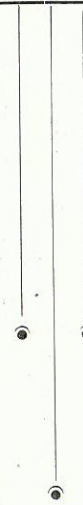


*George H. Feltz*

Ritzville Library District #2  
302 W Main Ave  
Ritzville, WA 99169

# WHEAT

Senior Number





MISS MARIE RAPP

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To Miss Marie Rapp, our class advisor, who for four years has stood by us, helping and encouraging us in our pleasant hours and in our hours of disappointment, this, our Senior issue of "Wheat," is affectionately dedicated.

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# WHEAT

VOL. XI.      NOVEMBER, 1915      No. 2

Published during the school year by the Students of Ritzville High School, Ritzville, Washington.

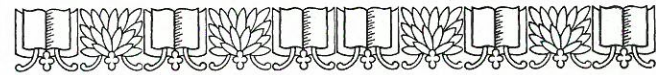
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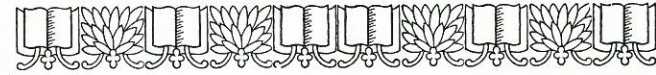
Students, Faculty and Alumni, and all those interested in the "Wheat" is devoted to the interests of the Ritzville High School welfare of our school.

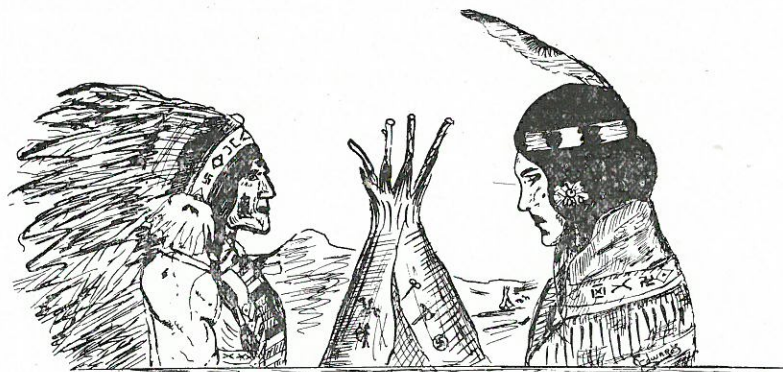


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## LITERARY

### SENIORS IN RHYME

A stands for our Class Adviser, Miss Rapp is her name,  
She is sure some teacher and is noted for fame.  
B stands for brightness which we Seniors all play,  
A worthy part from day to day.  
C is for Cora, a maiden so sprite,  
D is for Darvin a student so bright.  
E is for Ellsworth, so courtly courageous,  
Whose name is found in the Senior pages.  
F is for Florence, an instructor she'll be,  
And teach the children their A-B-C's.  
F is also for Flunkers and Faculty too,  
Tho' in general they're not classed together 'tis true.  
G is for Garrett who studies just right  
And he'll always remember these days of delight,  
And also for George, whom I might mention right here,  
For if I miss him 'twill cost me most dear.  
The time he's lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing,  
The light that lies in woman's eyes  
Has been his heart's undoing.  
And last but not least is Gertie, the last of the G's,  
Who sure can hit the piano keys.  
H stands for Harold who has gained great knowledge.  
And next year will attend some Normal or College.

H stands for Hilda, the shark of the class,  
And virtues has she more than words can surpass.  
I stands for Ignorance, with which we are blest,  
But it's easy to sell to the Freshman class.  
J stands for Johnnie, how jolly he's been,  
Whose mouth is a grin with the corners tucked in.  
K stands for Knowledge and perseverance, too—  
The things that have aided in carrying us through.  
L stands for Lloyd—Athletics his line,  
He has, too, the science of football down fine.  
And L stands for Lora, who never is rash,  
She'll mix and bake the dainty cake, and beat  
the frosting light;  
The sweetest way to please a man is thru his appetite.  
M is for Martha, who studies so hard,  
One hundred is the grade she gets on her card.  
N is for nothing, but the future unknown,  
So let's consider the present alone.  
O stands for "Our Object" in life to win,  
And to meet everyone with a laugh or grin.  
P is for Paulina, most gentle is she,  
She's planning to be a Missionary.  
Q is for questions which Freshmen all ask  
And is also for quizzes in Physics to pass.  
R is for Ruth, an Othello lass,  
She says she will graduate in the very best class.  
R stands for Rose, who wrote this same,  
S stands for Skee, an artist of fame.  
T stands for trouble which we never have known.  
U stands for Unity, under which we have grown.  
W is for William, the brother of John,  
Who seldom is listless, or weary or wan.  
W is also for William Ott—  
At fussing with the girls he never was caught.  
X is for Xrays which Mr. Giles may teach,  
Into Seniors who need some gray matter in reach.  
Y is for yarns which we never spin,  
Or practice on teachers when absent we've been.

