

THE PHILAKEAN

1915



The
Philakean



GREETING

We are herewith sending forth "The Philakean," the first annual to be published by the Newport High School, and which we propose to issue every little while, with the expectant hope that it will be graciously received by our numerous subscribers and readers. Its purpose is to create a greater interest among the people of the community in the students' activities and the general work being accomplished in the public schools of Newport.

The inception and prosecution of this initial issue of the annual has been due to the persistent and indefatigable efforts of the present Senior class, which bears the distinction of being the largest class to graduate from the High School.

However, the magazine was made possible only by the public-spiritedness and loyalty of our very many business men, who have so generously contributed to our advertising columns. We wish particularly to emphasize this last point, and we earnestly urge each reader and patron to read carefully every advertisement in the annual, and to observe very carefully who the public-spirited business men of Newport are that have made the production of this little book possible, remembering that this terrestrial sphere of ours is deftly poised upon a pivot of reciprocity. We feel that our readers can, in no better way, express their interest and fealty to our public schools than in reading every advertisement and noting well those men who have so cheerfully dipped down into their purses to insure the first successful issue of "The Philakean."

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	Shirley Fox
Faculty.....	Alta Long
Class Reporter.....	Elsie Schwab
Literary and Debate.....	Elsie Schwab
Music.....	Margaret Sutherland
Alumni.....	Ruby Vane
Society.....	Lucile Williams
Athletics.....	Edward Kelly
Wit and Humor.....	Lyla Strong



SUPERINTENDENT LEO H. KING

To Leo H. King, in appreciation of his faithful friendship and counsel during the last four years of work, the Seniors gratefully dedicate this book.



GEORGIA E. ELLIS



LULU U. MARTIN



MABEL G. KING

FACULTY

Superintendent	Leo H. King	Science
	Georgia E. Ellis	English, History
	Mabel G. King	Latin, German
	Lulu U. Martin	Mathematics



Williams Strong Name Langille Sutherland Schwartz
Lynn Kelly K. Fox

SENIORS

Senior Officers

Helen Langille.....	President
Ruby Vane.....	Vice President
Lucile Williams.....	Secretary
Shirley Fox.....	Treasurer

MOTTO:

"Hold the hye wey and lat thy gost thee lede."

COLORS - Light Tan and Blue.

FLOWER - Yellow Rose.

Class History



THE foundation and corner-stone of the illustrious Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen was laid when our ONE BOY first saw the light of day on the sunny banks of the Pend Oreille. Later came Lucille, Helen, Alta, Margaret, Lyla, Lena, Ruby, Shirley, Elsie, and Ada, in serial order, until in nineteen hundred eight, all the members of our present class, beside many others, were living together as one happy family.

In nineteen hundred nine, as a class of five boys and eleven girls, we became Freshmen, and loyal subjects of the King. In the seventh grade we had the honor of being the brightest class ever under our teacher. That we succeeded in maintaining our reputation is evidenced by the fact that in our first English examinations, our Freshmen year, we received the remarkably high grades ranging from fifty to sixty-five per cent. Our deportment was never less than V. P.—very poor, you think, but in our minds, V. P. symbolized very perfect; and we entertained ourselves and the others as well, by exciting quarrels in pull-away, snowball fights, rope-jumping contests, and games of hide-and-seek. For the first time in the history of the High School, two girls' basket-ball teams were organized, and in these the Freshmen took a prominent and enthusiastic part.

As a class of ten girls and five boys we entered the Sophomore year, subjects of the King no longer, but subject, first, to the beaming smiles of one Lindsay, and, later, to the terrifying frowns of a certain Mr. Allison. The names of the Sophomores figured conspicuously on the programs given by the Literary Society, which was organized that year. One of the basket-ball teams was composed entirely of Sophomore girls, and many and exciting were the games which they played with the other High School teams, as well as outside teams.

Lucille left us for one year, and Edward for two, to try their fortunes in other parts of the world, but as soon as the opportunity presented itself, they were glad enough to come back again. So with few additions as well as desertions, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, were thirteen in number when we became Juniors. In that year our recitations, especially in Physics, were "marvelous revelations, stupendous exhibitions of intellectuality," to quote our instructor, and even the English language does not contain words sufficiently adequate to describe the marvelous abilities which the class exhibited in the numerous other branches of the curriculum.

Our social life did not commence until our Junior year, perhaps on account of the lack of boys in our class, but we made up for lost time, and distinguished ourselves by our floor suppers and our Hallowe'en party. The debating team was composed entirely of Juniors, and the voices of many of the class were heard in the High School Quartette.

