energy in September.

WITH this issue, we of the staff bid our loyal supporters good-bye. We have endeavored to put before our readers a little high-school magazine that might interest them and furnish means of insight into the mechanism of our High School, and now adding this number to the rest, and completing the second volume of THE ECHO, we trust that we have been successful. We have enjoyed our labor; rather has it been recreation. Notwithstanding the sleepless nights which the editors have endured, they look back with pride and pleasure to the six preceding numbers of THE ECHO, and wish that they could have the same old times over, just once more.



THE school will be cramped for room more than ever next September, and therefore let your efforts be toward the re-establishment of the old order of things, namely, the single session. The question will not be brought before the Board of Education unless there is enough interest and demand for it among the students and citizens of Portsmouth. So get the movement afoot, and start it onward. A petition headed by the parents will do the thing.

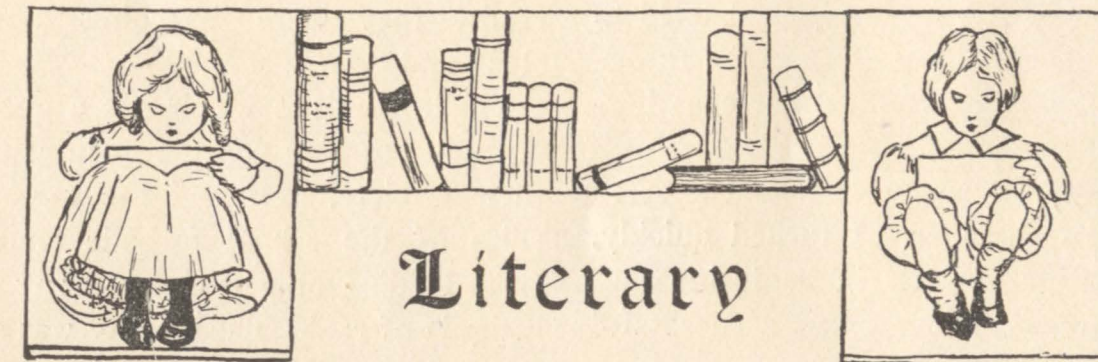
WAS your record for the past school year the best that could be? Looking back, you have, no doubt, discovered your mistakes. Next year return to school with the determination to correct those mistakes and get out of school all there is in it. That's your business. Now the bell has rung, so to speak, and we are all filing out to take a couple of months' recess. Let's all enjoy ourselves for the time being.

NOW a word for our business manager, William Atlas. He had many difficulties to meet on account of the scarcity of advertisements, and in spite of all the merchants who refused to advertise in THE ECHO, he has made the paper pay for itself, which is more than was done last year.



THE ECHO STAFF.

Thomas Curry, '11; Hazel Kenyon, '09; Helen Gilliland, '09; Charles Nichols, '10.
Evan Williams, '09; Beatrice Nave, '09; John Grimes, '10; Bernice Bettman, '10; Wm. Atlas, '09



Literary

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The other morning, as I started to school, mother gave me several umbrellas which had to be mended, telling me to take them to a little old umbrella mender who lives on the street next to the High School. I left the umbrellas at his house and said I would call for them some time during the week.

The next morning it looked very much like rain. As my umbrella was

being mended, I ransacked all the closets and gloryholes until I found something that, in its youth, seemed to have been an umbrella. It was a disreputable-looking specimen,—torn in several places, while at one point a rib, minus cover, projected; but since nothing else was available, I had to take it.

When I boarded the car, I placed my umbrella between myself and my neighbor, where it was securely hidden. When the car stopped at the corner, I

got off as fast as possible, hoping no one would notice my umbrella; but alas for my hopes!

I was nearly off the car when I heard a loud and indignant voice say, "I beg your pardon, young lady, but you have my umbrella!" Glancing down at my hand, and then at the woman who had been my neighbor, I saw that the umbrella I carried was a handsome silk one, with a beautiful gold handle, while she was holding up mine, torn side foremost, for the benefit of the whole car. I returned hers, and murmuring that it was all a mistake, and that I was awfully sorry, I got off the car, feeling all the while that she thought I really meant to steal her umbrella.

That evening I called at the umbrella mender's, and when I boarded the car with three umbrellas under my arm, and made my way to the only vacant seat, I was startled to find that I shared it with my neighbor of the morning. I tried to look unconscious, but I knew she recognized me, and I could feel her eyes boring holes into my umbrellas.

Suddenly she leaned over and touched me on the shoulder. I turned quickly, only to hear her say in an insinuating voice, "I see you have had a successful day!"

THE ROCKY PATH TO WISDOM.

Herbert Martin, cadet captain in a well-known Western military school, came into his room and took off his cape. His roommate looked, then whistled his astonishment.

"Did you go to the theater without your coat?" he asked.

"No, Ralph, I did not. I wore my coat to the theater. You know I did."

When Herbert spoke in that decided manner Ralph knew better than to question further. Therefore he continued his reading, knowing full well that Herbert would unburden himself at length. Herbert busied himself about the room for some time before he spoke.

"As you will know last, if not first, you might as well know first why I am coatless. Alice was at the Colonial, just in front of me. When we came out it was raining fearfully. Her folks had their open tourer, so, of course, she had to have a coat. I played the gallant and lent her mine. That is why I came back negligé. Alice promised to send the thing back before mess. There will be the dickens to pay if she doesn't, but I think that she will."

Having thus delivered himself, Herbert subsided and began to read. There was yet nearly an hour until mess. Both boys sat there ostensibly reading, yet in reality they were watching both the clock and door.

While they are waiting is a good opportunity to give you the main cause for their anxiety. One of the most rigid rules of the school forbade an officer from lending or giving away any of his insignia of rank. The penalty was reduction. Hence, Herbert had incurred the heaviest penalty by lending his coat, which held most of his emblems.

The time went on, as time is wont to do. There were but fifteen minutes left before the call for mess. As yet no coat had appeared upon the scene. At ten minutes to six the boys began to look at each other. At five minutes to six Ralph broke the uncomfortable silence.

"Confound girls, anyhow! Why does every one break her adorably given word? Now you will be reduced, and then where will you be?"

