

# POETS CORNER

## A HINT TO SANTA

We had a dream old Santa  
That we'll reveal to you  
But don't you tell a person  
'Cause then it won't come true.  
We dreamed we had a dollie  
And you brought it in your sleigh  
And when we saw you coming,  
We jumped out of bed crying heh!  
We really didn't mean to peek  
But ah! it was so tempting,  
To see all the things you brought  
us  
And especially our Dolly Dump-  
lings.

We thought we were pretty lucky  
To have the dollies and such  
And oh! dear Santa darling,  
We thank you ever so much.  
We know you like to give  
So don't forget us Christmas  
'Cause we want to know that West  
Linn lives.

We both made up this poem  
I hope you like it too  
Because we like to make up poems,  
Especially for a Santa like you.

## THE SPHINX

Alone it stands  
Down thru long weary years  
Its face is never moved  
By smiles or tears.

Who knows but that when desert  
storms  
Swing down upon a desert land  
The Sphinx grows weary  
Of the swirling sand.

Cold stone—tho' mortals say  
They sometimes thing they see  
Its face twist in a smile  
Of contemptuous mockery.

Perhaps it could tell a history  
never told

But not even an eye it blinks  
Alone—immortal—immovable it  
stands  
The Sphinx. D. L.

## POEM

These are days of financial depres-  
sion and woe,  
Prices are high and stocks are low,  
And I'm fast turning grey with  
worry and strain,  
But the thing my ruin I blame,  
Isn't caused from this anguish and  
sorrow,  
It's simply "theme for tomorrow."  
W. W.

## MOUNT HOOD

It rose above the valley trees  
A rugged ghost on high en-  
shrined.  
A monarch with a snowy court  
In which soft shadows were con-  
fined.

And 'ere the break of day was seen  
Pale hues on its broad slopes  
were cast  
A brilliant forward of the coming  
day  
Of one of work—of one of play.  
M. J. H.

## THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Is this the Christmas season  
So rainy and so gray?  
How can Santa get here  
And how can he get away?

The mud is above the runner  
Up to the reindeer's knees;  
But maybe it might snow yet  
Perhaps it might yet freeze.

We know that Santa will find a  
way  
So we need have no fear,  
For there are still the aeroplanes  
If he cannot use the deer.  
M. J. H.

## THE VISION

Over the balmy blue lake it skim-  
med  
A slender craft with billowed sails  
Bright red it shone as on the  
waster's  
Placid breast it slipped upon its  
way.

Like some bird—a swallow mayhap  
Which oft upon its journeys course  
Darts and sweeps close to earth—  
So it swept on by winds decree.

Smaller and yet more small it  
passed  
And sped to where the earth meets  
sky—  
Was lost to view—As cherished  
hope  
Which oft within our bosoms lie.  
M. J. H.

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Merry Christmas  
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From the sanctum as of old  
Comes whispers of ideas bold.  
The students all attention  
With misgivings, apprehension  
View with eyes of fear,  
The ultimatum of our teachers  
dear.

"Write ye not as in days gone by  
The choice of eight of ten.  
But do so here by now, forever and  
aye  
Essy all ten ere thy paper, you  
hand in."

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

'Tis over now;  
The last faint hour of the old.  
The new has come, and with it,  
joy—  
New hopes are born,  
And in this heart of mine, a song.  
B. M.

## IN A MODERN CITY.

Children, shod in old worn shoes,  
This is a sight that hurts.  
Women, hurrying with no time to  
loose;  
Through the streets of dirt.  
Haggard men, forcing their way  
Through the crowds at the end of  
the day.  
S. C.

## A STORM

A long gray beach with sand-hills  
high,  
A wild, wild wind that moans  
and sighs,  
A thought so free  
A lonely sea that flings its  
waves to live and die,  
And then a sea-gulls raucous cry  
that echoes to the low-  
ring sky.

The storm then breaks,  
And all the Fates with fury un-  
abated,  
Send down upon our bending heads  
The wrath that they created.  
R. C.