We fondly hoped to keep our class intact until the hour of

graduation, but in spite of our greatest efforts, one of our girls left us to teach some young hopefuls the way of the world; another to practice the Culinary Arts, and later to take up higher education. The third found the call of Cupid more alluring than that of classical pursuits, and our one other boy thought that it would be unbearable here when a certain girl graduated in the Class of Nineteen Hundred Twelve, and he left us also. So that now there are only nine names on the Senior Class Roll, but withal, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, claim the distinction of being the largest, and, in our minds, the most brilliant class ever to graduate from the Newport High School.

Our most marked mental characteristic this year is said to be "mental inertia," so you may expect to hear of wonderful achievements from us in the future. The social functions of our class have been numerous and exceedingly lively, and it is said that our class spirit and loyalty far exceeds that of the other classes. As a memento of this we are leaving behind us an Annual, the first in the history of the school, planned, composed, and compiled by the Seniors.

In passing we must mention the greatest literary achievement of our High School, the play which was given this year, and in which so many of the Seniors won laurels for themselves, the class, their instructors, and our High School.

All these years we have been preparing for our Commencement tonight, the crowning glory of our High School life. As we go forth to "Hold the hie way, and lat our Spirits lede us" to greater activities, greater usefulness, and to greater and higher glory, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, bid a fond farewell to our High School days.

—Margaret Sutherland, '13.



Class Prophecy



IT WAS in early spring of the year 1933 that an opportunity to take a trip around the world in a Zeppelin airship came to me. We started from Spokane in early April, heading our airship due east over the Rockies. When we reached the summit of the Rockies we were obliged to come to earth for repairs. We stopped in a small field before a queer-looking, one-story, quaintly-built structure. Several children played without and the entire setting gave the impression of a model rural school. There appeared in the doorway a slender, care-worn, lithe little woman. There were many furrows upon her forehead that told of many fleeting years. There was something strange, something peculiar, something familiar about her countenance, the piquancy of her tones and the expression of her eyes. She spoke to us, and you can imagine my surprise to learn that this old-maid school-teacher was our old friend, Helen Langille.

We were soon on our journey again, now gliding across the expansive plains of Montana, when soon we were compelled to light for water. Not far down the field we discerned a man busily engaged plowing, and with such a contrivance! A flying machine was employed in lieu of old-time traction engines. We were curious and went down to observe this peculiar machination. The old man gave evidences of heavy toil and labor. His black hair was streaked with strands of gray, and a penetrating gaze came from his shaggy-browed blue eyes. As he explained the mechanism of this peculiar appurtenance, which was his own invention, there was something which seemed familiar about the drawl of his voice and his verbosity of speech. You will be no more surprised than I was to learn that it was our only boy graduate of 1913, Edward Kelly.

We were soon on our trip again and did not come to earth until we had reached Chicago. Here we determined to visit for a few days. "Ringling Brothers'" Circus was in the city, and finding time weighing heavily upon our hands we determined to attend the matinee performance. There was one rider on a snow-white horse, the most daring and wonderful of all the equestrian, acrobatic performers. All eyes were centered upon this rider. Small in stature, with a ruddy countenance, her brown eyes sparkled and beamed with the enjoyment of the performance. You can well imagine my astonishment to learn that this marvelous, spectacular equestrienne was my old-time classmate, Ruby Vane.

Leaving Chicago we arrived in New York after an uneventful flight. We learned that one of the greatest operatic singers of the world would be at the Metropolitan Theater that evening. We determined to attend the evening performance. The theater was filled to overflowing for this occasion. As the curtain rose we saw before us one of the most beautiful of women. The precious jewels which she wore could not compare with the brilliancy of her eyes. Suddenly the spell was broken and I heard the sweetest and most melodious tones ever uttered by human's lips, while

the whole audience sat enraptured. I was extremely anxious to know who this grand operatic singer might possibly be. My astonishment can better be imagined than described, when I learned, upon looking at my program, that this far-famed operatic songster was our old-time graduate of 1913, Alta Long.

Resting for a week in New York, we sailed the mystic Atlantic and landed without mishap in foggy London. Walking up one of the main streets we saw a large concourse of women march forth in uproarious clamor. The leader was a short, stout woman with gray hair and sharp eyes. Her mouth was very firmly set, and lines, which spoke of age, encircled her whole countenance. In one arm she held several large boulders, while with the other she deftly hurled them at windows right and left. I asked from a bystander who this militant personage might be. Imagine my surprise to learn that it was England's most militant democratic suffragette, Lucile Williams.

