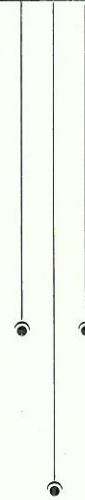


WHEAT

General Number





WHEAT

VOL. XI. MARCH, 1916 No. 4

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

Entered as Second Class matter at the U. S. Postoffice at Ritzville, Washington, March 6, 1906. All correspondence relating to subscriptions, payments, editorial comment, change of address, exchanges, etc., should be addressed to "Wheat," Box 708, Ritzville, Washington.

The Copy15c.
Subscription (year in advance)75c.

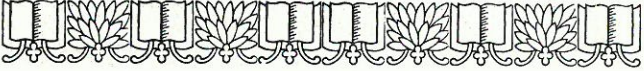
"Wheat" is devoted to the interests of the Ritzville High School Students, Faculty and Alumni, and all those interested in the welfare of our school.

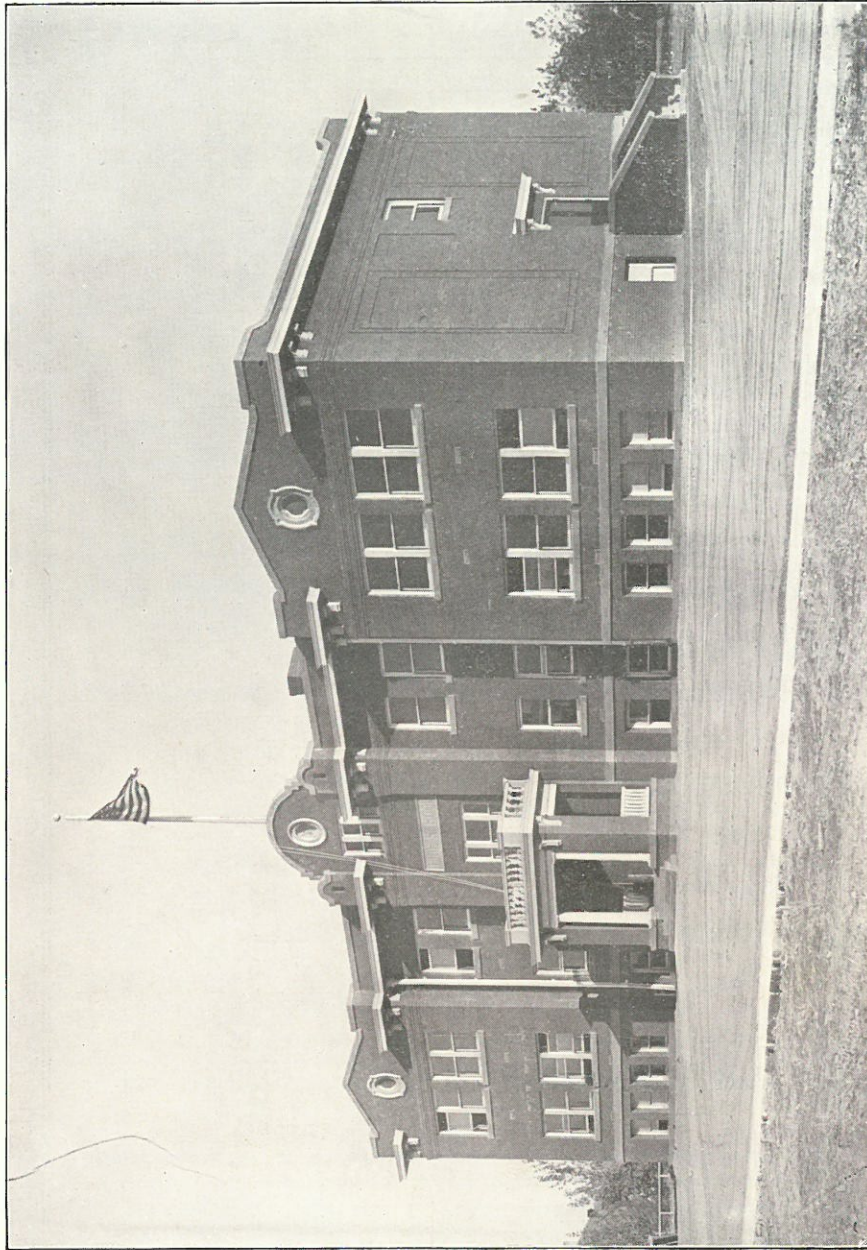


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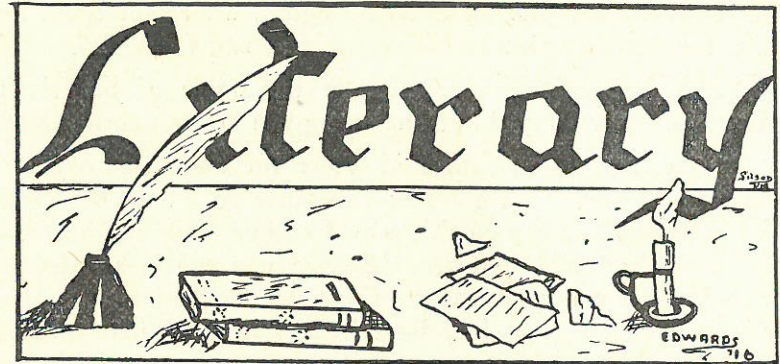


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Ritzville
High
School



A TRIP WORTH WHILE

Miss Phœbe Stufflebean, of Bluelick, Polk Co., Missouri, was on her first trip out west. She was a lady of about forty years of age, and had traveled but very little. Phœbe and her cousin, Elijah Lickpenny, had been waiting nearly an hour for the train and Phœbe was beginning to get impatient.

"Ligy, you old hypocrite, set up there and listen to me, do ya hear?" said Phœbe, giving her drowsy cousin a poke in the ribs with her cane. "We've been in this here place fer goodness knows how long, an' you've been trying to sleep every blessed minute. Yuh better talk to me while ye kin, fer 'taint no more'n likely but what something'll happen to me afore I get back."

Just then the train whistled and Phœbe rushed out of the depot, taking with her a small basket in which she carried her lunch.

"For the lan dof goshun, where's my telescope! I'd plum fergot about it. Oh, you've got it have you? Well, it's a wonder," called the excited Phœbe to her cousin, who was slowly approaching, carrying the small burden.

"Yup, so 'tis, come to think on't," he answered.