Z is for zeal of each lad and lass  
To gain credits enough with diplomas to pass.  
And this is our motto, "We'll win or we'll bust,"  
Then to leave our dear high school with God as  
our trust.

—Lasswell, '16

### THE END OF THE QUEST

It was midnight, and the brilliant stars and cold, glimmering moon looked heartlessly down upon Sigfried, as he knelt by his chamber window and prayed for guidance.

For thirty years he had been searching the world over for his beloved Geraldine, and no trace had been found. But as he knelt he seemed to hear a voice say, "Fear not, Sigfried, all will be well with thee on the morrow."

Geraldine had been the fairest of the maidens in the land of Adolphus the Third. It was she who swayed the men in their sport and in their wars. But to the noble youth, Sigfried had this damsel's heart been given at the jousts which the King commanded to be held every twelfth month. It was there he had won her heart and hand, and worn her token upon his helmet. But that very night, she had been stolen and by whom no one knew. Sigfried himself had seen her in the early dusk as she went about her household tasks in the home of her aged father. Then, like frost before the sun, she had disappeared; so suddenly that it was a shock to all and such a blow to her father that he had died the following morning. There was no trace, no word, and no one seemed to be missing who could have taken her away from those she loved.

For thirty years after the terrible event, Sigfried had hunted the world over. He had journeyed to the far southern lands; the land of the Ceasars, journeying only by day and resting at night, so that nothing could he miss. He had gone to the land of the Finns, on their ice bound coasts, but had found no trace. He had journeyed to romantic Spain, to the warm-hearted and impulsive Normans, but still no trace was to be found. He had gone to the land of the Angles and Saxons,

hoping that among these fair people, his lady fair would be found, but to no avail.

All this while he had kept his trust and faith. He had given quite all that he had to the poor, had helped the weak and feeble, and nurtured the sick all along his way and always a voice seemed to say, "Be of good cheer, Sigfried, the end of your quest is near." He had started out in the bloom of youth, but was now aged and feeble; he felt the hopelessness of the search. At last he was back near his old home; in the land of the "Midnight Sun," and beautiful fjords. If she was not soon found he must go to his old home broken of heart, weak in mind, broken in spirit, to be cared for by some one of the faithful northmen.

So tonight as he knelt and prayed his quest seemed hopeless. Unless Geraldine was found on the morrow his search must end.

Soon the moon looked down upon the sleeping form of the old man, and remembering him as a youth, seemed to weep with compassion.

A messenger came to the door of his chamber and saying, "Siegfried, arise and follow me," turned from the room, descended the stairs and strode out into the court yard. There were two horses near the draw bridge and motioning Sigfried to mount one he mounted the other, and noiselessly let down the drawbridge. With the horses neck and neck they rode over the barren lands under the star-lit and open sky.

They rode until Sigfried thought that he must fall from his horse exhausted. Then suddenly his guide came to a stop before a huge stone wall, and gave a blast on the trumpet he carried at his side. The gates opened and admitted them to the courtyard of a magnificent palace.

They dismounted at the door, and doffing their helmets stepped into a hall, rich and magnificent. It seemed to be prepared for some festivity but the servants were moving with ghostlike tread as tho they were mere phantoms. The guide and his follower went to the far end of the room, and although

they passed many people no one spoke. They mounted a staircase and ascended to the regions above.

The guide had disappeared so Sigfried kept on alone. Finally he came to a door at one end of the hall; as he opened it a great light blinded him, and he heard a beautiful voice, full of love and reverence say:

"O, Sigfried, my beloved, why have you tarried so long? Why did you not come to me sooner? For twenty years I have waited your coming. Why did you delay?"

Sigfried saw standing beside him the one for whom he had searched so many weary years. He could only extend his hand gropingly and as she placed hers within, truly his quest was ended, and they entered the land where there shall be neither winter nor night, strife or struggle, but one beautiful life of peace and happiness with one's best beloved.

---

When the autumn birds are twitting  
When the Senior's hats are flitting  
When the Senior staff is skipping  
Nineteen-sixteen comes a-ripping.

—H. D., '16



#### A SCENE IN A GRAVEYARD

'Twas a balmy October evening,  
And the air was filled with a chill  
The moon was high in the heaven  
But the night was calm and still.

I gazed far off to the graveyard,  
Where the spirits had gathered their hosts;  
For among this group of intruders,  
Were black cats, witches and ghosts.

My blood was chilled with excitement  
And I gazed with a steady look;  
For over some fresh covered tombstone  
A ghost was reading a book.

The words he was reading were magic  
And that I know full well,  
For upon this grave in the graveyard  
He was casting a magic spell.

His spirits gathered around him,  
And in silence they seemed to pray,  
As they lifted the lid of the casket  
Something seemed to raise.

The sights I beheld were of horrors,  
And still I can scarcely talk;  
For the murmurs I heard in the graveyard,  
Were enough to make dead people walk.

Next day I made new resolutions,  
They fairly made me choke,  
For I know the conditions of graveyards—  
What'll happen to me when I croak.

