

OBSERVATIONS

—of Anony Mous Keyhole
You never know—when our eagle eye—may be fixed on You—and probably You—and You and You!

Two-period exams are gone—but, unfortunately, can't be forgotten. But it is a cheering thought that they only come once a semester!

It seems that some discreet students are saving their report cards for a little after-Christmas present for Poppa. The Sophomores will have a fine alibi, though—but, Poppa, think of the time I had to spend writing to Sandy Clawst—how could I study?

Anyone desiring information Hon how to make mysterious squeaks, hisses, and other disturbances in study hall without being detected might apply to our budding ventriloquist, Mr. Glen Head!

Some one was wondering the other day if having a (Beth) JOY and a (Coach) BLISS in the same school might be called a HAPPY (Carlton) coincidence.

Johnny Junior says—
Girls is hard to please. Once I gave my girl a box of chocolates. It had one funny one in it but I didn't mean to have her eat that one. She did, though, and got awful mad about it. I got another girl now.

When celebrating New Year—
Let your conscience be your guide!

This is absolutely all.
You will ever hear from us—
In the year 1931.

But, finally,
We'll wish you
AMERRYCHRISTMASANDA
HAPPYNEWYEAR!

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Santa's Special Correspondent came tearing down the hall and caught Mr. Bliss's eye. "Whaddya want for Chris'mas," he asked in a well-this-has-to-be-done-right-as-well-get-it-over with sort of tone.

Mr. Bliss became thoughtful, scratched the epidermis of his face and then murmured soulfully, "A saxophone—Sax appeal," he said, dreamily with a sigh. The S. S. C. looked bored and hurried off to the next victim.

"N' Austen" said Miss Hedges laconically, letting her huge eyes do devastating things to her enquirer.

Miss Lockhart looked so happy at being able to air her wishes that the "new screws and quartering instruments for the class room" did not phase the S. S. C.

Mr. Phillips drifted into a leth argy, then said, "They all laughed when I sat down to the piano but—here he jumped up and said fiercely—"When I be-

gan to play—" and glared so wildly that the S. S. C. ran from the room, nevertheless jangling down "tut-tion in piano playing" in his notebook.

As Miss Clark was engrossed in "Ballyhoo", he discreetly put down a years subscription for it. Catching Miss Tomlinson wistfully looking at an advertisement of jewels and murmuring, "Diamonds, rubies, pearls" in a glowing sort of voice, he put it down in his note book.

Miss Tjosdal muttered something about her lost youth; Mr. Wagner whispered something, and the S. S. C. looked doubtful; Mrs. Graham asked for a book, "Oh, I want a paint set," cried Miss Mazoon.

"And I want a sewing outfit", chimed in Miss Kilgore.

Miss Beek said, with big eyes "I want to go to Florida. That's where the Four-hundred go." Miss Wiseman admitted, "I want a subscription to Western Stories". Miss Dobrovolsky struck a pose and said, "I want a tennis racket."

Mr. Forsythe said something about a moment's peace and with these wishes hardening him the S. S. C. hastened back to ante Claus and put in his resignation.

**A BALLAD OF JOHN
By HOMER CLINTON**

It was a dark night that Hallo-wen
The Ghosts were all abroad.
Young John was a boy just turned fifteen.
The Ghosts were all abroad.

The Graveyard was a mile from town,
The ghosts were all abroad,
Young John couldn't go the Graveyard round.
The Ghosts were all abroad.

The road was long, the trees did shake,
The Ghosts were all abroad,
Young Johnny's heart did jump and quake.
The Ghosts were all abroad.

The Ghosts caught John; how he did cry.
The Ghosts were all abroad,
And now he lies the roadside by.
The Ghosts still go abroad.

The name of John is carved in stone,
The Ghosts still go abroad,
And placed u'cn a grave alone,
The Ghosts still go abroad.

Now in the country far away,
The Ghosts still go abroad,
But John is caught and put to stay.
By the Ghosts that went abroad.

WHAT—HO!

My hat!
Here's Christmas—
Joyous details of this
And that!

What fun!
Good old World—
Happy New Year's
Just begun!

BALLAD TO CAPONE

By DAVID JOHNSON

It was a scarface handit
And he stoppeth two or three.
"By thy long black gun and deadly eye
Now wherefor stoppeth thou me?"

"Oh, I am Scarface Al Capone".
The handit made reply.
"Hand to me quick your money,
Or you all shall surely die."

We handed him all our money.
Our jewels and watches fine.
He took them all and off he raced,
Presumably with the mayor to dine.

Oh, he dined with the mayor,
And slept in his house.
He sold him some beer,
And with him shot grouse.

But the mayor paid taxes,
Capone paid none.
So with him at last,
Chicago is done.

**SIDELINERS DOPE
ON BASKETBALL**

Basket ball is with us. No longer may the boys going out for sports do as their please, for they must keep training. Here's wishing them fewer temptations of breaking training than they had during the football season. Also the student body as a whole keep training on routing if that will do any good, for something has certainly been amiss in the "you teams", "rah, rahs", et cetera.

This is the time of year when Christmas cards are being sent and received everywhere, so in accordance with this custom let's all have this engraved in our hearts throughout the coming basket ball season: "Let the training be stricter, the sportsmanship more outstanding, and the rooting bigger and better; for when better teams are made, these things will make them."

That the Ashland red and white may again journey to Salem for the basketball tournament, the same cooperation evident last year is again needed. Not only will the boys on the team have to work faithful—and earnestly but the much larger student body must help them by backing them and rooting for them. The largest portion of the endeavor lies with the basket ball boys themselves, to them goes the responsibility of keep training and doing the actual work. Nevertheless, we can help by being unselfish in our parties, our spirit, our loyalty that is sportsmanship.

Willie Durham: Did you ever take choloform?
Harvey Gearhart: No, who teaches it?
Wardlow Howell: Doc, like Greta Garbo?
Kenneth Darling: I don't know; I never ate any.

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CHRISTMAS PROGRAM:
Sunday School—9:45 A. M.
Divine Worship—11:00 A. M.
and 7:50 A. M. Wednesday Evening.
Young People's Meeting—6:45 P. M. All invited.

VINING THEATRE,
COMING ATTRACTIONS
CHRISTMAS
Continuous Starting 1:20
"AMBASSADOR BILL"
With Will Rogers
SUNDAY — MONDAY
"THE SIN OF MADELOX
CLAUDETTE"
With Helen Hayes
TUES., WED., THURS.
"OVER THE HILL"
With James Dunn, Sally Eilers
NEW YEARS
"HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY"
With Olive Brook

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