

WHEAT

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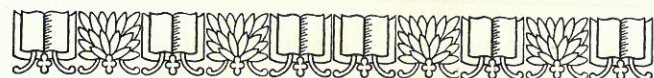
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"Wheat" is devoted to the interests of the Ritzville High School Students, Faculty and Alumni, and all those interested in the welfare of our school.

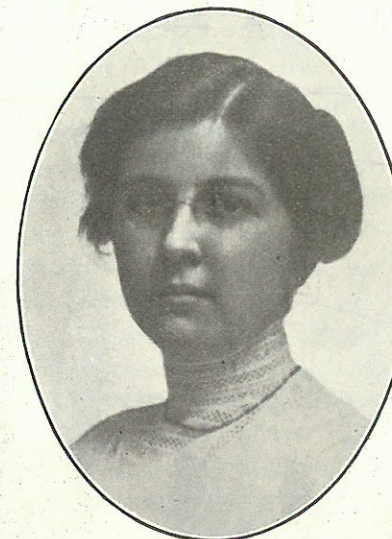
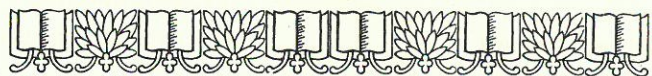
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MISS MARION COX

Dedication

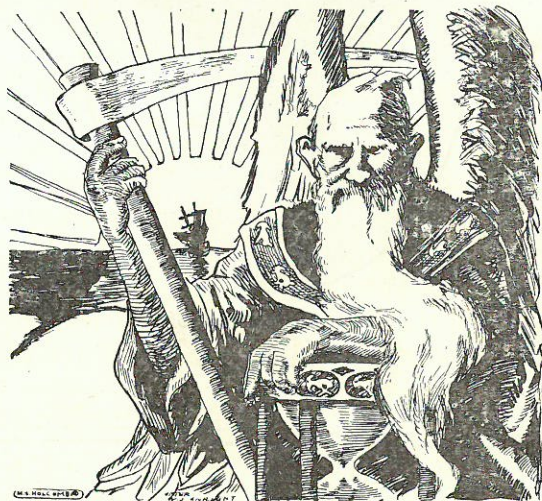
There is one who cares for us
And helps us toward our goal
By kindly ways and cheering words,
To her we dedicate our Senior "Wheat."

W H E A T

VOL. XII

DECEMBER, 1916

NO. 2



LITERARY

A BELATED THANKSGIVING DAY

"Miranda, Miranda, where's my milk pail?" came the gruff voice from the summer kitchen. At the sound of her husband's voice Miranda Watts dropped her darning, rose stiffly and went into the kitchen.

"But, Hiram, aren't you going to kill one of the turkeys before you milk? You know tomorrow is Thanksgiving."

"Turkey, indeed, every one of them turkeys is a goin' to market right after supper and we'll have no sich foolishness

as plum puddings an' the like either. I'd like to know what we've got to be thankful for anyway. Mortgage due next fall, Bob set on goin' to that high jangled school and the twins all'ays needin' new shoes or sumpin'."

"But the children will be so disappointed," and here Miranda's sentence was cut short by the slamming of the door, as her husband left for the barn. For a moment she stood silent and two tears dropped down her withered cheek. With the end of her old calico apron she wiped them off and set about preparing the evening meal. She was not an old lady, but many year of caring and hard work had left their mark.

"I can't bear to tell the children we won't have turkey and dressing," she thought. At that moment in came the eight year old twins, both screaming at once, "Mother, can we watch you stuff the turkey?" Mrs. Watts closed her lips tightly and decided to wait until Bob's return. He would be home from college that night and together they surely could find some way to procure a turkey.

The evening meal was a silent one except for the chattering of the boys and an occasional gruff reprimand from the father. Several times Miranda Watts started to plead again for the turkey, but the presence of the twins and Hiram's determined manner silenced her.

It did not take long to load the fowls and Hiram Watts was soon on his way towards town. "I'll just mix up a plain one-egg cake and put some raisins and spices in it and it won't cost much either," she said to herself as she cleared up after the evening meal.

She had just put the cake safely away when the rumble of wheels and Bob's shouts of greeting were heard. Soon she was being whirled about the room with his strong arms around her. "Gee, but it's good to home, Mother. I can smell turkey and dressing already," he exclaimed with boyish enthusiasm. "O, son, your father said there'd be no Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow. He took all the fowls to market this evening."

"How could he, mother, a part of that black flock was my full bloods," and Bob's eyes flashed with anger.

"Sh! Bob," she said, as she placed her fingers over his mouth, "your father is doing what he thinks best, and with the mortgage due next fall and you being gone, the burden falls heavily on him."

"But I'm paying my own way through school and next year I'll be able to pay the mortgage off myself. Don't you see, mother, I couldn't stop now."

"Yes, son, but that isn't helping our Thanksgiving dinner out."

