

EDITORIAL LINERS.

Out of the students who turn out for rallies, half are in the line and half on the side lines.

From the laughs we heard we know one little Junior who won a ticket to the play was there.

The property manager should have remembered the alchemy when weiners were substituted for steak in the play.

Tomorrow's game marks the end of the football season. Our team hasn't carried away lots of honors, but the fellows have put up a mighty good fight, and shown a fine spirit at every game.

Thanksgiving is the day when many a gobbler wishes he hadn't strutted so soon.

Who invented the idea "Let George do it"? He must have been a great fellow.

March on, Grizzlies. You're on the upgrade again. The way you fought the Pelicans gives us added confidence for you against Grants Pass and Medford.

We want a big crowd for the Medford game. Start agitating.

Since the interesting talk on forestry by Mr. Griffiths, many students have suddenly become interested in that line of work. It would be very instructive and profitable to have a class in forestry supplementing biology class work.

Thanksgiving is all right in its way, but what is a poor student going to be thankful for when report cards are just out?

It may be a year of depression but the students of Ashland High seem to find plenty of nickels and dimes for candy. The Junior class reports a good sale of candy in the hall at noon.

As the weather grows colder and wetter the annual crop of overcoats and goloshes is appearing in the hall lockers. Sophomores and Juniors keep your place.

It seems that "Shorty" Gosnell is so fond of football that he is seen wandering toward the football field at noons.

As the snow-line around Ashland comes lower many s'is, sleds, and all, are taken from the woodshed and given a new coat of paint.

Sad but true, the swan song of several of our football teams will be sung Thanksgiving day.

Taking it all in all, Thanksgiving is just another rising and setting of the sun, but think what it would be if we had no day like it and its memories.

Our football team represents our school in the inter-scholastic competition of Southern Oregon. For their work they are given a letter at the end of the season. But out of the field of action a letter doesn't do them so very much good. They might, however, appreciate a large blanket with a big "A" on it. At the last game there was one small blanket for the eleven on the bench. What do you think?

Turn about is fair play. Patronize those who advertise with us.

CAUGHT IN THE FROST

AUTUMN

When autumn leaves fall softly to the ground

And scattered make a pleasant shushing sound;

When blue smoke lies on hills like filmy veils

And hunters clamber over forest trails;

When Zephyrus dances madly down the street

Whirling gusts of leaves on people's feet,

And on them shines the veteran mellow sun

Who, soulless, knows his days are nearly done;

When jays call sanely from nut trees

And hold the nuts between their slender knees

And softly crack the shells with their strong bills

Ungrateful to the tree that stomachs fill;

When people long to flee from city streets

To seek the place where shy and mountains meet

They make a pilgrimage to nature green

Where reds and browns and russet golds are seen

The call of vagabonds and spies can still lure folks to the Romany

Pattaran.

By Dorothy Bergstrom.

OLD RUFFLED SIDES

By RACHEL FORSYTHE

(With apologies to Dr. Holmes)

Ay, chop the belligerent head off

Long has he stratted by

And many a child has danced

who sees

That monarch coming nigh;

From out it ranc the battle shout

And burst the turkey roar.

The monarch at the barnyard there

Shall scare the hens no more.

His back once spread with anger wide

Where rode the valliant foe,

When chicks and ducks hurried aside

And ground was far below,

No more shall feel small Joseph's pants

Or know of the sturdy arms;

The fingers of the cook shall pluck

The monarch of the farm.

Oh better that his ruffled back

Should sink beneath a speeding knife!

His gobbles scared the whole farm yard

And there should be his grave;

Open wide the prison sack

Return the ax! Disarm!

And give him back his kingdom

The barnyard and the farm.

C. Bliss: When was electricity first mentioned in the Bible?

L. Gosnell: Why, when Noah saw the Ark light on the mountain.

DR. W. E. BLAKE
Dentist

Office Hours 9 to 12; 1 to 5
First National Bank Bldg.
Phone 109

Lithia Springs Pharmacy

Green Trading Stamps
with
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Patterson Dairy

Milk, Cream and Butter-milk
We don't claim to have the best—but we have as good as the best.
QUALITY and SERVICE

E. A. WOODS, M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Specialist.

Swedenburg Bldg. Phone 290

QUALITY SERVICE

Shoe Repairing

AGEE'S SHOE SHOP
339 E. Main Street

Dr. R. L. Burdick

Dentist
Hersey Building

Do you own a fountain pen?

Is it in good order? If you have one—we repair them—If you haven't—we sell them.

McNair Bros.

The Retail Store
ON THE PLAZA