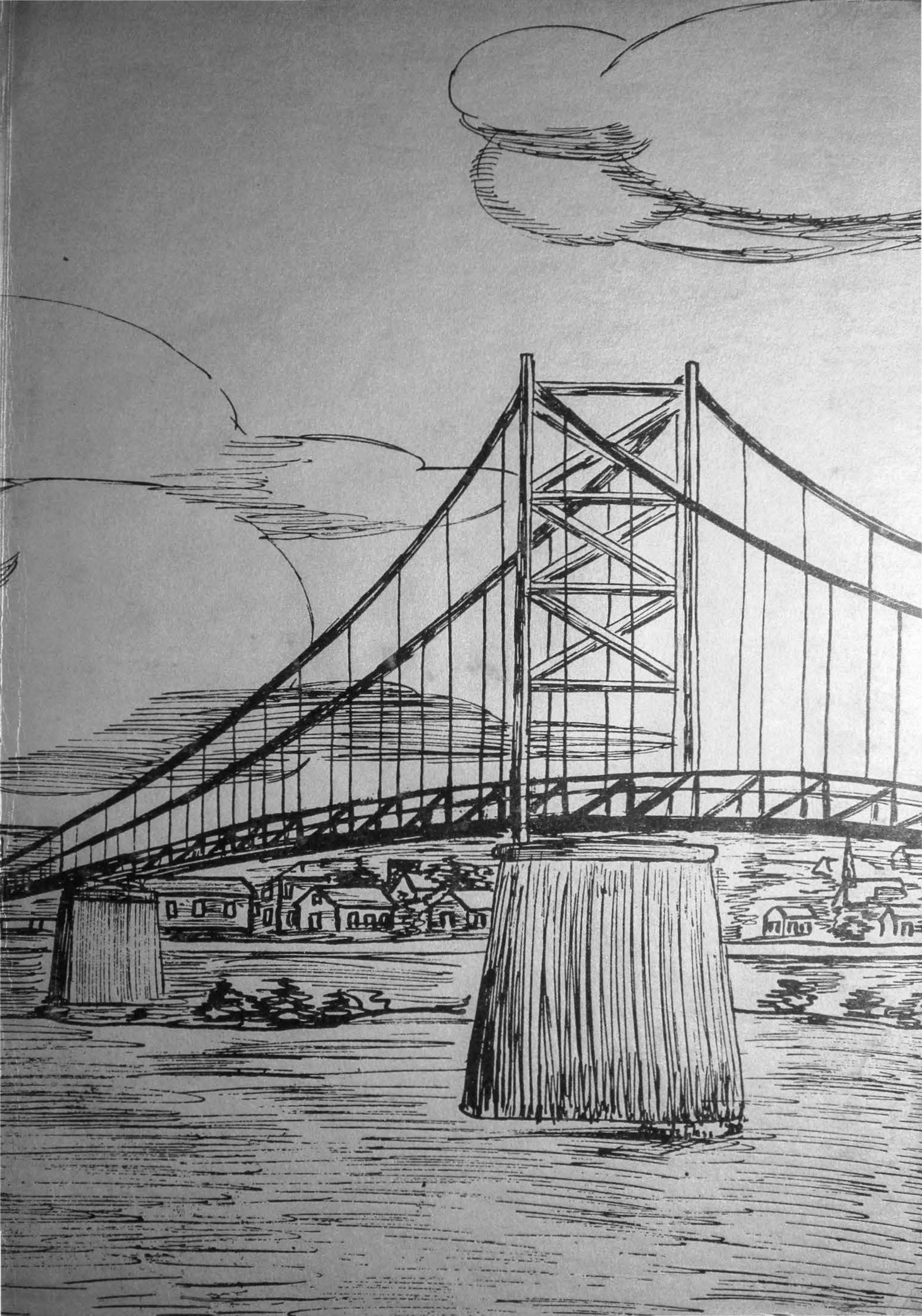




Walter H. Burns

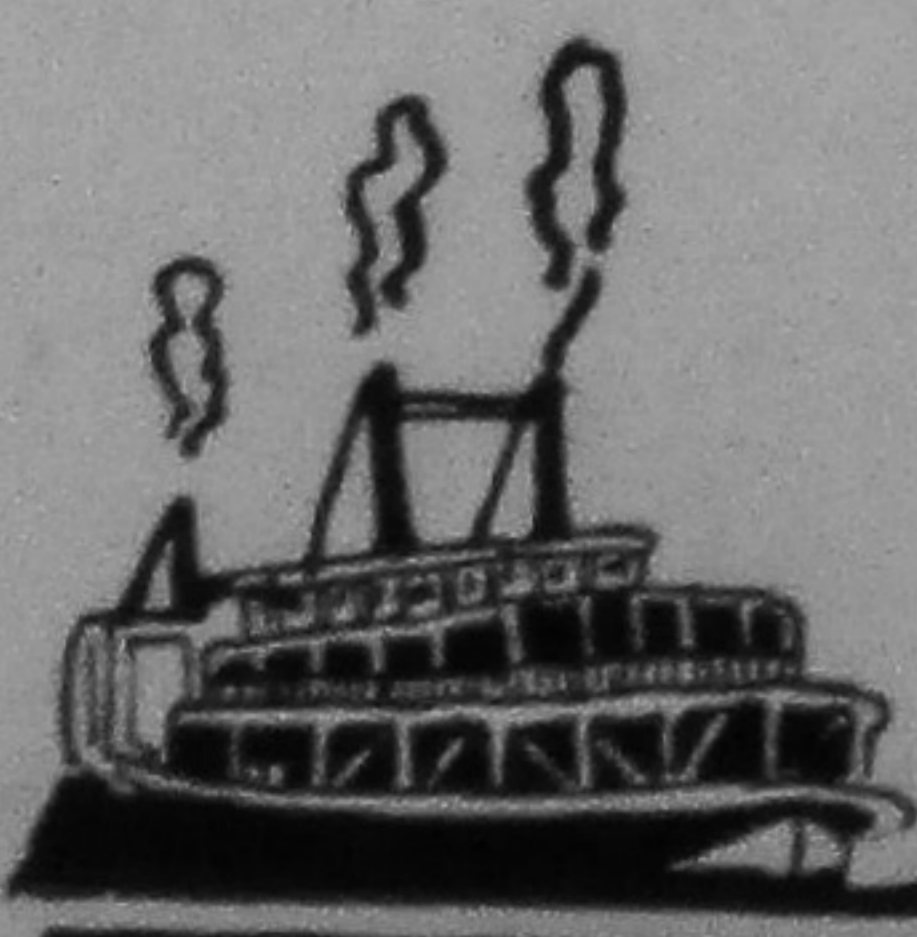
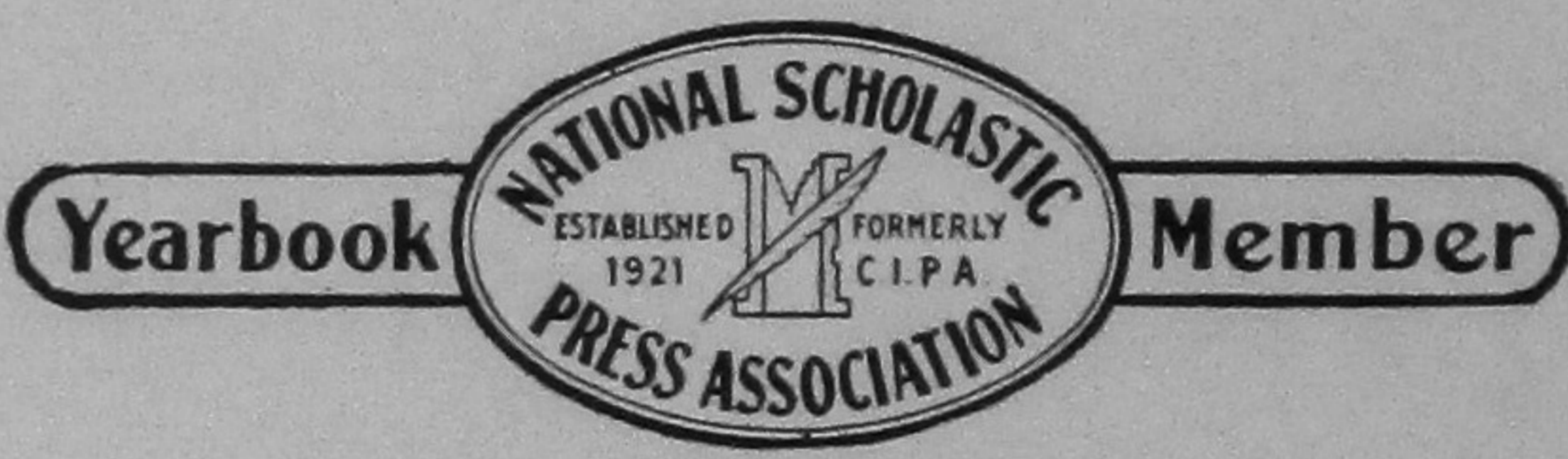
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The Sinhioto 1930





THE
1930
SINHOTO



*Published by the
Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirty*

*With the assistance of
The Student Body*

*Portsmouth High School
Portsmouth, Ohio.*



FOREWORD



To chronicle the activities of the year, so that in the future this book may bring back happy memories of the days at Portsmouth High School, is the modest hope and purpose of the 1930 SINHIOTO.



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- II ADMINISTRATION
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*In recognition of his
years of service, of his
genuine help and counsel
as educator, scholar, and
warm friend, this book, the
1930 Sinhioto is dedicated
to BERT LEACH.*

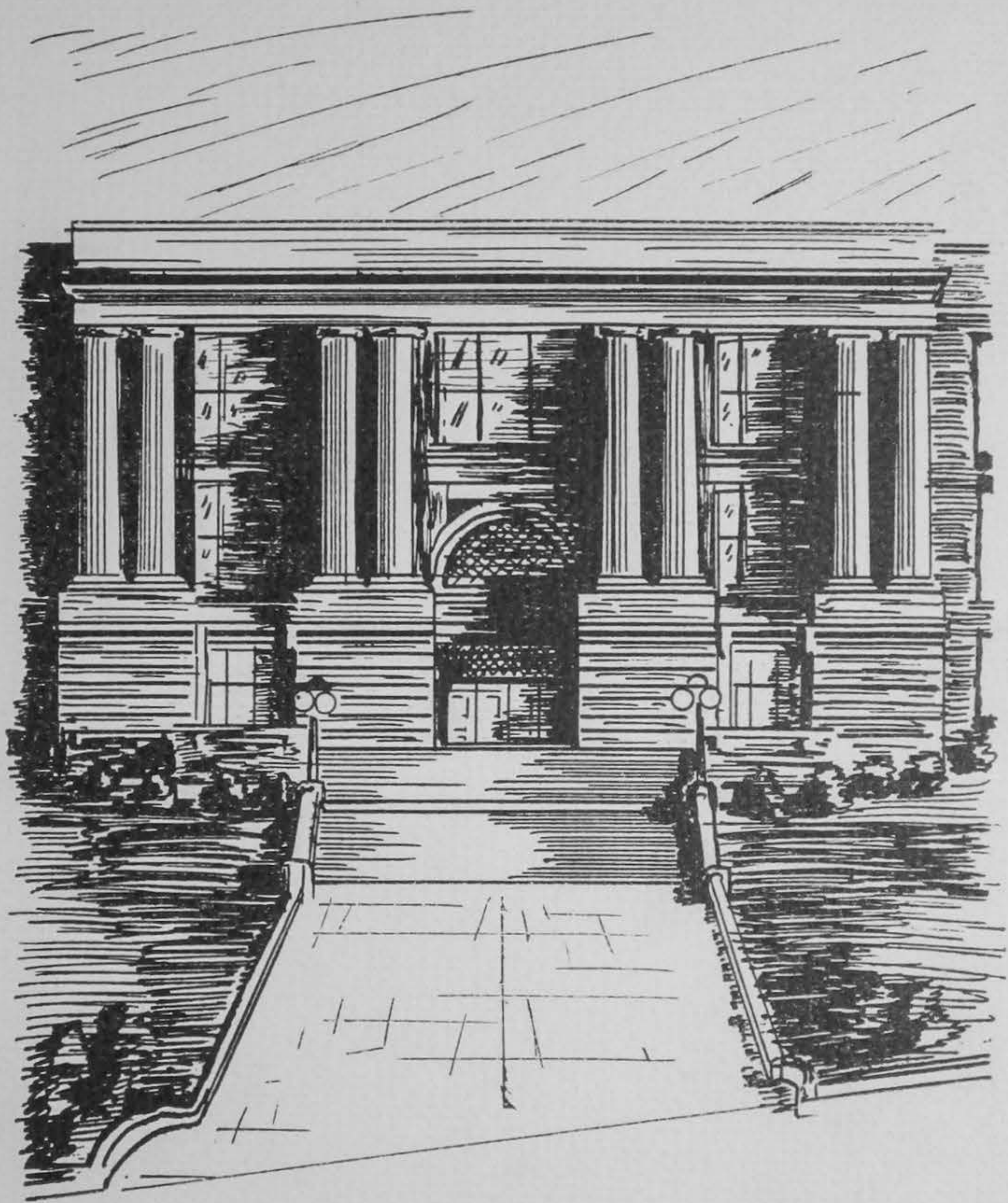




BERT LEACH

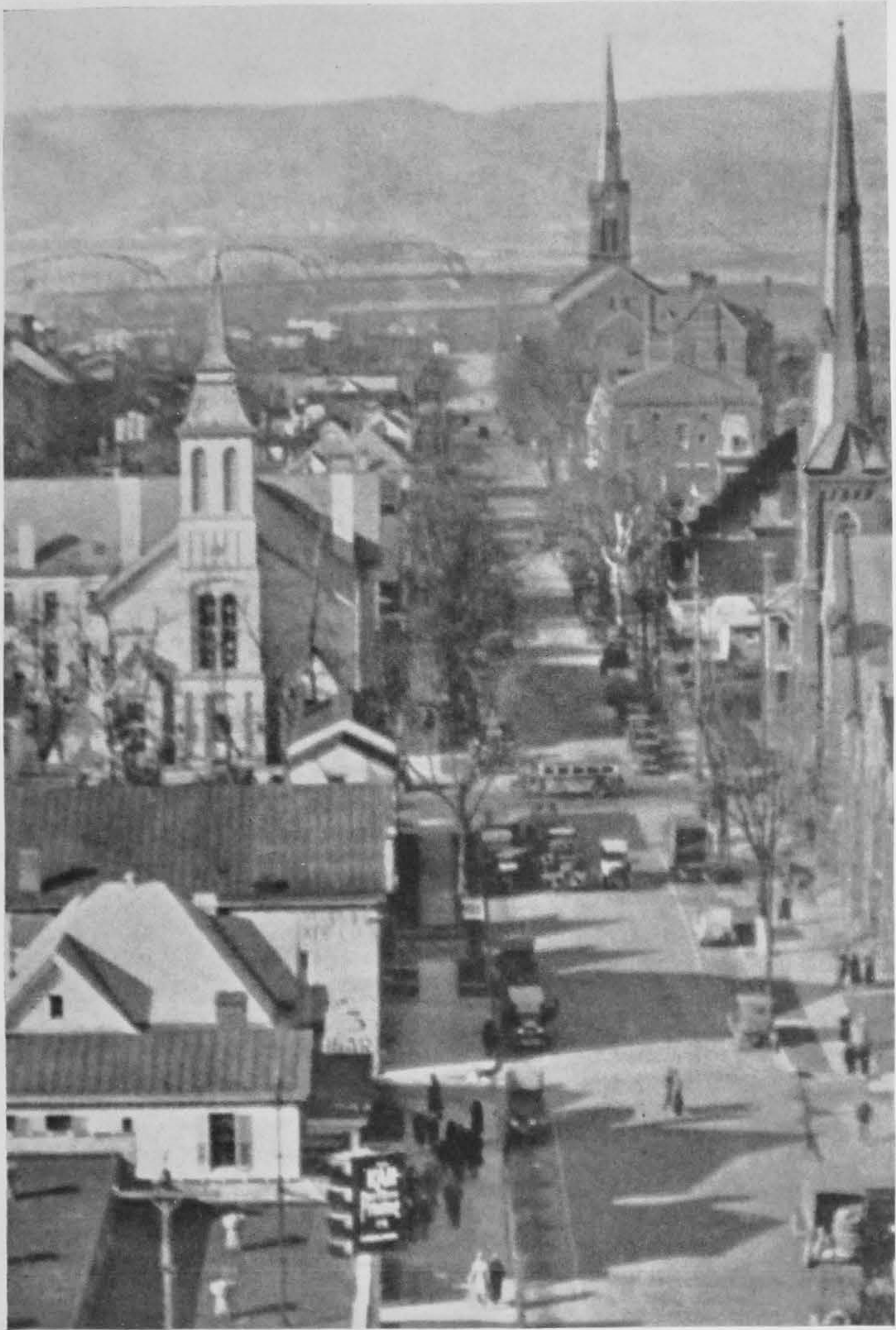


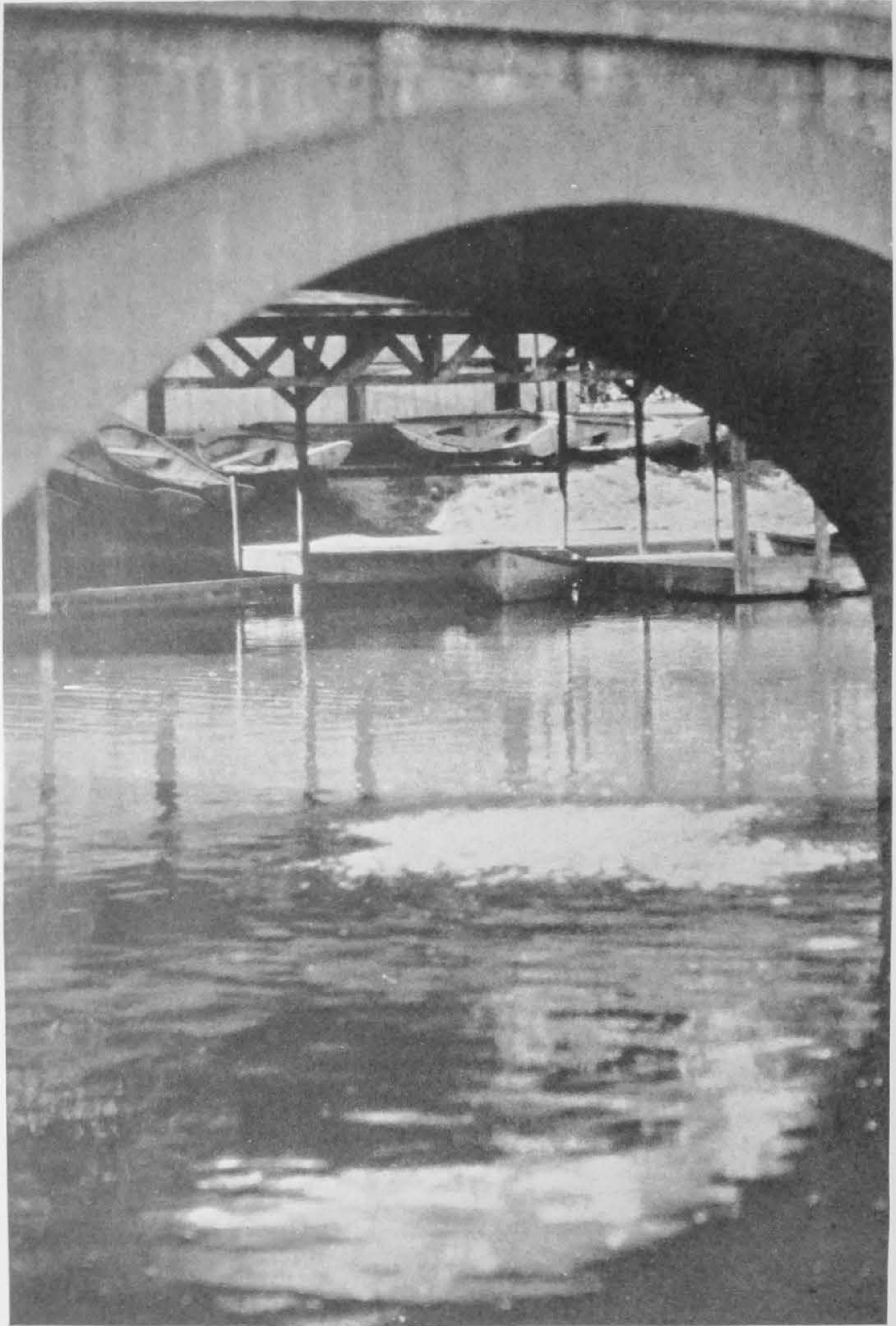














WOODNOTES



*Oft as I walk in the beautiful woods,
I ponder upon the mystery there,
And such thoughts as these go through my mind,
Thoughts that are old to mankind:*

"Who knows the woods?

And who can tell

Why flowers grow—

Birds voices swell?

Why bees haunt certain flowers, and why

The bluebird's colored like the sky?

Why cardinal has a coat of red?

What thoughts are in the squirrel's small head?

Why from a clod pure beauty springs?"

Not man, but God

Knows all these things.

FRONA WHEELER WILLIAMS, '26.





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Gladys Hughes



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 Physical Director



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National Theatre Orchestra,
Mannheim
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Shorthand



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University of Illinois
Spanish



BERT LEACH
Western State Normal
Shorthand
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Mathematics





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Bookkeeping

LOLLIE ANDERSON
American Conservatoire
Fontainebleau, France
Voice



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A. M., University of North Carolina
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Ohio State University
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A. B., Miami University
University of Wisconsin
University of Cincinnati
Physics

CHARLES LORENTZ
A. B., Marietta College
Wittenberg College
Ohio State University
Science



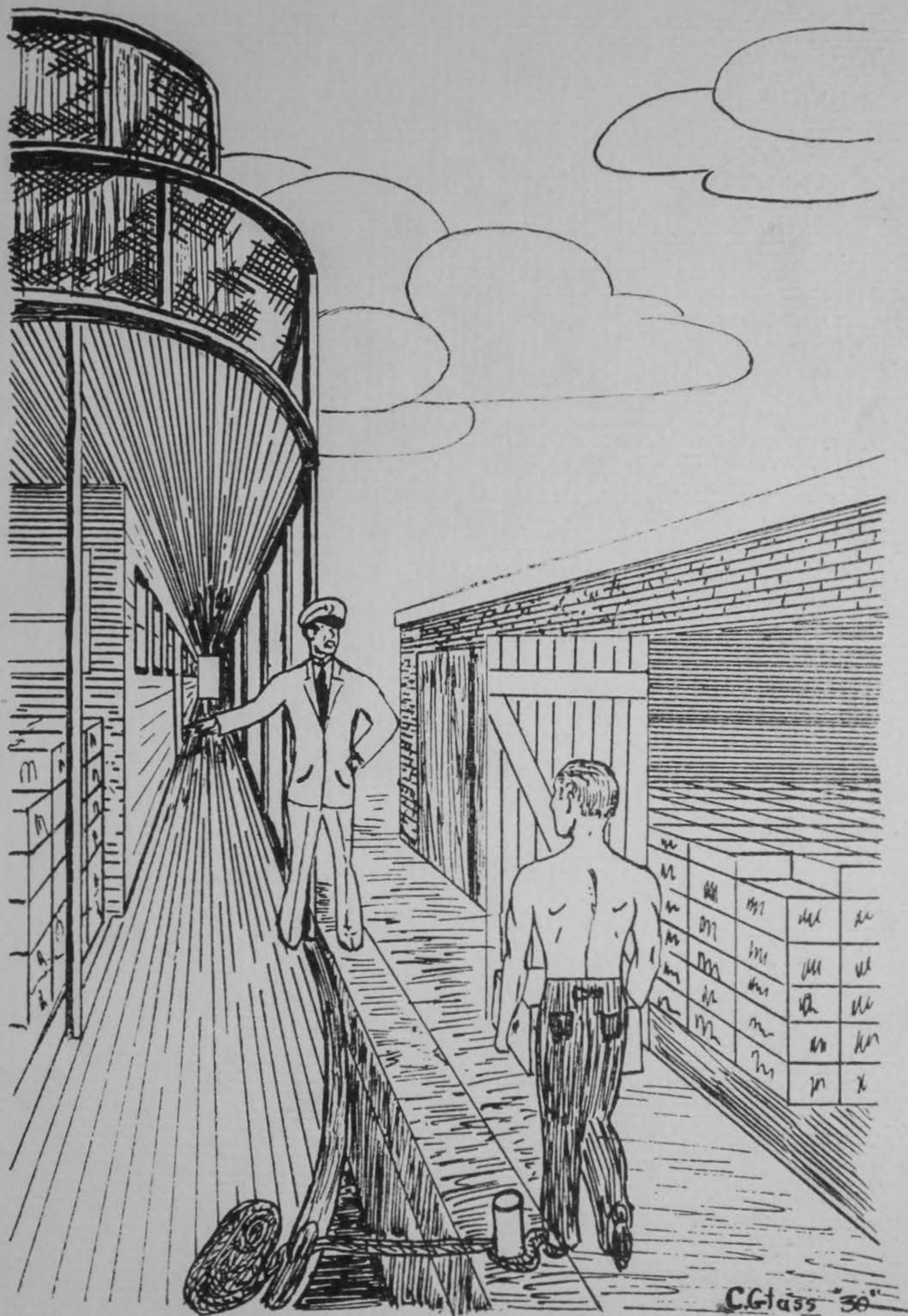
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B. S., Ohio State University
Miami University
Home Economics

A. K. WHEELER
B. S., Denison University
Mathematics
Physics



IRENE SLATTERY
Secretary





STUDENT ADMINISTRATION



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MOVIE: Paul Buckley, Charles Cookes, Warren Jones, Katherine Waller, Donald Ferguson.

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MUSIC: Henry Kegley, Dorothy White, Herbert Wendelken, Henry Kelso Ralph Hope.

WELFARE: Jean Hartley, John Wales, Martha Lust, Lorraine Crichton, Lester Schisler.

VISITORS: Wilma Wakefield, Jeanne Briggs, Dorothy White, Nettie Sutherland, Paul Buckley, Earl Miller, James McConnell.

With seven members it is possible for one member of the visitors committee to be at the desk in the hall each period to receive and direct visitors.



LIKE SHIPS AT SEA



*Each man is like a ship at sea,
On his way toward Eternity.
We sail across life's troubled main
To fruitful ports we hope to gain;
And some reach home, and some are wrecked
Upon the shoals of grim Neglect;
And some are lost in storms of care,
And some are lost in sheer despair.
So let us always hail each other;
As ship does ship, so man to brother.*

*The way is long, the night is dark,
The hidden shoal may wreck the bark,
So give the signal and the sign
That always marks true friendship's line.
This we may do 'fore we are gone,
We speak, we hail, and then pass on.*

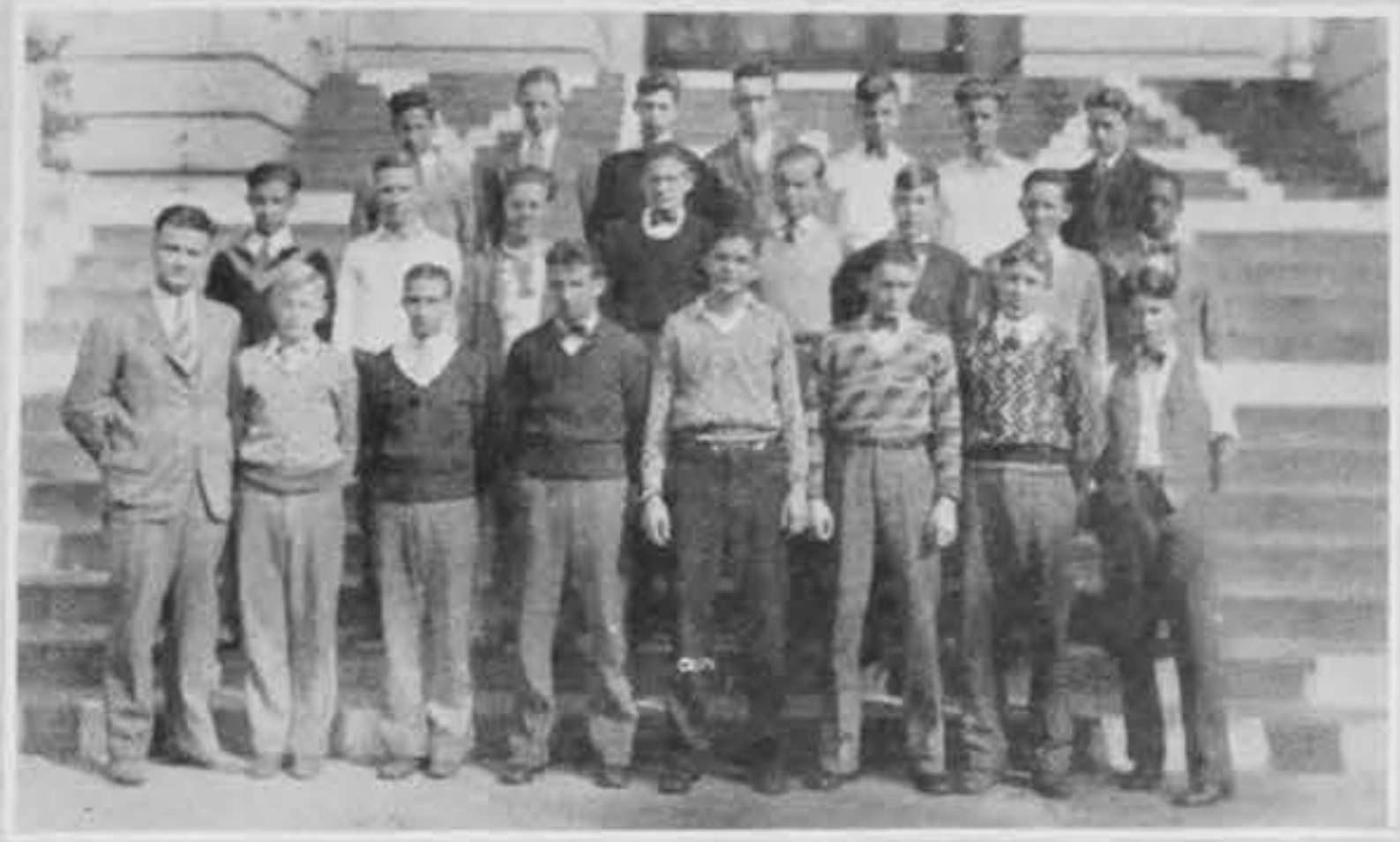
THOMAS VAUGHTERS, '30.



ADVISORY GROUPS



MISS MACKOY



MR. GRANBERG



MISS COCKRAN



MISS HORST



MISS PFAU



MISS WALLER



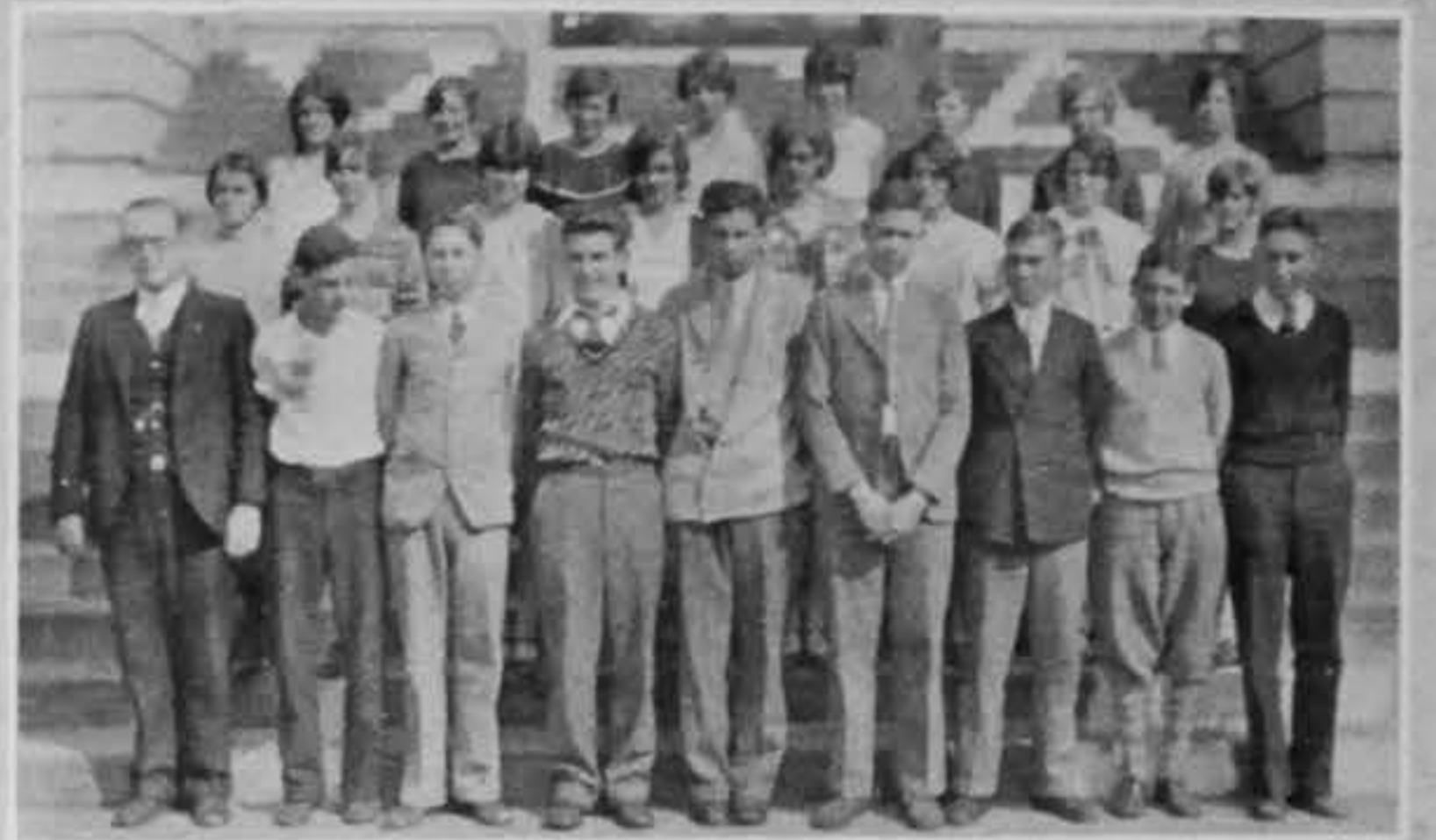
MISS GORSUCH



MISS AUCH



MR. HOPKINS.



