

U. H. S. AMPLIFIER

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EDITORIALS

SENIOR KID DAY

"Senior Kid Day!" Won't we have fun? This great event has been set for April 1—an appropriate date; don't you think—but any way we will have fun. Every senior is supposed to wear a kiddish costume and a kiddish expression, come with their dolls and Teddy Bears. Miss Horton's room will be the nursery for the fretting children, and they really act their part. Now can't you just see Mr. Cook in your dreams or imagination dressed in short pants and half socks? I think he will be too cute for words.

The string to this affair is this: Every senior must dress as a kid or will be fined 25 cents to push along the prosperity of the class. Don't you think we have unique methods of raising money? You know why we are the most prosperous class in school—so you seniors come on and make "Kid Day" a success.

ETIQUETTE IN SCHOOL

A-hem!—Well—in the first place—ah—students should be respectful to other students and also teachers, if they want good grades, etc.

One student should not stand at one end of the hall and shout to another student in another end of the hall. This is not quite polite, anyway it is not considered so in U. H. S.

One student should not hit or pull another student's hair. This is considered bad manners; anyway it is in U. H. S.

Girls should not wear boys' shoes over their own, 'cause it might spoil 'em.

Students should not write mean, insinuating notes to each other. This sometimes causes much unpleasantness on the part of the writer.

Students should not make a mad rush for cafeteria. This does not show good training.

S' funny how spring fever affects some people—for example notice Bunny's meekness lately—Lillian Graham's orneriness—and how thin Monty is looking. And say! Have you noticed Mr. Cook's new suit! And Kenneth McLarty looks lonely—"In the spring a young man's fancy—" How about it, Peggy?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Mr. Cook isn't Scotch, especially when it comes to giving assignments.

Wilmer is sometimes in doubt as to what Irma wears.

"Red" Herndon has "pink" hair. Lucky always does the right thing at the right time.

Sadie Seely has a new man and what's more she offers to get some bashful maiden a date. (Those dates promised are still waiting.)

Jean MacLean likes to have visitors from Canby. We notice she has a bad cold.

Sam sure flatters some of the freshmen girls when he winks at them.

Helen Spousta and June Zivney can't decide which of them Elmer belongs to.

Shorty has a new ring (ask her for details).

If you have a baby to rock to sleep call on Becky and Fred C. (they're professionals.)

Vivian as a new green hat. Plute has gone back to second childhood.

Jim V. used to play marbles when he was a kid.

Irene T. makes a good history teacher.

Malva never steps out on Bob. Merle Platt and Alice C. have gone into the fortune-telling business.

Billie Wanker is a playful boy. Mac learns a lot of biology, but we won't say he learns biology.

Arlene K. and George have a great time in their Spanish class. Some people around here have enlarged senses of humor. (teachers?)

Aud Shipley will soon be "Miss Oregon City."

LOCALS

Many West Linn High students attended the party at Don Lehman's home March 12.

We are glad to see Mr. Gary and Mr. Howard back in school after several days' illness.

Audrey Shipley has been entered in the spring popularity contest. Votes are in the Enterprise. Let's all vote for Audrey and thereby have West Linn win this year.

Bob Weideman, a junior at West Linn, is now in the Oregon City Hospital, after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. He is getting along nicely and can receive visitors.

Many students attended the State Epworth League meeting at Canby March 19.

Olga Turel, a member of the 1929 graduating class of West Linn, was married to Gerald Blair, Sunday, March 16.

Fonda Love: Your lipstick is coming off.

Flapper Anne: Why, no it isn't.

Fonda Love: Listen, when I get close to a girl, I know it's going to

Preacher (to farmer with head under hood of stalled fliver): My good man, you'll never get to heaven with all that cursing.

Farmer: Well, who cares? I'm trying to git to town, right now, with a load of pertators.

Often times the mink in the closet is responsible for the wolf at the door.

Seen, Said, Surmised

MOSTLY SURMISED

Laugh this off!

Lowell is quite a shiek. (?)

Marge Ranger likes a blue Chrysler.

Don H. is very bashful.

