

# The Amplifier

Published semi-monthly by the students of the Journalism class of West Linn High School.

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## ORIGIN OF MAY DAY

May Day, the first day of May, has for centuries been associated among Latin and Germanic peoples with religious and other festal observances and still so observed by Celtic and other races. In Rome, May Day was associated with worship to the goddess Maia, who represented the principal cause of fertility. This was the origin of a May Day celebration, and to this day, May customs survive in May Pole dances, and the crowning of a queen of the May. Outings to the field and forest, to return with green flowering boughs is still observed.

Today organized propagandistic groups and labor observations set aside the first day in May for their meetings and demonstrations. In Germany, Russia and European countries May Day is observed as Labor Day.

Centuries ago people added to the May Day celebrations and fun by masquerading as Robin Hoods or similar legendary characters. The actual basis of May Day, however, seems to have been the Roman Floralia, celebrated April 28 and instituted at Rome about 241 B. C. Also among observances of the Floralia are mentioned gay costumes, dramatic performances and comic dances.

May day queen is the most desirable and coveted honor for a senior girl to have bestowed upon her. To be selected for this envied position and to rule as queen of the celebration on May Day is the hope of all West Linn girls.

This year the students have chosen a girl of rare beauty and charm to represent the school as the most outstanding and popular girl among the many young ladies of the senior class. This girl will bear the title of Queen Suzanne I and we wish that her reign will be as successful a one as previous queens have had before her.

A new book, "Animals of the World," by McSpadin and J. Walker, has been taken from the library, card and all. It hadn't as yet, been checked out of the library.

Mrs. Oswald is very anxious to have this book returned, without any questions asked. If you know of its whereabouts or have it, please see that it gets back to the library.

## To the Editor:

Our recent war bond rally went over big as most of the students know. But how have bond sales been since? The boys in the front lines are fighting every day in the week with all they have.

The Second War Loan asked for by our government is on its way to success but the remainder must come from the pockets of people like you and me. We must dig down deep and loan our government the money we spend for "cokes," potatoe chips, shows, etc. We'll get it back in ten years when it might come in handy, who knows.

Think fellow students, the United States spends millions of dollars each day to fight the Axis powers and we here at home can loan our government a few cents each day to keep our freedom. Let's all buy more war bonds and more and still more, buy until it hurts and then our children and our children's children will be able to buy the "cokes," etc., which we sacrifice today.

Sincerely yours,  
A Fellow Student.

What has happened to our class activities? Very few class meetings have been held lately and none seem to be on the calendar for the future. It seems as though the end of the year should bring a flurry of activity from the classes in their wind-up of the school year.

Election of officers for the coming year must be taken care of before school is dismissed for the summer. These elections are more important this year than ever before because of the possibilities of fewer outside activities next year. This means that the classes will have to sponsor programs for the students more than in former years and that means more responsibility for the class officers.

A demand from you students should result in activity in the ranks of the classes. Think the matter over carefully students and act accordingly.



## "Terra Firma" by Anthony

The falls were pretty weren't they, Ralph and Naideen?

Lowell Bruck and Glady Byer going smoothly, while Rudy and Shirley are still in that giddy stage.

All the boys are going nuts over a transfer, namely Dorthey Brewster. (Wow, pretty, too.)

Tony and a car load of gals making the long jaunt to Estacada. (Good going Tony.)

Dave Silver seen in Oswego, making plans for May Day. (A little out of the way, isn't it Dave?)

Anny Mac Winkle continually looking for Mr. Nixon. (Those letters are sure long, huh.)

Some people are never in the halls, and then there is Bill Larson. (What, no classes?)

Say, Eldore, what is this we hear about you and Claudia? What will M. W. say?

Reuben, we hear is a little envious of a certain big fellow in Oregon City. (Better get yourself a pair of sandals, Rube.)

Red Zittle, the top man on the May Day pyramid fell down—went boom; the boys below fall fast don't they Red?

The wolves are not always boys, are they Gwen—Alice—Naideen—Dorthy?

The baseball team finally won a game. (Was it luck, fellows?)

Ralph Matile, the little Romeo, is on the loose again, aren't you Peel-ie Poo-Poo?

E. Booth really seems to be trying to get his lessons for a change, guess we all want to graduate Mike.

You may have seen some pretty bright sights, but did you see the "Red" skirt Claudia had on the other day. (Yum-yum, and warm, too.)