MR. FREELAND



MISS NOEL



MISS BALL



MR. RAY



MISS RICKER



MISS KAUFFMAN



MR. DIEHL



MISS COLLEY



MISS FINNEY



MISS COLE



MR. ARMSTRONG



MISS HUGHES



MISS CRAMER.



MISS JOHNSTON



MISS GRAHAM



MISS BLAZER



MR. SHAFER



MR. WALDEN



MR. LINDEMAN



MISS KNIGHT



MISS DUPUY





MISS CRAMER
(Second Semester)



MR. SHAFER
(Second Semester)



MISS BELL



MR. LORENTZ



MR. NESS



MISS LIEVING



MISS SCHULTZ
(Second Semester)



MR. WHEELER





MR. LEACH



MR. MASSIE



MISS PRESTON
(Second Semester)



MR. KEGLEY



MISS SLAVENS



MR. SIMMONS



MISS PRESTON
(First Semester)





Clara F. G. 1929

SENIORS



SENIORS



JAMES MANNING	President
PAUL THOMPSON	Vice-President
ELOISE COVERT	Secretary
HERBERT GREEN	Treasurer

Attention Comrades! The "illustrious" members of the famous class of '30 have an historical epic to relate.

Four years ago the driftwood from the various streams of life entered this vast sea of education.

A raft, made of all these small pieces, at first seemingly struggled in vain to maintain an upright position.

The pilot and officers who successfully steered the raft through the first dangerous waters were: Mr. Bert Leach, faculty advisor; George Wheeler, President; Val Heisel, Vice President; Esther Gableman, Secretary; Pauline Grimes, Treasurer.

As time passed, this small and feeble raft gained strength through various means: the sophomore year, Miss Lucile Graham directed "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" the next year Miss Louise Canning sponsored "The Echo," directed "The Stone Lady" and the Junior Carnival; and this year Miss Alpha Cochran directed "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

While braving the angry waves of destruction many of the sailors have attained high merits in social and scholastic work. Several of our out-standing seamen were John Fugitt, Charles Vandervort, Gordon Gray, Robert Barr, John Glass, Marion Bremer, Oscar Dempsey, Ruth Snedaker, Doris Rheinfrank, Eloise Martin, and Winifred Fitch.

Under the sponsorship of Mr. Leach and Miss Horst, the tiny raft has developed into a great, stable, and magnificent ship; it has stood the test of time and now feels worthy of sailing upon the difficulties of life.

—R. M. S.





OPAL ACKISON

Latin Club, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Revelers, 2; Sock and Buskin, 1; Nature Club, 1.

"Thou'rt a good maid
And, what is more,
Thou'rt a winsome maid."



ELIZABETH ADAMS

Basketball, 3; Chemistry Club, 3, 4; Girl Scouts, 2; Glee Club, 4; Home Economics, 2, 3, 4.

"Be what you seem to be."



HAZEL ALBAN

Chemistry Club, 4; French Club, 3, 4.

"Of manners gentle; of affection mild."



FRANK ALLEN

"Bane"

Annual Staff, 4; Arts Club, 1, 2; Boy Scouts, 1; Chemistry Club, 4; Echo Staff, 3; Happy Bachelors, 4; Hi-Y, 4; Nature Club, 1; Revelers, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Spanish Club, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; Senior Chapel "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4.

"This world belongs to the energetic."



NANCY ALLEN

"Rather say you saw her lately,
Lightly kissing her last lover."

LYDA ANDERSON

French Club, 3; Girl Scouts, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Tulip Time," 3.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair."

RAYMOND ARTHUR

"I think but dare not speak."

EDNA BACHE

French Club, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 3; Home Economics Club, 3.

"A grin or smile, you could see it a mile."

GLADYS BAKER

"Bake"

Baseball, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 1, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 3; Girls' Athletic Club, 2, 3, 4; Girls' League Cabinet Member, 4; Home Economics Club, 2, 3; Spanish Club, 2; Track, 1, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2.

"There is but one virtue—
The eternal sacrifice of self."

WILLIAM BANCROFT

Glee Club, 4; Hi-Y, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Senior Chapel, 4; "Tulip Time," 3.

"Let me out of doors where a body can get his breath."





ROBERT BARR

"Bob"

Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity, 3, 4; Nature Club, 1; Track, 2, 3, 4; Varsity "P", 3, 4; Basketball Manager, 3, 4.

"The truly valiant dare everything but doing anybody an injury."



GLADYS BARRINGER

Chemistry Club, 4; Girl Scouts, 1, 2, 3, 4; O. G. A., 2, 3; Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4.

"Blush! Oh my, how she could blush."



ELIZABETH BEEKMAN

"Betty"

O. G. A., 2, 3.

"And a virtuous woman is far above rubies."



RICHARD BEODDY

Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; Physics Club, 4.

"And if the people find you can fiddle,
Why fiddle you must for all your life."



FORREST BERRY

Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Verse-makers, Nature Club, Boy Scouts.

"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

VIRGINIA BLAGG

Annual Staff, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Girl Scouts, 1, 2, 3; Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 3, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Track, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball, 3, 4; Volleyball, 3, 4; Senior Chapel, 4.

"Believe that you have it, and you have it."

BASHFORD BOWMAN

Boys' Glee Club, 4; French Club, 3; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Revelers, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Pickles", 2; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4; "Stone Lady," 3; "Tulip Time," 3.

"While I breathe, I hope."

JOAN BRANT

"To know her is to love her."

MARION LOUISE BREMER

Echo Staff, 3; Chemistry Club, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 3, 4; Revelers, 3, 4; Senior Chapel, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4; "Merton of the Movies," 3; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2.

"Strength of mind is exercise, not rest."

FORREST BRIGGS

"Man he's a whale for sleep; I been hearin' they sleep for six months up in his country."





HAROLD BUSSEY

"A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity."



ROBERTA CARSON

"Bertie"

Chemistry Club, 4; Physical Instruction, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4.

"A frivolous exterior, but a sincere heart."



RUTH CARSON

"Ruthie"

Chemistry Club, 3; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4.

"A missioner, proclaiming God
To ancient unbelieving lands."



CHASSIE CAUDILL

"Chass"

Annual Staff, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Girl Scouts, 3, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4; Latin Club, 3; Verse-makers, 3, 4; "Pickles," 2; Senior Chapel, 4; "Tulip Time," 3.

"They love her most,
Who know her best."



MABEL CLARK

Chemistry Club, 4; Spanish Club, 3.

"A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms."

FAYE COOPER

"Modest and shy as a nun is she."



ELOISE COVERT

Annual Staff, 4; Echo Staff, 3; Girls' League Cabinet, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Revelers, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Student Council, 3; Verse-makers, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Pax Mundi," 1; "Pickles," 2; "Station YYYY," 1; "Tulip Time," 3; "Youngest," 4; Secretary, 4.

"The tree is known by its fruit."



WALTER CRAYCRAFT

"He is of a very melancholy disposition."



JEAN CRULL

Chemistry Club, 4; Class Basketball, 1, 3, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; Varsity Basketball, 2, 3, 4.

"Of all the treasures fair to see
A tiny ring is the thing for me."



JACK DAVIS

Annual Staff, 4; Arts Club, 2, 3; Band, 2, 3; Chemistry, 4; Glee Club, 2; Hi-Y, 4; Nature Club, 1, 2; Orchestra, 3; Revelers, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 2; "Captain Applejack," "Pickles," Senior Chapel, 5; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 5; "Tulip Time."

"It does not please me."





OSCAR DEMPSEY

Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y, 3; National Honor Society, 3, 4; Nature Club, 1; O. G. A., 3, 4; Revelers, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; Secretary, 3.

"Where there's a will, there's a way."



ALICE ISABEL DENTON

Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Girls League Cabinet, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Revelers, 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Pax Mundi," 1; "Pickles," 2; "Tulip Time," 3; "Wishing Well," 1.

"There is none like thee among the dancers,
None with swift feet."



JOHN DIETZ

"There is no grudging in his eyes,
Nor anger, nor the least surprise."



HERBERT DISTEL

Class Basketball, 3.

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."



MARGARET DIXON

Chemistry Club, 3, 4; Girls' League, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4.

"She was a phantom of delight."

EDYTHE DUDLESTON

Debate, 1; Girl Scouts, 1, 2, 3, 4; Nature Club, 1;
Plus Ultra, 3, 4; Revelers, 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1.

"I wish I were an island amid an ocean of boys."

HARRIETTE DUNN

Baseball, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic
Club, 4; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Track, 3, 4;
Varsity Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 3, 4.

"Truth needs no flowers of speech."

OMEGA DUNNAVANT

Chemistry Club, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4.

"Wishes, like castles in the air, are
Inexpensive and not taxable."

WILLIAM EVERTON

"All things come to him who knowest how to wait."

WYELDA FERGUSON

Chemistry Club, 3; Girls' League, 4; Home Eco-
nomics Club, 3, 4; Latin Club, 4.

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."





GORDON FESSLER

Annual Staff, 4; Arts Club, 2, 3, 4; Echo Staff, 3; Hi-Y, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Revelers, 2, 3, 4.

"When I said I would die a bachelor
I did not think that I should live till I were married."



WINIFRED FITCH

"Winnie"

Chemistry Club, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4.

"How much better it is to get wisdom than gold."



DICK FLEMING

"Bates"

Chemistry Club, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; Spanish Club, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; Senior Chapel, 4; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4; "Youngest", 4.

"Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine?"



DICK FOWLER

"Pudge"

Arts Club, 1, 2; Glee Club, 2, 3; Sock and Buskin, 1; Spanish Club, 2, 3; Stage Manager, 1; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Pickles," 2; "Tulip Time," 3; Wishing Well, 1.

"Mark the rich hue of his eye;
Is it done with madder?"



JOHN FUGITT

Boosters' Club, 1; Class Baseball, 1; Class Track, 1, 4; Student Council, 4; Varsity Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Football, 2, 3, 4; Varsity "P" 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Track, 4.

"They conquer who believe they can."

ESTHER GABLEMAN

"Es"

Annual Staff, 4; Echo Staff, 3; French Club, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; Secretary, 1; Chemistry Club, 4; "Pax Mundi," 1.

"She walks in beauty like the night,
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."



LEROY GILLESPIE

"Red"

Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Nature Club, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Student Council, 3.

"Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love."



CHLOIE MARIE GILLILAND

"Sport"

Jackson High School; Commercial Club, 2, 3; History Club, 2; Home Economics Club, 1, 2; Science Club, 1.

"You are a person of some interest; one comes to you
And takes strange gain away."



HARRIETT GILMORE

Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Echo Staff, 3; French Club, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 2, 3, 4; Girls' League Cabinet, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 3; Revelers, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin Club, 1; Student Council, 3; Verse-makers, 1, 2; Glee Club Concert, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Pax Mundi," 1; "Pickles," 2; "The Piper's Pay," 4; "Station YYYY," 1; "Tulip Time," 3; "Wishing Well," 1.

* "Why do I remember you as a singing bird?"



DOROTHY GINN

"Dot"

Annual Staff, 4; Echo Staff, 3; Chemistry Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; O. G. A., 2, 3; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Spanish Club, 2, 3.

"She liked whate'er
She looked on; and her glance went everywhere."





CLAUDE E. GLASS

Fairmont High School; Chess, 3; Operetta, 3; Spanish Club, 1, 2; Arts Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Football, 3, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Track, 3, 4; Senior Chapel.

"And if my bubbles be too small for you,
Blow bigger than your own."



JOHN GLASS

Annual Staff, 4; Arts Club, 1, 2; Chemistry Club, 4; Echo Staff, 2, 3; Happy Bachelors, 4; National Honor Society, 3, 4; Plus Ultra, 3, 4; Revelers, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Pax Mundi," 1; Senior Chapel; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4; "Stone Lady," 3; "Youngest," 4; Editor of Echo, 3; Vice-President, 3.

"Labor overcomes all difficulties."



DOROTHY GLICKMAN

Chemistry Club, 4; Latin Club, 4.

"She lives to build, not boast."



MARGUERITE GOETZ

"Goetzzy"

Chemistry Club, 4; Class Baseball, 3; Girls' Athletic Club, 4; Glee Club, 4; Girl Scouts, 2, 3, 4; Library, 3, 4; Music Association, 4; Pen and Brush, 3; Revelers, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Track, 3; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4; Senior Chapel.

"Gaiety is the soul's health."



GORDON DALLAS GRAY

Shaw High School, 1, 2; Student Advisory, 2; Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Echo Staff, 3; Glee Club, 4; Happy Bachelors, 4; Revelers, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4; "Ghost Story," 3; Midsummer Night's Dream, 2; "Merton of the Movies," 3; Senior Chapel, 4; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4; "Stone Lady," 4; "Youngest," 4; President, 3.

"The life of man without literature is death."

HERBERT GREEN

"Herb"

Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Class Basketball; Football Manager, 4; Hi-Y; Latin Club; Nature Club; Sock and Buskin; Student Council; Tennis "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; Treasurer, 4; "Aria da Capo," 1.

"I'll follow the women wherever they call;
That's why I'm going to Tilbury town."

PAULINE GRIMES

"Polly"

Annual Staff, 4; Echo Staff, 2, 3; French Club, 3; Girls' Athletic Club, 3, 4; Girl Scouts, 3; Latin Club, 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; Tennis, 3; Varsity Basketball, 1.

"A model of ideal perfection."

HOWARD GRISSOM

Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Class Basketball, 3; Happy Bachelors, 4; Hi-Y, 3, 4; Nature Club, 1; O. G. A., 2, 3; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Spanish Club, 2, 3; Verse-makers, 2, 3; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Station YYYYY," 1; Secretary, 2.

"The only thing that I did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid."

VIRGINIA GUNTHER

"Ginny"

Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Echo Staff, 3; O. G. A., 2, 3; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Commercial Club, 4; "Pax Mundi," 1.

"As an angel among angels yea, by Heaven!"

EARLE HALSTEAD

Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 1, 2; Football manager assistant, 3; Football manager, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3; Music Club, 1; Varsity "P", 4; "Pickles," 2.

"Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book."





WILLIAM HANEY

Band, 1, 2, 3; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3.

"Soft thy slumber; bright thy dream."



JEAN HARTLEY

French Club, 3, 4; Girl Scouts, 3; Latin Club, 2;
Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Student Council, 4.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."



VAL HEISEL

Annual Staff, 4; Boy Scouts, 1; Chemistry Club, 4;
Echo Staff, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4; Gym Team, 3; Happy
Bachelors Club, 4; Hi-Y, 4; Kaliko Kat, 1; Orchestra,
2; Revelers, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; "Pickles," 2;
"Pot Boiler," 2; Senior Chapel, 4; "Seven Keys to
Baldpate," 4; "Tulip Time," 3; "Youngest," 4; Editor
of the Sinhoto, 4; President, 2; Vice-President, 1.

"Ability involves responsibility."



ESTHER HELD

Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Commercial
Club, 4; Glee Club, 4; O. G. A., 2; Office Staff, 4;
Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4; "Wishing Well," 1.

"She looks so meek and is not meek at all."



HELEN HERRMANN

Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Commercial
Club, 4; Girl Scouts, 4; O. G. A., 2.

"There is nothing beautiful but truth."

LOREN HIGGINS

"He must have lost the key to his tongue."



JOSEPH HIKE

"Joe"

Annual Staff, 4; Class Basketball, 3; Football, 1, 2, 3.

"Bold heart and a doughty arm in fight he hath."



EDITH HILL

"Hilly"

Basketball, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Girl Scouts, 1; Glee Club, 4; O. G. A., 2, 3; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Spanish Club, 2, 3; Volley Ball, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; Senior Chapel, 4.

"O, they love least who let men know their love."



RUTH HILL

Class Basketball, 2, 4; Class Baseball, 3; Chemistry Club, 3; Girls' Athletic Club, 4; Girl Scouts, 3; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4.

"Modesty is the color of virtue."



RICHARD HOWE

"He found a city brick, but left it marble."





ELIZABETH HUGHES

"And if all ladies were as wise
There would be fewer tears."



HENRY JACOB

Boy Scouts, 1; Chemistry Club, 4; O. G. A., 2, 3.

"And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach."



ROGER JACOB

Arts Club, 4; Boy Scouts, 1; Chemistry Club, 4; O. G. A., 4.

"It is only the first step that is difficult."



VIRGINIA JONES

Chemistry Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4.

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To aid and comfort and command."



HELEN JORDAN

Annual Staff, 4; Band; Chemistry Club, 4; Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 2, 3, 4; Girls' League Cabinet, 4; Revelers; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Tennis, 3; Varsity Basketball, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2; "Station YYYY," 1; "Stone Lady," 3; "Youngest," 4; Treasurer, 2.

"Her smile, her speech, her winning way
Made many a man give his heart away."

HENRY KEGLEY

Wytheville, High School; Baseball, 1, 2; Class Cheer Leader, 1, 2; Dramatic Club; Football, 2; Hiking Club, 2; Band, 3, 4; B Sharp Club, 4; Drum Major, 4; Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4; Music Association, 4; Track, 3; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Student Council, 4; Verse-makers, 4; Senior Chapel, 4.

"He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were blown."

MILDRED KELLER

"Mid"

O. G. A.; Volley Ball, 1.

"I had not ever noticed
I was a comely lass."

RUTH KENNEDY

Chemistry Club, 3; Home Economics Club, 3.

"But I must build, and build, and build
Until a temple stands."

SAM KENYON

Football, 2.

"No one can love and be wise at the same time."

RALPH H. KEPP

Chemistry Club, 4; O. G. A., 2; Spanish Club, 2, 3.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."





G. RUSSELL KILGORE

"Rusty"

Boy Scouts, 1, 2; Class Track, 1, 2, 3; Gym Exhibition, 2; Happy Bachelors, 4; Hi-Y, 4; Nature Club, 1; Office Staff, 4; O. G. A., 2, 3; Physics Club, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4; Track Manager, 3, 4.

"All pure lily and rose
In his youth, and like a lady."



MARGARETTA KIRBY

Girls' Athletic Club, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3.

"Thus to relieve the wretched was her pride."



MAGDALENA KNOST

Spanish Club, 3.

"The truth is mighty and will prevail."



FRANCES KRAUSZ

Chemistry Club, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2.

"With mirth and laughter let all wrinkles come."



PAULINE LAKIN

"Polly"

Chemistry Club, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; Latin Club, 3, 4.

"Good articles are put up in small cases."

ELOISE ROBERTA LEEDOM

"Lois"

Chemistry Club, 4; Class Basketball, 1, 2; Sock and Buskin, 1; Girls' Athletic Club, 4; O. G. A., 3; Volley Ball, 3, 4.

"And I'll be there with you
When my dreams come true."



ELIZABETH LEHMAN

"Lib"

Annual Staff, 4; Class Basketball, 2; Chemistry Club, 4; Debate Squad, 4; Echo Staff, 3, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 2, 3, 4; French Club, 2, 3; Girl Scouts, 1, 2; Girls' League Cabinet, 4; Revelers, 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Tennis, 4; "Ghost Story," 3; "Merton of the Movies," 3; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; Senior Chapel, 4; "Stone Lady", 3; "Station YYYYY", 1.

"Worry and I have never met."



EVERETTE GREY LIVESAY

"Gus"

Moraine Park School; Steele High School; Annual Staff, 4; Football, 1; Ganet Society; Golf, 3, 4.

"Wine, women, and song doth sometimes life prolong."



DRUSELLA LYKINS

"Sally"

Basketball, 1, 2; Echo Staff, 3; Latin Club, 3, 4; Nature Club, 1; Revelers, 2; Sock and Buskin, 1; Student Council, 3, 4; Tennis, 2; Varsity Debate, 3; Varsity "P", 3; Visitors Committee, 4.

"I know, I know—I do not lie—
I shall go dreaming till I die."



JAMES McCONNELL

"Count"

Boosters, 2; Student Council, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Track, 3, 4; Varsity "P", 2, 3, 4; Visitors Committee, 4.

"Luck is a very good word, if you put 'P' before it."





HELEN McGOHAN

Spanish Club, 1.

"In the silence of the noon
I would read with a will."



HENRY W. MAIER

Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4.

"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."



GENEVA MANN

"Squeak"

Chemistry Club, 3; Girl Scouts, 1, 2; Home Economic Club, 3, 4.

"'I must be ready when he comes,' she said."



JAMES MANNING

"Jim"

Class Basketball, 2, 3; Football, 2, 3; French Club, 3, 4; Hi-Y Club, 4; Student Council; "Ghost Story;" "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Seven Keys to Baldpate"; President, 4; President Student Council, 4.

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances."



DORIS LEE MARSHALL

Annual Staff, 4; Home Economics Club, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Revelers, 2, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; Senior Chapel, 4.

"Mindful and faithful."

GLENN MARSHALL

"A warrior he of noble blood
As ere found fun in fight."



ELOISE MARTIN

"El"

Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 1; Debate, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 4; Girls' League Cabinet, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; National Flag, Contest, 3; Physics Club, 4; Revelers, 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; "Captain Applejack," 2; "Pax Mundi," 1; "Pot Boilers," 2; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4; "Station YYYY", 1; "Stone Lady," 3; "Youngest," 4.

"Life is a stage."



REBA MENEFEE

Chemistry Club, 3; Class Basketball, 1, 2; French Club, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 3, 4; Girl Scouts, 1, 2; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4; "Station YYYY," 1; Treasurer, 3; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."



BETTY LORENA MOORE

"Jo"

Minford High School, 1, 2; Chemistry Club, 3; Orchestra, 3; Home Economics Club, 3.

"And you can halt and show them there
The things that they are deaf to now."



CATHERINE ELIZABETH MOORE

"Billie"

Minford High School, 1, 2; Chemistry Club, 3; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4.

"I will teach the children their behaviors."





CLOYA MOORE

Class Basketball, 3.

"Love conquers all things; let us too yield to love."



ESTHER MOORE

"Perchance some small spark may be concealed."



JUANITA MOORE

Chemistry Club, 4; Class Basketball, 1, 2; Sock and Buskin, 1; Girl Scouts, 2, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2; Home Economic Club, 3, 4; Nature Club, 1.

"What lips my lips have kissed I have forgotten,
And where, and why."



ALMA MORITZ

Class Basketball, 2; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Nature Club, 1; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Varsity Basketball, 1; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2.

"And let the rest of the world go by."



MILDRED CAROLYN MULTER

"Mid"

Annual Staff, 4; Echo Staff, 3; Glee Club, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 4.

"Read me; do not let me die!
Search the fading letters, finding
Steadfast in the broken binding
All that once was I."

EVELYN NEFF

Chemistry Club, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 4.
"She talks by day and winds up by night."



KINLOCH NELSON

Annual Staff, 4; French Club, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2.
"Prithee, tell me, Dimpled Chin,
At what age does love begin?"



ROBERT W. NEWMAN

Annual Staff, 4; Arts Club, 4; Band, 1, 2; Orchestra, 1, 2; Revelers, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2, 3; "As You Like It," 3; "Patsy," 4; Senior Chapel, 4; Senior Chapel, 5; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 5.
"Do you know me, lady? I am he
That you are weeping for."



RONALD PARKER

"Ron"

Class Basketball, 3; Track, 3.
"A man's a man for a' that."



MARTHA PATTERSON

"I see how thine eyes would emulate the diamond."





MARTHA PEEBLES

"Mart"

Hillsdale School, 3; Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club; French Club, 4; Latin Club, 4; Revelers, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Verse-makers, 4; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4.

"Blue were her eyes as fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."



LOLA PRAYTHER

Baseball, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Class Basketball, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3; Track, 4; Varsity Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 3, 4.

"With a simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything."



DON PRICE

Class Basketball, 4, 5; Football, 1; Track, 1, 2, 3; Senior Chapel, 4; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 5.

"'Tis neck or nothing; yes or no?"



IDA LOUISE PRICE

"Lou"

Class Basketball, 1; O. G. A.; Revelers, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4.

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."



ROBERT RANDALL

Band, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 3, 4; Orchestra, 3, 4; Senior Chapel, 4.

"Among them was a drummer boy
Who beat his drum that day."

EILEEN RAY

Commercial, 4; Office Staff, 4; O. G. A., 2; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Spanish Club, 2, 3; Chemistry, 4.

"Spirited, frail, naively bold,
Brunette hair that flashes gold."



HAROLD STEPHEN REDEPENNING

"All that I ask is to be let alone."



HELEN REEDER

Chemistry Club, 4.

"Kentucky is famous for its beautiful women."



DORIS RHEINFRANK

Echo Staff, 2; Chemistry Club, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 3, 4; Revelers, 2, 3, 4; "Neighbors," 3; Senior Chapel, 4; "Stone Lady," 3; "Youngest," 4.

"She has learned the luxury of doing good."



JAMES H. RICHARDSON

Band, 1, 2, 3; Class Basketball, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Revelers, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4.

"Let the world slide—
I'll not budge an inch."





HARRIETT LELA RODGERS

"Nick"

Chemistry Club, 4; Commercial Club, 4; O. G. A., 2;
Spanish, 2, 3.

"Much in little."



WILLIAM H. ROGERS

Band, 3, 4; Boy Scouts, 1, 2; Class Basketball, 4;
Hi-Y, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3.

*"Large-brained, clear-eyed, of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be."*



WESLEY ROSS

"Bud"

"The sound of battle leaves him nodding still."



VIRGIL ROTROFF

*"I see and approve the better course, but
I follow the worse."*



HELEN ROWE

Home Economics Club, 3, 4.

"Puella pulchra et bona est."

GARNET RUPERT

O. G. A., 3; Spanish Club, 2, 3.

"But now her step is quiet and slow;
She walks the way primroses go."



GORDON SANDERS

Annual Staff, 3, 4; Arts Club, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 4; "Maid and the Middy."

"Heaven make you better than your thoughts."



MARIAN SCHIRRMAN

Sock and Buskin, 1; Spanish Club, 3, 4.

"I fain would follow love if that might be."



EDWARD SMALLEY

"Better late than never."



KATHERINE SMITH

"Kate"

Chemistry Club, 4; Revelers, 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; Spanish Club, 3, 4; "Neighbors," 3; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4; "Wishing Well," 1; "Aria da Capo," 1.

"But, since thou lovest,
Love still and thrive therein."





GENEVIEVE SNEDAKER

"Jenny"

Latin Club, 3, 4.

"An angel stood and met my gaze
Through the low doorway of my tent."



RUTH SNEDAKER

Echo Staff, 3; Girls' Athletic Club, 3, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 3, 4; Revelers, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Stone Lady," 3; "Youngest," 4.

"Blessed are the pure in heart."



NUNLEE SNOW

"Pinky"

Class Basketball, 4; Football, 4; Hi-Y, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Pax Mundi," 1.

"On my honor, I will do my best."



ANNA GRACE SPENCER

Annual Staff, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 3, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Chemistry, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Revelers, 3, 4; Track, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2; Volley Ball, 3, 4; "Pax Mundi," 1; Senior Chapel, 4; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," 4; "Stone Lady," 3.

"A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free."



MARY ELIZABETH SPRAGUE

"Lib"

Annual Staff, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Music Association, 4; Revelers, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Senior Chapel, 4; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Track, 4; Verse-makers, 4.

"Her voice, it was ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in a woman."

DORIS LYDIA STAKER

Chemistry Club, 4; O. G. A., 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1; Spanish Club, 3, 4.

"She laughed away the sorrow
And she smiled away the gloom."

JOHN STEWART

"Johnnie"

Spanish Club, 3; "As You Like It," 2.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

RUTH STEWART

"Steve"

Annual Staff, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Chemistry, 4; Class Basketball, 3, 4; Girls' Athletic Club, 3, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Revelers, 4; Student Council, 4; Varsity Basketball, 1, 2; Volley Ball, 3, 4; Senior Chapel, 4; "Stone Lady," 3; Library, 4; "Pax Mundi," 1.

"She wears the constant smile."

OTTO STONE

"Stony"

Arts Club, 4.

"For man is man, and master of his fate."

CARL ROBERT SUTER

Arts Club; Annual Staff, 4; Verse-makers, 2.

"I'll roar you as gently as any sucking dove."





THELMA SUTHERLAND

Chemistry Club, 4; French Club, 3, 4.

"There is none like her, none;
Nor will be when our summers are deceased."



ALICE SWISHER

Ripley High School, 3; Spanish Club, 4.

"Knowledge is power."



PAUL HOWARD THOMPSON

"Tompy"

Chemistry Club, 4; O. G. A., 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4; Stage Manager, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President, 4.

"And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."



ELIZABETH AUDREY TURNER

"Lyb"

Class Basketball, 2, 3; Girls' Reserve, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Revelers, 3, 4; Science Club, 2; "Columbine in Business," 3; "Feast of the Little Lanterns"; "Tulip Time," 3.

"An insatiable desire for talking."



CHARLES VANDERVORT

"Vandy"

Annual Staff, 4; Band, 1, 2; Class Basketball, 1; Class Track, 3; Echo Staff, 3; French Club; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Football, 2, 3, 4; Varsity "P", 2, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2.

"Let me die facing the enemy."

THOMAS E. VAUGHTERS

Annual Staff, 4; Arts Club, 4.

"You see your art still shrined in human shelves."

EVELYN VOGEL

Echo Staff, 3; Spanish Club, 3.

"A penny for your thoughts."

EDWARD WESLEY WALKER

"Circus"

Band, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball, 3, 4; Football, 2; Jolly Rogers, 3, 4; O. G. A.; Orchestra, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3; Student Council, 3; Varsity Football, 3, 4; Varsity "P", 3, 4; "Tulip Time," 3.

"Riding a band-wagon is the only life."

HOWARD C. WEBB

Happy Bachelors, 4; Tennis, 3.

"Wit is the lightning of the mind."

JEAN WEST

Latin Club, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2.

"A heart unspotted is not easily daunted."





GEORGE K. WHEELER

Annual Staff, 4; Band, 3, 4; Glee Club, 3; Happy Bachelors, 4; Hi-Y, 4; Music Association, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Student Council, 4; "Ghost Story," 3; President, 1; Vice-President, 2.

"Yea, so. 'Tis true as doom,
He shunneth a fair maid
As she were a foul-marten."



STANLEY WHITE

Annual Staff, 4; Arts Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Debate, 2; Echo Staff, 2, 3; Nature Club, 1; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3; Revelers, 2, 3, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Track, 3; "Captain Applejack," 2; "Merton of the Movies," 3; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2; "Pot Boiler," 2; "Stone Lady," 3; "Station YYYY," 1.

"I'm goin' away to stay a little while,
But I'm comin' back if I go ten thousand miles."



DOROTHY EVELYN WHITWORTH

"Dot"

Spanish Club, 3, 4; "Tulip Time," 3.

"Perhaps I could lift sadness
From his eyes."



ESTOLENE WIDDIG

Chemistry Club, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Girls' League Cabinet, 4; Sock and Buskin, 1, 2; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2.

"That I have lived I know; that I
Have loved is quite as plain."



MARGARET WILKING

"Maggie"

Latin Club, 3, 4; "Tulip Time," 3.

"For she had a heart as mellow
As an apple over-ripe."

EDWARD WILLIAMS

"Silence is the best fence around wisdom."



DOROTHY MAE WINTERS

"Dot"

O. G. A., 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4.

"She has a gentle soul and mild."



ELIZABETH WOLFF

"Lib"

Class Basketball, 1, 2, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 2.

"Of ten measures of talk sent down from heaven, the women took nine."



CORNELIA ZULIANI

"Zu"

Class Baseball, 3; Class Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Class Volley Ball, 3; Spanish Club, 2, 3; Student Council, 4.

"Who am I to be bound by old oaths
I will change them as I change my clothes."



NELSON BROWN

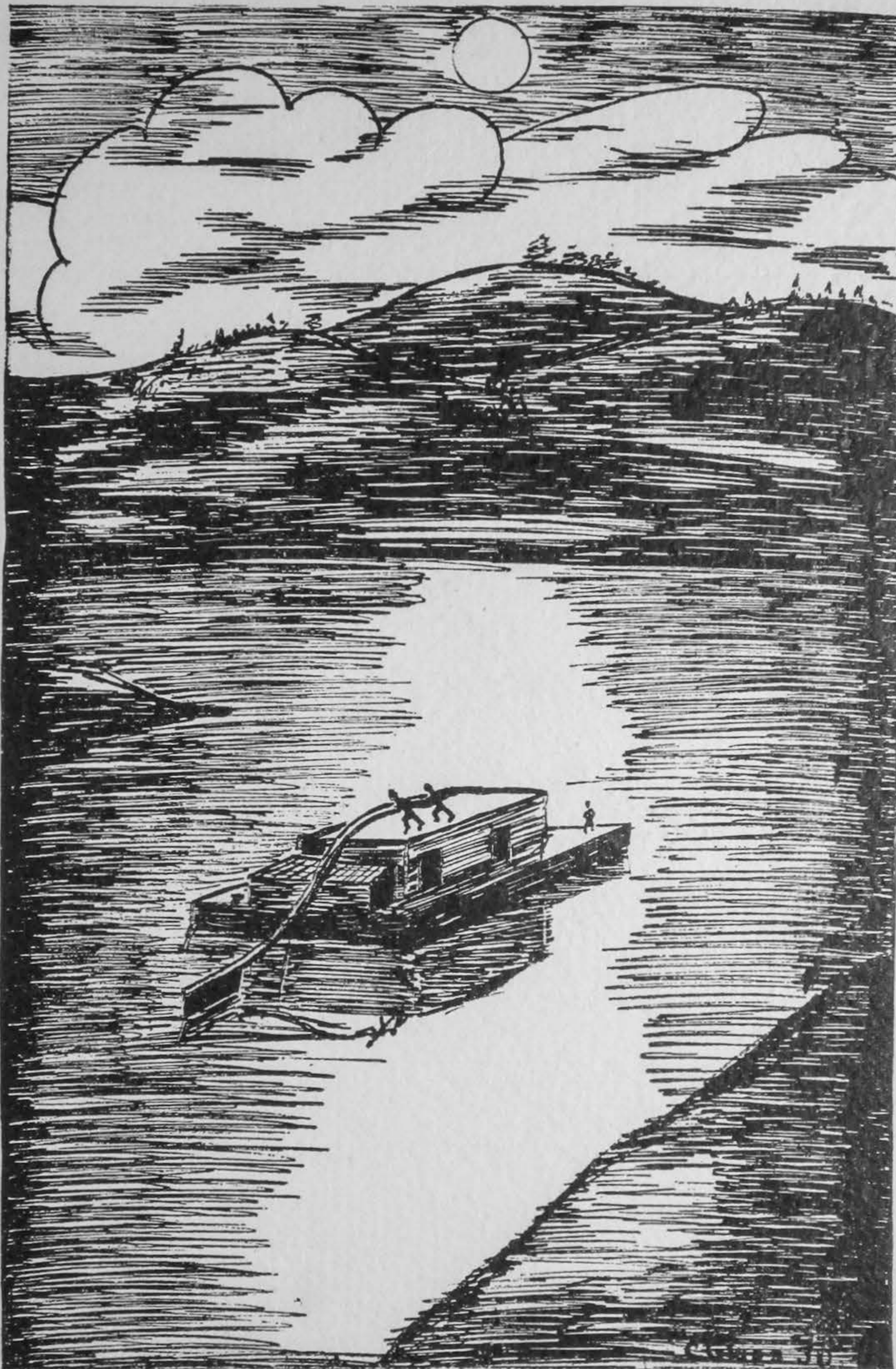
Chemistry Club, 4; Echo, 3; English Club, 4; Hi-Y, 4.

