

The Rogue News

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of the Ashland High School.

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Asst. Editor — Louise Anderson
Sports —
Boys: David Johnson
Girls: Mae High
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Silvia Provoost — Typist

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YOUR GAME

Here is a little word to the wise. In the Oregon Athletics Association'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, piffing, painting, or any unsportsmanlike conduct against any other school in this Association shall forfeit all games played and won and shall be automatically 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 mistake; 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 represent 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 begun 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 library and show them the work that I wish them to learn. This is much easier than trying to describe what is to be done."

"LIFE AS SHE IS NAUGHT"

By DAVID JOHNSON
Chapter 1

The scurvy villain sneered, twisting the heavy black mustache which adorned his greasy 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—e-e-e."

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, Agamemnon 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 interested in them, the arch fiend leaned against table and agitated the curtains of the ink well with his scul - 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 forward 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 paper, when the door opened, and—oh, joy—in walked Oscar.

"My hero", shrieked the damsel. "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 block 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 masera and we will chug, or his) ourselves to Coney and Umbide of colored Hounds and tepid raines."

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 gang of confederates (Federals would never enter into controversy with such vile personages) and left. Once gaining the street however, he stopped and slipped a flower into his button-hole. Thus disguised, he

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

As they walked along, he unfolded 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 uninterrupted, as is often the case.

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

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

"Close your traps", was the response elicited (maybe that is not the right word, but let it go.) "I must have my revenge—revenge—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 solicitation of Rogue News subscriptions and Student Body dues.

The Rogue News is, after all, nothing but the expression of the students themselves. So I wish to thank sincerely those people who have given their support to the paper in the collection of Rogue News subscriptions. Rogue News is indebted to Mary Poley, Beth Joy, Keith Lennox, Lorraine Smith, Marietta Whitney, Frank Billings, Ervilia Gearhart, Wade Hanson, and Helen Madden of Junior High.

—Business Manager G. F. S.

ROGUES GALLERY

In niche No. 1, of the A group in our high school Rogues Gallery stands pictures, size of shoes and so forth of the great and famous Kenneth Darling, better known as "Thunder."

And girls, do you know why

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"Just Call, That's All"

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

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

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