"Probably a private," returned Herbert. "But they will not get me that way. I happen to have a headache; so you may report me as ill."

"Do you mean that? There is the call now. 'Rule No. 28: Any officer guilty of evasion of rules shall be reduced to the ranks.' You know, old chap, that will not do."

"O, I have a headache. Besides, I am responsible for my misdemeanors. Thank you, Ralph, for caring, but it will be all right. Go on, now, and do as I tell you."

"Well, you had better go to bed or the major will be in to see his favorite young captain."

With these words of sound advice Ralph left the room.

After due consideration Herbert thought discretion the better part of valor, and acted upon the suggestion of his roommate. In just an hour Ralph returned.

"Well, I lied like a rookie, and got an excuse for you. Now you just get out of bed and thank me. Out on your knees, you ungrateful cadet!"

With a laugh Herbert tumbled out. At that moment the double knock of the major's orderly. Ralph straightened to attention. Herbert cast an imploring glance around the room, and, still on his knees, turned toward the bed. The orderly came in and waited patiently for Captain Martin to finish his prayers. Captain Martin had unusually long prayers that night. For ten long minutes the silence lasted. Then the orderly broke it.

"The major requests Captain Martin's time in this room from 8:30 until 9."

When he had gone the boys gave shouts of laughter. Then they faced the situation seriously. Herbert decided to

keep up his headache as the only possible way. Ralph had studying to do, so he settled to it.

Promptly at 8:30 the major came into the room. The result of his conference was the call of the doctor. Between these two visits Herbert formulated a plan. He had grown desperate, for as yet no coat had reported present. The situation was becoming strained, and the outlook dark. Bones, the dapper little physician, had come.

"Well, Herbert, my boy, what ails our captain?"

"Nothing at all. I am just tired. I do wish people would let me alone."

"O, I understand. Tired! Well, well! How about a little rest? No football, you know. That is the trouble now."

"Oh, doctor, I will be well by to-morrow. I know I shall. I must be at practice."

Now Bones had an inbred dislike for football. He hated it, and frustrated the boys whenever he could. So Herbert's remark settled the question.

"I am responsible, you know, for your health, my boy. I really think that you had better go over to the hospital until Sunday. Then I will know you will not play. Football is bad, very bad, for a boy in your condition. Get into some clothes and go over with me now."

Herbert knew that remonstrance was useless. So he dressed in civilian's clothes, while Ralph looked on with a mocking air and solicitously asked which coat he wanted to wear.

All this was on Wednesday night. Thursday Herbert was the recipient of many messages from the fellows. Ralph, on the promise of not exciting the "patient." His only communication was the information that no coat with captain's epaulets had wandered in that vicinity.

Such news naturally tended to quiet the sick one's nerves. Ralph was malicious enough to break it gently to him. On Friday a beautiful box of roses came to the afflicted one. In the bottom was this note:

"MY DEAR HERBERT—

"I was very sorry to hear that you are ill. We will miss you Saturday at the game. Really, I hope going home without your coat did not cause your sickness. I suppose you got it from the office, where William left it for you. Hoping to hear of your recovery soon,

"Sincerely yours,

"ALICE MOFFETT."

The light shone at last! The problem was solved at last. He knew that Alice was a girl of her word. But why in thunder did that man leave the thing at the office? Now he might get out of this quack shop. The doctor was coming now.

But Herbert's hopes were destroyed. The doctor was obdurate. A boy in his condition must be kept quiet. Herbert wondered what his condition was; still he kept silent. The day of the game came and went. The military team won. That was small consolation, when he was not in the game. On Sunday he appeared among his kind again, Ralph having rescued his coat from the clutches of the office boy.

Since then Herbert has kept his coats in his possession. He was a "sadder but a wiser boy," especially in regard to girls.

BEN RICE, '10.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY,
STAUNTON, VA., APRIL 20, 1904.

THE ECHO:

In asking me to describe life at a military school, you have gotten me into a

rather difficult proposition, but I will do my best.

The day starts at reveille—seven o'clock; but now that the weather is getting warmer, we will have it earlier in order to have setting-up exercises, which consist of arm, leg and body exercises, and sometimes of taking a run out in the country. Upon returning, those who care to can take cold showers, which usually fit us for the day's routine.

Then it is time for breakfast, and the mess call is blown. The battalion forms in the quadrangle, and the roll is called. It takes about one-half minute for the first sergeant to do this. After breakfast the cadets look after their rooms, with the possible exception of "all" the "old men," who usually have a "rat" to do it for them. The underclassmen will most certainly be revenged next year. During this time "guard mounting" is going on, and the sentinels and the guard for the day are posted and the countersign given.

Inspection of the cadet quarters then follows by members of the faculty, and the unwary ones are "stuck." After inspection we have a rest of about thirty minutes, and then school commences, which lasts until two o'clock. Cadets who have empty periods may stay in the study hall, where they are allowed to talk and find out about lessons from the instructor, who is always in the hall.

After school we have dinner, and about forty-five minutes afterward comes drill, from which the baseball squad is excused to practice. Drill, at this time of the year, consists mostly of field and skirmishes, and also sham battles once or twice a week. These sometimes prove real interesting.

After an hour's drill recall is blown,

and the companies assemble in the quadrangle. The "guard duty" list is then read out, and those who are unlucky enough to have a "beat" spend the remainder of the evening, which is an hour and a half, walking it off. Some spend the time playing ball, tennis, and other outdoor sports, as the "gym" is little used at this time of the year. Others go "on the run," or out to the park, to see their friends, the seminary girls, out walking.

Retreat is next, and the flag is brought down, while the "Star-Spangled Banner" is being played. Supper then comes, and again a half-hour's recreation, during which the Guitar and Mandolin Club usually has a serenade. This is also the time when we have most of our fun, and the "guard" is kept busy watching out for mischief-makers.

At seven we have "study hall," except on Saturday and Sunday nights, when we have "call to quarters." On Saturday evenings there is usually a dance or entertainment of some sort in

the gym, and on Sunday the Y. M. C. A. has their meeting. This is also the night the "Old Boys" are permitted to go calling, and, as a rule, they take advantage of it.