With a hurried farewell Phœbe made her way inside the cars and found a seat. She was liked by everyone on the train, and they missed her a great deal when she stopped off a few days later in San Francisco. Phœbe had intended to stay for quite a while but there was too much noise and excitement, so

she continued her journey to Washington, where she spent her time, for a while at least, visiting relatives and friends.

Her last visiting place was at the home of her sister, Mrs. Rosemary Grey. Here she was given a sumptuous dinner.

"My, my, Rose," she said, after the meal was over, "I allow I've traveled a right smart distance an' of all the meals I've et since I've been on this trip, I reckon none can beat this un. I'm plum full, so I am. Jimmy, you run in an' get my satchel. I've got a poke of the finest peppermints in it you ever tasted. I got 'em clear back in Missouri. Ther' that's a good boy. Now don't eat too many' cause they're rich and might make you sick. Anyhow, I might not have enough to last till I get back." Miss Stufflebean talked on in this manner for the rest of the afternoon, hardly giving anyone else a chance to utter a word.

Nearly every day Mrs. Grey and her sister either went visiting or else took long drives. One day Mrs. Grey suggested that they drive over to Winton Center, a small town about twenty miles distant. She told Phoebe that there were lots of nice people there and Phoebe said she'd just as soon go as not, so they went.

On the way over Mrs. Grey kept snickering and giggling until Phoebe said in disgust, "Well, Rose! If you're making fun of me or anything else, as far as that goes, I wish you'd shut up" at which Mrs. Grey laughed outright.

They reached Winton Center about eleven o'clock. Mrs. Grey drove up in front of the Second-hand store, and told Phoebe to go in and wait until she returned. Phoebe had no more than entered when the proprietor, a man a few years her senior, approached from the rear of the building.

Phoebe Stufflebean stood still and stared. Still the man made his way towards her in his usual subconscious manner.

"Well, Solomon Hesikiah Barges! Of all the people I ever expected to meet on earth, it's you. How are you anyway?" she said as she extended her hand.

"Well! well! well! I do declare! Phoebe Stufflebean. Well!" drawled Mr. Barges, returning her greeting.

After talking about old times and friends for several minutes, Phoebe said:

"Sol, it 'pears to me as how you look mighty lonesome. Now aint you, honest?"

"Wal,—yas, I reckon."

"There! I knew you wus, an'— an'— I say Sol, not changin' the subject, but don't you figger it's a sin if people as old as you and me be, don't get married some time afore they die? You an' I have been pretty good friends, too, many years ago when we was young, don't yer know."

"Wal, I calcate we war! Them was the good, old days, alright, alright. Say! What an old fish I am, that I didn't ketch on afore! Lor, you don't mean that you an' I might jist as well git married?" asked Solomon with eagerness.

"That's just prezactly what I mean, if I do say it," said Phoebe.

"That's a go! You're alright Phoebe, old girl, an' I allus did think so," exclaimed Mr. Barges.

"An honest confession is good fer the soul. Come on we'll go right down to the parson's this minute."

And they hustled off.

Soon after Mrs. Grey returned and finding them both gone decided that her plan must have worked out fully as well as she had expected. In a few moments she was reassured, and had the pleasure of being the first person excepting the preacher to extend best wishes to the late Miss Stufflebean.

—A. J., '18

THE SACRIFICE

"Danny, I do wish you would quit the racing game. Here it says in the paper that another driver and his mechanic were killed at the Indianapolis track."

"Oh, sis," Danny Welch broke in, "how many times have I told you that road racing is nothing like running on a speedway. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll stay in on the Phoenix

race, and if I win the \$1000 we'll both go back east, and I can get a position in some auto factory. I'll have to quit some time anyway because the speedways are being used more now. But I'll have to go now and get ready, for the race starts at one o'clock."

With these words Danny stepped out of the door and hurried to the place where his employer kept the big Mercedes which Danny was to run. In a few hours, after seeing that the car was properly oiled and that there was spare gas and water, and after bidding good-bye, he set out for the starting point. The cars were sent out a few minutes apart and as Danny had No. 7, he had a little time to wait. In a few minutes the starter's pistol cracked and No. 7 leaped forward in a cloud of smoke with Bill Harley, the mechanic, pumping oil for dear life. The race was to be run from Phoenix to a town five hundred miles distant.

No. 7 had not gone far when it passed No. 5, which was laid up by the side of the road with a broken connecting rod. Shortly afterwards they overtook No. 6 and then No. 4. They had not gone twenty miles when Bill smelled burning rubber and then a tire blew out. They jumped and had a new tire on in no time. Several miles on they saw No. 2 by the side of the road and two men were hurriedly replacing a broken axle. Danny knew that would take considerable time so he let out No. 7 several more notches and in an instant it was roaring along at a sixty miles an hour pace.

The only two cars ahead were both Fabers and sent out by the same concern. Danny knew what his Mercedes was able to do though and proved it by passing No. 3 in the next six miles. But the road was becoming rougher and Danny had to cut No. 7 down quite a bit.

About two miles ahead there was a sharp turn and there were large boulders all along on either side. Danny had secretly hoped that the other Faber would come to grief in this cut and sure enough it had. It had skidded on the turn and collided with one of the boulders, and was damaged so badly as to put it out of the race.

Danny was about to pass by when he saw a figure lying on the ground on the other side of the machine. He wanted

the \$1000 but he could not pass an injured man by, so he backed No. 7 up to the Faber and he and Bill jumped out. They found both the driver and his mechanic injured and unconscious. Danny ran for his first aid kit, which he always carried, and did as much as he was able to help the men. He knew that unless No. 3 broke down he would lose the race, but nevertheless he carefully attended to his patients. Just then the rival No. 3 came around the bend.

"Goodnight, prize!" groaned Danny.

But the Faber slowed up and the men saw what was the matter. When the driver learned what Danny had done, he grasped his hand and said, "Welch, you're all right. I happen to know why you want that prize and as you've done the square thing for us and were willing to sacrifice your place to help your rivals, I'll be hanged if I'll run ahead of you. I'll tell the old man all about it and I bet he'll say that we did right to stop. Anyway we might get second place. Now you'd better hurry or 6 and 4 will be along. Beat it."

Bill cranked the big Mercedes, Danny put in the gear and waving goodbye to the No. 3 fellows, they tore out of sight.

—Harold Martin, '16

ESCAPING THE INDIANS

Eastern Oregon was just becoming settled. Young Mr. Hall and his wife had crossed the plains and established their home in Umatilla county. They had been lucky thus far in escaping the Indians, who were often on the war path and who would ride thru the valley, burning the houses and some times killing the settlers, but they had not seen any for some time and the people were beginning to breathe freely once more.