"I have it," exclaimed Bob, after a moment's thought. "I saw Jack Warren as I got off the train and he said the wild turkeys were thick over by Hill's prairie. I'll just take a look at my twenty-two tonight and start for the prairie before day break tomorrow and by nine I'll be home again," and he whirled his mother until the little woman was all out of breath.

Early the next morning Miranda Watts was awakened by the creaking of boards and Bob's step in the hall. She crept noiselessly out of bed to get him something to eat before he went.

"Don't bother about getting me anything to eat, momsie," Bob said, as he entered the kitchen. "I overslept this morning and it's time I was gone," and with a good-bye he was out of the door.

The morning went by with no inquiry from Mr. Watts as to the whereabouts of his son, and as nine o'clock drew near Mrs. Watts began to watch the road for his return. Slowly the minutes and hours dragged by and eleven o'clock came with no signs of Bob's return. Miranda Watts was becoming very much worried and decided to tell her husband. She went to the barn where she was working and told him what Bob had gone for.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you disobey me like that and dare to stan' my own son up agin me." It was not long, however, until he started in the direction of the prairie.

At one o'clock Mrs. Watts set a lunch for the boys and explained as much of the situation as she could. "What if Bob were killed. It would all be her fault for she should

not have allowed him to go," she said over and over again as she paced the floor in anxiety. Every few minutes she went to the window. At last she thought she could discern a black speck in the distance. She glanced at the clock. The small hand pointed to four. How long the day had been! The speck grew larger and soon she was able to discern her husband carrying Bob on his back. She opened the door for them and silently Hiram laid Bob on the bed. Drops of blood marked their path through the house and his clothing was stiff and wet. Clapsed in his hand so tightly they were unable to open it was the leg of a turkey, its massive body contrasting strangely with the white face on the pollow.

Together they watched through the evening for signs of returning consciousness. "I'd a good deal of time to think while wandering over them there prairies today, and, Miranda, I guess I was a little off when I said we had nothin' to be thankful for. If Bob comes out of this all right, we'll set aside tomorrow for our Thanksgiving; what you say, little gal?" and he awkwardly put his arm around her and drew her to him.

"Oh, Hiram!" Here Bob suddenly opened his eyes and gazed about him. In an instant both mother and father were on their knees beside the bed. "I'm alright momsie; don't worry. I had a slight accident with the gun and it got pretty cold, but here's the turkey; isn't he a peach?" and he opened his stiffened fingers and let the fowl drop to the floor.

A. S. '17

A POEM

There's one dear day of every year
I love more than any other;
It is the glad Thanksgiving day,
Spent back on the farm with mother.

In later years when my hair is white
In my memory lives the charm
Of childhood ways and Thanksgiving days,
With mother, on the farm. L. H. '17

A THANKSGIVING STORY

It was one night just two days before Thanksgiving and the boys on the Crescent Six Bar Ranch were sitting around the house talking. One of them suddenly exclaimed, "Gosh, I wish I was home."

"Well, I don't see what you want to be home for, Silver, you ain't got no money."

Two days later the boys were again gathered together talking. "I'd like to have a real Thanksgiving dinner once more, with mince pie and pumpkin pie and turkey, and everything that goes with it," said Silver.

Old John, the mainstay of the ranch, swore that he had not tasted a real mince pie for twenty years. After more deliberation it was finally agreed that they would have a dinner. But who was to cook it?

"We can all dry out bacon and burn potatoes, but we want pies," said Steve.

"I wish that the boss would bring his niece down to this old ranch again," said Silver.

"Say, Silver," drawled Steve, "Just because you're foreman here don't think that you are the only one who made a hit with her; why, old John has more of a show than you."

"Well, I should worry," replied Silver. "We have no time for arguments. What we want is a cook, and I've a great plan to decide which of us will go to Red Dog for one. Strip off your boots and socks and go out in the snow and the first man to holler goes to town."

The bunch got out in the snow and began to jump up and down. Finally Silver jumped on a rock about the size of an egg and bawled out like a branded calf. So early next morning he got ready to go. He told the bunch to get something for them for Thanksgiving. "A deer, three or four wild geese and one of you ride down to the Indian squaw and see if there is any chance of getting some vegetables and while you are down there you might as well get away with a turkey."

It was a beautiful morning; snow was falling, making

a thick white blanket and the wind was just starting to blow; a promising day for a forty mile ride.

Silver, as well as his horse, was all in when he reached Red Dog. He put the horse in the stable back of the hotel and went in search of a refreshment parlor. While there he heard the whistle of the train. It was only two days late and was having a hard time bucking the heavy drifts. He thought awhile and finally decided that he would like to see the train as he was seeing the sights of town. As he reached the depot, the train came to a stop. An engine, two box cars and a passenger coach composed the train. While he stood against the depot watching the people who were coming off the train the boss' niece ran to him saying, "Oh, I'm so glad you are here to meet me. Where is uncle?"

After telling her that he was in town on business and that he rode in on horseback, she explained to him that her uncle had promised to take her to the ranch for Thanksgiving. On the impulse of a moment he asked her if she could cook and she told him that she could. Then he explained his errand and finally persuaded her to go back with him and cook Thanksgiving dinner.

