

U. H. S. AMPLIFIER

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GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS

There are only three weeks until Christmas; the shop windows are all decorated with Christmas trees, electric lights, and all kinds of toys.

The stores are crowded with customers, who are grabbing one thing and then the other, not knowing which to buy. The goods on the counter are scattered from their neat piles; and the clerks are kept very busy straightening the goods on the counters and waiting on the customers.

The walks are crowded with hurrying shoppers, going from one shop to the other. They are loaded with bundles, which sometimes drop and cause a lot of trouble on the crowded walk.

Christmas time is the busiest time of the year in the shops.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

Many days before Christmas, Mother had been preparing food for the great Christmas festival. The German people always have a big feast of cakes and puddings and other rich foods. The children have been very good. They believe that Santa Claus, or Saint Nicholas, as he is sometimes called in Germany, takes the names of all good children; and those who are not good are punished.

The Christmas room is beautifully decorated. The tree is covered with candy, gold-covered nuts, and other decorations. On top of the tree is the Christmas angel. Under the tree is the cradle, and in it lies the Christ child. On the floor are little top sheep, cows, oxen, and even toy shepherds.

Finally comes Christmas Eve. The children rush into the room. They look in astonishment at the beautiful tree. Then there is a mad rush for the tree, and the presents are taken from it. The children have bought presents for the parents and in turn they have received many gifts.

After the excitement is over, they all sing Christmas carols. Presently they hear voices out under the window. They all run to the window and look out. There, on the snow-covered ground, stand the Christmas Carols. They go around through the villages and sing beautiful Christmas Carols. As they sing beneath this window, the parents and the children join in the singing; and the happy voices ring through the village.

Soon it is late and the children must go to bed, but they are up early again the next morning. The memories of Christmas last for many days.

In Days of Old

When Noah sailed the Ocean blue He had his troubles same as you: For days and days he drove the ark Before he found a place to park.  
 —The Spectrum.

"I've had a bald man's luck today," remarked the old hunter, as he returned after a day in the hills, "I've combed the woods without finding a hare."

A shining example of old-fashioned simplicity is an unpowdered nose.

LOWELL'S CHRISTMAS

It was a bright, sunny morning in late December when our little Lowell awoke to find it Christmas morning. Lowell, who always waited for Santa, had fallen asleep thinking of all the presents that were due.

Lowell's first thought was to open his presents. He jumped out of bed and ran to the Christmas tree to find Santa had left no presents. Lowell's poor little heart was broken.

Lowell's thought went back to the time he lied to his mother. He thought of all the presents he might have received if he were a better boy.

Lowell's parents awoke with their shoes floating around in salt water. Lowell's dad first thought was the presents he forgot to leave his poor son.

Mr. Parker, Lowell's dad, had to break the sad news to Lowell. Lowell was stubborn, but his dad told him Santa wasn't coming. Lowell went back to bed with a sad heart. Lowell awoke to find the Christmas tree loaded with the toys he had wished for.

NIP

Santa and his elves were very busy the day before Christmas.

There were dolls' dresses Mrs. Santa had to make; there were horses the elves had to paint; and there were wagon Santa had to put together.

And Christmas was the next day.

One of the elf's name was Nip. Santa had promised Nip he could go with him on his journey around the world. Nip had never been on one of these journeys; the other elves had; so he was looking forward to Christmas. He was as busy as any little elf could be that day.

Christmas Eve came.

Santa and Nip jumped in the sleigh. Two of the little elves brought Santa's big bag and put it in the sleigh. In a few seconds they were off.

Soon they lit on the roof of a small, wee house. The chimney was so small that Nip went down instead of Santa.

Nip soon found himself in a small, neat, but shabby room.

Three small, patched stockings hung beside the fire place. Nip filled them so full that he was afraid they'd fall.

There were many houses he slid down the chimneys, with Santa, and filled stockings.

Just before dawn was breaking at the North Pole, Santa and Nip arrived. They were very tired, but yet happy.

CHRISTMAS IN CENTRAL CANADA

In Canada people usually do not celebrate Thanksgiving as they do here, but greatly celebrate Christmas.

