

CLASS HISTORY

[BY ZENA HOUSER.]

Every institution whether small or great has a story connected with its origin and growth. The history of a nation is the story of its great men and their brilliant achievements; the history of a school is the story of its teachers, its classes, and every individual boy and girl connected with it. Tho' I have not the time to delve deeply into the past, I shall try in a brief way to trace the growth and development of the present Class, which you see here represented, the first Class to formally graduate from the Echo Public School.

Just nine years ago the chrysalis of this Class was formed and it has been added to and subtracted from until now its membership consists of the roses of the class, four girls, and the thorns, five boys. In 1900 the Class contained three of its present members, Lawrence Malcolm, Fee Esteb and Antone Cunha. In 1902 Stella McCullough, Vina Houser and the writer joined the class; in 1905 Frank Young and Ruth Godfrey added their names to the roll, and Willard Atcheson came to us in 1907. Thus the butterfly from the chrysalis.

From a little two-roomed school house during this period of time, the Echo school building has grown into a five-roomed structure and its rooms are filled to overflowing with happy, joyous school boys and girls, whose loyalty can never be questioned.

Variety is the spice of life and our Class has certainly had its share of spice in the matter of teachers. Among the teachers who have boosted us along the thorny path of knowledge, we find the following: Mr. Mink, Misses Duncan, Moorehouse, Pooler, Phillips, Mrs. Flora Foreman and the later teachers, Messrs. Cannon and Keeler. We appreciate the efforts and the kind care which they have given us, and we are truly grateful for the aid and assistance they have rendered without which, this happy conclusion could not have been so easily attained.

Perhaps a few statistics concerning my fellow classmates might interest you. The Class together weighs just 1084 pounds

and the average weight is about 121 pounds. Willard Atcheson is the fat man of the Class while Fee Esteb is the puny dwarf. The long and short of us are Lawrence Malcolm and one whose modesty will not allow her to divulge her name, the former being 5 feet 10 inches and the latter 5 feet 2 1/2 inches in height. The Class as a whole is 16 yards 1 foot 1 inch long and the average height is 5 feet 4 1/2 inches.

And now I am about to tread on dangerous ground, the matter of ages. If this Class were just one old man he would be a century and two score years old. The Class baby, as to age, is easily Fee Esteb. The two eldest have seen seventeen summers, but for fear of the consequences which might ensue, I hesitate to divulge their names.

Thus reads the history of the Class, the Nine of Nineteen Hundred and Nine, though not at all skilled in athletic tactics or base ball lore, we have successfully combated the curves of the State Examining Board, the questions, have made the bases in the five rooms, and each has made his score to the credit of his Alma Mater, our own Echo Public School. Our umpires, the teachers, have rendered fair decisions, and no one has been found guilty of stealing bases. A mile stone has been successfully reached, even though our motto has been "Ad astra per aspera."

We, as a Class are proud of our achievements of the past, yet we realize that the future has much in store for us. Some one has said, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, but there is no gulf stream setting forever in the same direction." We are anxious for further victories and we intend to

"Hitch our wagon to a star," knowing that it is only through personal effort the top most round of the educational ladder may be reached.

As Class Historian, I can but wish my fellow classmates success. May it be said of them that the world is better for their having lived in it; may their several lives prove a blessing and benediction to their fellow men.

ant songs. Her voice is heard in all the great musical circles and people come from far and wide to hear our former class mate, the American Nightingale.

The business world needs men of ability, who are prompt and always at their post of duty. The former traits of our former classmate, Frank Young, the boy who through rain or sunne braved the storms of winter in order to keep his record of attendance and punctuality untarnished, whose traits are not lost to him, as he runs his big Bank Establishment. And there is a rumor afloat that he has a hand in shaping the financial policy of our nation, the nation which now stands on the top most round in the worlds great system of finance.

And who, pray tell, is this lady who may be seen alighting from her auto-car and entering the big Emphorium on the busy corner. If it isn't our old friend, Vina Houser!! And they say that she presides over a big house full of servants in her inter-urban home. While other foolish American girls fished for foreign counts and Dukes with empty titles, she did not fish at all, and the result is that she has a nice well furnished home and a big true-hearted American. Her home is the center of pleasure and social delight and no queen ever presided over her subjects with more graceful hospitality than she.

Entering the big store on the corner, you will find everything modern and up to date. The smooth wellgroomed floorwalkers and the pretty salesladies neat, and everything in the way of equipment burnished to the highest degree of brightness. Everything moves along with systematic accuracy, and well it should, for over the door of the neat little room designated as office, you will see in large plain letters:

ANTONE CUNHA, Prop.
Walk in.

And he is the "man behind the gun!"

Zena Houser has developed into a stern, dignified school ma'am. Matrimony has no charms for her, she would rather "teach the young idea to shoot" and her "Forty little urchins" think there is no one like Miss Houser. One of her former class mates however keep taking lessons after hours and you can't always tell what the result of the electioneering may be. But I have my doubts for as long as "she spares the rod and spoils the child" her heart will be too full of love for her boys and girls to take any outside party into the firm.

Lawrence Malcolm, the Long-fellow of the class, though not a long haired poet has turned out to be a Civil Engineer. His long spare frame has assumed vast proportions since he has finally finished the Panama Canal. His next scheme is to survey a sub-ocean railway, and thus join the American and European continents with a rapid transit line.

But now the prophetic mists become hazy and the air a somber stillness holds. But the vision clears and I behold a magnificent audience of expectant people. And as the beautiful strains of the gigantic pipe organ cease, a dignified young man, bright of eye and elert of gesture begins to speak. The whole vast throng almost held their breath as the great man stirs them with his magnificent eloquence. With fluent speech he teaches the gospel of "love" that great power which guides the world. Who would ever have thought that boy, Fee Esteb, so full of roguish fun and harmless mischief would have developed into a preacher! But thus "Old Father Time rings in his changes."