VERNON BURKHART

Glee Club, 3, 4; Revelers, 4; Varsity Football, 3, 4; Verse-makers, 2.

ANNE POWERS





JUNIORS



JUNIORS



WINFIELD FRENCH	<i>President</i>
JULIA RICKEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
EVELYN BOWSER	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY ELIZABETH SMITH	<i>Treasurer</i>

Another group of worthy seamen who have braved almost all the still, deep waters, is the class of '31.

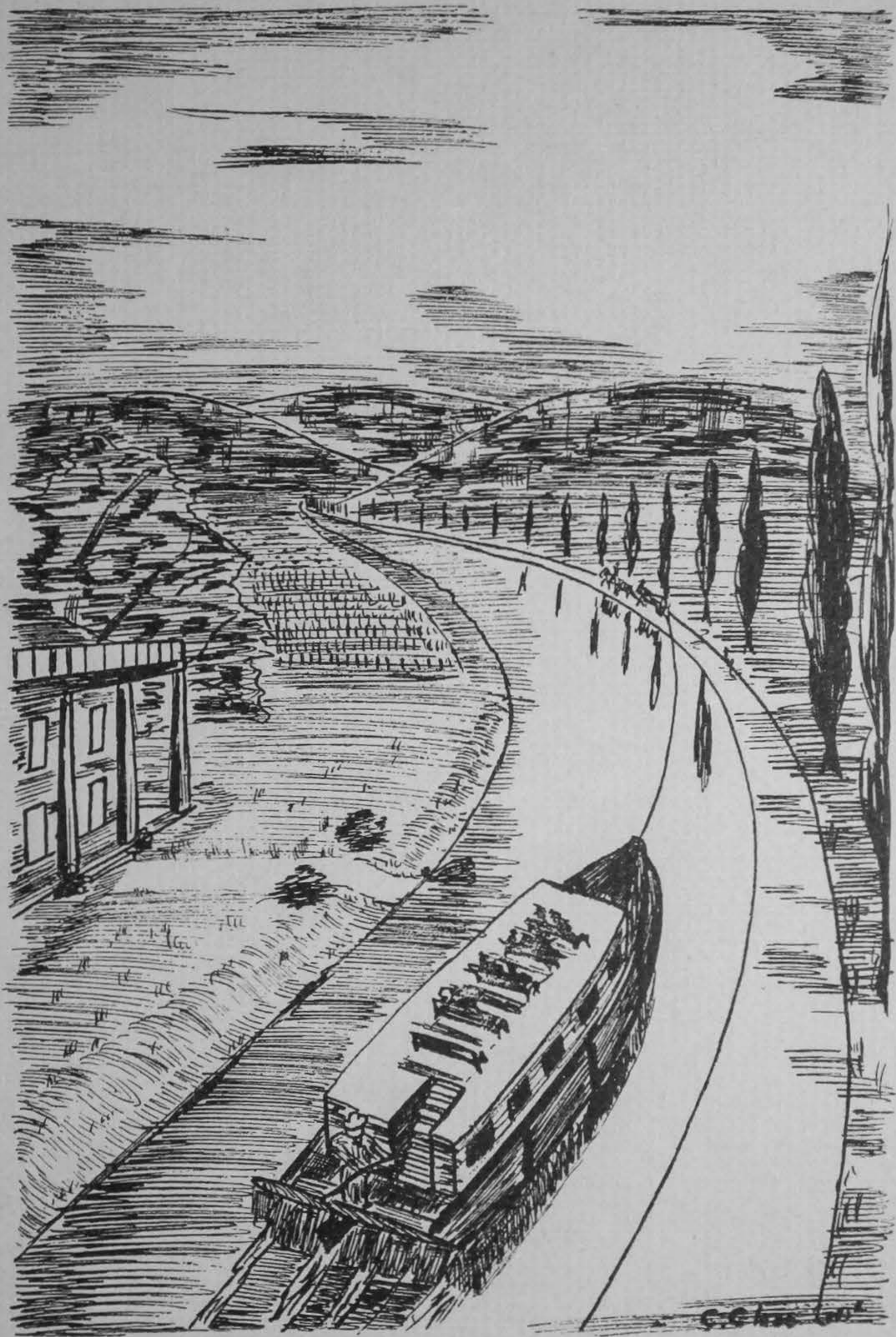
These seamen have already shown their ability to take over the responsibilities of a mighty ship. They have built up their strength by giving classical entertainments, bazaars and "Kempy." The pilot of their ship is Miss Katherine Kauffman. This ship has a unique and clever crew. A few outstanding sailors are: Martha White, Paul Cunningham, Robert Burkitt, Winfield French, Julia Rickey and George Doll.

When the time comes for the ship to leave the harbor, it must safely reach its destination under such an able crew.

—R. M. S.







SOPHOMORES



SOPHOMORIES



JUNIOR MOORE	<i>President</i>
SARAH ANNE MARTING	<i>Vice-President</i>
ROSINE SHIRRMAN	<i>Secretary</i>
DORIS EVANS	<i>Treasurer</i>

Behold, my friends, the sturdy gentlefolk who have completed the first lap of the long journey. They have been tossed about on the waves and rapids in their tiny boat, but like Hercules they always come out on the top. Miss Gladys Hughes has the responsibility of piloting this craft thro' the turbulent waters.

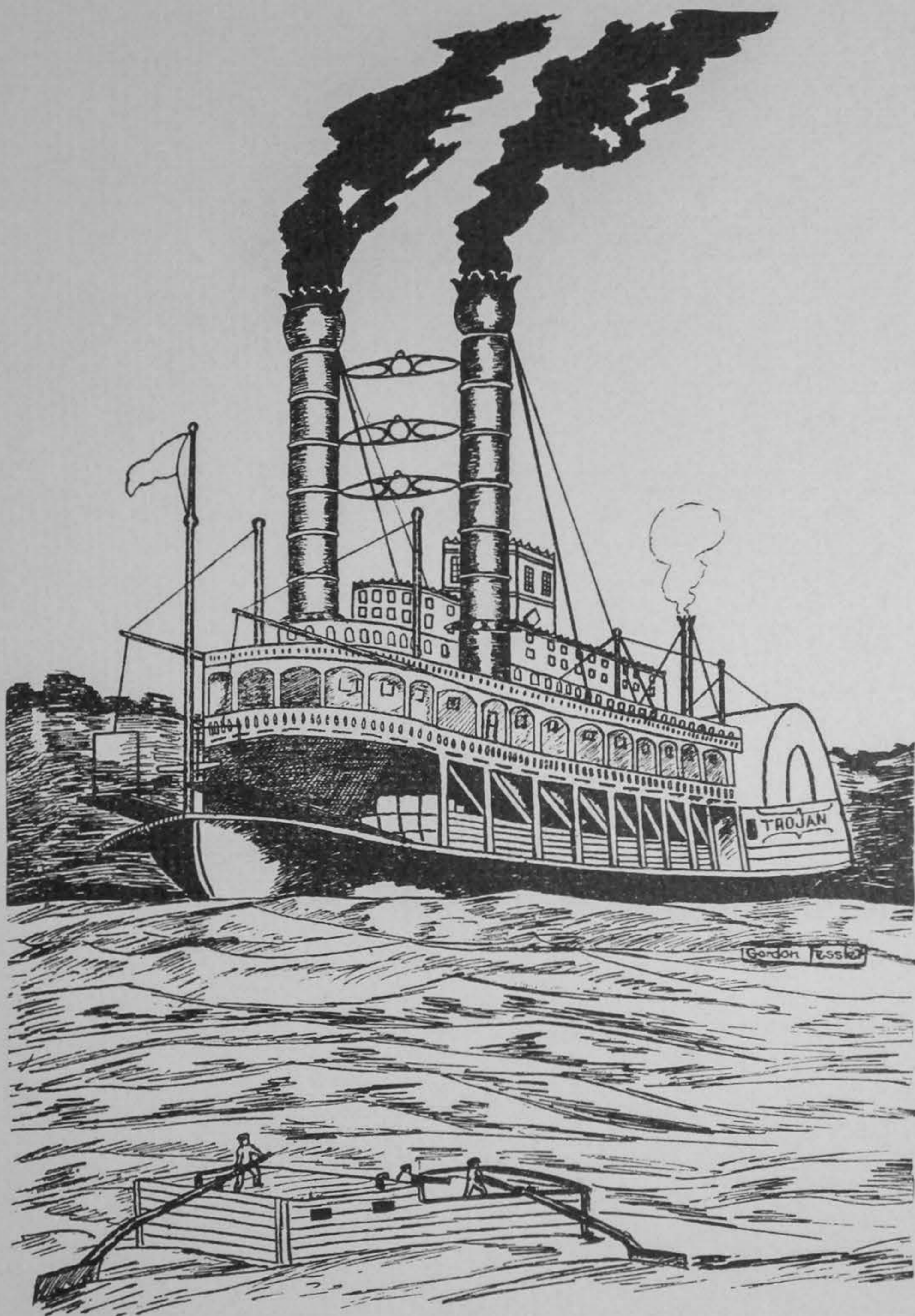
The class of '32 has given to dear old P. H. S. two valuable athletes, Junior Moore and Tod Cropper—"David and Jonathan." These two boys uphold the sportsmanship of the class.

This semester the class gave a Sport Dance. Was it a success? Did everyone have a good time? Just mention the dance to any one and you'll hear a deep sigh as if longing for it again. We are sure that the Sophs will keep up the record of previous years.

—R. M. S.







FRESHMEN



FRESHMIEN

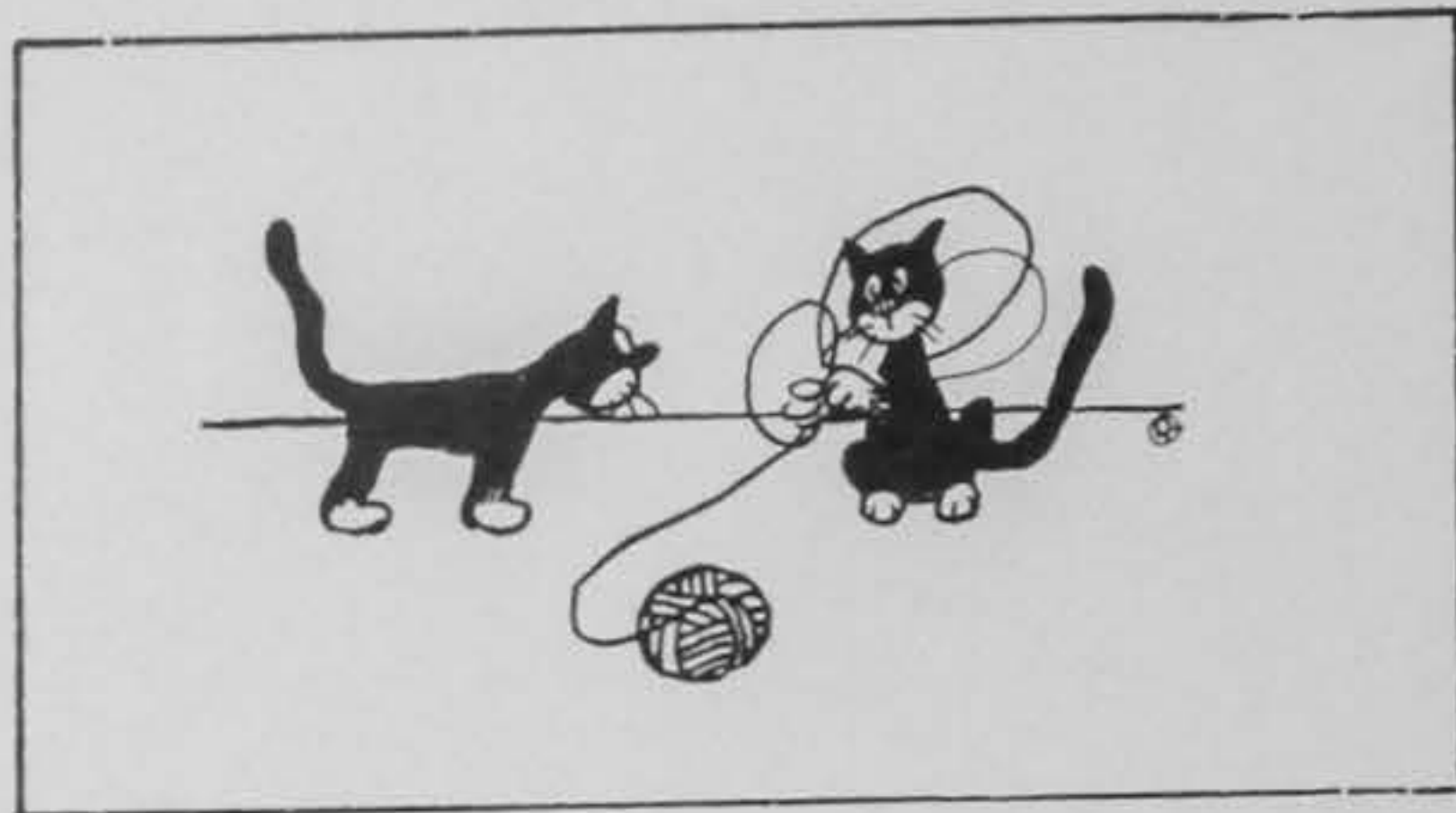


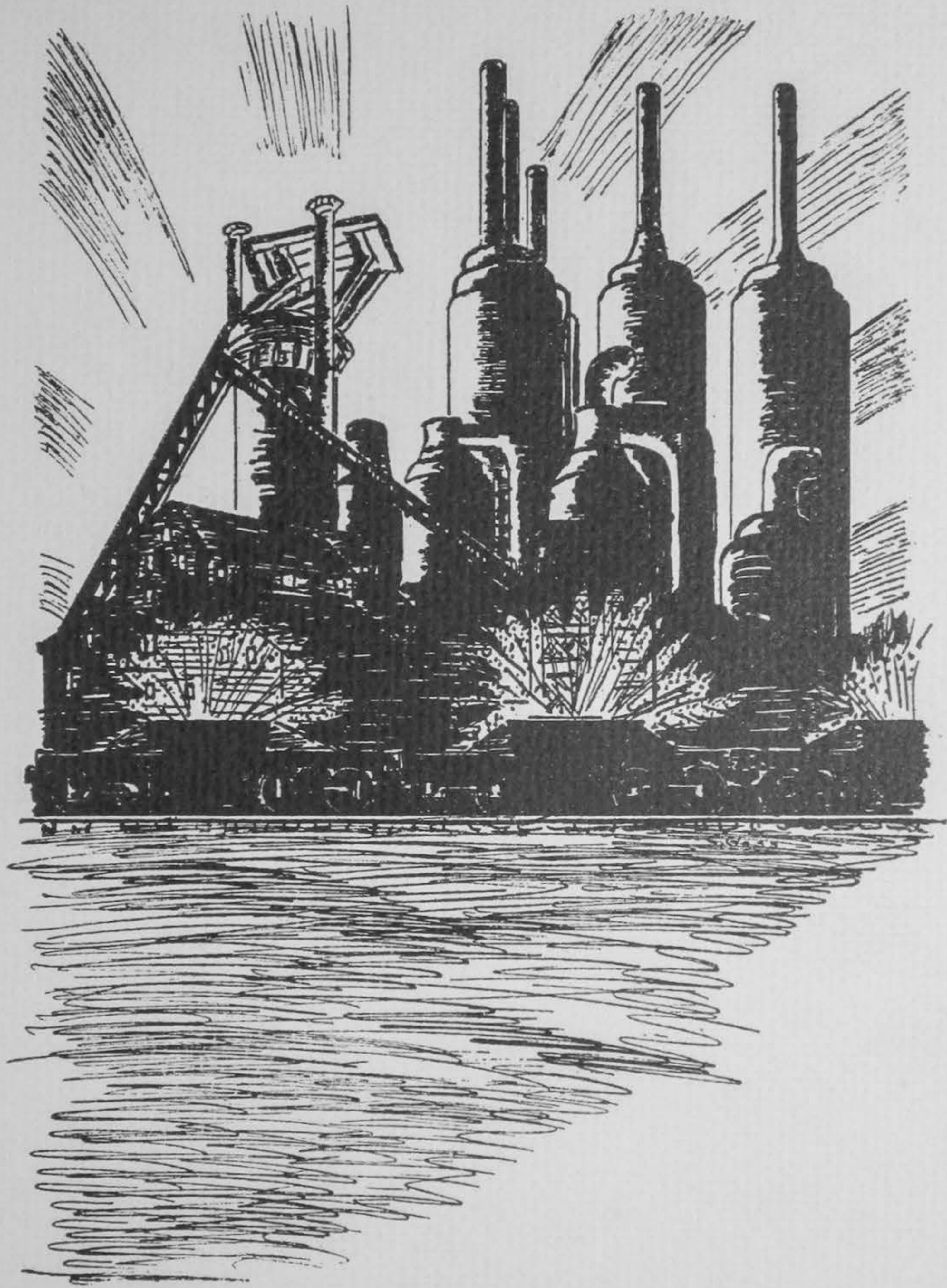
DONALD FERGUSON	<i>President</i>
JANE CROMER	<i>Vice-President</i>
BETTY FEURT	<i>Secretary</i>
BETTY MCFARLAND	<i>Treasurer</i>

The class of '33 has just launched its tiny raft on the long voyage. The way will be rough but we feel certain that the class will make a remarkable record under the care and influence of Miss Bell, advisor. Here's to the Frosh'—The Seniors of '30 will bequeath all their "dignity and scholastic ability" to you.

—R. M. S.







ORGANIZATIONS



NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY



The object of the National Honor Society is to create an enthusiasm for scholarship, to stimulate a desire to render service, to promote worthy leadership, and to encourage the development of character in the pupils of Portsmouth High School.

OFFICERS

OSCAR DEMPSEY	<i>President</i>
DORIS RHEINFRANK	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUTH SNEDAKER	<i>Secretary</i>
MARION BREMER	<i>Treasurer</i>

The membership list comprises: Frank Allen, Virginia Blagg, Marion Bremer, Robert Burkitt, Geneva Coleman, Oscar Dempsey, Miriam Donaldson, Winifred Fitch, John Glass, Dorothy Glickman, Howard Grissom, Virginia Gunther, Charles Haas, Mildred Helbig, Helen Jordan, Eloise Martin, Doris Rheinfrank, Julia Rickey, Charlotte Rose, Ruth Snedaker, Alice Swisher, Thomas Vaughters, George Wheeler, Martha White, and (not in picture) Eliabeth Beekman, Helen Herrmann.





ENGLISH CLUB



ENGLISH CLUB



These students have made the discovery, remarkable in persons so young, that good literature is good reading. They have formed a club of Freshmen and Sophomores, wherein bookworms may meet and associate with their kindred. The members are bitter prosecutors of the murderers of the King's English, whom they would bring to justice at the spilling of red ink for blood, if necessary. The club is young, being founded only last year by Miss Cramer, but it has done remarkably well. Membership includes: Miss Cramer, Virginia Applegate, Miriam Bailey, Ruth Beekman, Evelyn Bowen, Shirley Bressler, Helen Clark, Pauline Clark, Mary Coriell, Dorothy Daehler, Virginia Daniels, Betty Davis, Betty Deitzler, Katherine Donaldson, Pauline Dunham, Ruth Fern, Emma Hatcher, Woodrow Ishmael, Donald Jones, Leola Johnston, Virginia Keiser, Irma Kessick, Mary Kline, Mary Marsh, Jean Marshall, Ethel Mershon, Marguerite Miller, Ellen Monrad, Alice Newman, Pauline Newman, Mary Raines, Joan Rice, Anna Rickey, Ruth Rickey, Dorothy Rigrish, Rosine Schirman, Sarah Scudder, Laverne Stalder, Rudyard Russ, Cathryn Steed, Hewlet Thompson, Betty Taylor, Wilma Wakefield, Mildred Turner, Joyce Unger, Robert Walker, Elizabeth Voyzey, Elizabeth Wolfe, Edward Zucker.





FRENCH CLUB



One must have, in order to be a member of this club, one year of French. The purpose of this club is to create a better understanding of the French language, customs and literature both modern and medieval. The club has been functioning very well under the direction of Miss Kauffman. The members are: Miss Kauffman sponsor; Hazel Alban, Eleanor Allen, Lyda Anderson, Ruth Brandel, Joanne Brant, Ruth Burton, Chassie Caudill, Zelda Cole, Geneva Coleman, Marguerite Crisp, Jean Crull, Nelson Doan, Jane Donaldson, Miriam Donaldson, Wells Elliott, Winfield French, Jaunita Fugitt, Esther Gableman, Harriett Gilmore, Claude Glass, Martha Green, John Hoberman, Roy Hannah, Jean Hartley, Norma Heisel, Gertrude Haines, Ernest Jamison, Warren Jones, Helen Jordan, Elizabeth Lehman, Drew Lloyd, James Manning, Pauline Marsh, Mildred May, Frank McGurk, Reba Menefee, Jean Mooney, Vera Moore, Mildred Orth, Mary Osborn, Carlos Piatt, Julia Rickey, Katherine Redding, Mary Smith, Marie Staley, Thelma Sutherland, Roy Stump, Dolores Schmaus, Charles Vandervort, Wilma Wakefield, Edna West, Martha White, Estoline Widdig.





INTER NOS



Inter Nos is a Freshman and Sophomore Latin Club. Its membership includes: Ethel Abdon, Maurice Bailey, Miriam Bailey, Ruth Baker, Myrtle Bantz, Isabel Bennett, John Berndt, Evelyn Bowen, Marguerite Bowman, Alice Bradney, Mary Bridwell, Jeanne Briggs, Alice Brooks, Bob Augdon, Ben Brown, Freda Burke, David Burns, Mary Bush, Ruth Carson, Evelyn Chaffin, Netty Sutherland, Ethel Cooper, Genevieve Copen, Mary Coriell, Thomas Cornette, Catherine Crabtree, Wells Crawford, Thomas Cornut, Martha Cross, Dorothy Daehler, Edna Danner, Lucy Daum, Albert Danner, Betty Dietzler, Kathryn Donaldson, Pauline Dunham, Lucille Eddy, Polly Eaves, Edna Fisher, Harry Foglemen, Alberta Fugitt, Eileen Fulcher, Dorothy Geiger, Louise Geiger, Sarah Gower, Ruth Geisler, Frances Glickman, Norman Goodman, Ida Green, William Green, Ida Grier, Helen Grisson, Gladys Hacquard, Dorothy Gilliland, Beulah Harrison, Mildred Hartz, Lettie Hatcher, Marguerite Helbig, Ruth Brandel, Doris Hill, Ella Hood, Ralph Hope, William Horr, William Howland, Dorothy Dopps.





INTER NOS



Pauline Hazlebaker, Clare Krick, Woodrow Ishmael, Leota Johnston, Della Juelke, Virginia Keiser, Henry Kelso, Louise Kelso, Irma Kessick, Mary Kline, Madelyn Lantz, Harry Lerey, Ellen Manning, Doris Lee Marshall, Jean Marshall, Sarah Marting, Evelyn McCarty, Betty McFarland, Vera Moore, Ethel Mershon, Alverda Miller, William Miller, Marie Murray, Beulah Newman, James Newman, Pauline Newman, Anne Norris, Audrey Oliver, Catherine Phillippi, Mary Pressler, Bernice Price, Mary Price, Nancy Pusateri, Mary Raines, Alma Quillen, Jed Rardin, Joan Rice, Anna Rickey, Dorothy Rigrish, Lucile Roth, Bryson Southworth, Rossine Schirman, Louise Zarth, Margaret Sellards, Isabel Swearingen, Kathryn Sims, Hewlett Thompson, Juanita Thompson, Maurice Strayer, Farybelle Mayo, Mary Warman, Harriet Switalski, Catherine Taggart, Betty Taylor, Lillie Tieman, Catherine Smith, Sophie Tobias, Ada Tritscheller, Rowena Tipton, Strelsa Wade, Wilma Wakefield, Janet Walden, Louise Warnock, Dorothy Walters, Catherine Waller, Mary Warman, Eileen Wellman, Mildred Wellman, Sarah White, Catherine Wilson, Norma Young, Eileen Whitlatch, Laura Yeager, Miss Blazer, Miss Colley.





PLUS ULTRA



Above is a club of Latin students. They are the cream of their classes, and yet—it was revealed to us in a dream that the ghosts of several old Romans attended one of their meetings, and upon hearing the way their native tongue was being treated, the doughty Caesar fainted dead away, and as for Cicero, it took several days to revive him, while the brave Roman legions fled with alacrity; Virgil decided to write his revision of the Aeneid in English to see if it could be translated.

The following are: Miss Ball, sponsor; Opal Ackison, Stewart Allard, Mary Osborne, Virginia Blagg, Fred Bodmer, Robert Burkitt, Jean Chaboudy, Eloise Covert, Lillian Cunningham, George Daum, Carl Daehler, Alice Denton, Edythe Duddleston, Gordon Fessler, Winifred Fitch, John Glass, Dorothy Glickman, Herbert Green, Pauline Grimes, Allene Grimshaw, Val Heisel, Frances Krausz, Pauline Lakin, Helen Lemon, Drusella Lykens, Louise Millar, Wallace Murphy, Kinloch Nelson, Martha Peebles, Katherine Redding, Doris Rheinfrank, Charlotte Rose, Hazel Simpson, Berdenia Smith, Genevieve Snedaker, Anna Grace Spencer, Elizabeth Sprague, Ruth Stewart, Martha White, Estoline Widdig, Jean West, Ruth Wendelken, Margaret Wilking, Elizabeth Wolff.





PHYSICS CLUB



A new club has been organized this year under the sponsorship of Mr. Walden, for the students of Physics. This was done to create an interest in Physics and to bring Physics into use in everyday life. It is composed of third and fourth year students. However, any student taking Physics is eligible. During the year this organization has had many interesting talks and lectures by teachers and well known men in Portsmouth.

The members elected as officers: Robert Burkitt, president; Geneva Coleman, vice-president; Fred Bodmer, secretary-treasurer. The members this year are hoping for even better success in the future. The membership includes: Mr. Walden, Stewart Allard, Catheryn Bates, Fred Bodmer, Ruth Brandel, Fred Bricker, Vernon Burkhardt, Bob Burkitt, Marguerite Crisp, Lillian Cunningham, Carl Daehler, George Daum, Paul Davis, Nelson Doan, Roger Doerr, George Doll, Jane Donaldson, Miriam Donaldson, Winfield French, James Gemmill, Edward Gore, Martha Green, Allene Grimshaw, Charles Haas, Martha Gulker, Ernest Jamison, Warren Jones, Donald Jones, Thelma Jenkins, Helen Lemon, Eugene McConnell, Louise Millar, Jean Mooney, Vera Moore, Wallace Murphy, Edward Pollock, James Peebles, Ruth Perdew, George Pressler, Charlotte Rose, Linnea Samuelson.





REVELLERS



These students evidently do not believe in the old maxim that "children should be seen but not heard." Their works are plays. Considering their youth, no one can deny that they trample the boards with a proficiency that does them credit. The plain can be beautiful, the dense can be acute, and the bashful can make love—on the stage. Perhaps that is why some of them joined.

Members: Dean Jones, sponsor; Frank Allen, William Atkinson, Miriam Bailey, Evelyn Bowen, Bashford Bowman, Marion Bremer, Paul Cunningham, Eloise Covert, Clare Crick, Oscar Dempsey, Alice Denton, Jane Donaldson, Edythe Dudleston, Gordon Fessler, Richard Fleming, David Goddard, Marguerite Goetz, Robert Goltz, John Glass, Gordon Gray, Frances Glickman, Val Heisel, Edith Hill, Woodrow Ishmael, Helen Jordan, Donald Jones, Irma Kessick, Elizabeth Lehman, Doris Lee Marshal, Eloise Martin, Farybelle Mayo, Charles McCall, Sara Ann Marting, Ethel Mershon, Jean Mooney, Vera Moore, Beulah Newman, Robert Newman, Mary Osborne, Martha Peebles, Doris Rheinfrank, Rossine Schirman, Katherine Smith, Ruth Snedaker, Anna Grace Spencer, Ruth Stewart, Betty Taylor, Elizabeth Turner, Wilma Wakefield, Louise Werner, Edna West, Dorothy White, Elizabeth Sprague, Stanley White, Martha White, Doris Hill, Wells Crawford, Ernest Jamison, Arthur Horr, William Horr, Drew Lloyd, Jed Rardin, James Richardson, Hewlett Thompson.



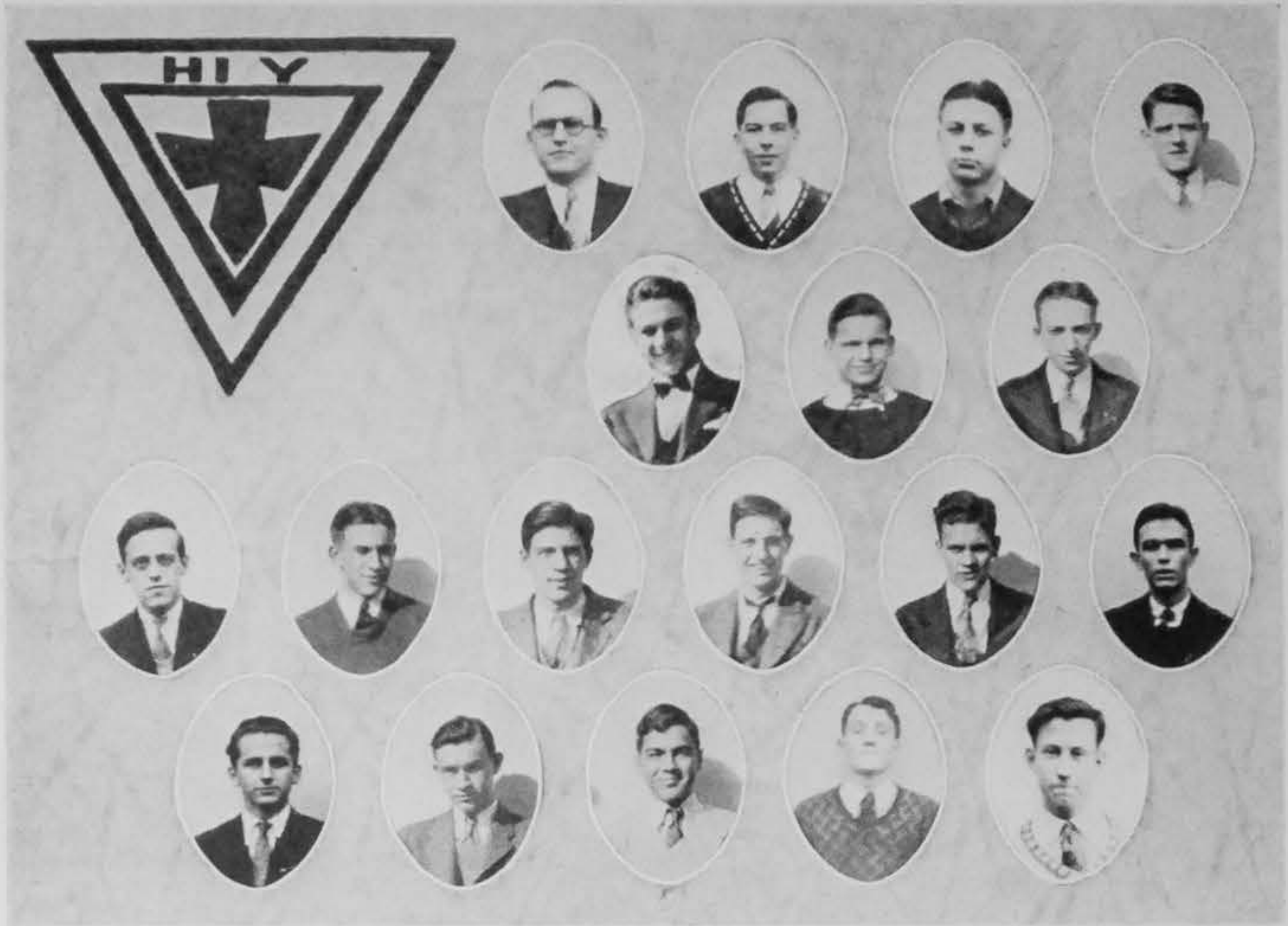


SPANISH CLUB



Membership: Miss Schultz, Frank Allen, William Atkinson, Gladys Barringer, Jeanne Briggs, Roberta Carson, Virginia Cole, Margaret Cox, Carline Conklin, Yula Cassal, Katherine Cunningham, Edna Danner, Omega Dunnavant, Oscar Dempsey, Myrtle Davis, Paul Elmore, Richard Fleming, John Glass, Robert Goltz, Sarah Gower, Marguerite Goetz, Dorothy Gilliland, Edward Gore, Raymond Gabrielli, Virginia Graf, Esther Held, Mildred Helbig, Millie Hall, Dorothy Horton, Goldia Kegley, Elizabeth Kemper, Ralph Kepp, Mabel Kuhn, Orin Lykens, Evelyn McCarty, Helen McGohan, Henry Maier, Farybelle Mayo, Earl Miller, Fred May, Dorothy Malone, Evelyn Neff, Beulah Newman, Lola Prayther, Claro Richardson, Katherine Smith, Ruth Smith, Alice Swisher, Francis Stirr, Mildred Thompson, Frieda Stevens, Marian Schirman, Loena Tipton, Paul Thompson, George Wheeler, Dorothy Winters, Stanley White, Mildred Wikoff, Sarah White, Margaret Wharff, Louise Werner, Mildred Multer, Howard Grissom.