Never had the forty miles seemed so short to Silver as he made his way homeward with the girl's suit case strapped behind him and the girl in front of him.

The boys were all at home and had even scrubbed the floor. Silver explained the situation and the new cook was hailed with joy. She started to work immediately by clearing the bunch out. Silver nearly ran himself to death trying to be of some help to her. In due course of time the dinner was ready and the boys who were all dressed up, proceeded to eat.

In the midst of the feast the boss stepped into the room. He was somewhat surprised to see his niece. He received her explanations and then told her why he had been unable to reach Red Dog and then they all sat down and ate some more.

After the meal was over he said, "Well, girl, I guess we had better pike for home to get there before dark."

Imagine his surprise when she replied, "Silver and I will ride as far as Springs Settlement and then return with the preacher, for if he eats any more of his own cooking he will surely die."

That night the boys used up all their shells and beat on all the tin cans on the place trying to play a wedding march.
L. B. '17

TWO VIEWS OF THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving day was drawing near,
And Willie's heart was filled with cheer;
He thought of all the things he'd eat,
The cakes, and pies and turkey meat.

In blissful visions Willie saw
The turkey roasted to the claw;
He wished Thanksgiving day was here;
He wished it came ten times a year.

The turkey gobbler in the yard
Was thinking, too; was thinking hard;
He knew Thanksgiving Day was near;
Alas! for him it held no cheer.

The saddest visions pressed him down;
He saw his body roasted brown;
Thanksgiving Day for him was sad;
No, nothing now could make him glad.

So Willie's heart was filled with cheer,
Because Thanksgiving day was near;
But turkey gobber wiped his eyes;
All he could do was heave great sighs.

J. G. '17

MRS. BROWN'S THANKSGIVING

Mrs. Brown sat by the large open fire place. She was thinking and hardly noticed her husband as he came and stood beside her. It was Tuesday evening before Thanksgiving.

"Alice," said Mr. Brown, "I'm not going to work tomorrow. I will kill that turkey and just stay around the house and help you with the Thanksgiving dinner."

"I am not going to prepare any Thanksgiving dinner," said Mrs. Brown, "I have nothing in this world to be thankful for and if I don't feel it in my heart, what's the use of making an outward show?"

"But, Alice," began Mr. Brown.

"Oh," said Mrs. Brown, "don't begin telling me to be thankful for life and all that. I'm not even thankful for life. Why should I be? In less than a month's time my mother and father have both been taken, our little Ruth passed away only two weeks ago, our barn burned with our winter's supply of hay, now what have I to be thankful for?"

Just as she finished her last sentence a knock was heard. Mr. Brown walked slowly to the door and opened it.

"George Smith," he exclaimed, "how did you ever get way down here? Do come in."

Mrs. Brown rushed to the door. It was her only brother and his wife. After many exclamations of surprise and hearty greetings they all seated themselves around the fire and began talking.

"We are so thankful," began Mr. Smith, "for all that we have received that we just thought we would run down and spend Thanksgiving with you."

"What have you received?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "you have lost your father and mother, your business has failed; I can't see that you have anything to be thankful for."

"Well," began Mr. Smith, "Mary and I are both well and strong. We have each other and we can soon work up again. We have lots more now than millions of people in the warring countries. We are quite comfortable. I con-

sider that we have many things to be thankful for."

Everyone was silent for some time. Mrs. Brown finally broke the silence.

"Don't you think we had better retire," she said; "we will get up early in the morning and prepare our Thanksgiving dinner. After all I believe that everyone has something to be thankful for, even though the path has not all been on level ground."

W. R. '17

GRANDFATHER'S FARM

When it comes to Thanksgiving season
We're preparing for grandfather's farm,
And as we drive into the well known gate,
We see grandpa with grandma on his arm.

When we reach the barn lot in safety
The turkeys and chickens and geese
Flock 'round us with joy and delight,
Not knowing on them we will feast.

When we enter the door of the kitchen,
Odors sweet and savory and nice
Greet our nostrils as well as our stomachs,
And we can't hardly wait for the pies.

At last when the dinner is ended
There are shouts of song and of cheer;
You think there is no one like grandma,
And you tell her you'll be back next year.

H. I. S. '17

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

If you will listen patiently
To what I have to say,
I'll try and tell you clearly of
The First Thanksgiving day.

It was in days of winter that
The Pilgrims young and old,
Were suffering from hunger and
The days were dark and cold.

The crops were poor and winter, with
It's fearful icy hand,
Had early laid the snowflakes down
To cover all the land.

Thus food to do them 'till
The summer sent the sun;
They daily hoped and prayed that soon
The Mayflower might come.

To bring them food and comforts, that
Would last the winter through;
To save them all from starving,
And to cheer their spirits, too.

One day when all watched eagerly,
The sea out from the land,
A boat came sailing rapidly
And anchored off the strand.

"It is by God's own mercy, so
To Him who rules above
We'll use this day to worship and
To praise for tender love.

And every one did render then,
The people great and small,
Thanks to the Heavenly Father, who
Has made and loves us all.