—E. E., '16

## HISTORY OF A CAD

And when the tenth month of the year was come, even that which is called September, about the twentieth day thereof, or thereabouts, did a Cad come to town, even unto the town of Ritzville.

(1)—According to some experienced upper class men this is usually the only appearance with such a countenance and heart.

And it was so, that when he arrived in town he straightway sought out the Principal's office; with cheerful countenance and a light heart (1), sought he it. Selah!

He did spend much of the day in joining himself unto the institution, and in finding for himself a place where he might lay his head, hold his spreads, and mayhap study somewhat—even a room.

He also did find for himself a boarding place, where he did even think himself to be admired, he, his neckties, and gay colors thereof. And evening and morning were first day.

But "verily, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" the Cad who cometh to Ritzville must humiliate himself.

(2)— Authorities differ as to time at which this meal was served, they are all agreed that in no case was it later than 7 a. m.

And it was so, that when morning was come, rising up a great while after day, in so much so that he did miss the first meal, that which is called breakfast (2); and therefore, he did spend his father's hard-earned money for pie—even Rasty's pie. It came to pass that he did go forth with the undaunted firmness of a great and mighty man but of a truth "pride goeth before a fall," and verily it was so; that when he had got himself to the street crossing even unto the cross-walk of the public highway in which place there was mud (3), he did slip and fall. He and all the pie that was in him was, was an exceeding great fall, and it was so, that he did even spoil his Sunday suit and that in sight of a company

(3)— Some versions insert a different word making it read: Ritzville dust.

of fair damsels of R. H. S., students, causing them to smile exceedingly broad and audible—even with a great laugh. Selah!

He had borne to his ears the fame of Ritzville dust "but he hardened his heart and heeded it not."

And it came to pass that Cupid sent a shaft straight through his heart, but woe unto him for how could a Cad await ought save evil. He prayed all night and in the morning he received the necessary courage to buy two seats for the lecture course (4). Selah! And when the basket ball games did come he also did go but alas, alone.

(4)— This occurred at time of the first number of course.

Then he did open "Jack Pots" (5) and did show his experienced schoolmates "many things," but when the end of term was come the faculty opened his eyes and showed him "many things." Yea, they did even sit and deal with him and they did even put him "in the hole." (6) Then did he see that the "game was up," and he did conclude that, as the faculty had directed, he had better arise and go to his father, whom he feared would "fall on his neck," even worse than the faculty. Selah!

(5 & 6)—It is believed these expressions were used in some games in which students played for money.

But of the righteous Cad, not much here is found; yea for a truth it is so; for much is known of him throughout the earth, how that he doeth his work well and with great diligence. And in after years he doth advance to positions of trust and importance (7).

(7)—A fair example may be taken in any of our beloved teachers and masters.

And, so it is, that these words have been written as a warning to those who even think themselves able to fool the faculty of said R. H. S., for, verily, the end of these Cads is sorrow.

—Hilda Dirks, '16.

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Clair Olney, former principal of the Ritzville High School, who is now attending law school at Harvard University. Knowing that it would be of interest to all R. H. S. students and Ritzville people, we asked permission to print it.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 10, 1915.

Have done very little writing for the past two weeks and will begin now. I had planned on entering one of the dormitories here, since that was suggested in the catalogue, but when I arrived and spent a day looking around I found them so ramshackle and without any convenience in a necessary way—for example they were heated with fire places. They tell me the winters are severe here and we are both familiar with "Snow-bound" so I made up mind to have nothing to do with the dormitories. Suppose Hawthorne, or Emerson, or Lowell, or some other great man did live in one of them, "well, what of it?" as Prof. Meachem would put it; there would be cold comfort in studying law in an ice box. So I said none of this refrigerator business for me. A western man knows better. I will leave the dormitories for the men with a nasal twang, real Harvardites. I will give them the benefit of the cooler.

The university here is rather queer, most of the buildings being old. Some have been on the campus since the time of the Revolutionary war. The building still stands on the campus in which Washington quartered his troops. Everything is old-fashioned here. The buildings have no eaves. Do you remember about "The House of Seven Gables?" Well, they are like that; the same old knockers on the door, the carvings on the staircases, the same small windows, outside siding, the marble fire places, and a queer sort of a store window—a sliding wooden door that shuts out the light completely. This I suppose is to keep out the cold of the New England winters. It would be a good thing in the Ritzville country as a protection against the dust. They have no signs here where rooms are to be had for rent—it would be the Bostonian way and would not tend to maintain the prestige of Cambridge. This is a town of 100,000 and there is not a hotel in it. Think of it in a place nearly as large as Spokane. I had some difficulty in finding a place to stay the night of my arrival, but finally found a place,

where Washington stored his medicines, on Brattle St. The Ladies of the Revolution would not allow the hotel man to put up a sign so his place of business looked like any of the others along the street. Have been out to see the tree, very carefully preserved, where George Washington took command of the American Army and said "Now follow me on to victory." It is just an ordinary decrepit old Elm. The campus has a sort of heterogeneous air of old brick buildings and carefully preserved wooden ones. One sees none of the uniformity apparent at Ann Arbor or Chicago. It is not as pretty a campus. It has the air of a ruin, but the money is here and the place is kept that way on purpose.