## A PAGE FROM A FRESHMAN'S NOTEBOOK

Blizzard—inside of a chicken.  
Mountain Range—a large cook  
stove.  
Oxygen—an eight sided figure.  
Dispel—to spell incorrectly.  
Butter—a billy goat.  
Buttress—a nanny goat.  
Frontpiece—a headlight on a  
Ford.  
Caribou—a fur bearing animal.  
Observing—a place where  
flowers are kept.  
Joan of Arc—One of Noah's  
daughters.

## OH, FOR THE LIFE OF A VAGABOND

Oh, for the life of a vagabond  
To wander where I please  
To spend my life on a desert isle  
Or under the swaying trees.  
To list' to the song of Hawaiian  
guitars  
Or to hear the natives chant.  
To lie and bask for many hours  
On the soft swell of the sand.  
To laugh with the merriest persons  
Or to cry with the saddest men  
To be free from cares and sorrows  
And have neither wife nor kin  
But find somebody of which you  
are fond.  
Oh, what a life for a vagabond.  
J. C.

The teacher stood before the class,  
With anger in her eye.  
While from her lips burst forth  
This maddening sorrowful cry,  
"When will you ever learn to do  
The things you ought to do  
And stop this foolish waste of time  
That means so much to you?"  
M. R.

## DO YOU BELIEVE IT

Open the Gates of Heaven  
Here comes the Prodigal Son.  
After his sinning on this earth,  
His final work is done.

Close the Gates of Heaven  
And let him go his way,  
He might have gained admission,  
Had he not bribed his way.  
R. C.

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O Johnny! O Johnny! You must be-  
have  
For Santa brings presents to those  
who obey.  
Get pencil and paper and sit down  
to write  
Your letter to Santa before it's too  
late.

So Johnny sat down at the table  
that night  
To write to St. Nicholas to send  
him a kite.  
"Dear Santa I'm sure you can send  
me this kite  
Cause mother just told me I've  
been a good boy."

On Christmas morn when it was  
light  
Johnny awoke to find his new kite,  
Pinned to the kite was this little  
note  
"You have been a good boy," Dear  
Santa Claus wrote.  
L. W.

## ODE TO CHEMISTRY

Oh, I have a great alliance,  
And its study of valence.  
I just simply ache  
When I think of Carbonates.  
When I haven't my lesson  
On sodium and potassium,  
My dear teacher Shearer  
Comes back and yanks my ear.

## THE TREE

O tree, once so beautiful  
How barren are thy limbs  
You stand so lonely and so bare  
In the bleak and icy night.  
Yet you are dutiful  
You guide the storm tossed travel-  
er in the light so dim.  
Even in your lonely fare  
You have kept your vigil there,  
On the distant peak of snow and  
ice.  
E. I.

## MY FRIEND.

We all have friends of every de-  
gree,  
They are terrible, fair and good  
like thee;  
Some are smart and some are  
dumb,  
But, I like you best—'cause you're  
my chum.

There are blondes, red-heads, brun-  
ettes and such,  
With the red-heads, of course, I'm  
always in Dutch:  
But, with a good brunette like  
you—  
Well, any—true friends are few.

There's Ann, Mabel, Joe, and  
Hugh,  
Also Bessie, Dot and Lou;  
But with all these—I am through,  
'Cause I've found a true friend—  
In you.  
V. C.

## OH, WHAT A LIFE!

There was once a teacher,  
She was quite a feature,  
Of the school I attended one time.  
In English one week  
For she felt at her peak.  
She started to teach us to rhyme.

As a lesson one day,  
To us she did say  
To write a poem quite fat.  
The pupils all said,  
"I'd rather be dead  
Than write a long poem like that."

But their wills she did bend,  
And o'er the week-end  
They each wrote a poem they said.  
The next day at class  
They spoke very fast!  
And then sank in their seats like  
lead.  
M. L.

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## Letters to Santa Claus

West Linn, Oregon  
Dec. 22, 1930

Dear Santa Claus:

I am at high school student and  
very brilliant. I think so although  
most of my teachers disagree. You  
can tell I'm very good in composi-  
tion can't you? (Apologies to Miss  
Adcock).

I want to tell you just what I  
want for Christmas. Please give  
them to me 'cause I've been very  
good.

First I want a drum so I can  
play on my tinband. (Apologies to  
Mr. Wetmore.) Second, I want a  
wig just like Mr. Oppenlanders  
hair. It's beautiful.

