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'07



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**TO THE GRADUATES OF '07**



We are prepared to help you make your best bow and to put your best foot foremost on Commencement Night, or on any day or night. Put us to the test.



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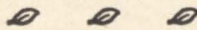
*Published by the*

*Class of 1907*

*Of the*

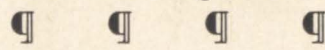
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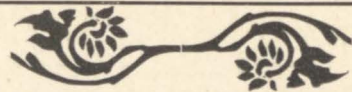
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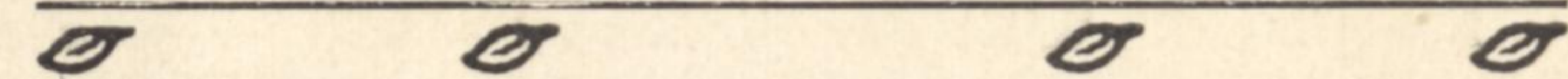
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A decorative border composed of repeating floral motifs, including leaves and small flowers, arranged in a rectangular frame around the central text.

**To MR. FRANK APPEL**

---

Who, in his two years of faithful work and helpful sympathy in the P. H. S., has endeared himself to the heart of every student, this annual is respectfully dedicated.



EDITOR IN CHIEF - WARREN M. BRIGGS BUSINESS MANAGER - THOMAS J. DRUGAN  
 ASSOCIATE EDITORS, { - MARGARET WILHELM ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER - SIMON S. LEHMAN  
 - PHILIP JACOBS CLASS POET - WILLIAM SHARPE SCHAEFER  
 CARTOONIST - - - - - LESLIE BENDURE

### EDITORIAL

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME and we trust for the sake of the public, the last time we shall pose as editors. We did not solicit the honor, and for that reason, we feel sure the readers will not be harsh in their criticism. It is with pride we point to the new spirit that seems to have been injected into the High School in the past year. Athletics have shown forth in full glory, a literary society has been formed, and the High School cadets have added an enviable record to the reputation of the school. The class of 1907 prides itself on being responsible, in a large measure, for these innovations.

The staff extends its sincere thanks to those outside its number who have been so helpful and recommends to every reader a perusal of the advertisements which have made this annual possible and which represent the most progressive firms in the city. In this annual the histories of the four classes of the High School have been chronicled. The members of these classes are too light-hearted and happy to be very critical now, and when, as men and women, they review these pages, there will be only smiles as they are reminded of days so care-free and happy, yes, happy days, the very happiest of their lives. Into their hands, we entrust this memento of our class.

## *Faculty 1906-07*

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MR. FRANK APPEL, Principal, English, Latin and Algebra

MISS EMILY BALL, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic and English Grammar.

MISS LUCY W. HALL, English and History

MISS EMMA CRAMER, Physiology and Botany

MISS MARGARET T. RICKER, History, Botany, and Physical Geography.

MR. J. R. GILLILAND, Physics, Geometry, Algebra, and Military S. & T.

MISS GERTRUDE JACKSON, Latin.

MR. W. D. GILLILAND, History and English.

MR. CARL HUBER, German.

MISS HARRIET SCARFF, Music.



## Tribute to Essie Thomas.

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In the bud of her life  
When her prospects were best  
And before all life's strife  
She was called to her rest.

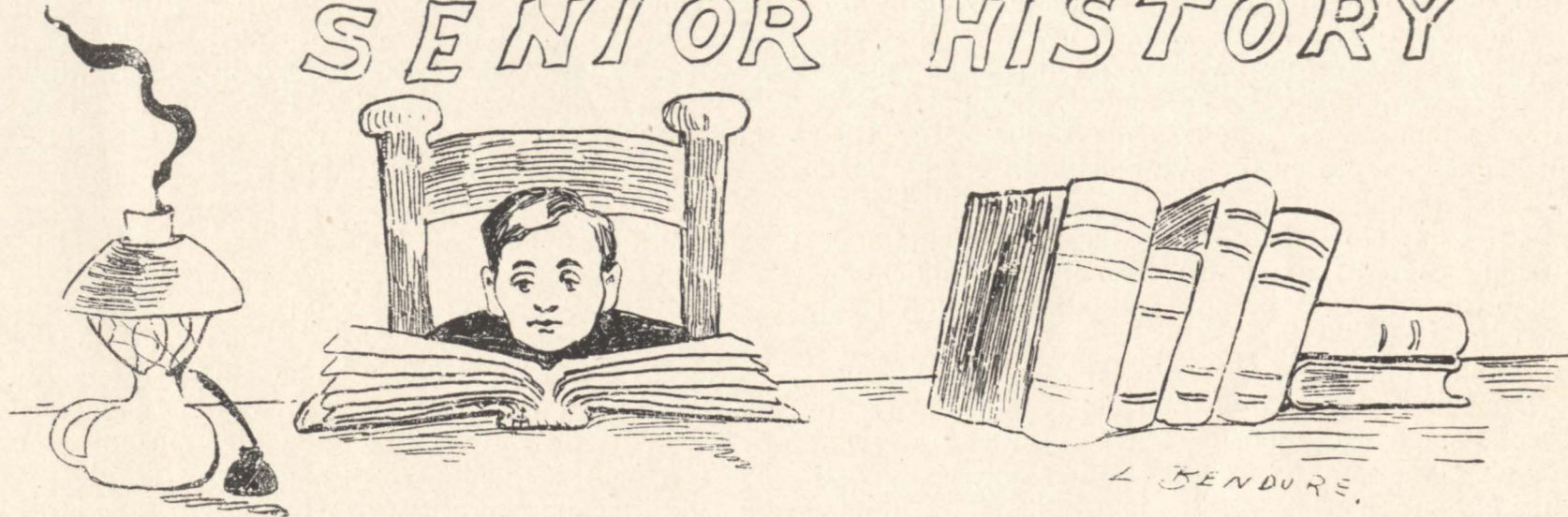
How her friends all did miss her  
As they looked on her last  
When death came and kissed her  
And heavenward she passed.

Though life is a pleasure  
Which all dread to lose  
Yet God in great measure  
Knows best how to choose.

Though all know she's with God in heaven  
Yet she's missed by the Class of '07.



# SENIOR HISTORY



In September, 1903, a band of young pilgrims on the highway of life entered the doors of the Portsmouth High School. Many other such bands had passed the same way; but this company felt itself especially distinguished, because it was the first to begin the High School course in the new building. With a feeling of bewilderment and apprehension, scarcely concealed, they watched the fellow-travelers who preceded them in the journey.

Soon, this band of pilgrims was divided into sections, and under the direction of guides, appointed for the purpose, began the studies which were to help them on their upward way.

Before the first year was half done, some of the number dropped from the ranks to follow other paths, but the gaps were closed, and the ones remaining marched steadily on.

As spring drew near there were rumors that preparations must be made for the annual appearance of the "Sibyl."

By this time strange words, and strange customs had ceased to be surprises and the D's—, for that was the everyday name of the pilgrims—waited patiently (?) until they found that preparation meant "organization." Then there were officers elected, committees appointed, "class colors" chosen, and a "class-flower" selected; last of all their was the class photograph without which, it was certain, the "Annual" would be incomplete.

Almost before anyone realized that the first stage of the journey was done, June came; and as the class of 1904 prepared to leave their fellow-travellers, the class of 1907 began to dream of banquets, class-parties, and of the time when **THEY** should be graduated.

The summer passed quickly and September 1904, found our pilgrims called the C's. Of the original eighty-three, more than one-third had disappeared; some had joined other companies of pilgrims; some had grown weary of books and guides; some had been compelled to lay aside their studies



and to begin their work in the world without waiting for "Commencement-Day". There were a few new companions to take the places of those who had gone to join other bands; and there were changes, too, among the guides.

There was more work and less play; chemistry furnished a little excitement, but the symbols and the equations were almost as puzzling as the radicals and the quadratics of the algebra. Ancient History was harder to remember than Civil Government; the Latin grew more complicated; and as though there was not enough trouble, Geometry with all its angles and triangles greatly blocked the way. Preparations for the Junior-Senior banquet, the "Sibyl," and Commencement had lost much of their old-time interest. In fact, the second stage of the journey seemed rather tiresome, but at last June came, and there was another halt.

When, in September 1905, the journey was resumed, there were more changes in the company of pilgrims as well as in the guides. The work seemed easier; the Latin words began to have a certain familiar appearance, the Germans, the French, and the English of Modern History seemed more interesting than the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans of ancient times; bones and muscles were more real than atoms and molecules, and there was pleasure in studying the flowers and trees, especially on "botanical excursions."

But this year, brought real grief to the hearts of the class of 1907; for before the first half of the journey was done, one of the number completed her course in the High School and in the school of life. On the first Sunday in January, 1906, the class stood at the grave of Essie Thomas; and the memory of that day will long remain a most impressive one in the history of the class.

Joy as well as grief marked the third year of the course; for B's, or Juniors, seem far in advance of C's, and quite important in the company of travelers. The dreams of the D's began to be realized as the time drew near to banquet

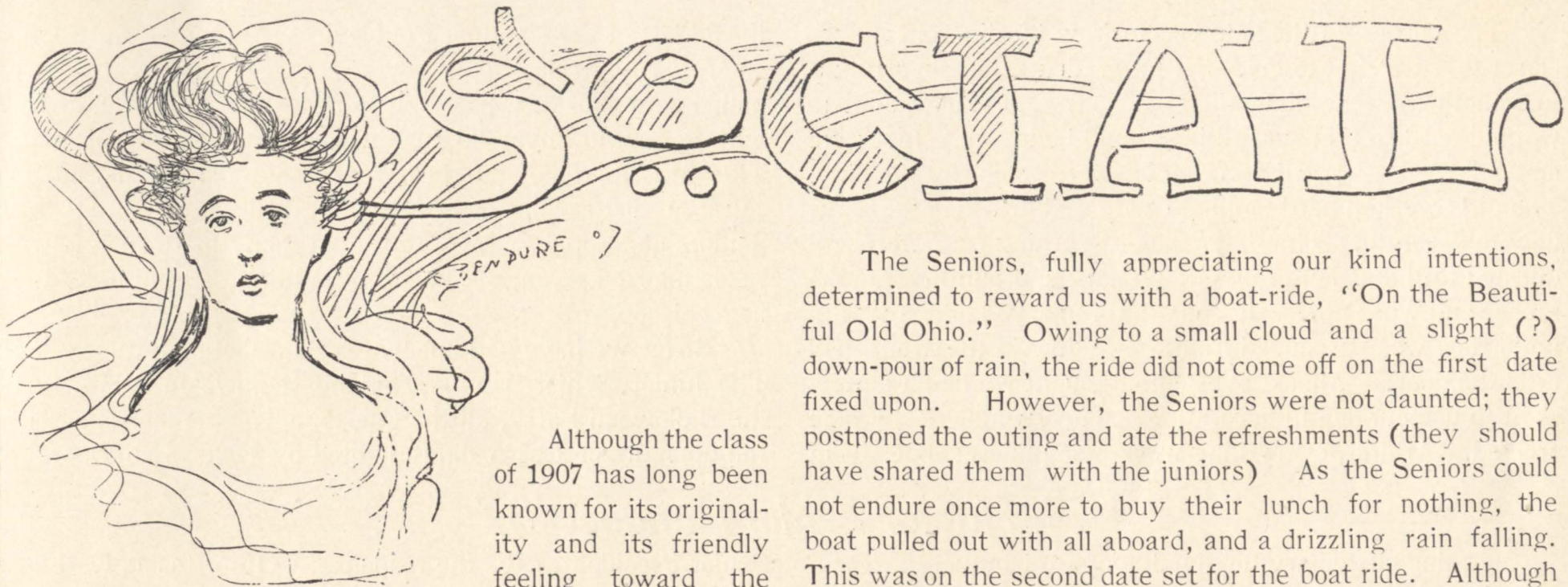
the Seniors. On the 22. of February, the "great event" occurred. The hatchet was not buried, however, but was preserved as a token of good fellowship. Later, the Seniors, in return, invited the Juniors to a boat ride. Then,—almost immediately,—it seemed, it was time to assist in the preparations for Commencement; and suddenly the class awakened to find themselves Seniors, the leaders of the bands of pilgrims.

Another halt, and then the last stage of the journey! September, 1906, found the band much reduced in numbers, there being scarcely one-third as many as had begun the journey. There were more changes in the number of guides, also; but soon all was in order for the last stage of the journey. Many new difficulties have been encountered in these last few months. The number of fellow travelers has so increased that the High School, which seemed so large the first year, seems crowded now. There have been many things besides studies to demand attention; so many, in fact, that there has not seemed to be enough time to study.