The Halls lived about fifty miles from any town and it took a day to make the journey. Very early one spring morning Mr. Hall and his nearest neighbor, Mr. Brown, started for town, expecting to be gone two days. Mrs. Brown and her two small children decided to stay with Mrs. Hall until the return of their husbands. After the work was finished the set-

tled themselves by the window with some sewing, while the children played near by. They remained here until late in the afternoon, when to their horror they saw some Indians approaching. What were they to do? If they were found they would probably be killed and the house burned. But if they were not found the building might be saved. Some thing had to be done. They quickly found a long board which they placed against the house and then each of them picked up a child, climbed quickly to the roof and drew the board up after them, hiding themselves in the shadow of a tree which stood near the house. The children were so thoroughly frightened that they were easily quieted.

The Indians rode up to the house, dismounted and entered. The women could hear them knocking the furniture about as they searched for the owners. After what seemed hours to the ones on the roof they rode away. The women then got down from their hiding place, re-entered the house, and then for the first time realized from what they had escaped. They were still trembling from terror when they heard the sound of horses nearing the house. Were the Indians coming back? Shaking with fear they ran to the window but much to their relief saw it was their husbands returning. The men had gone about half of the way to town when they heard that the Indians were again upon the warpath, so they had returned home as fast as possible.

—F. K., '16

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

"There it is," cried Bessie Dounay, and a shudder ran through her body. "That awful face! See! But now it is gone." She turned to her chum, Grace Hampton, who happened to be staying with her that night and noticed that she, too, was shaking with fright.

The girls huddled together in one corner of the room by the fire place, while Bessie explained that for three nights she had seen that awful face at the window. At first she had thought that there was no face there and she had only imagined that she

saw this terrifying apparition, but for the past two nights she had been able to see the face more distinctly. It appeared like the face of a very thin man with large eyes, unkempt hair and several months growth of beard.

Upon hearing this story Grace resolved to stay with Bess until her parents came home from their tour of California. Up to this time Bess had been practically alone. There was no one in the house but a couple of servants, who would have fled for their lives if they had known of the face. And Bess' brother Charles did not get home from his work until twelve or one o'clock.

The girls soon went to their room but were not satisfied to go to bed until the windows were barred and the door securely fastened. But no face appeared at the window that night or the night following. But on the third night the girls were again appalled by that awful eyes, hair and beard appearing at the window. Bessie commanded Grace in awful whispers to switch off the lights. Grace obeyed and ten minutes of nerve racking silence followed. Then a wierd snort sounded outside the window. The girls again switched on the lights. That terrible face still remained immovable at the window. By this time the girls were nearly frantic, but Bessie realizing that something must be done at once ran to a small table, snatched a revolver from a drawer and aimed at the face.

An awful crash followed. In through the broken window leaped a large and hairy animal of the ape family. The strain was too much; both girls fell fainting to the floor. Bessie was the first to recover consciousness, but was too terrified to utter a sound, when she opened her eyes on the large animal that was standing over her with a sad expression on its hairy face, talking in an unknown language but saying what Bess supposed to be her death sentence.

Ah, now was her chance! He was watching Grace. She would try to regain the revolver and shoot it. She jumped up quickly but to her amazement instead of trying to devour her the large ape danced around the room as if with joy.

This was too great a strain for Bess. She fell into a chair and laughed hysterically. This attracted the ape's attention

and he came toward her as if to embrace her. Just at that moment Bess' brother arrived. When he saw the broken window, hysterical Bess, and fainting Grace and the ape he broke into a merry laugh that rang through all the house.

By this time Grace was sitting up and Bess' brother was called upon to explain. "First," he said, "let me bar the window so this animal cannot escape." But the ape had no intention of leaving. He stood gazing attentively at Charles as he explained that the ape had escaped from a man who had been in town a few days, and who had offered large sums for the recovery of the animal. The ape was a perfect pet and loved girls as well as his dumb beast's heart could let him love anything.

The next day the owner was seen and told about the capture of his animal. But when he attempted to take the ape it showed such obstinacy and apparent reluctance to leave the girls that Bess' heart was touched and she finally persuaded the owner to sell it to her.

"The face at the window" is often talked about, but Bessie does not join in very whole heartedly when it comes to the point where she aimed the revolver at the ape's head, for she loves her pet dearly.

V. L., '19

RAYDEN'S DECISION

It was on a dull December afternoon. The sky was clear except for a few dark clouds floating lazily overhead. The trees outlined against the sky looked like tall seneschals at their posts. Far away could be heard the shouting of men and the rolling of lumber as the logs were floated down stream. A light snow was beginning to fall slowly and steadily as if to cover up the bareness and ugliness of mother earth.

Rayden sat quietly at his desk. For about the tenth time he was trying to decide whether to confess to the principal and before the whole school, or to stop school, go home to the little farm, and there spend the rest of his life plodding in the soil and caring for his widowed mother.

It was true he had not meant to take the material for the "Acom," but somehow fate seemed against him. He remembered distinctly going to the editor's desk and looking through the jokes, where rumor said his name was coupled with someone not to his liking. He only meant to look and then if rumor had spoken the truth to kindly ask the editor to leave out that particular passage. Just as he had found the place, someone came into the assembly. So he slipped the material into his coat pocket, meaning to return it when this person had gone.

"Hey, Rayden, stop your moping and help us out in basketball tonight," shouted a voice. And turning around Rayden saw Jack Carew, captain of the team in the doorway.

"Sure thing, Jack, I'd do anything to help along the captain and the team," answered Rayden, and together they went down the hall.

A new five dollar bill had been stolen from one of the pupils that morning and while the boys were playing basketball Principal Clayton thought he would look through their pockets. He did not suspect any of the players, but thought it his duty to take a careful look through their pockets for the missing money.

While he was doing so he came across the "Acom" material, the material over which the Junior class had worked so hard for several weeks. He could hardly believe it—one of the basketball men a thief? But the evidence was plain. Anger overcame Mr. Clayton and he bit his lips to keep back the words that would come—the first time in his three years of work in Milton, he let his temper get the best of him. His eyes flashed and burned with rage. Running into the gymnasium he commanded all the boys to come with him. They followed with wondering looks, fearing to ask questions. He jerked the coat from its hanger, demanding whose it was. All eyes turned on Rayden. He then drew the "Acom" material from its pocket. The principal's wrath now raged in full vent and fluently came the words to his tongue. "You wretch, you rascal, you thief!" he shouted. "Leave the building at once. You are not fit to associate with people. You're worse than a dog." Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead and his hands shook visibly. In vain did Rayden try to speak but Mr. Clayton sil-

enced him. He hurriedly dressed, hardly conscious of what was going on about him. The eyes of the boys seemed to pierce clear through him and Mr. Clayton's words, "You wretch, you rascal, you thief," kept ringing in his ears.