"Study hall" is out at nine o'clock, and at nine-fifteen "Tattoo" is blown, at which everybody must be accounted for. Taps sounds at nine-thirty, and it is usually those beautiful notes which take your thoughts homeward:

Bugle blow, sweet and low,
Through the hall
Comes the call
Good-night all,
Echo seems to recall
Peaceful dreams.

A good many people think life at a military school must be horrible, but were they to see how thoughtful the fellows are of each other, and how congenial they are, and also the school spirit which exists, they would drop all objections.

Respectfully,

MAURICE BRIGGS, EX. '10.





WILLIAM ATLAS.

"Bill" and "Bilious," born June 14, 1892, in Portsmouth. Class President, '09; Class Treasurer, '08; Treasurer of Literary Society; member of debating team, '08; Assistant Business Manager ECHO, '08; Business Manager, '09; Glee Club; Military Company, '07.

A prattler among men.



HAZEL B. DREW.

Born April 11, 1890, in Portsmouth. Secretary of Class, '09; Glee Club; Athletic Association.

The instructors of our youth are the dearest of them all.



FRED TRITSCHELLER.

"Fritz," born July 9, 1891, in Portsmouth. Literary Society; Glee Club; Treasurer of Class, '09; Athletic Association; Senior Quartette.

A general butt-in.



TERESE KENNEDY.

Born August 6, 1891, in Portsmouth. Debating team, '08; Vice-President of Class, '08, '09; Literary Society; Glee Club; Orchestra; Athletic Association.

Somebody's little comforter.



THOMAS HALEY.

"Enoch," "Polarch," "Irish," born January 12, 1890, in Portsmouth. Football team, '06, '07, '08; Captain basketball team, '08; Glee Club; Athletic Association.

To the wearers of the green.



WALTER M. WOOD.

"Woody," born March 18, 1891, in Portsmouth. Military Company, '06, '07, '08; Glee Club; Athletic Association; Class poet; Senior Quartette.

Poets are born, not made.



ARTHUR FINDEIS.

"Finnie," born August 23, 1891, in Cincinnati, O. Military Company; Glee Club.

I know the words, but can't make any sense.



BRUCIE RIGDON.

Born May 20, 1890, in Petersville, Ky. Glee Club; Athletic Association.

"Petite."



JEAN McCALL.

Born in 1891 in Welster, O. Athletic Association.

"What means all this?"



INEZ SCHLICHTER.

Born August 18, 1890, in Portsmouth. Athletic Association.

Just dropped in.



MADELINE BAIRD.

"Shorty," born March 3, 1891, in St. Louis, Mo. Censor of Literary Society, '08; Athletic Association.

Her stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman.



EDWARD STARLING PEARCE.

"Starling," born August 15, 1890, in St. Paul, Minn. Military Company, '06, '07, '08; First Lieutenant, '09; football team, '06, '07, '08; President Athletic Association; Glee Club. "Mr. Cynicus," of ECHO staff.

Such easy marks were never seen before.



BEATRICE V. NAVE.

"Bee," born September 27, 1890, in Little Hocking, Ohio. Alumni Editor ECHO, '09; Literary Society; Secretary Athletic Association, '08; Vice-President of Class in '05, '06; Glee Club; Athletic Association.

I'll here await his coming.

EVAN C. WILLIAMS.

"Evan," born March 14, 1891. Football team, '06, '07; Captain, '08; Glee Club; Property Manager Athletic Association, '06; Athletic Association Treasurer, '07; Military Company, '08; Captain, '09; Class oration; debating squad; baseball, '07.

Please go way and let me sleep.

GUY BLAIR.

"Judge," born May 4, 1890, in West Union, O. Military Company, '08, '09; Glee Club; Literary Society; Senior Quartette.

Yea, even so.

MARJORIE PURSELL.

"Goat," born November 23, 1892, in Portsmouth. Class Secretary in '08; Glee Club; Literary Society; Athletic Association.

Between them I'll get there.

BARTON DUPRE.

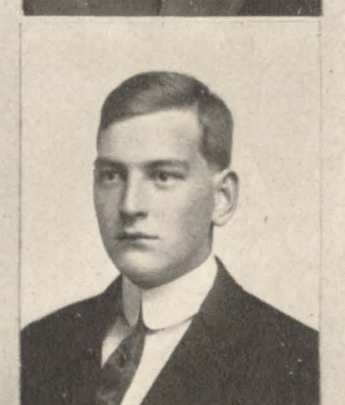
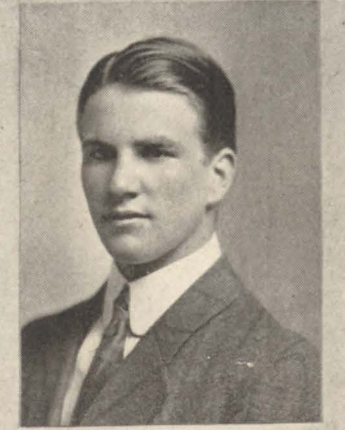
"Dooop," born June 23, 1892, in Portsmouth. Glee Club; Literary Society; Military Company; Athletic Association.

Beguile their ears with a tale of your own devising.

GILBERT MICKLETHWAITE.

"Gib," "Si," born February 26, 1891, in Portsmouth. Football team, '06, '07, '08; Glee Club; Literary Society; Military Company; Athletic Association; Senior Quartette.

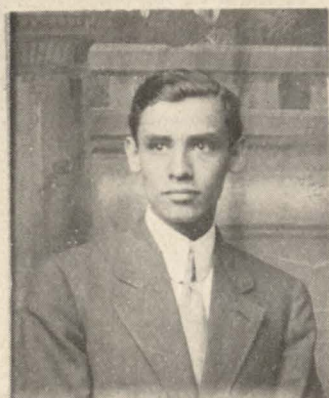
And all the world might stand up and say, "This is a man."





KATHERINE ROUSH.
 "Katy," born May 16, 1889. Glee Club; Athletic Association.

All straight angles are equal.



RICHARD BALMERT.
 Born December 4, 1890, in Portsmouth. Athletic Association.

Did he fall in love, or was he shoved?



LYDIA APPEL.
 Born November 25, 1891, in Chicago, Ill. Member Girls' Glee Club; Athletic Association.

