

THE AMPLIFIER

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SECRETARY LEAVES

Beginning the second semester Mrs. Smith, West Linn High School's secretary will not be with us any longer. She has decided to resign from her job as a secretary so that she will be able to spend more time at home, doing her home work more effectively.

When we stop to think about all that she has done for us and the school as a whole, we realize that we will regret when we have to see her leave. It takes tact to be able to sit behind a desk; answer questions and write out tardy slips both at the same time, answer the telephone in a sweet voice when it seems almost impossible, keeping the files in order, write letters, and one of the most difficult tasks of them all, trying to keep records and attendances of students, which is not a very easy job. Mrs. Smith has done all these duties and many others, too numerable to mention, which makes our report for her excellent in all respects.

Miss Rose Frandrich from Hogg Brothers will take her place and we all hope that she will fulfill her job as well as Mrs. Smith has in the past.

The Party Line —

Bob Gillette, the versatile violinist, is growing up at last, having traded his bicycle, last remnant of his childhood days, for a new super '27 Chevrolet 4 sedan.

Bill Stevens must not, during the excitement of a basketball game, forget where to place his feet.

Coach Fors claims he has the solution of how to stop Stanford's famed T formation.

Jerry Larue and his 1926 Ford, Henrietta, are quite the talk of the school now.

If you want any decorating done, just call on the F.F.A. boys. The banquet the other night was a good example. Mr. Dietrick says that they like decorating more than the girls do.

Several of our more well known students had quite a time filling those information slips when they came to the parts marked, "Special Skills" and "Honors received during high school."

Betty Easson still goes into a trance when she thinks of New Year's eve. He was that swell.

Don't forget to go to the skating party Wednesday. Remember, with your blue ticket you get in cheaper. Bus tickets are ten cents. Be seeing you.

DUST BOWL

What were Maxine Booze and Walter Bailey doing New Years Eve besides ? ? ? ? ?

Berning looking for an elusive blond—

Smokey Anderson keeping an eye on Lincoln Hi—

Anna May Winkle mistaking Miss Moe for another student and whamming her with a book. Ouch!

Earl Harshberger joining the navy. Roderick Shadle hunting for someone to go to the basketball jamboree with. Andy Swan seemingly having a good time New Years Eve chasing girls up and down Broadway (reverse technique) Whats wrong Andy?

Mary MacLean brushing off her knees and explaining that she fell on her face coming out of Mr. Brown's room during the fire drill. I think she was brushing the wrong locality. West Linn having a very flourishing tourist trade right after the Christmas holidays. A good suggestion is that we would sell souvenirs. Mike Booth and Marshal Webster getting awfully handy with ropes. Everyone marveling about Jim Wilson getting a pink slip for a change. What's the matter Jim, your excuse wasn't leak-proof?

Subtle Satire

This week finds—Mel McLarty (Miss Cupid) promoting a little affair between Laverne Main and Howard Berry (I wonder if Laverne and Howard know anything about it, silly question isn't it?) —One of our yell leaders stoking a stogy at a local brawl joint. (Today I am a man)—Bob Baker in an evolved affair over getting or was it not getting a date with little Audrey. It's too complicated to explain so you will have to figure it out for yourself, and maybe somebody got their wires crossed and there isn't any truth to it after all — And now for the gem of my column the survey I promised you. The conductor of this survey is none other than Miss (Dimples) Huiras who was awarded the assignment strictly on her merit as a journalist? Well here goes for the survey. Of the male population of our fair high school. Remember this is still an incomplete survey and I will be glad to print a retake if you students so desire—The incomplete survey results as follows:

The award for the most popular peepers went to Dave Williams who has the cutest say, what are the color of your eyes, anyway, Dave?—The award for the best physique accompanied by a large economy size box of one a day brand vitamine tablets, went to Harold Ness—The award for the best hair also accompanied by an honorary award of a permanent wave at Clancey McSlug's Beauty Shoppe went to Bud (Curley) Merkle, with Ike Ivans running a close second—Red (Legs) Eaden carried the field in the race for the honor of having the cutest under-pinnings. Legs was disqualified in the last survey because of ineligibility—The award for being the great lover of West Linn went to that dashing and daring man about town Andrew (Aw! just call me Andy) Swan, with Cap Kruse that Lochinvar of Frog Pond placing a very close second —The award for the cutest blush

Students Worry Over Exam Days

By LOIS BUTLER

Last Monday a small percentage of our fair student body appeared at school wearing a worried look in their beautiful hazel eyes or blue or brown as the case may be. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the number increased slightly and by Friday it had jumped alarmingly. Perhaps our good readers are asking the cause of this undue concern. The answer, my friends, is that exams will be held Tuesday and Wednesday, January 15, and 16.

The schedule for the tortures to be inflicted upon our tormented souls is as follows:

TUESDAY

First Period 8:30-10:00
Second Period10:15-11:45
Noon Hour11:45-12:45
Third Period12:45- 2:15
Assembly 2:15- 3:15

WEDNESDAY

Fourth Period 8:30-10:00
Fifth Period10:15-11:45
Noon11:45-12:45
Sixth Period12:45- 2:00
Seventh Period 2:10- 3:30

went to the sixth period library bavorite Rudy Elligsen—Now we come to the award for the most perfect gentleman (?) Now girls surely we have someone at West Linn who fills the requisites of a perfect gentleman. Come on now, at least one of you have an opinion—that I can print—(No! I can't print that. Tsk Tsk. Shame on youse) Oh well, undaunted I still carry on and I will find that perfect gentleman if it is the last thing I do—And what's this here at the end—Oh yes, an award for being the most lazy, disreputable bounder, gross nincompoop, all around fall guy, and general dope, which went to—say! this is my name, look here! you can't do this to me in my own column, I won't stand for it. I'm going home and tell mamma on you—

WE hope that every student in West Linn High School will strive to fit himself for the greatest service to the U.S.A. during the coming semester.

WEST LINN SCHOOL BOARD