The first things the children notice are the large train loads of Christmas trees coming from other places such as the United States) to be sold and used for Christmas. These Christmas trees usually cost from one dollar to higher prices. In the winter time there are few automobiles used because there is so much ice and snow that it is very dangerous to drive. So instead of delivery trucks, they use horses and wagons. The horses all have sleigh bells on them, which make it sound more like Christmas.

Christmas is celebrated there for about one week. They have Christmas for seven days straight just as they do not day here, (as Christmas Day). They have card-parties, dances, ice-skating parties, and lots of sleigh riding.

Old Mr. Alligator: "My, what a bright lad! What are you going to be when you grow up?"  
 Willie Alligator: "A traveling bag."

A Short Story

Willie Rose  
 Sat on a Tack,  
 Willie Rose.

Take Two

"Hey Boss, I'm taking a month off," said the clerk as he tore another sheet off the calendar.

SEEN, SAID, SURMISED (Mostly Surmised)

Believe it or not—  
 Jean wants to know his last name.

"Red" is bashful.  
 The study periods will be fuller after the six weeks' exams.

Elaine wants to be a "Bachelor" too.

Monty is just a "little boy" and he believes in Santa Claus.

Alice Beardsley and Bus McDonald have left us for good. (maybe).  
 "Red" Stites is a "sweet young thing."

Wilmer certainly enjoys frightening the girls.

Edyth DeMoy is a little girl with curls.

Artie is back in school again for a while.

Santa Claus will be here soon.

Mr. Gould's geometry class isn't so dumb.

Jane Merrick is a good orchestra director.

We Wonder:

What happened to Ruth Snyder's music box?

If Bugs and Jo are going to learn to dance?

If Edyth Snyder is really a "spitfire"?

Why Malva was called to the office Monday?

Why Dobs is back in biology?

If Lowell really got that black eye playing ball?

If Vivian's Marvel is tall, dark, and handsome?

How many Jameses there are in school?

Why Miss Horton's Spanish 1 class is so bright?

Where Bob W. gets his perfume?

Where "Red" learned to dance?

If Elizabeth is nicknamed Lizzie, Beth, or Eliza?

Why Bob C. is such a stranger to "a certain party"?

If Lucky ate too much turkey?

If Clarence will ever learn not to talk in English?

Where we will be 50 years from now according to the English VII class?

What Mr. Chapman will say when he sees Stanley's report card?

Who Miss Edgerton's "Style Models" are?

If Clara M. and Clarence R. still make a good couple?

CHRISTMAS EVE

Icy streets, falling snow, bright lights. People, laden with many packages hurrying along the street—more people—more people loiterers looking into elaborately-decorated shops. Charity workers standing in doorways and street corners soliciting the help of the benevolent. Cars, delivery trucks, horns, traffic signals, and squealing brakes. Christmas tree vendors trying to sell their remaining trees and mistletoe and holly. Great stores crowded with busy people intent upon purchasing last-minute details. Counters piled high with all sorts of gifts useful and useless alike. Clerks weary of the last minute rush, trying to satisfy a very dubious but particular customer. Fast-diminishing stocks of toys and playthings for children. Broken and shop-worn merchandise caused by too much handling by enthusiastic shopping. A drooping and disheveled (and soon to be forgotten) Santa Claus who during the preceding weeks has made vain promises to many trusting and affectionate youngsters who believed that they would receive everything for which they asked.

The spirit of the season pervades over all—rich and poor,—fortunate and unfortunate. No one can remain sad, for this is Christmas, the time for merriment and festivity.

Bashful Frosh—I want a present for a young lady.  
 Salesman—Sister or fiancée?  
 Frosh—er—she hasn't said which she would be yet.

Mrs. Riley (to lazy son): "Why are you always lying about the house?"  
 Clarence: "I never did. I don't think much of the old shack, but I never said so."

JIM'S CHRISTMAS

Once there was a boy and girl who lived in a very small and dirty flat in the slums of a large city. They were extremely poor and had nothing to eat at times but dry bread crusts. Jim was the boy's name and his sister's name was Mary. They knew they would have on Christmas that year because their father and mother had no work at that time. Mary was sick in bed, and had been for several months. Jim had been invited to a Christmas entertainment, but he was very sad because his little sister could not go. He listened to the program very quietly, and afterwards the presents were given.