Demure damsel; dainty and dear.



JOHN KIELMAN.
 "Keeley," born March 12, 1891. Military Company; Athletic Association.

My gospel is work.



JENNIE HEID.
 Born August 15, 1890, in Portsmouth. Glee Club; Athletic Association.

Disciple of William Cowper.

SCIOTO ROUSH.
 Born August 19, 1891, in Portsmouth. Glee Club; Athletic Association.

I heard a sound of rushing waters.

HELEN BRADFORD.
 Born in Sunbury, Pa., 1888. Athletic Association.

"Um-huh."

MILDRED CHICK.
 "Chicken," born February 27, 1891, in Portsmouth. Literary Society, '07, '08; Athletic Association.

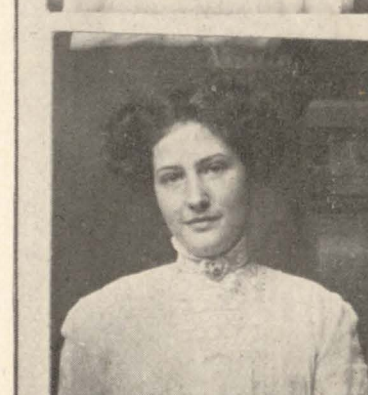
"Peep-peep."

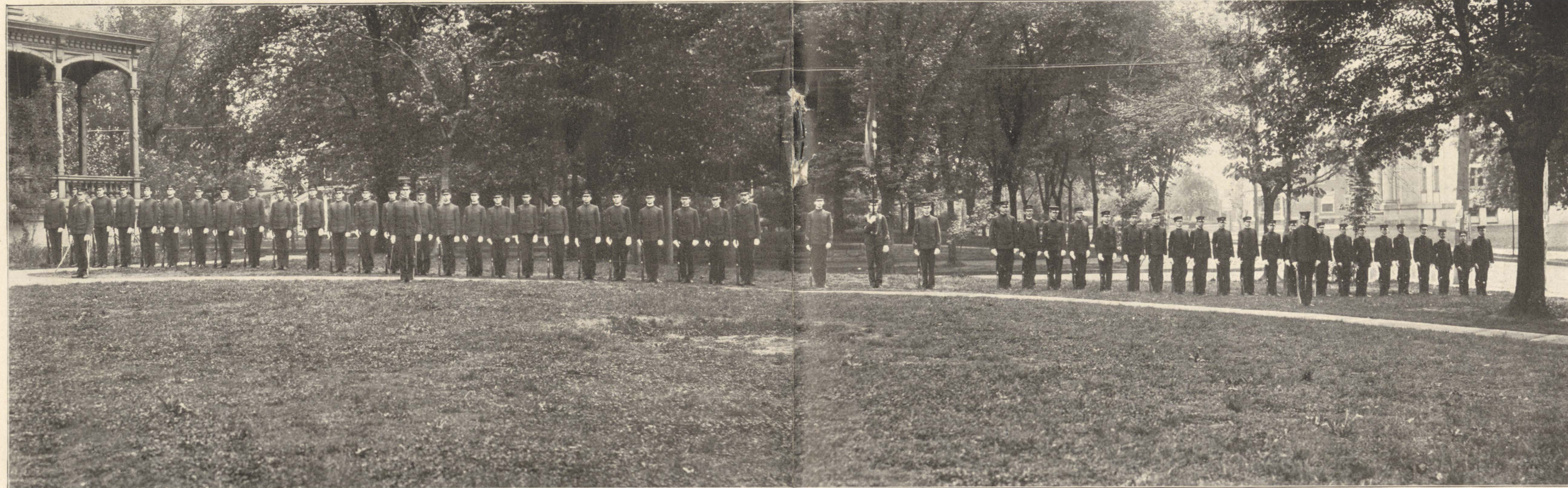
HELEN GILLILAND.
 Born in 1891 in Santiago, Chili. Three years at Pasadena High School. Exchange Editor Echo, '09; Glee Club; debating squad; Athletic Association.

A stone upon which to sharpen wits.

EDITH ERNESTINE TREUTHART.
 "Shorty No. 2," born June 27, 1891, in Portsmouth. Class essay; Athletic Association.

I'll be right down.





THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

The stentorian commands of the officers and the pealing notes of the bugle which are heard during the drill period are but the preparations for the military camp. Officers and cadets are taking the greatest of interest in making this the crowning glory of the military year, a complete success. Great plans are under way, and as soon as school is out the famous cadet company, seventy-five strong, will march away for a week in the open. They will be joined by a large contingent from our neighboring high school, Chillicothe, who, forgetting their defeats in debate and football, will come

to unite with us in showing other schools something new in high-school life.

There is a certain air of precision and earnestness in the military department that brings to our mind the annual cadet camp. Officers and cadets are working earnestly for the great event. Although a location has not yet been selected, several ideal spots are under survey, and no doubt a fine location will be secured.

Many cadets expect to make fine scores on the range this year. Good luck to them!

Great preparations will be made at the cadet camp this year for the entertainment of visitors. They will be treated to parades, skirmishes and sham battles galore.

About twenty new guns have been added to the arsenal.

CAMP NOTES.

The citizens of Portsmouth are taking a great interest in the camp, and no doubt visitors' days will be busy ones.

The Portsmouth High Military Company is becoming well known throughout the State, and is always spoken of

admirably in connection with the High School. Military is a very novel and valuable addition to any high school.

No doubt it will be a great pleasure to again watch Schapiro drill while asleep, and to watch the busy bee Levi sewing away at the rents in his clothes.

Extra heavy sentinel posts of seasoned hickory and a heavy rope guard line have been secured for the pickets to lean upon and rest during odd hours.

Fear not, ye cadets. Two of the finest cooks, who make a specialty of such outings, will have charge of the culinary department.

One splendid feature of the camp will be the fine track events and the other athletic contests which will be held. A great part of the track equipment will be taken out and put to vigorous usage.

The officers who will have charge of the camp this year will be:

Major J. R. Gilliland, Commandant.

E. C. Williams, Captain.

E. S. Pearce, First Lieutenant.

Wallace Drew, Second Lieutenant.

Chas. Nichols, First Lieutenant and Commissary.

