

THE RENNELAER

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A Paper With a Purpose

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SCHOOL NOTES

Edwina Spangle became too inquisitive about an alcohol lamp during Chemistry laboratory period, and succeeded in scorching some of her hair.

Mr. Woerner has been absent from school for the last few days. He has been suffering from his arm, which was dislocated at the shoulder five times within four days last week. Mr. Woerner dislocated his arm while playing basketball in college, and it has never healed. Mr. Woerner is improving now, but will not be able to hold his classes for another week, at least.

Hope and anticipation fills the hearts of the students, as they impatiently await the time for the appearance of the second edition of the "Report Cards."

"Themes" are the order of the day with the seniors. They expect to have them completed by the end of the first semester.

Owing to the fact that Harold Harmon is such a good friend of Miss Clelandin, she has moved him up to the seat in front of her desk.

The following seniors spent the week-end in Chicago in an effort to secure first-hand material for their Senior themes: Mae Lynne, Josephine Dayton, Ruth Clark, John Strecker and Roland Reed.

The Misses Blanche and Jessie Merry spent Saturday in Chicago.

Paul Randall says that Rex Beach discovered Alaska!

The High School has enrolled several dogs and cats this fall. They were well behaved ones, too.

Floyd Hemphill has joined the R. H. S. faculty during Mr. Woerner's absence.

Mr. Woerner was able to walk to the Manual Training shop Friday afternoon.

Luella Harmon, '20, visited R. H. S. Wednesday afternoon. Alumni are always welcome.

Virginia Yeoman visited R. H. S. Friday afternoon.

The students have been deriving a great deal of pleasure and help out of some slides which have been sent on to R. H. S. by the Government on the Forest of the U. S. The grade pupils have used them also. The slides are colored, and one is able to get an idea of the natural beauty spots of America by seeing these slides.

Billy Grant and his followers attended Indiana-Purdue game last Saturday.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

"Mother! O Mother! Tell us a story," cried the children, as they came scampering in from play. "What kind of a story, my children?" she asked. "Oh, a story of long ago," they answered. "All right," said Mother, and she began:

"Once upon a time there was a wicked ruler in England who made the people all worship him as he did. Now the Pilgrims or people who roamed about, didn't like his way of worshiping. Some disobeyed it and were thrown into prison; others escaped into Holland; these were the Pilgrims.

"Now the Pilgrims didn't want their children to marry into the Dutch families, so they decided to come to America. They set out in two small boats but one broke down and they had but one, the Mayflower, in which to make the long journey. It was a small boat and they were crowded but they sang and tried to be cheerful. Although many times the boat was swallowed up in a large wave, it was not destroyed. The Pilgrims kept up their courage and bravely went on. Many, many days they sailed until at last land was discovered. There they landed at Plymouth Rock.

It was late in the fall and they built rude huts for the winter. They had little food and many starved to death, yet they still clung to their courage and kept on. Off to their hostile tribes of Indians they went, and some of the Indians were friendly and gave them food. But, at last, spring came, and they planted corn as they had been taught by the Indians.

"All during the summer they kept on until the harvest. They had corn and other food enough to last all winter. They were so happy that they planned a Thanksgiving, a day of giving thanks to God for the bountiful harvest they had had. They invited all the friendly Indians and all the Pilgrims were there. They had three days of feasting.

—Ester McColly, Grade 8-A.

BEG PARDON.

In the last edition of THE RENNELAER, Mr. Frank Woerner's name was inadvertently omitted from the list of Faculty Members. Mr. Woerner has charge of the Manual Training and the Agricultural Training High School, Indianapolis, and has since studied at Butler University, at Winona Lake, and at Indiana State Normal, at Terre Haute.

WHAT IS SLANG?

- S—Stupidity of expressions.
 - L—Limited vocabulary.
 - A—Aborted interpretation.
 - N—Neglected pronunciation.
 - G—Gully of misused words.
- That is slang; avoid it.

Harold Halleck is studying in the Law Department of Indiana University.