WILLIE'S THANKSGIVING

"Willis, Willie, get up! It's almost five o'clock. You'll be late for school."

"All right, Ma. I'll get up right away. Why didn't you call me earlier? I'll have to hurry if I get there at half past five."

Hurriedly Willie dressed, ate his breakfast and started to school. When almost there he looked down and to his amazement saw his shoes were on the wrong feet.

"Oh, well," he said aloud "no one will notice that. If they'd begin school at nine instead of half past five maybe I'd have time to dress right."

When he reached the assembly the teacher who stood at the entrance called sternly, "Give the first ten sections of the constitution before you enter."

Poor Willie had not the slightest idea of it and stammered "I-I forgot to learn it. I'll learn it for sure tomorrow morning if you'll let me in."

"Well, I'll let you in this morning but in addition you must learn Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech. If you do not have these you will be expelled."

Entering the assembly he found all eyes were centered upon his feet. They seemed to increase in size and he could hardly walk. Finding his shoes were the cause of it, he crossed his right foot over his left and in that way walked painfully to his seat.

At exactly half past five a gong sounded, everyone stood up and then marched with soldier like precision to the tapping of the gong. Willie was so sleepy he could scarcely see but thought he was marching real well when he was suddenly jerked aside and a severe voice exclaimed "I caught you that time, using your right foot instead of your left one. Let this occur again, young man, and you will have to write five themes after school each day for a month."

Sadly and sleepily Willie then went to his history class. After the members of the class were all seated the teacher put the initials I. A. F. on the board. He timidly raised his

hand and asked what that meant. The teacher replied "that is the test question you are to write on. If you people are familiar with your lesson you will know what it means."

It did mean something to Willie, although he wrote nothing to hand in. To him it meant "I always flunk."

So he went from one to the other of his ten classes, each teacher using the same methods of testing. In each of these tests he failed.

Walking was growing more and more tiresome and painful to him by this time. He was just going down to the last class when he began falling down the steps, bumping on every second one. When almost to the bottom, a hand reached out, grabbed him and suspended him in mid air. He immediately began kicking and yelling. A voice then said, "Willie, get up. If we have any Thanksgiving dinner I'll have to get breakfast over with first. It's nearly ten o'clock."

"Ump, I'm coming" he said and then to himself, "Gee, I surely ought to be thankful that school isn't like that, and that dream wasn't true. Hereafter I'll know I have something to be thankful for after all."

G. M. '17

THE DEACON'S THANKSGIVING

"Let not your hearts be troubled,"

The solemn deacon said,

"I'll pray for what I'm thankful for,

Let each one bow his head.

I'm thankful for the harvest,

For my home with all its joys,

For my wife, Samantha Ella,

And for all my girls and boys.

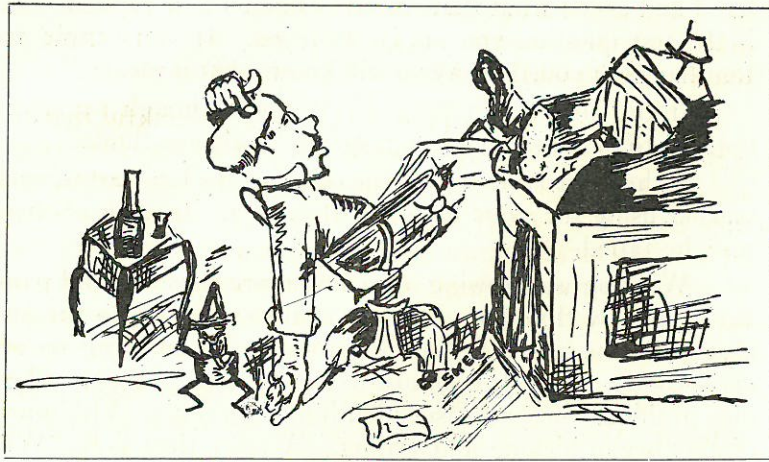
"I'm glad the pigs ain't got the cholera

Nor the chickens got the roup,

But, Lord, I'd be a lot more thankful

If the kids didn't have the croup."

W. R. '17



EDITORIAL

Seniors, don't forget that this is your last year here, and already twelve weeks of this year have sped by, leaving us only twenty four more.

Year after year, for three years, we have looked to the Seniors for inspiration and example, until at last we have reached that exalted position and must furnish the pattern for the under classmen. Are we setting an example that will be profitable? Are we supporting the activities in a way that will encourage them to do so? Are we fostering a loyal school spirit?

Whether we realize it or not, we are influencing the under classmen in their attitude toward the school and school activities. When we become "has-beens" will we be able to look back with pleasure and no regret upon our Senior year? Let us be earnest and loyal, enthusiastic and considerate.

This is the joyous Thanksgiving season. Everyone should count up their blessings and be thankful for them. The farmers are thankful for the harvest and the high price of wheat. Never has our nation been so blessed with prosper-

ity. These blessings have been distributed widely and not given to a few worthy ones. Everyone has something for which to be thankful. What are you thankful for?