There have been numerous interruptions on the way; and to the last stage of the journey is added the memory of two floods—a record no preceding class can equal. There are legends of floods in past years, but twice within two months, the entire company of travelers halted until the waters of the Ohio returned to their channel.

The class of 1908, following the example of preceding classes, entertained with a banquet which was much appreciated.

As the pilgrim band approaches the end of its journey, there is a halt, to look back over what has seemed, a long way, beset with many difficulties and much weariness, yet there is probably not one of the number who does not feel it a severe trial to bid farewell to his fellow pilgrims to go out on the highway of the new life of the untried future that opens before him.



Although the class of 1907 has long been known for its originality and its friendly feeling toward the other classes of the

High School, these two facts have been proved by various events in its social career.

The class has enjoyed many delightful social gatherings, but the first great function was the Junior-Senior Banquet in '06. The banquet was the result of a desire to make known the friendliness existing between the two classes. The event was an entire success and everyone enjoyed himself to the utmost. At an early hour (Friday morning), the guests departed. We have only this to say; that we hope they enjoyed themselves as much as we enjoyed ourselves at the Banquet tendered us by the present Juniors.

The Seniors, fully appreciating our kind intentions, determined to reward us with a boat-ride, "On the Beautiful Old Ohio." Owing to a small cloud and a slight (?) down-pour of rain, the ride did not come off on the first date fixed upon. However, the Seniors were not daunted; they postponed the outing and ate the refreshments (they should have shared them with the juniors) As the Seniors could not endure once more to buy their lunch for nothing, the boat pulled out with all aboard, and a drizzling rain falling. This was on the second date set for the boat ride. Although the elements were against them, the Seniors should not have drawn themselves into a corner, leaving their guests to enjoy themselves as best they could, However, the class of '07 is never at a loss when it comes to a good time, so they enjoyed themselves heartily. After a while, the rain ceased and the moon came out once more. After the boat landed, there was just enough time for all to get safely home when it started to rain again. So ended the Senior return.

These two events do not constitute all our social times. We have had many class parties and before we graduate we will have had many more, but the newest affair in our social calendar was a Lawn Fete given on the High School grounds last June.

The purpose of the Fete was to draw the different classes closer together and to give the Ex-graduates an opportunity to walk through the old familiar halls once more. We Juniors worked hard so that everything should be lovely. Ice cream and cakes were served and candies were sold by the girls. The girls worked hard making candy and directing the boys how to decorate. The boys did everything they were requested to, hung lanterns, put up flags and bunting, ran errands, and what not. It must be remarked here---that a junior flag was suspended from the ceiling in the front hall near the door. Almost everyone thought we had a perfect right to use our flag in decorating. The evening of the Fete arrived. At first, everything went along finely, but about

the middle of the evening, trouble arose. One of the Sophomore boys (the Sophs. were the Senior's cat-paws) pulled down our flag, passed it to the Seniors who ran away with it. Our boys did not endeavor to regain their flag. The gathering being purely friendly, they did not intend to cause a disturbance despite the uncalled for action of the Seniors and Sophs. We hope that many more such Lawn Fetes may be given, excluding everything pertaining to the flag episode,

So far we have had but two Social functions this year: The Junior, Senior Banquet and the Hallowe'en Party. At the Halloween Party, all the Ghosts enjoyed themselves in the up-stairs of a barn dimly lighted by Jack-o-Lanterns.

### *The Junior Senior Banquet '07*

It being customary for the Juniors to banquet the Seniors, toward the end of February the Juniors began to prepare for the notable event.

The Juniors worked diligently and faithfully, it being their plan to give the Seniors the grandest time ever given to a Senior class. All this labor and toil were not to be un-rewarded. On the night of March 8, a clear, cool, slightly moonlight evening, the Seniors and the Juniors wended their happy ways to Seel's Hall. Here they enjoyed a few happy moments until they were asked to come to supper. To this invitation everyone willingly complied.

The room was beautifully decorated, the '08 pennant occupying a prominent place opposite the end of the table. The table was decorated with flowers and lighted by candles. When all had finished eating, the welcome was given by Junior President, Howard Harsha. Russell Anderson, the

Senior President, gave the response. Other toasts were as follows:

The Winter's Tale . . .	Merle Smith
Journey's End . . .	Florence Alexander
The Road to Yesterday . . .	Margaret Wilhelm
The Faculty . . .	Katherine Dawson
Castles in Spain . . .	Paul Walker
The Muscular System . . .	Thomas J. Drugan
Soldiers of Fortune . . .	Pauline Wilhelm
Near the Old Persimmon Tree,	Mr. Appel
Impromptu . . .	Mr. Gilliland
All's Well That Ends Well . . .	Orin Oakes

Those members of the faculty present were: Misses Lucy Hall and Gertrude Jackson; and Messrs. Frank Appel, Walter Gililand and James Gilliland.

# The Song of the Class of '07

Music --- *A Warrior Bold*



FRESHIE

When we grow old  
And tales are told  
Of the class of Naughty Seven  
A song we'll sing  
And the hills shall ring  
Of dear old P. H. S.  
Of dear old P. H. S.  
We love the blue and white  
It's the flag for which we'll fight  
And girls shall praise  
Their warriors brave  
For deeds on flag rush night.  
The teachers praise  
Our winning ways;  
All virtues we possess.  
And when we leave  
They'll all believe  
We've bravely earned our rest.  
The close is near,

And all things dear  
Must vanish from our path;  
Yet still be glad  
And don't be sad  
But cheer us with a laugh,  
A bright and merry laugh.  
We leave a path of fame,  
In life we'll do the same;  
But ere we leave  
You must believe  
We've justly earned our rest.  
The blue for true  
The white for might.  
We've fought for the blue and white.  
We love the blue;  
It shows we're true.  
We love the white;  
It shows our might.  
We love the blue and white.  
The blue and white.

## A Freshie's Opinion

These Sophs and Seniors make me sick;  
They go about a'blowing,  
With lofty heads held high in air,  
To make folks think they're knowing.  
But rats! things are not what they seem.  
They think they know too much,—  
Too much I am sure for me,  
But we'll get even just the same,  
And then—Oh, then you'll see.

Some day about the last of June,  
When Freshies shed their coats,  
Roll up their pants a reef or two,  
And look like reg'lar spo'ts,  
Some little Seniors and some Sophs  
Will gather round their flag,  
While we break through their ranks (or bust)  
And grab that little blue-white rag  
And trail it in the dust.

But when "Commencement" day rolls by,  
Shall we not part as friends?  
Ah yes, the enmity of old,  
Like morning mist ascends,  
And friendship strong, do you behold,  
A friendship honest, true,  
Based on the victories we won;  
And stronger as the years roll by,  
Until life's work is done. *John Lawrence Grimes*

## *Class of '08*

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### MOTTO

Carpere et colligere

### FLOWER

“Red Carnation”

### COLORS

Red and Green

### YELL

Sizzle, dizzle; Sizzel dum,  
We're the class that makes things hum,  
We'll be in it early or late,  
Hurrah for the class of 1908!

### *Officers:*

PRESIDENT	.	.	.	.	HOWARD HARSHA
VICE PRESIDENT	.	.	.	.	RUTH JACKSON
SECRETARY	.	.	.	.	FLORENCE ALEXANDER
TREASURER	.	.	.	.	PAUL WALKER



## *Class History - '08*

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This illustrious and learned class came into existence one bright morning in September, 1904. They went through the usual trials and troubles of freshmen, but finally reached their Sophomore year in safety. They worked hard in this year and are proud of their accomplishments.

It being the custom of each Sophomore class to present some gift to the P. H. S. and not wishing to be behind the times, the class of 1908 presented a most beautiful American flag, a gift which was highly appreciated, and which now beautifies the wall of the Assembly Hall.

The boys of the class having assisted in the victory of the Junior-Senior flag fight, at an informal meeting of the girls held on the steps of the High School building, some one suggested giving a spread in honor of the boys, which suggestion met with much enthusiasm, especially on the part of the boys when they learned of the honor conferred on them. The spread was held at the home of Ruth Jackson and as it was very informal, it was an extremely enjoyable affair.

hunt his or her present. Three social events have taken place, two parties and the annual Junior-Senior Banquet. The parties were very enjoyable affairs, in which all became better acquainted with one another. In the whole course through the High School the class has shown such friendliness of feeling and unanimity of purpose as will always make it a model to succeeding classes.

In the following year many events of importance took place, for now they were mighty Juniors and held their heads high. It was not long before they found out they would have to signify in some way the donors of the flag, and decided to give an '08 pennant which was to serve the double purpose of signifying who presented the flag and also of adorning the walls of the Assembly Hall. This was an original idea with the Junior class, who requested that each succeeding Junior class shall present a pennant of their class to the High School so that in time a line of them will be formed around the room. This pennant was presented just before Christmas; and at this same time smaller but none the less beautiful pennants were presented as Christmas gifts to each of the teachers. Much merriment was caused by the gifts being concealed and each teacher being compelled to

## Editor's Note

**I**N ORDER to promote interest in literary work, the Annual Staff started an innovation by giving a prize of \$2.50 in gold to the writer of the best story. The same prize was offered to the author of the best poem, but in this particular there was so little interest manifested that the

contest was dropped. In the opinion of the judges, two members of the Annual Staff, and a member of the Faculty, the story that appears below was found worthy of the first prize. Farther on in the Annual is a speculation in automobiles which was considered worthy of honorable mention.

## IMP

*By Thomas J. Brushart*

**I**MP the bull dog, lay outstretched on the sunny end of the porch, his great, massive head between his paws, his tail, sure indicator of a dog's humor, wagging to and fro.

It was late in spring, and the days were beginning to turn excessively warm. Away and beyond the picket fence, the birds twittered safely in neighboring thickets. High above the dog on the extending ledge of the porch, protected by vines abloom, a soft-furred cat sagely washed her face, while here and there on the ground beneath, late violets silently drooped and died in the warmth of the sun. There was not a breath of wind to disturb the air. All things bespoke quiet and peace.

As the drowsy noon hour wore on, the dog still held his position, his flame colored eyes blinking and his tail tapping on the floor, while he dreamed. All the warm days he had lain thus, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming. His dreams were of two orders: sad and happy. At times he imagined he was free, that he had broken his eternal leash, had gone beyond the high picket fence whose gate was never left open into the land of liberty. He fancied he was enjoying meats stolen from unwary butchers, was feeling his sharp teeth rip the soft flesh of other dogs until they crunched, with a grating noise good to hear, deep into the brittle bone. And then Imp was happy. His iron muscles twitched and jerked with the joy of his dream movements, deep down in his throat issued fierce growls of pleasure, and

the lumps of flesh about his thick jaw bared the white fangs in a great dog laugh.

But always came there upon these joyous visions the sharp intrusion of his sadder one the sorrow of his captivity. How he longed to be with other dogs, if only for a time long enough to taste their blood! Why must he always be held in bondage? He meant to do nothing wrong, nor to displease his master, and he was always proud of himself when, returning triumphant from the fray, he saw his defeated adversary lie without life in the roadside. He was merely testing muscle against muscle, fang on fang, and proving that all must fight to live. Why then must his master, who was good and kind and considerate in all other things, and whom he loved very dearly, whip and shame him, bar him from the outside world, thus hemming him in and restricting his mighty voice from rising to the heights and shocking the very shy, shy? To think of these things made him sad, and pathetic whines would shame him into silence.

Aside from his fondness for fighting and few indeed are they who would find fault with that, Imp was a model dog. Because of his physical qualities, his enormous head and jaws, the brindle marking over one of his amber eyes, the only color otherwise than white on his entire body, the thick, muscular legs, chest and neck, he was as handsome a dog as it is possible to conceive. And he was just as intelligent as he was good looking. He always brought the evening paper in, and would, for a certain reward, play dead dog or make grotesque attempts at praying. He idolized his master and his master's mother, whose sole protection the dog was while her son



was at his work. He would never eat except from familiar hands, and this sagacity had doubtless often saved the brute's life from malefactors.

At an early age he had been taught these things, along with the grip that never breaks. This grip consists of getting the thing to be held between the teeth with the under ones out beyond the uppers. Then, as the victim pulls, he, tugs the upper teeth out until they are halted by the proximity of the lower fangs. The teeth or the thing held must give way; the grip never does.

But to return to our story. The peace of the place was broken by the cheery whistle of the postman. The singing of the birds ceased, the soft-furred cat stopped washing her face, and Imp, aroused from his dreams, strode out to meet the coming of the mail.