Somehow he stumbled out into the night towards home. All night he lay tossing on his bed. He dare not tell his mother for it would kill her. And now on this dreary afternoon he was trying to decide whether he would confess before the school or give up his only chance for an education and go to the farm.

He had almost made up his mind to do the latter, for to meet the principal and apologize was more than he could do.

His thoughts went back to his childhood. How he wished he was the same happy boy, fishing in the dam above the creek. Such good times as he and dad had had together, tracking the jack rabbits and hunting for squirrels! Dad was a good sport and expected great things of him, "And above all, Ray," his father said, "be honest with yourself."

A gentle tap on his shoulder brought him to his senses, and he heard his mother say, "Hurry, Ray, or you will be late for class."

Rayden jumped up, grabbed his cap and started for school—it was only a dream of his father, but the last words, "be honest with yourself," rang in his ears. He could not disappoint Dad and to run away without an explanation and apology was dishonest. Casting aside all pride and assuming all courage possible, he overtook the principal, asking for an explanation and apology for what had happened.

Mr. Clayton saw how true Rayden really was and how he had misjudged him. Rayden had stood the test well and Mr. Clayton's hand met Ray's in a warm clasp. That afternoon the principal told the assembly how Rayden had been misjudged. He pointed him out as a model of young men, and asked that the matter so painful to them all, be forgotten.

The students eagerly took back their old standby, and to show the good spirit that really existed, the boys elected him captain of the base ball team for the following spring.

Anna Scott, '17

JUST S'POSE

Just s'pose that its been snowing
Every day for 'bout a week,
'Till it's level with the fences
And the posts are mountain peaks

Then s'pose it up and freezes
Freezes hard for 'nother week,
'Till the snow is crisper'n crackers
And the skating's hard to beat.

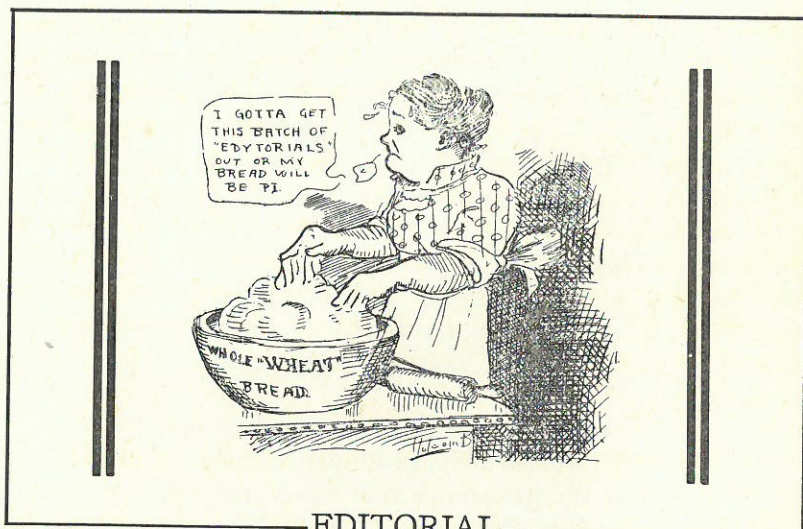
The s'pose that while you're sleeping
Comes a thaw! O, yes it's fine
For the grown-ups that have grain in,
For the grain is in on time.

But for kids that like the winter
Best, just because it's full of sport
Thaws just spoil their entertainment
An' make 'em feel all out of sort.

Just s'pose that you are me, sir,
Don't you s'pose that you'd be glad
If for once 'twould thaw so hard
That grown-ups would get mad?

Don't you s'pose that 'twould be fun, sir
To se 'em watch their old grain float,
And then to see them all down town
Travelin' in an old row boat?

Lucile Hein, '17



EDITORIAL

WHEAT STAFF

Editor in Chief.....	Martha Robbins
Assistant Editor	Lucile Hein
	Joseph Gaiser
Literary Editor	Hilda Dirks
Exchanges	Anna Scott
Athletics	Ellsworth Edwards
Locals	Helen Schock
Jokes	David Dirks
Society Reporter	Ruby Bauer
Senior Reporter	Lora Estep
Junior Reporter	Winifred Ross
Sophomore Reporter	Mable Robbins
Freshman Reporter	Venita Lambert
Forum Reporter	Harley Hollenshead
Philo Reporter	Gertrude Morach
Artists	Elsa Bauer
	Everett Edwards
Business Manager	Harold Martin
Subscription Manager	Herschel Gillis

We, to a great extent, represent Ritzville. Our conduct, the looks of the buildings, the order of our desks and a great

many other things make up the impression our visitors may form. We often hear our elders lamenting the fact that our school system stands for very little now. The advantages for an education are right at our door, yet some of us waste our time, while the precious moments and days go by. We will soon be citizens and have the right to vote, but are we using our education in such a way that we may benefit our country, bring respect and prove a blessing to our parents? Let us each one be earnest in what we are undertaking and show the supporters of our school that we appreciate the advantages given us and are making the best of them.

A. S., 17

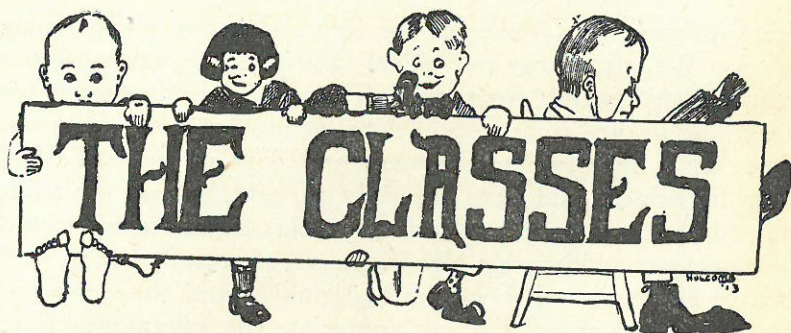
ART DECORATION IN OUR HIGH SCHOOL

Art decorations are of great benefit to any high school. The pictures and statues of great men constantly remind us of their deeds and inspire us to greater and noble actions. If the decorations take the form of loving cups or other trophies of athletics, they inspire us to do our best in all we undertake and leave like souvenirs to inspire those that follow in our footsteps. Though as yet we have only a few of these decorations in our high school, those we have are artistic and well chosen, and we hope to add to our collection.