After spending several days in London we flew to beautiful Paris. Shortly after arriving in Paris we went to visit the Louvre. There we found much to study, much to interest us and many things to observe. As is customary at such places many people came and went. I noticed one little woman who was particularly vivacious and energetic. She was writing very rapidly and I noticed she was describing in detail a new and beautiful statue which had just been received by the authorities of the Louvre. Her blitheness, the fluidity of her speech and the fact that she was a typical American made me anxious to converse with her. Imagine my bewilderment to find upon inquiry that her name was Elsie Schwab.

We now traveled to Switzerland to attempt the hazardous feat of scaling the world-famed, and picturesque snow-capped Alps. One day while waiting for repairs to our Zeppelin my companion and myself wandered to a high precipice, overlooking the placid waters of the beautiful Lake Lucerne. A few rods below us sat an artist transferring to canvas, in resplendent colors, the very picture we were ourselves admiring. We approached her cautiously. Her auburn hair shone brightly in the glittering rays of the noon-day sun. There was something familiar about her countenance and, indeed, there should be, for the person was none else than Lyla Strong.

From here our journey extended through various points of historic interest, both in Europe and Asia, and all without serious mishap, and it was not until we were far over the mainland of darkest Africa that our airship was compelled to make a sudden descent for repairs. We observed before us a throng of natives about a woman who was standing in their midst. She was tall and slender, her snow-white hair drawn tightly back and a pleasant smile wreathing a placid countenance. Here, in this remote part of progress and civilization, were we destined to meet a missionary, our sedate and solemn classmate, Margaret Sutherland.

Our trip across the mighty Pacific embraced but a few days, when we again alighted late in October at our starting-point, having ended a complete detour of the world; tired in body, but refreshed in mind, and I myself was particularly richer in mind for my life-work as an author. —Shirley Fox, '13.

Class Will



THE Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen bids you adieu. The fates decree that this class has lived long enough, and must now give place to those who follow in its footsteps.

It would be a sin unpardonable, if we should take all our good graces with us. To prevent this and also the wailing and gnashing of teeth when such an act would necessarily provoke among our beloved survivors, we have cautiously formulated the following inventory of all our worldly possessions:

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen, of the Newport High School, Pend Oreille County, State of Washington, being of sound mind and disposing memory, and not acting under duress, menace, fraud or undue influence of any person whatsoever, do make, publish, and declare this our last Will and Testament in the manner following, to-wit:

We direct that our Executor, hereinafter named, as soon as he has sufficient funds in his hands, pay all expenditures of interment, and only enjoin that the obsequies be executed with all the respect, honor, and solemnity, becoming the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen.

We bequeath to the Faculty rest and freedom from all molestations and disturbances which our brief, but brilliant sojourn on this old terrestrial orb, has produced. We would ask them to take back and reserve for future occasions all unheeded lectures. We know these heart-to-heart talks hurt them more who gave, than we, who received, and we trust that we will rest much happier in the after-world of life because of them. Honor thy Faculty that thy days may be long on this earth which is given thee.

We bestow upon our modest Juniors our dramatic capabilities. The steering gear may be hard to manage, but we assure you that if you keep us as an example all will go well. Hold the highway and let the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen illuminate the path before you.

Lastly, we endow you with our "stupendous exhibition of marvelous intellectuality" of the last four years, and merely admonish you to keep its delicate mechanism well lubricated and all parts secure and intact. If these directions are solicitously followed, we guarantee you a constant and faithful guide for your journey through life.

We bestow upon the aspiring Sophomores, our melodic and symphonic singing attainments, our worn-out basket-ball suits, and our preponderous "mental inertia." Lest their unsophisticated minds are unable to comprehend this last phrase let us say that "inertia" is that property of matter by virtue of which a mind at rest tends to remain at rest.

We relinquish to our hopelessly struggling, guileless, and forsaken Freshmen, all our mental attainments, our scholastic mistakes, our studious indolency, our numerous goose-eggs, and other multitudinous disabilities. To doubly entrench ourselves

in your gracious affections, we further give you our notebooks, a property much desired by Freshmen, and in addition to this we leave you our wit, our humor, and our beauty. Do not allow the latter to upset your mental equilibrium or your physical stability, but remember that beauty is as fleeting as the zephyrs of May.

To the whole school we give, bequeath, and bestow all the obnoxious gases, ammonia, nitrous oxide, and chlorine fumes, together with the fragrant odors of carbon disulphide and H₂S, which have been so prevalent in the chemical laboratory during our reign there in the past year. We reserve the chemical knowledge we thus obtained for our own special benefit for future emergencies.