By some unfortunate oversight, the carrier forgot to close the gate, and the dog saw the way to liberty. In an instant the old dormant desire for action, the call of his ancient ancestral mother, whose tawny color he bore over his eyes, welled within him. His flame-colored eyes glowed dull and red, his whole being grew fierce with the primitive call, his amoeba-like muscles threw off their lethargy, each separate fibre demanding, commanding movement and life. Through the open gate was the place beyond the hated fence, the place of joy and action, of fighting and blood. The crawling of the flesh was tremendous, the call was overpowering, and the spirit of the dog answered to it even as his mistress in a voice shrill with terror plead with him to come back.

Down the dusty road, a mere blotch of moving substance was another dog. He was a gigantic mongrel, half blood hound and half Bernard, idly rolling about in the dust and snapping at annoying flies. Here, then, was a thing upon which to wreak vengeance for all the days of captivity. Here was something upon which to test the power of strength and the subtlety of movement, from which to draw blood, from which to hear the satisfying echo of crunching and breaking bones. Like a white flash Imp was after his game.

Silently, silently, ever in silence, he drew nearer to his prize. The mongrel dog took no heed until it was too late. Then when it was useless, with a shrill whine of fear, he made an attempt to run; but

the white-flash lifted itself clean off the ground and fell upon his victim. There was a series of sharp savage snarls and the mongrel dog broke loose, running with fear. The grip had not been made sure, and Imp, chagrined, stood holding between his teeth only the hairy covering of his antagonist's shoulder blade.

Again Imp took after his adversary. A crowd of men and boys had collected, and, as the bull ran his prey to the ground, they formed a circle about the combatants, cheering, cursing, and urging the dogs on. Throughout the crowd there were a few who idly speculated on the larger dog's unwillingness to fight and defend itself, and who watched with sadness the unequal struggle.

It was now a contest to the finish, science against bigness of form, bravery against coward's fear. The fangs of both dogs were bare and trickling a yellow slaver, and each was bathed in blood. Twice the bull lay flat on the ground prior to each fatal spring, but even as he sprang the grip failed and only was there the rip of flesh and the flow of blood. Nothing satisfying in that. At the third spring, Imp broke the mongrel dog's fore leg, and then he knew his game. Creeping around in ever nearing circles, he found his chance when his victim exposed his neck by lifting his head aloft as he bellowed with pain. There was a flash of white, a cry of fear, and Imp had the mongrel dog by the throat. The weight of the bull bore his oponent to the ground, and then in silence he began the killing.

The stillness fell upon the crowd, tense ominous, deep, Imp had made the grip that never breaks, and all that could be heard was the husky cough, cough—the sure sign of the end. The eyes of the dying dog took on a glassy white color, his cough became hoarse and more hoarse and finally ceased, his great limbs quivered spasmodically and then grew long and rigid. Imp, the victorious, withdrew his bloody muzzle from the gory hole in the throat of his adversary and gazed at the lifeless form.

Suddenly, through the crowd a woman pushed, crying:

"Imp, Imp, why did you do it! Oh, why did you!"

Imp ceased to survey his ghastly victory, his tail wagged frantically, the muscles lifted bare of his red fangs, and over his face came the great laugh!



# *The Class of '09*

## MOTTO

Superanda Omnis Fortuna Ferendo Est

## COLORS:

Red and White

## FLOWER:

Red Rose

## *Officers:*

PRESIDENT	.	.	.	.	MORTON SHUMWAY
VICE PRESIDENT	.	.	.	.	BEATRICE NAVE
SECRETARY	.	.	.	.	MARJORIE PURSELL
TREASURER	.	.	-	-	GEORGE KRICKER



## *The History of the Sophomore Class*

On the morning of Sept. 8, 1905, there entered into the Portsmouth High School a large class numbering about a hundred pupils. The upper classmen were on hand to have a little fun with us, but we carried ourselves bravely through the ordeal, which comes to the lot of every Freshman to endure.

About a month after we decided to organize our class so as to become a factor of some importance in the school. Therefore we met one evening after school. We called a meeting and elected Morton Shumway, President; Eugene Wurster, Vice President; Inez Wagner, Secretary; Annie Anderson, Treasurer. These officers served us very faithfully during our Freshman year. We decided to adopt the Red Rose as our class flower and Red and White as our colors.

Nothing very important happened during the first month of school but the next month several good class football teams were organized and a number of good games came off at Millbrook Park. Our class made a good showing in the games and our team was one of the best. Soon after followed the holidays and most of us came back in January with the knowledge that we had a few low marks to make up.

As we were more accustomed to our work the second term proved to be easier than the first. Along about the first of June we made our debut into P. H. S. society at the lawn fete given by the Juniors (the present Seniors.) We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly and wish to thank them for the splendid time we had.

Then followed that memorable Flag Fight which was a grand climax to a fine school year. The boys of all classes gathered together their latent energies and fought that great battle. The building still bears the scars of that noble affray. We were in league with the Juniors and helped them win the battle. Many of our class sang in the Commencement exercises and added our gladsome wail to the rich, melodious voices of the present Juniors.

Most of the class were promoted and after vacation we returned to school with the title of "Sophomore." We had a little amusement watching the gambols of the innocent little freshies. During the first month we organized and re-elected Morton Shumway, President. We also elected Beatrice Nave, Vice President; Marjorie Pursell, Secretary; and Howard McKerrigan, Treasurer. Howard McKerrigan left school soon after and George Kricker was elected to fill his place.

Like last year nothing very important has happened except the football games. As a baseball team is to be organized many of our boys will try for a position.

We are about to the end of our story now as we have covered events leading up to the present time. We expect another good Flag Fight and perhaps some social event. As it will be our turn to present a present to the school this year we expect to give something that will be worthy of a class that has succeeded so well in its duties as the class of '09.

## *The Class of '09*

All hail to the Sophomores, the Sophomores, all hail!  
All hail to the class Naughty Nine!  
Wherever you find them in school or outside,  
They're found at the head of the line.

All hail to the laddies, the laddies so brave,  
With shoulder straps, chevrons and gun  
All hail to the laddies who fight other fights  
With pigskin and twirlers all won.

All hail! once again, to the Sophomores, all hail!  
All hail to the class, Naughty Nine!  
For beauty, for courage, for standing, for right,  
They're found at the head of the line.

All hail to the lassies, the lassies so true,  
Upholding the good where'er found  
All hail to the lassies, the lassies so true,  
Whose praised the boys all resound.

All hail to the colors, the red and the white,  
All hail to the colors they wear!  
For purity, white; and for victory, red,  
Hurrah for the colors so fair.



1910



J. BENDURE

### Class of 1910

#### MOTTO

Honestate est fortuna

#### FLOWER

White Carnation

#### COLORS

Purple and Gold

#### YELL

Rah! Rab! Rah!

Zip, Zeen, Zen

Portmouth High School

1910

#### Officers

H. A. MARTING	.	.	.	.	PRESIDENT
DAVIS LEVI	.	.	.	.	VICE PRESIDENT
HOUSTON RICKEY	.	.	.	.	TREASURER
BESS WILLIAMSON	.	.	.	.	SECRETARY



## THE "D" CLASS

The D Class has no history. It is unable to produce any. To produce history a thing must live and move and be conscious that it is living and moving and not merely existing. These requirements the D class has not; and its entire EXISTENCE has been a chaotic mixture of squalling, howling, brawling, eye-opening, seeing, teething, earaches, toothaches, stomachaches, finally arriving where they are able to stand without continu-

ous assisting, imitating, strutting, crowing, blowing, fighting cigarette-smoking and what-nots. They do not know why they exist, nor do they care. If they can eat and sleep, avoid Algebra and Latin, catch flies and devil grasshoppers three periods out of six, they are happy. There are about one hundred and ten of these atoms in the D class, black and white D Class history? Bah!

### *Sophomore Knowledge*

Uncle Sam has mastered the means of communication and Uncle Sam has been mastered by U. S. (that's us.) Our postal system would give a few pointers on how to handle mail. We write letters and within three minutes they are delivered at destination. We can read and write in Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Sanscrit, Hog Latin and mis-spelled words. We all have our own supply of chewing wax with which to seal important missives. When ready to send our letters we stamp on the floor. We send all mail special delivery without extra charge. Occasionally we have mail failures and our letters get to the dead letter office—that is, the teachers' desk. In that case the correspondent instead of the envelope gets licked.

In time of emergency where much depends on despatch, we use our telegraphic system. This only requires two operators, although repeating stations are sometimes called into service. The Deaf and Dumb Code is the one in the most common use although an object demonstration, such as imaginary sharpening of pencils or erasing is effective. The wireless message is the most popular, it is the one we all "sigh for" (cipher.) The symbols are glances and smiles and are only understood by the Romeo and Juliet in the case.

We give liberal "tips"—of the approach of the teacher. But sh! where ignorance in the teachers is bliss for the students, it is folly to make the teachers wise:

Notice : this is a F-I-B.

# MILITARY DEPARTMENT

The line of soldiery here drawn up is in itself eloquent of the sustained interest and pride which the High School feels in its military department.

Early in the fall a progressive spirit among the boys gave rise to the organization of a drill squad—humble and unpretentious enough at first but determined. Order has slowly grown out of confusion, and months of persistent effort has caused to flower forth a corps of officers which does credit to the confidence reposed in them, and now the squad becomes self commanding. The boys have overthrown completely the fixed idea often held that only that training is beneficial which is distasteful and acquired under compulsion, moreover have they established well the truth that a normal boy has an inborn desire to choose the useful and a natural tendency to prosecute it vigorously.

As yet not called upon for field service, the company has done what is left them to do and what is more difficult—they have developed soldierly qualities in times of peace. The seven o'clock call to arms has never failed to bring a response despite

its cruel regularity, unvaried during zero weather and devastating floods. Loyalty which has known not a single desertion, and will not tolerate a withdrawal except in cases of removal from the city or death, has sustained the enlisted force and even added new recruits.

Encouraged by every superior authority and liberally supported by the Board of Education, the company's career has been progressive. Dissenters and detractors have been put to shame. The wearers of the High School blue have fought their way to an enviable position in the public estimation and have received the intelligent recognition which they merit. Their acts are daily commended and even in banquet halls have their praises sounded by the fairest of the fair. Their work has been dignified by being credited upon the school records with the other useful branches.

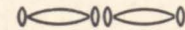
Such is our company in its inception and such is the encouraging start; but we do not forget that it is only a beginning of better things; and humble in the realization of the powers and excellencies to be attained, we look forward to increased effort as a sure guaranty of an even more hopeful future.



**T**HERE doesn't seem to be any doubt that when the Stratford-on the Avon team went up against the Queen Elizabeth West Siders back in 1590, Billy Shakespeare was the original fan from Fansville. Just listen to him talk baseball:

The base is right. (Taming of the Shrew.)  
What an arm he has! (Coriolanus.)  
Now you strike like the blind man. (Much Ado.)  
Out, I say! (Macbeth.)  
I will be short. (Hamlet.)  
He knows the game. (K. Henry VI.)  
Oh; hateful error! (Julius Caesar.)  
Thou canst not hit it! Hit it! Hit it! (Love's Labor Lost.)  
I will go root. (Richard II.)  
He will steal, sir. (All's Well That ends Well.)  
Let the world slide. (Taming of the Shrew)  
I have killed a fly. (Titus Andronicus.)  
Pardon me if I speak like a captain. (Timon of Athens)  
I would give a thousand pounds if I could run as fast as thou canst. (K. Henry IV.)  
The play, I remember, pleased not the million. (Hamlet.)  
They cannot sit at ease on the old bench. (Romeo and Juliet)  
Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves throw incense. (K. Lear.)  
Our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally. (K. Henry VI.)  
Whom right and wrong have chosen for an umpire. (Love's Labor Lost.)  
Pitchers have ears. (Taming of the Shrew.)  
A hit! A very palpable hit! (Hamlet.)  
That one error fills him with faults. (Two Gentlemen of Verona.)  
They will steal anything. (K. Henry V.)  
What sign is it? (Love's Labor Lost.)  
The word is "Pitche." (K. Henry V.)  
Highly beloved second. (Comedy of Errors.)

'Tis a plate of rare device. (Cymbeline)  
I would not give my part in this sport for a pension of thousands. (Twelfth Night.)



Bill (Reading in Grammar)—I am loving.  
Miss Ball—Well, what do you call that, Merle?  
Merle—A lie.  
Bill—"Abby, you are growing prettier every day."  
Abby—"I wish I could return the compliment.

If Mary only Wood  
And Margaret were not Young  
It would be easier understood  
Why Anna is a Young man.

The Freshie stood on the burning deck  
So far as we could learn  
He stood there in perfect safety  
For he was too green to burn.

