

JoAnn Josika

Chengwatana

Issue 3

PINE CITY, MINNESOTA

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PLAY PRESENTS PROBLEMS

MEET THE EDITORS

Here are the two editors, Dan and Gege, who have the job of keeping the paper running and who think up new ideas to make it attractive to the reader.

Each year a junior editor is chosen to work with the senior editor so every year there is an experienced editor to coach the new one along.

Their main jobs include writing articles, editing, making assignments, and composing the dummy sheets for the printer.

Lately they have started a statewide exchange of newspapers with other high schools to gather ideas and to see how other papers are compiled and printed. The papers have been coming in regularly and several new articles will soon be added to the Chengwatana.



Dan and Gege

VETERANS HONORED

On Thursday, November 11, the students of Pine City High School paid tribute to the Veterans of World Wars I and II.

The pupils proceeded silently to the auditorium in single file to the muffled beating of drums. When all were assembled the colors were presented by David Blanchard, Keith Vanstrom, and Dennis Wilcox. This was followed by a minute of silence.

Taps was sounded and the students recited the "Pledge of Allegiance," prior to the band playing the "Star Spangled Banner" and "American Patrol."

Louis Shumway and Jim Blanchard gave oral readings and Andy Edin, Mike Selleck, and Ron Baker spoke on the relationship between Veterans' Day and American Education Week.

Following this, the mixed chorus sang "Flag of Flags," and the girls' trio closed the program with "An American Heritage."

Curtains went up on November 11 and 12 on the production, "Room for One More," this year's Junior Class Play.

The large American family, the Roses, lived at their summer home, the Pumpkin Shell, and adopted one or two youngsters into their clan every now and then.

Mother, who was calm and patient, settled all problems caused by Joey, a teenage boy who wanted to marry his next-door neighbor, Betty Biddle; Jimmy John, a young boy crippled by polio; Janey, a quiet sixteen-year old who was afraid of most things; Teensie, an exuberant sub-teen; and Trot, a cheerful eighteen-year-old.

The play was filled with lines that called for chuckles and laughter, but there were scenes that pulled at the heart-strings of the audience; such as Poppy's death, and the struggle to stay at the Pumpkin Shell.

Among other characters were Miss Winston, the prissy head of the orphanage; the neighbors, Mrs. Biddle and her son; and a rescued woman who helped Janey overcome her fear of the water. Last, but not least, was another great attraction, the turtle, who made its debut in the terrifying scene of receiving artificial respiration.

The play could not have been successful without the behind-stage workers and the Junior Class would like to thank them and also their capable director, Miss Lawler.

NOTICE

The editors would appreciate suggestions and criticisms of the CHENGWATANA.

Please place any and all comments with Miss Muck, Dan or Gege.

A CARD OF THANKS

Ardis White, the Art Editor of the Chengwatana, is leaving P.C.H.S. soon. She will be missed very much by the editors and staff.

Ardis is responsible for drawing the crossword puzzles and headlines for each edition of the school paper.

She was chosen Art Editor last year when the paper was first organized and has worked along with the editors as they compiled the paper each issue.

We hope Ardis will be happy in Barnum and we hate to have her leave us.

For the help you've been on the Chengwatana,

Thanks, Ardis!

The Staff

FOOLISH BRAVADO

by

Sydney J. Harris

Note: Following is an open letter written by Sydney J. Harris, Chicago columnist, to a teen-aged boy who forced Harris off the road by passing him on a hill and cutting in sharply.

Dear Son: You may think you are a good driver, and perhaps you are. But I'd like you to keep in mind that most of your "skillful" driving is due to other motorists.

Anybody can whip along the road as fast and as carelessly as you were going. There's no trick to that--the newcars are loaded with power and pickup--too much so I'm afraid.

Just remember that it was my alertness that prevented an accident on the hill, not yours. And the driver who was approaching us also had to brake suddenly and swerve in order to save your life and his.

It is not your courage or dexterity that has kept you alive as long as this, but the prudence and politeness of other motorists. You have been trading on our good will and sense of self-preservation.

I wish it were possible to point out to you that your kind of driving is nothing but bad manners--it is not heroic, or adventurous or manly...

Suppose you beat me at the getaway, or up the hill? What does that prove? Nothing, except that the car you bought is faster. You didn't make it; it's a commercial product. Anybody can buy one like it--and anybody can drive with a maniacal disregard for safety.

So don't take any pride in your deadly accomplishment. A real man is considerate and polite--and takes chances only when it counts, when his honor and conscience call out for it. On the highway, most of all, it's easy to tell the men from the boys--for the men have to save the boys from the consequences of their foolish and needless bravado.

Editorial Section

LET'S TALK

TURKEY

Splish, squish, squirt! You've guessed it. Yes, it's noon hour in the halls of P.C.H.S. You've forgotten to watch for stray grapes in the halls again, haven't you?

How this sickening situation can continue to flourish is impossible to understand.

Every noon hour, without fail, our corridors become littered with wads of sticky gum, candy, wrappers, and other signs of munching lunchers.

