

THE ROGUE NEWS

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A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

This is the greatest campaign in the history of the American Red Cross - - for today's need is the greatest in the history of the world. The praises of this worthy organization are sung by every soldier, sailor, and marine who has served overseas for its help in making the horrors of war a little more bearable. It is not so much the big things that make the difference, but small, seemingly unimportant matters. They receive good, wholesome, if somewhat monotonous food, but little things like hot coffee and doughnuts served from a clubmobile right in the front lines form a needed link with home. In a sense, they are a form of letter from the folks, because it shows that



the people back home care enough about them to provide a few comforts along with the necessities. Over there, a little bit goes a long way. When you make your contribution, remember that you are not giving TO an organization. You are giving to our fighting men, THROUGH their "friend away from home", the Red Cross.

To the Editor

Dear Ed:
 Here is another angle on the teen-age club. We, the students of AHS, are giving the opposition to the club a powerful argument. Time was when we talked about it, discussed it and thought about it, and then we did something about it. But now, if I paid the school a cent every time I hear the teen-age club mentioned, it would not cost me a penny a week. If we are going to drop the subject that quickly, if we had a club, how many days would it be before we forgot that it even existed?
 First we are all for the club, then we cool off. First the town-

people are cool, and then they begin to warm up. The American Legion Auxiliary counts as one of the supporters. One member of this organization had been an important factor in getting Klamath Falls to have a teen-age club. She knows how to start a club, so she would be a valuable person to contact and get her views and suggestions. Also the two speakers who will be in Ashland on the 19th of March to speak on youth will be worth listening to. We should listen to their suggestions before we are on our own.

He: Let's sit this one out. No one will be the wiser.
 She: Oh yes you will.

Punkie's Prattle

Oh!—Spring is sprung and all that sorta stuff. As everyone knows, along with this time of the year comes that twitter-pated look—especially in leap year.

Maybe I'm wrong (I was once), but unless my eyes are deceiving me, Dixie and Gordon are now making the rounds together.

There's nothing slow about these juniors (oh?). In case you haven't heard—combination work and dance parties are the latest thing in prom decorating. How's that for killing two birds with one stone?

Maybe Lorin Bailey and Bob Elhart had the right idea when they sent a telegram to Mr. Mirick after the St. Helens' victory requesting that our lucky piece be played louder. We quote, "Play 'Colonel Bogey' a little louder. We only won by two points."

In spring a young man's fancy turns to love and, incidentally, Johnny, are you and Betty A. going steady—or is "constantly" the word?

Tell me, chums, was it the new "platter player" or the excitement of winning the district tourney that was the cause of all that heppness displayed by you five jargons at the dance Saturday night?

Norma Lee has definite "out of school" interests. I believe his name is Vernon somethin' or other, and he lives in Myrtle Creek.

To ask or not to ask, that is the question. The juniors and seniors are confronted with the usual problem of allowing outsiders to attend the prom. Jimmy S. seems quite concerned about the WAC's. You wouldn't hold out on us, would you, Jimmy?

J. Delaman's trying his darrest to get Doris Stillman to see things his way. Read the next issue for further developments.

It's too bad that some of the pep generated at the assembly and dance held in honor of our first tournament victory couldn't have made its appearance a couple of days sooner when our Grizzly guys could have heard it.

Just to prove that teachers have patience:

Miss Page—What did the lumberjacks contribute to folk literature?

Bassey the Brain—Lumber.
 Why were you so bound and determined to attend the game

Ernie Pyle Features Ashland High Graduate in Syndicated Column

Ernie Pyle, noted columnist now in Italy, recently featured a narrative concerning Lt. Dale Kaegi, Class of 1940, in the story of a flyer's risks and the ultimate rewards. Kaegi is described as "One of the newer and much-trusted pilots, a good-natured, towheaded youngster named Lt. Leroy Kaegi (pronounced Keggy) from Ashland, Oregon."

Returning from a morning mission he was forced to stall his plane in order to get one of his wheels down. Later, as he prepared to take off on the afternoon mission, he was interrupted by a plane and a major, the officer announcing the girl wished to kiss him goodbye. Hopping out of his plane he completed his half of the operation and hurried back to his job. When he returned, all he could talk about was his strange though wonderful adventure.

Later, Pyle discovered that the girl was Louise Albritton of Hollywood, a USO entertainer. Local movie fans and envious friends of Lt. Kaegi will soon get a chance to see "her" as Miss Albritton appears in "Son of Dracula" which is showing at the Lithia Theatre now.

Lt. Kaegi was very active in school affairs, outstanding of which were his positions on the Rogue News and Annual staffs as well as being yell leader and a member of the Letterman's club in his fourth year.

at Salem, Wally? How was she? Don't tell me we have another one of those confusing eternal triangles here in school. This time it's Yvonne M., Jay and Puss.

Arnita's been seen flitting around with a "good deal." We understand he's an ex-marine and a proud wearer of the Purple Heart.

Marjie and Eva have a new slant on this locker pin-up deal. A "Minute Man" greets them every time they open their lockers, reminding them to "Buy More Bonds."