We as a high school should take pride in those decorations which we have, and should individually be interested in preserving them.

M. A. R.

No better examples of procrastination are found anywhere than in the high school. Students go about complaining of over-work and too many lessons because they have been putting off what they should have done at some time. Too often, toward the end of the semester, one sees irritable students with squinty eyes and distressed expressions that are caused from late hours making up work. How envious they are of those who have finished their work, and have freedom. Again and again, procrastinators vow to do better next time, but the habit grows and often becomes too great to destroy.—Ex.



SENIOR NOTES

Of all the classes
Large or small,
The Seniors, '16
Beat them all.

Mr. Claypoole (U. S. History)—“Were there any more statesmen?”

Martha—“Wasn't there a picnic?” (Pickney)

Miss Jones (Eng. IV.)—“There is just one word I want. What is it?”

Willie—“Order.”

The seniors enjoyed a sleighing party Monday evening, February 7, after which they participated in a candy pull at the home of Mrs. Ryall.

Miss Jones (Eng. IV.)—“When and where was Milton born; (pause) from what school?”

Assembly Teacher—“Aren't you chewing gum?”

Senior—“Yes, ma'am.”

Teacher—“I wish you wouldn't do it when I am in the Assembly.”

Senior—“Alright, I'll put it away until the next teacher comes in.”

WHAT THE SENIORS LIKE

We like a gay and happy student
The kind that never drags along,
But keeps a working, studying onward,
And sending forth a cheerful song.

You may talk of your “100 student,”
The “sissy” with a cane on his arm,
But you never get much from him
When you take him out on a farm.

Many are the trials of the Senior,
And countless are the kicks he gets
But he's a sticker and also succeeder
And he'll finish with honors, you bet.

Martha—“If we have Exams Wednesday and Thursday, then Friday they will put us through because the basketball boys are gone.”

John W.—“They can't put me through much.”

Skee (reading, En. IV.)—“Other bodies have a sun-dried time.” (sundry.)

Miss Jones (Eng. IV., giving out questions)—“What is the effect of the hesitation——?”

Senior (After Harold had thrown snow down her back)—“Are you trying to test the dew point?”

Mr. Claypoole, (U. S. Hist.)—“Who was it delivered a speech the same time Lincoln gave the Gettysburg address?”

George—“Everett Edwards (Hale).”

Garret (U. S. Hist.)—“There were four or five men who ran for the Presidency, but they quit.”

M. Claypoole—“They didn't run fast enough, eh?”

Mr. Yeaman. Enters assembly and sees Darwin Gilson in back part of the room)—“You're out of your stall, aren't you, Darwin?”

MR. GILES' MOTTO

Get to class on time,
Even if it meets at nine;
Don't lie down in your seat,
Or in other words go to sleep,
But sit up and pay attention.
Be prepared with a lesson—
To Mr. Giles it'll be a blessin'
Don't come to class chewing pepsin,
For only cows chew after they "fressen."

Skee (Physics)—"The air is deceased." (deceased)

Mr. Wolcott—"Don't you think my mustache is becoming?"

Bright Stuent—"It may be coming, but it isn't here yet."

Wanted—To know why the Seniors don't know enough to leave class after Mr. Giles has excused them the third time.

Mr. Giles (Physics)—"What's a couple Lloyd?"

Lloyd—"Two of a kind."

Garret (in Physics; hesitates to answer a question.) Mr. Giles—"Billington's dreaming now. If we had a picture of his brain we'd find a girl's picture on top of it."

Mr. Yeaman (Civics)—"Who can vote, Gertie?"

Gertie—"You'll have to be twenty-one years old and in some states you have to be a man."

Martha (U. S. Hist.)—"It's too cold in here. Let's adjourn to some other room."

Harold—"Alright, let's go down to the engine room."

JUNIOR NOTES

Mr. C. (Geom. I)—"Please put up the shutters, we need all the light we can get."

L. H.—"Yes, this is rather a hazy subject, anyway."

"What is a true circle?"

"Leon."

"Circles are only imaginary."

"Well! I!"

H. W. —"I was just a little wart then."

Miss J.—"The Philo part of it means lover."

Mr. C.—Here's a rule I learned in the eighth grade that never left me." (Laughter.) "Well, that hasn't been so very long ago."

The Junior girls make a very good showing in Philo. Two of the officers are Junior girls and most of our girls members.

L. B. "I know how to do it—but, I don't."

Mr. C.—"Pi is the ratio."

Vera—"Where do you get it?"

Helen—"Rasty's Cafe."

L. B.—"They say if you have a little knot on the back of your head you are intelligent."

Mr. C.—"Have you one?"

A. S.—"Do you mean nobody can draw a true circle?"

Mr. C.—"Nobody can."

A. S.—"I thought you meant just us."

Mr. C.—"What tells you that's equilateral?"

L. B. —"Looks."

The Misses Lucylle Hein and Helen Shock entertained a few of the Junior girls on Friday evening, January 14th.

Eng. III. paper—"They were called croakers because they croaked."

Miss J. (Eng. III)—“After he had been in Europe, he lived in romance several years.”

The Junior class is well represented in the General play. All the girl characters who have been chosen are of our number, and some of the boys.

I. R. (Eng. III)—“He didn't write any prose (murmurs from class) for quite a while.”

We have completed the study of Tennyson's “Idylls of the King” and have gained much good from them. We are next to take up Carlyle's “Essay on Burns.”

Miss J. (Eng. III)—“He writes fluid and ripping prose.”

L. B. (speaking of Poe)—“If it hadn't been for liquor he would be living today.”

SOPHOMORE NOTES

I'd rather be a Sophomore
Than anything I know
For when you are a Sophomore,
You're always on the go.

Of the sleighing party that journeyed to Lind January 14th, to cheer the basketball team to victory, two-thirds were Sophomores. The class of '18 certainly shows school spirit.

George Bodinger is slowly recovering from an operation for appendicitis which he underwent at the local hospital. The Sophomore class extend their best wishes to him and hope he will soon be with them.

The Latin II class are studying “Caesar's Gallic War,” and are progressing nicely.

Shirley Kreuger left Jan. 21 for Rathdrum, Idaho, where she entered high school. We hear she is doing nicely and our best wishes are with her.

Both divisions of English II have finished George Eliott's “Silas Marner” and are beginning Goldsmith's “Vicar of Wakefield.”

Rueben Derr was ill the first part of the month and absent from school.

Both divisions of Geom. I are finding plenty to keep them busy and are coming on “slow but sure.”