Third, I want a doll to look like  
Miss Pearson or Miss Edgerton,  
real soft and cuddly. Fourth I want  
a doll buggy just like Burton's  
car. I just love to ride in it. Fifth  
I want a rocking horse just like  
Mabel—Miss Adcock's horse. Sixth,  
I want a big horn just like Joe  
Dempsher's to play in the band.

Seventh, my brother wants a  
mustache just like Mr. Howard's.  
He has been trying to raise one  
but please bring him one he'll be  
very glad. He's been very good and  
hardly ever pulls the cat's tail or  
pinches me. He very seldom lets  
the fires go out more than 4 times  
a week.

Please bring me all the things I  
have stated and I will like you  
very much.

Your loving admirer,

Gladys Davis.

P. S. Please bring me Mr. Main's  
secret of mathematics.—I need it.

West Linn High  
Dec. 22, 1930.

Dear Santa Claus:

I am writing you a letter telling  
you what the teachers would like  
for Christmas. First of all heading  
the list came Mr. Gary. I am sure  
he would like a new record before  
being accomplished at the West  
Linn High school.

Miss Buse would like a new sup-  
ply of pink slips. They are needed  
by some pupils very badly.

Miss Lundy needs a pencil sharp-  
ener in her room. As both Sopho-  
mores and Freshmen are always  
leaving the room to sharpen pen-  
cils.

Miss Edgerton would like to  
have a few new cooking utensils  
so to be more convient for her  
eager students as some do not  
agree seeing others with better pan  
and kettles than what they have in  
their possession.

Miss Adcock would like to have  
a toy set of dishes to have picnics  
down by the river near her house.

Miss Moffett would like better  
service as not to have to walk to  
school. Would some one please  
donate her a little Austin.

Miss Horton would like a few  
new Spanish books to make her  
class work a little harder than they  
have been doing. Also for her bene-  
fit a book of Spanish questions in-  
cluding the answers.

Miss Inwood would like to have

several try panios as a group of  
both boys and girls bother her dur-  
ing her music classes always strik-  
ing the piano keys which she is try-  
ing so hard to teach them.

Miss Pearson would like some  
very bright students in English.  
Santa could you possibly help her  
out and bring about 6 new excel-  
lent ones.

Miss Baker would like some new  
device to exercise on as she is get-  
ting very stiff and can hardly bend  
over and touch her toes as she al-  
ways could last year.

Miss Jurgens would like a few  
dolls and small toy automobiles for  
some of her playful typing stud-  
ents.

Mr. Main would like some peppy  
tonic for a few of his sleepy, list-  
less students especially in his  
book-keeping classes. So please re-  
member to put some in his Christ-  
mas stocking.

Mr. Gould would like a new baby  
cradle and a few play things for  
his small baby daughter. And a  
few of the play things he could  
bring to his class for some of the  
playful students.

Mr. Brown would like for Santa  
to bring a lot of the boys in West  
Linn High School a football. But  
for goodness sake bring them in-  
struction book of "How to Play  
Football" and their parents please  
make them get out and practice in  
the mud for the 1931 grid season.

Mr. Shearer would like a few  
new ideas in how to make his  
pupils study in science and chemis-  
try.

Mr. Howard would like a few  
ideas for Christmas present for his  
children. Santa has always been  
generous to them as they have  
been very good. So please help him  
in this hard struggle to decide.

Mr. Oppenlander would like a  
few trees for the boys in manual  
training as some do such marvel-  
ous work cutting initials on the  
wood work around the school build-  
ing.

Mr. Wetmore wants to take  
Gabriels place and so you will have  
to bring him a trumpet.

The Student Body will have to be  
satisfied with what they receive  
for Christmas.

I remain your friend,  
Violet Warren.

Found on an Algebra paper:  
"Avoid that future shadow" (ex-  
amination.)  
"Reach for an Algebra instead of  
a Whiz Bang!"

Clarence Hulse: Is the captain  
double jointed, sir?

Brown: No, why?

Clarence Hulse: I just broke his  
leg then.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but  
anything that's laughed at as much  
as love has to retaliate somehow.

MERRY XMAS and  
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