Our Senior dignity, class spirit, and loyalty we bequeath to you all, and we give you our blessing, and pledge our undying love and affection for evermore.

Last, but by no means least important, we donate to the honorable School Board of Newport, our depleted, deficient, and defunct treasury and all our other possessions of a financially embarrassing character, as a nucleus for a sinking fund towards the erection of a new high school building.

We hereby nominate and appoint our Superintendent of Schools, Leo H. King, of Pend Oreille County, State of Washington, the sole Executor, of this our last Will and Testament, and hereby revoke all former Wills made.

In Witness Whereof, We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen, the testators, set our hand and seal and do declare and publish this as our last Will and Testament, on this twenty-third day of May, eighth hour, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

—Elsie Schwab, '13.





McInnis

Reid

Montgomery

Albright

Lutz

JUNIORS

Junior Officers

Harris McInnis.....	President
Archie Lutz.....	Vice President
Mona Reid.....	Secretary
Ethel Albright.....	Treasurer

MOTTO:

"In the field of destiny we reap as we have sown."

COLORS—Green and White.

FLOWER—White Chrysanthemum.



Tomblin

Martin

M. Fox

R. Kelly

Hagman

SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Officers

Edward Tomblin.....President
Clarence Hagman....., Vice President
Pearl Martin.....Secretary-Treasurer

MOTTO:

"Labor conquers all."

COLORS—Crimson and White.

FLOWER—Red Rose.



McIntosh Kelly S. Fox Tomblin Williams
 Longthorn Hugeman Schwartz Montebrance

Cast in "A Night of Duplicity."



DRAMATICS



FOR the first time in the history of the Newport High School as an accredited institution, a dramatic society was organized and an effort was made to stage the difficult comedy, "A Night of Duplicity." An idea of the success of this production can probably be best gained from the following excerpt from the Newport Miner:

"The High School Play, "A Night of Duplicity," given at the Opera House Tuesday evening, under the direction of Leo H. King, Principal of the schools, was attended by an audience that packed the building to the doors. Receipts were in the neighborhood of \$1,40, and the performance was a financial success as well as earning the commendation of our people. It is generally proclaimed to have been one of the best entertainments ever given in this city, and in many respects superior to most of the professional organizations that visit Newport."

Dramatis Personae

Justinian Barrett, Professor of Ancient History.....Edward Kelly
 Harry Wiley, M.D., his Son-in-Law.....Edward Tomblin
 Jack Cameron, in pursuit of fortune under the name of
 Claudy.....Clarence Hagman
 Lord Cameron, in pursuit of Jack.....Wendell Montzheimer
 Marcus Galis Snap, in pursuit of fame, prominent actor,
 leading heavy, et cetera.....Harris Melnis
 Mrs. Nantippe Barrett, exponent of domestic bliss and a fact-
 ful Mother-in-Law.....Shirley Fox
 Mrs. Harry Wiley, the eldest.....Lucille Williams
 Theodosie, the youngest "imp" of the household.....Helen Langille
 Dora, the "brassiest ever" servant at the Professor's.....Elsie Schwab



Kirkland
Montgomery

Langille
McLaurin

Reid
Miss Ellis

Sutherland

Williams
Kelly

Choral Club



MUSIC



In 1912 a double quartette called the High School Quartette was organized. As the vocal talent of our High School increased, more members were admitted, and an organization was effected, which was called the Choral Club. Selections by the club were in great demand, and it furnished the music for many occasions.

Five numbers of the Lyceum Course, which was given in 1913, were musical. They were furnished by the musical talent of the town.

During 1912 Miss Ellis conducted a course in music appreciation, and the High School gained a knowledge of the great composers and their compositions.

Our High School chorus has been well trained by Miss Ellis, and has furnished the music for many Commencement Exercises.



LITERARY



The Courier of Marathon



FO thousand four hundred and three years ago, the city of Athens was all astir, for the Persians were camped within a few miles of the city. Every Grecian heart beat a little more rapidly. Was it the love of ancient Greece, or the fear of Darius' troops? Who knows?

In one of the prominent bath houses a youth stood impatiently while his attendants rubbed his smooth skin with oil and myrrh, for the restless spirit had seized him and his desire was to be out among the soldiers.

"Phidippides! Phidippides!" called the courier, breathlessly.

"Here is Phidippides," he answered eagerly.

"A message from Miltiades," the messenger called briefly and, handing him a parchment, was gone again in an instant.

Phidippides unconsciously read the words aloud:

"The Persian host is upon us. Fly to Sparta for aid,—Miltiades."