When his name was called he went up to the tree. A kind old man representing Santa Claus asked him what one thing he would like on the tree. Very quickly his bright eyes caught sight of a pretty doll and a red engine. The doll he wanted for his sister, the engine for himself; but he thought how much his sister would like that doll. He finally asked for the doll. The doll was quickly given him and he hurried to his seat. All the boys immediately began to laugh and jeer him for choosing the doll, for they did not know why he wanted it. He paid no attention and slowly walked home, his small heart leaping at every step. When he arrived home, he ran up the shaking stairs to his sister's room. He thrust the package into her arms. She was very glad that he had brought it for her because now she would have something to play with.

Suddenly, a loud knock was heard at the door. Jim ran to see who it could be, and there was the kind old man he had just seen at the program; and in his arms he held the prettiest red engine Jim had ever seen.

"This," said the man "is an engine for you. You were very thoughtful to think of your sister instead of yourself." Jim almost leaped for joy, and the old man left. This was the happiest Christmas Jim and Mary had ever had.

There was a warm sweater—slightly worn, it is true, but just the right size for young Tom. Next came a bundle of clothing that was just what baby Benny required. On and on they went through the bundles, finding in each parcel something that would help immeasurably.

Then they came to a lumpy bundle that seemed most mysterious. Christmas, indeed, for here were toys that each child in the family could enjoy. And there was a pair of warm woolen hose for mother.

Food came to view in still another bundle. Not a turkey or mince pie, to be sure, but it meant a festive Christmas dinner for the Massinger family, just the same.

This is just a yarn, but it might be true, for there are many, many needy families in our midst—a fact that came to light recently when West Linn students took Thanksgiving baskets to many who could not otherwise have enjoyed the harvest holiday.

We all derived pleasure out of our part in the distribution of these baskets. Let's get together and make Christmas a real one for those upon whom misfortune has settled in so stern a manner.

Father—"Young lady, do you mean to tell me you've been carrying that money around in your stocking?"  
 Audrey—"Why daddy, you told me to put it where it would draw interest, didn't you?"

Lovingly yours,  
 Student.

R. Herndon—Why is it Dobs always has a cold?  
 D. Holland—Somebody told him that whisky was good for a cold.

Dennis H.—"The girl you picked up at the dance the other night was from Ireland; wasn't she?"  
 Lucky R.—"No, from Iceland."

A FESTIVE CHRISTMAS

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house. . ."

What fond memories of anticipated joy this calls to the minds of most people—young and old.

Yet in the home of Jack Messinger, aged 9, this time honored jingle brought a feeling of sadness, for Christmas was just another day in his home.

There was no Christmas tree—no gay lights or the usual festivities incidental to the giving or receiving of gifts.

For Jack's father was dead, and Jack's mother was finding the pathway of life very thorny, indeed.

There was the constant struggle to make her slender earnings stretch over the cost of barest necessities—shoes for little Millie, a coat for Tom, a dress for Mary, and new underthings for that gurgling little Benny who brought so much happiness to them all, but who grew so unreasonably fast.

Jack, the eldest of the brood, felt keenly a man's responsibility, but his eager mind could find no way to bring a hint of Christmas into their meager home.

No! There just would be no Christmas this year, or any other year until he became old enough to get a job and help out with the family funds.

In the midst of Jack's sorry reflections there came a knock at the door.

Jack hurried to open it, but his heart was heavy.

Two girls and a boy stood without, each with arms full of bundles. "Merry Christmas," they chanted in unison.

Jack stood still, wondering whether or not they were mocking him.

"We just brought you a few things that we thought you might like," the visitors explained, with a trace of embarrassment as they offered the bundles.

Then they went away, leaving a rather startled group behind them.

Jack stood for a moment, staring at the bundles. Then he began wrapping them.

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Compliments of

West Linn Cafeteria

Mrs. Wilfred W. Davis, Manager