

'13

THE ECHO



PORT WASHINGTON, OHIO.

"Echo is the voice of a reflection in a mirror."

Hawthorne.

HENRY GENGNAGEL

Dealer in all kinds of

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Night Calls promptly answered.

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Salt, Lime,
and Cement.
Also Country
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Meats and Short-Orders served at all hours.

Toll Station for Bell Phone.

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NEW SPRING DRESSES, DRY
GOODS, WALL PAPER,
CHINA, CANDIES,
GROCERIES,
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ETC.

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DENNISON, - OHIO

ASSETS OVER \$600,000.00

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'13

THE ECHO

COMMENCEMENT
NUMBER
MAY 24th.

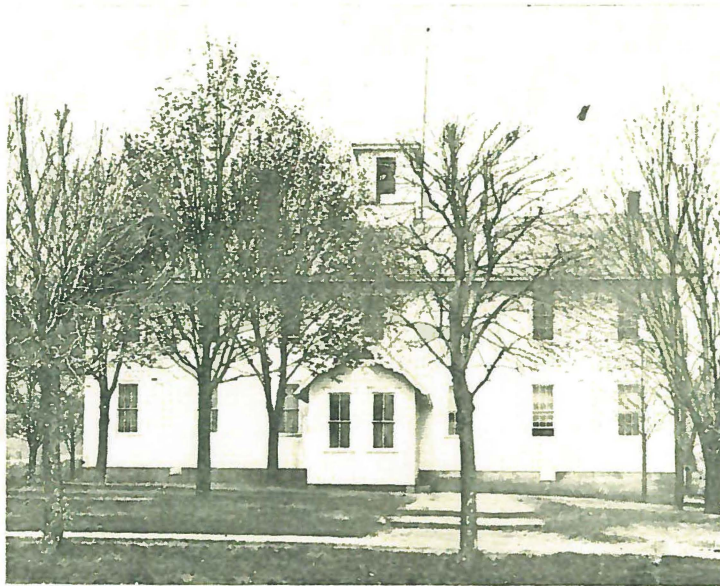


THIS BOOKLET IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO THE PUBLIC
SCHOOL AND THE CITIZENS OF
PORT WASHINGTON, OHIO, BY THE
CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND THIRTEEN. : : : : :



PUBLISHED BY THE
PORT WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL,
PORT WASHINGTON, OHIO.





BY COURTESY OF MR. G. A. CORNET.

THE PORT WASHINGTON SCHOOL BUILDING.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE

HERE stands the old schoolhouse,
 With chimney most gone;
 My teacher has left it,
 My boyhood has flown.
 The stones of the corner
 Are battered and broke,
 They mark where the ball bat
 Left many a stroke.
 Oh, for my boyhood,
 And the old school again;
 Where we teased the good teachers
 And oft caused them pain!
 I long for my sweetheart,
 Of the days that are gone;
 Though now she lives with me,
 In a home of our own.
 The bell's in the tower,
 As it was years ago;
 And days that were wintry,
 'Twas pelted with snow.
 The windows seem smaller,
 The shutters are gone;
 All seem to be changed, as
 I look here alone.

—Frank S. Fox.

Class Motto:— Not at the top, but climbing. **Class Colors:**—Crimson & Silver Gray.

Class Flower:— White Rose.

Class Hail:— *Chick-a-lick-a; Chick-a-lick-a-;
Chow! Chow! Chow!
Boom a-lick-a; Boom-a-lick-a-;
Bow! Wow! Wow!
Boom-a-lick-a, Chick-a-lick-a;
Boom-a-lick-a, Dean,
Port Washington High School, Class Thirteen.*

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE

PORT WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 24th, 1913

— Program —

Opera
House,
*
Eight
O'clock.
*

MARCH - Orchestra
INVOCATION - REV. THOMAS W. SHIELDS
SALUTATORY - JAMES MONTGOMERY SHIELDS
ORATION - Basis of Character MARGARET MARIE GOETTGE
ORATION - Boy on the Farm HOMER BRYAN HART
VOCAL SOLO - A Perfect Day CLARA MILLER GEORGE
ORATION - Diamonds and Rags ARTHUR WILLARD HUNT
ORATION - Drifting NELLIE MAUD HART
ESSAY - Manual Training and Intellectual Development
LOYAL SHOEMAKER

— Music —

ORATION - Spinning and Weaving INEZ LEONA STOCKER
ORATION - Africo-American LEWIS PASSAVANT RIGGLE
POEM - A Vision ANNA LOUISE LUDWIG
INSTRUMENTAL SOLO - The Sailor Boy's Dream
MILDRED BLANCHE DECKER
THE WILL - FLOYD ALBERT GOETTGE
VALIDICTORY - ARTHUR LEROY LIMBACH

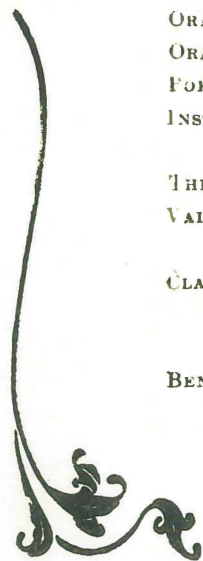
MUSIC -

CLASS ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS -
DR. AUBRLEY F. HESS, West Lafayette College, Ohio

— MUSIC —

BENEDICTION REV. THOMAS W. SHIELDS

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, REV. THOMAS W. SHIELDS,
Moravian Church, Sunday, May 18th, at 7 P.M.