For one instant the youth's face was turned toward Olympus: a handsome face now set in a determined resolve. His bright eyes were almost closed. The thin lips were pressed tightly together, and the nostrils of the straight nose were distended. Every curve of his tall, erect figure seemed to repeat the strength of the face. Every muscle of the sun-browned limbs seemed to knot itself up and tremble with the desire to be on its way. He looked like a living Adonis as he paused to ask Zeus' aid on this perilous journey.

The next instant he was into the short tunic and the soft sandals and out into the street, speeding his way past the noble Acropolis. The sight seemed to impress him, for the citizens heard him murmur as he passed: "Oh! Hermes, messenger of heaven, loan me thy wings and thy wand of gold, that I may save this sacred Acropolis, home of our ancient king, from the destruction of the barbarian Persians."

Phidippides' head was down, and he noticed no one until he reached the suburbs of the city. Here he slackened his speed to look once more at the familiar monuments of beautiful design and workmanship over the spot where his forefathers, whose noble deeds were never forgotten, had lain many years.

He cried, "I must save their memory from disgrace. If I rescue the ancient Athens, I can feel myself heroic enough

to lie down among them, but if I fail, I will cast myself into deep Ilissus."

On and on he ran as if Hermes' wings had been loaned to him, past neat farms, vineyards, green groves of figs and olives, past wheat and barley fields where sheep and goats grazed unmindful of the approach of the Persians, leaping irrigation ditches, and past pretty Grecian girls who were making vases in the shade of the olive trees, with his long brown hair held back by a red band across his high tanned forehead and his yellow tunic pulled up to give his limbs more freedom.

As night approached, he became weary from the incessant running, and his speed slackened. A deep olive forest lay just ahead of him. A big, round, yellow moon arose and gave a golden tint to the gently rolling grain fields and the distant forest. The courier looked at it and his tired body found comfort in imagining it said, "Zeus speed thee, Phidippides."

At last he reached the wood, where he longed to throw himself full length on the mossy ground and breathe in the freshness of the evening, but he dared not. He had gained his breath by this time, so he ran a little faster; or was it because the forest was so very dark and the moon cast such a very queer tinge on everything? Even that dead tree trunk that he saw in the distance had a most unnatural, yellow-brown glow. Safely past the dead tree, he began to hear a strange noise. It could not have been the whistle of the deer because they would all have been asleep at this time of night. It could not have been a bear, or a wolf or a wild boar, because it was too sweet a tone. He at last decided that it was music, but he could not imagine who was playing. At his right he heard a voice speaking to him.

"Come, come, young man. Come with me."

Just then a most extraordinary figure stepped from behind a dark fig tree. It was neither a man nor a beast, but both. Great horns protruded from the ugly head and the bare chest seemed of immense size. His lower limbs were covered with long, shaggy hair, and, instead of feet, he stamped great hoofs on the turf. He carried a long club over his shoulder with a bag attached to it, and a musical instrument, something like a shepherd's pipe, was snugly tucked under one great arm. The sight was a most horrible one.

Phidippides realized that he must not wait on any account, so on he sped, but was not very much surprised to find that the monster was easily running along at his side.

"Who are you?" the courier demanded.

"I am Pan, son of Mercury, god of the woods and the fields. Tonight I dance with the Dryads in my cave on Mount Parthenium. Young man, will you not come and dance too? I will play my Syrinx while you dance with my favorite wood-nymph."

The monster was not in the least out of breath, although Phidippides was at his speed limit.

"I carry an important message to Sparta, but I thank you kindly," the courier replied.

"I have another word to speak with you," Pan said.

calmly. "Ask the Athenians why they pay me no worship, although I have hitherto been their friend and ever will be. You need not conceal your message. You are going to ask Sparta's aid in a great battle that is about to take place. If you will honor me in Athens, at least once a year, I will aid the Athenians in winning one of the greatest battles ever fought."

Phidippides was greatly elated and the objects on the horizon seemed to race past him much faster. Was Pan helping him to run?

"Come among us, oh Pan, and we will worship you," he gasped; but Pan disappeared.

At last Sparta was reached and the message was delivered in a clear voice:

"Men of Laecdaemon, the Athenians beseech you to hasten to their aid and not allow that state which is the most ancient in all Greece, to be enslaved by the barbarians. Eretria, look you, is already carried away captive and Greece weakened by the loss of no mean city."

"Brother, we cannot aid you. It is now the new of the moon, and the laws of our forefathers forbid that we go to battle before the full of the moon," said a grey-haired Spartan.

Phidippides saw visions of the Acropolis being burned or torn down by the barbarian Persians.

"Pan has deserted us," he thought and fell fainting at their feet from exhaustion and disappointment.

