

# THE ROGUE NEWS

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## Good Bye!

OF COURSE we're not sentimental—we don't cry about things like this—but the seniors who are on the Rogue News staff would like to say a fond farewell. It wasn't always lots of fun to put out a paper—it seems that it happened when we were the busiest. But then, we overlook that, and remember the fun we had and the laughs we got out of it. Frankly, we'd find occasionally a wayward member who forgot about "cooperation." Sometimes the printers were busy, and worst of all, the editorial and business staff managed to have fifty and eleven things to do at that particular time. Troubles heaped upon troubles—but what is that compared with the kick we'll get out of the thing twenty years from now when we look at the paper we put out "when we were kids!" We can see ourselves using the little scandal sheet to bring back memories. We'll probably laugh at the "gossip" column more than we ever do now—and we'll see a thousand mistakes that make it the funnier.

We could say more, but it boils down to this: we hope you carry on next year, juniors and sophomores, and have as much fun as we did. In the meantime, goodbye, until that school bell rings again!

THE SENIORS

## Just Fond Memories . . . . .

"Oh, please don't hurt me, I didn't do it. Honest I didn't do it. Just give me one more chance. Just one? Ow! You're Bweakin' my widdle arm! Ouch, untie my legs! Don't pull so hard. Do you want to throw my neck out of joint?"

Two sophomore students upon hearing the screeches for help paused outside the door of the room from which they seemed to be coming. What could it be? What were those horrible cries of anguish? What was going on? Was it a battle to the finish between two candidates for dog catcher? Or was it a torture chamber for the new students? Who knows? (Who cares?) Did they dare intrude? They clutched each other, not to mention the skin they scraped from each other's arms. The screeching continued. The walls began to shake as

"Don't kill me any more. I'll be good. I'll do anything you want. Ow!!! 'ou fwauctured my widdle spine! Let me die in peace just this once. I'll never ask it again. Honest I won't."

Should they leave this poor innocent creature here to suffer at the mercy of this horrible beast? Taking a firm grip on their courage they decided to crash down the door if necessary, and stop the unmerciful slaying. Strength and courage were what they needed but did they have it? No, of course not. What do you think they are? Super? Man!

They could wait no longer, so they crushed the wooden door with their bare hands (hanging out). There on the floor lay the victim. A self-conscious student practicing his speech for 5th period dramatics class.

## Scoops and Snoops

Gather 'round, peoples, for another session by your Hear all. See all. Know nothing—and for the last time too. But I'll never forget the first time I wrote this column—a few kind souls donated enough vegetables (mainly tomatoes) to keep our family in soups and salads for a week. Wonder what I'll get for this? Oh well, some people are awfully unintelligent but let's not talk about me any longer and get to the business in hand.

And now for the woin's and doin's around here. It has happened at last—just what we've all been waitin' for—new romances! And I do mean Harriette T. and Bill U. and Freddie K. and Gloria C. Eleanor Ager was overheard telling some girl not to worry about finding out whether or not her boy-friend was a skunk—she'd soon get wind of it. According to rules and regulations of driving a car, the driver should never, under any circumstances, be crowded. Please remember that, Virginia S. Jimmy Hobson has been telling Lois a few military secrets on the life of a rookie, or why you should never trust a sailor—but I guess you can't trust any one that wears a uniform. . . . huh, Dorothy Grant—not even bell boys. It must be wonderful to get to use your study periods not studying the way Jim and Peggy use theirs not studying.

Now we should have more gossip but it seems that somehow part of the copy was lost in transit, so you'll have to be content with this. If you want to hear any scandal this summer, remember to call on us.

Dorris and Agnes

It never gets a puncture.  
 It never falls on steep grades.  
 It never gets in a collision.  
 I wish I could start it.

—Swiped

## Senior Class Officers



Chef Fowler, president; Dick Finnell, vice president; Chuck Jandreau, secretary, and Mr. MacCracken, class adviser.

Little girls choose dolls for toys. While soldiers are the choice of boys. But when they've grown up you'll find That each has had a change of mind. The girls prefer the soldiers then. And baby dolls attract the men. —Saturday Evening Post

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