HI-Y



We, the members of the Portsmouth Hi-Y Club, in the presence of God and each other, do pledge ourselves to help one another in the keeping of this covenant—to create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character and to stand together on and for the platform of clean speech, clean sports, clean scholarship and clean living.

PURPOSE

To create, maintain, and extend through-out the school and community, high standards of Christian character.

Membership: Mr. Freeland, Frank Allen, Enslow Arnold, Bashford Bowman, William Brushart, Raymond Cook, Paul Cunningham, Jack Davis, Gordon Fessler, Claude Glass, Gordon Gray, Herbert Green, James Manning, Howard Grissom, Henry Kegley, William Rogers, Nunlee Snow, Ray Suter.

MR. FREELAND	Sponsor
HOWARD GRISSOM	President
BASHFORD BOWMAN	Vice-President
RAYMOND COOK	Secretary
HENRY KEGLEY	Treasurer





VERSEMAKERS

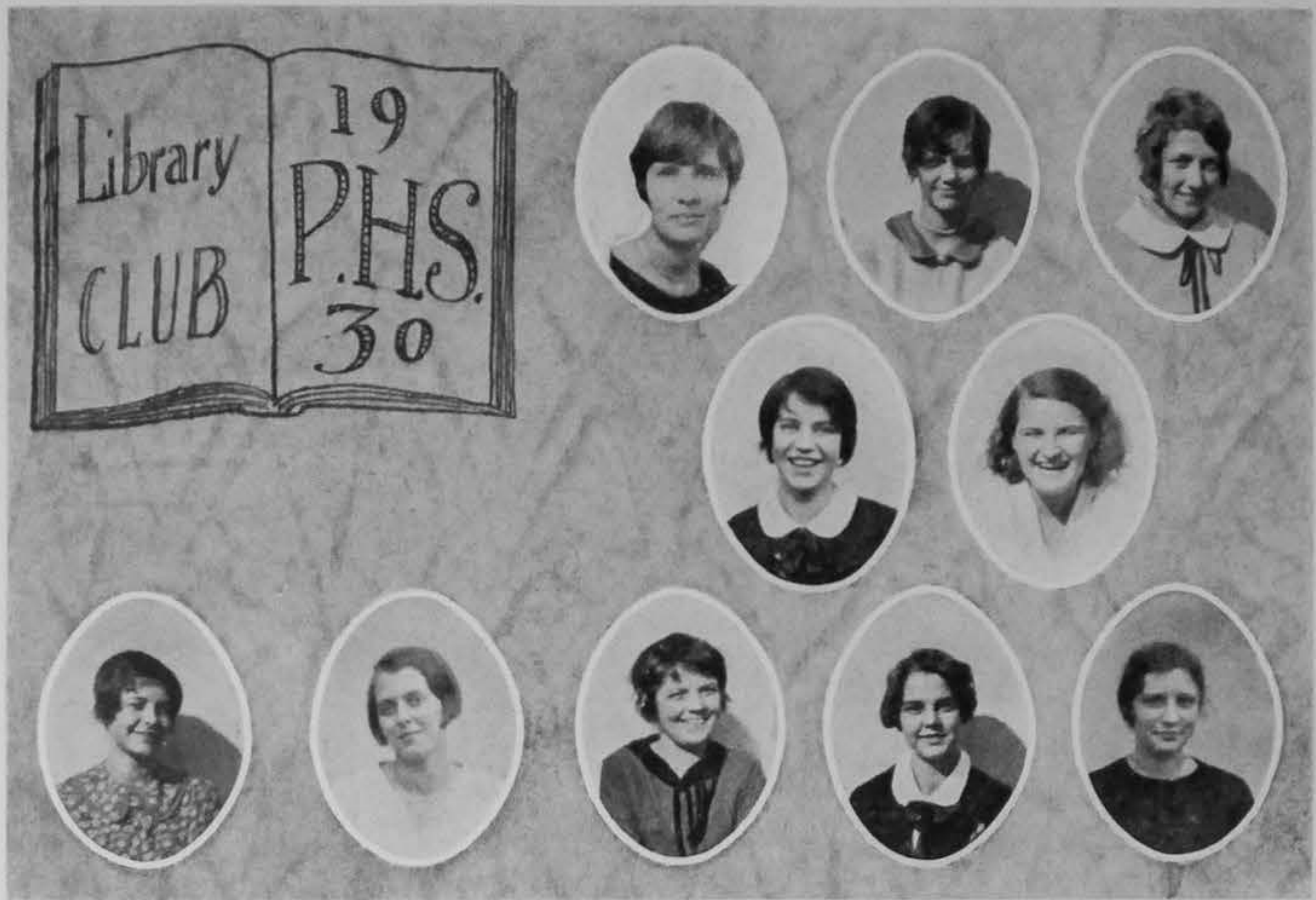


*Oh these are our poets, our rhymsters;
 They've gone from bad to verse;
 And any event of the time stirs
 Them up into verses or worse.
 They are fond of poetical measures;
 They scorn anything that's not rhyme;
 To them it is one of life's pleasures
 To speak of a "climate" as "clime."
 They get a great kick out of tracking
 A false meter down to its lair;
 But it's plain that there's something that's lacking
 For but one has the poet's long hair.*

The following are the Verse makers: Miss Graham, Lyda Anderson, Joanne Brant, Marion Bremer, Hewlett Thompson, Chassie Caudill, Eloise Covert, John Glass, Marguerite Goetz, Gordon Gray, Winifred Fitch, Frances Krausz, Doris Lee Marshall, Mildred Multer, Pauline Clark, Dorothy Rigrish, Margaret Wharff, Curtis Wooten.

JOHN GLASS	President
WINIFRED FITCH	Vice-President
JOANNE BRANT	Secretary
GORDON GRAY	Treasurer
HEWLET THOMPSON	Custodian of Manuscripts
MISS GRAHAM	Sponsor





LIBRARY



The library class was organized by Miss Daugherty last year. Under her capable direction, these girls are learning to be competent, efficient shepherdesses of those rather useful, if slightly odd creatures, the bookworms. They are thoroughly able to supply any student with the correct ingredients from which to mix up a report on various matters, and always know just the book you want, even if it does generally happen to be "out just now."

Membership: Gladys Barringer, Elizabeth Beekman, Ethel Cooper, Mary Coriell, Audra Horne, Louise Kinney, Jean Marshall, Evelyn Mitchell, Dorothy Packard, Helen Rhoden, Ruth Stewart, Mary Stockham, Lena Stone, Miriam Bailey, Lillian Cunningham, Harriette Elliott, Marguerite Goetz, Irma Kessick, Ethel Mershon, Elizabeth Voyzey, Louise Werner, Mildred Wyatt.





GIRL SCOUTS

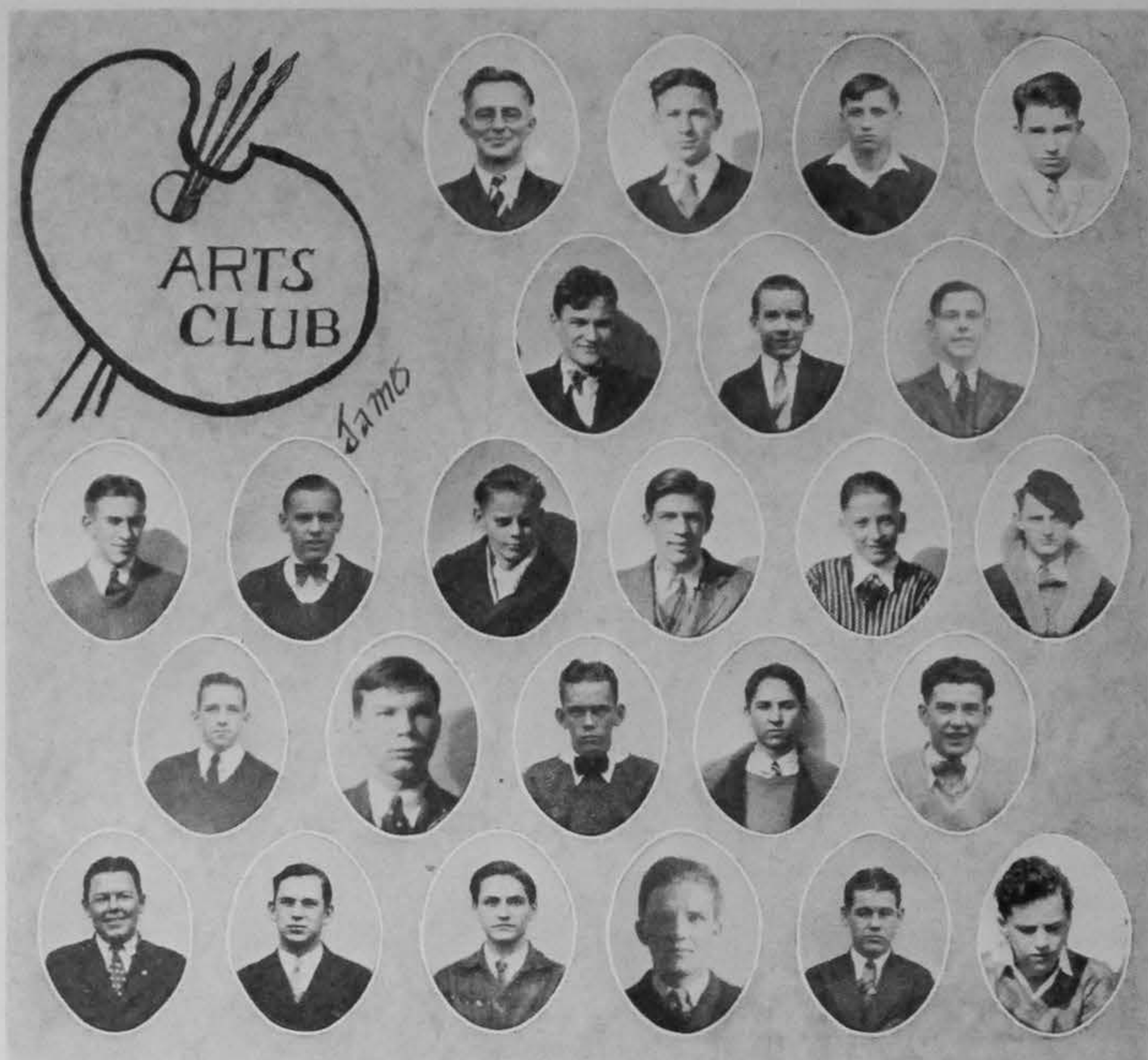


To develop, in girls, vigor, fearlessness, and initiative—that was the problem the twentieth century faced. Before the end of the first decade, it had invented at least one answer to it—the Girl Scout movement. For that is what the Girl Scout organization is, a new opportunity for the building of character in girls. The usual silly notion that it is a sort of fresh-air movement for city girls, which keeps them out of mischief by taking them on pleasant country hikes, is unworthy of people who can observe Scouts about them.

What are the traits of character most needed by the woman of today? Initiative, intelligent patriotism, far-reaching sympathy, true democracy of spirit. Membership in the Girl Scouts provides this training ground. That the Scout way is not the way for every girl, we admit, but that it is a splendid way for the normal girl to develop and expand, to learn the joys of fellowship, the poise of self-knowledge, the thrill of creative power, the arts and skills of home-making, she offers the experience of thousands to prove.

Membership in the P. H. S. Scout Troop include: Miss Finney, sponsor; Lyda Anderson, Gladys Barringer, Evelyn Bowser, Yula Cassal, Chassie Caudill, Virginia Cole, Helen Costigan, Eloise Covert, Harriett Dunn, Leah Fairtrace, Marguerite Goetz, Louise Kelso, Mary Coriell, Leola Johnson, and Virginia Tatje.





ARTS CLUB



The Arts Club is no more, the wisecracking artists have ceased to assemble regularly and their hilarious meetings are only a memory. They were fond of Art (we don't know his last name). But here are the pictures of the members almost such as they were wont to draw, and let it be said of them:

Hic jacet an excellent club whence the spirit of the Renaissance has departed. If ever they fell short of Art, certainly they were always witty. *In pace requiescant.*

The following are members of the Arts Club: Mr. Leach, Fred Bodmer, David Burns, Robert Burkitt, Albert Dehner, Nelson Doan, Roger Doerr, Gordon Fessler, James Gemmil, Claude Glass, Roy Hannah, John Hoberman, Ernest Jamison, Frank Martin, Harold Massie, Roy Micklethwaite, George Pressler, Gordon Sanders, Otto Stone, Thomas Vaughters, Paul Davis, Stanley White, Edward Zucker.

GEORGE PRESSLER	President
GORDON FESSLER	Vice-President
ROY HANNAH	Secretary and Treasurer





GIRLS' LEAGUE



During the year numerous dances and parties were given by the league, and teas were held for visiting debate teams under its auspices. In the spring a program was presented to which the public was invited. The main feature of the program was a one-act play entitled "The Mouse Trap."

The officers of the Girls' League for the past year were:

HELEN JORDAN	<i>President</i>
GLADYS BAKER	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY JANE BUSH	<i>Secretary</i>
JULIA RICKEY	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH TURNER	<i>Pianist</i>
MARTHA WHITE	<i>Song Leader</i>

Members included: Dean Jones, Gladys Baker, Mary Bush, Eloise Covert, Kate Evans, Dorothy Geiger, Harriet Gilmore, Helen Jordan, Eloise Martin, Julia Rickey, Rossine Schirman, Hazel Simpson, Wilma Wakefield, Polly Watkins.





HOME ECONOMICS



The Home Economics Club was formed last year and has been an active organization since that time.

The aims of the club are:

1. To form a connecting link between the home and the school.
2. To train young women to be active and efficient leaders in home and community life.
3. To furnish an opportunity (through organization) for social life, such as programs, social gatherings, and picnics.

The membership this year includes: Evelyn Bowen, Gladys Baker, Miss Finney, Pauline Clark, Lelia Bouts, Gladys Bush, Evelyn Chaffin, Florence Boren, Esther Butler, Kathryn Cabiness, Dorothy Church, Kathryn Crabtree, Loraine Crichton, Mildred Denning, Harriett Dunn, Janet Dunn, Leah Fairtrace, Mary Freytag, Dorothy Geiger, Louise Grumme, Gertrude Hanes, June Holland, Audra Horne, Neva Jackson, Suzanne Jordan, Mabel Kuhn, Helen Lemon, Marguerite Malavozos, Doris Millirons, Catherine Moore, Dorothy Partridge, Catherine Smith, Bertha Ramsey, Gwendolyn Rapp, Ruth Sponsler, Ruth Rice, Gretchen Russ, Fern Ruth, Kathryn Shields, Cathryn Steed, Catherine Taggart, Mary Helen Te Pas, Marie Tilton, Anna Tritscheller, Marcella Walters, Mary Williams, Pearl Williams, Louise Workman and Martha Zoellner.





GIRLS ATHLETICS



What has the Girls Athletic Club been doing? Well we've been doing lots. The purpose of this organization is to take part in the athletic activities that are not in action in the school and to keep alive the ambitions of the athletic type of girl. To gain membership each girl must earn 100 points by participating in the school sports.

This year letters in the form of Red and Blue A's were awarded to the members averaging 250 points or over. We have had skating parties, swimming parties, and all sorts of games were played.

The following are members: Miss Bell, Lyda Anderson, Gladys Baker, Virginia Blagg, Elizabeth Wolfe, Mary Jane Bush, Katheline Conroy, Jean Crull, Harriett Dunn, Kate Evans, Harriet Gilmore, Margaret Goetz, Pauline Grimes, Mildred Helbig, Norma Heisel, Helen Jordan, Phyllis Hotz, Mary Kline, Eloise Leedom, Elizabeth Lehman, Eloise Martin, Sally Marting, Reba Menefee, Louise Millar, Lucile Oberley, Lola Prayther, Flo Prayther, Julia Rickey, Gladys Shields, Doris Sheridan, Mary Lib Smith, Ruth Snedaker, Anna Grace Spencer, Elizabeth Sprague, Ruth Stewart, Edna West, Edith Yeatts.





JOLLY ROGERS



Here we have the one and only high school club in captivity whose meetings are not announced as very important. Likewise it is the only one with no constitution to disregard, and the only one that does not tell the world of its aim to promote scholarship and elevate character. The Jolly Rogers, like the bloody freebooters they are, meet whensoever they choose wheresoever they please, and slit throats *ad libitum*:

All hands on deck are: Mr. Leach, Ford Anderson, Prentiss Bantz, Hap Bassler, Carl Bennett, Ben Brown, Bill Call, Chuck Case, Ab Clark, Charlie Cookes, Sherwood Delamater, Roy De Lotelle, Pablo Elmore, Dave Goddard, Bill Gowdy, Bill Grashel, Bill Hart, Charlie Herrmann, Harold Higgins, Admiral Jones, Henry Kelso, Abbie Kline, Mike Lykins, Scotchie McGinnis, Bill Manley, Jinx Marshall, Cotton Mauntel, Frank Middleton, Earl Miller, Jimmy Miller, Moosemilk Moritz, Mortzy Moritz, Charles Newman, Butterfly Papillon, Frank Pulsing, Gayle Rowley, Les Ruggles, Les Schisler, Clede Smith, Tilly Tillis, Bob Trimmer, Maurice Trowbridge, Delbert Vaughn, Ed. Walker, Bob Wamsley, Forrest Warren, Herb Wendelken, Rudy Woods, Curt Wooten.





ANNUAL STAFF



These are the grand, exalted Seniors who are responsible for this annual. Let not the lower classmen be discouraged, however. They will no doubt pass through the same evolutionary process and be as great, some day. Incredible as it may seem, when these noble ones entered P. H. S., they crawled on all fours, and swung by their tails, even as Freshmen do. By the time they were Sophomores, they were able to walk in an almost erect position, and to talk in gibberish. As Juniors, they had mastered the art of speech and could build a fire by rubbing two sticks together. And now, as Seniors—Ahem! Ahem!

SPONSORS	MISS HORST, MR. LEACH, MISS COCHRAN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	VAL HEISEL
ASSISTANT EDITORS	RUTH STEWART, GEORGE WHEELER
BUSINESS MANAGERS	FRANK ALLEN, OSCAR DEMPSEY
SENIOR EDITOR	GORDON GRAY
FEATURES	ELOISE MARTIN, ELIZABETH LEHMAN, HELEN JORDAN, RUTH SNEDAKER, HEWLET THOMPSON
ARTISTS	GORDON FESSLER, CARL SUTER GORDON SANDERS, THOMAS VAUGHTERS, CLAUDE GLASS
ORGANIZATIONS	ANNA GRACE SPENCER, JOHN GLASS, HOWARD GRISSOM
TYPISTS	DOROTHY GINN, VIRGINIA GUNTHER
BOYS' ATHLETICS	CHARLES VANDERVORT
GIRLS' ATHLETICS	VIRGINIA BLAGG
ADVERTISING MANAGERS	HERBERT GREEN, PAULINE GRIMES ELOISE COVERT, DORIS LEE MARSHAL, STANLEY WHITE
PHOTOGRAPHY	HENRY JACOBS





ECHO STAFF



Every student knows enough to be careful of his words and action when one of the above persons is around. Else—it means bribery and coercion to keep something out of the Echo. The staff consists of journalistic Juniors, who once every two weeks give the School the cream of the sports, studies, clubs, jokes, features, and scandal of P. H. S., in a highly readable, entertaining form in the Echo.

The following are members of the Echo Staff: Miss Kauffman, Martha White, Robert Burkitt, Miriam Donaldson, Winfield French, Farybelle Mayo, Jean Mooney, Jane Donaldson, Geneva Coleman, Warren Jones, Fred Bodmer, Della Juelke, Elmira Cabbage.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	MARTHA WHITE
MANAGING EDITOR	ROBERT BURKITT
BUSINESS MANAGER	JULIA RICKEY
SOCIETY EDITOR	MIRIAM DONALDSON
ATHLETIC EDITORS	WINFIELD FRENCH, DOLORES SCHMAUS
ART EDITOR	RUTH WENDELKEN
MUSIC EDITOR	JEAN MOONEY
ACTIVITY EDITORS	JANE DONALDSON, GENEVA COLEMAN
FEATURES	PAUL BUCKLEY, MARGARET WHARFF, HELEN EYLER
JOKE EDITOR	FRED BODMER
SPONSOR	MISS KAUFFMAN





HAPPY BACHELORS CLUB



This club is composed of twelve members of the Senior Class and a Sponsor making the limited number of thirteen, and is organized for the purpose of regulating the lives of the members without the supervision of the unfair sex.

Endeavoring to advance the friendship, brotherhood and character of its members, the club meets on the second and fourth Sunday night of every month.

No members of this club has any secrets that are not shared by the rest of the Club, because what is one fellow's heartache is the distress of the others.

SLOGAN—Each for all and all for each.

Joseph Kegley	Sponsor
George K. Wheeler	Chief Bachelor
Val B. Heisel	Vice Bachelor
Oscar Dempsey	Secretarial Bachelor
Gordon D. Gray	Financial Bachelor
Frank E. Allen	Sergcant-at-Arms

Club Committeemen are: Mr. Kegley, Frank Allen, Nelson Brown, Oscar Dempsey, John Glass, Gordon Gray, Howard Grissom, Val Heisel, Henry Kegley, Russell Kilgore, William Rogers, Howard Webb, George Wheeler.





DEBATE



Here we have a group of the more polemically as well as forensically, inclined students of P. H. S. They have learned that to take the floor is something quite different from stealing lumber, and when one of them does take the floor, facts begin to fly thick and fast through the atmosphere, with disastrous results to the enemy. The way these debaters wield facts and references should give those other less academic, athletic teams something to think about.

Standing: Norma Goodman, Miss Hughes, Martha White, Mr. Ray.

Seated: Robert Walker, Eloise Martin, Geneva Coleman, Ethel Mershon.





KEMPY



"Kempy" was one of the best Junior class plays ever presented in P. H. S. This play was written by Elliot Nugent, who, with his family made up the cast of the play when it was first presented as the "Broadway Success" of the year. It has since become a motion picture success under the title of "Wise Girls."

The plot concerns a young plumber who determines to marry the author of a certain book he had read. He meets her and proposes marriage at a time when she has just had a quarrel with her sweetheart. In the meantime "little sister" has fallen in love with "Kempy" the young authoress runs away and marries him in order to spite Duke, her rich Suitor. She phones her folks that she is married. They suppose Duke is the lucky groom, and cause quite a bit of excitement when they learn it is only the plumber. But, changing her mind (as most women do) the bride makes up with Duke. Fortunately "Kempy" realizes that he is in love with Ruth, the little sister. Everything ends happily with the marriage being annulled, so that each may marry the right person.

Kempy	Earl Miller
Kate, the leading girl	Miriam Donaldson
Duke	Paul Cunningham
Ruth, the little sister	Jean Mooney
Jane, the married sister	Martha Gulker
Jane's husband	Frank Martin
Pa Bence	Charlie Haas
Ma Bence	Tulsa Bassler





SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE



Two Seniors demanded a Crook play, and the "Seven Keys to Baldpate" filled the bill. Before it had passed into the irredeemable previously, everyone connected with it was under suspicion or worse. The play was given for many reasons all of which were the class of 1930's need of funds. Miss Cochran was director, and Paul H. Thompson property man. Following is the cast:

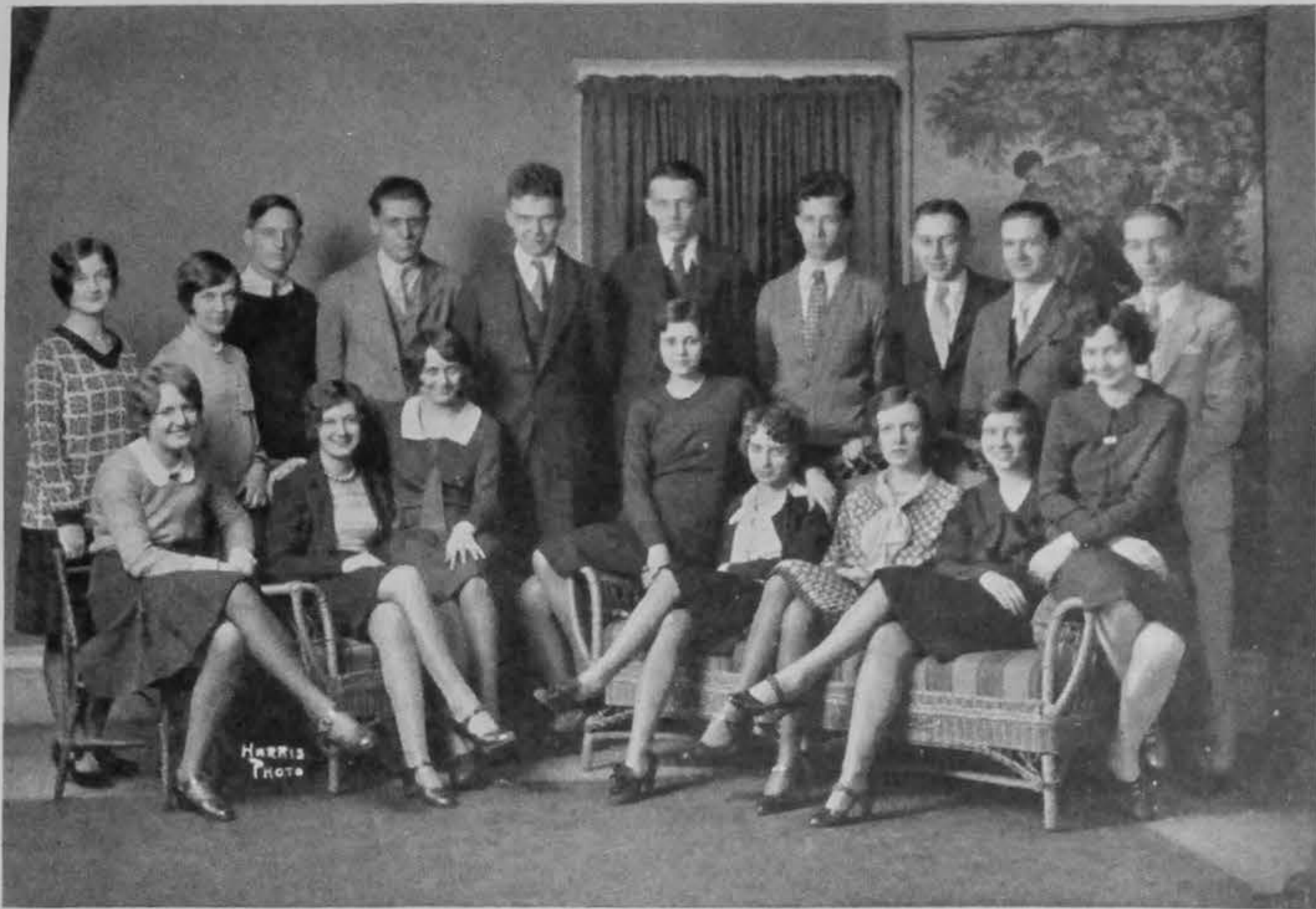
Standing back row: Don Price, Val Heisel, Dick Fleming, Frank Allen.

On Stairs: John Glass, Bashford Bowman, James Richardson, Katherine Smith, Eloise Martin, Bob Newman, Anna Grace Spencer.

On left: James Manning.

On right: Martha Peebles, Alpha Cochran, Gordon Gray.





THE YOUNGEST



The Revelers' play this year, "The Youngest," was given Thursday and Friday, February 13th and 14th. Dean Jones, coach of the play surprised the whole club by choosing a double cast, the first time in several years that this plan has been used. This method was used primarily to enable more aspiring actors to take part in the play and, incidentally, to promote competition, producing perfection that is not ordinarily seen in a single cast play. The male leads were captains of the two competing casts.

Standing: Doris Rheinfrank, Ruth Snedaker, Gordon Gray, Ralph Hovencamp, Richard Fleming, Woodrow Ishmael, Val Heisel, Warren Jones, John Glass, and Paul Cunningham.

Seated: Dorothy Partridge, Eloise Covert, Beulah Newman, Jane Donaldson, Helen Jordan, Eloise Martin, Martha White, and Miss Jones.

Red

Doris Rheinfrank . . .
 Martha White . . .
 Helen Jordan . . .
 Eloise Covert . . .
 Paul Cunningham . . .
 Dick Fleming . . .
 Warren Jones . . .
 Gordon Gray . . .
 Dorothy Partridge . . .

Mrs. Winslow . . .
 Augusta . . .
 Nancy . . .
 Martha . . .
 Oliver . . .
 Mark . . .
 Richard . . .
 Alan . . .
 Katie . . .

Blue

Ruth Snedaker . . .
 Eloise Martin . . .
 Jane Donaldson . . .
 Beulah Newman . . .
 John Glass . . .
 Woodrow Ishmael . . .
 Val Heisel . . .
 Ralph Hovencamp . . .
 Dorothy Partridge . . .





JUNIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



This year a new venture is being carried out in the singing groups of P. H. S. Singing has been placed in the school curriculum, and classes are held daily or on alternate days with gym and laboratory.

There are two girls' glee clubs directed by Miss Lollie Anderson: the Junior Girls' Glee Club and the Senior Girls' Glee Club. Moreover, there are two voice classes for individual singing and preparation for choral work.

The following are members of the Junior Girls' Glee Club: Shirley Bressler, Joanna Bachmann, Katherine Cabiness, Ethel Cooper, Dorothy Daehler, Leah Fairtrace, Ruth Geisler, Maude Hall, Margaret Helbig, Mildred Helbig, Bertha Hansgen, Eleanor Jane Hopkins, Suzanne Jordan, Betty McFarland, Doris Kugleman, Ione McGohan, Anne Norris, Pauline Newman, LeMonne Phillips, Luverne Stalder, Mary Raines, Sarah Scudder, Margaret Sellards, Mary Steed, Virginia Tatje, Marie Tilton, Helen TePas, Ruth Thompson, Strelsa Wade, Eileen Wellman, Dorothy White, Eleanor Wilson.





SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



Since the arrangement of having two voice classes has been introduced many "Talleys" and "Gardens" have been discovered. These organizations have given three combined recitals, The Christmas Carol program, a vesper recital, and a formal evening program. Besides these, many contributions have been made in a civic way in the different clubs of this city and in assembly. Everyone has enjoyed the singing this year, and we are hoping to hear more from these students next year.

The members of the Senior Girls' Glee Club are as follows: Elizabeth Adams, Lyda Anderson, Ruth Baker, Isabel Bennett, Margaret Bowman, Esther Butler, Marie Crabtree, Lucy Daum, Betty Ditzler, Kathryn Donaldson, Harriet Gilmore, Marguerite Goetz, Gladys Hacquard, Doris Hill, Leota Johnson, Jean Mooney, Mildred Multer, Catherine Moore, Beulah Newman, Loella Rambo, Anna Louise Rickey, Lucile Roth, Leilamae Shonkwiler, Mary Lib Smith, Elizabeth Sprague, Harriet Switalski, Louise Swisher, Eva Moyce Unger, Mary Warman, and Norma Young.





ORCHESTRA



The Orchestra is another of the organizations in the school devoted to the study and development of good music. The orchestra has been under the leadership of Mr. Schnabl for the past two years and has grown steadily in ability and numbers during this period.

Several assembly periods have been turned over to the orchestra, and their programs have been appreciated and enjoyed by all the students. Civic clubs in the city have obtained the services of this wonderful organization and praise and commendation has always been their reward.

The following are members: Ferman Amberg, Richard Beoddy, Frank Bierley, Gladys Blair, Lelia Bouts, Robert Brown, Russell Cook, Donald Craft, Harrison Creech, Shelby Dale, Ruth Enyon, Thelma Felty, Edna Fisher, Edith Foster, J. B. Frostick, Warren Gilliland, Ruby Hoover, Kathryn Kessler, Dolly Lewis, William Miller, Opal Moore, Marvin Moritz, Louis Morris, Wallace Murphy, James Newman, Mary C. Pressler, Bertha Powell, George Riehl, Rudyard Russ, Dolores Schmaus, Stanley Smith, Ruth Thompson, Jean Traber, Thelma Vickery, Edward Walker, Marion Wallace, Evelyn Wells, Everett Wilkerson, Marguerite Wilson, Lillian Wiltshire, and Norma Heisel.





BAND



Perhaps one of the most successful organizations in Portsmouth High School has been the band. Although organized but last year, it has rapidly come to the fore distinguished for its marvelous ability.

It has faithfully co-operated with the athletic association, having appeared at all the football and basketball games.

The members of the Band have been working steadily in anticipation of the annual state band contest. Last year the band made a very good showing at Akron despite its state of infancy. Several places were won by members of the band in the solo contests. Furthermore the range of instrumentation is greater and the membership has steadily increased.

The members are: Mr. Schnabl, Wilson Amberg, Enslow Arnold, William Baker, Carl Bennett, Lelia Bouts, Homer Brown, Claudius Caudill, Albert Clark, Walter Clifford, Russell Cook, Howard Dale, Shelby Dale, Charles Dearth, Albert Dehner, Ernest Diener, Nelson Doan, Ralph Dodge, Harold Dyer, Thelma Felty, William Freese, Elmer Fritz, J. B. Frostick, Charles Gilmer, David Goddard, Robert Goltz, Charles Haas, Max Haas, William Hazlebeck, Junior Horr, William Horr, Everett Hubert, Woodrow Ishmael, Ernest Jamison, Kenneth Johnson, Verne Johnson, Henry Kegley, Henry Kelso, Joseph Legler, William Livingston, William McCarty, George Malcolm, Donald Means, William Miller, Phil Mitchell, James Newman, Robert Ogden, Robert Randall, Charles Reinhard, William Rogers, Dent Rowson, James Scott, Leilamae Shonkwiler, Allen J. Slattery, Mark Smith, Frank Steahly, Ray Suter, Jean Traber, Robert Trimmer, Harold Vulgamore, Edward Walker, Harold Warman, Herbert Wendelken, George Wheeler, Walter Lee White, Everett Wilkerson, James Wilson, and Walter Workman.





