

The Amplifier

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

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TO THE EDITOR:

Don't tell me our good old West Linn high has finally awakened after lying dormant so long? I am speaking of the new Star Dust club formed by combining the ideas of a dance planned by Miss White and a farewell party for the graduating seniors planned by the Journalism class.

If you students who have been griping all year really want activities now is your chance to prove it. All you have to do is come Thursday night after the game and enjoy the fun. If this party is not a success it will probably be the last one for the year because the whole faculty is behind the idea and all we need is the students' support.

W. L. WAKES UP

A large question has arisen in the minds of quite a few boys in this school. The question is: Does any girl wish to go steady or are they all just flirts? Some girls have boy friends that are overseas or stationed far away in the United States. The boys in school take the girl out a couple of times and then he gets lured into "going steady." They go steady for a couple of months and then the former boy friend comes home on leave. After the boy friend leaves they are back together again. Consequently the boy gets lured, again. Now the question is: is the boy from school just used as a crutch until the girl's soldier or sailor comes home?

Some girls please answer this.

TO THE EDITOR:

Every day one reads of office buildings, school, warehouse, and homes being destroyed by fire. What is to prevent this scourge from hitting our school? Are we immune from all danger of fire? Of course not, you say. Yet this school does have that complacent attitude as witnessed by our lack of fire drills. We have had just one such drill this year. In it many hoses were un-manned and several doors were not watched. If a real fire had broken out, the difference of those few hoses might have saved the school, and those unwatched doors cost many lives. Our school is unprepared to combat a fire of any proportions. It is up to the students to prepare us for any emergency, not only for the school property involved, but for the natural idea of self-preservation.

Yours truly,
 BOB ROBINSON.

To the Editor

"Out of my way, kids! I'm going to get a stool, I hope." This may be heard in the hall every noon approximately 20 seconds after the noon bell rings and, of course, at least one person is bowled over on the way down the hall. Maybe after all this trouble he doesn't even get a stool, so on top of all he's done he has to sit on the table. People think his manners must have been left in the cradle, but is it his fault?

To the Editor:

Was it just three months ago that we elected our Pep Club. Just that short a time since they made their colorful debut?

It doesn't seem that an organization begun with such a definite purpose could so easily become inactive.

We realize the individual members are as enthusiastic as ever, but the purpose of the Club is to present a mass cheering section.

Sincerely, —A Student.

At last the students have been given their long hoped for activity period. For once there need be no more groans and laments that there isn't time to get together to form a program. No longer will the excuse be that "they wouldn't let us out of class," for any bona fide committee can hold a meeting, if they let the office know before school on Monday.

Today, the full responsibility for activities lies on the students' shoulders. It is up to them to make or break their new opportunity.
 —Bob Robinson.

Class Prophecy

DEAR MARILYN:

I understand that you have just returned from South America. I still can't realize you are the famed Entomologist Rust. Did you find that rare species of insect you were hunting for?

The last time I saw you we were talking over old times, wondering what had become of our classmates that graduated from old West Linn, so I decided to look as many of them up as possible on my vacation. Locating some of them was quite a problem, but I hired the John Stone detective agency to help me out, with grand results.

Isabel Vinson was the most difficult to track down, but we finally located her as a tourist guide in the Swiss Alps. She offered us cut rates if we ever cared to take a climb. She said she had received her inspiration for her work, riding up and down the tram with Bill Larson, who operates the said tram to the top of Mount Hood.

We were able to locate several in New York. As you know Walt Logsdon writes the advise to the Love Lorn column in the large New York papers, but did you also know Art Huebner conducted the sightseeing bus through China town?

It was by the sheerest of luck that we found one of the others. It was as we were walking down Broadway, we looked in a restaurant window and there stood Wayne Robertson turning flap jacks. We went in and invited him to go to the opera with us to hear Lee Hornshuh in the lead role of the Desert Song, but Wayne preferred to go to the Madison Square Gardens to see Gloria Eisele the world's tightest rope walker.

Of course while we were in New York we stayed in the hotel managed by Pat Brennan, but imagine our surprise to have the bell hop who carried up our bags to turn out to be Cecil Johnson.

On my way back home I stopped near Reno, Nevada and visited Darrell Thompson's Dude ranch and taking a much needed rest there from the heavy work in Hollywood was Bud Larson the great dress designer and Albert Cissman, dance director of the follies.

On my way back to Portland I stopped in San Francisco to hear Charles Marshall, who is a news commentator now, living there. In his evening broadcast he told of the plans for the first around the world non stop trip in a one man submarine to be made by Bob Hooff and sponsored by Hank Quade, president of the submarine company. I feel sorry for Bob's wife (who was Claudia Isham) who must stay home and operate the streetcar between Oregon City and Portland for him while he is gone.