Just a few days ago, a melting ice cream cone was splattered all over the floor in the upstairs hall. Why does this disgusting condition exist?

Even the water fountains get their share, and then some, of this liberally distributed refuse. Everyone in school has to drink from these fountains--some people seem to forget that.

Have you ever gone after a drink only to be met with browning apple cores, balls of gum, half-eaten lumps of candy, wrappers, and sticks from candy?

Sure you have, we all have.

Yet, it goes on; halls and fountains littered with remnants of snacks.

The student body is the cause and cure--one-hundred percent.

PEP CLUB

LACKS

PEP AND PUNCH

It has been said that Pine City has a Pep Club. Evidently this rumor is true, as they held their annual initiation on Nov. 5. Every year this organization collects dues and admits new members.

Then what? Absolutely nothing.

Last year there wasn't a single meeting of this exclusive society after the initiation.

There is comfort in the fact that the Pep Club can't be any less active this year. But, why don't they make something of their potential abilities?

The Pep Club could do a great deal for P.C.H.S. A start has been made to improve the reputation of the Pep Club--the complete support of its members will see it through.

Biography of a four time widow: She married a millionaire, then an actor, then a preacher, then an undertaker. One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go.

Staff

Co-Editors	Dan Boo
	Gege Gillespie
Feature Editor	Beverly Kutzke
Art Editor	Ardis White
Sports Editor	Mike Selleck
Business and Circulation Managers	Kay Nelson
	Karin Challeen
Staff	Karen Otto, Dennis Nelson, Margie Dow, Art Smith, Andy Edin, Jim Gillespie, Dorothy Glasow, Cleo Clem
Typists	Carole Carlson, Donna Yost
Advisor	Miss Muck

EXPERIMENT WITH VITAMINS

The ninth grade Health and Safety class conducted an experiment with vitamins lately and came out with much more experience in the field of cooking.

It came about this way. In the interests of health, the ninth grade decided to prepare and serve a nutritious and vitamin-packed breakfast.

Committees were appointed for various jobs and when the plans were completed the sewing room was decorated and Mr. Ziebarth, Mr. Oldenburg, and Miss Leonard were invited. The only trouble was that someone forgot to give Miss Leonard a place and one had to be set at the last minute.

For a starter, everyone had grapefruit and since no one had had much experience in cutting grapefruit, it was a wet beginning. The fruit squirted almost everywhere without exception.

Then they ran out of grid-dle grease for the French toast and when butter was substituted, the toast became rather crumbly. Even so, it tasted good when the homemade syrup was added. The syrup was quite thin, because no one had made syrup before, but then, no one was in the mood to complain.

What made the meal a real success was that, even with spilled milk and dropped silverware, no dishes were broken.

After breakfast, there was a surplus of syrup, batter, and grease, so naturally, it was poured down the sink. This clogged the drain, and when the dishes were done, the water would not drain out.

The freshmen were only half an hour late for their next classes, which disrupted things a little.

In fact, the whole affair can be summed up with the words of Nancy Selleck's toast, "If you can get up from this table, you're a better man than I."

CORRECTION

Miss Rousseau graduated from Mechanic Arts High School, not Mechanical Arts, as stated in our last issue.

POET'S CORNER

HURT PRIDE

by

Beverly Kutzke

On a Thanksgiving long ago
Tom Turkey sat in a tree,
Sat chirping, chatting to
himself--
Like all proud turkeys,
see--

Tom chirped about his feathers neat
His fan-tail spread out wide,
He was the handsomest, you bet,
Which not one bird denied.

Tom sat alone in the lone-some tree,
And heeded not the owl
Who sounded warning far and wide
To all (now hidden) fowl.

A hunter ambling through the woods
(A hunter of a feast
Of turkey meat he did admit)

Saw Tom--his hunting ceased
The shot was fired--it startled Tom
Who quickly turned his head
"Great turket strutters! My fan is gone!
It's just a stub!" he said.

Poor Tom the Valiant, Tom the Brave--
He was so taken' aback
He took one look, one look was all--
And died of heart attack!

The happy hunter hurried home
And Tom, because of pride
Became a roasted centerpiece
With stuffing all inside.

SIR AMOS AND THE MONSTER

by

Jim Gillespie

Oh long ago in England land
Lived a knight named Amos,
For Amos to the king did go,
To seek the princess famous.

The king told Amos loud and clear,
Go and kill old Wolfdel,
The court all shuddered at the thought,
Why they dared not tell.

Wolfdel an evil monster was,
Men he ate for dinner,
But our brave Amos did not fear,
He was no beginner.

Sleeping in a deep dark cavern
Wolfdel waited snoring,
Sir Amos to the cavern came,
Saw the monster dozing.

Wolfdel slept and Amos labored,
Fetching sticks and branches,
Soon the cavern it was filled,
Amos went for matches.

It was not long until were heard
From the cavern roasting
Many a shriek and mortal sound,
For Wolfdel was a toasting.

The fire having burned its course,
Sir Amos took the head
Back to the king and to his court,
The monster now was dead.

