

U. H. S. AMPLIFIER

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WELCOME ONCE MORE

Once a year, practically every school in the United States of any consequence, enjoys a great privilege. That privilege is the fact that the school is host to part of that immortal troupe of men who maintained the Union of America—the Grand Army of the Republic.

Oregon City Post of the G. A. R. and the W. R. C. will be entertained at U. H. S. Friday morning. Every year, it has been the custom of this organization to enjoy West Linn's unailing hospitality. Let us make that hospitality even greater than in past years.

To the veterans we extend a cordial welcome and may the advent of their visit remain in their memory as the commendable occasion it really is.

Union High School
Tuesday, April 22, 1924.

To the Editor of the Amplifier:

The students of Union High School have demonstrated a fine spirit this year in regard to both athletic and scholastic events. They have come out loyally to all games and plays and have been very enthusiastic in their support of these activities.

However, many of them do not see that there are other ways in which they are failing to show a spirit of loyalty to their school. Should a stranger step into the halls of our high school at noon or between classes, I wonder what his opinion would be when he saw some of the students running down the halls, shouting to someone at the other end of the building and behaving generally as though they were out on a picnic. Or let us suppose he should step into our general assembly and hear the noise and hubbub that often prevails there. I fear his ideas of our school would not be as favorable as we might wish.

I do not believe that there is a student in U. H. S. who would willingly lower the standard of the school and yet that is just what some of them are doing through their utter disregard of rules that have been made governing the use of halls and assemblies. Therefore, I should like to suggest that all of the students think seriously on this question of loyalty to the standards of the school, in order that we may make U. H. S. stand out as the best all-round school in the state.

S. L.

Dear Junior Class Editor:

I am going to tell you about the queer dream I had last night. I dreamed that I was principal at Union High and all our teachers had entered their second childhood and were my students.

Before school took up, I walked up and down the halls to see the way my scholars behaved. Oh, the sight! Miss Schaeffer and Miss Tobey were in a corner talking and giggling; Mr. Davis marched up and down blowing a little tin horn, while the others were running up and down the halls, pushing and pulling one another. I was much relieved when the bell rang to stop such racket. They all came stamping into the English room, leaving their books behind them. Miss Tobey was late. She came running in and left the door wide open. And Mercy! She was chewing gum so fast that I hardly recognized her. Mr. Gary and Mr. Jackson started an argument about whether a noun in a certain sentence was a verb or an adverb. Mr. Main and Miss Willis giggled and whispered the whole period. I was certainly glad when the bell rang.

I went into the study room the second period. Miss Wallis was pouting because she couldn't go to the library. The teacher told me that she had been sent up the day before because of disorderly conduct. Mr. Gary was an adept at shooting spit wads, at least he seemed to hit Mr. Davis behind the ear everytime. Miss Haskell and Miss Gill were rolling inkwells up and down the aisle, and Miss Clark persisted in running in and out of the room every five minutes.

Some time I looked into the mathematics room. The teacher had stepped out for a few minutes and the class was staging a sham battle with chalk and erasers. Mr. Main was very particular not to muss up his heavy, curly, black locks, and when I tried to explain a problem to him he seemed perfectly incapable of understanding it.

After that ordeal I went into the sewing room expecting to see a quiet

Jokes!

W. F. R.—Inspector: "Did you want to get that car?"

G. T.—(after just missing the last car): "Oh, no! I just wanted to chase it away from the corner."

Conductor—"Say there, did you pay your fare?"

Roy Wilkinson—"I'll bite, did I?"

Miss Schaefer (in Ancient History) "In olden days, all writing was done on tablets of stone."

Clarence H.—"Gee, it must have taken a crow bar to break the news."

Fond Parent — "What is worrying you my son?"

John S.—"I was just wondering how many legs you gotta pull off a centipede to make his limp."

Homer—"Can we keep our engagement a secret?"

Hazel—"Yes, all the girls promised not to tell."

Laura Britton—"My Goodness! This bread isn't baked yet and I put so much baking powder in it."

We editors may dig and think, 'till our fingers are sore, but some poor saphead's sure to say, "Aw, I've heard that joke before."

class of girls. But Miss Haskell had got Miss Lamb sewed up to one of the machines and they were causing a terrible commotion.

In the afternoon, I was in laboratory trying to show a class how to perform some experiments. Mr. Jackson got curious about the contents of a small bottle. He touched a match to it and—well that is all I remember for just then mother called me to get up. I do believe there is some hope for me if our teachers could possibly have been like that. Don't you? R. F. J.

Charles R.—"Oh, yes, I'm very good at securing ads. The first day I went out I got two orders."

Herbert E.—"What were they?"

Charles R.—"Get out and stay out."

Mr. Main—"Are you having trouble with that problem, Claude?"

Claude D.—"No, it's the answer to the darned thing that bothers me."

Duncan—"George, I'd like to ask you to take a subscription for this 'Hog Journal.'"

Sheik Willet—"Sno use; they ain't a one of them darn critters can read a word."

Teacher—"If you swear, where do you suppose you will go when you die?"

Janitor—"I don't know ma'am; but wherever it is I expect I'll have to make fires for the teachers."

Miss Tobey (at beginning of English class)—"Have some trouble?"

Garnie—"No, thank you, just had some."

Vernieta—"You tickle me, Duke."

Mr. Davis—"My word, what a strange request."

Roy Buckles—"Wouldn't she Rockafellow?"

Tubby Tuor—"I never Astor."

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Mr. Gary—"If the president, vice-president, and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?"

Household Hints

There are several ways of using baked ham, one of the best is to eat it.

Honey may be used for sweetening almost anything—but a traffic cop.

Spaghetti should not be cooked too long. About ten inches is right.

A cold bath will be found more pleasant if made with hot water.

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