I guess I have told you of everyone of our old classmates, Oh no — there is Chuck Marx, who I guess I neglected to tell you, is piloting the plane between Seattle and Alaska. I will be seeing him in a few days as I must fly back to my hot dog stand on the Alcan Highway as the tourist trade is terrific.

Do drop in and see me before you leave the States again, and write soon.

As ever,
 Norrene

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Question of the week: What do you think of girls wearing slacks to school?

The fad of the women wearing the pants in our school can be compared to hiking up a mountain in high heels. It is not that it can't be done, it's just that it is silly and impractical. But here are the opinions, so judge for yourself.

Dorothy Habel: "It all depends on the gal. Personally, I can't wear 'em."

Leonard Rothe: "It doesn't make any difference to me."

Chuck Marx: "I think it makes them too wide around the..."

Pat Smith: "I like them."

Bob Bailey: "I'd hate to wear a skirt."

Mr. Main: "From a personal point of view, I would rather never see a girl in slacks, but from a 'progress of education' standpoint, it makes little difference."

Walt Burgess: "On boys they are all right."

Mr. Shearer: "I don't like them. I think the girls should try to look like ladies, even if some of them aren't."

Jeanne Emmons: "I like them on cold days, but that's all."

Naideen Zaniker: "Just because there is a shortage of men, a girl doesn't have to go around looking like one to make up for it."

George Lipp: "If they would wear shorts, fine with me, but slacks, NO."

As you can see, an overwhelming majority of the students don't approve, so draw your own conclusions, girls.

Senior Bid Farewell

Completed—twelve years of school. Yes, the graduating seniors have passed through 12 years of their life that can never be recalled.

And just what does a person get out of twelve years of school? In grammar school a person is taken out of the illiterate class when he learns to read, write and do elementary arithmetic. This process takes eight years. After grammar school comes high school, which lasts only half as long as grammar school, but is ten times more important in its results.

Upon entering high school as a freshman a student is barely out of the ignorant class despite the fact that his grammar school education has given him the background he needs to go on. After a person has been in high school a while he begins to expand in all sorts of knowledge. It is in high school that a person decides what he wants to make his career; it is in high school that a person determines his success or failure in later life. Walking hand in hand with the knowledge high school offers go memories. Memories of classmates, teachers, rallies and sports events which will serve a person many a laugh, sigh, or tear throughout good times and bad.

Today our country, the country that offers twelve years of free, uncorrupt education to anyone, is fighting a war to judge whether its education or the enemies' will prevail. It is the job of the seniors graduating from West Linn this term to see that their education prevails and they will do the job better for having completed twelve years of school the American way.

Class Will Of 1944

We, the January graduating class of 1944, being in sight of our diplomas, still in our right minds, do declare this our last will and testament, dividing our great abundance of hidden assets among our esteemed faculty and the poor and feeble minded students who still attend this said institution:

To the June class: We leave our reputation for them to live down.

To the junior girls: The hope that the army, the navy and the marines will leave enough freshman boys to go around.

To the junior boys: The sincere hope that you will receive your sheepskins before you move into the foxholes.

Wayne Robertson leaves his knock-knees to Guy Foreman.

Norene Peterson leaves her sailor boy friends to the sophomore girls.

Chuck Marshall leaves his little brother, "Harman can do no harm" Marshall for the girls to fight over.

Al Cissman leaves his hull-k to shilbuilder Henry Kaiser.

Art Huebner leaves to the football team 'of 44 his little inspiration from 143.

Walt Logsdon leaves his list of phone numbers to anyone ambitious enough to copy them.

Bill Larson leaves the worries of a student body president to Bob Brending.

Johnny Stone wills his copy of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" to King John I.

Bud Larson leaves his abundant hair to C. O. Main.

Marilyn Rust leaves her quiet, unassuming ways to Bob Wiewiesiek.

Chuck Marx gives all his cuts back to Mrs. Meiritz.

Pat Brennan leaves her little sister to carry on—and how!

Gloria Eisele wills her personality and charming disposition to the faculty.

Lee Hornshuh bequeaths his collection of used razor blades to the scrap drive.

Izzie Vinson leaves her flirting to become a nurse.

Bob Hooff leaves his 6 feet to Jim Zittle.

Darrell Thompson would will Mr. Brown a ton of shotgun shells (if he had any).

Cecil Johnson leaves his bulging biceps to Tarzan.

In witness whereof, we have set our hand this 21st day of January, 1944.

Signed—Senior Class.

EXAMS

1. "There ain't no Justice," Says the frosh, When speaking of exams. "I tried so hard And still I have These tests upon my hands."
2. "Just like last term," From a soph; "I slaved and worked my best, But here again I have to face These awful six weeks tests."
3. The Junior sighs and Rubs his head. He thinks of that exam. "If I had studied Like I should, I wouldn't have to cram."
4. The senior in a Worried mood, Seems now to do his best. "I should have really Tried before To escape these six weeks tests."