

THE AMPLIFIER

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Basketball Carries On

The West Linn football team played its last game of the season, Wednesday, November 20th, when they challenged Molalla. This game ended the season with a victory for the team and also a victory for the seniors who will be able to say that in all four years they attended West Linn the teams have won every game played on the West Linn field. This is a record for them and they can be proud to say that they helped to keep it.

We won't forget so soon the victories that the team has brought to West Linn this year or the work and time that the coaches have spent in preparing the boys for the games.

Now the season will turn to basketball and different boys will be the heroes. Let's make their games as successful in spirit and victories as the football games have been this year.

Round About School New Student

Dave Williams borrowing Mr. Nixon's tie—Tom Arthur trying his best to ruin a tie lent him to wear when he had his annual picture taken — Jerry Larue throwing a party last Friday—Carl Erickson arguing desperately against wearing a coat when he had his picture taken—Phyllis Gubser and Smokey Anderson breaking up—Betty Taylor fooling everybody about transferring to Grant—John Beutler hitting some wrong notes on the string base in assembly—Vernon Toedtemeier dreaming about a drum majorette—Certain die-hards watching the Molalla game to the end despite the downpour — Debaters working hard to get their speeches in—Betty Easson, Audrey Church, Mary Jane Hill, Peggie McClure, Frances Bernert, Lois Butler, Loren Milliken and Glenn Campbell getting set for the radio forum today—Mel McLarty making quite a hit in assembly when she said "I'm supposed to be a flirt." —Tom McGee trying to remember how the junior play ends—Betty Sturges raving about Pacific U.—Lois Young wearing the same letterman's sweater two weeks in succession—Lela Bamford and Jack Hollenbeck tearing around together for awhile — Seniors hiding proofs from public eyes—Whistlers chorus making appearance in assembly—Shirley Crosby and Art Huebner getting along just grand these days. (The dirt dished out in this column is the fiendish invention of

The old adage, "Nothing new under the sun" has again been disproved in the form of Bob Holt.

Bob has made it clear that he intends to grace the halls of West Linn for one and a half years.

Bob started at Canby the first year, made his letter in cross country and track. The second year was started at Lincoln and there he again made his letter. In his third year he started at Beaverton, but upon seeing the deadly trouncing handed to Beaverton by West Linn Lion varsity men, nothing could stop him from being a member of the progressive Lions.

"Women," said Bob, "are the spice of life and I like my food well seasoned." A description of his last affair sounds oh, so good; black hair, five feet eight inches and from the movement of the hands, some torso.

Mickey Mouse is tops for entertainment, and when I'm down in the dumps, said Bob, I head for a picture with your dream and mine, Deanna Durbin.

Bob said the tariff should definitely lowered and if I knew what it means quote, I would say more, end of quote.

The school really welcomes Bob and we feel sure Mr. Fors will call personally.

the author alone and does not express the opinion of the Amplifier staff. Also any resemblance this copy may have to any literary style, living or dead, is purely accidental.—Feature Editor.)

DUST BOWL

(Censored Version)

Coach Brown and Mr. Gary parading in their bathing suits. Bernie Hermann with water dripping from him after some realist threw it over him—Oregon City didn't seem very pleased about one of the numbers our band played during the parade. It was "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." — Dwain Wanker better WATCH out! On one wrist he wears his watch and on the other a picture of Pat G. — Since when has Earl Harsberger become a business man? He says that business takes him out to Tualatin every night. I guess he is in the platinum (blonde) business — Harold Snider shaking 'in his boots when a cop stopped him. All the cop wanted, was to know if he was on Route 1 or Route 4. Whew!—Jack Reams must have his love to keep him warm. Anyway he has gotten rid of his sweater to Rosalie Zackery — Seniors complaining about their pictures, but what did they expect anyhow? The Whistling Chorus trying between laughs and snickers to swing out the "Beer Barrel Polka"—Don Marshall STILL (yet?) seen with Cladia Isham—Story book characters of the week . . . Our hero, David Young; the villain, Charlie Marx; the light house, Arthur Huebner; last but not least, the heroine, "the (light) housekeeper's daughter," Ruben Baisch—Bernice Murray with two sophomores on her hands. How does she do it? Nayda Geske blushing violently when George Vlahos asked her — Roman togas, scrolls, wreaths and soap boxes, the latest fashion. For the initiates of the Speech Club anyway — Bill Walston calling Peggy Redhead out of third period history. Three seconds later Peggy comes back in, minus Bill's jacket which she went out in. Quick change!!—Bud Jennings complimenting little brother Jim's choice at the Molalla game. Jim's choice appeared to be Dehra Critchfield.

Gossip? That's Right

While roaming through the halls the other day Peter Blyth received a most welcome smile and wing from a cousin of Tommy Vanlanningham. You see we promised we wouldn't mention her name.

Bob Gillett seen courteously holding his coat in front of his eyes to give B. Walston and P. Rose a little privacy.

Doris Draper seems to be mooning over a certain Halliday.

Bob Gillett has been seen lately escorting our new sheriff's daughter. While driving one day Bob received a most unwelcome slip of paper from the local gen-darmes. 2 plus 2 equals—

Subtle Satire

This week finds — yours truly pondering a little story related to me by Violet Rothman. It goes something like this: "Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived next to a football hero's house (I think his name was Steffen) who learned to play ping pong awfully well. Due of course to expert coaching." Thank you very much Miss Rothman for that delightful little story. I am sure our readers will enjoy it—Bill Stevens was supposed to be a great track star at a party last summer. Maybe he had too much pop (?) to drink (paid advertisement by Audry Gary alias "Babe." I think Stevens gave her that nickname. She's such pleasant company for him during sixth period study)—Kate Zivney quote: "Do you think I should let George kiss me tonight?" Unquote: Don't get worried, she was only rehearsing a play during dramatics class (I think)—Jean Kylo had her wardrobe all planned for the foot ball banquet and then what a disappointment—

Someone told me that Tom Arthur is developing more than a little interest in a young thing at Lincoln. Well is there any truth in it Tom? Oh, you don't say.—Virginia Anderson pining pining her heart out for a certain football player whose name will be supplied by Miss Anderson on request—Peg McLure still corresponding with that junior at Stanford. Peg also has hopes of going to the Rose Bowl game just because she is so interested in football—I told you readers I would keep you informed on the Whipple Ray guerre d'amour, which in plain English means their struggle over that certain young lady, whose name I misspelled last time, so said Mr. Whipple. The latest reports are that Mr. Ray has the inside track with Mr. Whipple coming up fast on the outside. In a personal interview granted to your humble reporter by Mr. Ray, he told me in no uncertain terms that Mr. Whipple was definitely out in the cold. Well Lochinvar, are you going to take that insult lying down? Question of the week—Whatever became of Student Government? Think that one over students!

Did You Know

Mr. Shearer hates bright finger nail polish and lipstick.

Mr. Howard hates short skirts even if they are the style.

Leo Critchfield doesn't like one girl, he likes them all. Good boy that Critchfield.

The Amplifier was strictly a Democratic paper during election and still is.