While we're on the subject of pin-ups: Phoebe A. can draw some that make Varga's look sick. ("Nuff said.")

Roguish Rambles

(Exchange)

The pin-up craze has hit Klamath Union High—and has it hit! Students just ain't in the groove unless they plaster their lockers with pictures of all their secret heart-pangs.

"Roomroom" is the theme for the Clatskanie High annual Junior Prom to be held on March 25. (Hmmm!!—Sounds dreamy!!)

A young man had cashed his pay check. As he counted the bills, he wet his finger. The teller said, "Don't you know that what you are doing is dangerous? There are millions of germs on each one of those bills." The man replied, "Oh, don't worry—not even a germ could live on my salary."

—Umpqua Pow Wow.

"Reserve Two for Murder" is the unusual comedy which is the junior class of Astoria High is preparing for presentation next month.

A "Buddy System" has been adopted by the Boys' Club of Yreka High—a plan to get the newcomers and freshman boys better acquainted with the students and school customs.

Could It Be Spring?

Well, little chums, the calendar tells us that the 21st of this month is the first day of spring. Do you feel it? I will admit that these few sunny days leading up to spring leave everyone droopy. (You know, that "come what may" look). In the classroom, chairs are beginning to scrape the floor more often, students hemming and hawing every second, eyes drifting toward the windows and even the teacher shifts her standing position ever so often with a "how can I keep from screaming" attitude. It's in the air and we can't help it, even if we wanted to. So we take it, and like it. To prove my point, let's look into some of the queer goings on in "this here school."

Wandering in the study hall we see all the steadyies such as Barney and Mouryne, Dick and Shy, Delbert and Emily, Winnie and Pat (oh, I could go on for hours and hours) looking mof astruck at each other. Nothing could disturb them, so we don't even try.

The soft strains of "Mairzy Doots" float down the hall and that cute little Eugene Berry comes strutting down the hall as frisky as a hep-cat. He entrances the rest of the junior boys and it goes on for days.

Johnnie Reedy is wearing his heart on his sleeve, and you look at Betty Adams and you see it's got her too. (Spring, beautiful spring!)

Around the school the buzzing of the students discussing the prom. It's really a long, hard fight. But it sounds like the droning of the bees, so we'll leave it at that.

The happy-go-lucky crowd of

The Case of the Missing Goods

By Elaine Suterlin

Two YOUNG men, learning of a mystery on a certain island, set out to solve it. OWEN, to the ravelling conditions they sailed to their destination with ART the MESFRIMAN at the HELM and JUS the STILLMAN at the CANNON. After passing many buoys with their BELLA RINGING they came to a LANDING among some REEDS.

After CONVERSEING for some time they decided which RHODE(S) to follow. So after WALK(ering) many MILES over HILL and VAIL and seeing many BEARS, WOODCOCK, BYRDS and WOLFE(S), they came to a town where there were shops of TAYLORS, MILLERS and COOKS and where ART decided FOGUS it would be a good place to sleep and eat.

On the MORROW they came to a SHERE bend in the RHODE and found the HOME(S) of a BARRON who had just sent his PAGE as a MESSENGER with MOORE NICHOLS to the BROWNE HALL across the GREEN WOODS to the BISHOP who sold GOODS, VAN DYKE cigars and SWANSON soap through a BLACK market.

When our two heroes HURD this they dashed to the BISHOPS, found the missing GOODS and thereby solved the RIDDLE.

Girls' League Gives Annual Pep Supper

"To our Grizzly guys we propose this toast - -"

They're a team of whom we're proud to boast.

They're true to Ashland, to red-and-white.

And for her honor, they'll always fight!"

Such remarks as these were the high-lights of the traditional Pep Supper, sponsored annually by the Girls' League in honor of the basketball team, which was held in the senior high gym on Friday, March 10.

Dancing, followed by a covered dish dinner and special musical numbers by Dolores Erwin, Vivian Bostwick and Bob Daugherty, was the program for the evening.

Edy Barron, Betty De Lisle, Bette Golden, Don Williams, Eric Powell and Rose Mary Messenger are on the loose. Guard your life! Wherever you go, there they are. Oh, to be young and carefree!

Spring must be gnawing at Gloria Wenner. Something must have edged her on to chop off those blonde curls. But does she worry?

We see kids flitting here and there as if they were struck by lightning. Down the halls you hear the refrain of "Have you heard why—?" or "What did—?" But we don't care. We like! It's spring! We have a slap-happy word for everyone and we don't care about a thing. I wonder, could it be spring—!!!

FIENDISH FADS

Fads will come and fads will go. For the latest—

Mouryne is right in the groove with her new pastel plaid jacket that teams up with a light blue skirt.

Bright yellow sweaters seem to be sweeping the school, knocking out eyes as they go.

Several of our "ho-men" are sporting white letterman sweaters. Honestly, now, don't they look super?

We're off the deep end over Betty Hollingsworth's plaid two-piece dress.

June Ross and Leta Russell look positively adorable in their white and red jersey "tops."

Mrs. Cook, you seem to go for purple in a big way. Just look at your coat and sweater, to say nothing of the centers in your flowery gold earrings.