Chas. Nichols, First Sergeant of the company, has been commissioned as Commissary Lieutenant this year, and the zeal with which he has entered on the necessary preparation show he has the right spirit and will make a good officer.

A large band, of about twenty instruments, will furnish the music for parades and the other ceremonies during the week.

The bees from the military camp are now buzzing in the ears of the cadets. Those who were so fortunate as to be-

long to the company last year remember the jolly times they had in camp, and they are going again, along with many new ones who are interested.

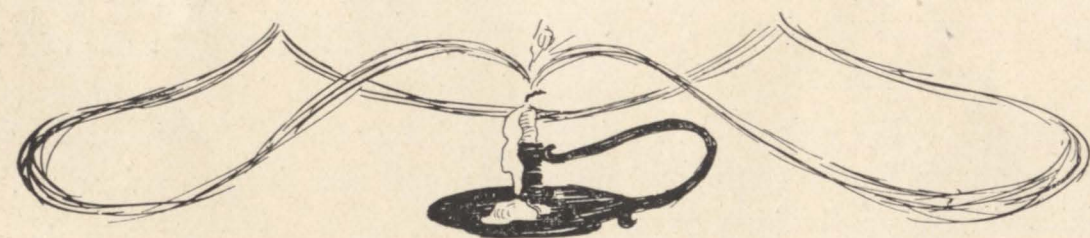
The battalion is becoming very efficient in the difficult performance of guard mount and guard duty.

Very few high school military organizations last as long and improve so much from year to year as our own.

The military company is in excellent trim. Everything is progressing nicely with the newly-enlisted cadets. They take a decided interest in the difficult manoeuvres, and there promises to be an extremely efficient corps by camp time.

The smaller cadets have it hard when it comes to measuring steps with the larger fellows when the call "Double quick!" comes from the commandant.

Just think! The military company is just twice the size it was when school opened in September last. Dress parade on the camp grounds will be a sight magnificent this summer.



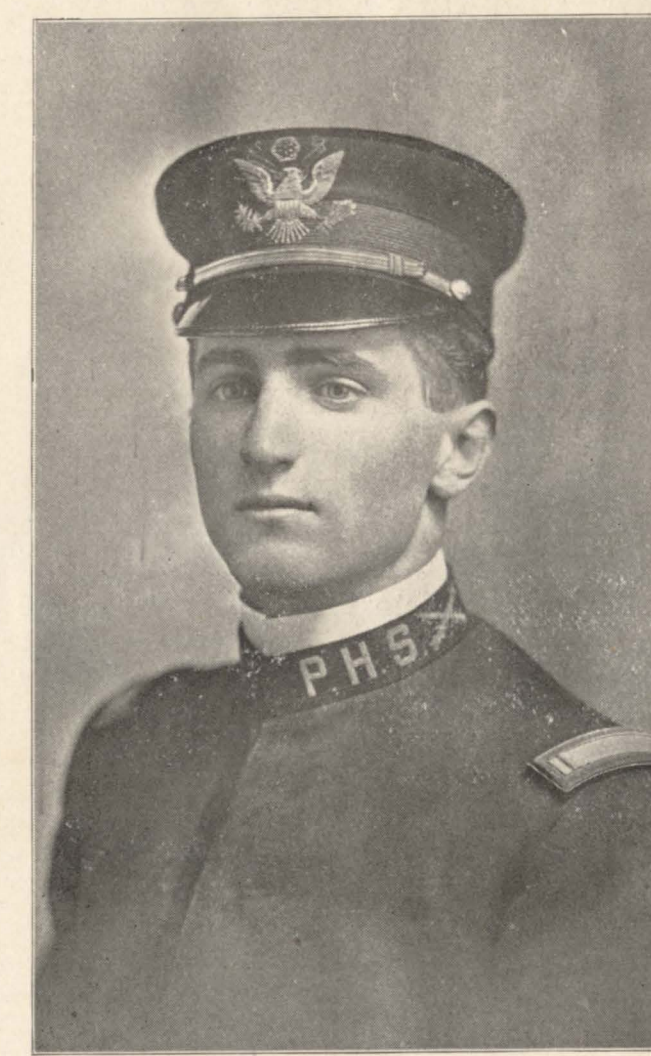
EVAN WILLIAMS.
Captain of Cadets.



WALLACE DREW.
Second Lieutenant.



E. S. PEARCE.
First Lieutenant.



CHARLES NICHOLS.
Commissary Lieutenant.



BERNICE BETTMAN, '10.

The Junior Class also contributed the services of Miss Bettman, and her rapid-fire delivery and overwhelming argument did much to gain for Portsmouth High the unanimous decisions of the judges in the debate.

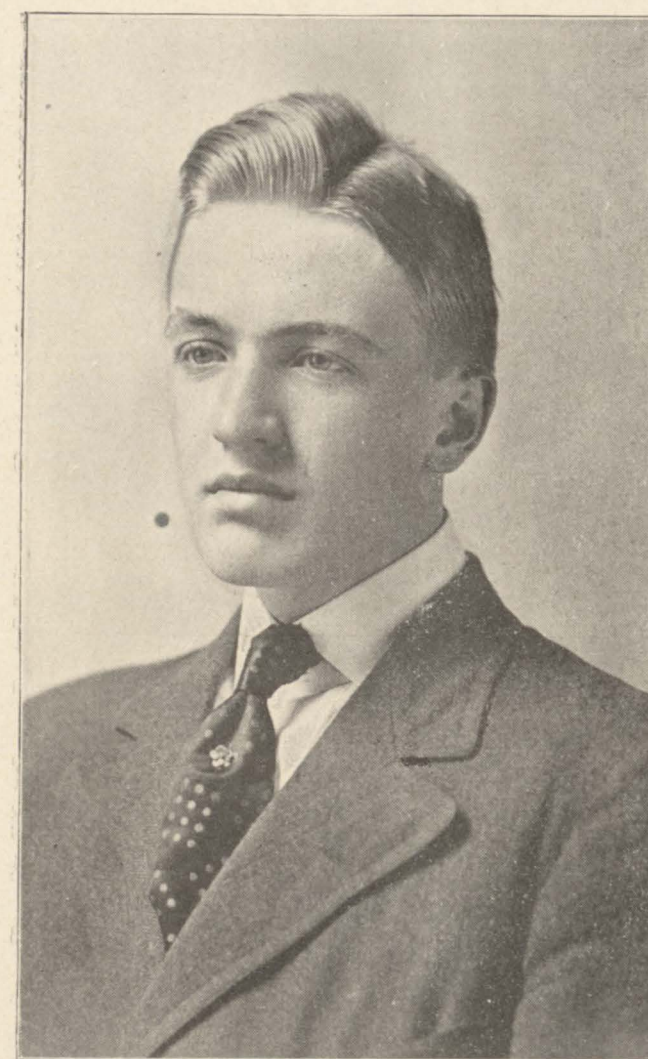
BERNICE BETTMAN.

