



**Courtship Of Miles Standish**

It was in the spring of 1610, The sun was shining, the bees was buzzing, the birds was yapping, and the buds was budding. All this stuff was going on in the rising young metropolis of Plymouth Rock. In a cabin overlooking the town lived two men, John Alden and Miles Standish.

On this afternoon everyone was very busy because the Mayflower was leaving for England in the morning. In the cabin Miles was telling himself what a swell guy he was. While he was thus boring himself, John was writing letters. He was sending in five box tops for a baseball mitt.

When Miles ran out of nice things to say about himself he up an turned to John.

"Look, John boy, I'm an old soldier which is pretty lonesome so soppin' you trot over and ask Priscilla to marry up with me."

"Sure thing, Miles old boy," said John as he jumped into his shoes and started through the woods.

"Shucks," thought John as he roared over the trail, "I wanted to marry Prisy myself."

As he neared Priscilla's cabin he slowed down to a gallop. He knocked on the door and waited.

Prisy was a cute little trick of eighteen summers, all dressed up in her best bib 'n' tucker.

"Hello sonny," she said, "Come on in for a slug of tea and a slab of bear meat."

He went in.

"Pull up the floor and sit down," said Prisy.

John and Prisy just sat there for an hour or so and talked about the weather 'n' the trees 'n' the bees and all that kind of mush.

John looked at his watch and decided enough was enough so he got down to the business at hand.

He lumbered up his tonsils and spouted forth on Volume I of the brave deeds and the adventures of Miles Standish. About three hours later Prisy yawned. Being a well-mannered little gal, she stuck her fist in her mouth.

John took the hint and stopped beating around the bush.

"Prisy," he said, "Miles wants you to marry up with him."

Now Prisy said a mess of words right here that wouldn't interest us people. She concluded with, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

John didn't feel like facing Miles right away so he tripped on down to the beach. He was feeling pretty down in the mouth so he stopped in at the "Plymouth Hot Spot" and drowned his sorrows in a glass of goat's milk.

A little later John boldly ankled up to Miles' cabin. Miles, hearing him, threw down his latest edition of Superman and dashed to the door.

John made a complete report of Prisy's refusal. Miles didn't exactly get mad but he did use some mighty forceful language.

About this time a flunky came in to report that a mess of redskins were starting to play rough. Miles got his vast army together and went out and whipped the daylight out of 'em.

While he was gone, John popped the question to Prisy and they got hitched, so everybody was happy.

**DA THIEF OF BAGPOP**

Well dis leetle jerk lived a long time ago—two-tree thousan' years to be exact. His moniker was Abul, which is a nice name for a flatfoot, but he wasn't a flatfoot even if he was Abul. Dis Abul was forever practicing his profession. In dis USA if youse go around practicing your profession its okay, see—its okay. Only not in his country 'cus da kid was a thief, an certain persons who were robbed of da short off da back didn't like it any at all hardly. Well—on wit da prose—de leetle wan had been snatched red-handed (an' red-faced) right in da middle of a job. It was a good job too—union hours an' union pay—

Da flatfeets had him and dere he was—makin' large stacks wit da face on how he would reform an' turn over a new sheet. But da flatfeet were tough an' told him to shut up or dey would reform his face an' put him under a new sheet.

However—he finally convinced dem an' da flatfeet gave his mouthpiece da glad news. When dis mouthpiece finally got around to hisfootin' it over he got trown in jail too, cuz cops don't like a hotfoot any better dan anyone else. De mouthpiece was all for giving up, but not leetle Abul, da armpit had been tru all dis before. He'd been in an' out of da hoosegow so much he had a key made so he wouldn't bodder da jailer. Right away da mouthpiece perks up. An' Abul an' da mouthpiece have a gray old time singin'.

An' laughin'. An' such.

While dey are whiling away dere time da sun sinks over da horizon an' den dey quietly creep out into da night—isen't dat a dark end?

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**Keyhole Scoops!**

Vacation has went and school has came, But somehow or other it's not quite the same.

A few more studies and a lot of exams Keep on the kids home at nights to cram.

But in spite of these obstacles jive lives roll on— To prove it ask Verna Petersen and Don.

And we hear B. J. Dunn has cest her eye On a certain good-looking senior guy.

Is Harleee's heart up to Parr these days? Are all these pearls a passing craze?

Does an army camp still hold fascination for Bonnie And does Sue's heart still belong to Johnnie?

Is Jim Hobson really a woman hater, And what makes Jim Rath an A-1 rater?

Does Betty Jo Burns prefer Ford V-8's? And where does Chet Fowler get all his dates?

Do Barney and Emily go well together? Is the Cafeteria's output all tough as leather?

Word has it Chuck and Marilee are doing okay And that Harriett has an admirer in Kay.

It looks as though Gladys and Julia Ann And Pearl and Eula each has her man.

The engagement ring worn by Doris Wenker Proves that some man is caught hook, line and sinker.