There are a fine lot of fellows here and I am not finding them to be snobs for I am able to mix just as freely as at Chicago. This may be because I am not a freshman, but the standard of the men here is high. About every third man wears a Phi Beta Kappa pin. They are about as plentiful as iron crosses will be in Germany after the war. This shows simply the calibre of the men who come here, most of them being the selected men of the other colleges. Teddy has two sons here, one in the freshman literary class and the other is in the senior class. Andrew McLaughlin of Chicago has a boy here in the second year law class and he is a bright one. This is all for this time. Write me at 47 Wendell St., Suite C, Cambridge, Mass. I remain

Sincerely yours,

CLAIR OLNEY.

In welcoming Miss Myrna Jones back to our High School, from which she has been absent because of the death of her mother, the student body wish to express their sympathy in her late bereavement.





# WHEAT

VOL. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 2



### SENIOR STAFF

Editor in Chief .....	Martha Robbins
Literary Editor .....	Hilda Dirks
Athletics .....	Ellsworth Edwards
Exchange .....	Gertrude Morach
Locals .....	Pauline Kramer
Jokes .....	Will Jenne
Society .....	Lora Estep
Senior Reporter .....	Darvin Gilson
Junior Reporter .....	Winifred Ross
Sophomore Reporter .....	George Bodinger
Freshman Reporter .....	Venita Lambert
Forum Reporter .....	George Freese
Artist .....	Everett Edwards
Business Manager .....	Harold Martin
Assistant Manager .....	Herschel Gillis



### EDITORIAL

This, the Senior issue of "Wheat," is the last one which the class of 1916 will publish in the Ritzville High School, and the last paper which we as a class will ever publish. For four hard, happy, busy years we have worked side by side, taking our joys and our sorrows as they came, knowing that from the fire, purer gold must come.

In a few short months we will have parted, perhaps never as a class to meet again. We must put such effort into these months that they will ever be a source of pleasing reminiscence and gratification. Are we taking the right course and doing those things which will enable us to do this?

You Freshmen who are entering on your first year in high school, are you taking an interest in high school activities? Do you realize the difference between the spirit in the grade school and that in the high school? You have been used to thinking of school as a place where you went in the morning, got your lessons and went home at night. This is alright in a school where there are no other activities. But now you have come to a school where an altogether different spirit prevails. Here at high school we have athletics, debating societies, a school paper and many other organizations. Before the year is out it is your duty to become interested in as many of these activities as you

profitably can. Begin right now. Join the Student Body; come to all the athletic contests; subscribe to your school paper, and form acquaintances among your fellow students. Start in right and later on you will have no regret for what you have done.

—*Ex.*

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### SENIOR NOTES

We are glad to welcome Ruth Barton from Othello, to our class.

Mr. Wolcott (to George F., after making recitation)—“That will do George, let Lora have the floor.”

Harold M. (In Physics)—“Is there anything smaller than an atom?”

Bill J.—“Nope, Kid, you’re an atom.”

The Senior class is very proud of the debating team, Hilda Dirks, Martha Robbins and George Freeze, as all are Seniors.

Lora E. (In U. S. History)—“They did not want to be represented by the population.”

Mr. Wolcott—“What population?”

Lora E.—“The population of the people.”

Seen on a tablet:

“Mr. Garret (alias Attic) Billington,  
1916 Model,  
Ritzville High School.”

Mr. Giles (In Physics)—“And you want to find Force?”  
Martha R.—“Yes ma’am, yes sir.”

The Eng. IV class is now studying “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” the classic written by William Shakespeare, and they find it very interesting.

Whenever the Seniors successfully pass the six weeks’ test, they have the felling of, “for this relief, many thanks.”

She looks down into the churn, and softly sings: “This is the whey I long have sought.”

Mr. Wolcott (U. S. History)—“William, (pauses) William Penn.”

Harold M. (Reading in Eng.)—“ \* \* \* \* and do you marry him?”

Mr. Claypoole—“Harold, do you think you would say that?”

Miss Jones (Eng. IV)—“She was a son.”

Everett E. (Reading Eng.)—“What say’st thou, bully (Bottom) button?”

Mr. Giles (In Physics)—“No matter how cold it is, I can generally wring moisture out of my socks.”

They must have had Fords:

D. G. (U. S. Hist.)—“Then the British charged up Bunker Hill and made it on high.”

Mr. Wolcott—“I didn’t know they had automobiles then.”