H. A. MARTING, '10.

Another jovial, genial chap, who clinched the victory for P. H. S. in the debate. H. A. is a natural-born orator, and a bright future is in store for him.



H. A. MARTING.



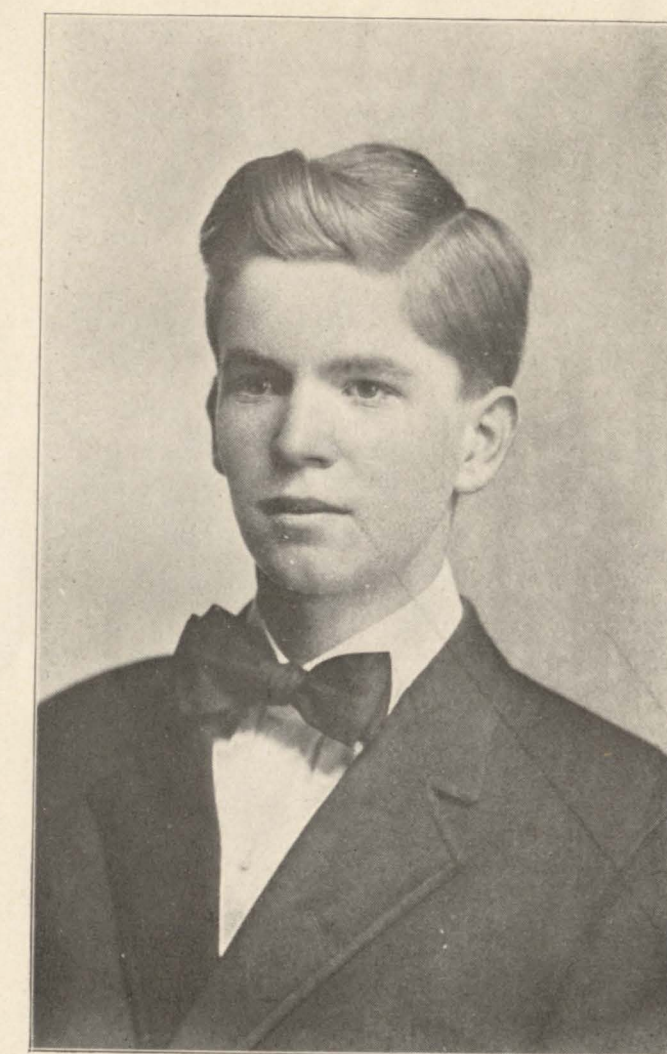
HAROLD ROBERTSON, '10.

Harold has been with us but a few months, coming from Coshocton, Ohio. This young Demosthenes did his part well toward winning in the annual debate with Chillicothe.

HAROLD ROBERTSON.

PAUL HICKS, '10,

who, in the position of alternate upon the debating team, did so much to help in the defeat of Chillicothe. He is a youth of sterling ability and a willing worker, as the preliminaries demonstrated.



PAUL HICKS.



JUNIOR CLASS.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

ATHLETICS



FRESHMAN CLASS.



MR. HOMER SELBY.

The above is an excellent likeness of Mr. Homer Selby, who, in the role of football coach, was a very important factor in the development of our football team. Mr. Selby very generously gave up several hours' work at the Selby Shoe Company every afternoon, last fall, in order to give our team his services. His earnestness, combined with his ability, makes him one of the finest high-school coaches in the State. He always insisted on promptness, obedience, clean playing and bull-dog tenacity, and he was successful in bringing about what he set out to do—that is, make P. H. S. a winner. Under his excellent leadership P. H. S. obtained a football team that was victorious over all opponents, and gives us just claim to the championship of Southern Ohio. NINE "RAHS" FOR SELBY!



EVAN WILLIAMS, '09,
Captain Football Team.

In Mr. J. R. Gilliland and Mr. Homer Keller the military and athletic organizations have two excellent supporters. Mr. Gilliland, having had wide experience in the military line, has developed a wonderfully efficient company. Also as

faculty member of the A. A., he has always given his utmost support to athletics. On the other hand, Mr. Keller, a distinguished athlete himself, holding several college records, and known as a terror on the football field, has been of great value as a coach and trainer.

TRACK.

After all the necessary apparatus had been purchased, the enthusiasm waned and the development of a track team was a failure. In trials good records were made. The fastest time in the 100-yard dash was 10 2-5 seconds, made by Evan Williams, Nichols and Grimes. Not so bad as a starter! The 50-yard dash was made in 5 3-5 seconds by Williams and Grimes, and taking into consideration the fact that the world's record for this event is 5 1-5 seconds, it may readily be seen that P. H. S. would have had *some* showing in a track meet. Haley and Williams put the shot 38 feet without much training, and it was real pie for the three lads, J. Williams, "Doc" Shumway and Nichols to clear the bar at 5 feet 4½ inches in the running high jump. The hammer and the discus throwing was not developed to any great extent, but there were a few promising stars—Haley and Gardner, for instance.

These records show that good material for a fast team was in abundance. With several hundred dollars in the treasury, the Athletic Council was more than willing, they were anxious to go to any expense to develop a good team, but the interest seemed to be taken by only a few, so the matter was dropped. Thus the track team perished!