Anxious to return and tell his people of the wonderful experience with Pan and to find out how they had fared in the war, he waited only a few hours in Sparta, then started for Athens. Great was his surprise and joy when he discovered that Pan had fulfilled his promise, and one of the most memorable and remarkable victories in history had been won by the Athenians with only Pan's help. A beautiful temple was now erected to this god of the woods and fields, and annually sacrifices are offered, together with a torch race.

—Lyla Strong, '13.



High School Toast

There's one spot my memory clings to
Midst the hills of Newport dear,
There's one tune my heart ere sings to,
And the song rings loud and clear,
To our High School we'll be loyal,
On baseball field or track,
Prospects high and friendships royal,
For the Crimson and the Black.

My Notebook

My notebook is my pride, my bane, my fall,
I look at it and see the work of years,
And muse upon a time of gravest fears,
When at the cold, drear midnight hour, so small,
I sat; thinking of morn, its bitter gall;
When 'fore the judgment seat I'd come with tears,
For lo! my notebook still is in arrears,
And I must pay the penalty withal;
Now, if you please, I must protest, I deem
It wrong that we should sit and wear
Our eyes, our brains, our fingers out in vain,
But to authority we bow and dream
Of days to come, when after all our cares
Are o'er and we thank God that we're still sane.
—Elsie Schwab, '13.



DEBATE



Newport's first entrance into the Interscholastic High School debate was in the year nineteen hundred and ten, when a debate was held between Colville and Newport at Newport. This debate was won by a decision of two to one in favor of Newport, the question being on the income tax.

In the same year Newport debated the same question with Sprague at the latter place and was defeated by a decision of three to nothing.

The third debate occurred in the year nineteen hundred and eleven, between Newport and Hillyard, at the latter place. The decision rendered was two to one in favor of Hillyard, the question for debate being the conservation of our natural resources.

In the year nineteen hundred and twelve a debate was scheduled between Newport and Cheney. Newport won this debate by default, Cheney refusing to debate, claiming dissatisfaction with the question.

In December of the same year Newport and Lind debated at Lind, with Lyla Strong and Lucile Williams as representatives of the Newport High School. Lind won this debate by a decision of three to nothing, the question being on the policy of constructing permanent roads and highways.

Society

Miss Marjorie Jarboe opened the society season for the Freshmen in October, Nineteen Hundred Twelve. Miss Susanne Long was assistant hostess.

In November, Pearl Stevens entertained her Freshman classmates. A "Noodle Stew" was the principal event of the evening.

December marked two events in the history of the Class of 1916. Elsie Peterson was the first hostess, Helen Ankersen, the second. In January, Florence Hitchcock welcomed the Freshmen to her home and entertained them royally. These are only a few of the parties given by this worthy class.

To you, Juniors, we, the Seniors, are indebted for an especially jolly evening in January, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen. Through a romantic, weird mist, we rode to Penrith, the leading commercial center of Pend Oreille County. We returned to the home of Wendell Montzheimer and enjoyed a very palatable repast.

The first of the year, we all gained; yes, gained, a little *avoirdupois* at Helen Langille's home by eating vast amounts of whipped cream and pie. Lyla Strong entertained the Seniors at the home of Mrs. John McKie, January the second. Another night in January, we Seniors went to the picture theater. Then we hastened to the home of Shirley Fox. We opened our eyes as well as our mouths when we were seated before the table.

The Juniors, Mr. and Mrs. King, Miss Ellis, and Miss Martin met at the home of Edward Kelly, Friday, May sixteenth. Here they were greeted by the Seniors, who took them to the picture theater. After refreshing their minds for an hour, they were taken to the home of Lucile Williams, where their appetites were refreshed with delicacies.

The Alumni

Ethel Slack graduated from the Newport High School in 1908 and was the first graduate from this High School. There were five graduates in 1910, King Reid, Kathryn Kimmel, Talcott Moore, Adeline Grover, and Mildred Moeser. King Reid is attending the University at Berkeley, California. Kathryn Kimmel attended the Washington State College at Pullman. Talcott Moore has been studying Civil Engineering and is attending the University at Seattle. Adeline Grover attended Bellingham State Normal School and has since then been teaching near Newport. The graduates of 1911 were Ruby Lusher, Florence Kilpatrick, William McKie, and Milton Moeser. Ruby Lusher attended the Normal School at Bellingham, Washington, and will graduate from the Normal School at Cheney, Washington, this year. William McKie is attending the University at Berkeley, California. Milton Moeser is attending the Washington State College at Pullman. In 1912, Evelyn Neil, Maude Bridges, and Fanny Coryelle graduated. Fanny Coryelle is attending Business College in Spokane, Washington. Ethel Slack, Florence Kilpatrick, Evelyn Neil, and Maude Bridges have employment in Newport, as has also Mildred Moeser, who has the additional name of Sheldon.