BOYS' GLEE CLUB



The Boys' Glee Club has been under the supervision of Miss Lollie Anderson this year. Although the boys have not appeared as often as the girls, they have been working, and accomplishing just as much.

It has been whispered about that some of the boys have secret ambitions to tread the stage, singing an operatic score. We hope our Carusos and Schipas realize their ambitions some day.

William Bancroft, Bashford Bowman, Paul Buckley, Raymond Gabrielli, Val Heisel, Ralph Hovencamp, Albert Hull, Ernest Jamison, Drew Lloyd, Orin Lykins, James Peebles, and George Moll.

PURPOSE

The purpose of the club is for personal enjoyment, combined with worthwhile experience in singing, "better music in a better way."





THE ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT



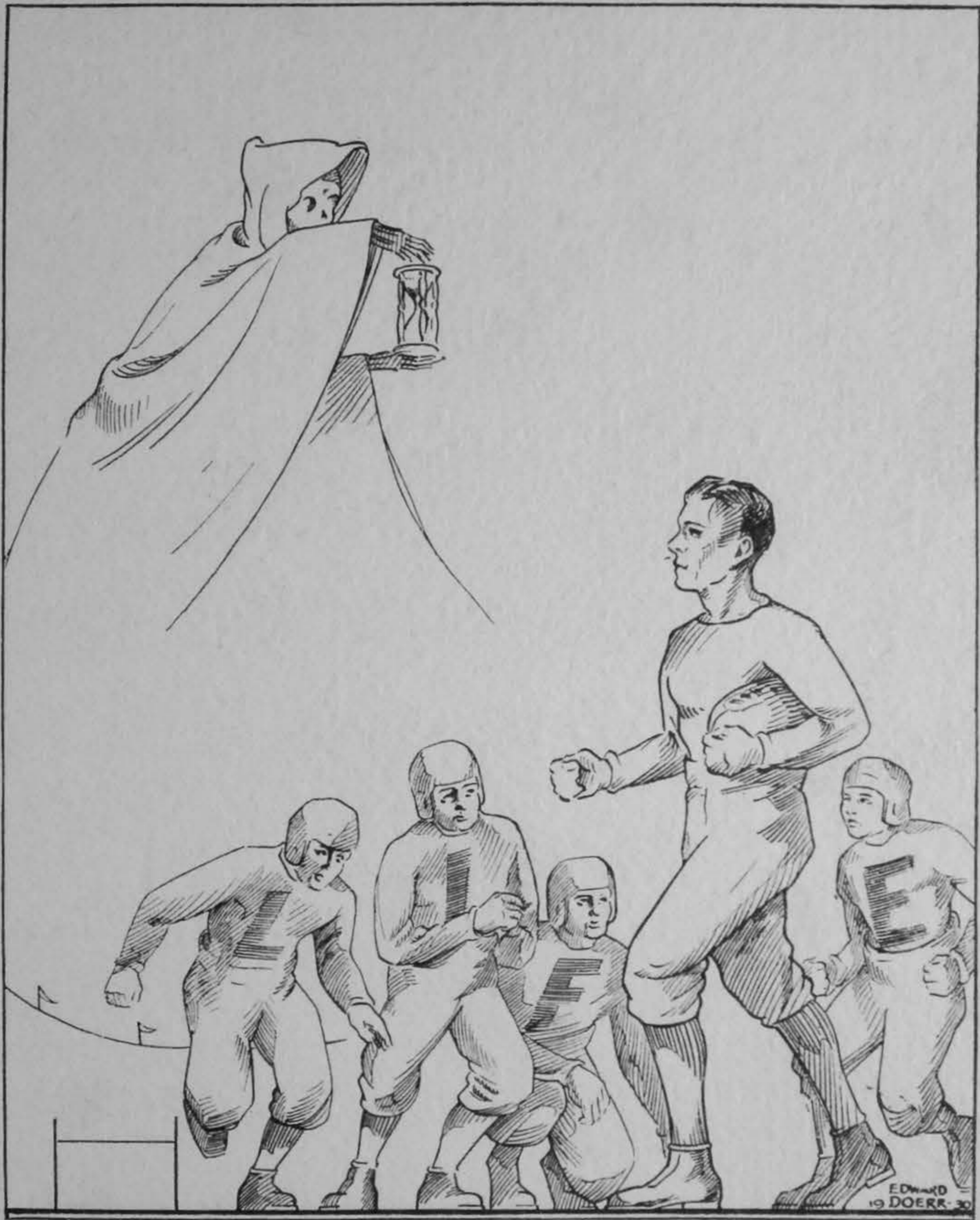
This organization was started in 1926-27 by Mr. W. L. Diehl, who was then the bookkeeping instructor, and was carried on very successfully by him and his student assistants. Much credit for the bookkeeping work belongs to Miss Pauline Wunderlich and Miss Kathryn Heath, who were the student bookkeepers in 1926-27, and Miss Helen Secrest and Miss Helen Wharff, the student bookkeepers in 1927-28.

Two years ago, Mr. Joseph Kegley, instructor of commercial arithmetic, was appointed treasurer. The same system of bookkeeping has been followed out by Mr. Kegley, Dorothy Rigrish, and Sarah Gower, the student bookkeepers, who have accurately and efficiently accomplished the work. These people deserve much credit for the time, as it was done out of class time. Mr. Kegley has supervised the sales of all football and basketball tickets for games which the "Trojans" have played here.

To illustrate the importance of the department to the school are the following facts: The department has paid out more than 600 checks amounting to over \$15,000.00 and has received deposits amounting to about \$17,000.00. The bank balance has averaged over \$3,300.00 for the whole year and has gone over \$4,000.00 several times. This is more than twice as large as last year's balance. The largest account is the Boys' Athletic Account.







ATHLETICS

CHEER LEADERS



ALLAN SLATTERY



JAMES WILSON



DOROTHY PARTRIDGE



ROBERT WALTERS



JULIA RICKEY



ARE COMPETITIVE ATHLETICS OF TODAY OVER-EMPHASIZED?



R. E. NESS
Football Coach

President Lowell of Harvard has recently been quoted as follows: "No people ever set more store by competitive athletic contests than the Greeks; none valued and commemorated success more highly. Their sports attracted large crowds. Yet with them the object was, and always remained, the cultivation of physical excellence in young men.

"With the Roman, on the other hand, the primary object was the entertainment of the spectators, the performers becoming more and more professional while the training of youth in health and strength was lost from sight almost altogether. Is not the Greek principle preferable to the Roman for our colleges?"

Dr. John A. Scott, eminent Greek scholar of Northwestern University, writing in *St. Nicholas Magazine*, describes the return of an Olympic victor to his native city as follows:

"He is greeted at home by his fellow citizens with a mighty celebration; for which, during the great period of Greece, the leading poet or poets compose a song, a song rendered by a large chorus of trained singers; a statue is put up in his honor at home and, perhaps, in Olympia; and if he has won three victories the statue is his own likeness. During the rest of his life he is the chief citizen, is given a front seat at the public festivals, is dined as the guest of the state, and often coins are struck in his honor. In the song which celebrates his victory the poet is almost sure to say, 'He has reached the summit of human attainment; to rise higher he must become a god.' The wildest uproars for

a modern athlete have no parallel for the usual, the customary, in intellectual Greece. The length to which this athletic enthusiasm went is far beyond our comprehension."

"We have the records of athletic winners at Olympia for more than a thousand years," writes Dr. Scott, "and these records tell an instructive story. They show that when any part of the Greek world was doing something to advance intellectually, it was winning at Olympia; but when it stood stagnant or declined in the world of the mind, it won no more victories at the games."

If Dr. Scott is right, then it is clear that the Greeks placed a far greater emphasis on victory and on athletic competition than we do in these days when we are accused of over emphasizing football.



BASKETBALL OF TODAY

Team personnel, composed of ten boys to a squad, shows that our state players are bigger than ever. The coaches are demanding at least two tall men, one at each end of the court, to get rebounds; two powerful drivers with weight and speed to supply the punch; while some quintets use a long spot shooter with height for a follow-up shot. Again, there might be a "jack rabbit," a clever dribbler, who is an expert in guarding as well as in carrying the ball down into scoring territory.

Offensive systems of play showed a change over those of previous years. In the past, the famous three-man rush was typical of Indiana basketball. Fast and furious play, with scores of 50 to 40, thrilled the spectator. Now, in the slower set play, scores average about 30 to 20, with either the *single spot*, a pivot man in the free throw circle using a return pass to a man driving for a side shot; the *double spot*, with a man working out of each forward corner using a triangle system of passing, mostly forward! or a *triple spot*, with three men pivoting in forward territory, burning up energy and using many cross passes, preceded by a feint.

Again, we have the unpopular delayed offensive which has probably been brought about by the so-called five-man territory defensive. In this system, scoring is a minus quantity, being under 20 points. Free throwing determines the victor, and this brings out the official as the main show.

In choosing a system of play, the smart coach of today is the man who picks his best all-around athlete and gives him the best system he can handle. Versatility of team play is a winner, as game tactics should decide the issue, with breaks coming about through strategy.

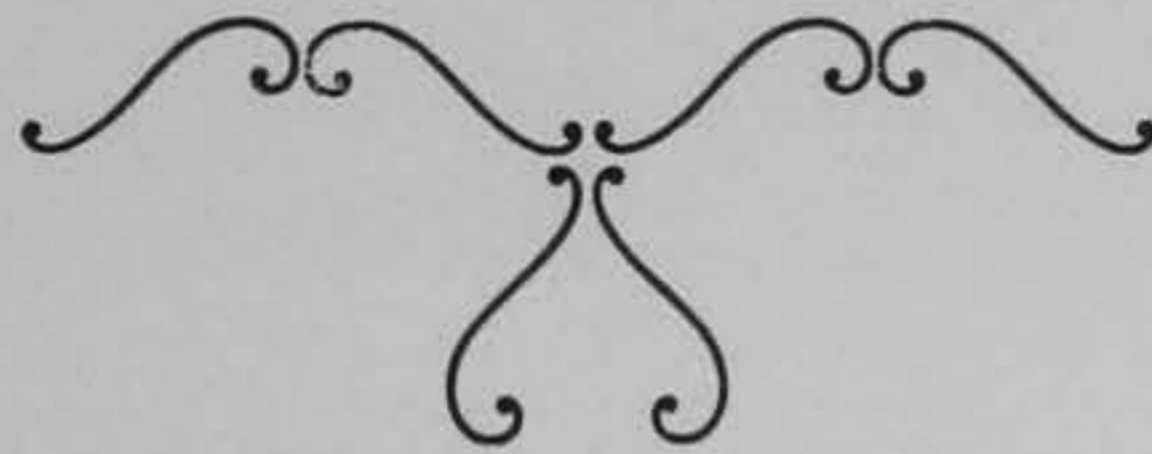


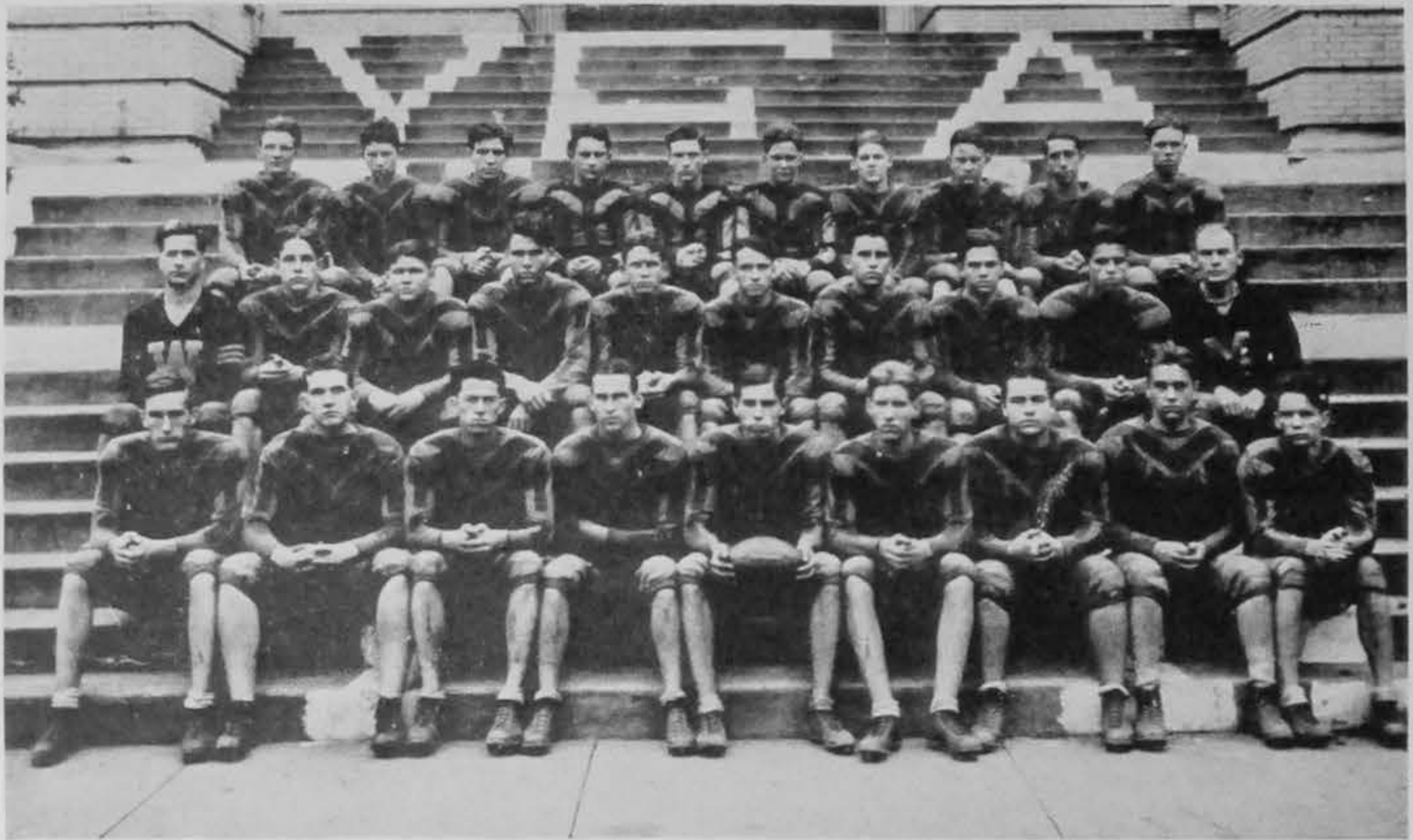
R. E. HOPKINS
Basketball Coach





FOOTBALL





Bottom Row: Ogg, Rice, Buckley, Vandervort, Fugitt (Captain), Cropper, Barr, Walker, Bricker.

Second Row: Ness (Coach), Burkhart, Pollock, Lewis, Lloyd, Smith, Colvin, Reinhard, Blackburn, Hopkins, (Coach).

Third Row: Davis, Moore, Glass, Russell, Noel, Martin, French, Doli, McConnell, Hammond.



VARSIITY FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

September	21	P. H. S.	12	New Boston	0
September	28	P. H. S.	27	Huntington	6
October	5	P. H. S.	13	Middletown	7
October	12	P. H. S.	13	Zanesville	7
October	19	P. H. S.	27	Chillicothe	20
October	26	P. H. S.	19	Athens	12
November	2	P. H. S.	35	Marietta	0
November	9	P. H. S.	14	Ironton	0
November	16	P. H. S.	12	Dayton Roosevelt	0
Thanksgiving		P. H. S.	0	Ashland	14
TOTAL		P. H. S.	72	Opponents	66





CAPTAIN "JOHNNY" FUGITT

One of the greatest athletes Portsmouth has ever produced is without a doubt Johnny Fugitt. He captained one of the greatest teams that ever wore the Red and Blue. In the Middletown game with his team trailing by a 7 to 6 score, and with only a few minutes to play, Johnny snatched a pass from the hands of a Middie receiver and dashed 70 yards, bringing victory to his team. This is only one of the many athletic contests which Fugitt was the star. One of the flashiest basketball players ever seen on any court in this section. Johnny captained the 1929 squad to one of the most successful seasons in the history of the school. The football team lost only one game, and the basketball team lost only three out of twenty. The Trojans were—the South-eastern Ohio Football Champions of 1929. On the track squad, one of the fastest dash men was Johnny. Not only a wonderful athlete but also one of the most lovable boys who ever attended Portsmouth High—a real pal and companion to every boy on the team. There may be great future captains of great Portsmouth teams, but all will look to Captain Johnny Fugitt as a model.





PORTSMOUTH 12, NEW BOSTON 0

Playing under a hot summer sun the Trojans got off to a flying start on one of the hardest schedules of P. H. S. history. New Boston provided the opposition and proved to be plenty tough. They had one of the strongest defensive teams the Trojans met during the season. Coaches Ness and Hopkins used a great many substitutes trying for a winning combination to pull through the season. The tackles of the Trojans seemed in great condition and broke up many New Boston plays. The punting of Smith proved to be in mid-season form and aided greatly in the victory.



LYNN OGG, TACKLE



FRED BRICKER, END



ROBERT BARR, GUARD





PORTSMOUTH 27, HUNTINGTON 6

The "Big Red" came down from Huntington to make a try at the "up and coming" Trojans. The "Pony Express" looked splendid in their bright red uniforms. But after a few minutes on the field against the boys of Portsmouth they didn't look so "hot."

Paul Buckley, end for Portsmouth, was, in no small part, responsible for the success of the Trojans by his snatching of passes out of the air. "Buck" scored three of Portsmouth's touchdowns and one point. Vandervort scored the other touchdown after an intercepted Huntington pass. Smith was on the sending end of the passes and it was with real accuracy that he sent them into the ozone.



ANDREW REINHARD, GUARD

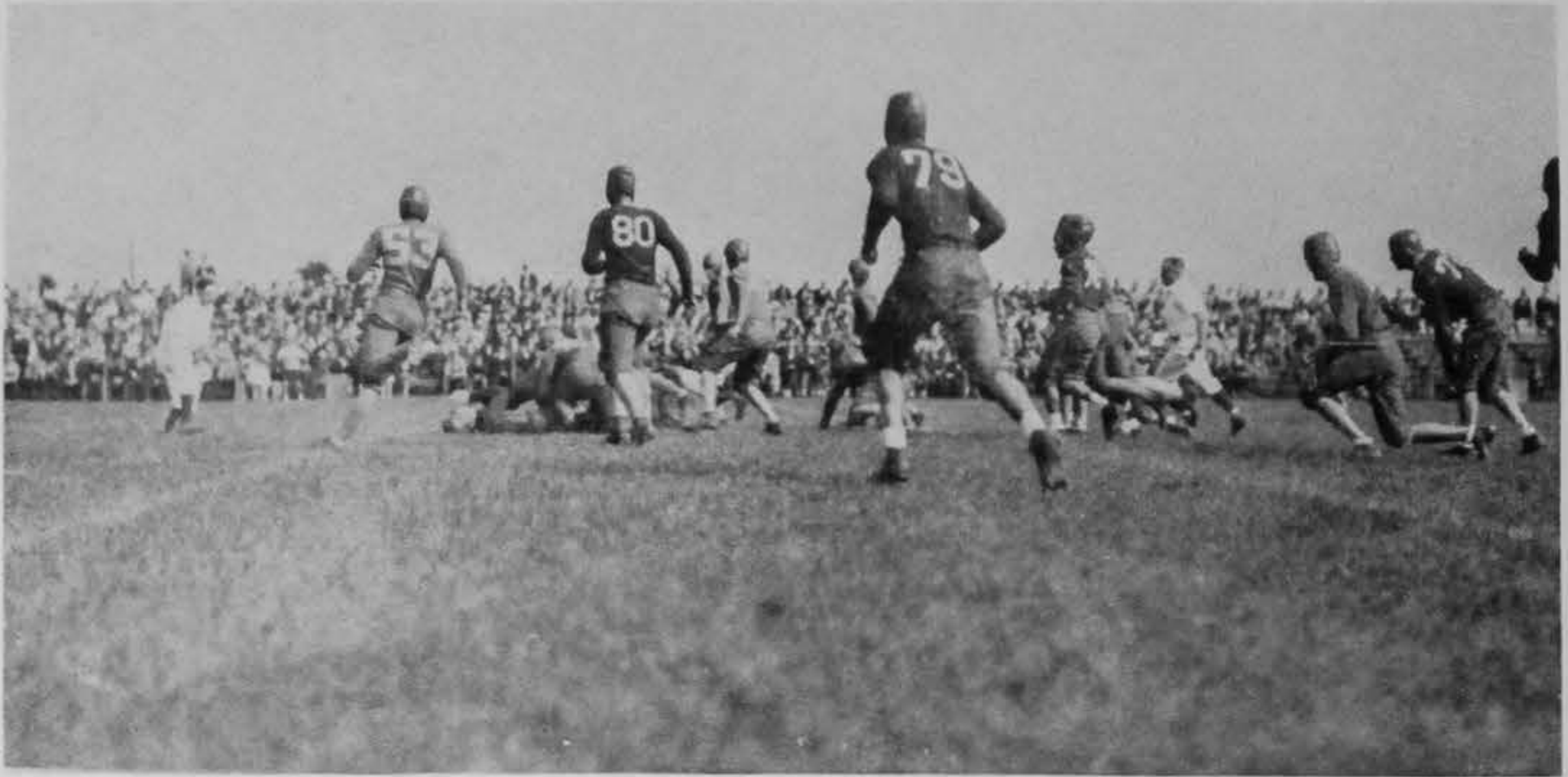


EDWARD WALKER, GUARD



CHARLES VANDERVORT, FULL-BACK





PORTSMOUTH 13, MIDDLETOWN 7

The strong Middletown warriors went down to an honorable defeat before the onslaught of the powerful Trojan grid machine. Middletown was one of the most powerful teams in the country. They were a team of veterans.

The Middletown boys lost by one touchdown in the last few moments of the game. Not being content with a one point lead the Middletown boys hurled a long pass in Captain Johnny Fugitt's territory and that individual impolitely obtained it from Middletown and galloped seventy yards for the winning touchdown with two minutes to play.



DREW LLOYD, CENTER



MURRAY SMITH QUARTERBACK



CLYDE COLVIN, CENTER





PORTSMOUTH 13, ZANESVILLE 7

Coming from behind in the last half, the Portsmouth boys took the "Lions" of Zanesville into camp and made pets of them. Singer, flashy fullback of Zanesville, scored in the first few minutes of play on a fumble. By subbing Cropper at left half, the P. H. S. mentors at last found a mate to the other three horse-men of the backfield. Cropper made both touchdowns, one from the kickoff. With such men as Fugitt, Smith, Vandervort and Cropper in the backfield, Portsmouth was bound to go far in the football world.

PORTSMOUTH 27, CHILLICOTHE 20

In one of the most exciting games of the season Portsmouth emerged from the conquest covered with bruises and glory. The Orangemen of Chillicothe proved to be real, worthy foemen. They had one of the hardest plunging grid machines in the Scioto Valley. Fugitt brought the spectators to their feet with his thrilling seventy yard dash for a touchdown. This seemed to be the favorite trick of the lanky Captain.



TOD CROPPER HALF-BACK

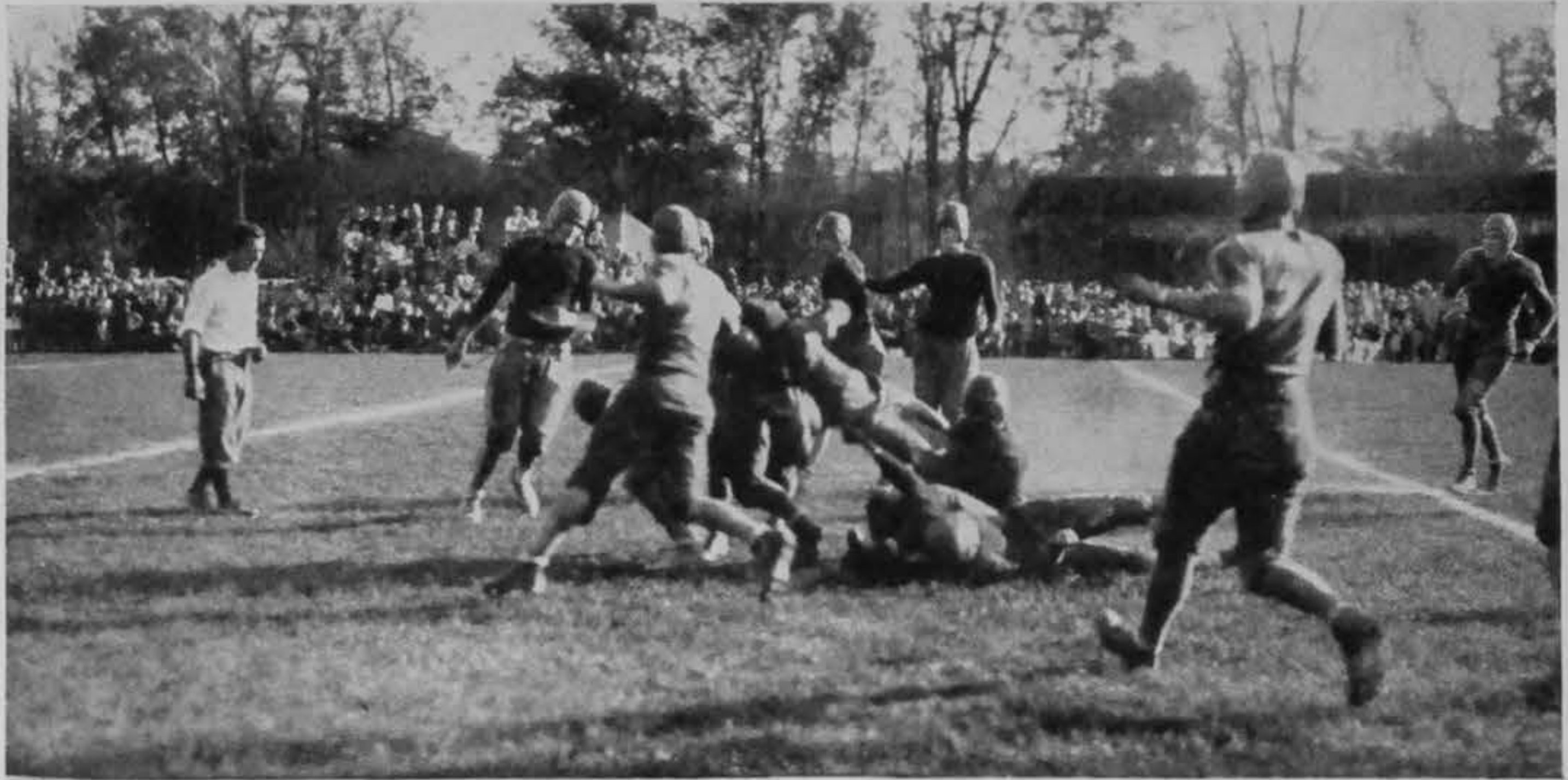


HOWARD BLACKBURN
TACKLE



PAUL BUCKLEY, END





PORTSMOUTH 19, ATHENS 12

The Trojans seem to have made a habit of winning games by one touchdown. Again the Trojans pulled their favorite stunt on Athens. All the back-field played unusually well. Passes accounted for two of Portsmouth's touchdowns. Smith, Bricker and Buckley were the scorers.

The boys of Athens seemed to have found a weakness in the Portsmouth tackles. They made many gains on off tackle plays. The Portsmouth guards, Barr and Walker proved as dependable in this game as the rocks of Gibraltar and were just as hard to move.



EDWARD POLLOCK, GUARD

PORTSMOUTH 35, MARIETTA 0

Playing on a field of mud and water the Trojans put up one of the finest exhibitions of football ever seen on Labold field. Every cog of the big blue team was running on time. Rarely if ever did the home boys fail to gain either at the line or in the air. Not once did the Marietta boys threaten the Trojan goal line. The boys seemed in fine shape and well on the way to the State Championship.

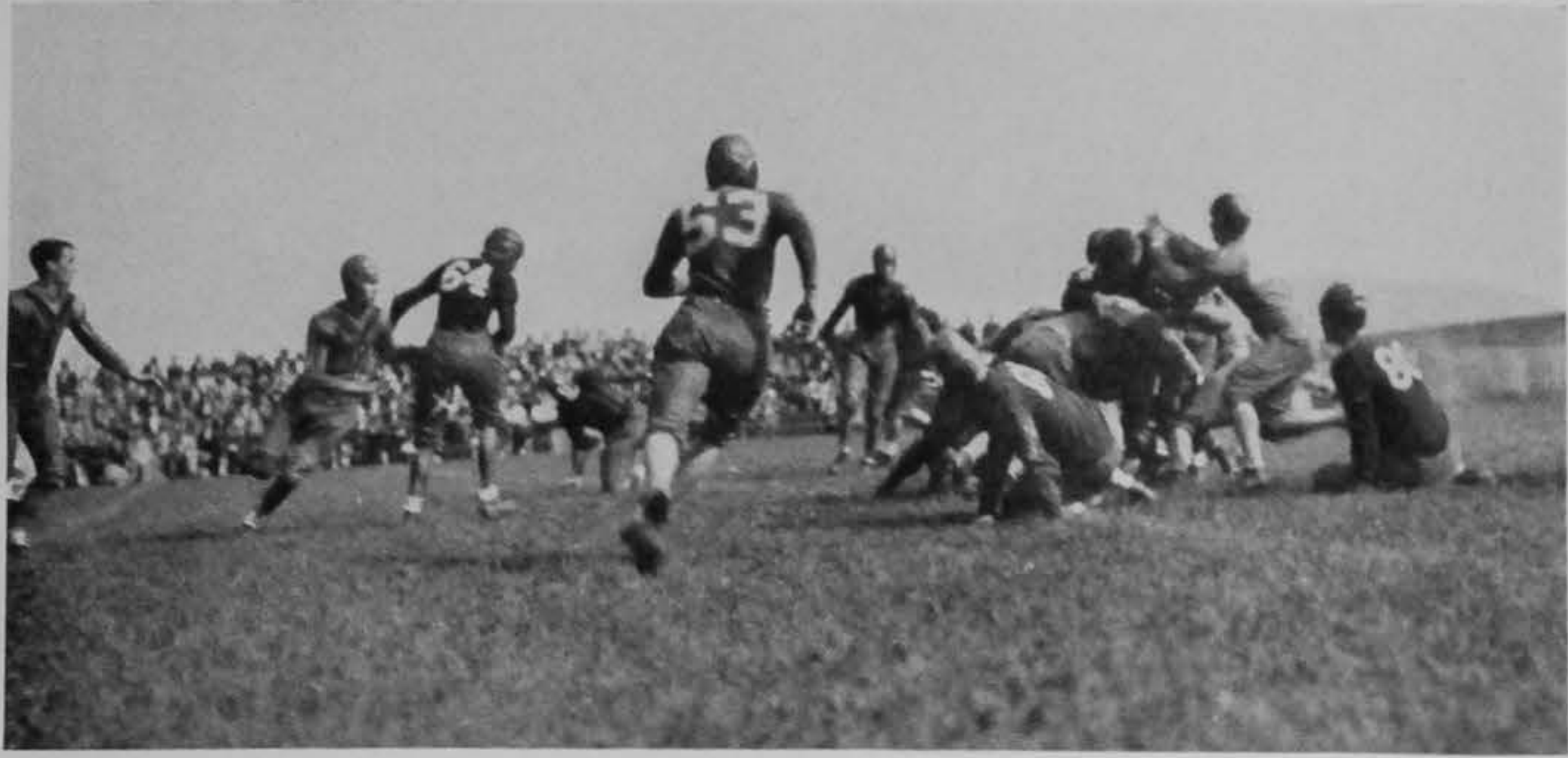


CLAUDE GLASS, TACKLE



VERNON BURKHART, FULL-BACK





PORTSMOUTH 12, IRONTON 0

In one of the roughest, toughest battles of the season the Trojans again trounced those big, bad Tigers of Ironton. The game was one big fight from the first whistle to the last. Playing a superior brand of football Portsmouth triumphed over one of the strongest teams Ironton has ever put on the field. Ironton received one of the greatest surprises in their lives when Fugitt worked a fake kick and Buckley, star end, carried the ball to the seventeen yard line. Then Fugitt carried the ball over on an end run. Vandervort made the other score after a plunge through the line for ten yards. Smith kicked both goals. Kelly and McAffe were the stars for Ironton. Kelly, after being hurt early in the game, returned to the Tiger lineup only to be carried off the field again.



CLAUDE HAMMOND
GUARD



JUNIOR MOORE, QUARTERBACK



ERNEST RICE, TACKLE





PORTSMOUTH 12, DAYTON 0

By defeating the "Teddies" of Dayton Roosevelt High School, the Portsmouth Trojans completed the second consecutive season without losing a game in Ohio. Although the Dayton lads put up a hard fight, they could not stop the high spirited Trojans.

Roosevelt was the only stepping stone between the Trojans and a clean schedule and the boys simply could not and would not be beaten. Fugitt accounted for both touchdowns, both were after long thrilling broken field runs. Bricker, Trojan end, excelled himself in breaking up Dayton's plays around his end.

PORTSMOUTH 0, ASHLAND 14

Playing under a terrific handicap of weight, the Trojans went to a stinging defeat at the hands of the powerful Ashland Tomcats. Fighting to the last the Trojans were outplayed and outweighed but never were they outfought. The Tomcats had a wonderful team of experienced players and by their hard playing handed the Portsmouth boys their one and only beating of the season. Captain Fugitt assisted by Charles Vandervort were the outstanding stars of the contest. Vandy, a one hundred and fifty pound fullback repeatedly threw the heavier backs of Ashland for big losses. He is the lightest fullback ever to wear a Portsmouth uniform and he played the greatest game of his career.



CHARLES HAAS
MANAGER



EARL HALSTEAD
MANAGER



HERBERT GREEN
MANAGER



BASKETBALL





Front row: Benner, Kirsch.
 Second Row: Cropper, G. Doll, Vandervort (Captain), Moore, Noel.
 Third Row: Hopkins (Coach), Hazlebeck (Manager), Lewis, Parker, Buckley, Barr (Manager), Ness (Coach).