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Although the moleskins and the pig-skin have been laid away months ago, the great football season of '08 will never be forgotten. With a squad of athletes averaging one hundred and sixty-three pounds of grit and muscle, the team fought its way to victory. We were easily champions over every team we played, defeating Ironton and Jackson by the score of 40 to 0, Chillicothe and Greenfield 43 to 0, and ending up an illustrious season by defeating Central High School, of Columbus, O., by the score of 10 to 0. Taking the season as a whole, we scored about 200 points to our opponents' 5.

Portsmouth is assured of a splendid football team next year, notwithstanding the fact that about half of this year's team will be lost. Although Captain Williams, Haley, Pearce, Micklethwaite

and Levi will be missing, there is plenty of material on hand.

A cut of the football team and a record of their splendid football season was secured for publication in the Athletic Annual of the Ohio State Athletic Association.

The football management will certainly have a fine field for their games next year. The Portsmouth Street Railway Company has made the football park into one of the most attractive in the State, and assure us that on account of the splendid crowds last season they will give us more support. Thanks!

In the plans for the new High School, already under inspection, a fine gymnasium is a great feature. Truly, the athletic editors of the future will have plenty to write about.



MISS UP-TO-DATE.

Once more, and for the last time this year, Miss Up-to-Date wishes to express her thanks to her patrons, and her appreciation for the unlimited credence which they have in her. The following are the only letters which may be published:

Miss Up-to-Date: I am *so* handsome. The girls are all crazy about me. They won't give me a minute's peace, but follow me about all the time. Please tell me how I can get rid of them.

(Cheese) Lynn Whitenburg.

Alas, young man, there are no hopes for you. The girls just can't let you alone. They will never be able to resist such beauty as is yours. You will never get rid of them until you get married and settle down.

I am thinking of buying a new suit. Can you tell me where I could get the best one for the least money, also what color Bernice likes best? Bill Atlas.

Just do as you have always done. Patronize the Salvage Clothing Company. I believe Bernice prefers "old rose." I think with your complexion and those grand, dark eyes of yours, you would make a hit with her in a suit of old rose with pearl buttons.

My mother thinks I am too small. Can you suggest a way to make me grow? Miriam Haas.

Every farmer knows that green things grow with plenty of rain. Induce your mother to sprinkle you three times daily.

I have been reading and studying "Helps and Hints to Young Men in Society." I have used the method described in the book for making love, but somehow the girls don't seem to like it. What is the matter?

Harold Robertson.

The fault is neither yours nor the books, but the girls'. These girls never did know how to appreciate anything of high-class calibre.

I have exhausted all my original means of conversation, that is, during study periods. What can I do?

Irma.

You can get another tablet and pencil at any department store. Fold them (you know) into smaller packages, and when you pass them they won't make such a noise dropping on the floor.

How can we ever get one session back again? Everybody.

Leave Portsmouth High and attend a school in another city.

I had my hair cut pompadour, and at night I put it up in curl papers. I can not sleep because they pinch my head all night. Please tell me what to do.

Barton Dupre.

Those who would be handsome must suffer the penalties. Perhaps you might find the marcelling irons useful.

Please tell me how to reduce my size?

Florence Ives.

You're not so big.

ALUMNI NOTES

The annual Alumni banquet will be held at the Washington Hotel June 11. The president and the committee have been exceedingly busy making the necessary arrangements. The new '09 Alumni will be given such a hearty welcome that they need never regret being a member of this esteemed organization.

The engagement of Miss Martha Dever, '03, and Mr. Frank Moulton has recently been announced.

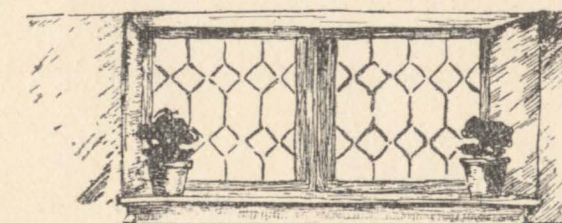
Before coming home from school at Ohio Wesleyan, Russel Anderson, '07, will go to Niagara to attend a college men's convention of the Y. M. C. A.

Miss Geneva Adams, '07, has just returned from Chicago, where she has been attending a school of expression. She is preparing to open a school in Portsmouth. Miss Adams has much

talent in this line, and with the training she has received will no doubt make a success of her chosen work.

Warren Briggs, '08, has lately had another honor conferred on him at O. S. U. He was taken into the ranks of an order known as the Bucket and Dipper Club. This is an organization composed of Juniors, but every year fourteen Sophomores who have gained distinction are taken in. Warren can feel proud of having been selected as one of fourteen out of a class of five hundred.

In a recent military drill contest at Ohio State another local boy made good. The drill was judged by three regular army officers and lasted from one-thirty to four o'clock. Five hundred cadets entered the contest, and after an eliminating process only five remained, one of whom was Ralph Marting, '08.



CLASS NOTES

On account of the lack of interest shown in the competition for positions on THE ECHO staff the announcement of those of the new staff will not be made until next September.

Next year the Faculty will be increased by a very able English teacher, Mr. Mark F. Wilcox, from Park College, Parkville, Mo. Mr. Wilcox is a graduate of Oberlin College, and received his A. M. from Park College. He has done work of literary merit, and so may be counted on as an efficient help in debates, etc. We might end with "a welcome to our city" for Mr. Wilcox.

The outing which the Juniors enjoyed at the hands of their fellow students, the Seniors, was a memorable affair. The ninety-odd students and teachers spent several hours before dark on that Friday evening in hill climbing, bowling, pool and "teetering," and after the elaborate spread served in the spacious dining room of the "Inn" nearly every one engaged in a realistic, rustic, rural dance. The whole affair was a delightful one, and everybody had what they went for—a good time.

Friday evening, May 14, Miss Louise Micklethwaite entertained her classmates of 1910 at her home on the boulevard. In the afternoon the boys of the class played ball, while the ladies and the

older people indulged in a few games of tennis. Supper was served on the summit of one of the beautiful hills in front of the Micklethwaite home. After supper the guests enjoyed themselves upon the spacious green lawn in front of the house, beneath Oriental lanterns. Just about the time that the crowd thought it time to leave, more refreshments, in the form of brick ice cream, strawberries and cakes were passed around, and the surprise was almost too much for some. It was whispered about that H. A., who got in to supper too late to appease his appetite, was on his way home, and hearing the shouting returned with all speed. This affair was the second in the history of the Junior Class, the "coming-out" event being the banquet of April 19.