Another great legal light has been added to the profession. Our old class mate, Willard

Atcheson, has never lost a case, and he is one of the few honest lawyers. As a lawyer, he will cause the most hard hearted to quail—as Chief Justice of the United States, he with dignity and careful judgment will take his place in the world's affairs.

There's a divinity which sharp's our ends
Rough hew them then how we will!

That power which made the mountain in all its majestic grandeur; that power that lets the violet blush unseen along the unkept paths; that power which commands the winds and the waves, and makes the stars shed their brilliant lustre; that same power which causes the lofty pines to send its branches high into the heavens, that is the power which guides us and makes what we are!

And now I have spoken about almost all the class. The remaining member is a very modest child! It might be said of her: She dwells among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

She is determined to add her little might to the worth of the class and hopes not to bring any reproach there-upon.

And this will be her guiding star:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, nor dream them all day long;
And make life, death and that vast forever
One grand sweet song!!

Call for Bids.

I will sell to the highest and best bidder on Saturday June 19th, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. at my office in the court house of Umatilla County, Oregon, \$21,500. of the \$25,000. five per cent bonds, issued by School District No. 5 of Umatilla County, Oregon, for the purpose of erecting a school building or school buildings, or for the purchase of land for school purposes, and for refunding the existing bonded indebtedness of said district, interest payable semi-annually on May 1st, and Nov 1st, of each year. A deposit of \$500. with each bid. Dated this 13th, day of May 1909.
G. W. Bradley,
County Treasurer.
May 14th, to June 18th, 1909.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

(PUBLISHER)
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, La Grande, Oregon, May 17, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that Sidney B. Watson, of Echo, Oregon, who, on March 31st, 1903, made Homestead entry No. 12867—Serial No. 02888, for 8 1/4 SW 1/4, NW 1/4 SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 11, Township 3 North, Range 2 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. C. Crawford, U. S. Commissioner, at Hermiston, Oregon, on the 6th day of July, 1909.
Claimant names as witnesses: H. G. Hurlbert, of Echo Oregon, Frank P. Miller, of Echo Oregon, T. G. Smith, of Echo Oregon, Clark Ware, of Echo Oregon.
F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, La Grande, Oregon, April 17, 1909.
A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by J. K. Shotwell, contestant, against H. E. 14646—serial No. 04611, made October 29, 1905, for NE 1/4 section 16, Township 3 North, Range 2 East, Willamette Meridian, by Murry Dickinson contestee, in which it is alleged that said Murry Dickinson is not now residing upon said land and has never established or maintained a residence thereon and has wholly abandoned the same; that his absence from said land has continued for a period of more than six months immediately prior to the commencement of this contest, and that said alleged absence from said land was not due to his employment in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States; said parties are hereby ordered to appear, respond, and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on June 15, 1909, before Louis Scholl, a Notary Public, at his office in Echo, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on June 22, 1909, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in LaGrande, Oregon.
The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed March 19, 1909, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.
F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

CONTEST NOTICE.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
United States Land Office, La Grande, Oregon, April 28, 1909.
A sufficient contest notice having been filed in this office by Jacob Kuch contestant, against H. E. No. 12425—serial No. 04623, made June 29, 1905, for NE 1/4, section 14, Township 1 North, Range 2 East, Willamette Meridian, by John H. McFee, contestee, in which it is alleged that said John H. McFee never established a residence upon said entry within six months from the date of his filing or any other time; that he has never cultivated said land as required by law or otherwise or improved the same in any manner; but has wholly abandoned said entry and been absent for more than six months at a time and more than six months last past and has never actually resided thereon, and his absence was not due to military service; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond, and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on June 15, 1909, before Louis Scholl, a Notary Public, at his office in Echo, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on June 22, 1909, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in LaGrande, Oregon.
The said contestants having, in a proper affidavit filed April 29, 1909, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.
F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

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CLASS PROPHECY

[RUTH GODFREY]

In ancient times, prophets were accustomed to suspend themselves on tripods above volcanic fissures or by observing the flights of birds and other natural phenonoma were want to tell forecoming events. Though I have not that volcanic fissure and am not even skilled in interpreting avian actions, yet by some peculiar workings of the fates, I am chosen to tell the future of each member of the class of 1909. And should my prophetic insight not please every member of the class, I might be destined to suffer worse perils than ever any volcanic fissure can produce. Even in this straight I think of the words of the poet:

So near is grandure to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers low "Thou must!"

The youth replies, "I can!"
Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them, yet each following his own ambition and native proclivity, weaves out his own future destiny. Realizing however the necessity for thorough preparation and equipment for future usefulness our class as a unit, not content with a mere

High School education, have rounded out their lives with a college career.

Lift the veil of the future and note the change which Old Father Time has wrought. Twenty years has elapsed since that memorable night in May in the little white temple in Echo. A magnificent edifice of brick now stands in its place and the chimes are heard from the steeple, sounds which are sweet in the eventide. Echo has grown to a magnificent city with its cool shady avenues and boulevards. The hum of the factory and the whir of the electric car as it whisks up the well kept streets awakes the echos of the surrounding hills and the howl of the hungry canine is heard no more as

"Curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

City life has forever banished the plebian sounds of yore.

Music has charms however. The world has given us a Wagner, a Strauss, a Verdi, and a Jacobiski, a Madam Patti, and our class has given their part to the worlds great musicians. Stella M. McCullough, after studying under the great masters of America and the Old World, now takes the world by storm, by her beautiful voice and brilli-