“I want to be a Senior and with the Seniors stand  
With a fountain pen behind my ear, and a notebook in my hand.  
I wouldn’t be a president, I wouldn’t be a king,  
I wouldn’t be an emperor for all that wealth would bring,  
I wouldn’t be an angel, for angels have to sing.  
I’d rather be a Senior and never do a thing.”

—*Ex.*

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### JUNIOR NOTES

The English III pupils are studying Tennyson’s “Idylls of the King” and find them very interesting.

Mr. C. (Geom I)—“Who do understand it?”

H. S. (Reading in Ger. I)—“Damn it.” (damit.)

Eng. III Paper:—“Ellsworth was the name of a very small boy. He had black hair and large brown eyes which hung in curls about his neck and shoulders.”

Mr. C. (Geom. I)—“It embraces BC.”

E. H. (Reading in Ger. I)—“So sag es mir.” (Sage).

Mr. C. (Geom I)—“If we get married to this book, we can't get away.”

Henry—“We can get a divorce.”

Mr. W. (Shorthand I)—“A wink is longer than a wing.”

Mr. Giles is an excellent teacher of Tennyson's romantic “Idylls of the King,” and the class is progressing nicely in the knowledge of love under his direction.

Vera (Reading in Eng. III)—“I know not if I know what true love is.”

W. R. (Eng. III)—“I think Lancelot is in love with Elaine.”

Mr. G.—“Why?”

W. R.—“Oh, I don't exactly know.”

Mr. G.—“Perhaps some of the other girls have had more experience, Vera.”

Mr. W. (Shorthand I, moving the mirror)—“I don't like to throw any reflection on you.”

Mr. G.—“Carrie, you've never had a case of true love, you don't know anything about it.”

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### SOPHOMORE NOTES

During the absence of Miss Myrna Jones, the English II classes were conducted by Miss O. Jones and Miss Rapp.

Miss Rapp (Eng II)—“What is a foot?”

H. B.—“A billboard.”

Miss R. (to Ray Kalkwarf in German)—“If you don't sit still I will have to throw you out of the window.”

Miss Jones (Eng. II)—“You don't make enough distinction between your feet and the accent marks.”

Miss R. (German)—“Are you eating candy, Ray?”

R. K.—“Yes.”

Miss R.—“What are you eating it for?”

R. K.—“To get rid of it.”

Miss Jones (Eng. II)—“What is the climax of a story?”

E. K.—“It is where the interest of the story leaves off.”

H. G. (After learning that diamonds are made by high pressure on carbon)—“Can one make a diamond by putting enough pressure on a pencil?”

G. L. (After misreading his algebra problem several times in succession)—“Oh, well, that is what I meant.”

Eng. II (current events)—“Who has the largest diamond in the world?”

Voice—“Miss Rapp.”

---

### FRESHMAN NOTES

Miss Jones' class, English I, have finished Poe's selections and are now reading Scott's “Marmion.”

Miss Rapp (in English I)—“Ada, what desert is near the Euphrates River?”

Ada H. (gazing out the window)—“The Sahara.”

Miss Cox (in Home Economics)—“Why do we eat meat and potatoes together?”

Mary L.—“Because people who had more sense than we have, figured it out before we had sense enough to think about it.”

Mr. Giles (in Algebra I)—“The signs of what are changed in subtraction?”

C. W.—“The signs of the signs.”

Miss Cox (in General Science)—“Frank, what is it you want to say?”

Frank J. (After thinking)—“I forgot.”

Miss Cox—“I guess it didn't amount to much.”

Miss Rapp's German I class, after many mistakes, are progressing rapidly.

Miss J. in Latin I)—“Give me the word for ‘he lives.’ ”  
M. B.—“Habat.”

Miss Rapp (in German I)—“Stand when you recite, Gladys.”

Gladys F.—“I thought you told me to set.”

Miss R.—“We don't set, chickens set.”



**THE RITZVILLE HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM**  
Top row, from left to right: Miss Myrna Jones, Coach; Hilda Dirks, Martha Robbins. Bottom row: N. E. Giles, Coach; Joe Gaiser, George Freese.

## FORUM NOTES

The first debate of the High School series will be held at Rosalia, Friday evening, November 12. The Ritzville team is to uphold the negative of the question, Resolved, that the Monroe Doctrine Should be Discontinued."

For the past three weeks the debaters have been hard at work under the able direction of Prof. Giles and Miss Myrna Jones, and great results are expected. Owing to the fact that the material is all new this year, there has been extra work both for the members of the team and the coaches, but there are no better or more conscientious students in High School than Hilda Dirks, Martha Robbins, George Freese and Joseph Gaiser, alternate, the four who were chosen to represent the school as a result of the local tryout. The best wishes of the Student Body will attend the debaters in this their "maiden effort." Rosalia will no doubt have a well prepared team, just as anxious for victory as ours. Even if our team does not gain the favorable decision, we feel confident that they will acquit themselves creditably, and will in every way be an honor to the Ritzville High School.