Do Celene and Chuck still have it bad? Are the two-toned socks a timely fad?

Do Peggy Whittle and Ardie write every week, And to the Latin students—Is it still all Greek?

Do Doris and Lois still like Farmers best, And did anyone in the class pass the chemistry test?

Do Aileen Tamney and Eleanor think That the nicest boys are found at the rink?

And we hear that many a masculine eye Is glued on the majorettes at Ashland high.

Twin sweaters are swell, "vote Albert and Tut," But for the rest of the gossip I'm in a rut.

There just doesn't seem to be much more to say— No more scandal—that's all for today.

HE KNEW THE ANSWER The teacher was trying to get the pupils to understand the dreadful business of conjugating verbs.

"When I say I have, you have, he has," she explained, "I am conjugating the verb 'to have.' I want all of you to understand. Do you?"

They did.

"Very good. Now listen carefully. 'I love, you love, he loves.' What is that?"

"Please, miss," said Johnnie. "It's one of them triangles when someone gets shot!"

Campfire girls of AHS hiked to Big Rocks last Saturday.

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**Stop! Look! Listen!**

**BRANDY PHILLIPS**

With great pleasure and pride we offer this aptitude test for all prospective motorists. Please write answers in one syllable—preferably less—tear it up, and turn to page five for apparently no reason at all.

1. When coming to an arterial stop sign you should (a) catch up on your reading, (b) use the sign for target practice, (c) pay no attention to it; you have a mind of your own.

2. When passing a car going the same direction you should (a) see if you know the people in the other rear, (b) hope that you make other car, (b) hope that you make it, (c) ask the nearest policeman if it's all right.

Left Hand Driving 3. It is permissible to drive on the left-hand side of the road only when you (a) feel like it, (b) want a better view of the scenery, (c) are tired of living.

4. When hearing a fire engine siren, you should (a) race it to the fire, (b) pull up to the nearest fire hydrant, (c) ignore it; probably a false alarm anyway.

5. In making a left hand turn you should (a) close your eyes and step on the gas, (b) phone for a taxi, (c) park in the middle of the highway until the traffic is clear.

6. On seeing a red curb you know that (a) someone had a terrible accident, (b) a paint store is near, (c) no one will park in front of or in back of you.

7. When driving a car on school grounds, you should (a) see how fast it will go, (b) look at the girls, (c) prepare to transfer to another school.

8. Seeing a pedestrian sign in the middle of the street you should (a) hit it, (b) give it to a friend, (c) take it; it might look nice in your room.

He: "It'll be easy for us to marry. My father's a minister." She: "Well, let's give it a try, mine's a lawyer."—The Klamath Krater.

**Home Room News**

Miss Fry's junior girls worked on a skit which was presented at a Girls' League meeting.

Miss Woods' junior girls have been working on a play, "Miss Burnett Puts One Over," to be presented for the Girls' League at some future date. They also are planning to enact two other one-act plays and have discussed good grooming in the group meetings.

The senior boys, with Mr. McCracken, have been having speeches. Mr. Norby spoke to them on Jan. 21, on the subject of "Work Opportunities."

Miss Hulst's group has been having a defense stamp lottery once each week and have been discussing personal hygiene. Plans for presenting a play also are underway.

The other division of the senior girls, advised by Mrs. White, has been discussing good grooming in the meetings.

Mr. O'Neil's sophomore boys have just completed a series of discussions on manners to be practiced at school, in the home and in society.

Miss Brasted reports that her sophomore girls have been talking turns leading discussions on grooming. They have made plans to have Mrs. Enders of Fortmiller's speak to them on "How to Dress Nicely but not Expensively."

The second section of sophomore girls, under Miss Lowley, had a Christmas party over the holidays at Mrs. Taylor's. In their group meetings, they have discussed some of the things expected of one when taking care of children, and other related topics.

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**The Pushbutton**

A little white radio, The lights turned low, The pushbutton system, And here we go!

President Roosevelt said recently in a special broadcast—click— Use Woodbury soap, for the skin you love to touch—click—even George Washington took—click—

—apply makeup on the natural contours—click—of a holding tax. Roosevelt also stated—click—

"You are my Sunshine, my only Sunshine"—click—though you may be a wallflower now, in six weeks—click—Washington forged Valley Forge, in fact, won the Revolutionary war for—click—a yellow rose, just a faded yellow rose, yet it solved the mystery of—click—how congress could be so divided on the tax issue. The senate is two to one in favor of—click—beautiful girls and more beautiful girls, swarming into—click—Washington's first cabinet, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton—click—and Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Ann Sheridan are all close friends—click—who would of thought it?

A yellow rose—click—washes her face in Woodbury's cocktail every night before going to bed. She has the loveliest complexion—in darkest Africa. We will return to the air tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock. And be sure to listen in at the same time tomorrow for the Mystery of the Pink Rose, Cousin to the Yellow One.

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

Enough Said!

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