VARSIITY BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

December	13	P. H. S.	18	Hillsboro	14
December	21	P. H. S.	26	Columbus South	14
December	28	P. H. S.	32	Georgetown, Ky.	29
January	4	P. H. S.	20	Parkersburg, W. Va.	14
January	8	P. H. S.	26	Huntington, W. Va.	7
January	11	P. H. S.	26	Zanesville	24
January	17	P. H. S.	18	Lima Central	20
January	24	P. H. S.	31	Ashland, Ky.	23
January	25	P. H. S.	52	New Boston	14
January	31	P. H. S.	46	Athens	14
February	4	P. H. S.	41	Huntington, W. Va.	24
February	7	P. H. S.	38	Athens	17
February	8	P. H. S.	26	Marietta	18
February	14	P. H. S.	22	Ironton	17
February	15	P. H. S.	27	New Boston	21
February	21	P. H. S.	13	Ashland, Ky.	12
February	22	P. H. S.	14	Chillicothe	13
March	4	P. H. S.	17	Chillicothe	18
March	7	P. H. S.	20	Ironton	5
Southeastern Ohio Tournament					
March	14	P. H. S.	13	Athens	18
TOTAL					
		P. H. S.	546	Opponents	336



THE REVIEW OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON



The Portsmouth basketball squad of 1929-30 lived up to their name as real Trojans by losing only three close games during the entire season which even surpasses the squad of 1928-29.

Starting the season with a veteran team, the Trojans got off to a flying start and never stopped although they had many narrow escapes from being beaten by the strong teams of the enemy.

The biggest loss handed the basket-tossers all season was the losing of Johnny Fugitt the greatest basketball player ever seen in the Portsmouth Gym and Murray Smith the little forward who never failed to come through with plenty of baskets.

Now to get down to business, the Trojans played twenty games and won seventeen, which is nothing to get blue about. The games lost were played with Lima Central, Chillicothe, and Athens at the District Tournament. The Lima game was lost by only two points and the Chillicothe game by one, after defeating them in a hard battle on the home floor.

After losing Smith and Fugitt, Coaches Hopkins and Ness had to develop new players to take their places, which was a hard task but which they did well.

The District Tournament was a nightmare for the Portsmouth five. Although favored to win the tournament the Trojans lost the first game from the Athens five who were playing better ball than seen in most colleges. The prospects for next year are exceptionally bright because only one member, Charles Vandervort, won't be back to play again next year. This means another veteran team which will avenge the defeats of this season, we hope.

And now for those hard working boys who wash the balls and carry the baggage, we were unusually fortunate in having William Hazlebeck and Robert Barr as managers this year. This job is really hard and these boys did it excellently as did their assistants who were also hard workers.





CHARLES VANDERVORT (CAPTAIN)
GUARD

The Trojans started the basketball season by defeating the Hillsboro five 18 to 14. This being the first game, the P. H. S. boys were not in the best of form but played exceptionally well for the little time they had to practice. Cropper was high score man with 7 points. Vandervort, regular guard, was out of the line-up due to injuries received in football but Doll and Noel filled the guard position in splendid style.

In the next game the Trojans were running in mid-season form and sent South High Columbus home defeated to the tune of 26 to 14. South hardly even touched the ball and the Trojans seemed to be able to pass the ball anywhere they pleased.



TOD CROPPER
FORWARD



The next game, with Georgetown, Ky., was not so easy but the Portsmouth basket tossers finally won out after an overtime period. The score being 32 to 29. The boys seemed to be a little rough. Fugitt and Vandervort both were put out on fouls but Portsmouth won the game despite this handicap.

Then a West Virginia team came to town but since the Trojans were in the habit of winning they took Parkersburg into camp by a score of 20 to 14. Buckley played a good game for Portsmouth, making 6 points.

When Huntington, with their big six-foot-four center journeyed down to play the Trojans the same story was repeated. They went home with the little end of a 26 to 7 score. Fugitt covered this big center of Huntington so well that he was unable to make a point while Fugitt kept scoring just as he always did.

Next those Zanesville Blue Devils came to try to repeat their last year's victory over the Trojans, but they didn't. It was a terribly hard game but the Trojans finally got two points ahead and won the game 26 to 24. Fugitt was high score man in this game with 15 points.



JUNIOR MOORE
FORWARD



GEORGE DOLL
GUARD





MURRAY SMITH
FORWARD

Well, anyway, you can't win forever, but the boys lost a close game to Lima Central. The score was only 18 to 20 but Lima had the twenty so the Trojans just bundled up good, and left Lima, 'cause, gee! it was cold there.

We just had to beat Ashland after the way they treated us in football, so all the team played like demons. The score was 31 to 23; and Fugitt, Smith and Cropper were all close for scoring honors.

The next evening we all went up to New Boston because we heard they had a good team. They were good but the Trojans were too fast for them, and the score was only 52 to 14. Close Eh?

The game with Athens was one everyone hated to miss, 'cause it was Fugitt's and Smith's last game for the Trojans. Both boys played extra hard that night. The game ended 46 to 14.

The Trojans went up on Huntington's big floor and defeated them 41 to 24. Moore played his first game as a regular and scored 15 points. Buckley was also going good. He scored 10 points.

It was then time to play Athens again so the team loaded up their baggage and traveled up to the college town. This game was harder than the first but the old fighting spirit brought home a 38 to 17 score.



JOHN FUGITT
CENTER



The Trojans were now ready for their fight against Ironton. The score was 22 to 17 but the Trojans were behind until the last few minutes of the game.

New Boston came down to play a return game and they played a better game than before. Buckley and Vandervort played exceptionally well for the Trojans. Portsmouth won 27 to 21.

Ashland tried to avenge their first defeat but were unsuccessful. Portsmouth defeated them 13 to 12.

The Trojans went to Chillicothe and repeated the story of a week before. After fighting hard the Trojans came through with a 14 to 13 lead.

Chillicothe came back the next week and handed the Trojans their biggest surprise of the year when they defeated them 18 to 17 after two overtime periods.

The Trjoans now got down to work and turned Ironton back 20 to 5 in the last game of the schedule. The team seemed to be working perfectly that night.

Then what do you think happened? Those Trojans went to the District Tournament favored to win but were defeated by Athens in the first game. Those Athens boys sure played real basketball. The score was 18 to 13.



BERT NOEL
GUARD

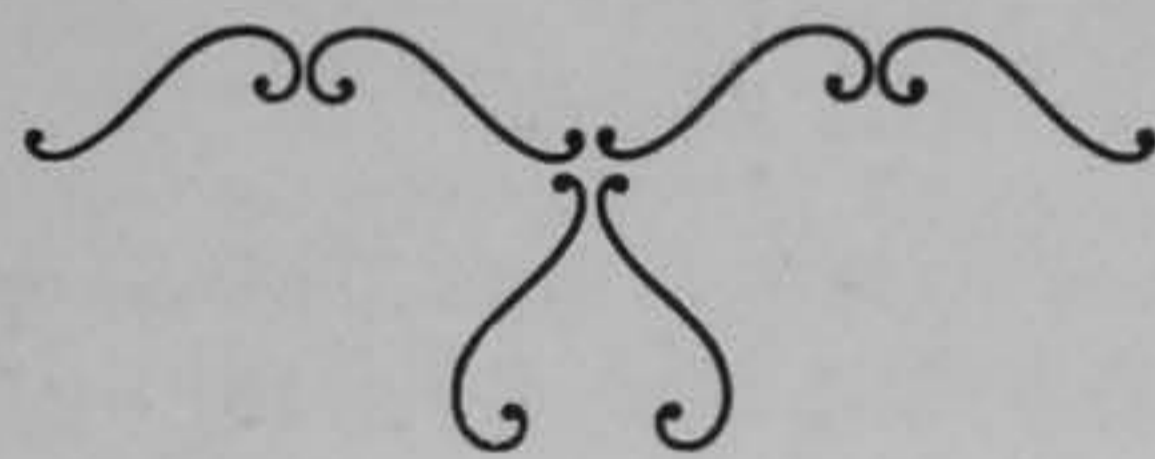


PAUL BUCKLEY
CENTER





MINOR SPORTS



TENNIS

TRACK

GOLF



Adams, Allard, Bierley, Bricker, Buckley, Cross, Davis, Lloyd Dodds, Loren Dodds, Doll, Doerr, Glass, Hull, Kilgore.



These Trojans have not only good football and basketball teams but tennis teams as well. This year they played eight matches and won all eight of them, besides winning singles and doubles at the District Tournament held at Athens. At the State Tournament they were defeated but then only after a hard fight. The team played Hillsboro, Wellston, Kentucky Military Institute, and Huntington this year. The game with K. M. I., was one any lover of tennis would have enjoyed. Their team had two Portsmouth boys playing against the Trojans, Hannah and Jordan, so it was a fight among friends. On the Portsmouth squad were: Thompson, Vandervort, Cropper, Moore, Wertz, and Webb. All the team is back next year with the exception of Thompson.

This year Portsmouth was very weak in track competition. But, taking into consideration the lack of equipment, it did very well. As most of you know, there is no place suitable to hold practice.



TENNIS

TRACK

GOLF



Fugitt, Legg, Livesay, Moore, McConnell, Shaffer, Smith, Stewart, Taylor, Thompson, Trowbridge, Vandervort, Webb, Wertz.

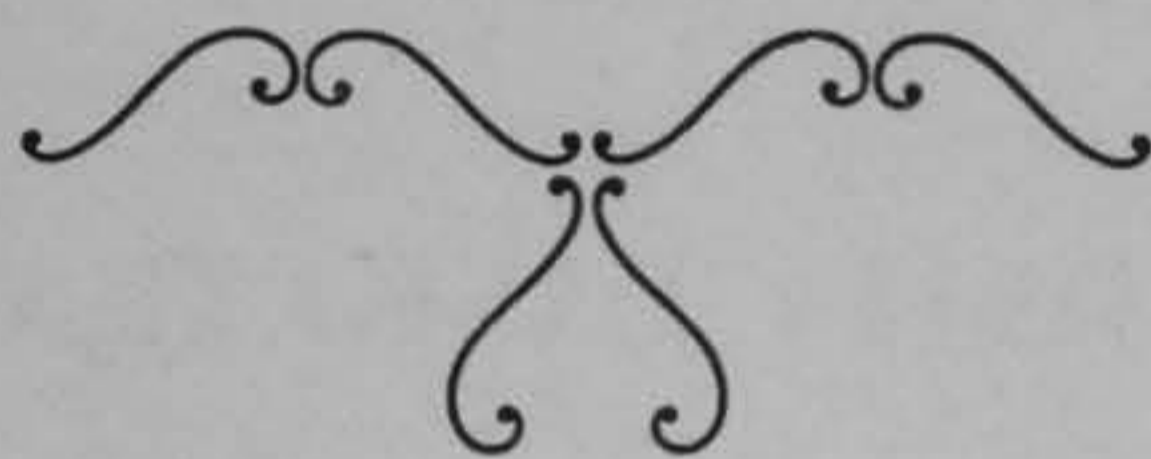


The track team consisted of Paul Davis, Johnny Fugitt, Steve Stewart, Ed Adams, Frank Bierley, Freddie Bricker, Paul Buckley, Don Cross, Loren Dodds, George Doll, Roger Doerr, Claude Glass, Albert Hull, Russell Kilgore, Mike Legg, Brub McConnell, Murray Smith, Ralph Shaffer. These boys made a gallant fight to uphold the good name of their school. But lack of practicing facilities soon began to tell and Portsmouth slipped, stumbled and finally fell in rating in regard to track. However, Portsmouth had the honor to send four boys to Columbus to participate in the state meet held there. They were: Mike Legg, Paul Davis, Freddie Bricker, and Paul Buckley. The team was capably managed by Lloyd Dodds. The Golf Team of Portsmouth did very well considering that this is an entirely new sport being introduced in the Portsmouth High School. This is the first time that Portsmouth has ever had a golf team. The boys succeeded in winning the District meet and were sent to Columbus to participate in the State meet. But the competition proved to be too strong for a green team, and the boys did not do so well. The team consisted of Grey Livesay, Stewart Allard, Maurice Trowbridge, and Paul Buckley.





GIRLS' ATHLETICS





Under the capable leadership of Miss Bell, athletics for girls have steadily progressed this year. The games and various activities seemed to be ruled by that spirit of sportsmanship and fair play which is a tradition in Portsmouth High School.

VARSIITY BASKETBALL

Varsity played two games with other schools. One was with West Union and one with Wheelersburg. The game played at West Union was early in the season, and due to the lack of practice, the girls were badly defeated. However, playing on the home floor and with the best of training, they were able to defeat the Wheelersburg lassies by a sizeable score. Next year perhaps more games will be scheduled.



TENNIS

More time is being devoted to tennis this year. One game has already been scheduled for May 2 at Wellston. Several good players including Evans, Bailey, and Green, are on the team. After observing the early practices, it can be safely predicted that they will provide strong opposition for someone.



TRACK

The winners of the various events of last year's season were:

Baseball Throw Katherine Evans

Basketball Throw Katherine Evans

100 Yard Dash Gladys Baker

High Jump Mary Kline

Target Throw Virginia Blagg

Many girls came out and it was a task to win but the girls named above finally managed to do so.



BASEBALL

At this time the baseball season has just started and the outcome cannot be announced as yet. The Sophomores seem to be the best bet. Already they have defeated the Seniors and from the present outlook, they will sweep aside all opposition. With such players as Yeager, Evans and Shields they are bound for the top.



GIRLS' VARSITY



Marting



Jordan



Crull



Laufer



Prayther



Baker



Dunn



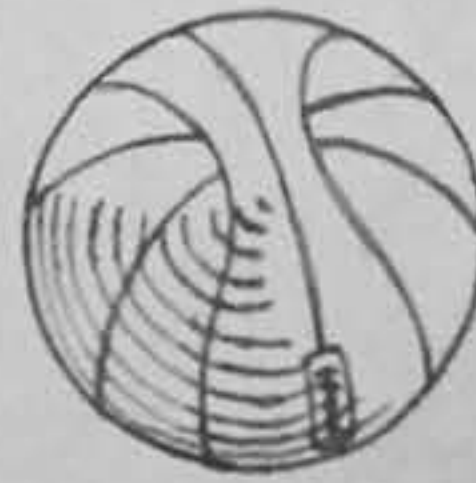
Waller



Richardson



Shields



Quillen



Yeager



Track Winners 1929



Baker



Evans



Kline



Blagg



Rickey



Green



Bailey



Evans

Tennis 1930



Briggs





SENIOR



JUNIOR



SENIORS

BASKETBALL

Stewart, Prayther, Crull, Blagg, Baker,
Wolff, Goetz, Dunn, Jordan, Hill

VOLLEYBALL

Stewart, Neff, Blagg, Prayther, Dunn,
Jordan, Baker, Leedom, Hill.

JUNIORS

Moore, Mooney, Sheridan, Kitchen,
Oberley, Rickey, Heisel, Green, Helbig.

Bowser, Costigan, Sheridan, Jones,
Oberley, Rickey, Heisel, Green, Helbig.





SOPHS



FROSH



SOPHS

BASKETBALL

Marting, Shields, Sutherland, Lantz,
Evans, Waller, Barr, Millirons,
Dunn, Yeager.

VOLLEYBALL

Marting, Harris, Rother, Yeager, Dunn,
Millirons, Shields, Switalski.

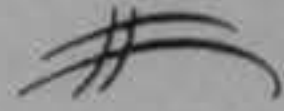
FROSH

Yates, Joyce, Cabiness, Fisher, Fairtrace,
Scudder, Daehler, Cromer.

Joyce, Quillen, Lauffer, Johnson, Tatje,
Daehler, Scudder, Fairtrace.



REVIEW



The varsity teams were chosen this year from the best players on the four class teams. The Seniors were represented by Jean Crull, Gladys Baker, Lola Prayther, Helen Jordan, and Harriet Dunn. The Sophomores were represented by Sally Marting, Laura Yeager, Gladys Shields, and Catherine Waller. Janice Lauffer, Nell Phylura Richardson were the Freshmen. The two teams, Red and Blue, were scheduled to play two out of three games. With the fast teamwork of Marting and Yeager the Blue aggregation won both games. Since it was Richardson's first year on varsity, she did not show the form and co-operation needed for a partner to play with Baker who is rated as one of the fastest players ever on P. H. S. teams. Prayther and Shields of opposing teams played the same reliable game which everyone expects from them. Crull and Dunn at center and side center respectively very capably filled their positions which skillful playing as well as keen judgment in the execution of various plays. All the girls played clean skillful games which are characteristic of teams coached by Miss Bell.

VOLLEYBALL

These games proved more interesting than ever before. Due to the fact that volleyball was new last year not as many girls tried out for the teams as this year. However this year it proved quite popular. The games were well contested and team played two out of three games which attracted much attention due to the closeness of the score. The Juniors and Seniors fought valiantly for first place but the Seniors came out on top.

BASKETBALL

The class games this year were also marked by the spirited rivalry between the various classes. Many new faces were seen in this sport. Each team appeared in attractive suits of different colors. In fact, the color scheme attracted more attention than the playing itself. The girls in action looked like undistinguishable flashes.

As usual the Senior team being composed of veterans, won the school title. However the winning title was no "cinch" because the Sophomores did everything in their power to stop the Senior avalanche, which could not be stopped.





FEATURES



Lower Ferry — P. H. S. Jazz Band — Where Men Are Men — Across the Goal
Millbrook Lake



DIARY



- Sept. 9:* School has begun, no more laughing, no more fun. Or so the New Freshies seem to think, judging from the solemnity of their expressions. They have hunted high and low for their classrooms, and just don't seem to be able to see the numbers on the doors right in front of their eyes. Isn't that sad?
- Sept. 13:* Whee, we've already had a party, and school's not a week old yet. Not bad, eh? The big sisters of the Girls' League gave it for their baby sisters and everyone had the best time eating, dancing, and talking.
- Sept. 21:* Golly, football season is already here, can you believe it? I can't, but it's true, 'cause we played New Boston this afternoon and beat 'em too, 12 to 0. It was a darn good game, and we-all got our voices out of hock. Mine worked very well, but now I can't even make a squeak. Tough!
- Sept. 22:* Hold everything! We beat the Pony Express of Huntington to the whistle of 27 to 6. They may have been a Pony Express, but now they are merely a stagecoach, and they have lost a wheel at that.
- Sept. 30:* My, all the Seniors are primping a lot this morning, but for once they had a good excuse, 'cause tonight they are starting to take Senior pictures, and we must have good ones. That shouldn't be so hard, since we have so many good lookers in our class, and there is nothing personal in that.
- Oct. 5:* Whoopee, who says we aren't good? We beat the Middletown team 13 to 7, and whoever says that it wasn't exciting—well, they just don't know, that's all. Along about the end of the third quarter, things looked awfully black for us, but our dear Trojans rallied with a second touch-down and saved the day.
- Oct. 9:* Sh——, whisper it. We got our grade cards today, and things don't look so bright. Of course there are a few with bright and smiling faces, but they are fearfully in the minority; in fact, I have spied several red noses among the youngest members of our family, but when they get to be Seniors, they will realize that one must be patriotic, and that to be patriotic one must have some red on the card.
- Oct. 12:* Did we beat Zanesville? Well I guess. We beat them 13 to 7, but it was up there, and so a lot of us didn't get to see it. Darn the luck!



- Oct. 19: Whoops my deah! We beat Chillicothe and was I ever happy? If we hadn't, I for one would have been ruined. Simply mobbed! You see, since I am a sort of reporter, I sat on the bench, but it happened to be the Chilli bench, and I had more fun yelling for our men. Oh the black looks I received. We beat them 27 to 20.
- Oct. 26: Of course we beat. Whom did we play? Now let me think. Oh yes, we played Athens, and we beat them 19 to 12. Up there our boys played, and our teachers had a convention, and three of them made talks. Wasn't that nice?
- Nov. 1: The Revelers had their initiation this evening, and we had more fun. Gee, I ate so much that I had a pain in the part of my anatomy where it is least agreeable. Piggie, piggie!
- Nov. 2: Ho Hum! I thought that Marietta had a team. Well perhaps they have, but they sure can't come up to ours. We beat them 35 to 0. Really, it was criminal. Our undergrads, the Juniors gave a dance for the Marietta team, but they didn't come to it. Oh well, everyone else did, so they made plenty of money.
- Nov. 9: Wow! Did we beat Ironton. Oh no! Just 12 to 0. They may have *been* Tigers once, but now they are just house cats, and not even Angoras. Kitty cat!
- Nov. 16: What happened? Oh we just won another football game. Whom did we play? Well now really—Oh yes we played Dayton Roosevelt, and we beat them 12 to 0.
- Nov. 22: Well, the first Senior Class Play is now history. We gave "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and it really was awfully good, or so people said. But then, it would have had to be good with the coach we had.
- Nov. 29: Gosh, that was a bitter pill for us to swallow, but we must remember that we are good sports above all, and as such, we must not make excuses. By the way, it was Thanksgiving Day, but, strange to say, we didn't feel very thankful.
- Dec. 1: Well it sure seems like the breaking up of a hard winter. You know, it never rains but it pours. The Alumni teams put ours to rout to the tune of 12 to 0. They made us bite the dust, and there wasn't any. Tough! And was it cold? Br———.
- Dec. 6: Well, we jumped on the debate train with the old Trojan spirit and took Ripley and Wellston into camp in no time. It was a momentous victory for us, 'cause we are as green as the greeniest green apples.
- Dec. 13: Now Basketball Season is here, and I hope that we make as good a record as we did in football. We started out right by defeating Hillsboro 18 to 14.



- Dec. 19:* Well the Junior play was a success. Really it was quite good—almost as good as the Senior one. By the time that they get to be as old as we are, they may be as good, but I rather doubt it.
- Dec. 20:* Today was the Christmas Assembly, and they presented Dickens' Christmas Carol. It certainly was different from what has been given, and was a pleasant contrast.
- Dec. 21:* This evening we played Columbus South High here, and we defeated them with the final score as 26 to 14. You see, we are improving steadily.
- Dec. 28:* Well, tonight we ruined another town's hopes. We defeated Georgetown, Ky., by the majority of 32 to 29.
- Jan. 4:* Honestly, this is getting to be almost as monotonous as our football scores. This time we beat Parkersburg, W. Va., 20 to 14.
- Jan. 8:* Huh! We gave the Pony Express another chance, and they can't do a bit better in Basketball than in football. We beat them 26 to 7. The poor things are quite deluded when they think they are Pony Expresses, but since they are harmless, we won't send them to Athens.
- Jan. 10:* Whee, we took another bunch of debaters to the dump again. This time it was Oak Hill and Georgetown. No one can stand up against the Trojans.
- Jan. 17:* We won another debate this evening by defeating the strong Ashland team. We weren't a bit sorry.
- Jan. 17:* Darn it, the kids got a tough break this trip. You know, Lima is the most impolite town. They invited us up, and then beat us by two points. Wasn't that mean? The score was 18 to 20.
- Jan. 24:* Whoops! Our gang is the Championship bunch of debaters in the ninth district for Ohio. Maybe you don't think we are proud. Well, we sure are.
- Jan. 24:* Well, we avenged our defeat of last fall. We beat the Ashland Tomcats 31 to 23, and on their own floor too. Not bad, eh?
- Jan. 25:* My, we won another game tonight, this time from our time honored foes, New Boston. Gee, I hope I'm not around if they ever beat us, 'cause things sure would be pretty hot.
- Jan. 30:* We beat Catlettsburg in a debate tonight. You know, in our various activities, we have beat all the cities and towns in this part of the country.



- Jan. 31:* Gee, our boys sure are keeping up the good work, and that's no joke. This evening they defeated Athens by a majority of 46 to 14. Really not room for a shadow of a doubt.
- Feb. 1:* The Seniors gave a Spanish Dance this evening, and the hall was decorated with shawls and just everything. It was awfully pretty, and they had an awfully nice crowd.
- Feb. 4:* Our team won another debate this evening from Catlettsburg. Then to keep up the good impressions of the day, the Basketball team beat Huntington for the second time, this time to the tune of 41 to 24.
- Feb. 7:* Now we have added another feather to our cap by Athens falling victim to our advances. The final score was 38 to 17.
- Feb. 8:* Well we've played two games in as many days and we won both. This time the beaten team was from Marietta, and the score was 26 to 18.
- Feb. 14:* Gee, this was quite a full day. The Revelers' play began, and it marked the meeting of the Trojans and Tigers for the first time this year in basketball. We beat them again 22 to 17.
- Feb. 15:* This was the last night of "The Youngest," and, too, New Boston played here in a return game. The play was a success, and we beat New Boston 27 to 21. Which marked the end of a perfect day.
- Feb. 21:* Heck! We had the first defeat in the debating season and at the hands of Greenfield. Their name is green, but they sure aren't.
- Feb. 21:* Well, we beat Ashland in a return game with the score 13 to 12. It was plenty keen. Really it looked sad for awhile, but our gang rallied as per usual.
- Feb. 22:* Gee, we've had two one-point victories in as many days, and it is simply ruining my nerves. This time we went up to Chilli and defeated them by the wee majority of 14 to 13.
- Mar. 4:* Gosh, another one point victory, but this time it was against us. We played Chilli down here, and they beat us 17 to 18 after playing two overtime periods. Tough! I fell off my chair three different times, and almost broke my neck, and one of the kids broke his watch to smithereens.
- Mar. 7:* Well, we beat the Tigers again, this time with the score resting as 20 to 5. Really it would be nice if they could tie us once, but I don't want to be living when or if they do.
- Mar. 14:* Gee, we got stopped in the tournament before we got started. We were all going up Saturday morning, but there wasn't anything to go up for.



- Mar. 20:* Well, well, look who-all is here. It is back to school night, and most of the parents are here to watch their young hopefuls perform. Thank heavens none of my teachers called on me, 'cause my mother thinks I am clever, and I should hate to disappoint her.
- Mar. 29:* Tonight, our sister class, the Sophs, gave a Hop and it was awfully cute. They have the makings of good Seniors. All the Freshies had new sweaters and skirts. You see, it was a sport dance, and they decided that here was a good chance to dun their folks.
- Apr. 11:* Today we debated Huntington, and the Negative team won, but the Affirmative side lost. All of which comes in the day's work. The Revelers' gave a one act play called "The Piper's Pay." It was awfully good.
- Apr. 26:* Now, my dear friends, the Juniors are trying to get enough money to finance the Junior Senior Banquet, so they gave a Bazaar, and from the looks of the crowd that attended, I imagine that they made gobs. They sure will need it too, 'cause Seniors are always hungry.
- May 2:* Whee, the Girls' League gave a play called "The Mousetrap." It was awfully cute, and everyone enjoyed it immensely.
- May 8:* Well, National Honor Installation is over, and those who made it are very happy, and those who didn't are wondering why, I suppose.
- May 17:* The P. T. A. gave their annual open air concert, and as usual it went off with a bang. Don't you just love to have music outside?
- May 22:* The orchestra gave their spring concert this eve, and it went off as smooth as silk. They certainly do play well together, and I think that we are very privileged to hear them as often as we do.
- June 6:* Now the Senior Class Play is over, and we are almost out of school. The play was wonderful in itself, but of course I can't tell how it went off as I was on the stage and so didn't get the effect, but I hope it was good.
- June 8:* Baccalaureate was this evening, and oh, it was just marvelous. All the girls looked lovely in their fluffy frocks, and the boys looked so sweet and serious. Rev. Donald Timmerman preached the sermon, and he is dear. I got all choked up a couple of times, and I was thrilled to death.
- June 11:* Now the Junior-Senior is over, and all the money of the poor Juniors is eaten up. Isn't that a shame. But really, all joking aside, it was just lovely, and we all enjoyed it a lot, and we hope that you will get just as nice a one next year.



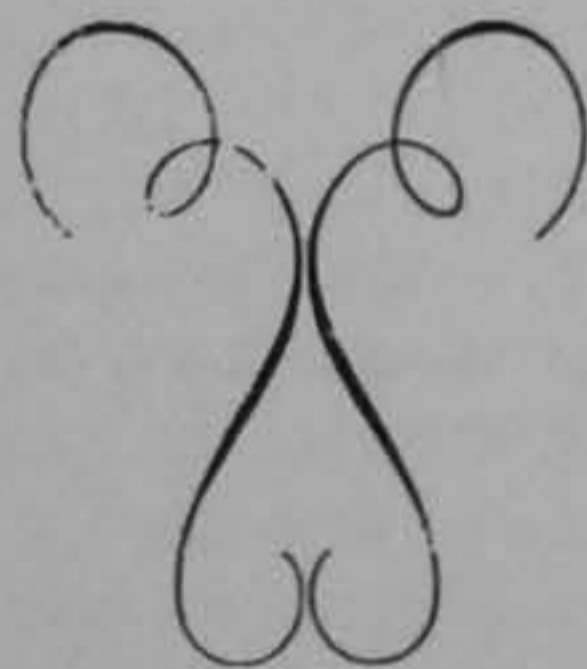
June 12: Heavens, it doesn't seem possible that Commencement is here and gone. It all happened so quickly. A few songs, a sermon, a prayer, walking to get one's diploma, and it was all over. I am not so sure that I am glad to get out. It seems queer, doesn't it, to think that we won't be coming back to the old school except as visitors. I wonder if our teachers will miss us? I'll bet they will be glad to get rid of us.

June 13: Gee, are we proud? Well I guess. We were honored guests at the Alumni Banquet, and we were all dressed in our graduation clothes. Isn't it funny to think that now we are brother and sister Alumni with all or nearly all our erst-while faculty?

June 14: Now, all the excitement is over, and I have time to draw a free breath and reflect over the years that I have belonged to the student body of the Portsmouth High School. Mine has been not in the extraordinary, and I think that all of the Seniors join with me in saying that my high school life has been very happy, and I hope that the faculty and student body of P. H. S. will remember the class of '30 in a kindly way.

FINIS

—ELOISE MARTIN '30.



P. H. S. MOVIES



"The Terror"—tests.
"Interference"—teachers
"What Price Glory?"—Honor Society.
"The Racket"—The Lunch Line.
"Fleet's In"—8:00
"Restless Youth"—The Freshmen.
"Uneasy Money"—The Annual.
"What a Night"—Graduation.
"Slightly Scarlet"—our reports.
"Good News"—school's out!
"Our Dancing Daughters"—in gym class
"Avalanche"—Night work.
"Happy Days"—Vacation.
"Sally"—Marting.
"The Rescue"—the bell.
"The Enemy"—detention slips.
"Not So Dumb"—Winifred and Marian.

Martha Peebles, '30.



A SCENE



I climbed to the top of a hill,
That overlooked the town
And from there I could see
The country for miles around
I could see the flowing river,
Winding slowly to the sea;
The sunbeams shining on it,
Seemed dancing as in glee.
I could see the grain fields golden,
That rippled in the breeze,
As if their only use could be
The gazer's eye to please.
I could see the houses clustered,
Far in the vale so green;
And their brightly painted roofs
Added beauty to the scene.

Edith Hill, '30.



PRINZEP A BOSNIAN

(the Assassin of the Austrian Archduke)



Aha! Ye kings and tyrants great of yore
Not one of you is great as I, myself.
You sent men to their death by dozens-scores
And hundreds-thousands e'en of men were slain
By your harsh hands;—but Fate has made of me
The doom of millions upon millions brave
And sent them to untimely graves because
Of my small act. For it was I who slew
The Austrian archduke—so I caused the war.
Perhaps I'm mad; I think that I must be
But not so make be half as all the lands
Who sent their youths, the finest to found,
Brave men, whose lives were much more precious than
The lives of all the senile fools who urged
Them to the fight and told them 'twas "for home
And country, freedom of the world"
They fought and died; now tell me, sages wise,
Just why they fought and died so uselessly.
How many mournful families did they leave,
How many weeping, vengeance,—vowing homes?
But what's that all to me?.. 'Twas I who shot
The Austrian archduke—so I caused the war
And gained a place in the hist'ry of the world
As causer of the greatest misfortune
That ever struck mankind; 'tis not a place
To praise, and yet I am content that I
A low assassin, still have made a scar
In millions of hearts that cannot ever heal—
For I, the causer of so many woes
Am well content with my undying fame.

HEWLETT THOMPSON, '32





On the Hunt — The Haases — The Fauns — Apollo — Mr. McComb — Signals





Parade — Henry Kegley and Cousin — Uncle Bert's Thirsty — Our Drum Major Mr. Fink and Colleague — Bag and Baggage





To West Union — Along the River — Posy Pickers — A School Bus — The Band After a Game — On the Field





Not So Long Ago — Safe — Camera — Excerpts from Midsummer Night's Dream
Miss Stokley — Deep Meditation



THE QUEST OF SIR RESCUE, THE PERISHING



A metrical romance bringing back the days of chivalry, when knighthood, no longer in flower, was beginning to go to seed.

I.

Sir Rescue rose, stood on his toes, and stretched his manly chest,
Of the Flyspeck Islands, those savage, wild lands, his prowess was the best.
He looked at his sword with a profane word, for his sword was covered with rust,
And in dismal woe he exclaimed "Oh! Oh! If I cannot fight I shall bust!"
He turned to his fool: "Get on the mule and do an errand for me;
Go down to the tinner, you flea-bitten sinner, you worst of all mortals that be,
And send him hence, if you have the sense, for I want him to arm me complete;
For, by the old boy, I yearn for the joy of giving and taking defeat!"
The fool was off with a silly laugh, like a snail on a lazy spring day,
And he crawled along with a silly song, to the tinner's where he did say:
Oh, pale and pine, you wretched swine, and let your hair turn white,
For it's the master's pleasure that you should measure him for his mail tonight;
So scrape off your dirt, and put on a shirt, and come and measure his armor;
And do it soon, you crazy loon, you lazy vermin-farmer!"
The tinner did gape, then snatched up his tape, and hastened Sir Rescue to measure;
And with many a yawn, from then until dawn, he labored the whole night through,
Till with morning's sun the armor was done—galvanized, soldered—brand new!



II.

Sir Rescue, much warmer, was now in his armor, and he
vented a joyful wail,
"Hurrah!" bellowed he. "The oppressed I shall free, and
seek the Holy Snail.—
The lowly Jail—the lovely Frail!—yes these and more
I shall seek!
I'll find them all, if it take still Fall—drat it! This armor
doth squeak!"
They erected a crane, and with might and main they
managed to lift him perforce
Up in the air to a goodly height where they let him down
on a horse
Which had an iron rail from it's head to it's tail, so it
did not break in two;
And with laughs and sneers and hoots and jeers, they
started him off with a "Shoo!"