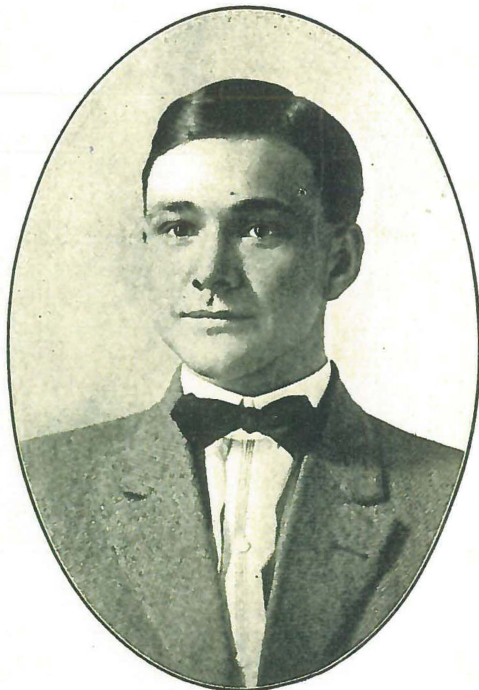




J. D. HUNT, B. S.,
SUPERINTENDENT.



J. H. LAMNECK,
PRINCIPAL





MRS. J. H. LAMNECK
INTERMEDIATE DEP'T.



MISS M. RIPPL
GRAMMAR DEP'T.



MISS E. STOCKER
PRIMARY DEP'T.

—Board of Education.—

B. A. STOCKER, PRESIDENT. PHILIP LAMNECK, CLERK, G. A. CORNET, JACOB ADAMS

ADVICE TO STUDENTS

FROM "THE COMMONER" BY THE KIND PERMISSION
OF THE HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN TO
THE EDITOR OF "THE ECHO"



REQUEST for advice from a student to one who has passed middle life can best be granted by a response which will be useful, and the obligation to make such answer is the greater, when, as in this case, it is to reach a large number of students.

I need not dwell upon the necessity for education; it may be assumed that those to whom these words are addressed already appreciate the vital importance of mental training. They need rather to be warned against the temptations that come with education, and there are two which most deserve consideration:

The first temptation is to forget God; the sin of the first pair in the Garden of Eden grew out of a determination to trust the head instead of the heart. They could not see why limitations were placed upon them, and therefore they resolved upon disobedience. The mind must not think of itself too highly; it is not the commander-in-chief of man's destiny. Faith is greater than reason. Pascal truly says that "the heart has reasons that the reason can not understand, because the heart is of an infinitely higher order." Learning is good, but remember always that "the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." Religion is the most practical thing with which man has to deal, because it alone gives him a conception of life, and furnishes a foundation upon which a moral code can be built.

The second temptation is to put selfish interests above the common good—the temptation to regard education as a means of getting ahead of others rather than as a means of larger service. Let not the training of the mind wean you from sympathy with your fellows. Education will make you stronger; put that larger strength at the service of those who are weaker and learn a lesson of paramount importance, namely, that life is measured, not by what we get out of the world, but by what we put into the world.

I venture to offer these two suggestions

for your annual, in the hope that they may, in some small degree, strengthen your readers for a large contribution to the welfare of society and thus justify a large return from society.

CLASS HISTORY.



SOME years ago several families collected a troop of infants, put them on board the ship,—Education which set sail with its prized cargo, across the sea of Youth, twelve years of travel till they land on the Continent of Life.

Slowly but steadily, we struggled through the minor channels, until at the end of nine years we completely wore out, and discouraged five fine, and ample minded pilots, who had tried to the limit of their ability to keep us within the current of knowledge, and out of the course of destruction.

In the tenth year we were without a pilot. Then Mr. Hunt came to our assistance, determined to continue the splendid pilotage of our magnificent ship. He was compelled to make unexpected sacrifices, but nevertheless, he took a firm stand at the almost hopeless post. At this time there were twelve of us, and we all were very desirous of obtaining a fine education (?). On our tenth year's journey we were almost capsized by the furious waves of Latin and Algebra. Toward the end of that year we were given the pleasure of taking into our ranks a preacher's son, Jas. Shields., but at the end of the term we were grieved by the loss of two, Messrs. Howard Carr and Russell Bremer.

Time went on, so did we; we grappled and struggled with the main masts setting them in position to get full benefit of the wind of knowledge, blowing favorably for us, at that time.

Thus we continued and at the end of nine months we found suitable place for anchor, at the small Island Vacation. Here we passed at leisure three months, during which time minds and situations changed.

Being refreshed by our splendid vacation, we again started on our educational journey with new effort. This year we were under the close watch of two teachers. Although Prof. Hunt had stuck to his part faithfully the previous year, his burden was more than he could bear. And Mr. Lamneck was hired as his assistant. Naturally, we now devoted more time to study (?).