In our own high school the pupils are thankful that this is the end of the second six week and that the dreaded exams are behind us again. The teachers ought to be thankful that they have only twenty-four more weeks of the pupils enrolled here. The Freshmen ought to be thankful that they have four years of merry high school life before them. We are sure that the seniors are thankful that this is their last year in this institution of hard work, zeros and "flunks."

The "Wheat" staff is certainly thankful that another issue of "Wheat" is off the press and we retire hoping that tomorrow's sun will not shine on us in a sanitarium.

This is the last issue the Class of Seventeen will have an opportunity of editing. We have tried to make it a real class issue. Every member of the class is represented here in some way; by stories or poems, in class notes and jokes, or on the Wheat staff.

It is not without a feeling of regret that we send forth this last edition, which represents our best efforts.

"I'll have some more turkey," said Johnnie,
And a little more plum pudding, please,
For you know, ma, every day ain't Thanksgiving:
I can sure hold more with great ease.

That night as his mother watched o'er him
She raised her fair face to the skies;
"Thank goodness each day isn't Thanksgiving,
Or I would not long be alive." F. L.'17

LOCALS

Friday, October 20th, the Senior class held Class Day. Red and white could be seen everywhere. Prof. Olson gave us the first twenty minutes for School songs, which were greatly enjoyed.

Monday, October 23, Mr. Pettys gave a very interesting talk concerning the early history of the northwestern states.

Tuesday, October 24, the first number of Wheat for 1916-17 came out.

Wednesday, October 25—Today is the last day of school for this week. Thursday and Friday the teachers will spend in Spokane attending institute.

Monday, Oct. 30—The debate try-out was held today. Those trying out were: Marie Horch, Lucile Hein, Joseph Gaiser, Max Koehler, Fred Koch and Elmer Miller. Lucile Hein, Elmer Miller and Joseph Gaiser were the team chosen, with Fred Koch as alternate.

Tuesday, Oct. 31—Dr. Miller gave a very interesting lecture on "Vocational Guidance."

Wednesday, Nov. 1—A mock election was held. This was very interesting as well as instructive. We elected Wilson president.

Thursday, Nov. 2—Many of the boys wore white collars today.

Friday, Nov. 3—The Forum-Philo party will be held this evening.

Monday, Nov. 6—The first snow of the season fell today but it all melted as it came down.

Tuesday, Nov. 7—Today is election day and everyone is quite excited.

Wednesday, Nov. 8—The first work in the magazines will be taken up today. We believe it will prove quite interesting as well as beneficial.

Thursday, Nov. 9—Miss Anna Scott has gone to Spokane for medical treatment.

Friday, Nov. 10—The debaters went to Pasco this morning for the first debate of the season.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Olson, a boy.

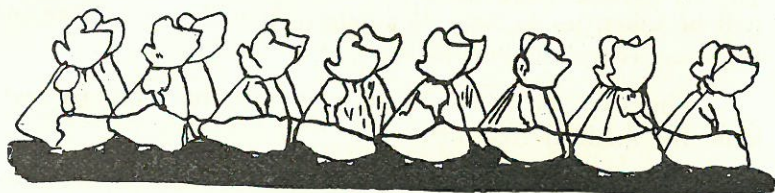
Monday, Nov. 13—Several of the students who have been absent on account of measles returned to school today.

Tuesday, Nov. 14—There will be a meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association this evening.

THE ESCAPE

Said the turkey to the duck,
We are surely out of luck;
For I've heard some people say
That on next Thanksgiving day,
We'll loose every last feather,
And if we have this weather
It will not be very nice
To go skating on the ice
Said the duck in reply,
As he heaved a mighty sigh,
"How foolish of you to rave,
When you know you can not save
Your very bones from roasting
So what's the use of boasting?
If we're good to eat
We will have our share of heat."
This the turkey knew was true
So he spread his wings and flew
To a land quite far away
And escaped Thanksgiving day.

I. R.'17



SOCIETY

On the evening of October nineteenth, five jolly senior girls met at the home of Ruby Bauer for the sole purpose of dyeing stockings and putting their hair in rags in preparation for the Senior Class day, October 20th. In spite of the occasion the girls forgot to bring the dye and had to go down town for this necessary article. Candy was served by the hostess during the evening. The stockings were a beautiful red, and a picturesque array might have been seen under the arc lights as the girls journeyed homeward.

The Philo and Forum Societies entertained the members of the high school in the gymnasium Friday evening, November third. A delightful program was given. The Philo and Forum quartets and octettes sang several selections in costume. Miss Lucile Hein played a piano solo, and Miss Helen Schock gave a reading. Mr. Yeaman was called upon for a speech. His funny stories made a hit. Mr. Stewart's speech was much enjoyed. I think everyone likes to hear Mr. Stewart speak, especially some of the senior girls. Magic stunts by David Dirks and Emer Miller concluded the program. The guests then played Virginia Reel. Refreshments were served at an early hour to enable the guests to reach home by twelve, even though they took the longest road.