Mrs. Schmidt—"Gertrude, don't you know its almost eleven o'clock?"

Russell—Can it be possible? And he left half an hour later.

(Nannette's quotation in Literature)  
"Rich gift's wax poor when givers prove unkind."

Come to think of it, Tom's pocket was lightened of four dollars, (count them, four) for that Roycroft book at Christmas. The value has come down to 98c, according to Nannette.

Miss Hall—William, give an example of something impossible.

Bill—Touch Brigg for a dollar.

Miss Jackson—What comes every four years? (Wanting the answer, election.)

Tom—(enthusiastically) Leap-year!

## Foot Ball

CARL BENNETT, '08 . . . .	Captain
RUSSELL W. ANDERSON . . . .	Manager
E. W. RARDIN, '05 O. W. U. . . .	Coach
KARL ZOELLNER, '02 . . . .	Graduate Coach

### TEAM

Evan Williams, '09 . . . .	Right End
Thomas Haley, '09 . . . .	Left End
Lawrence Daniels, '10 . . . .	Right Tackle
H. A. Marting, '10 . . . .	Left Tackle
Edward Chick, '07 . . . .	Right Guard
Davis Levi, '10 . . . .	Left Guard
Benjamin Heer, '08 . . . .	Center
Huston Rickey, '10 . . . .	Quarter Back
William Shaefer, '07 } . . . .	Right Half
Edward Pearce, '08 } . . . .	
Carl Bennett, '08 } . . . .	Left Half
Warren Briggs, '07 } . . . .	
Russell Anderson, . . . .	Full Back

### Reserves

George Kricker, '09	Morton Shumway, '09
	Harold Buchert, '10
Backs . . . .	Howard Harsha, '08; William Bolles, '10.

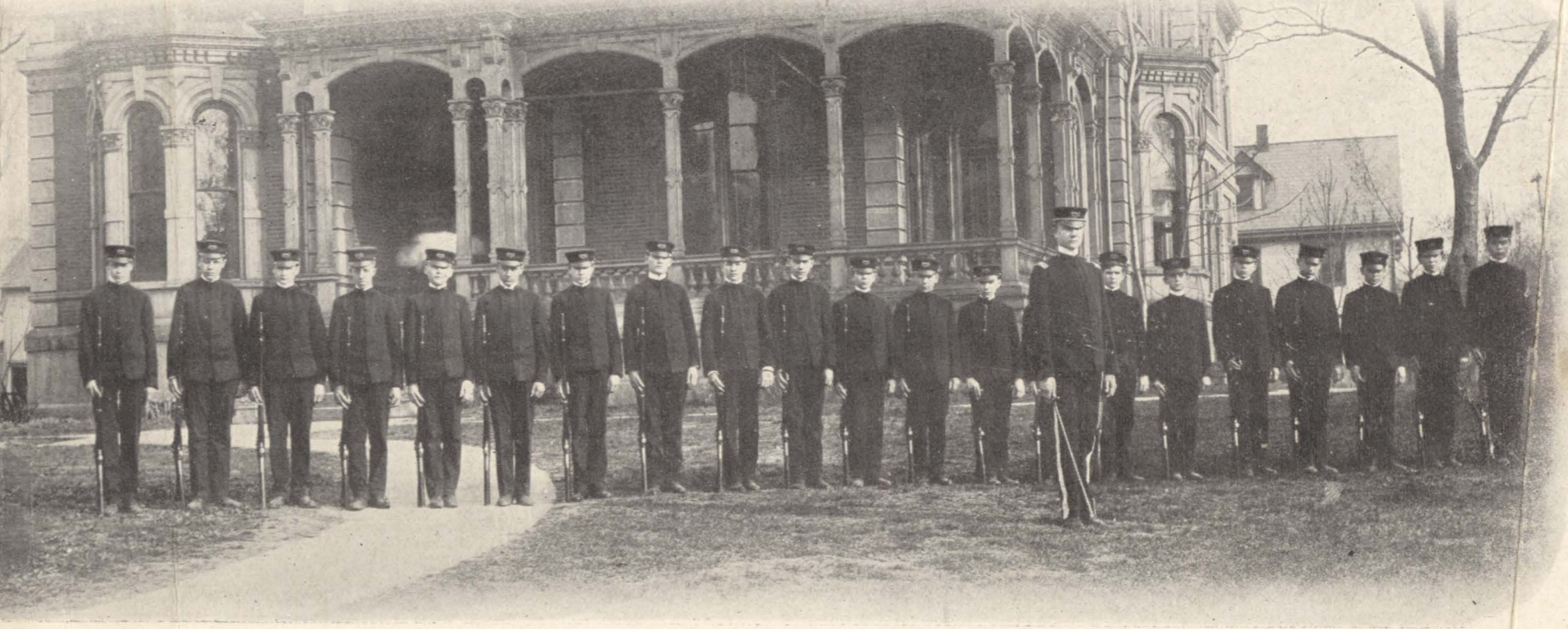
NOTE—Owing to minor injuries the backs were often compelled to change places among themselves.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC cries of foot ball resounded throughout the halls of old P. H. S. in the early part of October and the foot ball season was on. A more satisfactory season never closed, and one more successful could hardly have been anticipated, than the season of 1906. Although the Senior class of other years have endeavored to play strictly High School teams, yet they have usually composed the teams of about as many ringers as P. H. S. students, but we hold the honor of being the first class to put a boni-fide high school team on the gridiron, permitting no ringer to play on our team at any time.

As we had secured a late start in the season there was only one week to practice before our tustle with Chillicothe. At the beginning of the season, a snappy class game was played between the Seniors and the Juniors. Though two of the Seniors were slightly incapacitated in this game the brave Juniors were compelled to drink the dregs of defeat by the score of 11 to 5. The team was most fortunate in securing Earl W. Rardin, former captain of the O. W. U. foot ball squad, as their coach. To his efficient coaching, the perfection of the team's many intricate and effective plays is due.

As there had been no team representing our school in the field for three years, most of the eligible players were either inexperienced or very light. Karl Zoellner, '02 as graduate coach, drilled the players in some well needed scrimmage work. His constant cry of "Hurry Up!" spirited the boys and gave them their powers of endurance which showed up to splendid advantage in the Thanksgiving







Commandant--J. R. GILLILAND  
 Captain--W. M. BRIGGS  
 First Lieut.—CARL BENNETT  
 Second Lieut.—RALPH MARTING



Sergeants { RUSSELL ANDERSON  
 MERLE SMITH  
 Corporals { HOWARD HARSHA  
 EDGAR BRAUNLIN  
 BENJAMIN HEER  
 EDWARD PEARCE



### PRIVATES

WILLIAM ATLAS	OTTO BLUM	H. A. MARTING	GILBERT MICKLETHWAIT
MAURICE BRIGGS	EDWARD CHICK	CHARLES NICHOLS	JOHN REITZ
WALLACE DREW	JOHN EMMERT	PAUL REISSINGER	ARONHOLD SCHAPIRO
WILLIAM FEAZEL	ARTHUR FINDEIS	ANSEL SKELTON	JAMES WOOD
WILLARD GUSTIN	PAUL HARSHA	STANLEY SMITH	STANLEY SWITALSKI
CARL HAUCK	BENJAMIN HEER	WILLIAM THOMAS	CHARLES TURLEY
PHILIP JACOBS	EDGAR JONES	HARRY UHL	PAUL WALKER
JOHN KIELMAN	RICHARD KNOWLAND	EVAN WILLIAMS	JAMES WILLIAMS
DAVIS LEVI	JOHN LYNN	WALTER WOOD	LEO YORK

## The Flag Rush

TOWARD the end of each year, around Commencement time comes the Flag Rush, with its joys and sorrows, victory and defeat, with its bumps, bruises, scratches, pains, and many other pleasant and disagreeable things. What boy is there, who, when the fight is over, is not proud of his bruised fingers and cut head, his smarting eyes; who is not proud to have slipped over the roof and to have escaped from the enemy by climbing down the walls of the building? Look for one and you cannot find him.

Last year was no exception to the general rule. About a week before commencement, mysterious actions were noticeable among both Seniors and Juniors. On Monday, June the eleventh, the '06 boys raised their beautiful red and black pennant to the morning sun. This act on their part was the signal for battle and that night there certainly was a terrible battle.

Immediately after school on Monday, the '07 girls held a meeting at which they decided to serve a hot lunch to the boys of '07 and '09 after the fight. Lack of time was no obstacle, so all was in readiness when they assembled at 9:30 that evening. The Senior girls had also fixed a lunch which their boys had taken with them upon the roof of the building.

This rush was the first one to which all the girls of the school had turned out, but why should they not cheer their heroes on to victory. Between 9:30 and 10, the '07 girls and '09 boys and girls gathered near the building. Some of the '06 and '08 boys were upon the roof, already strongly fortified; others with the girls were walking around the building making a great deal of noise.

The Juniors and Freshmen spent quite a little time in exploring the grounds of the school in trying to find some means of entrance, in looking for the trap that might be prepared for them; in general making all preparation for the attack that was sure to come. When they found out all that was to be known, they made their plans.

While the Senior and Freshmen boys and girls were jeering at them, the Juniors and Freshies gained entrance to the building through one of the class room windows. Once in the building, they were soon on the second floor at the foot of the tower stair. It is a known fact that it is practically impossible to force into surrender anyone fortified in the tower of the P. H. S., but no one could have anticipated the methods resorted to by last year's Seniors and Sophomores. The '07 boys made an attempt to scale the wall, but when they reached the top they were greeted by such a shower of drug

store paraphernalia that they were forced to fall back. Buckets of water were thrown down upon them. After several unsuccessful attempts had been made to gain possession of the cupola, the attacking party withdrew for rest and deliberation.

By this time, the front door of the building had been opened and a light was made on the first landing. When the Juniors and the Freshmen had finished their consultation, it was decided that they should try to gain the stairs by a sudden rush. At the given signal the boys made a swift rush up the stairs, but when they were half way up, chairs, desks and other heavy articles were thrown down upon their heads. Not being able to stand such treatment, the '07 and '09 boys withdrew after making a fruitless attempt to set fire to the Senior flag-staff. It being about 4:30 in the morning, all the Juniors and Freshmen retired to their homes. That morning at 7:30 when all reported for school, it was a different looking school from the one seen a few hours earlier that morning.

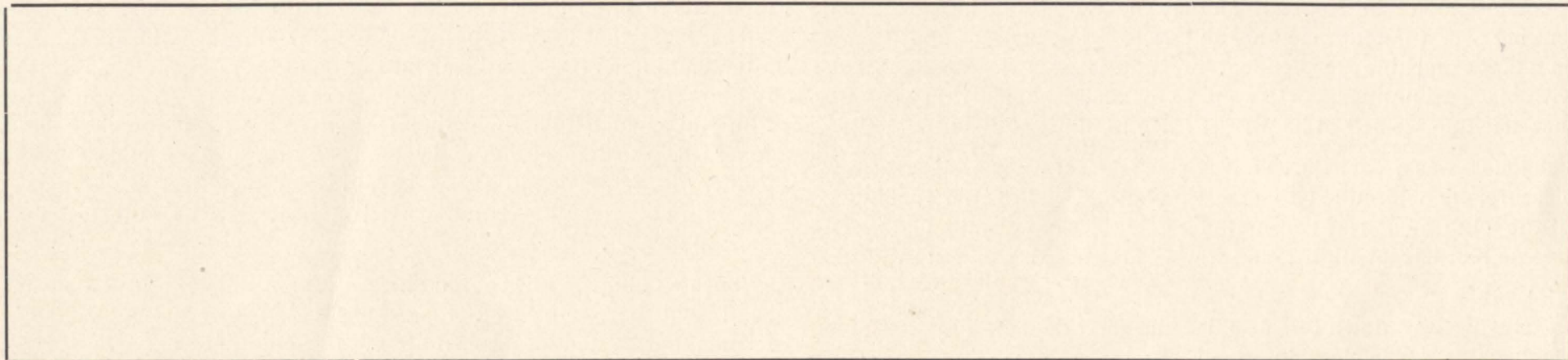
Still, all was not over. A temporary truce was entered into. By its provisions, no one was to enter the building or disturb the Senior flag until after six o'clock that night, but by some mistake, the conditions of the truce were not so presented to the Juniors. They were told that there was to be no **FIGHTING** in the building until after six o'clock. To this agreement they readily acquiesced.

If the Seniors thought they could settle the Juniors so easily, they were to find out differently. At about five o'clock, the Juniors entered the building and placed themselves comfortably upon the roof of the porch, waiting for six o'clock. When the whistles blew, they calmly lowered the red and black, and the red and green, and hoisted the blue and white of the Juniors above the red and white of the Freshmen.