FRESHMAN NOTES

We regret that her mother's illness prevents Rachel Schafer from continuing her work at the R. H. S., as a member of the Freshman class.

David G. (Eng. I.)—“Poe's parents were both actresses and singers.”

Pearl Lavanture Translating in German I)—“So! answered the dumb waiter.”

Miss Rapp (German I)—“I won't assign any vocabulary for Friday.”

Voice—“Miss Rapp, you're a brick.”

Frank J. (General Sci.)—“Snow is frozen clouds.”

A. Y. (Spelling)—“Mr. Wolcott, how old are you, anyway?”

Mr. W.—“Forty-four and one-half.”

Voice—“Bah! that's his street number.”

Laughter.

Miss Cox (Gen. Sci.)—“Ice is a good example of a salad.” (solid).

Miss Jones (Eng. I)—“David, give us an example of a periodic sentence.”

D. G.—“He runs fast.” (What are you thinking of David?)

Earl (Gen. Sci.)—“Sun is straight up at noon.”

Miss Cox—“I want those twenty-five experiments in your note books and in-complete.”

ATHLETICS

OUR BASKETBALL TEAM

Beside the High School campus,
One cold December day;
Inside the overcrowded gym,
Two teams had met for play.

The coach had blown his whistle,
And the ball was put in play;
As the players rushed together
You could hear our captain say:

"Stick to it, boys take my advice,
The strife will not be long;
Just play the ball right up the hall,
For we know our team is strong."

A forward was uncovered;
Like a flash he had the ball,
And he shot a goal that counted two,
With his back against the wall.

The play was signaled over—
Every player knew his place,
For they had it down to science;
They were winners in the race.

And then when the game was over
On the score board you could see
The Red and Black had counted most—
They had won a victory.

Ellsworth Edwards, '16

The Ritzville High School basketball team has played more games this season than ever before in the history of the school, and have had great success. Up to the present date twelve games have been played with only one defeat, that being by Davenport, which was the last of the twelve. But we are looking forward to the return game with them, when we hope to even things up.

Ritzville, 16. Edwall 7.

Ritzville, 13. Odessa 4.

At Odessa December 18, two games were played, one with Odessa and one with Edwall. By some misunderstanding in the management, both teams arrived at Odessa on the same date, and so the two games were arranged for that evening.

As it was Ritzville's first experience away from home they felt a little uneasy at the beginning, but soon found that both teams were easy "picking." After the games the visiting teams were entertained at the Odessa high school. The entertainment was enjoyed by all.

Ritzville 45. Harrington 21.

A large crowd of rooters accompanied the team at Harrington, and were of great importance in helping to bring back the bacon. The game was fast throughout. While spectacular shooting by everyone was a feature of the game.

The team and visitors were entertained after the game and refreshments were served at a late hour. Roy Gilson, a member of the class of '09, accompanied the team and furnished much of the entertainment by singing and playing favorite selections on the piano.

Ritzville, 27. Sprague 14.

At the close of the first half the score was 7 to 8 in Ritzville's favor and the prospects for victory were not very bright. At the beginning of the second half however, Ritzville started off on the right foot and were never in danger of losing the game.

Ritzville, 34. Lind, 13.

At Lind the entire second team played the first half. Score 8 to 8. At the second half the first team with the ex-

ception of H. Gillis, took their positions on the floor. Because Rowe was playing an excellent game at guard he was retained in that position. A crowd of about twenty-five accompanied the team in a sled and did a great deal to help them win.

Ritzville, 30. Pullman High School, 20.

One of the best games of the season was played with Pullman high school. After a long and tiresome journey the team arrived in Pullman about noon and had just enough rest before the game to put them in fine condition. The main feature of the game was the excellent teamwork displayed by the Ritzville five.

Ritzville 20. W. S. C. Preps, 5.

This was probably the fastest game of the season, as it was played on the large college floor. In the first half the teamwork was fast and spectacular shots were made by Harris from almost any position on the floor. The second half featured the preps playing a defensive game. Each team scored only two points. Many of Ritzville's old timers were present and their support was felt throughout the game.

Davenport 21. Ritzville, 20.

But the old saying, "Every dog has his day," surely must be true. The weather was very disagreeable and the train upon which the visitors arrived came at nine-fifteen o'clock. This delayed the game until after ten.

Very few people turned out, and by the time the game started almost all the enthusiasm had died away. The game was close throughout, with Ritzville leading at the close of the first half by one point. In the second half Davenport came back stronger than ever, while the local team displayed no team work whatever. A reception was given in honor of the Davenport team at the close of the game.

PHILO NOTES

Philo is growing. There are nine new members since the last report. A great interest is being shown, and it seems as though the larger number of girls in school will have joined before the year is out.

The second meeting in January was a very enjoyable one. The program was as follows:

Song General Assembly
Roll Call Quotations from Riley
Business President
Reading Helen Shock
Debate—"Resolved, That an unmarried girl gets more enjoyment out of life than her married sister."
Affirmative—Winnie Ross, Lucyle Hein.
Negative—Hilda Dirks, Carrie Ott.
Oral Story Miss Cox
Piano Duet Gertrude Morach, Martha Robbins
Judges' Decision. Critics' Report.

Because the meeting was held on Forum night, Philo had asked if they might have their program with the boys. Forum, however, did not think it advisable. But Forum was not held, so we were favored with a visit from its members. Their criticisms were enjoyed and profitably received. The judges for the debate were Miss Olive Jones, Miss Rapp and Miss Cox, and their decision was in favor of the affirmative. After the program, apples and popcorn balls were served in the gym.

At a special meeting called January 26th, Philo voted unanimously to bear what they could of the debating expenses. Had it not been for this fact our recent debate with Palouse could not have occurred. Both because Philo has the true R. H. S. spirit and because of the fact that two of the victorious team are Philo members, Philo, together with the Forum, agreed to stand half the expenses, providing the balance was made up by the student body. A finance committee, supplemented by various sub-committees has been appointed to take charge of the funds.

The last meeting held was short but interesting. The Roll was answered by suggested improvements for our high

school. If all these improvements could be carried out, our school would be a model one.

Miss Nellie Scott and Nelson Lloyd, both of the class of '15, were present. each favoring us with a short speech.

More debates will be held in the future which will help make the meetings even more lively and interesting than previous ones have been.

The R. H. S. debating team left Thursday, February 3, for Palouse, where they debated Friday night, upholding the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine Should be Discontinued." The judges were Dr. Goulder and Prof. Overman, of Pullman college, and Prof. Bond, of the U. of Idaho. The decision was in favor of the affirmative. Palouse treated the debaters with perfect cordiality during their stay.