III

As he traveled along with a tuneless song, a beggar he
happened to meet,
Who asked, bowing low, in a voice full of woe, for a dime
to buy something to eat.
Sir Rescue yelled till his helmet swelled, and the beggar
began to quail;
The beggar he flouted, and in thunder he shouted, "I'm
after the Holy Snail!"
The one who sought alms then dropped both his palms,
and answered with flashing eye:
"You've treated me bad, you miserable cad, but I'll tell
you before I die:
**The Holy Snail is found indeed
By those who in French restaurants feed!"**
Sir Rescue he sneered and laughed in his beard, and went
ahead on his way,
And throughout the land, at every lunch stand, he called
for his Snails that day.
But as for the Snail, it wasn't for sale, they informed him
wherever he went;
So with bad-words galore he rode, and he swore (please
believe me, I know) without stint,
But in spite of all that, his stomach grew flat, and with
hunger and thirst he grew faint,
For he'd sworn he'd eat naught till his Snails he had got;
when they asked him to dine, he snapped. "Can't



Till I find my lost Snail!" and then he would wail, "Oh,
golly, I'm hungry though!
I shall soon lose my mind if my Snail I don't find, for I
feel that I'm getting low!"

IV.

Some time has now passed since we saw Sir R. last, and
still he'd had nothing to eat;
He was still on his horse, and riding, of course, but he
scarcely could cling to his seat.
For from hunger he'd shrunk, both his limbs and his
trunk, till his armor was very loose;
At each step the horse took, it rattled and shook, and
jarred him like the deuce.
At last, it is said, he made him a bed, inside, he'd shrunk
so, of his mail,
And made it his hut, like a worm in a nut, or more like
a crook in a jail.
So, ready to die, he peeped with one eye through a crack
in his armor of tin.
What he saw there outside made his eyes open wide,
"French Restaurant, Welcome. Come In."
But he thought with chagrin, "I refuse to go in to a high-
hatted place like that,
Or any such place," he said, making a face, "for I am a
real Democrat,
And I **will** not dine with the rich and fine, I'm too fond of
my fellow-men.
The whole blooming lot are likely as not Snobs, High-
brows, and such Men of Sin.
I'll sleep with the bums and dwell in slums, and I'm not
too proud for jails;
But I'll draw the line when it comes to the fine"—He saw
a sign that said "**Snails**
Special today." His pride went away, and he called to a
near-by waiter,
"Bring me the whole lot of the snails that you've got--
now! not a second later!
And listen! Hey, you! A can opener too! To cut me
out of this can
And set me free!" he shouted with glee. "Snap out of it!
Hurry, my man!"
The waiter drew nigh. By the light of his eye, Sir Rescue
knew him—of course;
'Twas the beggar he'd met that day when he'd set out
with his armor and horse!



The waiter smiled both softly and mild, "Aha! I told you so!"

'Twas all his revenge; 'twas revenge with a fringe, for who is so base and low
That he doesn't sting like a burning thing when he hears that cursed remark?

"I told you so!" he snickered low—though he didn't bite, he could bark.

But the can-opener he plied, and opened out wide Sir Rescue's coat of mail,
And pulled him out. With a mighty shout that nearly started a gale,
Sir R. told his tale, eating snail after snail, and ended with frenzied joy:

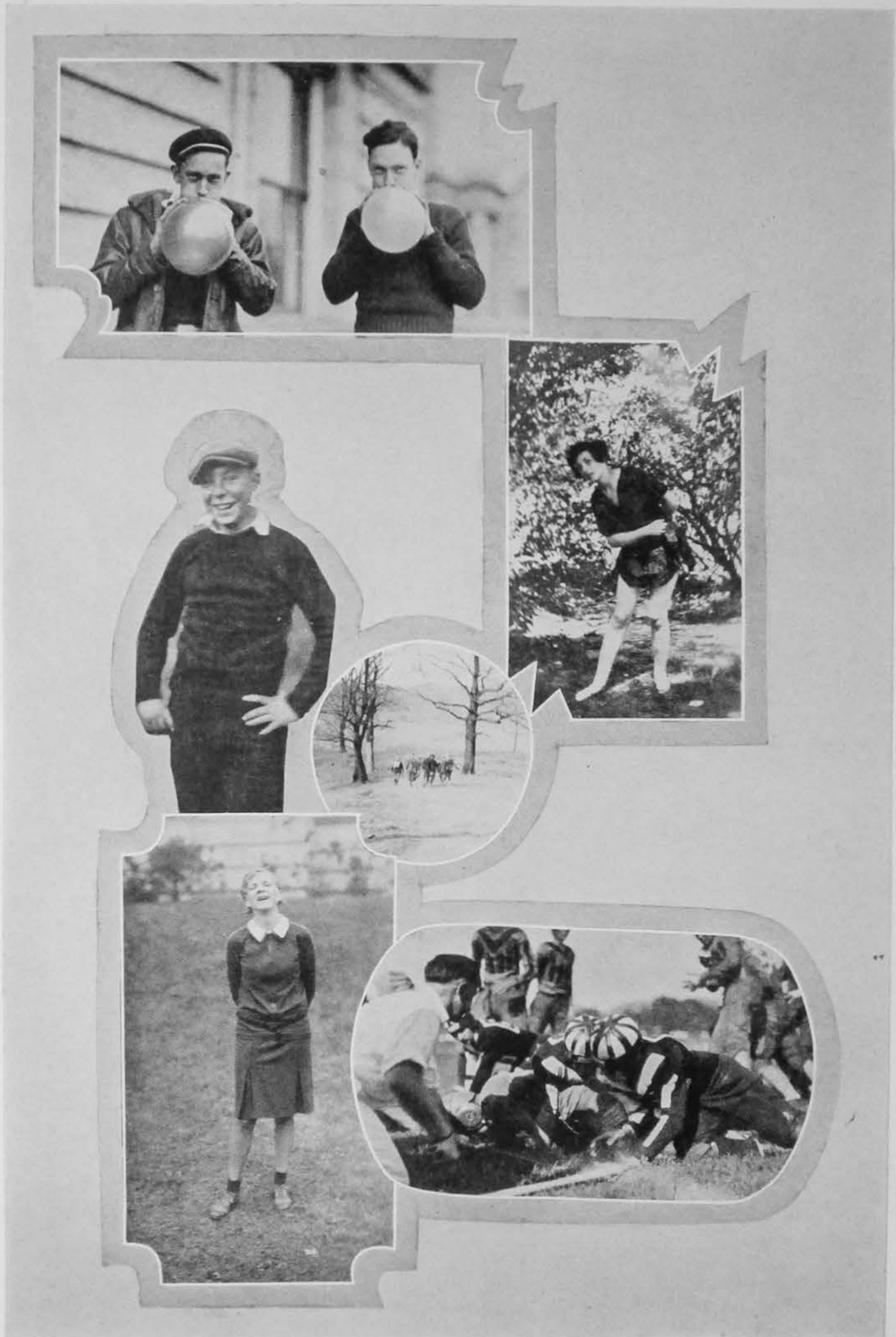
"I'll trade all my land for your dinky lunch stand! I'll be cook, you take my place, my boy!
My armor I'll make into cans that shall take Canned Snails to all, rich and poor!
And deliver them fresh, my very most precious Snails at each humble back door!
So whoops, then my boy! Help me bellow my joy! Let the whole crazy universe hear!
Shout hey! and hurray-oh! In Excelsis praise Deo! The earth with red paint I shall smear!
Let the ocean go dry! Knock the sun from the sky! Throw the mountains into the sea!
Turn the king upside down and shake off his crown! Kick up a hulaboo!" Whee!

(Please understand that he was feeling pretty good after his successful quest. End it as you like. Have him get ptomaine poisoning from eating snails, or burst a blood-vessel with shouting—anything that you prefer. We wish the reader to be satisfied.

And, by the way, the beautiful and talented wife of Sir Rescue, the Perishing, was named Lady Carefor, the Dying.)

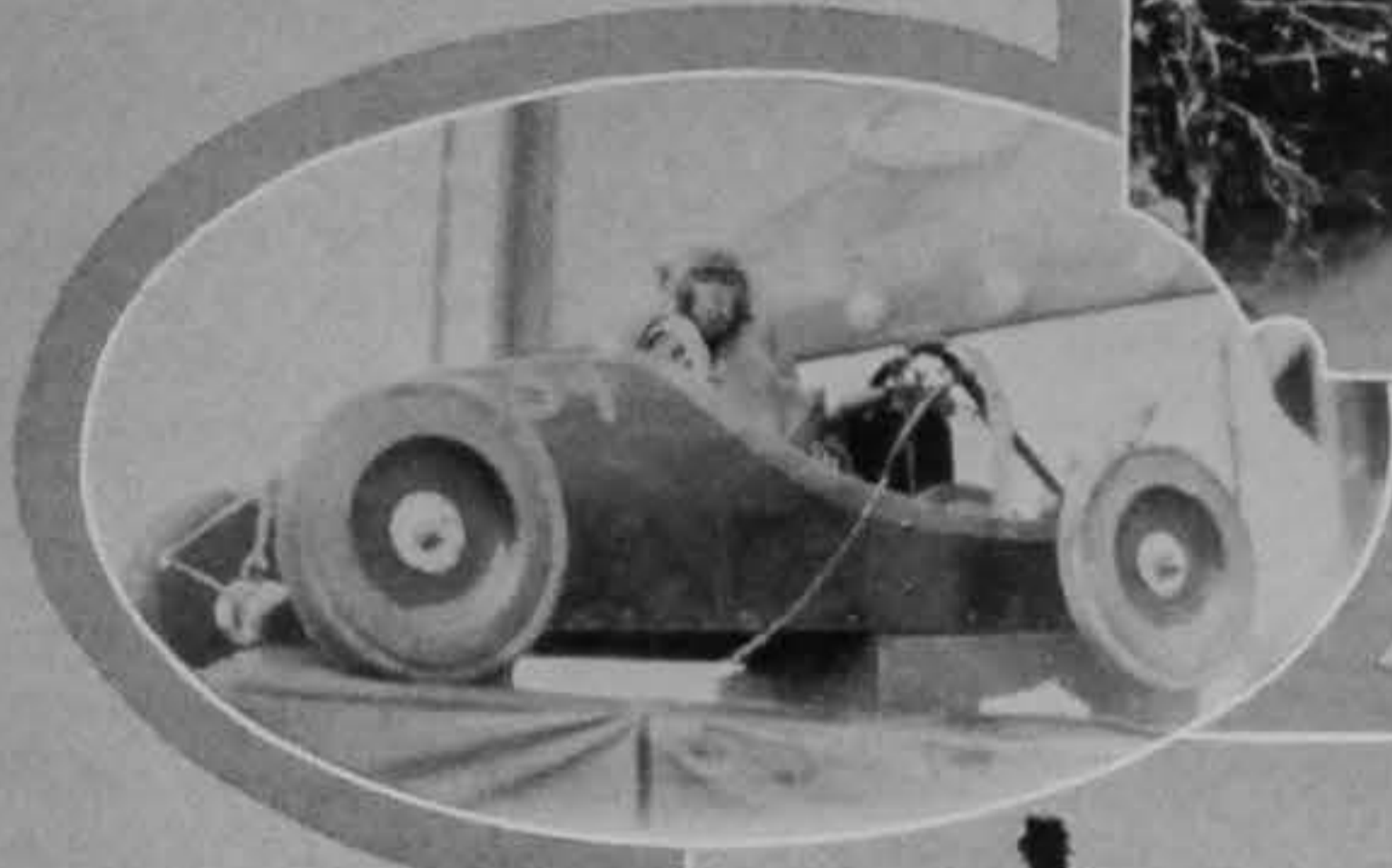
HEWLETT THOMPSON, '32





Bubbles — Puck — Beau Brummel — We're Off — High Hat — Action





It Floats — Origin of the Species — Puttin' On — Vile Gamblers — Waitin' and Watchin' Before the Battle



LIVING DEATH



Last Summer, during vacation I worked for a brickmason. Business was rushed and many of our contracts demanded immediate work. As you probably know, four weeks work does not make a master bricklayer, but the work must be done. After a stern lecture, and many threats I was assigned my first solo job.

The orders ran that I was to line a furnace with firebrick and do some decorative tile work. The greatest satisfaction and the crowning joy came when I learned that it was an "out-of-town" job. Just four weeks and I was already traveling for the company.

Upon reaching the address my expectations rose. A large well-terraced lawn. Probably the home of some millionaire, I thought, as I admired the structure in the building of which I was to have a part.

"What is this?" I thought, as I saw a cloth-covered marble stone at the left of the doorway: "Is the fellow going to have a cornerstone" I lifted the corner of the cloth and read:

TEMPLE FUNERAL HOME

BUILT A. D. 1929

Stock in my job took a sudden drop. I began to have an inquisitive feeling about that furnace.

My worst suspicion was when my employer took me to the place where I was to work. A large steel case had been built into the basement wall.

Mr. Temple was one of those humorous undertakers who are full of jokes and conversation. He explained that this was the latest type of cremation vault, being modern in every detail. Fifteen minutes of cremation details made me a fit subject for a straight-jacket and padded cell.

"Well, personal prejudice and feeling must not interfere with one's work." I said to myself when he had gone to torment some other poor workman. Climbing through the doorway, into the case, I found it to be roomier than I expected. It was about four feet tall, eight feet long, and three-and-a-half feet wide. I asked myself why anyone could wish to be put in such a gloomy and suffocating place when the cool, damp earth was the invitation home to which he was intended to return. Well, "Barnum was right."

Starting at the front, or door, I laid the bricks along the sides and top. The floor was left bare so that heat could pass through it rapidly. After laying the bricks in the door a steel plate had to be bolted over it. I had just tightened the last bolt when a rain of debris fell with a crash to the floor of the basement. This was the waste lumber which was to be burned so that the heat would dry the plaster in the room above. Chips flew in all directions, and having placed an ex-



tension cord and light above my head, I feared for the safety of the bulb. I closed the door, except for a crack which was left for air.

I had just finished laying the bricks at the back of the case when with a flash of hissing sparks I was plunged into darkness and deafening silence. A falling beam had struck the door causing it to close and lock. The extension cord was cut, my light was gone, and I was a prisoner. The darkness was deafening and suffocating. I was drowning; drowning in darkness. My muscles contracted with fear until I became a screaming, frothing, snapping knot of mad flesh. Straining and beating at my cage brought on a hemorage from the mouth, which so weakened me that I lost consciousness. When I revived I was terribly weak, but I had control of my senses and could think clearly. If all rules held true I would soon see my past life pass before my eyes. Probably it did, but I could not see it in the darkness.

I was in no immediate danger of suffocation because of the three-inch chimney pipe which I knew was at the back of my prison. Stories of imprisonment in mines came to me with all their morbid details. Would I be reduced to self cannibalism or vampirism? These thoughts dominated all attempts at sane reasoning and I felt myself slipping into insanity.

When I awakened, three weeks later in a hospital, I was still fighting against madness in which I knew I would eat my own flesh.

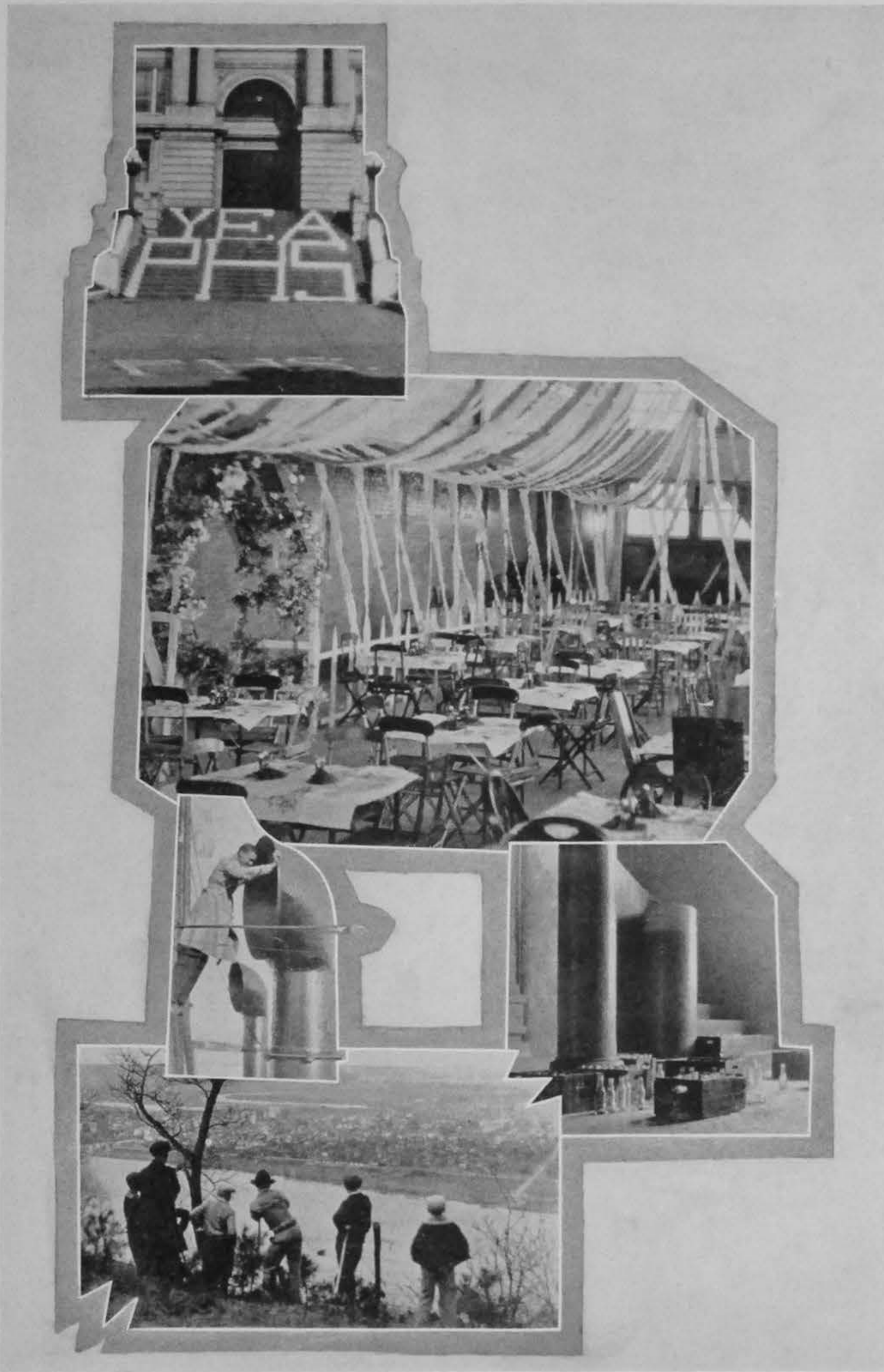
—FRANK ALLEN, '30





Junior Snaps





Our Steps — Class of '30 Junior-Senior — Blowing Green — After the Ball — From Kentucky to Ohio



PRIZE WINNERS



ROGER JACOBS, Stenography

ELOISE MARTIN, Civics

HEWLETT THOMPSON, English

MARGARET WHARFF, Stenography

SHELBY DALE, Band Contest



PRIZE WINNERS



RUTH BRYAN, History
NELSON BROWN, Civics

JOSEPH DANZER, Band Contest
BERDENIA SMITH, Latin







FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW



My! My! How things have changed. It took the youngsters half a century to put the change over, but they did it. I knew the change was bound to come because the young folks were getting very restless even when I was a girl. This change was a complete revolution in the educational institutions. The students were victorious and now they control the schools as they see fit. Personally I believe that the change is rather radical because the young people do not learn as much as they would have, had they lived five decades ago. When I went to high school, I took four years of Latin in preparation for college, but when the students of today hear Latin mentioned, they want to know whether you eat it with a dessert spoon or a salad fork.

Only three weeks ago my granddaughter, Sally, who is a senior in the local high school, invited me to visit her classes. At first, I declined her offer for the reason that I am not as spry as I used to be, but she became so insistent that I had to consent to go. I warned her that I might cause her to be late to her classes and then she would be sent to detention. When she heard the word detention mentioned she immediately wanted to know what that was. I explained to her the meaning of the word. Then she told me what they did to students in her school who were tardy. I was astounded when she told me that to the student who was tardy the most number of times in one month, a half holiday was given on the last Friday of the month. Consequently, there is no school for anyone on the last half day of the month.

Sally's father, my son Jim, with whom I now make my home, lives about eight blocks from the Cranston High School. When I was a school girl, it used to take me at least ten minutes to walk to school, but this age is a very rapid one. Folks who fifty years ago were financially able to own automobiles now own dirigibles. My chemistry teacher prophesied that helium would be cheap enough to be used in great balloons. He was correct. Helium can be purchased at the price of one cent for five cubic feet. As I was saying, I got ready to go to school with Sally. We left home two minutes to nine and arrived there at nine o'clock.

Years ago, folks used to drive up in front of a building to discharge their passengers from their automobiles, but now days they land on the roof of buildings to discharge them from their dirigibles. Sally and I got out of the airship and went over to a door. She pushed a button which I thought was a doorbell. I wondered why you had to ring a doorbell to get admission into the school, but I didn't say anything. I didn't want Sally to think that I was ignorant. Soon the door opened, and Sally told me to sit down. I didn't see any chairs or anything else upon which to sit. To be exact I saw a tiny room with a hole in the middle of the floor. Sally then informed me that they had an——my! my! Isn't it strange? I can't remember the name of it. Well, you can't expect much of a woman when she gets to be up in the seventies. When I was a girl we called such a device, a sliding board. There was not anything else to do so I sat down.



Almost immediately I landed on something soft. This something soft was the floor of a room which resembled the padded cells of an insane asylum. I had just risen when in slid Sally. She told me that this room was called the "crazy room" for the simple reason that all institutions for the mentally deranged had such a room.

From there we went to a well lighted room filled with girls who were sitting here and there applying finishing touches to their complexions. In this respect, the girls haven't changed a bit in the last fifty years. The outstanding part of this room was that the walls were made entirely of mirrors. Sally was introducing me to her school mates when suddenly we heard a bell ring. One of the girls informed us that this ringing we had heard was the tardy bell so we made ready to go to class. Sally went over to one corner of the room and pulled on an elaborate cord which was suspended from the ceiling. Within a few moments the door was opened by a colored man dressed very much like a porter. Jim's daughter escorted me to the door where we found several large wheel chairs awaiting us. I felt very much insulted until Sally explained that all the students were conveyed to their classes in such vehicles. The reason for my injured feeling was that I thought the chair was only for me. As the chairs were large, my granddaughter, four other girls and I got into the first chair and away we rode to class.

I liked the first class very much. It was a class in learning how to cheer for the various athletic teams which represent this particular high school. In this respect, the youngsters behave much the same as my friends and I did when we were their age. The instructors of this class wore very attractive uniforms made of heliotrope and maize material. These colors were representative of the school. One yell which I liked very much went something like this:

Eyes like a wild cat,
Teeth like a saw,
Panthers, Panthers,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

I was getting exceedingly excited when suddenly the bell rang. We went to the perambulators and were wheeled to the next class.

Although this class remotely resembled the Home Economics course of days long since gone, both boys and girls were in the class. The resemblance was that both classes dealt with food. Here the students received the ultra-modern instructions in the art of opening cans and all types of bottles. I didn't become very much interested in this class and was perfectly delighted when the dismissal bell rang. From here, Sally informed me, we would go to assembly which, by the way, was included as a requisite in the daily program.

My! my! How the young folks carried on here! If anyone would have dared to do such things when I went to high school, he would have been expelled immediately, if not sooner. During the first few minutes of this period certain of the students sold candy, chewing gum, soft tomatoes, and aged eggs to their fellow class-mates. The principal introduced the speaker for the morning. Well, you can't blame the student very much for the way they acted because the speech was very dry. One of the cheerleaders came out on the stage and fairly shrieked, "One, two, three, aim, fire!" The students rose as one and hurled the aged eggs and tomatoes. When the youngsters had exhausted their supply of decayed food,



two male nurses, hired for such occasions, came in and carried out the speaker. Then the principal again came forward and congratulated the students for their accurate aim. He also dismissed us to go to the fourth period class which happened to be a study period for Sally.

The study hall appeared very much like a combination of a ward in a hospital and a confectionery. In the front of the room was a soda fountain of the latest style. Towards the rear of the room were rows of cots and lounges. We went to the fountain and ordered some chicken salad, potato salad, and ice cream. Sally led me to her cot and told me I could rest until our order of food was brought. With the exception of an occasional snore of a student who was in dreamland, there was very little noise until the fat boy next to me began to eat his soup, and to such sounds as he made I sincerely hope I shall never again have to listen. In the due course of time, our lunch was brought to us. I almost forgot to tell of the clever system installed for passing notes and such things that students are wont to pass to each other. The system is exactly like that used in department stores to get change. The notes, or whatever is to be sent, is put in a container which is carried by electricity to a main office. In this main office, the attendant locates the person to whom the message is addressed and forwards the note to the right party. This process is very convenient.

Then we went to the fifth and last class. This class is probably the most educational subject taught in the present day by high schools. Here the students make a thorough study of Chinese menus in order that they will know what they are ordering in Chinese restaurants. When I was a girl, I wasn't well enough acquainted with the laundry man to learn Chinese from him. The class might as well have been Greek, for I didn't understand a single word. When the bell rang I was startled because I thought it was an alarm clock. In spite of the fact that I had a good time, I was glad to get home again.

—DOROTHY GLICKMAN, '30.



HEROES



"Fellows," Duke Wells' voice was hoarse as he shouted to make himself heard above the dim and roar of the huge crowd assembled there in the gym. "We're a point behind and there's less than three minutes to play." A possible chance of victory was shattered when the referee informed them that the game would end in one minute and fifty-five seconds.

The Pottsburg team was in a huddle at one end of the floor and their opponents as well as bitter rivals, from Asheville High School, were at the other. When these two teams met, the fur flew, just as it had flown the first part of this game and was due to fly some more. The score stood eleven points for Asheville and ten for Pottsburg. A small score, to be sure, but both teams used a slow breaking offense and a man to man defense.

Now the crowd threatened to bring the roof down about their heads with their fierce shouts. The noise was deafening. The referee had to pause an instant before he tossed the ball at center for fear his whistle could not be heard. At last, play was resumed. The referee tossed the ball. Both centers struggled their utmost.

A blue clad figure emerged from the mix-up, however, and dribbled swiftly toward Pottsburg's goal. The Pottsburg stands were wild with ecstasy and pleaded for a score. The Pottsburg player was halted almost immediately, but he quickly passed the ball to his team-mate. Swiftly they worked—each man in his place and then went into the shift for which they had become famous. The ball changed hands almost too quickly for the eye to follow. Now the left forward had it. He faked a shot and the Asheville guard leaped high in the air. In a flash the streak of blue was dribbling around him toward the basket. The guard regained his balance enough to hit the arm of the man with the ball. The referee's whistle shrieked as he pointed an accusing finger at the guard.

"Your hacking," he shouted, and added "One shot for Pottsburg."

The blue clad warrior posed at the free throw line. Every point counted and he must make this foul shot. He bent slightly forward and shot the ball. It balanced an agonizing second on the edge of the rim, then dropped through.

Pottsburg	11
Asheville	11

Surely this was a game to thrill the heart of the most hardened fan.

An instant later the gun cracked and the game was over.

After a hasty consultation between the coaches of the two schools and the officials in charge, it was decided to play a three minute over-time period.

The crowd was quieted, the floor cleared, and the exciting contest continued. Again the centers leaped; but luck was with the Maroons this time, and Asheville



gained possession of the ball. All five of their players surged toward the goal. Like the wind they went. The whistle—a personal on a Pottsburg player!

The Asheville player made the netting sing with the free throw which put his team in the lead by one point.

At center this time a Pottsburg player again got the ball. Now his team was in the midst of a shift. Again the ball changed hands deceptively and lightning-like. A blue jerseyed figure shot. A deep groan arose from the west bleachers as the ball bounced out. But despair changed quickly to pandemonium, for at that moment, Duke Wells, the captain, pounced on the ball, leaped high into the air and scored.

The game had to be discontinued until the crowd could be cleared from the floor. No sooner was play resumed, however, before the gun cracked and the Pottsburg fans surged out to acclaim their heroes.

Big blonde Duke Wells was the hero, but he modestly assured everybody that not he, but "the boys" had won.

A huge rally was held that night with bonfires and snake dances, and it was late before the town grew quiet and the fires died out. At last a deep peace prevailed, though, and folks settled down to a well earned rest.

The members of the team lay awake for a long time because of the nervous strain on which they had been through. And the great god Morpheus had again come into his own.

CHARLES VANDERVORT, '30.



LIMERICK LAYS



*The Indian lives in tepeeses
Not too far from the cold winter breezes
Yet 'tis pleasant for me
To imagine that he,
In spite of the cold, never sneezes.*

*A pioneer lady named Ingles
Deserves a place in our jingles.
She was right in the van
Fighting well as a man
That heroic, brave, Mrs. Ingles.*

*St. Yotoc (pronounced Sinhioto).
Was what French called the Scioto
For the Indians, they said
(When they'd shot them quite dead)
Couldn't name the thing right and could goto.*

*There's a river we like, named Ohio
Find out what the word means? You can try, oh!
For its meanings are more
Than a hundred and four—
And the arguments o'er them, oh my, oh!*

*A pioneer settler named Munn
Came out toward the red setting sun:
He discovered a brook
And the name that it took
Was the euphonious name of Munn's Run.*

*The redskins, the pioneers found
Took an interest in piling up ground;
When they got tired of snoring
Or found hunting boring
They fell to and erected a mound.*

*The redskins had names, which is lazeeful;
But for length, they were sometimes quite aweful
Such as—how can we write it?
It would take us all night, it
Would form such a horrible jazeful.*

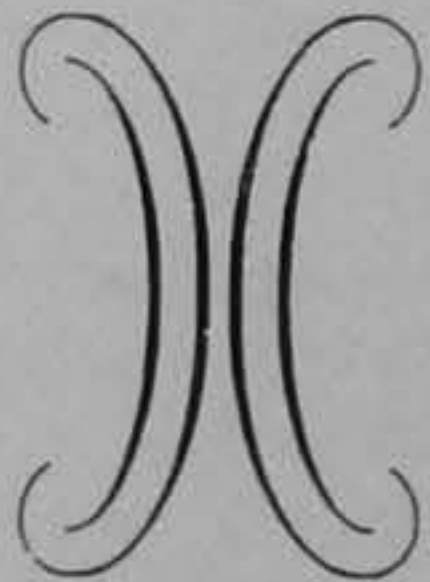


*There was a white traitor called Girty,
(Alas! his first name wasn't Hurdy!)
He turned renegade,
And such trouble he made
That the settlers considered him dirty.*

*The first settler here was Bellisle,
But he took that name after a while.
At first 'twas Belli,
But (you can't blame him) he
Thought he'd rather be known as Bellisle.*

*A prominent lawyer named Bannon—
A big gun—quite, really, a cannon—
Wrote an excellent book,
In which you may look
For the source of these limericks.*

—Signed, "Anon"



THE MYSTERY OF THE RED BOX



This story has its beginning in the office of an exporting firm whose building is located near the docks and warehouses of the waterfront of the city of San Francisco. The president of the exporting firm was captain Samuel Barnaby, who in days gone by had been captain of a ship which had traded in the silks, teas and other products of China and other countries of the Old World. Captain Barnaby, although past middle age, still showed signs of the rugged strength that had been his, while captain of his ship. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and carried himself with all the ease and quickness of a young man, his face was the color of old leather, having been burnt by the fierce heat of the tropic suns while he was a sailor and captain. His eyes were gray and they had a kindly twinkle in them but when he was aroused they seemed to shoot forth bits of fire, his hair was fast turning gray but this was the only sign of his age. Captain Barnaby also had a scar over his right eye which he was said to have received while in a fight in one of the rum-shops of China while he was a sailor.

On this particular morning Captain Barnaby was sitting at his desk thinking of his partner, John Conrad, who had been a small exporter and who had persuaded Captain Barnaby to become his partner because he had known him for years and his business had been growing until it was too much for one man to handle. Barnaby had accepted his offer but in later years Conrad had been failing and he had about turned the business over to Barnaby to manage. Captain Barnaby had received word that his partner had grown worse and the doctors held no hope for his recovery and Barnaby was thinking of the pleasant evenings he had spent at his friend's home playing chess and talking over old times.

While Barnaby was thinking, his stenographer opened the door and a young lady stepped into the room; he knew at once who she was; it was the daughter of his partner, Mary Conrad, but he was puzzled why she had called to see him at this time when her father was ill. But he did not ask why she had called; he told her to have a chair. The young lady seated herself and then proceeded to tell Barnaby why she had called to see him. She had not wanted to leave her father but he almost compelled her to come and tell Captain Barnaby the story he had told her because it was a matter of the utmost importance.

It seemed that Conrad, sensing that he might not recover from his illness, had summoned his daughter to his room and told her this story. When Conrad was a young man just starting his business of exporting, he chanced, one night while returning from his office, upon a young man lying upon the sidewalk. The young man, it seemed, had just left his ship, newly returned from a trip to China, where it seemed he had stolen a red lacquered box from one of the Chinese temples. He had thought at first that nobody had seen him steal it but since then he had caught sight of Chinamen following him and he had been attacked at different times but they had never got the red box. On this night he had gone to the place where he had hidden his treasure with the purpose of taking it and leaving San



Francisco with it; but he had a feeling that he was going to be attacked again and so he had not taken the red box and, sure enough, he had been hit over the head and searched but they had not found the red box and it was about this time that Conrad had found him and taken him to his home and revived him. The young man was so frightened that he said that he would not go back to get the red box. He had told Conrad where it was hidden and that if at any time he wanted to see what the red box contained he could go and get it; but the young man said that he was going to leave and that he did not want to have anything to do with it. The young man left and the next day his body was found with a knife in his back and it was supposed that the Chinese had killed him, knowing that he would not give up the red box.

John Conrad had all but forgotten about the incident until the other day when he had received a letter saying that if he did not reveal the whereabouts of the red box to certain parties named in the letter, he or his daughter would be kidnapped and tortured or killed. He had not paid much attention to the threat until the night when two men had climbed up to his window to enter his room but had been frightened away by one of the servants. One of the men had dropped a note repeating the threat mentioned before. At this attempt Conrad had become frightened and had told his daughter to go and tell Captain Barnaby the story and to ask his assistance.