We had not entered far on the eleventh year, when through the mist, in the distance, could be seen a storm rising. Again



JAMES M. SHIELDS

"His arched brows, pulled o'er his eyes, with solemn proof proclaimed him wise."



ANNA L. LUDWIG

"Early, bright and chaste as the morning, she sparkled."



CLARA M. GEORGE

"Kind eyes and innocent, and all her bearing gracious."



ARTHUR L. LIMBACH

"He hath the power to seek the highest good, and duty's call obey."



we looked; it was approaching fast, nearer, clearer, until so close that it could be distinguished as Geometry; for many days we were tossed about helplessly until we were enabled by special aid to conquer it.

After the storm was stilled, we resumed our rare school spirit. As Juniors we had to show our "Class Spirit" by selecting colors. The selection being Brown and Yellow.

We now began to realize that we must seek a place in this world. Hence we engaged in many noble pursuits. A few of us boys debated against some boys of neighboring towns; Some took active part in baseball; others had the ambition to become great singers. Ultimately, all this monotony was disturbed by poor "Muttons" extreme desire to have a female companion. Nothing prevented and he and Clara held their Occasional Meetings.

Unfortunately, the ice was now broken, our healthy ranks were threatened with an infectious disease. "Cheese" fell ill, showing the same symptoms, and in order that he might recover he took his "occasional" Country walk; Blanche contracted the fever, and found a "Rube" in the Freshman Class; Arthur Hunt's mind became deranged and his condition incurable. Inez became his mate and they are doomed to continue as mates, until the inevitable fate, —Divorce.

After some months of this continuous study and (——) we grew tired, and by prayer, we sent a requisition to Oceanus: —"Lower the tides of study and give us a vacation." Our prayer was answered, our request was granted, and we were stranded on the shoals of rest.

During these three months of leisure time, several members became inspired with the epigram that:—"In Union there is strength" therefore they consolidated and formed the "Big Four Co." ("Clara and Mutton," "Grinny and Inez"). It will be an extended time before the rest of us can blot from our memory the fond recollections of this successful monopoly.

After a fine vacation, thirteen young men and women ascended the gangway, and went on board the faithful old ship for the final stretch of our journey.

But we were much distressed to note, that our highly prized "Air Castles" were already failing to turn out as we had dreamt. But, we were consoled by the presence of the same faculty, and two new members: Anne Ludwig and Homer Hait.

We took up the string where we had left it the year previous. The boys took an active part in baseball and debating, while the girls resumed the practice of "gossiping."

Well do I remember when Jim and I—"Cheese," the two debaters of renown, were so eager to dispose of their surplus gas, that they walked three miles through the mud, ankle deep, caused by a two weeks' downpour of rain.

During the winter numerous incidents occurred.—In order to maintain the "Class spirit" we organized and elected the following honorables, as officers: J. M. Shields, Pres., Anne L. Ludwig, Sec'y., and selected Crimson and Silver Gray as our colors; Then some of the "bunch" got ambitious, and put before the class the question—"Shall we publish a paper"? "Yes." The first thing we had to "scrap" over was the naming of the paper. After violent agitation, "The Echo" was unanimously consented to, although contrary to the wishes of some.

Next, unfortunately, we selected the following staff A. L. Limbach, Editor in chief, and manager; Clara George, Associate Editor; Anne L. Ludwig, Treasurer. Nevertheless,

"Through trials to triumph" we are privileged to hand the reader this indestructible monument of our work, "The Echo."

On Christmas day another incident occurred which surprised us scholars very much. Our worthy Principal accepted and signed a contract from Gen. Dan "Cupid," and by so doing entered into the matrimonial army as a Benedict.

All this time we maintained our extraordinary ability, and desire to study. But storms of such irresistible studies as Geometry and Physics, would at times prevent our procedure, and almost overpower us; sometimes tossing our weather beaten hulk hopelessly about, so that at times it looked as if we must be lost forever on



HOMER B. HART

"A prince of a pleasant humor."



M. BLANCHE DECKER

"Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined."



NELLIE M. HART

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild"



LEWIS P. RIGGLE

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of his eye."



CLASS PROPHECY

IHAVE become a chemist, a mixer of drugs. My chief acids and business consists in preparing medicinal solutions for physicians, and often, when engaged in filling out some special order or even when experimenting, I have been known to remain in my laboratory for days at a time. It was during one of these long periods of confinement that the peculiar train of events which I am about to relate, had its beginning.

I had, for two days been experimenting with opium ingredients, and during that time had neither heard nor seen anything of the outside world. A small stove and bunk had afforded me the means of procuring rest and nourishment, and I was about to snatch a few hours sleep before making a final test, when a rather reminiscent mood came o'er me, and I fell to thinking of my school-mates of twenty years ago. The names of Lewis Riggle and Arthur Limbach, in particular, recurred again and again to my restless brain, and I kept wondering what had become of them. As my thoughts ran on confusedly, I absent-mindedly overturned the beaker which contained my solution, and the sickening fumes of the opium filled my nostrils. Choking and gasping, I rushed to the window, but was overcome before being able to reach it. A sudden darkness came over me, and I knew nothing.