McKie, Mgr. W. Mosser. Dunnesulle Kilpatrick Harris
M. Mosser, Capt.

Boys' Basket Ball Team



Murhead Kelly Ryan W. Mosser, Pitpatrick
Coach. Capt.
Langelle Wagner Dunnesulle Kilpatrick Torbet Payne Allen Stiles

Boys' Football Team



HUMOROUS



Miss Ellis (in English Class)—"Use the word 'alterations' in a sentence, Lyla."

Lyla—"Miss Fea is making some alterations on my hat."

Helen—"I've invited an extra boy for each one of you."

Lucille—"Yes, and I'll bet then they won't take us home."

Senior—"You can't go home with me until you ask me if you may."

Sophomore—"Wait till I blow my nose."

Ada (who has been excitedly observing a little boy throw snowballs at a wall)—"i's hitten sie das vall?"

Miss Ellis (in History Class)—"How about the land?"

Shirley—"The land is under culture."

Senior Lament—

"Of all sad things of tongue or pen,

"The saddest are these, 'We have no men—but one.'"

Mrs. King (to Archie struggling with a German translation)—"Archie, please remember you are endeavoring to translate into English."

Archie—"O-o-o-h!"

Eddy (in English Class)—"Did I say proverbs?"

Miss Ellis—"No, Elsie did."

Eddy—"Oh!"

Ruby (in History Class)—"It was their three hundredth anniversary."

Mary (dramatically reading Julius Caesar)—"And as I slew my best rubber for the good of Rome."

Alta (in History Class)—"Voltaire was the greatest French tragedy."

Eddy (translating in German Class)—"The enemy has his arms in his hands."

Lyla (describing the Nebula Hypothesis)—“The Nebula Hypothesis is getting cold.”

Eddy's ideal—“James Pierpont Morgan.”

Helen (in Chemistry laboratory, looking for some connecting tubing)—“Lucille, come here and give me some of your joints.”

Lucille—“All right, how many?”

Eddy (in German Class)—“The midnight hour struck twelve.”

Clarence (describing a favorite character)—“And her hair was all dearranged.”

Lyla (in History Class)—“At this time the pope lost all his temporal power.”

Miss Ellis—“Yes, he did. He died.”

Harris (very dramatically at play rehearsal)—“Just think of your five hundred a week coming in as regular as your Saturday evening's breakfast.”

Lucille (discussing Thoreau in English)—“If he only worked six weeks a year, I'll bet he wasn't very fat.”

Freshman—“He did not remain in college until he got his DECREE.”

Mr. King (in Chemistry)—“Garlic is onions raised to the twenty-seventh degree, combined with a peculiar odor of its own, which is ‘knockoverable.’”

Lucille (in Chemistry)—“The earth can never burn up then, can it, if matter cannot be destroyed?”

Mr. King—“That is no sign that the creator cannot destroy it.”

Mr. King—“Harris, did you ever take Plane Geometry?”

Harris—“Why, Mr. King, I helped make that book.”

Bright Freshman—“I don't see how a noun can be in IMPOSITION to a word in the oblique case.”

Teacher—“Neither do I.”

Mr. King (in Chemistry)—“Hot water will dissolve most everything in the kitchen.”

Eddy—“Does hot water dissolve the skin, thus making the hands clean?”

Mr. King—“Not quite.”

Senior—"My, but it must have been very dramatic."

Freshman—"What?"

Senior—"Why, the High School Play."

Lucille (in Chemistry)—"Water is a colorless, odorless, tasteless—it isn't a gas—it's just a—er—substance."

Archie (in German)—"He laid his eyes dreamily on her."

Again—"You insert the rule backward."

Again—"Down a hill of shady forest road."

Mr. King—"Who was Dalton, Lucille?"

Lucille—"Dalton was a famous physicist, chemist, and philosopher."

Miss Martin (in Geometry)—"Who was the author of the binomial theorem?"

Archie—"Archimedes."

Pupil (in History)—"The Holy Roman Empire broke."

Classmate (aside)—"Save the pieces."

Mr. King (in Physiography)—"Could we get along without the light of the sun?"

Freshman—"Yes, we could get light enough from the moon."

Miss Ellis (in History)—"Mona, you may describe an historical character for us."