Harold Novels and Linn Parkerson are taking the Mathematics and Science course at Purdue University, Lafayette.

Helen Warner is specializing in Music at DePauw University, Greencastle.

Mary Coen is attending the State Normal at Muncie, Indiana.

Jess Brown and Clyde Tilton are working in the Ford factory at Detroit, Michigan.

Ernest Abbott is clerking in the grocery department of Rowles and Parker's department store.

Paul Collins is working in O'Reilly's Bakery on week days, and, on Sunday, is starring as halfback on the Rensselaer Independent football team.

Cecelia Putts has a typewriting position in the Reserve Loan Life Insurance Co., at Indianapolis.

Lucile Mackey is working in the Western Union Telegraph office in Chicago.

Elizabeth Hemphill is office attendant for Dr. M. D. Gwin.

Luella Harmon is working in Gary.

Ruby Standish is one of the operators for the Mt. Airy Telephone Company.

Edna Yeoman is bookkeeper at the Rensselaer Lumber Company.

Mary Hordeman is a student nurse at the Jasper County Hospital.

Jennie Benson is employed as stenographer at the Dean & Williams law office.

Perlin Williams fulfilled the class prophecy and was married June 12, 1920, to Mr. James E. Vanarsdale. In the spring Mr. and Mrs. Vanarsdale will move to a farm owned by Mrs. H. E. Parkison.

Zella Hershman is employed in a law office at Crown Point, Indiana.

Elizabeth Hebard is teaching at the South Marion consolidated school, and Gladys Prouty at School No. 8, in Newton township.

As we stood in the roadway and gazed over the Autumn fields and into the far distance, a peace came over us. It was just at sunset and a red glow overspread all nature. Not a breath of air was stirring to break the beautiful quietness of the scene. Scattered among the stubble of the corn fields were the rich golden pumpkins; here and there was a yellow ear, peeping out from among the shocks of brown fodder, which dotted the entire field. Far back of this stretched a long line of trees, which, with the glow of the sunset upon them, gave forth many of the deep rich colors of Autumn. High above these and wrapped in the pinkish gray cloak of evening, towered a long chain of mountains. This is the picture we beheld as we gazed over one field in Autumn.

AUTUMN.

Now the days are growing shorter And the trees are sear and brown, And the children from school loiter to watch the leaves come tumbling down.

AUTUMN.

For, one by one, they're slowly falling 'Till all are nestled on the ground. When the apples all are gathered And carefully placed away For the children who are waiting For that cold and wintry day.

When the earth with snow is covered And the birds have gone away, Then it is this Autumn passes From our realm for ever away.

—Everett Greenlee.

A Sad Funeral Procession was witnessed in Rensselaer the Saturday evening following election by one of the largest crowds that has ever been in Rensselaer. The procession wound slowly through several of the main streets, to a vacant lot near the Washington street bridge. An enormous pile was then lighted and while the local band played compositions suitable for the occasion, the grief stricken pallbearers moved slowly around the fire, and then—gracefully tossed therein the effigy of James M. Cox.

ANCHRONISMS.

It was a winter day in summer The snow was raining fast, A barefoot boy with his shoes on Sat standing in the grass.

While the organ peeled potatoes, Lard was rendered by the choir; While the sexton rang the dishrag, Some one set the church afire.

"Holy Smoke," the preacher shouted; Just then he lost his hair. Now his head resembles Heaven, "For there's no parting there."

The beautiful, blameless, Pitiful curtains. So this is a protest. Strenuous, though rhymeless, Against the crude handling Of curtains and tackle; Against all the obstacles That hinder the sliding Of the Assembly Room Curtains!

"A HUNGRY FRESHMAN."

I've been saving up for days, I'm as hungry as can be, Mother says she'll have to get another turkey Just for me!

Grace Augusta Phillips, now of Dane, Wis., but formerly a student in R. H. S., visited friends here last week.

Join The First National Bank Christmas Saving Club Starts Dec. 13, 1920 A sure way to have Christmas money



JOKES

The reporter may grind and grind, For the jokes he has in store, But someone always says "Oh, I've heard that one before."