A number of grads and their boy friends (some grads themselves, and some not) took in the Portsmouth-Newark ball game Decoration Day, and took supper at Millbrook.

Many festivities have illuminated the High School world in the past week. The Seniors' picnic, on June 7, and the Sophomores' lawn party, at the Blair home on Rose Ridge, being the most momentous.

H. A. has found human beings who are carnivorous. He told us that the Vicar of Wakefield went out to eat hay.

FRENCH TRANSLATION.

With what pleasure he would obey his mother-in-law!

"I'm afraid it will go hard with me," said an egg as it was dropped into boiling water.—Transcript.

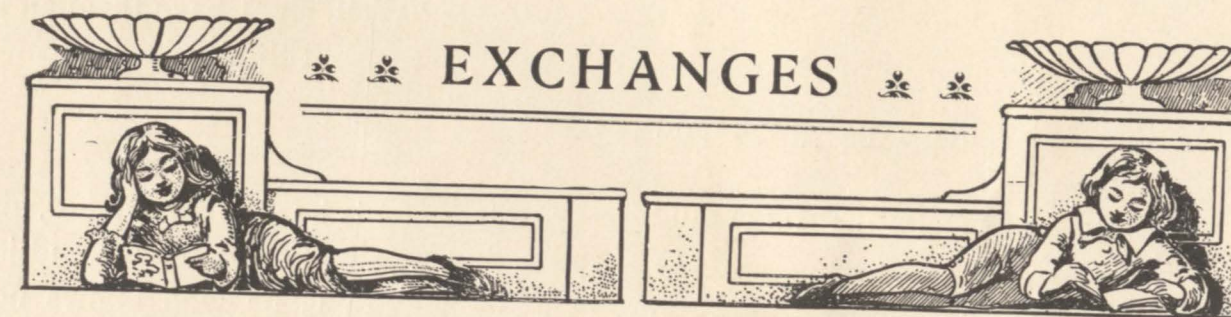
A jolly bunch of students spent Decoration Day at Camp Brookside. They idled the day away in rowing, walking, and some say "rough-housing," the latter practice being indulged in by the lads of the crowd only.

"This is surely a tight fit," said the man as he went off again into delirium tremens.—Transcript.

Who is the girl who went "ratless" to the banquet?

Mr. W. D. (in English)—Distance lends enchantment.

Starling (with a heartfelt sigh)—That's so!



We heartily thank all those from whom we have had the great pleasure of receiving so many excellent exchanges during the past year. They have truly been a source of inspiration to all who have read them.

Dave: "Pa, what is the rest of that quotation beginning, 'Truth is mighty'?"
Pa: "'Scarce,' I reckon."—Ex.

A FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

I wonder who Ex. can be,
His wit is full of vim:
For many jokes in THE ECHO
Seem to be signed by him.—Ex.

Never explain, never retract, never apologize—get the thing done and let them howl.

"How do you tell bad eggs?" asked the new housewife.

"I never told any," answered the fresh clerk. "But if I had anything to tell one, I'd break it gently."—Ex.

Benevolent Old Gent: "Now, children, can any of you tell me the kind of people that go to heaven?"

Tommy: "Yes'r. Dead ones."—Ex.

"Deacon Jones, will you lead in prayer?"

The deacon snores peacefully.

"Deacon Jones, will you lead—"

Deacon Jones (awakening): "It isn't my lead; I dealt."—Ex.

The world gets out of the way of a man who knows where he is going.

Jubb: "I understand that he painted cobwebs on the ceiling so perfectly that the hired girl wore herself out trying to sweep them down."

Bojum: "There may have been such an artist, but there never was such a hired girl."—Ex.

Teacher: "Johnny, what is an anecdote?"

Johnny: "A short, funny tale."

Teacher: "Correct. Now give me a sentence using the word."

Johnny: "A rabbit has four legs and an anecdote."

WORRY.

The burdens that make us groan and sweat,

The troubles that make us fume and fret,

Are the things that haven't happened yet.

My pony is my helper, I shall not flunk.

He maketh me to have good translations and leadeth me to much glory.

He raiseth my standing; he leadeth me in paths of knowledge for credit's sake.

Yea, though I plod through the fourth book of Virgil, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy words and thy phrases, they comfort me. Thou preparest my lessons for me in spite of my teachers, thou crownest my head with fame and my standings run high.

Surely, applause and recognition shall follow me all the days of my life, and my pony shall dwell in my house forever.

Hat pins are rough on rats.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

There are two most valuable possessions which no search warrant can get at, which no execution can take away, and which no reverse of fortune can destroy. They are: What a man puts in his brain, Knowledge, and into his hands, Skill.

Instructor: "Mr. Smith, please name the bones of the skull."

Student: "Well, sir, I have them all in my head, but I can't think of their names just now."

A Freshman is he who knows not, and knows not that he knows not; shun him.

A Sophomore is he who knows not, and knows that he knows not; honor him.

A Junior is he who knows, and knows not that he knows; pity him.

A Senior is he who knows, and knows that he knows; reverence him.

A Latin student gave the principal parts of "to skate" as follows: "Skate, slippere, fallui, bumtum."

The professor marked his paper: "Fail, failere, flunxi, suspendum."—Ex.

Miss Gushington (entering street car)—Oh, don't get up. Please keep your seat—please do.

Mr. Manhattan—Really, I'd like to oblige you, madam, but I want to get out at this corner.—Ex.

HOTEL NORFOLK



H. H. Mac Kerrihan

Proprietor

RATES: \$1.25 Per Day.

The Inter-State Transfer & Storage Company

When moving day comes call on us. We furnish wagons for hauling of every description.

BOTH TELEPHONES.

Peerless Art Studio

313 Chillicothe St.

For Photos, Large and Small

Buttons and Brooches

Photo Postals a Specialty

Wm. Abele

....HOT DRINKS....



Coffee, Cocoa, Tomato Bouillon
Beef Tea, with Cakes * * *

COLD DRINKS AND CANDIES



MALAVAZOS & CO.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.



Monfort & Co
CINCINNATI
TYPOGRAPHERS