Jack Chambers got bit finding out the shape of a kiss.

Marcellie Smith is attracted by one of our alumni.

Ivan Berger bought Norma's pie at the pie social the other night.

Ruth C. gets tired washing "our" new Chevy.

Monty only weighs 105 pounds.

Red never does things without permission.

Franklin Heater is a very bashful boy.

Harold Weiversilk would make a good villian.

Some of the freshmen girls are playing "keep away" with Nelson D.

Betty Merrick is always quiet.

Zelma E. has a new hero (who?)

Lymie and Paula never quarrel.

Roy S. is so clever.

Gladys D. is a regular Sheba.

Skipping school is no more.

Bandits are after "Artie."

Bob and Malva get along like little love birds.

The O. C. boys got quite a kick out of watching the sewing class when they honored us with a visit.

Bernie and Eunice don't talk much.

Lee Smith is a history shark.

The seniors all act dignified.

Windy W. used to have curls.

We have quite a few would-be-Helen Kanes around school.

Bill Anderson doesn't speak unless spoken to.

Speaking of Song Hits

Have you heard the—

Detective Song ("Ah Sweet Mystery of Life.")

Cannibal Song? ("You Were Meant for Meat")

Telephone Song? ("Somewhere a Voice Is Calling")

Onion Song? ("Why Should I Cry Over You")

Weather Bureau Song ("On a Dew, Dew, Dewey Day")

Aviator's Song? ("I've Got a Feelin' I'm Falling")

Carpenter's Song? ("Building a Nest for Mary")

Judge: If, as you admit, you were three miles away when this man was arrested for speeding, how can you testify that the car was not going more than 30 miles an hour?

Bugs Tuor: Judge, I used to own that car.

Sam N.: Did you know that my name is in the Book of Numbers?

Fred C.: Your name in the Bible? Impossible.

Sam N.: I didn't say the Bible. I meant the telephone directory.

Ah, Those Knights.

Of course you know that the first Nite Club was King Arthur's round table.

1st Scotchman: "So your son was extravagant and bought a bottle of ink.

2nd Scotchman: "Ay, Mon, and we living only three miles from a post office.

The Colonel's Question Box

Dear Colonel:

Why does Miss Pearson call her umbrella "Adam"?

Nic O. Teen

Dear Nic O. Teen:

Because one rib is missing.
Colonel.

Dear Colonel:

E. Racer.

Dear E. Racer:

An alarm clock.
Colonel.

Dear Colonel:

You you know any birds that don't have feathers?

T. Bone.

Dear T. Bone:

Yes, dressed chickens.
Colonel.

Dear Colonel:

Do you find the dictionary interesting?

Dan Dee

Dear Dan Dee:

No, amusing. You see the dictionary and I spell words so differently.
Colonel.

Dear Colonel:

What is the death rate in Potville?

Van Illa.

Dear Van Illa:

Very regular—one death per person.

Colonel.

THINGS WE'LL MISS THIS SUMMER:

Mr. Howard's moustache.
Bill Rnderson's officiousness.
Don Harkleroad.
Mr. Gary's Humor.
That second-period physics class.
Those faculty announcements.
Our gym keys.
"Now this game Friday—"
Fred Kable's talking.
Norma Matthews' giggle.
Gladys Davis' singing.

Don't You Miss—

Mary Ellen?
The Basketball games?
The Toonerville?
Lillian's long hair?
Zelma's permanent?

CHILLING DRAMA

He had choked her!
She was dead. There could be no doubt about that. He had listened to her dying gasp.

Now she was cold. Cold as the hand of death!

Yet in his anger he was not convinced.

Furiously he kicked her. To his amazement she gasped, sputtered and began to hum softly.

"Just a little patience is all it takes, dear," remarked his wife from the rear seat!"

Roma—Isn't that man wonderful? Why, he can actually make one feel hot or cold, happy or sad, at his slightest will.

Marjorie R.—Gee whiz, Roma, that's nothing. Our janitor can do that!

Miss Pearson—Don, I want you to use the word Java in a sentence.

Don H.—Java good time with your boy friend last night?