The next thing I remembered, I seemed to be sitting in a large hall, and people were all about me. In the front was a stage, and on it sat a pompous-looking man of about 40 years of age. He was bald-headed, large featured, and wore glasses; but in spite of these and other changes, I could not fail to recognize my former friend and classmate, Arthur Limbach. He sat with his hands clasped about the protruding bulk of his middle section, and his head was bent upon his breast, seemingly oblivious of all his surroundings. A man came forward and introduced him to the crowd as the Hon. A. L. Limbach, but the person in question, gave no reply. After a short and awkward silence, a loud snore rent the air; the speaker was asleep. Someone quickly stepped up and shook him, whereupon he roused himself and

came forward.

Here my dream became confused, and I remember little of the speech which followed. At its conclusion, however, my old friend assumed a typical Bryanitic pose, with one hand upraised and the other resting over his stomach, and shouted out—"Give me 100 tobacco-smokers, and out of that 100 tobacco-smokers I'll pick you 99 whiskey-topers, individually, in all their PURITY."

With this stupendous effort the speaker sat down, the stage shaking under the impact, and I felt that indescribable sensation of falling thru space and resting on nothing. When at last I came to rest, I was sitting in what I took to be a veterinary's shop.

All over the walls and windows were posted prints, of dogs and horses in various stages of sickness. At a desk was seated a very tall man, clad in white attire, and mixing some patent cure. Sandy hair, a long, brown beard, and gold spectacles seemed to be his chief peculiarities, and I had no difficulty in recognizing another old acquaintance, Lewis Riggle.

He was calling loudly to someone in another room to bring him some limewater, and in a few minutes a good-looking, middle-aged woman appeared, carrying a large bottle of something white. I looked at her, surprised, and rightly so, for there I saw the individual once known to me as Clara George, now evidently Mrs. Riggle.

I was about to speak, when a loud noise from another world disturbed my ears, and I awoke to hear a German band playing in the street below. Picking myself up from the floor, and seeing the overturned beaker on the table, I remembered everything, and knew that I had been dreaming. I was still weak and dizzy from the effects of the opium, and on the way to my lodging, kept pondering over my dream, but dismissed it as an absurd fancy, caused by the opium and overwork.

In passing an opera-house, I noticed a boy taking down old bills and stopped to glance at one which he held in his hand. It ran something like this;—"Hey, You,—the Honorable A. L. Limbach, B. S., Will Speak Here Tonight at 8 o'clock Sharp on the Subject of Temperance"—, and was



FLOYD A. GOETTGE

*"He seemed for dignity compos-
ed, and high exploit."*



INEZ L. STOCKER

*"The ornament of a meek and
quiet spirit."*



MARGRET M. GOETTGE

*"Soft smiles of human kind-
ness bred."*



ARTHUR W. HUNT

*"His path is paved with good
intentions."*



LOYAL SHOEMAKER

*"I profess not talking only this,
let each man do his best."*



dated for the preceding night. My dream came back to me, and I wondered if there could possibly have been anything in it. The boy, on being questioned, replied that the speaker had left town that morning, so there was nothing left for me to do but to repair to my rooms.

Nor was this all. Chancing to glance at a paper after breakfast, the following advertisement met my eye—"Has Your Horse Got the Heaves? Try L. Passivant Riggie's Remedy. Sure Cure. Patented Apr. 15, 1918. Address, 159 Main St., Newcomers-town, Ohio."—Quickly seizing pen and paper, I dashed off a short letter to him, asking for information in regard to himself and any other member of the grand, old class of '13, with whom he might be in touch, and directed it to the address given in the paper.

Then, hastening back to my shop, my brain in a turmoil, I locked the door and sat down to think. I had no faith in dreams, but this was too much for me, and, yielding to impulse, I began to mix the same solution, which had been the cause of the whole mystery, wondering, as I did so, what would be the result. As the ingredients became mixed in the proper proportions. I hesitated, and my courage nearly failed me. But summoning all my will-power, I breathed in the thick vapor and swooned away.

After what seemed a long time, I found myself in a barber's chair, and the barber was lathering my face. He was a tall, rawboned man, with a glass eye and a polished smirk on his face. In fact, he was none other than Homer Hart, whom I had been thinking of a great deal during the last few days. He was evidently doing a profitable business, as the shop was well furnished, and he himself, well-dressed and neat. A silk hat hung on the rack, which, from the size, I was sure belonged to him, and an immense pair of patent-leathers, which I both respected and feared, encased his feet.

Before I was able to make further observations, my surroundings changed, and I was outside, walking rapidly thru the streets of Port Washington which had changed much since the time when I tramped them as a school-boy. I walked faster and faster, propelled by some unseen

power, which suddenly halted me before a large house with "Board and Lodging" printed over the window. Upon opening the door, a scene met my eye which was both strange and ridiculous.

A little, foreign-looking man was racing up a flight of stairs, his hands over his ears, his appearance expressive of great terror. Right behind him, her hand upraised in a threatening attitude, and wrath pictured on her countenance, came a tall, stout woman, clad in a large dressing-gown. I at once recognized Inez Stocker and attempted to speak, but the same unseen force pulled me backward thru the door, and I was forced to leave husband and wife to settle their quarrel alone.