It was to great celebration
That Amos came laden,
The old king got the trophy rare,
Amos got the maiden.

INTERVIEW

I found Mr. Miles Aakhus in his homeroom figuring out a key for a test.

Mr. Aakhus is a neighbor. His home town is Willow River, Minnesota, and that is where he attended high school. "Bet ya didn't know that!"

Mr. A. attended U.M.D. and Concordia College in Minneapolis. He majored in Math and received a B. A. degree.

The junior high math teacher's favorite food is venison; but for some reason, he dislikes onion soup.

His favorite pastime is sleeping and his hobby is playing with his children.

To my question, "What is your opinion of this school?" his answer was, "No comment." (Doesn't anybody have an opinion?)

THE

P O L L

C A T

Questions: What would you do if you found a testudinate in your desk or locker?

Mr. Hanson: "I suppose I'd scream."

Deanne Clark: "I'd take it up to the Chemistry lab."

Mr. Aakhus: "Klestoplate it."

Bob Caroon: "Get rid of it."

Ardis White: "Quit school."

Miss Ditty: "If it wouldwork I'd use it to tune up the chorus."

Dick Baker: "Give it to somebody for Christmas."

Collette Ostrom: "I think I'd cut it in half and eat it."

Eulala Anderson: "I'd send it to the lost and found."

Testudinate: A turtle.

BASKETBALL BEGINS

On November 8, hopefuls for the Pine City basketball team reported at the armory for the start of practice. The team moved to the gymnasium on November 15.

An encouraging number of boys turned out for the team. Mr. Skoglund will handle the varsity again this year with Mr. Hackman as "B" coach. The Jr. Highteam will be run by Mr. Sporer.

The boys started practicing hard right away and there was many a soggy brow. However, the team is shaping up under the watchful eye of Mr. Skoglund. The team has had scrimmages with Barnum and Mora.

All the boys have been working hard to avenge the disaster of last year. We hope the students will give the team the support it needs. Knowing that the student body is behind them is a good feeling to any team. Let's all get behind the team in hopes that Pine City once again can reach the top.

ALL-STAR PREVIEW

Each year a few members of the chorus of each school in the northern half of the district are selected to join voices in an "all star chorus."

This year, P.C.H.S. will be represented by 12 students: sopranos: Darlene Krube, Jane Blanchard, Lavonne Rohweder; altos: Deanne Clark, Sandy Barnes, Shirley Caroon; tenors: Ronald Baker, Andy Edin, Jon Challeen; and basses: Richard Kosik, Alf Grandt, and Dale Otterdahl.

The date is set for January 24 at the Hinckley High School Auditorium, where a concert will be given in the evening.

Thirty band members from P.C.H.S. will participate in an "all star band," and give the vocalists some competition.

THIS 'N THAT

See Macbeth on TV! Nov. 28, Channel 5, three o'clock in the afternoon.

LOST: One whisk broom. If found, return it to room 102.

Thanksgiving vacation begins Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 2:30 p.m.

Report cards! Wednesday, Dec. 1.

FOOTBALL REVIEW

For participating in football, twenty members of this year's squad will receive letters at the annual Award Assembly in the spring.

Ten of these are seniors, and they are: Jon Stratte, Andy Edin, Oscar Thorson, Abel Korf, Dave Fischer, Gary Rohweder, Frank Peil, Leslie Benson, Bill Roubinek, and Ray Stevens.

Underclassmen also receiving letters are: Dennis Bowers, Alan Thiry, Gary Sickler, Henry Cornelius, Jim Blanchard, Jerry Yost, Louis Shumway, Don Bible, Virgil Miska, and Roger Jewell.

DEADLINE -- P.C.H.S.

This sketch takes place in the Commercial room of Pine City High School. It's after school, and the clock is racing the newspaper staff to five-thirty, when the paper must be mailed to the printers.

In reality, this rush shouldn't occur, but when assignments are late a day or so, it's difficult to set any one day for a deadline. So, each night a few assignments come in, are rewritten, typed, proofread and finally the big day arrives.

The room is in a flurry of work. Gege is scanning magazines for jokes, Miss Muck is rushing between the typewriter and the dummy sheets, and Dan is trying to think up a catchy title for one article or another.

At two desks sit Donna and Carole, busily typing away, and other staff members are inking headlines or arranging and glueing articles on the dummy sheets. Conversation runs something like this:

Gege: "How do you like this joke?" Reads joke. No laughter. "I thought it was funny, but I'll look for another one."

Donna: "Say, Miss Muck, how do you space this line?"

Reporter rushing in: "Here is that story I forgot to turn in."

Just about everybody: "Look at the time. Speed it up or we won't make it."

And so it goes. The sheets are set up, headlines attached, package wrapped and addressed, and someone is off on a race to the post office.

A general sigh of relief goes up. Next week will be plenty of time to start thinking of the next issue.

Serious young man: Do you enjoy Kipling?
Giddy girl: I don't know.
How do you kipple?

In addition, Dennis Bowers was elected next year's captain and Andy Edin was voted the year's most valuable blocker.