The Forum Debating Society gave a very interesting program Wednesday, October 13. The numbers were as follows:

Rollcall .....	Quotations from Whittier
Two minute speech .....	Arthur Clodius
Address .....	Prof. Wolcott
Business .....	President
General discussion of the Panama Canal.	

The address by Prof. Wolcott was exceptionally good, and at the close of the meeting a vote of thanks was tendered him for his trouble.

On October 20, roll call was answered by quotations from Shakespeare. The question for debate was: "Resolved, that the National Defense Should be Strengthened." The affirmative was upheld by Joe Gaiser, Arthur Clodius, George Freese and William Smith, while the negative was ably defended by Elmer Schaefer, George Logan, Earl Heater and David Dirks. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

After the program the entire party adjourned to the gymnasium, where they were entertained by a play, "The Two Jay Detectives," which was very well staged by Elmer Miller, David Dirks and Herschel Gillis.

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## SOCIETY NOTES

September the twenty-eighth,  
Don't worry, we're never late;  
The Junior Class, in red and white,  
Paraded to school all smiling and bright.

On Monday evening, October 11, a dinner party was given to Mr. Ellsworth Edwards in honor of his birthday. After dinner the party attended the Theatre. The remainder of the evening was spent in games.

The usual Freshman Reception was held October 1, and was indeed a great success. Part of the Freshies didn't like to have their hair down or collars off and still others objected to coming through the Boiler Room.

However, things were progressing nicely and the initiation was almost completed when a bunch of town boys tried to steal the "Eats." Four of them succeeded in gaining admittance and were captured by the High School boys and put under the shower baths. These four furnished great amusement for the crowd.

One thing, however, is to be regretted. During the capture of the four boys, some one threw a chair from a window which struck a boy on the head. He was hurried to the doctor and eleven stitches were taken in his scalp. This was not at all the fault of the High School students.

This was indeed the most exciting and enjoyable reception which has been held for some time, especially by the Freshies, who escaped part of their initiation.

A surprise party was given on Miss Audrey Tiller, October 18, in honor of her birthday. The first part of the evening was spent in enjoying the Theatre. The latter part was spent in playing games and singing. Miss Tiller was presented with a friendship bracelet and other numerous gifts.

A surprise party was given on Ruby Bauer, October 12, in honor of her birthday by the Junior class. The evening was spent in playing games and at the usual hour refreshments were served. A most enjoyable time was reported by all. This is the second class party the Juniors have given this year. Those having birthdays in the near future please report to the Junior class.

Friday evening at 8:30, a number of ghosts surprised Miss Rapp at the home of Dr. Friesinger. After everybody had been introduced to the Spirit of Hallowe'en, the ghostlike attire was removed and the phantoms revealed themselves to be the Senior class, in the costumes of eight-year-olds. The evening was spent playing the usual Hallowe'en games. Refreshments were served at a late hour, after which fortunes were drawn from a cauldron over a fire. Several flashlights were taken and the ghosts all trooped home reporting the best time ever.

### EXCHANGES

Following is a partial list of papers to which the "Wheat" has been sent as an exchange. We would be glad to hear from these during the year, and from any others that desire to "swap."

The Scarlet and Gray, Pandora, Ohio.	The S. R. H. S. Weekly, Santa Rost, California.
The World, St. Paul, Minn.	The Balance Sheet, Washington, D. C.
The Booster, LaCrosse, Wis.	The Red and Black, Tampa, Fla.
Monroe High School Bugle, Monroe, Michigan.	The Review, Toccoa, Ga.
The Crucible, Greeley, Colo.	The Tahoma, Tacoma, Wash.
The Blue and White, Savannah, Ga.	The Gold and Black, Lenox, Ia.
The Habit, Salina, Kansas.	The Ocean Breeze, Aberdeen, Wash.

The Utolakeon, Kissimmee, Fla.	The Orderly, Hill Military Academy, Portland, Ore.
The St. Johns Echo, Shanghai, China.	The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Mich.
Whitman College Pioneer, Walla Walla, Wash.	The Dragon, Greenfield, Ohio.
U. of W. Daily, Seattle, Wash.	The Currier, Boise, Idaho.
The Argus, Plymouth, N. Hampshire.	The Tiger, Little Rock, Ark.
The Wa Wa, Port Townsend, Wash.	The Scoop, Belvidere, Ill.
The Voice, South Central High, Youngstown, Ohio.	The Mirror, Pratt, Kansas.
The Crescent, Newburg, Oregon.	The Polaris, Freeport, Ill.



### WE'LL WIN THE GAME OR WE'LL BUST

Out on the High School Gridiron,  
Where the air is filled with a chill,  
The boys are kicking the pigskin,  
That little old lopsided pill.

They've been working out there for the High School.  
As their duty they felt that they must,  
For the motto of Captain Lloyd Gillis  
Is: "We'll win the game or we'll bust."