This act was thoroughly honorable on the part of the Juniors as they had only agreed to do no fighting until after 5:30 and no fighting had been done. Yet they were made to suffer for the Senior's mistake. The Juniors, being so ordered by the school authorities, were forced to lower their flag; while the Seniors, happy over their so called victory, raised their flag once more. On the last day of school, the blue and white was permitted to float over the P. H. S. building.

Thus ended the unfair rush of '06. All that can be said is that the Juniors and the Freshmen did the best they could and that no one can accuse them of acting dishonorably.

## OUR GYMNASIUM



The above cut is the exact likeness of our Gym. It is situated somewhere, in Russell Anderson's mind. This physical department occupies the ground floor of the spacious annex at the rear of the High School building. Prof. N. O. Body, a learned and capable instructor, is in charge of the muscular development of the High School students. He is the favored prof. of the boys as well as the idol of the girls. Prof. N. O. Body will be seen in the right hand corner of the picture.

The gymnasium was furnished at great expense (?) to the city, about the same time that the New City Water Works was built. This picture was taken from the entrance thus giving a view of the entire interior. At the rear of the building are the racks for the Dumb bells, on the side of the wall are the Indian clubs (M. L., J. F., T. U. B.) these clubs

are for boys. The dumb bells are for the girls, because the girls are the belles.

The queer looking piece of apparatus under the horizontal bar is a horse. At the left of the horse will be seen the bucks, which are the most important pieces of the entire Gymnasium. The circular balcony midway between the floor and the ceiling, is the indoor running track. Many exciting events have taken place on the track, the foremost being the daily race for Slade buns. Visitors say our gym. is the most complete one in Southern Ohio, that is south of Portsmouth in Ohio.

The girls' classes use the gym. every second Wednesday in the week; the boys ever third Friday. Thus the muscles as well as the brains of the High School students are being built up.

## A SPECULATION IN AUTOMOBILES



Jones stood in front of an automobile establishment. While looking over different machines and accessories, his eyes finally rested on a large machine resplendent in color. It was of a deep red color with black trimmings. He went to his office, but ever on his books that machine seemed to be pictured before him.

Jones was a bachelor, and as bachelors are generally ready for pleasure, he determined to have that auto. At the club that night, all the club men heard from Jones related to that automobile. He dreamed of it that night, and it was first in his thoughts the next day.

On his way down to the office the next day, he inquired about the machine. The clerk informed him that the machine was known as "The Red Devil," and that it was worth twenty-five hundred dollars. Well! he bought the automobile and received a sheet of instructions with it. There was no time for the club with Jones that night. He sat right down and memorized those instructions. Now he could run the machine., and he determined to take a spin the next day. It seemed very easy on paper, and he wondered why so many men hired chauffeurs. He slept little that night, the first thing he thought of as he saw the bright sun streaming in the next day was to take a spin in the auto; so he went to the 'phone and called up Clark and Watson, two of his particular friends. They were bachelors, too; and when he confided to them his plans, they willingly accepted his invitation.

He told them to come over to the hotel at ten o'clock and to leave their business as he expected to be back by dinner. Next, he called up the garage, and told them to send up his machine to the hotel right away.

The machine arrived in due time, and so did Clark and Watson. Before getting into the machine, Jones purposely lingered a few

moments in order to get one last look at the instructions. Yes! the paper stated that to start the machine he should turn the crank. So after making a few remarks about the qualities of the car, and after fumbling with the levers he gave the crank a turn. Then a startling thing happened. The machine started forward with a lurch, and Jones, by the impact of the machine, was thrown up on the hood. Clark, who happened to be in front, grasped the wheel; while Jones, gathering together his scattered wits, climbed over into the seat and took the wheel.

Jones was hot. How the laughter of the bystanders grated on his ears! But he assumed an appearance of unconcern, and told his friends that he had forgotten to look to one of the levers before starting. The machine seemed inclined to wobble and sway back and forth. Luckily, they were near the outskirts of the city, or perhaps the trip would have been spoiled by an officer of the law. The machine was now going at a pretty good rate, and as they passed farmhouses the people would look at them with opened-mouthed wonder. Jones was shaking in his boots now, and endeavored to slacken the speed. He pulled at one lever, and then at another, but still the machine would not stop. It alone seemed determined to exceed the speed limit and did not intend to make haste slowly. He pressed a small obscure lever, and was astonished to see the machine spurt on with increased speed. His companions were being alarmed now, although Watson in the tonneau had not much time to express himself at that moment as he was holding on for dear life. He was bounced about like a rubber ball, and several times thought he was going through the top.

Jones remembered now that the clerk had told him the machine was called "The Red Devil," and as its speed increased right along, he thought it richly deserved its name. With dogged determination he managed to hold it in the middle of the road while his friends busied



themselves giving him suggestions. As they were coming down a long slope, Jones saw far down the road that a bridge was gone. He was in desperate straits now, and realized that if he did not stop the machine before coming up on that gap in the road that he would endanger the lives of his friends and himself.

Moved to desperation, he worked at the levers, pulling at all. The machine did stop, but too quickly for Jones, who descried several somersaults in the air and lighted on the ground several feet away. Watson was thrown into the front seat while Clark had a similar experience to that of Jones. Well, now that they had stopped the machine, and as all wished to continue the trip, they proceeded to tear down an adjoining rail fence so as to get around the obstruction by means of the fields below. It looked pretty risky, but they were keyed up for the occasion. Jones got into the machine, turned on the juice, then pushed his foot on the brake which the paper had called the reverse. Well, it did reverse, but with such speed that Jones had barely time to relieve the pressure before they were on the opposite bank of the road. By this time he had gained confidence in himself and pulled in a lever, and the machine started forward again. He guided it through the gap in the fence, and with a terrific speed it plunged down toward the brook below. The machine had a great deal of power; but when it plunged into the deep mud along the bank of the stream, it stopped. The engine died down with a moan and likewise their spirits.

What a fix they were in. Deep in the mud and dressed in their best. Jones remembered that there was a jack in the machine, but then how was he to use the jack when he must keep out of the mud. Well, something had to be done so he and his companions got out and went to work. He studied how to work that jack while his friends carried rails from a near by fence. They pried and pushed and tried all manner of means to move that auto but to no avail. But providence kindly sent along help, as coming toward the bridge on the road was a farmer bringing his team to water. After bargaining for a few minutes he consented to pull them out. The horses shied a little but in a few minutes had the machine high and dry on the opposite side of the creek. Now they were in a worse fix than ever. Here they were out on this road and no way to get back. But luckily Jones had some relatives a few miles beyond and decided to travel on and remain there for the day. They were hungry too, for it was past two o'clock. How fast the time had passed while they worked in the mud. They stopped at a little country store and Clark got out and bought several pounds of stale cakes, but they tasted

good at that time and partially relieved their hunger. How people stared at them, but no wonder, for their clothes were covered with mud and the machine looked as if it had been daubed with some mud colored paint instead of the brilliant red which bedecked it before.

Jones was beginning to understand his machine by this time and at last he gained complete mastery over it. It became a pleasure rather than a fearful experience. When they reached the farmhouse the first thing they did was to borrow some clothing from Jones's cousin, who was about their build.

How nice they looked when they were washed and ready for dinner. Clark and Watson had adorned themselves in gorgeous blue jeans trousers and cowhide boots, and Jones had on a suit of clothes that was a family relic, having formerly belonged to his great uncle.

The thoughts of the mud did not interfere with their meal however, as each ate heartily and afterwards remarked that it was the best meal they had ever eaten. After dinner they told their host all about their trip and dwelt especially long on the time they had had in the mud. They decided to leave the machine there and so made the trip in a large wagon with their host who was going to the city on business. Nothing of interest happened on the way home but they talked and joked about their trip, and as they went past the mud hole where they had been hung up all the scenes of those two hours in that forsaken place come back to them.

What a joke it was for their friends, who had seen them start off, when they came back in this manner. But they took it good naturedly and by way of expressing their thanks to their host had him spend the evening and breakfast with them at the hotel.

The next day Jones called the clerk of the garage up by 'phone and told him to send a man up to the hotel to go for his machine. Well, the machine came back and on the next day was as clean as ever. But Jones nevertheless, advertised in the papers for an experienced chauffeur. He and his friends remember that trip to this day, and never forget to tell of it to their many other friends and acquaintances.

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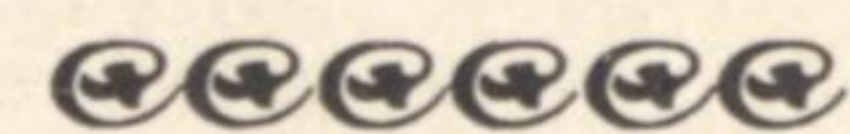
Miss J. explaining the reflexive pronoun—"Tom, give me an example."

Tom—"I myself, entrust myself to you."

Miss J.—Oh! Tom this is too sudden.

## Commencement Essays

Geneva Nelle Adams	. . . . .	The Bachelor Girl
Russell Warwick Anderson	. . . . .	American Democracy
Henrietta Baker	. . . . .	Character Building
Robert Blum	. . . . .	Careers of Daring and Danger
Edgar Louis Braunlin	. . . . .	The Great American Presidential Election
Warren Milton Briggs	. . . . .	Monuments
Elizabeth Corinne Curry	. . . . .	Moonshine
Thomas James Drugan,	Should the Japanese be Excluded from the U. S. (Negative)	
Abigail Louise Folsom	. . . . .	A Kite and a Key
Retta Evelyn Haley	. . . . .	The Influence of a Wonderful Book
Nellie Hudson	. . . . .	Et tu, Brute
Philip Jacobs	. . . . .	Whitewashing Morally Applied
Simon Lehman	. . . . .	The Panama Canal
Nannette Levi	. . . . .	Peerless Portsmouth
Orleigh Briggs Osborne	. . . . .	Weeds and Flowers
Harry Floyd Rapp	. . . . .	The World State
William Henry Schaefer	Should the Japanese be Excluded from the U. S. (Affirmative)	
Gertrude Katherine Schmidt	. . . . .	Early Rome
Merle Edward Smith	. . . . .	The Great Northwest
Edna Farin Strickland	. . . . .	Postal Cardities
Margaret Eva Young	. . . . .	Modern Fetichism
Margaret Wilhelm	. . . . .	What's In a Name?



### AMERICA

The Song and Its Author	Anna Marie Youngman
Patriotism: "My Country 'tis of Thee"	Elizabeth Edna Wilhelm
From Niagara to Yosemite. "I Love thy Rocks and Rills"	Margaret Ellen Evans
Praise and Thanksgiving: "Let Mortal Tongues Awake"	Mary Wood
Liberty: "Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light"	Edward Haskell Chick

## Yo-Heave!

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Have you ever seen a force of carpenters combining their efforts to raise EN-MASSE the frame work of a new building and noted the harmonious unity of their action and the easy and complete success of their undertaking. How simple was the law in operation! In response to the lusty "YO-HEAVE" of the foreman each man heaved with all his might and the ponderous mass could not but rise before their resistless momentum.

Just so, in a public school, a similar though larger group of individuals are co-operating more or less perfectly toward one end under the dominant influence of a single idea. Why then, should not the same law operate and success here be equally easy and complete? No reason whatever is to be found why it should not. Supply then, the conditions for free operation of the law, and success is assured. Let each faction respond in perfect harmony with the undertaking and this structure, too, must rise.

But who are the factors in the public educational process? And whose the labor of evolving here an ideal or even a better school? Are pupils and teachers alone the factors as most people think? By no means. That they are the essential factors and upon them the greatest responsibility rests all admit, but they are by no means the only factors and can never completely succeed without the earnest co-operation of all the other factors. But who or what are they? Parents to be sure, school officers, indeed, taxpayers, and citizens generally. Even school-houses, school grounds, school equipment, and course of study may militate against the accomplishment of the ideals of teachers and pupils.

Is our high school ideal? If not, would YOU like to see it improve? Yo Heave! Do not say you have nothing to do with it. Do not shirk. If you are a pessimistic calamity howler, retreat within yourself until you evolve enough optimism to come out and put your shoulder to the wheel and Yo Heave. Let everybody declare himself for law and order and honest effort in school and out and our high school must go forward. Yo Heave! Yo Heave.

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A Cleveland pastor advocates a courtship parlor in every church. In this respect the P. H. S. is not behind, it provides room for all under the tutorship of experienced Seniors. An Observer.

Who did Tom hug at the Senior party, thinking it was Elizabeth? Ask Miss Hall.

Teacher, (to a pupil who had been in a fight)—Didn't you remember the rule, "A soft answer turneth away wrath?"