A theatre surprise party was given Wednesday evening, November 15th, in honor of Miss Martha Becker, by Bertha Thom and Clara Clodius. After the show the guests adjourned to the Becker home where dainty refreshments were served. At a late hour the guests departed.

The Seniors feel that they should see that the lower classmen parties break up at a reasonable hour unless they are there to chaperone the "youngsters."

PHILO NOTES

Philo is progressing rapidly this year. Several new members have been admitted among whom are, Grace Murray, Leah Lewis, Lilian Bauer, Ruth Adams, Julia Carlson.

Many girls wishing to join have handed in their names but these have not been put to vote.

The programs are unusually good and well prepared. Following is the program for October 24th.

Roll Call, Quotations from Shakespeare.

Business, President.

Piano Solo, Lucile Hein.

Paper on Shakespeare, Ruby Bauer.

Vocal Solo, Helen Shock.

Reading, Arcola Glasgow.

Piano Solo, Margaret Wiffin.

Funny Story, Althea Johnson.

Paper on Works of Shakespeare, Carrie Ott.

Extemporaneous Class, Florence Carlson, Mabel Robbins, Leah Lewis, Julia Carlson, Marie Horch.

Critics Report, Miss Jones, Martha Thiel, Grace Murray.

Philo and Forum gave a reception in the high school gymnasium November 3rd. The only other social engagement that is to be given by the Philo is the Annual Philo Banquet given at the end of the school term.

Philo will be most ably represented during the debate season by Miss Lucile Hein.

FORUM NOTES

The Forum has had several very interesting meetings since the last issue of "Wheat." Besides rendering the usual programs they have done much along other lines.

The Forum has adopted a design for a pennant worked out in its colors, black and white, and has ordered one "monstrous" and a number of "semi-monstrous" sized ones.

On Friday evening, Nov. 3, the Forum together with the Philo entertained the high school students. Delicious refreshments were served.

A special program for the near future, is being planned by the executive committee. Just who will be the guests at this intellectual treat has not yet been decided. The Forum orchestra will probably reorganize to prepare for the occasion.

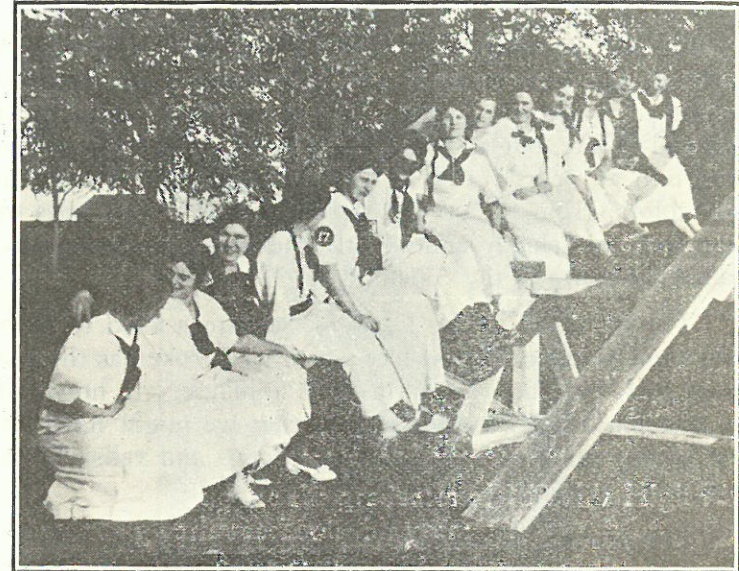
At the recent debate tryout held in the high school for the purpose of selecting a debating team for this school term three places were taken by Forum members. They are Joseph Gaiser, Elmer Miller and Fred Koch (alternate).

The prospects are that in athletics also Forum will be heavily represented.

The Boys' Glee Club consists with one exception of Forum members.

DEBATE

The first state debate of the year was held with Pasco at Pasco, November 10, 1916. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That a system of compulsory military training of the equivalent of not less than two hours per week should be required in the public high schools of the State of Washington having an enrollment of at least twenty boys." The local team consisting of Joseph Gaiser, Elmer Miller and Lucile Hein upheld the negative. The Pasco team contained one experienced debater. The debate was not one-sided by any means, but the affirmative received the decision. We wish the team better luck next time.



SENIOR CLASS DAY

On the morning of October 20th, there was quite a flurry in the Domestic Science Laboratory. An outsider looking in would have beheld only a confused mingling of Red and White, but as the last bell rang the chaos resolved itself into an orderly row of lad and lasses, decked out in class colors, from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet, and slowly and silently the dignified Seniors ascended the stairs to the Assembly.