As I emerged from the door, something struck me on the head, and I fell senseless on the ground. When I came to, I was leaning against a counter in a large store, evidently in the millinery department, for several sales-women were busy trying hats on customers. I was wondering what could possibly be the attraction for me in a ladies' hat store, when a voice sounded behind me, which I could not fail to recognize, even after a period of twenty years. I turned around and my glance rested on Anne Ludwig, trying a tremendous, white hat on a customer. Height never had been her forte, and now she was perched on a high stool, the better to reach the other's head. The stool stood about two feet tall, and the lady's head, six, and Miss Ludwig completely filled the intervening space, both in height and in breadth. But aside from having grown a little stouter, she showed little evidence that 20 years had passed since I had last seen her.

As the hat was apparently satisfactory, she went to the exchange counter to get change for a bill, and while there, entered into conversation with the cash-girl. I could not hear all she was saying, but it was evidently very funny, as her companion suddenly burst into laughter. A certain ring in her laugh, together with her slight figure, yellow hair, and the fact that I caught the word Blanche, convinced me that she was indeed Blanche Decker. As I afterwards learned, she and Anne were the only two girls of the class, who were still single, having kept "Old Maid's Hall"

together for about 7 years.

As I watched these two chatting over the counter, surprised and delighted at my discovery, they seemed suddenly to fade before my eyes, my surroundings again changed, and I found myself in the living-room of a immense farmhouse. At a table sat a comfortable, motherly-looking woman, rather stout, and with an air of quiet happiness. She was darning socks and humming to herself meanwhile. By her side cramped a fat, little youngster of about 4 years of age, who was continually asking questions, to which she would usually give evasive replies and return to her work.

As they sat thus, the door opened, and a heavy-looking man of 45 entered, carrying a bundle, and with a broad smile on his face. The moment he appeared, the boy rushed forward with a cry of welcome and Nellie Hart, (that was), rose from her chair to greet her husband. I wished to see more of this happy family, but the spell was over, and I awoke.

Weak and dizzy, I made my way homeward and drank some hot tea, to steady my nerves. I was soon myself again, but could no longer doubt that what I had seen was real.

Mr. Riggle's reply to my letter arrived the next day, and confirmed all I had seen in my dream. It also contained some interesting facts about several other members of our old class. He told how he and Loyal Shcemaker had bummed their way to Chicago nearly twelve years ago, where they had tried to get work. He, himself, after working at odd jobs until he had earned his fare back, had returned to Newcomerstown and entered upon his present business.

Loyal however, had remained in Chicago. His first job consisted in exhibiting suits in the window of a dry goods store. Day in and day out, from morning till night, he stood in the window, clothed in a stylish dress-suit, which he changed every hour. But this was too monotonous for a person of his restless nature, and when a slight rupture occurred between himself and his employer, he threw up the job in disgust. Being now reduced to rather narrow circumstances, he was forced to accept a very poor-paying position in the steelworks,

where he remains to this day. About 4 years ago he met a Miss Margaret Goettge, who was a teacher of higher mathematics in one of the High Schools of the city, and induced her to marry him. From Mr. Riggle's letter, I gathered that they were very happy and had 3 children, 2 girls and a boy, and that Loyal had prospects of a big raise in salary. You can imagine how glad I was to hear all this, and that these old classmates of mine were getting along so well.

Some weeks ago I ran across a man in a big overcoat, carrying two suitcases coming out of a printer's office. He looked as if he would like to blow up the whole establishment, and, certainly, if his hair could have been applied to a box of dynamite, placed underneath the building in question, it might easily have been done. Upon investigation, I discovered that his name was A. W. Hunt, and that he was endeavoring to have several books, of his own authorship, published. But the firm, to which he applied, had refused the job, on the ground that there was too much of the romantic in his novels. The poor, struggling author was much disappointed, but no doubt will try again, and I certainly do admire his grit.

And now comes the last of this remarkable series of events, which have disclosed to me the whereabouts of my former classmates, and which have proved of such interest to me, at least. The other day I was seated in a train on my way from Pittsburg to Buffalo, quietly reading a paper, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and "Tickets, please" scounded in my ear. I raised my head and found the conductor, a tall, fine-looking man, with a big mustache, standing by my side. Brown hair, arranged in pompadour style, dark eyes and a straight erect figure told me at once that he was the the last member of the class of '18 to be accounted for, Floyd Goettge. And there was no one, whom I was more anxious to see. He had gradually worked his way up the line until now he was a regular, full-pay conductor, with a good prospect of rising still higher. Was married and living in Buffalo, where his wife's former home had been.

C. included on page 24, 1st column.

MY SPIEL FOR '13

MYSELF but write one or two indicative words for the future,
I but advance a moment only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness."

I have been chosen poet,
For the class of '13,
I do not like to tell it,
But I'm just a trifle green.
Though I'll try to do my best
For the class and all the rest,
Yet my poetry may seem
Almost like a serious jest.
I now have the honor,
And also the time
To tell about our class
In the following little rhyme.

Listen! did someone say Jim Shields,
Our class president is he;
That manly tread, that downward head,
Those eyes so full of glee.
Physics is play for Mr. Shields.

His brain works so fast
You can hear the clickings of its cog-wheels.

As president and youngest of our class,
We shall think of him first instead
of last.