After the story was finished Barnaby did not say anything for awhile but at last he reached for his hat and told Mary that he was going to see her father; and so they drove to Conrad's house and there they were conducted to the room of the sick man. John Conrad was propped up in his bed when Barnaby arrived and he greeted him cordially and told him to have a chair. Captain Barnaby told Conrad that if he would tell him where the red box was hidden he would go and get it and see what it contained and after a few moments of thought Conrad consented to this plan and he proceeded to tell Barnaby where the red box was hidden.

The young man had told Conrad that when he had left his ship he had been walking along the wharf when he had stepped upon a loose board and that part of the wharf being in the shadow of a large warehouse he had lifted the board and deposited the box underneath and then replaced the board and he had taken his knife and made two parallel cuts on the board to identify it again. While Conrad was giving directions for finding the wharf, Barnaby was comparing Mary Conrad to her father, both were of medium height, and they had blue eyes, Mary's hair was of a reddish-golden color while her father's was almost white; Mary's face always had a kind of laughing expression on it as though she were thinking of some incident that had amused her; her father's face was wrinkled with age and ill health, but there was always a half smile on his mouth; his lips were almost blue from the illness while Mary's lips were full and red.

When Barnaby had left the house of Conrad it was almost midnight and he decided to go then to the wharf and get the red box, so he went to his home and changed his clothes for some that were shabby and soiled so he would appear to be an ordinary wharfrat, and before he left he slipped an automatic into his pocket in case he should meet with any trouble. Barnaby proceeded to look up the warehouse and when he had found it he began to look for a loose board with the two cuts on it and finally with the use of a pocket flashlight he found the board and lifted it and searched beneath it for the red box; and pretty soon he found it and slipped it under his coat, replaced the board and hurried back to his home.



When Barnaby reached his house he went to his room, locked the doors, pulled down the shades and proceeded to look at the red box. It was a small box about four inches wide and deep and six inches long. The box seemed to be sealed but at last he touched a hidden spring and the lid flew back disclosing the interior of the box. Inside of the box there was a beautiful diamond of priceless value and an ugly little jade god and also a slip of some kind of paper upon which were written some Chinese characters. Barnaby, knowing a little Chinese, managed to translate the characters written on the paper and they told him that whoever kept the jade god in his possession would have bad luck but the diamond had been placed there in case any thief attempted to steal the box he would take the diamond and leave the god or if the box were stolen and recovered by anyone else his reward would be the diamond if he returned the god.

Barnaby decided at once that the best plan would be to get in touch with the Chinese who had sent the letter to Conrad and tell them that they would return the god but keep the diamond. The next day he went to Conrad's house and told him that he had found the box and also the plan that he had thought best. So they sent a letter to a certain Wong Su who had sent the letter to Conrad telling him of the finding of the god and what they intended to do with it. Several days later they received a letter from Wong Su saying that they were to meet him at a certain wharf at midnight bringing the god and the diamond and the red box. Barnaby decided he would go because Conrad was not able to and they would not allow Mary to go.

On the night designated Barnaby went to the wharf with the red box and god but he left the diamond hidden at his house. When he arrived at the wharf a figure stepped out of the darkness and motioned for Barnaby to follow, which Barnaby did. He was conducted down to the water to a waiting rowboat, where he was told to get in and two men rowed them out to a ship that was lying at anchor at a distance from the wharf. When they reached the ship Barnaby climbed up the side and once on deck he was conducted to a cabin where he found himself in the presence of five Chinamen, one of whom he was told by his guide, was the man Wong Su who had sent the letters and another of them was the priest from whose temple the god was stolen.

The Chinese guide told Barnaby to be seated and then told him to hand over the red box, which he did. The priest took the god and bowed to it a number of times and then he arose and said some words to the guide, and guide told Barnaby that the priest desired to have the diamond and Barnaby said he did not have it and the guide said that unless he revealed the hiding place of the diamond he would be killed. While Barnaby debated whether to tell where the diamond was hidden there were yells heard on deck and another Chinese rushed in and said some words in Chinese. Barnaby caught the words about ship sinking and all the Chinese rushed out of the cabin leaving Barnaby who proceeded to the place where the boat had been left; he dropped down into the boat from the ladder on the side of the ship and took the oars and pulled for shore.

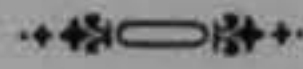
The next day Barnaby read in the papers of a ship sinking and it said that all the passengers were drowned but whether one of the Chinese swam to shore with the red box with the jade and later returned it to China, will never be known.

As for the diamond, Barnaby sold it and used the money to build up the business and to bring his partner, Conrad, back to health.

—HAROLD REDEPENNING, '30.



A SURPRISE



*He wandered in the wood
On a bright autumnal day
Upon a mossy rock he stood
And there he wished to stay.*

*The trees were gay around him
The sky above was blue
The mountains in the distance
Were a lovely purple hue.*

*The birds above were singing
In a soft and mellow tone
And as he sat there thinking,
He thought he was alone.*

*But soon he was aware
Of the breaking of the twigs
And much to his despair
There stood three big fat pigs.*

—MARION BREMER, '30



YOUTH



Prelude :

*A-rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub
A-rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub
 A-rub-a-dub-dub
 A-rub-a-dub-dub
A-rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub-dub, dub-dub*

*Oh! We are the boys of today
We like our football and rough play
 If our fathers mild
 Say we are wild
Why, when they were our age, so were they, they say.*

*So to prevent patriotic decay
We battle and play while we may
 From morning till night
 We romp and we fight
And we shout with the joy of the fray, hooray!*

HEWLET THOMPSON, '32.



THE HOUSE OF CRIME



I walked painfully up the winding road that led to my fishing lodge and condemned the call of spring that had enticed me into leaving all of my fine, easy-riding cars in their garages. Men with my wealth usually have no time or patience for nature. Although my small imported shoes gave me a twinge of pain for each of the numerous dollars I had paid for them, the glorious rays of the sun, slowly expiring in the west, were a fit compensation for the torture. The trolley had set me outside the limits of Chicago, and I was on the last mile of the eight mile walk to the bungalow when the sun, with a final glare of splendor, slid below the horizon.

I switched on my flashlight, for, although there was still light enough to enable me to see the road, there were stones and ruts to be avoided. As I walked, I wondered in what condition I would find the place. Mr. Barton, the man to whom I had leased the lodge for the period of six years, had moved out two years ago, with only one year of his lease expired. I had intended to remain in New York for the full six years, but business matters had called me back three years earlier. I dislike publicity, and had escaped reporters and photographers, so that my return was known to few. Leaving the arrangements at home to be attended to by the servants, I had decided to spend the night at the lodge.

As I approached the house, the moon broke forth from behind a cloud, lighting the scene with a ghostly light. I could see the single chimney, the vine-covered walls, and the wide front porch of the lodge. The gate creaked in response to pressure by my hand and swung in, grating on the gravel. I felt in my pocket and located my key. The lock clicked sharply. Pushing the door wide, I felt for the electric light switch.

I stepped back a step from the switch, and heard my foot strike glass. I reached down and lifted a lantern that had been left on the floor. I hastily found matches and applied a match to the wick of the lantern. It caught, and the lantern flamed and smoked. I was occupied with adjusting the wick for a moment; then I glanced around the room. It presented a jumbled-up, untidy appearance, quite different from my accustomed tidiness. There stood my walnut table, covered with bottles, whiskey glasses and dark stains where a tipsy drinker's hand, trembling as it poured liquor into a glass, had splashed some of the stuff on the varnish. Near the table was my bear-skin rug, dotted with cigarette stubs, and bearing evidence of having been used as a cleaning mat for very muddy shoes. My glance traveled to the leather upholstered divan and I gasped, almost dropping the lantern in my terror. Across the arm of the divan, muzzle pointed directly at me, was a Browning machine gun fitted with a loaded drum. Back of the gun was what I at first thought to be a man, in the uncertain light, but when I got a better look at it, it turned out to be an assortment of pistols, automatics, and sawed-off shot-guns covered with a man's slicker. My heart beat wildly for a few seconds, but I soon calmed down. I walked over and examined the weapons.



All seemed in perfect working order. Here was a regular first-class arsenal, in my own private bungalow.

However, I had no time in which to think the matter over. I heard the purring of a motor as it climbed the sharp grade to the house, and, in view of the unusual things I had discovered in the house, I decided not to let the owners of the weapons find me in their den. I slammed the front door, which locked as it shut, and then shut myself into the closet in which I used to keep my fishing equipment. I did not feel surprised, either at the condition and contents of the house or at the appearance of a car on this road, which was my private property. One is not so surprised at what happens around Chicago. I was perfectly calm and cool thinking. For private reasons, I always carried a flat automatic in the pocket of my top-coat, and was well versed in its use. I decided to stay hidden, though, until I found out with whom and with how many I had to deal. It was not fear that drove me into the closet, but a hunch that the occupants of the car had access to the house and that they were unscrupulous persons with whom I had to deal.

The hunch served me well. I heard the car drive up to the gate, stop, and the motor cease firing. Then I caught the crunching of the gravel under heavy feet. There was no hesitation at the door. A key was thrust into the lock, turned, and the door thrown open. I opened the door of the closet a little and saw a man, carrying a lantern, come in the door followed by several other men. He hung the lantern on a protruding part of the chandelier and sat down heavily on a chair. He was short and squat and had a small black mustache. He heaved a sigh of contentment and relaxed.

"Nasty job we just pulled" he commented.

"Not bad," answered a blond member of the party, apparently the leader, from his manner and voice. "We only had to bump those two bank tellers, and think of the kale we raked in. Six hundred grand is not bad."

The other two members of the gang said nothing. To judge by appearances, they were both Irish. One was rather large and coarse, and had big hands and feet. The other was small and wiry. Both looked rebellious and aggressive. They had brought with them several large canvas bags filled with coins, and two metal boxes such as one sees in a safe. All this they set on the table. The gangsters then pulled chairs up to the table and sat down. They gazed in silence at the loot for a moment. I got a good look at the leader and instantly recognized him. I had seen his photo in the papers. He did not share my dislikes for publicity. He was 'Swede' Holsen, believed by some to be the slickest gang leader in the bank robbing racket. He spoke, clearly and forcefully.

"This haul goes to the cellar with the rest of the stuff. A few more trips like this one and we will have enough coin for the whole gang to winter in Florida."

"How long did Barton say we could hang out here, Swede?" asked the gangster with the mustache. Barton, you must remember, was my tenant.

"Don't worry, Blackie, we got plenty of time. Barton said the high-hat that owns this joint moved to New York and thinks Barton is still parkin' here. Barton has a lease for six years and paid in advance, so we won't be bothered."

The two Irishmen had been conferring with each other, and now the shrimp spoke up, glancing at the big fellow for backing.



"Listen, Swede. How about givin' me and Casey a key? Everytime we want to use the Browning or get a new gat, we have to hunt you up so we can get in."

"Give you two rooks a key?" laughed the Swede. "Yeah, and if I did, me and Blackie would come out here one fine evening and find Casey and Hogan had skipped out with the jack. Think I'm crazy? Anyhow, Barton only gave me one key. You guys have only been in the gang for a year. How do we know you're not stool pigeons?"

Casey rose with a snarl of anger.

"Stool pigeons, is it?" he bellowed. "You and Blackie are too thick. If there is any double-crossin,' you guys will be in on it."

Swede got up quietly from his chair, thrusting his hand into his pocket as he did so.

"Sit down" he ordered.

Casey hesitated a second, then swung his fist for Swede's jaw. Swede dodged, and as Casey was recovering from the terrific swing, there was a sharp 'Ping'. Swede's automatic, fitted with a silencer, had sent a leaden slug into Casey's forearm. Casey sank limply into a corner clutching at his sleeve, which was rapidly being colored a dark red. Swede swung toward Hogan, who sat open-mouthed and staring. Things were happening too quickly for him to grasp the situation. After looking down the barrel of Blackie's automatic, however, Hogan had decided to remain neutral.

"Would you like to argue with me, Hogan?" asked Swede.

"No," he muttered, "I guess I'm satisfied."

Swede thrust his gun back into his pocket and sat down. No one paid any attention to the wounded Casey, who was trying to bandage his wound with a soiled handkerchief.

"Get us something to drink, Blackie" ordered Swede.

Blackie descended into the cellar and presently reappeared with three bottles in his hand. They all poured drinks.

"I hear that the great Forrester is back in Chi" announced Blackie.

"I've heard a lot about that guy, but I've never seen him. He has hi-jacked more loads of stuff than any ten other guys in his racket. The low-down crook! Impersonates 'bulls' and then uses the stuff he gets. Why can't he earn his living with some honesty? Who told you he is back?" All this from the usually cool Swede.

"No one, but six loads of Jerry Fisk's best joy-juice disappeared yesterday."

"They say Forrester's gang has been bumming around waitin' for him, and pullin' a job now and then."

"Yes, but a slick job like this one was, means Forrester and no one else."

"Well, I'm glad I didn't go into the liquor business like my old man wanted me to," remarked Swede with a laugh.

"Listen!" he snapped a moment later. "I hear an auto coming. Put out the light."

The light was extinguished and they waited in the dark to find out who had come in the auto. They heard the car stop and a man leap out, then run toward the house. Two loud knocks were heard, a pause, then two faint knocks. It was a prearranged signal, but Swede was taking no chances.

"Who is it?" he called, his gun ready in his hand.



"Blake," answered a voice. "Let me in."

"O. K." said Swede, "turn on the light."

The light was lit, and Swede admitted the newcomer. He was a small, thin man with uneasy black eyes.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Swede. "I told you to shadow Barton and see that he didn't put the cops wise."

"I did," answered Blake, "I followed him everywhere he went. I even overheard a conversation he had over the telephone, and that's why I came. He was talking about this house and was trying to persuade a guy that had just arrived from New York not to come out here tonight. I thought you ought to know."

"Man from New York?" mused Swede, "That must have been the bird that owns this dump. Why couldn't that guy stay in New York and let us alone? He might throw a wrench in the whole works. We got to move, and we got to move sudden."

"Not necessarily," I answered, stepping out of the closet and covering the bunch with my automatic. "You only need to move your hands above your heads."

They turned and faced me, amazement written on their faces. Then, seeing that I had the drop on them and in response to a slight gesture I made with the gun, they all raised their hands. All, that is, except Hogan and the wounded Casey.

"Cover them with your gun, Casey," I ordered. "Hogan relieve the gentlemen of their hardware."

The two men did as I had directed them, and Swede scowled.

"Double-crossed!" he snarled, "What a fool I was to let you two guys live. Stool pigeons just as I suspected."

"Never mind," I said, "Hogan and Casey are not stool pigeons, but bona fide members of my mob, as is Barton. Barton's job was to put you wise to this place and to get you to park your hauls here. He did this without a hitch. Hogan and Casey were to join your mob, post us regarding your movements, and be in on the final roundup. Casey bungled things when he tangled with you a while ago, and deserved what he got. I would have broken up your little party then, but Mr. Blake was not present. Blake shot a very good friend of mine a few years ago, and I wanted him to hear what I'm going to tell the rest of you. Barton knew I wanted Blake, and faked the call that sent him into our midst. Now listen—after twelve o'clock tomorrow noon, any one of your gang that remains in Chi will be shot on sight."

"But our coin! We got over three million dollars worth of booty!" exclaimed Swede. "How about a fifty-fifty split between the two gangs, guy? Then there is no war and you guys would be one and a half million to the good with no work."

"No work?" I answered, "I've been planning for the last two years what I would do with your money when you got enough saved up. No, Swede, I think I'll just take it all, thank you."

"Say, guy, who are you anyhow?" asked Blackie, with a tinge of admiration in his voice.

"Who, me?" I replied, "well, in New York they called me Hi-Jack Forrester, I came back to show the old burg some real, profitable hi-jacking."

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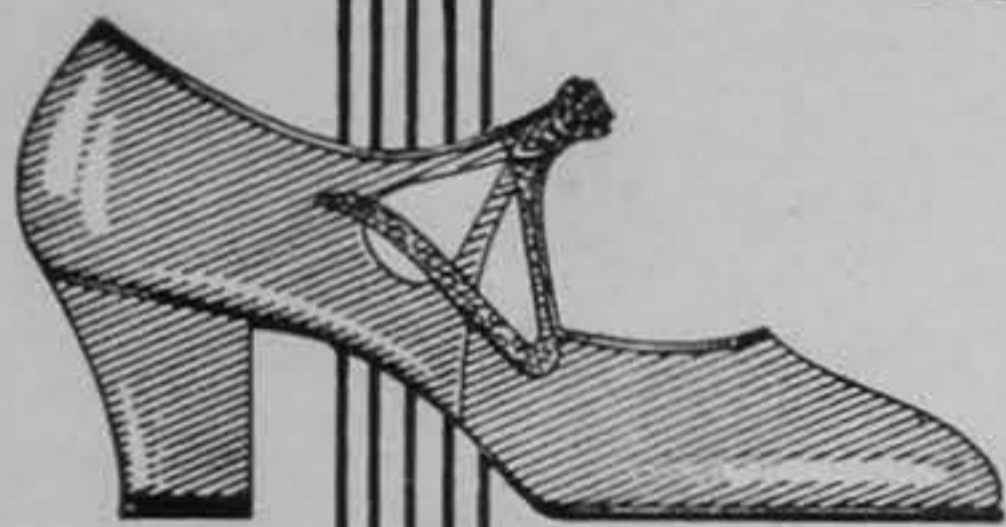




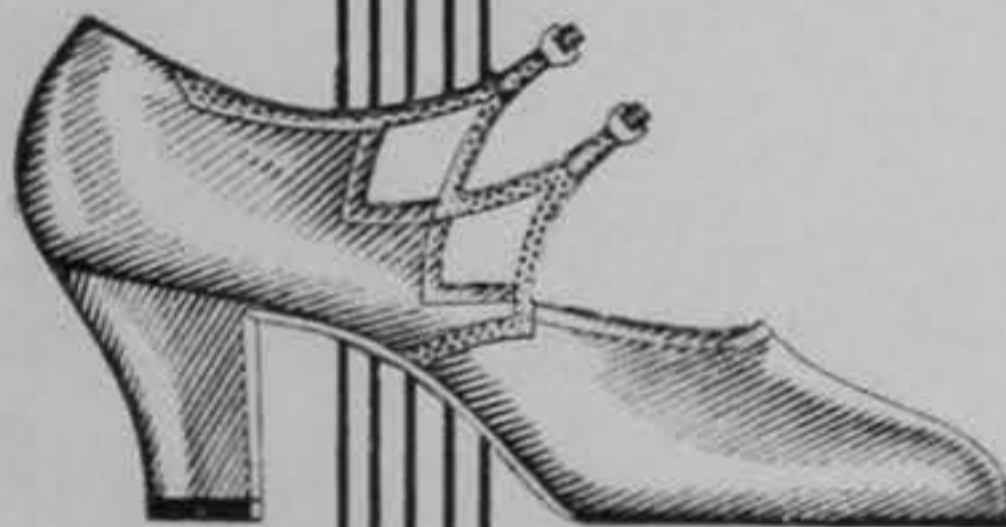
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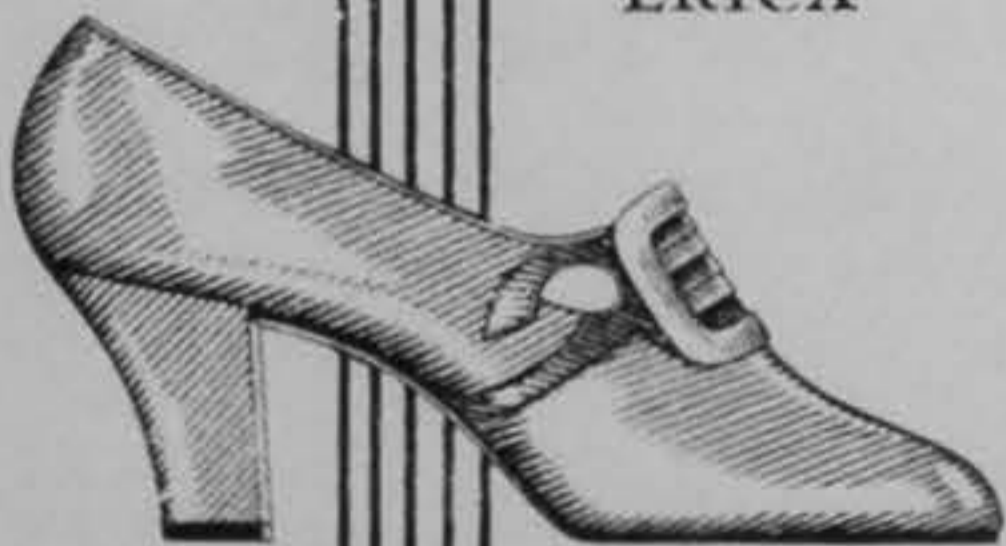
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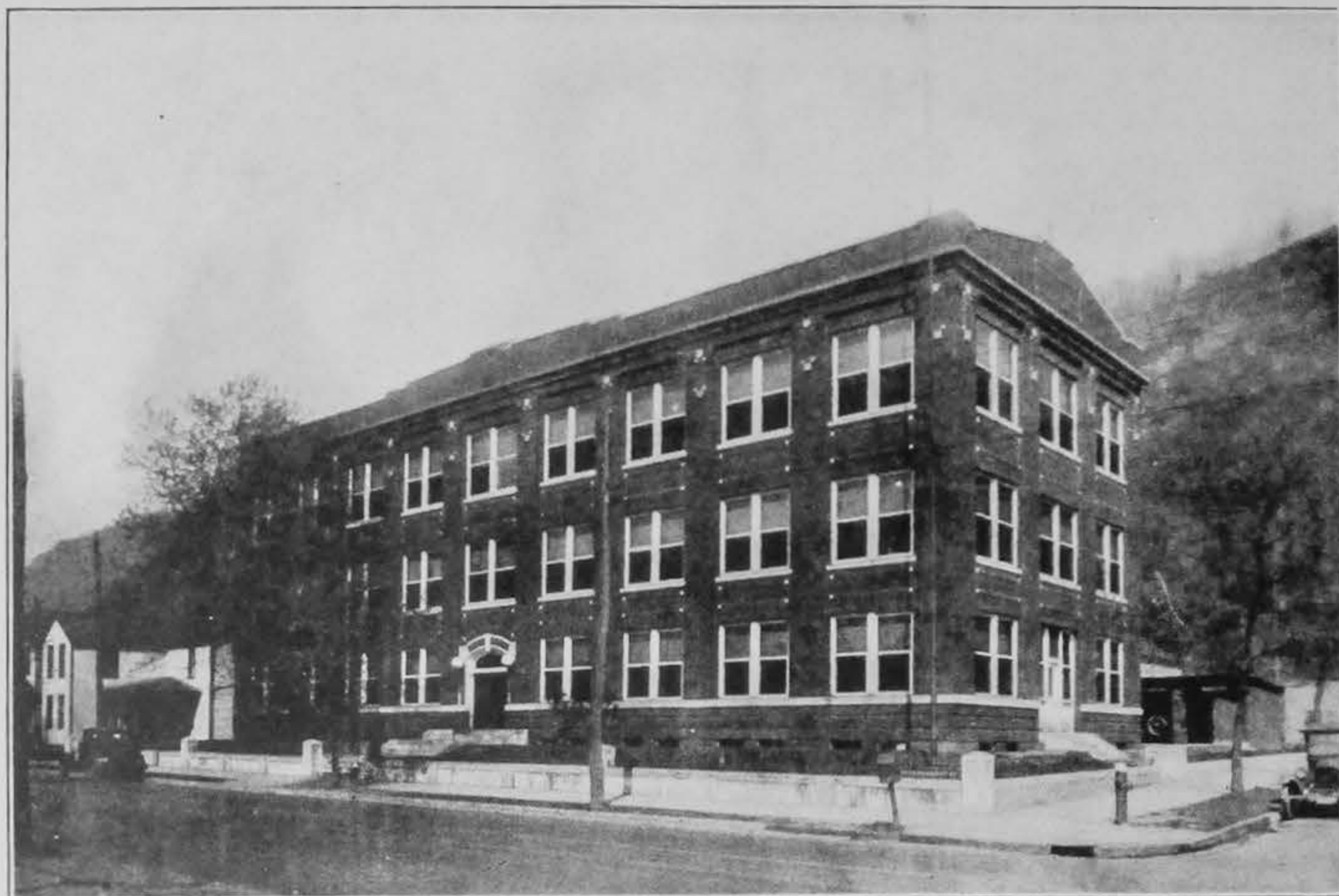
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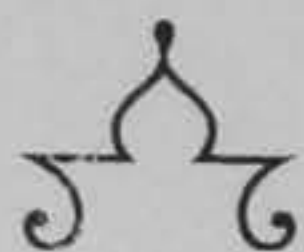
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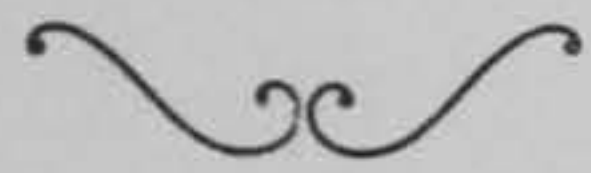


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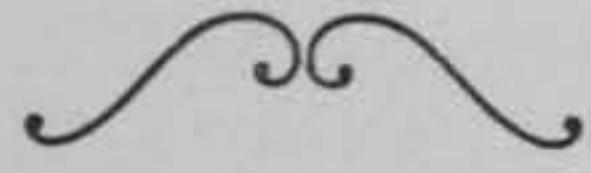
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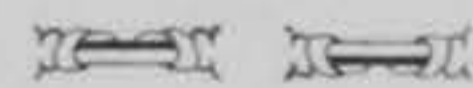
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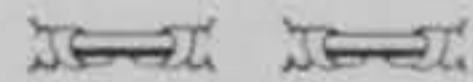
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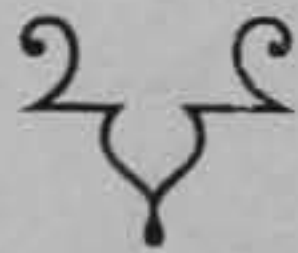
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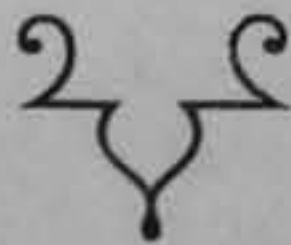
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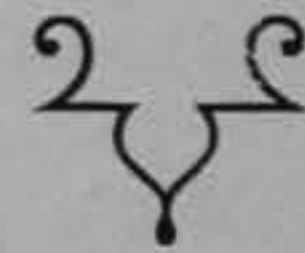
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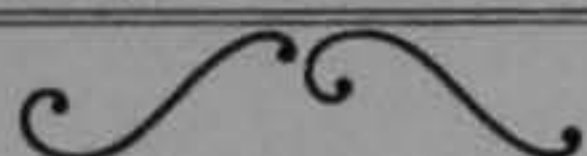


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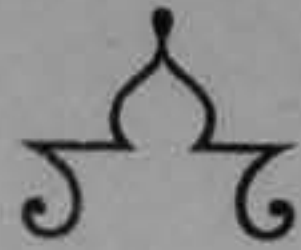


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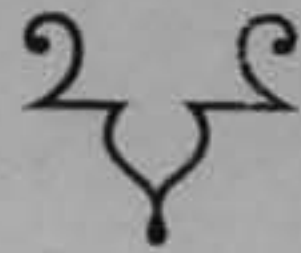


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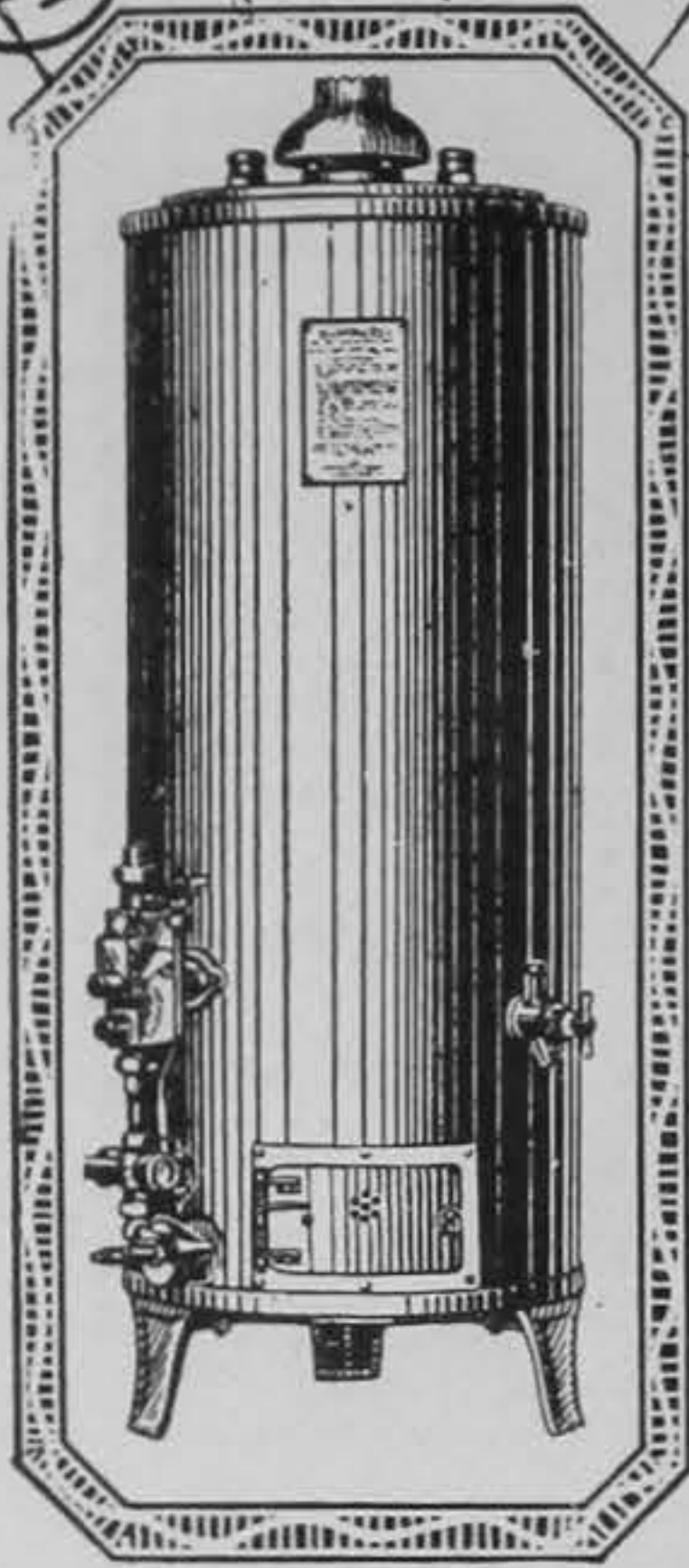
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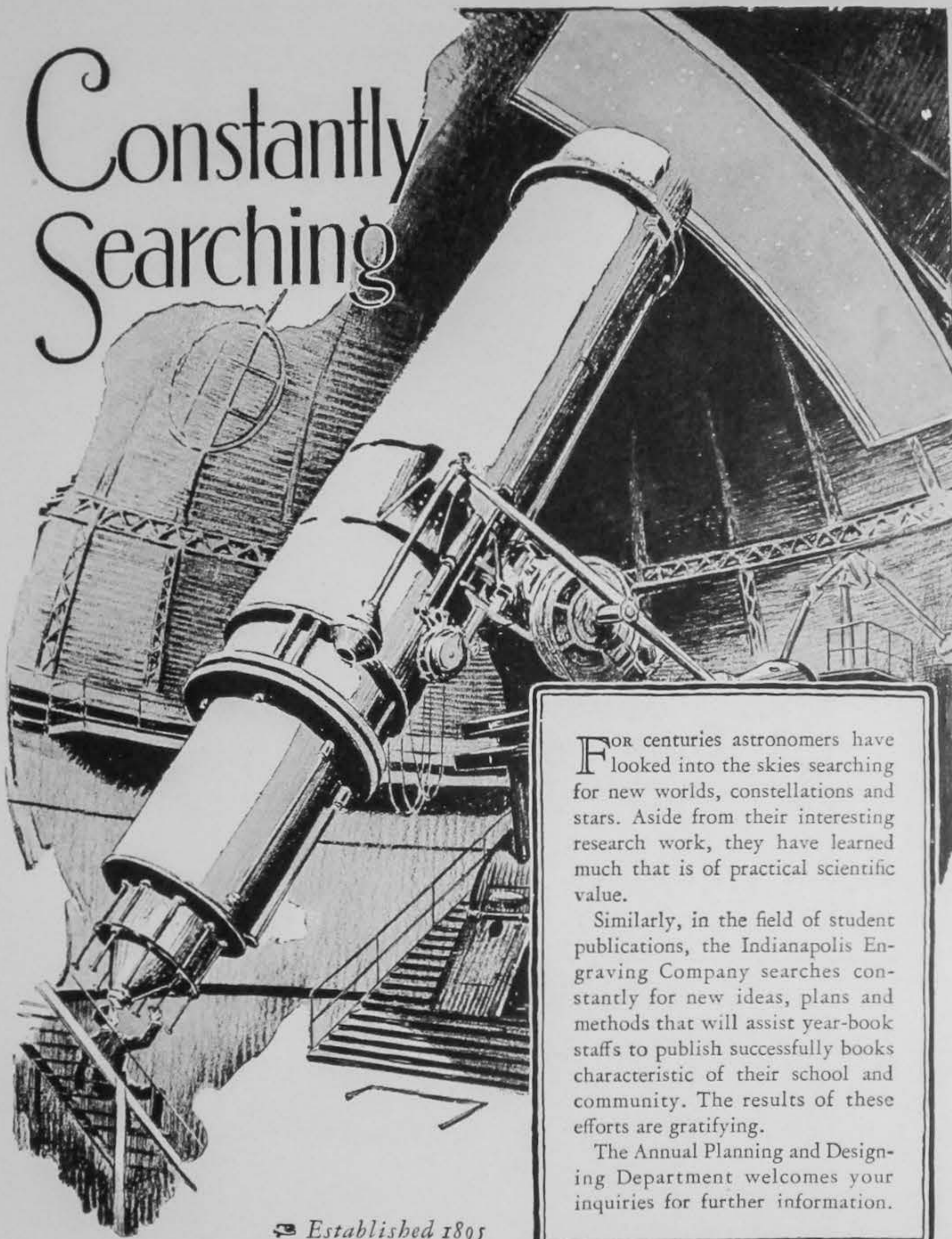
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