Johnny—Yes, I hit him with a soft tomato, but it didn't work.

Brutus—"How many oysters did you eat, Caesar?"

Caesars—Et tu, Brute.

This life were but a weary dream  
Without such little spots of green. The Freshmen

A maiden fair, with sun-kissed hair,  
Came tripping down the street,  
Her face serene, her age sixteen,  
Oh my! but she was sweet.

On the side-walk slick, she came down quick,  
With a jolt that shook her curls;  
And the word she used must be excused  
'Cause—she's one of the Senior girls.

The Turtledoves of the Freshman Class  
Anna Louise and Charley.

Elizabeth—"Who's the prettiest girl in the Senior class?"

Tom—Nannette, of course.

Everybody—Somebody pitch that fellow out the window.

## *The Philomathean Literary Society*

In the bleak month of November occurred the christening of the above named infant. The ambition of the fond god-parents of this precocious possibility is evinced by the sesquipedalian appellation which it is destined to bear with dignity through life. Its actual history is obviously brief and a record of the same must needs be proportionate. Perhaps too in view of the short existence of the organization remarks resembling the prophecy rather than the chronicle would suggest themselves.

Having no guaranty of immortality it would savor of presumption to believe otherwise than that ours must be the inevitable destiny of all institutions and we refrain from predicting otherwise. On the otherhand it is not our intention to anticipate the necessity of an epitaph, nor is it our task to dwell upon the achievements of an organization the usefulness of which is at an end.

We are accorded the pleasanter and more inspiring task of making the history which we shall leave for others to record. If we succeed in stimulating the latent energy which has lain dormant in this department of high school enterprise, we can reconcile ourselves to the possibility of a natural demise in the distant future.

The work of the society, thus far has given reason for encouragement and the spirit of willingness that has been manifested is deserving of the highest commendation.

The real aims of the organization however have been circumvented by the public nature of the exercises which circumstances at first imposed. The work for the residue of the year will have in view primarily, the benefit of the membership rather than the entertainment of the school at large, and will attempt development along lines which a literary society is calculated to follow.

Our efforts, as yet have of necessity been local, and though our expectations of a forensic contest with a foreign high school have not been realized this year, every possible effort will undoubtedly be made to secure an engagement next year, that will afford us an opportunity to try our mettle. The ready response occasioned by the anticipation of a debate with another school, proved the existence of a feeling of self-confidence which would doubtless have been warranted had the contemplated debate materialized. The failure of the consummation of a contest that promised to be of interest and importance is deplorable, but a new opportunity will remedy the disappointment.

Average ability and persistent endeavor are the requisites for inter-scholastic contests and if these be forthcoming, the educational value afforded will be incalculable whether we enjoy the exultation of a well earned victory or learn the lesson of accepting with grace, the results of defeat.

Obstacles that hamper the progress of literary work of this nature are several, but it is our intention to refuse to be the victims of circumstances by yielding to destructive tendencies. This manifest attitude on the part of both officers and members is note-worthy and praiseworthy. Many of these unfavorable and antagonistic elements can be remedied and those beyond our power of elimination we shall refuse to acknowledge.

In concluding the first chapter of Philomathean's history we feel sure we voice the sentiment of its members in pledging an allegiance which includes a contribution of willing effort on the part of each member. This alone will secure the kind of literary activity which should form part of our school life. The need being evident, let everyone concerned assist in creating and perpetrating an infectious enthusiasm which shall inspire the student body to join in the advancement of the collateral phase of school work which this organization represents.



*OFFICERS of LITERARY SOCIETY*

PAULINE WILHELM,  
SECRETARY

RUSSELL W. ANDERSON,  
TREASURER

ELIZABETH NORRIS,  
VICE PRESIDENT  
THOMAS J. DRUGAN, PRESIDENT

MR. W. D. GILLILAND,  
CRITIC

MADELINE BAIRD,  
CENSOR

## *A Toast*

Come all of ye pupils of the High School Grand,  
Let us drink to the health of each class,  
Though there is many a school throughout our land,  
Yet ours can all surpass.

So first we drink to the Senior class,  
Because you know 'tis our duty  
To follow that adage old and so wise  
Age before the "Beauty."  
We must say in behalf of this class  
That its members are just all right,  
A toast we give, long may it live  
Three cheers for the "Blue and white."

Yes here's to the Juniors so gentle and mild,  
And they're wise Old Owls you may bet,  
And though we surmise that they are very wise,  
But they've got a great deal to learn yet.  
And their colors, Oh! My! are the gayest I've seen,  
So after this roast we give them a toast  
Long wave the "Red and the Green."

Here's to the very best class of all, the class of 1909,  
And though all the classes are doing well  
This class does head the line.  
Its members jolly, its morals right,  
And its glorious colors are out of sight  
Though we've cheered for the rest let us do our best  
For the Sophomores the "Red and the White."

Last but not least come our Freshmen,

The "Darling," Dimpling D's.,  
And though they're Freshies this year,  
Next year they'll be C's,  
And a mighty class they are too,  
For what could be more bold  
Than their royal colors flying,  
Hurrah for the "Purple and Gold."      HAZEL KENYON.

# ATHLETICS



**N**EVER BEFORE in the history of the P. H. S. have athletics played so prominent a part. Before, the attempts to have athletics have been irregular and spasmodic; this year, they have been carried on under a well-organized plan. The P. H. S. has always been noted for its high intellectual standing, and this year the students determined to add athletics to the laurels in her crown. The faculty lending its influence, pure High School athletics have been inaugurated; henceforth, our teams are High School in fact as well as in name; we win or lose our games both on the gridiron and on the diamond with High School men, and with them only, on our teams.

The athletic enthusiasm manifested itself strongly in the foot-ball season of this year, and somewhat towards the end of the season, the Athletic Association was organized, with the kind supervision and help of Mr. J. R. Gilliland. From the start, the Association has done great good for the High School in athletics. The Association is well off in a financial way, considering the short time it has been in existence. It has a membership of over one hundred with

hopes of additions. Nor have the boys alone proved the only supporters of athletics. The girls of the High School have always had the reputation of being wide-awake and being among the leaders in the procession, and they have not fallen behind their male schoolmates in spirit, if not in strength.

The one great draw-back to athletics in the open in the High School is the lack of an athletic field. Every up-to-date High School should have one and with a little encouragement, both financially and verbally, the students of this High School would not long be without one. When we bring visiting teams here, they are surprised that a High School of such size would be without one. Possibly, the Board of Education are planning a pleasant surprise for the students along that line. They may rest assured that nothing would so endear them to the hearts of the High School pupils as a little help in the matter.

Athletics have come to stay; and it is certain that a rosy future for them has opened up in the Portsmouth High School and that in the not far distant future, the manly athletic teams from our school will comprise the championship teams of Southern Ohio.



*OFFICERS of ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION*

MR. J. R. GILLILAND, FACULTY MEMBER  
HOWARD HARSHA, TREASURER

WARREN BRIGGS, PRESIDENT

RUTH JACKSON, SECRETARY  
EVAN WILLIAMS, PROPERTY MANAGER



game. Under the discreet guidance of Mr. J. R. Gilliland, faculty member of the Executive Committee of the A. A., who accompanied the boys on their trips, the department of the players both on and off the gridiron was most exemplary. The clean, sportsmanlike playing of the wearers of the P won the admiration and comment, not only of the fair spectators on the side lines, but their armor-clad opponents as well.

As the new rules were in vogue this year, none of the players were seriously hurt. To give a detailed account of the games played and to give to the battle scarred heroes the praise that they deserve, would be to make this a football Sibyl, which is far from the ambitions of the editors.

After the experience that this year's team has given to the lower classmen and upon the higher development of the "diamonds in the rough" which were observed on last year's gridiron, our '07 team should win the championship of the High Schools of Southern Ohio.

### Schedule

Oct. 13 at Portsmouth	Seniors 11 vs Juniors 5
Oct. 20 at Portsmouth	P. H. S. 0 vs Chill. H. S. 40
Nov. 10 at Chillicothe	P. H. S. 0 vs Chill. H. S. 27
Nov. 17 at Ironton	P. H. S. 11 vs Iron. H. S. 0
Nov. 24 at Portsmouth	P. H. S. 29 vs Bulldogs 0
Thanksgiving Nov. 29	P. H. S. 23 vs Iron. H. S. 0

### School Yell

Che he, che he, che ha, ha, ha !!  
 Portsmouth High School rah, rah, rah !  
 Portsmouth High, Portsmouth low,  
 Portsmouth High School, O-hi-o !!!



## Base Ball

THOMAS DRUGAN	.	.	.	.	MANAGER
HOWARD HARSHA	.	.	.	.	CAPTAIN
MR. FRANK APPEL	.	.	.	.	COACH

### Line-Up

Cornelius Russel, '10 and H. A. Mating, '10.	.	.	.	.	Catcher
Carl Smith, '10	.	.	.	.	Pitcher
Warren Briggs, '07	.	.	.	.	S. Stop
Howard Harsha, '08.	.	.	.	.	First Base
Thomas Drugan, '07	.	.	.	.	Second Base
Carl Bennett, '08 and Thos. Haley '08	.	.	.	.	Third Base
William Schaefer, '07	.	.	.	.	L. F.
Lawrence Daniels, '10	.	.	.	.	C. F.
Stanley Switalski, '08	.	.	.	.	R. F.
Evan Williams, '09	.	.	.	.	R. F.

### Schedule.

P. H. S. Vs. I. H. S at Ironton	.	.	.	April 13
P. H. S. vs. I. H. S. at Portsmouth	.	.	.	April 20
P. H. S. vs. W. H. S. at Portsmouth	.	.	.	May 4
P. H. S. vs. W. H. S. at Waverly	.	.	.	May 18
P. H. S. vs. J. H. S. at Jackson	.	.	.	May 25
P. H. S. vs. J. H. S. at Portsmouth	.	.	.	June 1



## Base Ball

**T**HIS season being the first time for many years in which the P. H. S. has boasted of a real base ball team, our history will necessarily be brief. The team was organized under the management of the Athletic Association, with Thomas Drugan as manager and Howard Harsha as Captain. The first practice was indeed very encouraging to the manager and the Captain, as more than forty young recruits of the diamond were on hand to try for the team. Of course, they all could not make good, and after much discussion and deliberation a team of eleven men were picked. The next obstacle to be overcome was the fitting of the team with uniforms; but this matter seemed hardly worthy of consideration as every player willingly agreed that the team should have proper uniforms, and the Athletic Association generously offered to pay half of the cost, a kindness highly appreciated by the players. As a result, the P. H. S. can boast of the nattiest dressed, if not the fastest High School team in Southern Ohio. The team undoubtedly makes a fine appearance in their uniforms of grey with red caps, red and blue hose, and P. H. S. in red across the shirt.

We may be seen any afternoon practicing hard under the direction of our principal, Mr. Appel, who kindly consented to coach us. Mr. Appel is an old ball player, knowing the game from A to Z, and the good showing which we have made so far is certainly due to Mr. Appel's attention and coaching.

The first practice game was played at Millbrook Park, April 11, and resulted in a score of 9 to 9. Our opponents were made up of some of Portsmouth's professional ball players and this fact alone accounts for the close score. The showing of the team at this game was simply marvelous and nothing short of defeat is destined for any High School team that has the nerve to play us. The first game of the season was played at Ironton April 13 and despite the snowy weather and the hoots and jeers of the followers of I. H. S., we scored an easy victory of 3 to 0.

From the present showing of the team, this year is destined to develop the best nine that ever wore the Blue and the Red on a base ball diamond.

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Little Freshman do not cry  
You'll be a Senior by and by  
Then you'll get your fillin  
Of queer machines from Mr. Gillian.





In embarking in tennis this year, the usual beaten road of High School Athletics has been deviated from. The Athletic Board, realizing that a large majority of the members of the Athletic Association were girls, and that they could not indulge in the same sports as boys has started tennis primarily for their benefit. A lot has been secured on Jackson Avenue and two courts have been constructed. The new sport has grown rapidly in popularity and almost every afternoon the sounds of "30 love," "Deuce" and similar expressions can be heard wafted gently through the intoxicating azone. In fact, we have as

many tennis "cranks" as baseball "fans" and football "loons" together.

Many truly remarkable "cracks" have been developed not only from the boys but also from the girls. As none of our challenges have been accepted, we may truly claim the Tennis Championship of Southern Ohio. Perhaps, already conversant with our football and baseball prowess, they dreaded to suffer another defeat. A tournament is now being arranged among our local players which promises to be fast and exciting. All together, considering this is our first year in the sport, we have reason to be proud of our tennis players.