Maggie is short and rather stout,
With hair that poets rave about,
Merry always, laughing too
When everyone else is looking blue.

How many of us ever saw
Two cooing turtle doves?
Inez Stocker and Arthur Hunt
Are examples of true Love,
Every night at the regular time,
Exactly half-past eight,
Grinny's gentle tap, tap, tap,
Is heard at Stocker's gate.
When he gets back—its rather late
Nellie says it's awful,
She doesn't believe in beaus,
To tell the truth about it,
I really think she knows.

Here's to the village belle
So stately, tall, and fair;
Here's to the one we love best
Miss Blanche with golden hair.
Many have quivered neath those eyes,
Those tender looks, those low replies.
She doesn't like to study
Music is her art.

Everyway she can, she always does her part,

Homer is tall but rather slim,
With dark brown eyes and a big broad grin;

Ever happy and full of glee,
He sets an example for you and me.

"Cheese," Limbach is the next in line,
In Geometry he's very fine;
He is quite a politician,
A Democrat you see,
Everyday he grows a little older,
And more like W. J. B.
Stand back, stand back, girls,
Show no joy;

Arthur is our bachelor boy,
Loyal, quiet, kind and silent,
Always known to persevere;
Oh! my the lots of fun we have
When he gets on his ear.

Lewis, the athlete of our class,
First in muscle, in Literature last.
Firm believer in the motto:
"Might makes right,"

"Just step up if you want to fight."
Clara studies rather hard,
But for her never fret,
She's our only suffragette,
We are glad she has such views,
'Tis such a noble calling;
We hope she obeys their rules,
And never thinks of falling.

"Nipper's" the village sport, you know,
Who trips the light, fantastic toe.
In badness always does his share;
Yet always has the blame to bear.
"So long" to the boy with pompadour hair,
Here's to the one of "Lucky Thirteen"

the last,
The youngest girl and sec'y of our class.

Little Anne in stature, small,
In mischief can't be beat at all.
I learn her Geometry like a song;
Always "tired" when the problems are
long,

Full of fun and likes to skate,
Cuts five pointed stars and figure eights.

Here's to the Juniors and Freshmen too,
Who have proved so noble good and true.
We all thank the teachers;
For what they have done
In preparing us for life's long run.
Classmates the hour is near


Concluded on page 24, 1st column.

CLASS OF '14



LESTER STOCKER, HARRY HART, LLOYD RIGGLE, PAUL GEMONAGEL
HAROLD STOCKER, DORIS ULRICH, LEON HUNT.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

 E, the class of 1913, of the city of Port Washington, county of Tuscarawas, and state of Ohio, fully realizing the uncertainty of life, and the numerous virtues, pious actions, and articles of much value which we must leave behind, do make, declare and publish on this 23rd day of May, in the year of our Lord 1913, this, our last will and testament, revoking all others heretofore enacted by us, in the manner and form following:

I. We do will, devise and bequeath to our honored instructors, Messrs. Hunt and Lamneck, the pleasant recollections of our cheerful faces, winning ways, and studious habits.

II. We do bestow on our unworthy successors, the Juniors, the solemn dignity, deep wisdom and ability to solve all the mysteries and difficult problems of Physics and Geometry, with which we have so distinguished ourselves.

III. To the aforesaid Juniors we do generously cede the benefit of our wonderful discoveries in the laboratory, and our seats, upon which we have engraved many beautiful works of art and our own honorable names, at the same time requesting that the same receive no disfigurement whatever.

IV. To the Sophomores we do will our second-handed watches, rulers, applecores and marbles.

V. To Dorris Ulrich we do leave the most highly prized possession of the Senior girls,—their fondness for the boys.

VI. To Mr. Carr we do devise and bequeath Arthur Hunt's auburn hair, wherewith to light the fires.

VII. On Leon Hunt we do bestow Arthur Limbach's admiration of W. J. Bryan, and on Paul Gengnagel, James' counter admiration of Roosevelt.

VIII. To any one who may so desire, we do will, devise and bequeath the fragments of "puppy love," still remaining in our class, and which are at present centered in the persons of Arthur Hunt and Inez.

IX. On Paul Stocker, Loyd Shumaker does bestow his meek and quiet spirit, and his skill in haranguing the multitudes with long sermons.

X. Anne Ludwig does bequeath to any of the illustrious Juniors, who may be worthy of such distinction, her prized ability to write poetry and her detested ability to use her tongue.

XI. To Lena Thomas, Maggie does leave her powerful memory and vast knowledge of mathematics, and James, his limited Latin vocabulary to Edna Riggle.

XII. On Irene Krieger and Irene Stocker we do bestow Blanche's artful smile, winning ways and ability to pick from out the crowded streets of Wolf Station such a bright, young man as—Mack.

XIII. To Edith Bond, Nellie Hart does will and bequeath her quiet ways and retiring disposition, with the request that same be not abused.

XIV. Clara George does bestow on Paul an ancient, tear-stained tablet of note-paper, that she may not forget her.

XV. To Mr. Hunt, Homer Hart does leave a big bottle of Sympathy, which is a sure cure for all indispositions, and to Mr. Lamneck, his great love of Eng. Lit.