Then they take their place on the gridiron,  
Next they go with an awful rush,  
And they play the ball for a touchdown;  
It's the motto: We'll win or we'll bust."

The red and the black are our colors;  
In them we put all our trust,  
For we know that our football eleven  
Will win the game or they'll bust.

Then, here's to the braves of our High School,  
And the motto in which we all trust,  
From the words of our football captain:  
"We'll win the game or we'll bust."

—E. E. '16.

## ATHLETICS

### FOOTBALL

It was reported in the first issue of "Wheat" that football was dead. That was only a mistake, but as a matter of fact it was so far gone that it was hard to decide whether or not it would live. But times have changed and according to present indications we will have the strongest football team ever turned out in the history of R. H. S.

Much praise is due Coach Claypoole, as he revived football and brought it up to its present standard. Billington, who is one of the best "tackles" that was ever introduced into football, has been laid up for the season as the result of an injury received in practice.

Captain Gillis is showing excellent development in his work of football this season, while Bodinger and Harris are both worthy of filling some position on the team.

Two games have been scheduled with Davenport, the first to be played at Ritzville on November 5th, and the second to be played at Davenport on the 19th. Thus far these are all the games that have been scheduled and it is not certain whether there will be any more.

## RITZVILLE VS. DAVENPORT

An exciting game of football was played on the local gridiron Friday, November 5, which resulted in a final score of 18 to 19 in favor of our visitors. The game was fast throughout, and the teams were well matched. Ritzville was outweighed by the visitors by an average of twenty or more pounds to the man, but that was easily made up for in speed.

Game was called at three o'clock sharp. Davenport kicked to Ritzville. The ball was received by Gillis and carried to the fifty yard line. Yardage was gained each time by consistent line plunges, until finally an opening was made and Ritzville carried the ball thirty yards for a touchdown. A kick for goal was missed. Score, 6 to 0.

Ritzville kicked to Davenport and the ball was downed on Ritzville's twenty yard line. The defense was very weak and Davenport made yardage by line plunges and wide end runs. At the end of the first quarter, the ball was on Davenport's twenty yard line.

Second quarter was called and Davenport rushed the ball over the line for a touchdown. Kick for goal was missed. Score, 6 to 6.

Ritzville again received the ball, which was downed on Davenport's thirty yard line. The ball got into Davenport's possession by a fumble and then returned by a fumble on the part of Davenport. Ritzville carried the ball over the line for a touchdown. Kick for goal missed. Score 12 to 6.

At the beginning of the third quarter both teams were fighting hard and after a wide end run, which placed Davenport within twenty yards of the goal, they worked the ball over the line for a touchdown by consistent line plunges. Kick for goal completed. Score 13 to 12.

Davenport kicked to Ritzville. Ball was downed near the forty yard line. Time called for third quarter with ball at Ritzville's twenty-five yard line.

At the opening of the last quarter both teams struggled desperately, and after several trys a forward pass was completed by Gillis to Edwards which resulted in a twenty yard

run for a touchdown. Kick for goal was missed. Score, 18 to 13.

Ritzville again kicked to Davenport, and the ball was downed on Davenport's thirty yard line. There were but a few moments left and both teams were fighting hard for the game. Ritzville was playing for time while Davenport was working line plunges and end runs for a touchdown. Finally Davenport placed the ball over the line. Kick for goal was miss. Score, 19 to 18.

Davenport again kicked to Ritzville, and the ball was downed on Davenport's thirty yard line. The ball was being worked for a touchdown and was near the fifty yard line when time was called. Final score, 19 to 18.

A great deal of credit is due to those of our High School who took part in the game with Davenport Friday. At the last moment before the game some changes were made in the line and back field which weakened the team to some extent. Although the substitutes played a very excellent game, the team was not the best which the High School can produce.

It is hoped that all the regulars will be in the lineup for the return game with Davenport, which will be a fairer way of deciding which of the two teams is the stronger.

—*Ellsworth '16.*

The student Body wishes to express its appreciation to the business men of Ritzville for the closing of all business houses on the afternoon of the football game with Davenport.

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### LOCALS

The Girls' Glee Club organized with Miss Myrna Jones as instructor. At a meeting held September 14, the following officers were elected:

Gertrude Morach .....President  
Dena Thiel .....Vice President  
Hilda Dirks .....Sec. & Treas.  
Yetta Rosenoff and Louise Ott .....Librarians

The tryout for the debating team was held October 7, 1915.

The judges, Messrs. Adams, Anthony and Gilson, decided that Hilda Dirks, Martha Robbins, George Freeze and Joseph Gaiser as alternate, should represent the R. H. S. in the inter-scholastic debates for the coming year.

A student body meeting was held October 6. The constitution was read, but the meeting adjourned to meet October 12, when the constitution was reread and adopted by the students of Ritzville High School.