Pat Erben and Irene Endres putting yours truly on the spot by saying, "Get that column by Thursday, or else." (Or else we won't have one.)

Clark Smith doesn't recognize the color Pink, so all the slips he writes are white, keep up the good work, "Rep."

What have you got that gets me, huh, Bev (Burdick)? Could it be Tabu—"known the world over as the perfume that seems to never quite leave whatever it touches!" Perhaps it's that kitty of the woods she harbors in the basement—its smouldering charm is lasting, Oh! so lasting—(and we don't mean maybe!)

Ralph Elligsen having his daily round with Miss Davis over who shall run the halls.

Bev and Joan have really broken away from the sly carrier and are turning the glamour on our wonder boy, Wayne Robertson.

We hear Dehra Critchfield was pretty broken up when a certain fellow name of Don went off to war. (Don't worry, Dehra, they are like a street car, there will soon be another one along.)

All the May Day girls worrying whether or not their dresses will be the same. (They're sure pretty, I know.)

By the way, Gloria Eisle is it still the fellow named Cecil? (Not Johnson.)

Gloria Smith still goes to West Linn occasionally. (Doesn't she?)

When quizzed as to an occupation for life, Suzanne Z. says she is going to be a swimmer (practical, huh?).

We heard Gwen and Alice sold quite a few bonds, good looks I suppose.

M. Maine preferring a Milwaukee lad to a good husky boy from West Linn. (What's wrong, Rube, losing the old wow-em?)

Miss Barnes finally rounding up Jean Kylo long enough to get the budget started.

The Home Ec. girls are making Ditty, Bags.

Thanks to Bev and Joan, the Bob Green will have his fresh carrots for the duration. (Nice colorful send-off girls.)

Verle Day has her O.C. man pretty well hooked. Haven't you Verle?

Sam Nixon thinking of going into the rabbit business.

Lee King received orders to report to the induction center May 13 (unlucky day). You will sort of miss that Saturday nite stuff with the little cousin, won't you Lee?

Herr Bob Sumner reported to school all decked out in his new Hitler hair-cut.

Cecil Johnson here in the flesh, or is it sleeping that bothers you?

Have you been ill Jean Malony? What has this fellow Bob Smith got anyway?

Hall Lindsley flirting with our own little Beth Wood.

"Hello Ralph," is Joyce MacDougle's favorite saying.

Don't worry about the art of dancing Bob Wood, because if they want to dance, they can take a little foot tramping. (No offense Betty.)

Walt and Marge still going strong due to the fact that Margie knows one history lesson and Walt has to get knowledge somewhere.

Darrell Thompson doing OK with Bonnie Baty.

## HIT or MISS

I'm free from the chain gang now—make-up time completed.

Doctor Rhythm—Chuck Marx.

The Davis Limited—Marge.

I don't know now, but oh how I'm learnin'—Art Hubner.

I'm a savage—Red Eaden.

don't want to set the world on fire—Mr. Shearer.

Big bad Bill from the badlands—Bill Larson.

Angels of Mercy (?)—Faculty.

I'm tootin' my horn—Leroy Hornshuh.

You go your way—Carrier.

Junior Miss—Pat Brennan.

Beloved friends—Dehra and Van.

On the beach at Waikiki—Lay one hundred Nipponese.

Someone's rocking my cradle—Walt Logsdon.

Pretty little busy body—Suzie.

Slap happie lassie—Louise Jent.

Freckles—Irene Endres.

Roughing it—Military training.

Quiet, please—Assembly.

Miss you—Miss Dorothy Smith.

You and I—Lowell Bruck and Gladys.

Down by the friendly tavern—Curt's place.

Birmingham bus—Robertson's wreck.

Say Sarge, I wanna see Marge—Bob Austin.

Sweater girl—Rosalind Enns.

Strawberry junction—Some jam!

Dreamy gal—Audrey Ream.

Living, laughing, loving—Six-day leave with Irene and Mac.

Donna—Donna Beach.

Glamour boy—Ralph Matile.

If I had a girl—Reuben Baisch.

There's going to be a great day May Day.

I met her on Monday—Mrs. Donovan.

What a man!—Chet Tunnell.

Wherever you are—Don Holden and Bob Green.

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