XVI. Lewis Rigge does give, devise and bequeath to his beloved brother, Lloyd, his much-admired curls, and more-admired ability to work Algebra problems.

XVII. Arthur Limbach does bestow on Paul G. his precious "fiddle" and "onions."

XVIII. We give, devise, and bequeath to the School Board all the rest, residue and remainder of our estate not heretofore declared, also grant them the privilege of paying all our debts we leave behind, thereby establishing a token of the largest class ever graduating from Port Washington High School.

XIX. We hereby nominate and appoint "Arbitration" to be said executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness hereof we have herewith set our seal.

(SEAL)

Class 1913.

Signed, sealed, declared and published as, and for their last will and testament by the above named testator's in our presence, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have, at their request, signed our names as witnesses thereto.

Witnesses,

"Mutt" and "Jeff."

CLASS OF '15



UPPER ROW — ETHEL BOND, MARY GOETTGE, THELMA SHOEMAKER, RENE KRIEGER, HAZEL MOWL,
LENE STOCKER, M NIE GOETTGE, HAZEL SCHWAB EDNA RIGGLE;
LOWER ROW — PAUL STOCKER, ERA HAUBERT, HOWARD GLAZER, LENA THOMAS.

THE ECHO

PUBLISHED BY THE HIGH SCHOOL
OF PORT WASHINGTON, OHIO.

THE STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF AND MANAGER
..... A. L. LIMBACH, '13
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, ... CLARA M. GEORGE, '13
DEPT - NEWS ... (M. BLANCHE DECKER, '13
..... JAMES M SHIELDS, '13
TREASURER ANNA L. LUDWIG, '13
SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS CLASS OF 1913

VOL. I. MAY 24, 1913. PRICE 15c.

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EDITORIAL REMARKS.

"THROUGH TRIALS TO TRIUMPH"

The privilege of bringing forth this handsome little annual; "The Echo" is surely an honor as well as a pleasure, not only to the school and the faculty; but to the citizens of the village of Port Washington, as well.

This is the first attempt, or rather struggle of this high school to publish an annual and we're hoping that it will not be the last. In this, our first attempt, we had our discouragements, we had our troubles, and the path to success was at times blocked, but, through the kindness and generosity of a number of citizens of this town and some others, we were able to clear the path and reach success. In short, we ran the gauntlet of trials, but completed our course in triumph.

We here extend our heartfelt thanks to all who have so kindly contributed their service to this paper. And we wish the citizens of this little village to accept our thanks, for contributing so generously towards the financial side.

We owe our special thanks to the Hon. William J. Bryan for kindly granting us the permission to publish his article: "Advice to Students."

A. L. Limbach, Editor-in-Chief.

THE SILVER CORD


There are certain half-dreaming moods of mind in which we naturally steal away from noise and care and seek some quiet place, where one can indulge in meditation, undisturbed.

In just such a mood was I, when these few cheerless thoughts made their appearance in my mind:—That our fond school-days at dear old High are almost o'er. That the time is almost at hand when we the members of the class of '13 must part. But God grant that we may, so live, as to meet in another world, where parting is unknown. It was in this state of mind that I realized in one sense the meaning of the first line of a favorite hymn.—"Some day the silver cord will break." Alas! 'tis true, the "silver cord" will soon break, and each of us will take our respective parts in a dark and gloomy forest.

But it is to be hoped that each of us will blaze our way by a respectable and honorable method; That we will climb with the impetus of a noble ambition; and that we will never shirk the responsibilities that our education has prepared us to assume, but, will be perfectly willing to carry our share of the burden, gain that we may give; love that we may bless, and live that we may benefit.

And then, when we have gained the height of our journey, and have crossed the boundary line into the preconceived goal, and look back at the valley below, we will feel that deep glow of satisfaction: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

TRIBUTE TO PEARL CASTEEL

 NE so noble, one so bright,
Has passed for sometime, from our sight,

Lived to benefit and bless,
One who never dared transgress.
One so modest, fair, and clear,
One who righted without fear,
One who walked on the slope of right,
Toiling upward day and night.
In sorrow at thy death we stand,
Mid'st the awe that quenches all,
And speaks the anguish of a band,
And shook with horror at thy fall.
Pearl has died early,
And by her friends she is loved dearly,
But we feel, that the angels above,
Will find her, among their terms of love.

—A. L. Limbach.

Class Prophecy continued from page 13

And now that I have recounted, at such great length, the fates of those with whom I spent some of the happiest days of my life, I cannot help but think of old times and the pranks of my schooldays, some of which even now call a smile to my face, while others fill me with regret and remorse. And as I think of the time when I, a young High School graduate, stood on the threshold of my career, surrounded by the petty joys and sorrows of school-life, and looking forward to the future with hopeful expectation, I see how hard a school life has been and how few of them have been realized. A lonely bachelor, with no one living to care for me, I often wish that those happy days might be recalled and lived over again. But, alas, they are gone, never again to return.

—James M. Shields.

My Specter for '13 continued from page 14.

When from each other we'll part,
Each bid their comrades farewell,
And up the ladder we'll start,
Remember when on life's journey
Trials come, and distress,
Let fond memory return to our
"School-Days"
At the good Old P. H. S.
All Rights Reserved,
A. L. Ludwig.