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When I asked young Smith why he no longer courted Miss B.

He looked at me sadly and sighed  
The reason 's a parent you see.

Miss Hall (to Gertrude S.)—From where do we get oysters?  
Gertrude—Why from cans.

Tom D. to Miss Hall—I didn't see nothing about that so I didn't  
put nothing down. What will I get?  
Miss Hall—NOTHING.

A brave and bold Freshman was he  
So he started to see how bad he could be  
But he got caught talking in the hall  
By the eagle eye of Miss Ball  
And on his report card loomed up a D.

Capt. Briggs to John A.—Why don't you join the Cadets?  
John—I can't, I belong to the Nave-y.



## The Little Lombard Picket.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF EDMONDO DE AMICIS BY GERTRUDE JACKSON.)

One fine June morning in 1859 during the struggle for the freedom of Lombardy a few days after the battle of Solferino which the French and Italians won from the Austrians, a little troop of cavalry from Saluzzo was slowly travelling over a lonely road toward the enemy, carefully scanning the country as they went along. Commanded by an officer and a sergeant, the entire troop was silently and intently gazing ahead, expecting to see at any moment the gleam of the white uniforms of the enemies' advance guard among the trees. They had reached thus a tiny cottage surrounded by ash-trees, in front of which they found only a small boy of perhaps twelve years, who was stripping the bark off a little branch with his pen-knife to make himself a cane. There was no one inside the house, for the peasants, after running up the Italian flag, had fled in fear of the Austrians. As soon as he caught sight of the cavalry, the boy threw away his stick and raised his cap. He was a handsome little fellow, bright-faced, with large blue eyes and golden hair.

"What are you doing here?" the officer asked. "Why haven't you run away with the rest of your family?"

"I have no family," the boy replied, "I do a little work for everybody, but I belong to nobody and have no home."

"Have you seen any Austrians go by?"

"Not for three days."

The officer remained silent for a moment. Then he jumped down from his horse and leaving his men there, still facing toward the enemy, he entered the house and climbed out upon the roof. But the cottage was very low and the view from the roof commanded only a little tract of country.

"I shall have to go up a tree, I think," said the officer as he came down. Almost in front of the garden plot, rose a tall slender ash-tree which tossed its topmost boughs in the blue air. The officer silently looked from the tree to the soldiers and from the soldiers to the tree. Then he suddenly asked the boy, "Can you see far, my little man?" "I?" replied the lad, "I can see a sparrow a mile away."

"Do you suppose you could climb to the top of that tree?" "Could I?" Why, I can get there in half a minute."

"And would you mind telling me what you see from there, whether there are any Austrians in sight or if you see any dust, any muskets gleaming, or any horses?"

"Of course, I will do it." "All right, how much do you want?"

"How much?" asked the boy smiling. "Why nothing. That is such a little thing, The Austrians could not hire me to do it, but our men—oh, that's different, I am a Lombard."

"Good! Up with you then." "Just a minute, till I take off my shoes."

He slipped off his shoes, tightened his belt, threw his cap on the ground and clasped the trunk of the tree. "Wait," exclaimed the officer, as though seized by a sudden fear, making a gesture to stop him. The boy turned his his big blue eyes upon him questioningly, "Never mind," said the officer. "Go on." The boy went up like a cat. "Eyes to the front," the officer commanded the soldiers. In a few moments the boy was at the top of the tree, clinging to the trunk, his legs hidden among the foliage, but the upper part of his body exposed, his yellow hair looking like spun gold in the bright sunshine. He appeared so small at that distance that the officer could hardly see him.

"Look straight ahead as far as you can see," he called to him. The boy removed his right hand from the tree and held it to his forehead to see better. "What do you see?" cried the officer. The boy bent down toward him and making a speaking-trumpet of his hand called: "Two men on horseback." "How far away?" "Half a mile." "Are they moving?" "No, they are standing still on the road." "What else do you see?" asked the officer after a minute's silence. "Look to the right." The boy obeyed, then he cried, "There is something shining among the trees near the cemetery. It looks like bayonets." "Do you see any people?" "No. They must be hidden by the grain."

At that very instant, the shrill whistle of a bullet cut the air and died away behind the house. "Come down, boy," cried the officer. "They have caught sight of you. I have found out all I need. Come down." "Oh, I am not afraid," the boy answered. "Come on down, I say," the officer repeated. "What do you see to the left?" "To the left?" "Yes to the left." The boy trust out his head in that direction and as he did so, another whistle, lower and sharper than the first, passed through the air. The boy gave a startled shudder. "Bad luck to them," he cried. "They almost got me that time." The bullet had passed very close to him. "Come down," the officer

cried nervously and imperiously. "I am coming right away," the boy answered, "but the tree shelters me, don't worry. Did you want me to look to the left?" "Yes but come down."

"To the left," the boy cried, "there is a chapel and it looks to me as though—" A third furious whistling passed through the air and almost at the same moment, the lad was seen descending, holding for a moment to the trunk and the branches and then suddenly falling headlong with his arms thrown out. "Curse them," exclaimed the officer running to him. The boy fell heavily upon his back, and lay there supine with outspread arms. A thin stream of blood gushed from the left side of his chest. The sergeant and two soldiers leaped down from their horses, the officer knelt down and opened his shirt, the bullet had entered his left lung. "He is dead," cried the officer. "No he is still alive," replied the sergeant. "Poor little fellow. brave little hero," said the officer, "courage, courage." But while he was murmuring the words and staunching the wound with his handkerchief, the boy rolled his eyes and his head fell back. He was dead. The officer turned pale, and looked at him fixedly a moment, then he gently placed his head upon the ground, rose, and stood looking down at him. The sergeant and the two soldiers silently did the same, the rest of the troop remained facing toward the enemy. "Poor little lad," repeated the officer sadly. "Poor little hero."

Then he went over to the house, took down the tri-colored flag and spread it like a funeral pall over the little dead body, leaving the face uncovered. The sergeant placed the shoes, the cap, the cane, and the penknife beside him.

They rested there silently for a moment more, then the officer

turned to the sergeant and said: "Have the ambulance carry him away. He died like a soldier. Let him have a soldier's burial." This said, he threw a kiss to the little dead lad and gave the command, "To horse." All sprang to the saddles, the company closed in and resumed the journey. A few hours later, the dead lad received the honors of war.

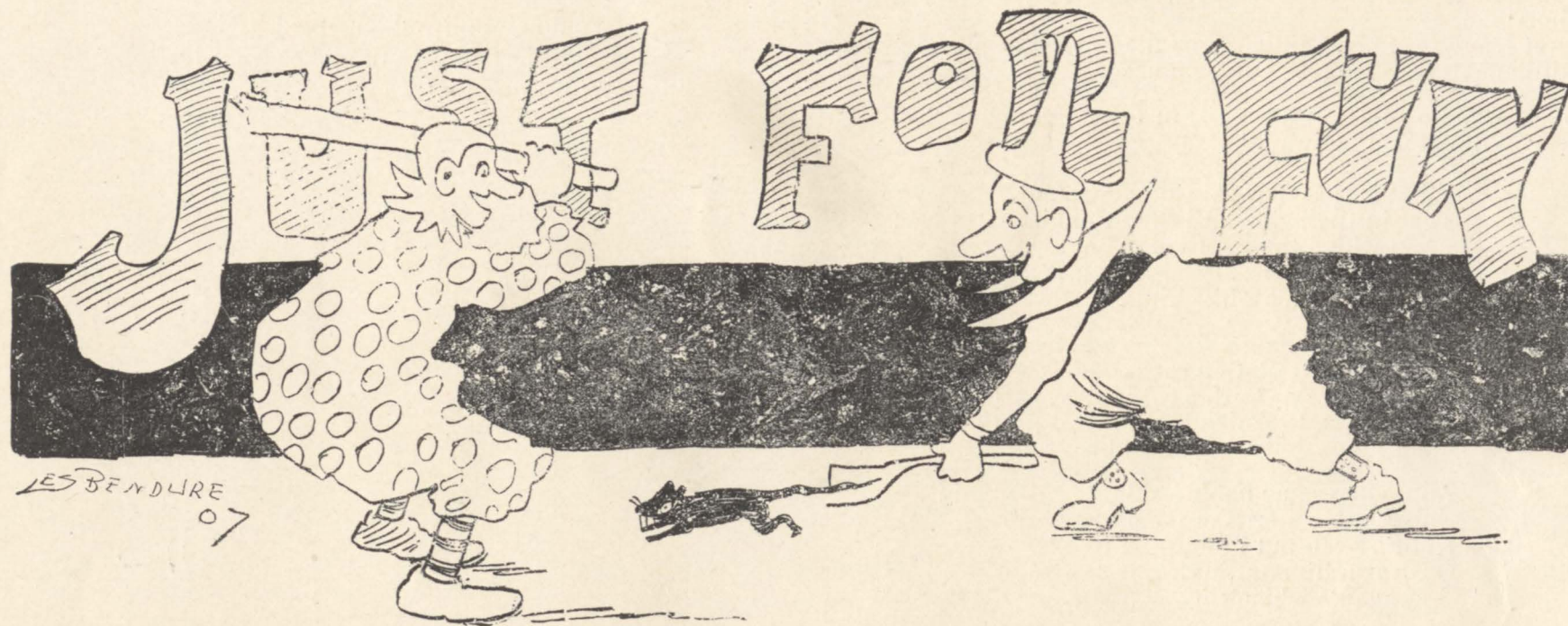
At sunset the entire line of the Italian advance guard was marching toward the enemy, and over the same road that had been traversed in the morning by the cavalry troop, was moving a battalion of sharpshooters, who a few days before had valiantly shed their blood on the hill of San Martino. The news of the boy's death had reached these soldiers before they left camp. The road bordered by a streamlet passed within a few feet of the house. When the first officers of the battalion saw the little corpse lying at the foot of the ash tree, covered with the tri-colored flag, they saluted it with their swords, and one of them, bending down to the flower-covered bank of the brook, plucked a couple of blossoms and cast them upon the body. Then all the sharpshooters as they passed along did likewise. Soon it was completely covered with flowers, and officers and soldiers all paid it a passing tribute. "Brave little Lombard!" "A te, bi-ondino!" "Addio!" One officer placed upon the dead lad a medal of bravery, and another kissed him on the forehead. And the flowers kept raining down upon his bare feet, his wounded breast, his golden hair, while he slept on, there in the grass, wrapped in his country's flag, with white and smiling face, poor little fellow, as if he were aware of these salutations and was glad to have given his life for his beloved Lombardy.







PORTSMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL



Irate Father —Did you tell that young man who calls on you every night that I am going to have the gas turned off promptly at 10 o'clock?

Gertrude—Yes, Papa.

Irate Father—What did he say?

Gertrude—He said he would consider it a personal favor if you had it turned off at 8:30.

Sunday School Teacher:—"My boy, what was the famous hand-writing on the wall, that was so hard to decipher?"

High School "Freshie"—Prof. Appel's English question.

Ed Chick.—Miss Hall, I done lost my English Grammar.

Miss Hall.—It sounds like it.

Miss Ball—Simon, compare ill.

Simon—Ill, better, well.

Anderson's and the Central Grocery have consolidated.

That's nothing, Briggs is going to leave Portsmouth for "Jackson."

Miss J. in A Latin—You had better finish Cicero before it gets too hot.

Capt. Briggs—It's hot enough now.

Phil. Jacobs—It ain't that way in my grammar.

Smith (to Briggs)—Why does Tom like Nannette?

Briggs—Oh the Irish like the green.

"Oh my friends!" exclaimed the orator, "it makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone—when I look around and miss the the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with."

Russell A. in his oration—We trust to bust the trust or bust.

Mr. Gillilan (In Geometry)—“Girls, your figures are wretched, horrid, horrible.

Margaret K.—Why, Mr. Gillilan, we take Physical Culture lessons.

Mr. Gillilan—Its drawing lessons you need.

Anderson—“Who’s the prettiest girl in the High School?”

Smith—“Why! Doc Shumway.”

What is that burst of thunder sound  
That in the halls doth echo round,  
From which the pupils stand aghast,  
The teacher weep and cry, “Alas”  
’Tis Drugan’s whisp’ring.

Oh! when in happy dreams we sleep,  
Lost in dry recitation seats,  
What wakes us to this cold, grey, earth,  
Its sorrows, to which there is no dearth  
Nothing—but Drugan’s whisp’ring.

And when some noble Senior is expoundin’  
The relative merits of Greek or Latin  
Nothing can put him up “a tree”  
Or drown him out, unless it be  
Drugan’s whisp’ring.