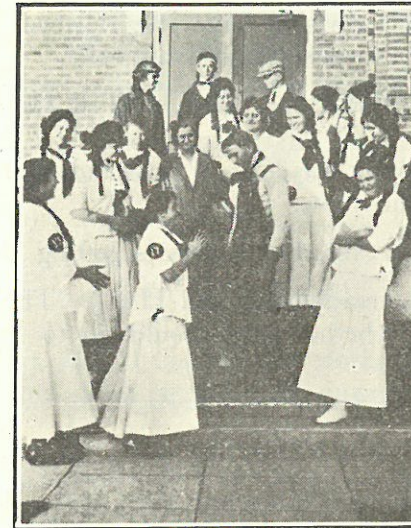
The members of the Class of Seventeen filed to their seats amid an impressive silence which was broken as the last Senior took his place, by enthusiastic applause. In honor of the occasion Mr. Olson announced that we might have the first twenty minutes for high school songs and yells. There was "some pep" shown.

The unusual features, represented among the girls by long curls, red and white ribbons, white middies and skirts, red arm shields, one red and one white stocking; among the boys by overalls, flashy socks and ties to match, presented such an attractive appearance that several kodaks appeared upon the scene. The seniors were not a bit "stuck up," for they kindly consented to pose for the various amateur photographers on the lawn after school. The results were so flattering that a few of them are reproduced here.

Get a ree—bo, get a ribo; get a ree-bo,ribo—rum.

Johnny get a brick bat bigger than a ball bat,
Johnny get a bal bat bigger than a gun.

Hannibal! Hannibal! Zis! Boom! Bah!
Seniors, Seventeen, Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!



FRESHMAN NOTES

Miss Douglass (Ger. I) "Wie heissen sie?"

Mary Lemman. "Ich heisse in die Schule gehen."

Miss Rapp's division have just finished "Poe's Prose Tales" and have now started "Ivanhoe."

Miss Douglass (Anc. Hist.) "Tell something about Pericles."

Lillian B. "He was a great man and used to give people tickets to the show."

Mr. Olson's Algebra I class is getting along fine.

George B. (reading in Anc. Hist.) "Their soles were weighed to see whether they should go to heaven or the other place."

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophomore class has been quite dead the last six weeks. Our class president and many others have been on the sick list, but they are again hopping around the high school building quite lively.

Found on M. & M. History Book: Soak well before using.

Miss Rapp (as she hears M. K. groaning aloud) "Moritz, are you sleeping again?"

Latin II (translating) "Caesar came to a river with his men, where they found a ford, on which they crossed."

The Sophomore class is planning to organize a basketball team, as they have some good material from which to select their players.

JUNIOR NOTES

Miss Lina Snyder has just returned to school after two weeks illness.

Miss Jones (Eng. III) "Women with little childrens."

Three-fourths of the high school pupils who "saw the debaters off" were Juniors. The Juniors always have been noted for their loyal sentiments.

Miss Jones (Eng. III) "The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed and killed a—pig usually."

Fred Wood is out of school because of the mumps.

The executive committee of the Junior class met and drew up a new constitution the first of November.

SENIOR NOTES

F. L. (Ger. II) "I didn't know storks flew before."

L. B. "You don't know much anyway you vote for Hughes."

Leland to Miss Rapp, who came into the room with a watch. "I bet it's Mr. Stewart's."

Miss Rapp. "Never mind, Leland."

Ger. II. "Gott gruess dich Erich." Translated: "God grease you, Erich."

L. B.. Ger. II. "The Spinning wheel snored."

The physics class has found out what put the curl in Mr. Stewart's hair (?)

Wanted: A leman. Singed, Senior boy.

H. W. (Eng. IV.) after trying to imitate Miss Jones' voice in deep tone, "Do you want me to take in the basement?"

N. E. (Eng. IV.) "I have a beard coming on."

Miss Rapp (Ger. II) "Was ist ein Heide?"

L. B. "An American."

R. B. "Do you want me to find Mr. Stewart, Henry? I know where he is." (Giggling by rest of class)

F. L. (Ger. II) "Erich Lighted his old jimmy."

Miss Jones (Eng IV) "Which one was yours, Henry?" Henry: "The one Lucile read."

Miss Jones, "I never would have suspected it."

Sure, we are learned,
Each one and all;
Nothing is new to us
In this old hall.
On to commencement;
Remain on the track;
Call to the Juniors
Look at the Sophs
All of them follow;
Stand back, Freshies, back!

Note—We couldn't think of anything else so we quit.

R. B. to Mr. Yeaman, "Say, can we sit together during debate?"

Mr. Yeaman, "Why it's all right with me, but you'll have to ask Mr. Olson about it."

Miss Jones (reading a Thanksgiving story) "They went out on the porch and seated themselves in the porch swing. Kind of cold weather, don't you think?"

What does Miss Jones know about it?

A senior walked down the freshman aisle,
And whispered in a Freshie's ear;
What the senior said made the Freshie smile,
If it hadn't of we wouldn't be here.

M. H. and H. H. H.

Miss Rapp (M. and M. Hist.) Class, come in from the window."

We always came in the door before.

G. M. "Aren't you afraid of germs?"

L. H. "No, I'm a ger-man."

Miss Jones (Eng. IV) "I guess I had better take a roll." (meaning the roll call)

JOKES

Helen—"Was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Lucile—"I don't know."

Helen—"Why, it says here that upon finishing his days' work he sat on his chest."