On Thursday, October 14, Mr. White, representative of the Lyceum Lecture course, spoke to the students for a few moments, explaining the numbers which will visit Ritzville High School during the school year. He gave us the promise of an unusually good course, of which each and every student should take advantage.

Miss Myrna Jones was called home Wednesday, October 6, owing to the severe illness of her mother. Later word was received that her mother had died before she reached home. A message was sent immediately by the faculty and students expressing their sympathy in her bereavement.

The state inspector of schols, Mr. Twitmeyer, spoke to the assembly October 19, on the subject of "Work." By his natural maner he soon put the students at ease, and made them feel that he had come in a spirit of kindly criticism. During the day he viisted at least one class under each instructor, and expressed himself as being well pleased with the work done here.

Lora and Nora Estep were called to their home in Othello, because of the serious illness of their mother. Nora is back again and reports her mother to be recovering rapidly.

The revised constitution, which was adopted by the Student Body at its last meeting, provides for a financial manager, to be chosen from the faculty members. It is the duty of this manager to direct the student managers of the various activities, and to report quarterly to the Student Body. Prof. Clyapooole has been chosen for this important position, and will oversee all activities with the exception of the "Wheat," which will be



under the supervision of Prof. Giles. Mr. Claypoole has the confidence and support of the Student Body, and will, we feel, prove very efficient, and perform his duties in this connection in the best way possible.



### JOKES

You are not as fair as Venus;  
Indeed, some faults I see,  
But, this is just between us:  
You still look good to me.

“Did you know that cars were known and used in the Trojan War?”

“What nonsense.

“Well, it says in the Iliad that Horatio came raging from the ford.”

Pat—“Mike, are you asleep?”

Mike—“No. Why?”

Pat—“Lent me forty cents.”

Mike—“I am asleep.”

Miss Rapp—“Why is the Pacific Ocean so named?”

Swede W. (just waking up)—“What did you say about the Pacific beer?”

A woodpecker flew on a Freshie's head  
And settled down to drill;  
He bored through wood for a half a day  
And finally broke his bill.

Freshie—“I always know my lesson when I go to class, but when I get up on my feet to recite, I forget all I know.”

Sophomore—“Humph, I guess you didn't have much to forget.”

Clerk—“I heard that the H. S. is quite dead this year.”

Freshie—“Oh! no, I like it better than ever before.”

Elmer S. (in debate)—“Rockerfellow is not the man that makes Ford cars; he makes oil.”

Miss Rapp (Ger. I)—“George Proctor, you sit over there in that corner where I can see you, and young Kalkwarf, if you don't behave, I'll throw you out the window.”

H. G. (Speaking of Roman customs and manners)—“Yes the Romans are a tough bunch.”

E. M.—“I ain't 'agona' associate with them either.”

Wolcott (in spelling)—“I'll give you six words before you write. The average H. S. student should remember that many—(gives words)—Any one get six—five—four?”

Pearl L.—“I got four.”

Wolcott—“Well, you're just one higher than the monkey. The monkey can remember three.”

After sitting down on a pin, George Bodinger was inspired to write the following:

“Needles and pins, needles and pins;  
When you sit on them,  
You sit as on springs.”

Great jealousy has been aroused among the fair sex, because Prof. Giles called one of them “sister.”

H. G. (Botany)—“Well, in the banana apple, was the banana grafted on the apple?”

Prof. Yeaman—“We have an Indian peach, but certainly the peach was not grafted onto an Indian.”

Translating in Ger. II—“He held the glass of wine to the moon.”

## Financial Statement of "Wheat"

HAROLD MARTIN, Business Manager  
HERSCHEL GILLIS, Assistant Manager

### ASSETS:

Received from business men .....	\$ 29.00
Received from subscriptions .....	53.25
Received from Senior class .....	4.27
Received from single copies .....	.40
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	\$ 86.92

### LIABILITIES:

General number of Wheat .....	\$ 31.60
Incidental Expense .....	2.89
Senior number of Wheat .....	44.27
Cash in Bank .....	8.16
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	\$ 86.92

### INCIDENTAL EXPENSE STATEMENT:

Four receipt books .....	\$ .20
Three account books .....	.55
Postoffice box rent .....	.60
Stamps .....	.19
Lock .....	1.15
Postage on Wheat .....	.20
	<hr/>
	\$ 2.89

### LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

This year we have asked the business men to contribute to all issues of Wheat and as an appreciation of their support, a list of those contributing will be published in each issue of the paper, and a statement to the effect that the paper is supported by these men. The Commercial Club has endorsed this plan.

We, the undersigned, subscribe to all issues of Wheat:

First National Bank,	Dr. F. R. Burroughs,
Pioneer National Bank,	Adams & Naef,
Ritzville Flouring Mills,	John Truax,
Ritzville Trading Co.,	Day Imus,
German-American State Bank,	Evans Brothers,
White River Lumber Co.,	Washington Water Power Co.,
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