The R. H. S. debating team of '15 and '16 wish to express their appreciation for the spirit and enthusiasm which the students have shown in supporting debate this year. Especially the Philo and Forum, in offering financial assistance, have shown their true high school spirit, and have been an invaluable aid to the team, for without this financial support, debating would have been discontinued for the year. Certainly when students show such interest in any high school activity, no one can say that our spirit and "pep" are diminishing.



Mabel Robbins entertained a number of her friends at a surprise party at her home on Friday, Feb. 4th, honoring Althea Johnston's birthday anniversary. A mock trial furnished entertainment for the guests during the greatest part of the evening and at a late hour light refreshments were served.

One of the most delightful sleighing parties of the season was given by Florence and Julia Carlson, Friday evening, Jan. 21. The guests enjoyed sleighing for an hour or more, after which they were taken to the Carlson home, where oyster stew and wafers were served. Music furnished entertainment for the remainder of the evening.

A reception was given in the gymnasium for the basketball boys after the game with Davenport on the evening of Jan. 27. The game was delayed in starting, owing to the train service; in consequence but a short time was spent in playing games and singing high school songs, after which a light lunch was served.

The Senior class had a sleighing party on Monday evening, Feb. 7. After about two hours of sleighing they were taken to Ruth Barton's present home, where they enjoyed the remainder of the evening in pulling taffy.

About twenty-two of the high school students enjoyed a sleigh ride to Lind and back on Jan. 14, when our B. B. team met the Lind team on the Lind floor. The party was chaperoned by the Misses Cox, Jane Olive Jones, Myrna Jones and Rapp.

A farewell surprise party was given for Shirley Krueger at her home on Jan. 17, by the Sophomore class. They met at the Robbins home at seven-thirty, and from there they went to the Krueger home. The evening was spent in playing games. Later very delectable refreshments were served. The class presented Shirley with a beautiful cut-glass cologne bottle as a remembrance.

The Seniors are a jolly class,
 For each lad there is a lass,
 They went one night to sup
 And stayed until the time was up.
 Eleven-thirty saw them journey through
 the gloom,
 From a merry time at the Robbins' home.

The members of the Senior class were most delightfully entertained at the home of Miss Martha Robbins on the evening of February 11th. Time passed all too quickly in matching hearts, guessing famous lovers of history and playing other games suggestive of St. Valentine's day. At a late hour dainty refreshments were served, and here, too, hearts were much in evidence. Then after listening to a few records on the Victrola, the guests departed, voting the party in honor of Dan Cupid a most enjoyable affair.

LOCALS

After the Xmas vacation the class of '15 visited the high school in a body, and entertained us with very interesting talks during the period of morning exercises.

The tryout for the general play, was held January the 10th, and as a result the following cast of characters were selected:

Dave Hardy	Herschel Gillis
Esmeralda	Ruby Bauer
Mrs. Rogers	Vera Harris
Mr. Rogers	Elmer Miller
Estabrook	Harley Hollenshead
Nora Desmond	Lucylle Hein

Kate Desmond	Anna Scott
Jack Desmond	Ellsworth Edwards
Marquis	Everett Edwards
George Drew	Lloyd Gillis

Mr. Lansing, one of the members of the board, visited the school January 7th.

School was dismissed for the morning of January 10th, because the building was too cold for health or comfort, but regular work was resumed in the afternoon.

Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Dr. Johnson were visitors Feb. 3. We only wish that others would follow their example, so that all might know what work is being done in our high school.

A crowd of pupils and teachers went to Lind, January 14, in a large bob-sled and helped the basketball boys "bring home the bacon."

ROLL OF HONOR

Joseph Gaiser	Ruby Bauer
Hazel Bennett	Louise Ott
Lucyle Hein	Martha Robbins
Venita Lambert	George Freese
Hilda Dirks	Marie Koch
Mabel Robbins	Marie Horch
David Gaiser	

A large number of our pupils, most of them Freshmen, had the habit of bringing their lunches to school, and enjoying themselves in the gymnasium, but the faculty has decreed that everybody must go home at noon.

The Freshmen girls are very much disappointed because the large mirror which was in Mr. Wolcott's room has been taken to the Domestic Science room.

The Taylor Evangelistic party gave a very interesting entertainment Feb. 7th. Mr. Taylor gave a talk on character building and Paul and Lawrence Taylor favored us with vocal selections.

We are glad to announce that one of the R. H. S. Alumni, Carl Clodius, still has enough "pep" to take such an interest in R. H. S. affairs, that he offered three prizes for three high school yells, to be judged by the faculty. Following are the three selected:

First Prize—Hilda Dirks

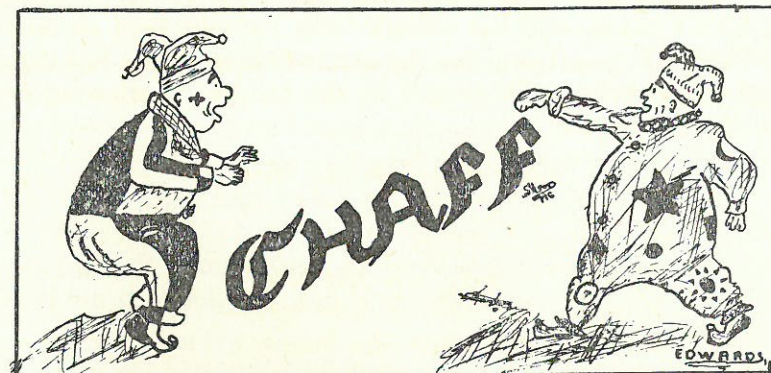
X C V—I—I.
 O C Ritzville High,
 Clickety, clackety, wer hat Not?
 Ritzville, Ritzville ist nicht tot!
 Ritzville, Ritzville, slam bum bix,
 Ritzville, Ritzville, ti-ra-lix,
 Hurrah, Hurrah, what's your vote?
 Ritzville, Ritzville, schwarz und rot!

Second Prize—David Dirks

Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,
 Rah, rah, rah doom-de-ay
 Ritzville, Ritzville, boom ra boo,
 Ritzville, Ritzville can beat you.
 Ki yi, Ki yi, push her through!
 Zip za boom ra, pep-ar-u!