Alma—"You interest me strangely, Henry, as no boy ever has."

Henry—"Say, you sprung that on me last night."

Alma—"Oh, was it you?"

He—"My wife has gone to the West Indies."

She—"Jamacia?"

He—"Oh, no, she wanted to go."

"Mother," said little Mabel, "do Missionaries go to Heaven?"

"Why, of course, dear."

"Do cannibals?"

"No, I'm afraid they don't."

"But mother, if a cannibal eats a missionary, he'll have to go, won't he?"

Freshie—"Why is a man's nose in the middle of his face?"

Senior—"Because its the s-center."

"Good gracious, Mandy," exclaimed Jonah, as they approached the church door, "we can't get married here. See that notice on the door."

And Mandy slowly spelled out the notice, "Do not hitch here."

She—"I tasted coffee, but I never drank any."

He—"What did you do, inhale it?"

Bill—"Did you know that the new Fords do not make as much noise as the old ones?"

Pike—"No, how's that?"

Bill—"They don't have a brass band on the radiator."

EXCHANGES

Gem O' Lake, Harrison, Idaho.—Your continued story in the October number is good. I think your paper would be improved by more locals, some editorials, and less advertisements.

State Normal Journal, Cheney, Wash.—Your paper is very good and inclusive. The variety of material makes it interesting.

The Weekly Messenger, Bellingham, Wash.—Your poetry is especially good, but you have too many advertisements for the amount of other material.

Reed College Conquest, Portland, Ore.—We like your paper very much. Your locals are exceptionally good. Don't you think a literary department might be an improvement?

The Evergree, Pullman, Wash.—We like your paper because it is so inclusive. The locals and stories are very good.

The University Daily, Seattle, Wash. Your editorials are exceptionally good.

Willamette Collegian—Salen, Ore.—We like the way your material is arranged.

Echoes, Council Bluffs High School, Iowa—Glad to get your paper. Like the arrangement of material.

Fram, Sandusky, Ohio—Your exchanges, of which you have a goodly number, are very commendable. A literary department and more locals might improve your paper.

Tamarack, North Central High School, Spokane—Like to get your snappy paper. Your "hiking notes" and editorials are very good.

Spectator, Johnstown, Pa. You have a nice lot of interesting stories. Your Current Events are exceptionally good.

Ocean Breeze, Aberdeen, Wash. Your paper is small

but very good. Don't you think you have too many advertisements for the size of your paper.

In addition to those mentioned above we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following during the past month: The Crucible, Rochester, Minn.; The Palmetto and Pine, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Bugle, Monroe, Michigan; Manual Arts Weekly, Los Angeles, Cal.; The Gondolier, Venice, Cal.; Utolakean, Kissimee, Fla.; Caurant, Bradford, Penn.

ALUMNI

WHERE SOME OF OUR GRADUATES ARE GOING TO SCHOOL

The following are the graduates of Ritzville High who are attending various schools this year:

Washington State College:

Lloyd Gillis '16, Everett Edwards '16, Willie Wertemberger '16, Carl Clodius '16; Joseph Rosenoff '15, Everett Horn '15, Henry Horn '15, Raymond Lewis '14, Alma Morach '15, Nellie Scott '15, and Ralph Farrier '12.

Whitman College, Walla Walla:

Laura Oestrich '14, Russell Butsch '15, Louis Gaiser '15 Hilda Dirks '16.

University of Washington:

Lavina Schragg, Gus Henson '15, Violet Johnson '14, Virgil Kirkham '12, Maurice Holcomb '14, Raymond Holcomb '12, Everett Pettijohn '11.

University of Idaho, Moscow:

Nelson Lloyd '15, Richard Ott '15, Geo. Freeze '16.

Wellsley, Mass—Martha Robbins '16.

Marion Military Institute, Ala.—Wallace Leonard '15 Bowdin, Maine—Norman Robbins

University of Montana—Eddie Koffman.

Williamette, Oregon—Grace Gailey '14.

Lewis and Clark High School—Harold Martin '16.

BECAUSE THE FOLLOWING PARTIES HAVE
made this publication possible through their contributions,
we believe they should receive our support and patronage:

Ritzville Flouring Mills
German-American Bank
First National Bank
Pioneer National Bank
Ritzville Trading Company
White River Lumber Company
St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co.
Rex Theatre
Myers Shepley Company
Rosenoff & Company.
Adams County Abstract Co.
S. S. Frantz & Co.
A. L. Wiffin & Co.
Adams County Mercantile Co.
Harris Brothers Garage
Ritzville Garage
Ritzville Ice and Creamery Co.
Thiel's Cigar Store
Pastime Billiard Parlor
The Golden Rule Store

Ritzville Bakery
Big Bend Motors Company
Big Bend Machinery Company
Economy Stores Company
J. C. Penney Stores Company
Grill Cafe
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A. K. Treawell
Dr. H. G. Davenney
G. H. Fischer
Wm. O. Lewis
John Ott
John Truax
Chas. Hollenshea
John Pelcom
Red Cross Baths
W. R. Peters
O. K. Baths
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