And when “Gay Paree” shall be a shadow,  
And there is no longer the “College Widow”  
And the natural gas has left the mains  
In this old school there’ll be remains  
Of Drugan’s whisp’ring.

First Senior girl—“Something seems unfamiliar here today. I can’t explain it.”

Second Senior girl—“Why Bill Schaefer’s changed his socks.”

First Senior girl—“Can it be possible.”

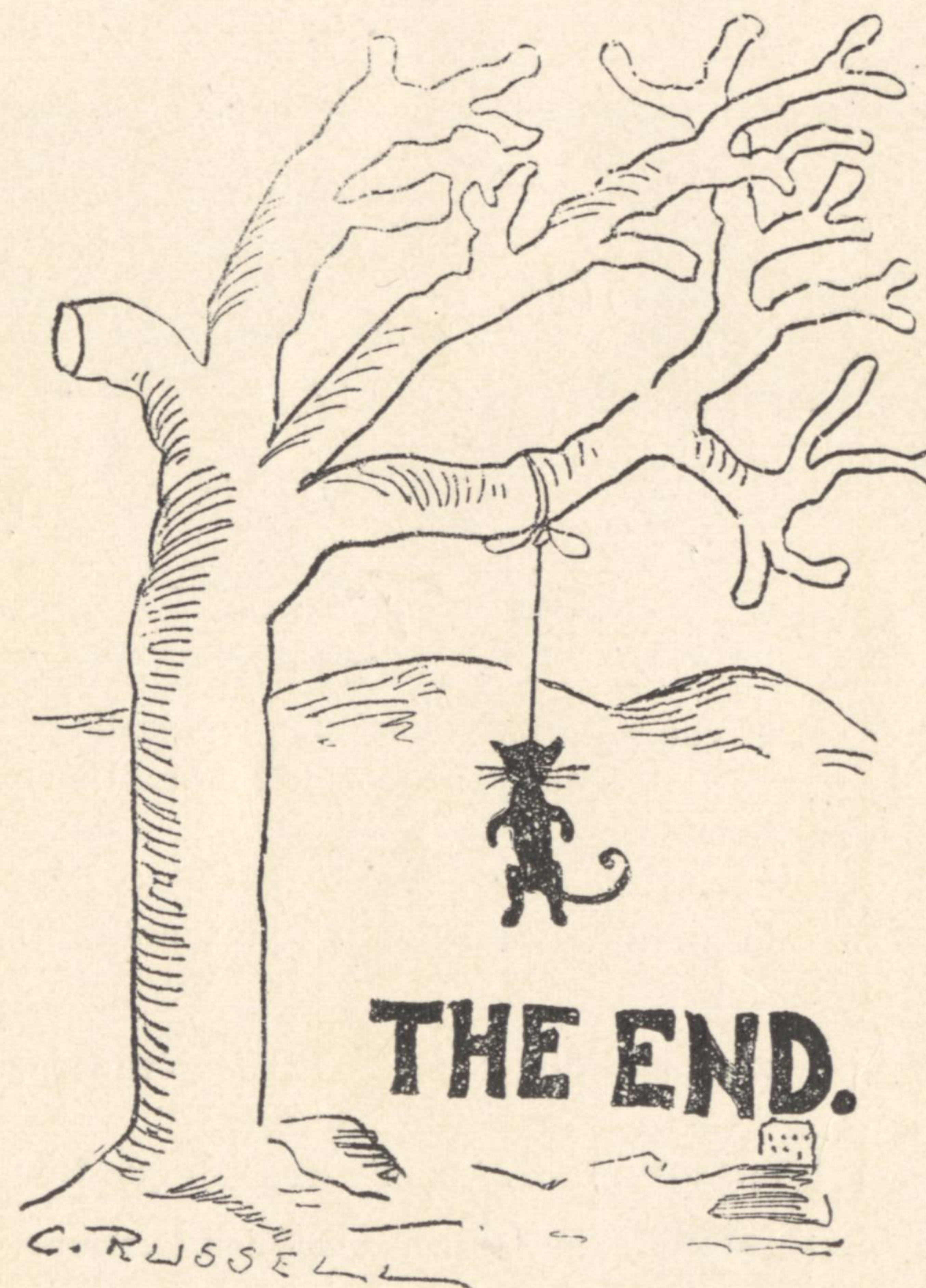
Little Sister—“Mama, it must have been one o’clock when Margaret’s beau left last night.

Mama—“Why, how do you know?”

Little Sister—“Why, he asked her a question, and she said, “Just one, that’s all.”

Ruth J. was asked how she would please a man best, if she was obliged to. She replied that she would feed the brute.

The one who thinks our jokes are poor,  
Would straightway change his views  
Could he compare the jokes we print  
With those that we refuse.



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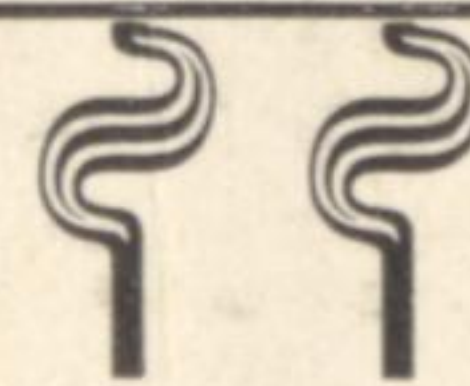
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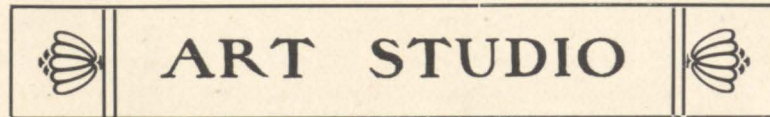
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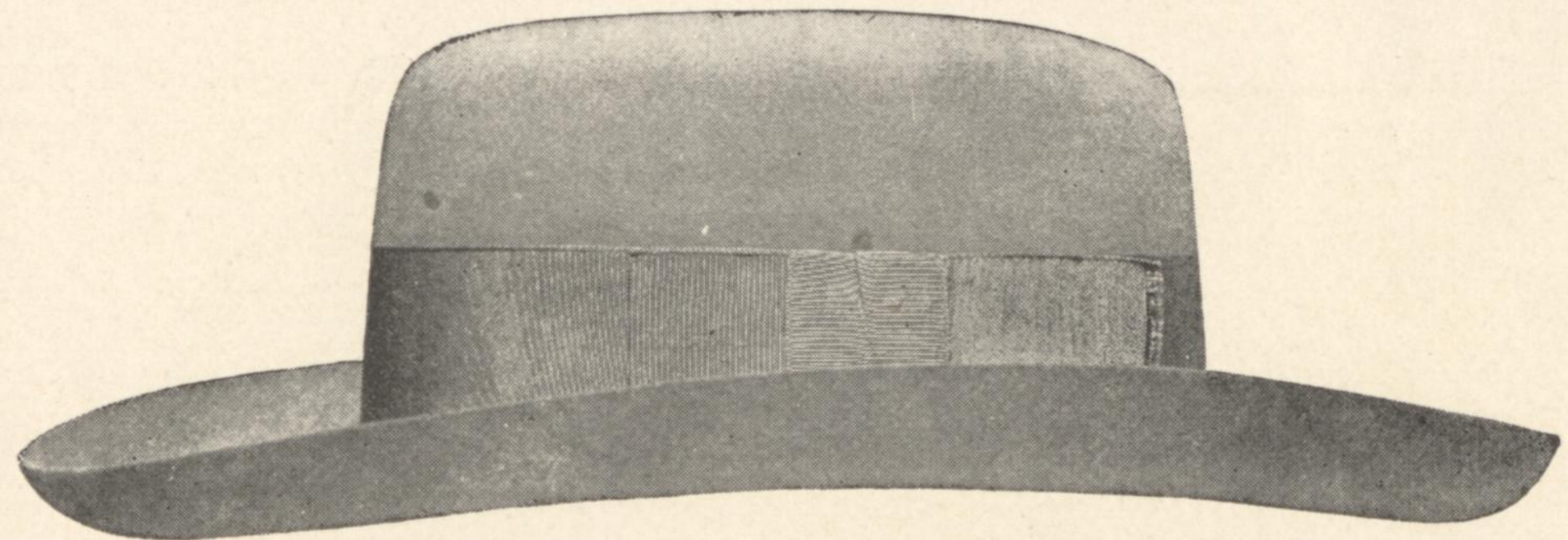
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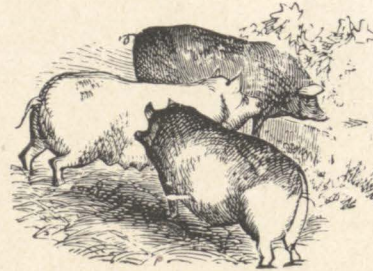
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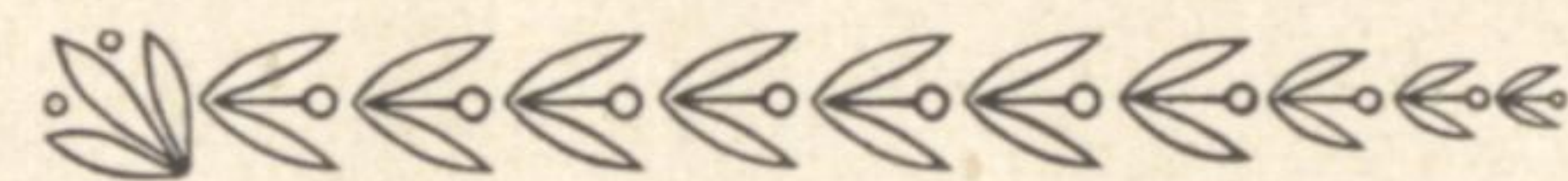


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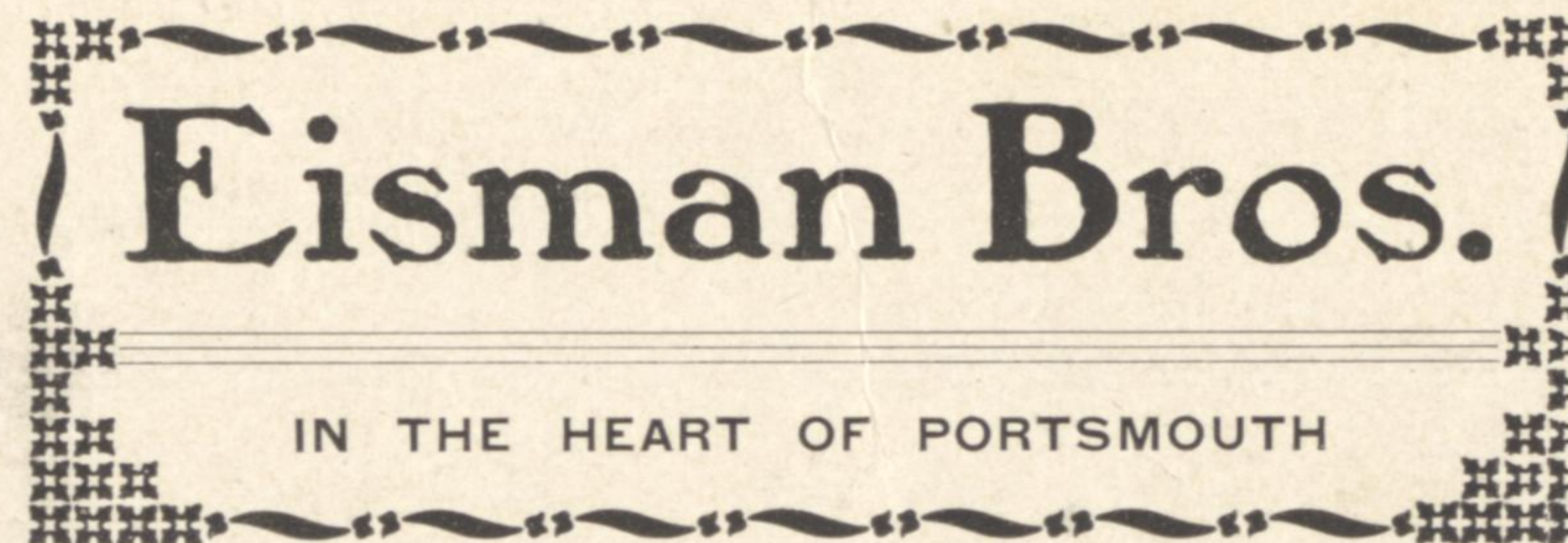
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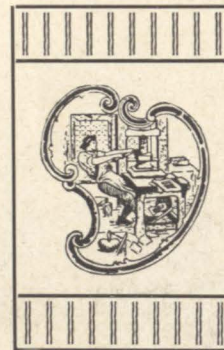
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