Mona (who has nearly finished a description of Queen Elizabeth)—"Oh, Miss Ellis, you want a man—"

Miss Ellis—"No, I am not particular."

Mr. King (in Chemistry)—"What component is present in concentrated H_2SO_4 that is almost wanting in very dilute H_2SO_4 ?"

Senior—"Water."

Mr. King—"Mirabile dictu."

Debatable—"The law of gravitation is unconstitutional."

Mr. King (to girls in Science)—"A girl's knowledge and admiration of science is inversely proportional to her distance from it, and usually the distance is very great."

"There was a young Junior in class,
Who tried all the rest to surpass,
He always would bluff,
Ne'er learned half the stuff;
And ne'er in exams did he pass."

—Shirley Fox, '33.

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First National Bank Building

NEWPORT, WASH.

A Copy of the First Annual Put Out by Newport High School Turns up at Miner.

12-31-59

An interesting bit of local school and town history came to light in The Miner office the other day when the editor got to "rooting around" in an old drawer containing printing samples of past years. It was in the form of the first annual (yearbook) published by the Newport high school, in 1913. The 44 page

book, *The Philakean*, contained pictures of each high school class, the superintendent, Leo H. King, and the three high school teachers, also pictures of the girls and boys basketball teams, the football team, the Choral club and the cast of the senior class play, "A Night of Duplicity."

The annual was excellently printed on highly galendared (slick) book paper and was done in The Newport Miner shop. In fact the printer who produced it, one Ralph Braddock, is still with The Miner and Ralph easily identified almost every person shown in the pictures.

All Girls But One

The class of 1913 had only nine students, all but one of them girls. Helen Langille was listed as senior class president, Ruby Vane vice president, Lucille Williams secretary and Shirley Fox, treasurer. Shirley Fox and her sister Margaret, shown among the five students in the sophomore class, are sisters of Mike and Ben Fox of Newport.

Other members of the senior class were Alla Long, Elsie Schwab, Margaret Sutherland, Edward Kelly and Lyla Strong. Supt. Leo H. King taught science, his wife Mabel G. King taught Latin and German, Georgia E. Ellis taught English and history and Lulu G. Martin mathematics.

The excellent command of the English language that was possessed by these seniors of 46 years ago was made clearly evident in the class prophecy written by the annual's editor-

in-chief Shirley Fox, the class history by Margaret Strong and a literary article entitled "The Courier of Macadon" by Lyla Strong.

The class history by Shirley Fox was especially well written and quite prophetic also. Miss Fox started her article by stating that "It was early in the spring of the year 1933 (20 years hence) that an opportunity to take a trip around the world in a Zeppelin airship came to me." She left in the airship from Spokane, going eastward over the Rockies, touching down in various cities where she met in turn the other members of her class, now 20 years older. In this manner she prophesied the lives and careers of her classmates.

Businessmen Thanked

The *Philakean* was generously patronized by Newport businessmen and the forward of the book paid warm tribute to these business firms for their making it possible to print the annual in the following words:

"We wish particularly to emphasize the point that only by the generosity (and apparent belief in advertising) was this book made possible, and we earnestly urge each reader and patron to read carefully every advertisement in the annual and to observe very carefully who the public spirited businessmen of Newport are that have made the production of this book possible, remembering that this terrestrial sphere of ours is deftly poised upon a pivot of reciprocity."

(As an aside, the publisher of this newspaper would say that such a tribute could well be paid today to the merchants who advertise regularly in The Miner, thus making possible a good home town newspaper and a voice for the community."

There were six pages of ads in the front of the book and seven pages in the back. The forerunners of many present day businesses in Newport were among the advertisers, only one of which is still under the original management. That business is the Benson Jewelry store.

Some Stores Listed

There were ads by Tulles (Akers) Drug Store, Vickerman (Vanairsdale) Hardware, Graupner and Caldwell Grocery (Graupners), Cooper Meat Market (Larson's), Northern Hotel, Home Bakery, just recently torn down, Pend Oreille County Abstract Co., Newport Telephone Co. (25c to phone Spokane), F. W. Vawter (later Bockemuehls), First National Bank (4% paid on savings) and the Security State Bank (both ads listing the directors).

One rather cute ad signed by J. E. Howe, proprietor of City Transfer, carried these words arranged in lines like a poem. "When a girl loves a fellow, that's her business; when a fellow loves a girl, that's his business; when they get married, that's their business, but when they want their trunks hauled, that's my business."

The last ad in the book was that of The Newport Miner and the message it carried is just as true today as it was 46 years ago: "This book is a sample of the good printing done by The Newport Miner. We can do as well for you."