

The Rogue News

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Students of the Ashland
High School.

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Asst. Editor — Louise Anderson
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YOUR GAME

Here is a little word to the
wise. In the Oregon Athletics As-
sociation's code of rules is one
which we all should read over
again; it is: "Any school whose
students supporters, rooters or
partisans take part in riots,
fights, piffering, painting, or any
unsportsmanlike conduct against
any other school in this Associa-
tion shall forfeit all games played
and won and shall be automati-
cally suspended for an indefinite
period from the Association."

Just put that under your hat
and remember it. Be modern, set
an example instead of following
some one else's. Others may mis-
take; they may not adhere to the
above rule as close as they could.

As a suggestion, don't stoop to
conquer. It takes all the glimmer
away from the spoils. Have all
those that represent Ashland rep-
resent also good sportsmanship.

LIBRARY NOTES

Books of reference, literature,
and travel have been added to
the library.

Another outstanding addition
is the magazine that is to be
found on the leisure reading
table. It is entitled "The Life of
Thomas Edison", in Word and
Picture. It gives in interesting
detail his life, and works.

Library reference work has be-
gun for the lower classmen.

Mrs. Graham, the librarian
states, "The large library makes
it possible for me to have the
English classes meet in the li-
brary and show them the work
that I wish them to learn. This
is much easier than trying to de-
scribe what is to be done."

"LIFE AS SHE IS NAUGHT"

By DAVID JOHNSON

Chapter 1

The scurvy villain sneered,
twisting the heavy black mus-
tache which adorned his grehen-
sible upper lip.

"Never, never, never, no proud
beauty", he sneered, laughing
viciously. "You are now in my
power and unless you sign those
papers your sweetheart will die—
die—die—"

The girl drew back from him,
slowly, falteringly, as all maidens
do when in distress.

"Ah, poor me", she sobbed,
"To be betrayed by such an arch
villain as you, Aganatura Bitters,
you—you—(the dashes doubtless
indicate laboring of the lungs)
you Bear, You BULL of Wall
Street."

As she went on describing him
in terms that would doubtless
prove interesting to one interest-
ed in them, the arch fiend leaned
against table and agitated the
curtains of the ink well with his
scull - blasting, body - shaking
laugh. Finally, seeming to grow
tired of subjecting himself, a
proud financier, to the scorching
expressions of scorn that fell
from the lips of the innocent
young heroine, he stepped for-
ward and grabbing her by the
throat, shook her viciously, as a
dachshund would doubtless shake
a mouse. The girl firing of such
treatment, was about to sign the
papers, when the door opened,
and—oh, joy—in walked Oscar.

"My hero", shrieked the dam-
sel. "At last, you have arrived!"
"One side, woman", snarled
Oscar. "I would wreak vengeance
upon this vile sheep in wolf's
clothing. I mean wolf in vile
sheep's—oh, my poor tongue—
anyway—I'm going to knock his
lock off."

As they clenched in mortal
combat, hurling waste-paper
baskets, ticker tape, and anything
else handy, she shrank back
against the wall, biting her lip
until her very life-blood ran.
(Where? Down her chin, of
course.)

Finally, the hero forced the
villain to his knees, and began
to belabor the foul creature over
the head. The fellow gasped and
sighed, "Uncle."

"Come, fair one", cried Oscar.
"Renew the masara and we will
chill, or his) ourselves to
Coney and Umbide of colored lu-
cids and tepid raitnes.

Chapter 2

(Unless I have lost count)
The big man leaning over the
pool table arranged the balls and
shot. Missing, he cursed.

"Oh, judge, I missed again!"
Hurling the cue into the street
after delivering himself of this
scorching stream of epithets,
he turned about, beckoned to his
saw of confederates (Federals
would never enter into contro-
versy with such vile personages)
and left. Once gaining the street
however, he stopped and slipped
a flower into his button-hole.
Thus disguised, he leapt—

of the brave police laddies, for
was not the city Chicago?

As they walked along, he un-
folded the plan which had been
feasting in his vile mind. Except
for stopping now and then to
wrest a blind man's pennies from
his cup, the villain continued un-
interrupted, as is often the case.

The scurvy (it might have been
lively) crew of bullies with him
shuddered as he continued to un-
wrap the plan which was a child
of his brain.

"No, no, and again, no, Cap-
tain dear" they cried. "Do not
think of such things".

"Close your traps", was the re-
sponse elicited (maybe that is not
the right word, but let it go.)
"I must have my revenge—re-
venge—g-r-r-r, Carramba,
(To Be Continued)

THANK YOU

It has been a great help to
this paper to have had the aid
of a group of students who have
given their time to the sollicita-
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and Student Body dues.

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nothing but the expression of the
students themselves. So I wish to
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have given their support to the
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—Business Manager G. F. S.

ROGUES GALLERY

In niche No. 1, of the A: group
in our high school Rogues Gal-
lery stands pictures, size of shoes
and so forth of the great and fa-
mous Kenneth Darling, better
known as "Thunder."

And girls, do you know why

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manage one's resources
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ing of thrift.

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"Just Call, That's All"

they call him "Thunder?" In
basketball everytime they wanted
him and said, "Come here Dar-
ling". The bashful unassuming
boy would answer "Oh thunder".

This same "Thunder" will
show up in some coming foot-
ball and basketball games. Just
keep your ears open.

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