Third Prize—Ellsworth Edwards and Lloyd Gillis

One a zima, two a zima, three a zima, zam!
 We're from old Ritzville
 And don't give a _____
 Humped backed alligator,
 Cross eyed sweet potato
 Bull-faced doughnut eater!
 Souse 'em in the lake
 Souse 'em in the sea
 Hand _____ a lemon
 Spee! twenty-three!



M. L. (giving criticisms on theme)—“She wouldn't put on her hat before her dress.”

Miss Jones—“What principal was violated?”

Mr. Claypoole (to G. Logan, eating candy).—“George, are you running a confectionery shop?”

G. L.—“No, I'm just running out of one.”

Frosh—“What organs of the body must we use in eating at the Freshman reception?”

Impatient Sophomore—“Aw! use your hand-organs.”

D. A. D.—“Since diamonds are made of carbon wouldn't they burn?”

J. H.—“No, they wouldn't even fade.”

Miss Jones—“What is an antiseptic?”

H. G.—“Oh, its something that puts you to sleep.”

H. L.—“My girl's father invented an automobile hearse; people are just dying to ride in it.”

Prof. Claypoole—“Locate your nose.”

D. A. D.—“I can't see it.”

It is said that the statue of John Harvard always shrinks when it rains. In fact, it becomes a mere statue wet.

Miss Jones (Eng. II)—“Melvin, what are you looking at?”

M. L. (pointing at the floor)—“Watching that bug stand on his head.”

Later to bed, and later to rise,
Makes the Profs cranky, lanky, and wise.

Mr. Giles (Lecturing upon the circulation of the blood)—
“If I stand on my head the blood will run down to my head,
will it not?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then why is it that it doesn't run to my feet when I stand up?”

Senior—“Please Sir, your feet aren't empty.”

Freshie—“We are going to have student body meeting this evening.”

Other Freshie—“How do you know?”

1st Frosh—“George Freese has a new collar on.”

Mr. Giles (in Physiology)—“The reason we separated the class was so that all of us would be girls.”

Mr. Giles (Physiology)—“Where do we find fat?”

P. K.—“I don't know.”

Mr. G.—“Under the skin; there isn't any on the outside.”

Miss Jones—“War between Rome and the allies (allies).”

Mr. Giles (Physiology)—“Has an ameba a mouth?”

Anna S—“They're all mouth.”

Mr. G.—“Some of us must be amebas then.”

Giles (Phy.)—“Affinity means two things that like each other and try to get together.”

I was born in the spring; I died in the fall,
But I won't tell St. Peter, I talked in the hall.

Yours truly,
J. Ed. (deceased)

EXCHANGES

Blue and White, Savannah, Ga.—You certainly have a neat little paper. Your literary department is very good and lots of school spirit seems to be shown.

Cownat, Bradford, Pa.—We like the cover design and the cuts in your Christmas number.

The Salem Oak, Salem, N. J.—Your literary department shows talent as well as work. We are always glad to see you.

Tahoma, Tacoma, Wash.—We like your paper very much. Your literary department and cuts are especially good, but don't you think it would be an improvement if the jokes weren't mixed in with the advertisements? We do.

Student, Detroit, Mich.—We think your paper breezy and full of high school spirit. Your cover design is very attractive.

Megaphone, Davenport, Wash.—You have a very neat little paper. We enjoyed your literary department especially. But why mix the jokes with the advertisements?

Black and Gold, Honolulu—You certainly have a neat little paper. Your literary department is very good and your school spirit is preominant throughout.

The Bugle, Monroe, Mich.—The Christmas number of the Bugle is very good. Your literary department is especially interesting.

Kinnikinick, Cheney, Wash.—We enjoy your paper very much. The cover design shows a great deal of talent.

The Voice of the South High, Youngston, Mich.—We like your paper very much, but why mix the jokes with the advertisements?

We are always glad to welcome the new papers. Among those received are: Dragon, Greenfield, Ohio; Kent's Hill Breeze, Kent's Hill, Maine; Red and Black, Tampa, Florida; Palmerian, Longsburg, California; Toltec, Durango, Colorado; Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis.; Tomahawk, Pontiac, Mich.; Wigwam, North Yakima, Wash.; B. H. S. Searchlight, Broknhelm, Ohio; Eh Kah Nam, Walla Walla; Mountaineer, Santa Anna, Tex.; Bulletin, Springfield Ill.; Manual Arts Weekly,

Los Angeles, Cal.; Future Citizen, Milledgeville, Ga.; Willamette Collegian, Salem, Ore.

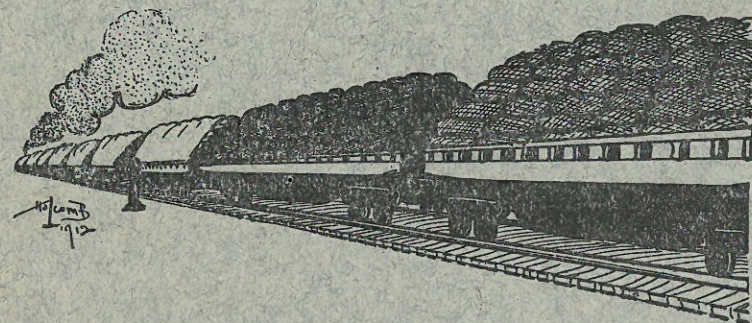
A number of exchanges have asked concerning the list of business men printed in "*Wheat*," and the financial backing of our paper. In answer, the business manager wishes to say that several years ago the businessmen of Ritzville decided that their advertisements in "*Wheat*" were not effective in a town of this size. However, they showed their willingness to support the school by agreeing to pay the same amount that their advertisements had cost, providing their names were printed in each issue of *Wheat*. Although a considerable amount is received from the high school subscriptions, *Wheat* is practically financed by these business men.

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,	G. Fisher
Pioneer National Bank,	Dr. F. R. Burroughs,
Ritzville Flouring Mills,	Adams & Naef,
Ritzville Trading Co.,	John Truax,
German-American State Bank,	Day Imus,
White River Lumber Co.,	Evans Brothers,
Myers-Shepley Co.,	Washington Water Power Co.,
Rosenoff & Co.,	Dr. H. G. Davenny,
S. S. Frantz Jewelry Co.,	John Pelcom,
St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co.	Charles Hollenshead,
The Store for Men,	Link's Place,
Golden Rule Store,	Red Cross Baths,
A. L. Wiffin & Co.,	C. W. Rathbun,
Adams County Abstract Co.,	J. I. Joyce,
Ritzville Garage,	Rasty's Cafe,
Table Supply Co.,	Will Thiel,
Thiel Cigar Store,	W. R. Peters,
Emerson Drug Co.,	John Ott,



1912