ALUMNI

1887

Mrs. Frank Demuth, Port Washington, Myra Hamersley, passed to higher life March, 1894; Mrs. Jacob Helder, New Philadelphia, O.; William A. Gold, Port Washington; Jacob Helder, Texas.

1889

Mrs. Weinland, Ill.; Mrs. H. Eckfelt, Pittsburg, Pa.; John Oakleaf, plumber, Columbus, O.; Anna Slade, Dennison, O.; Mrs. Chas. Reitzler, Port Washington; Robert Hill, telegraph operator, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. J. M. Nargney, Ill.; Mrs. L. Sperling, Columbus, O.

1894

Laura Oaklie, Columbus, O.; Mrs. Dr. G. F. Lower, Port Washington; John Fidler, Florida; Clara Sperling, Philadelphia, Pa.

1895

Mrs. Geo. Armstrong, Ill.; Mrs. E. Stocker, Port Washington; Mrs. J. Huff, Dennison, O.; Frank Barth, Pittsburg, Pa.

1897

Mrs. Lewis Barth, Dennison, O.; Nora Carr, Toledo, O.; Arthur P. Lamneck, Roofing and Sheet Metal Works, Heating and Ventilating, Columbus, O.; Helen Porcher, Dennison, O.; Minnie Ament, New Philadelphia, O.; Arthur Kinsey passed to higher life.

1899

Helen Kinsey, teacher Uhrichsville, O.; Mrs. C. Glazier, Newcomerstown, O.; Mrs. E. Weingarth, Port Washington; Mrs. Nan-nie Snider, Port Washington; Helen Carr, Cleveland, O.; Theodore Schugg, Dennison, O.; Mrs. Ira Patterson, Pa.; Cora Kinsey; Howard Porcher, Dennison, O.; Mrs. William Fiedler, Dennison, O.

1903

Louis Nelson, Principal of Maple Grove School, Uhrichsville, O.; Thurman Eckfelt, Mail Clerk; Clara E. Helder, Steubenville, O.; Mrs. Nettie McMillian, Canton, O.

1905

Lydia Quig'ey, Washington, Florence Beck, New Philadelphia, O.; Mrs. H. Roth, Tuscarawas, O.; Ernest Helder, Port Washington; Edith Schlarp, Columbus, O.

1907

Wilda Stocker, teacher, Port Washington; Cora Huston, teacher, Uhrichsville, O.; Flora Helder, Steubenville, O.

1908

Experience Stocker, teacher Primary Dept., Port Washington; Lena Schupp, Prin. teacher, Wolf, O.; Edith Fidler, music teacher, Florida.

1909

J. H. Lamneck, Prin., Port Washington; Mrs. J. H. Lamneck, teacher Intermediate Dept., Port Washington; Bessie Riggle, teacher, Alberta, Can.; Susie Carr, Uhrichsville, O.

1910

Ethel George, teacher, Port Washington; Mary Windt, teacher, Port Washington;

Cordelia Ulrich, teacher, Port Washington; Herman Arn, Dennison, O.

1911

Ethel Hart, Isleta, O.; Clarence Hursey, teacher, Newcomerstown, O.; Ruth Stocker, stenographer, Akron, O.; Harry Retzler, Railway Clerk, Crafton, Pa.; Robert E. Ley, attending college, Cleveland, O.; Myrtle We'sh, teacher, Port Washington; Jesse Schupp, Pittsburg, Pa.; Florence Hursey, teacher, Newcomerstown O.; Loren Hart, teacher, Isleta, O.; Elizabeth Stocker, nurse, Coshocton, O.

1912

Paul C. Wiand, attending college, West Lafayette, O.; Herman Frank, teacher, Port Washington; Esther Miller, teacher Newcomerstown, O.; Fred Frank, Port Washington; Pearl Casteel, passed to higher life 1912.

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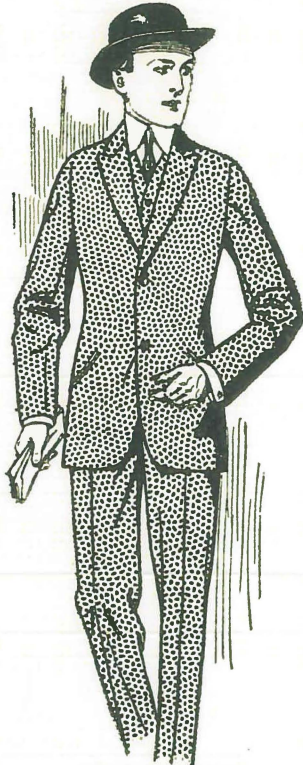
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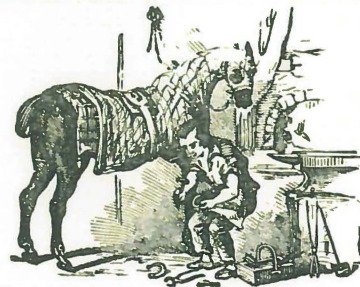
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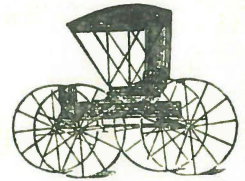
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