Spring was represented by Ruth Clark last Thursday. In spring we usually think of everyone bubbling over with fun and laughter. Well around, results from falling down class young. Stay away from church.

"Come on, Sweeney," whispered Mr. Leighly, coaching the said boy behind the shower door. Later: "Why the (censored) don't you do something?" P. S. Leighly's Brand.

At History Club meeting last Tuesday the members were speaking of a pretty little cat in the Commercial Rooms. "Speaking of cats," said Don Rhodes, "Miss B. Merry has a cat which she gives a bath before company comes."

Shepher acts as though he had lost his dog. We notice all the dogs in town have been to the school house since.

The girls of R. H. S.—especially the Seniors—have found that ear-puffs and hair-nets are a bother, so they have decided to do away with both. At least, from the number of ears showing Friday morning it looks as if they had. Hairnets cost fifteen cents, you know. Fifteen cents times seven nights equals \$1.05. Rather expensive.

Where, Oh where is Philip H.? What attraction has he in Goodland?

Jack: "What's the matter with your theme, Hempy?" Byron: "Miss Merry says I'm getting ahead of my age."

Freshmen: "Pick up the paper around your seats. If necessary the upper classmen will take up a collection and buy you a broom, so that you can sweep. We hate to see anyone unable to get through the aisles."

For the first time in the history of R. H. S. the girls of the school are receiving regular instruction in calisthenics.

Ellen Kresler in English, describing the Sicilian, "He was born near Etna except that he had a beard on his upper lip."

It is reported that Mr. Hemphill, the newest addition to the faculty, is an expert on scanting the contents of dinner pails.

Merry Christmas to you all We carry presents for The Entire Family LONG'S

a knife to turn the lock in the closet door. Ross was having difficulty, and so Mr. Leighly exclaimed: "Here, let me open it. You're no crook, at all." "No," agreed Ross, "I'm a cane (Cain)."

The Physiology class were examining a pair of beef lungs. All were intently absorbed, except Ward, who seemed disgruntled at the whole "show."

"What is it Ward?" Miss English asked. "I want my money back," demanded the little Yankee.

Miss English: "Name the parts of the blood and give the duties of each." Helen Tilton: "The white corpuscles are the red corpuscles after they have died."

The physical training work is having its effect for both boys and girls. Carl Arnett, for instance, says he cannot sit crooked any more. Time was, however, when we could barely see his head, because he sat so far up on his back.

Good Speech Week was observed in the Grammar Building, both by a tag contest and by the making and posting of posters. Much good was accomplished. We hope the enthusiasm will continue to grow and increase.

The Physiology classes have been doing some thorough and interesting work through the use of eyes, beef lungs, etc., secured from the meat markets. Also, microscopic examinations have been made of the blood. Other experiments have been made that are seldom seen below the high school.

WRIGLEY. Wrigley is the favorite son of Mr. and Mrs. Chewing Gum. He is a naughty boy, I guess, because he goes to R. H. S.

Wrapped up he comes to student hands; The wraps slip off; in the mouth he lands. He's munched and munched in the elastic casket, Till out he's tossed in the waste-paper basket.

It makes students in our schools Most awfully angry at the rules—They do so love little Wrigley, gum, The favorite son of the Chewing Gums.

Though children of six may go to school, Provided, of course, they obey the rule, Little five-year-olds, like Wrigley, you know, Are not supposed to school to go.

So, Wrigley, dear, don't buldge like a mountain, Just stay outside in the cool water fountain. Or, if you think that you can risk it, Hide yourself in the waste-paper basket. —Gladys Walker.

Miss Grace Potts is confined at home with scarlet fever. Several other members of the High School are quarantined.

Let's all come out to the first game and show the town folks how badly we need a new "gym."

Buy His Xmas Gift at Murray's SHIRTS NECKWEAR HOSE—Silk and Wool GLOVES MUFLERS SUITCASE or HANDBAG SWEATER—Red & Black Hart Schaffner & Marx Suit or Overcoat MURRAY'S

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