

The Amplifier

Twelve Publications by the Journalism Class
of West Linn High School.

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Assistant Editor.....	Dennis Brending
Assistant Manager.....	Shirley Brennan
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Advisor.....	Mrs. Oppenlander

SUBSCRIPTION RATES PER YEAR

50c Student Body Members 65c Non-Student Body Members

LANDEEN TRACTORS and IMPLEMENTS

10th and Main Street, Oregon City SALES and SERVICE

Which Do You Scrutinize, Looks or Books?

Compacts, lipsticks, occasionally books, mirrors come forth—got to see how she looks; she dreams about boy friends, a new dress for fall, believe it or not; she's in study hall.

A bell, a rush, a clamour for the right seat, and she is finally there. Another bell, she sinks down in her seat. Her gaze wanders to the world outside. She thinks of the freedom beyond that wall. Two piercing eyes cause her suddenly to seize a book and begin to study with fervor.

Already five minutes have gone! She must hurry! hurry! she expects to get anything accomplished before the period ends. She grabs at her compact, pats furiously at the shine on her nose, smears on rouge, and dabs on crimson lipstick. Horors! Her eyebrows are growing out again and she was to meet him after school.

She squirms about in her seat in an attempt to get the best light and her eyebrows become a thin line. She likes the effect and practices the look she is to greet him with after school. Then she fits that look in to what she would first say. Her heart skips a beat as—heavens, only five minutes more! She takes this time to worry over the test she must "flunk" to dab at her nose, and to hurry on to the next class totally unprepared because she simply has not had time.

Boon Doggling

We all know him. He is the person who spends the hour in study hall with his book open before him, but is never reading it. When he is not gazing at the hands of the clock or twiddling his thumbs, he is pestering his neighbor.

Sometimes he sings to himself—usually poorly. His more industrious neighbors stop their work to turn withering glances at him, but no avail. When he had finished his song, students nearby hold their breaths, wondering what he will do next. Then he starts again—this time crumpling and cracking paper.

If only he would use the energy he wastes bothering studious students near him for something worth while.

When the bell rings, he slams his books together and marches out into the hall to raise another ruckus.

Although this student boon doggles for one precious hour each day he is probably the one who incessantly whines about "all the home work those mean teachers pile on us."

There have been many complaints in the last semester about the undependability of the Amplifier. We feel that your complaints are justifiable and we will endeavor to be more prompt in the coming semester.

Many things have caused these delays, but we feel we should be able to overcome them during the coming semester. The students of the journalism class will have had more experience and the staff will be able to work together better.

We hope you are not disgruntled, but will try to overcome our faults in the next semester.

TO THE EDITOR:

Well, the battle for life still goes on in the halls and the sweet, delicate little girls of yesterday are now confirmed "muscle women" from beating there way up and down halls.

And again I say where are the student police who are supposed to control the "Hall Sprawlers." We would like to see some action on the part of the student police.

TO THE EDITOR:

I think that the noon dances should stop. Why are they called dances when they are really just a place for youngsters? Better yet, let's keep the dances going, but reserve a place for all the children who don't seem to realize that the grade school days are over and IT'S TIME TO GROW UP.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Wanted—A good pair of shoes to walk to Tillamook in; George Lipp.

For Sale—A good basketball team, cheap; see Ralph Matile.

Willing To Trade—Physic book for soldier's manual; Jerry Ryan.

Personal—Please get a new basketball shirt, Norm.

Found—A secret formula to make everybody groggy; see the chemistry class.

Situation—What are you reading this for, it isn't your business.

Real Estate—The plot of ground by the auditorium door; Marabelle Swan.

CONTEST! Snapshots Wanted!

For ANNUAL

FIRST PRIZE—FREE ANNUAL.

SECOND PRIZE—\$1.00.

Additional \$1.00 Prize for Baby or Children's Pictures of those that are in school now.

See Bob Robinson

DO-RIGHT

Some of our students who remember our ex-yell leader, Mickey Merrick, regret to hear that he is missing in action.

We seem to have a Gestapo lurking about the premises during 6th period. Just expect to see Mr. Brown jump out at you from behind any bush.

Watch out, girls, Bill Kirkpatrick is on the look-out for a woman. The line forms to the right.

When we inquired as to the status of their love life the following people replied:

Bob Robinson: "I want a woman."

Betty Schmidt: "I'm going to marry a Marine."

Suzie Emmons: "Love that man (meaning Ron, of course)."

Hal Lindsley, Harry Sargent, Don Carlson: "All I want to do is to kiss Virginia Barch."

Louise Jent: "I haven't found anyone desirable as yet."

Johnny Selnes: "I've found a new baby."

Bob Walsh: "Sophie is really a cute kid."

Stan Stien: "All the girls are crazy about me. I just can't make up my mind."

Harvey Anderson: "Just Mildred and me, and Alice makes three."

Johnny Selnes doesn't seem to be very broken up over his recent split with Joan Murphy. Right now he seems rather engrossed in Shirley Brennan.

So many people have asked Bud Hoffer, "Why do you talk so much?" We're beginning to wonder.

Speaking of Romances: There's also the one developing in 6th period art class between Eddie Amnes and Diane White. Cute couple.

Just ask Jim Crumly what he says in those notes he writes to Ruth Dickinson:

Bud May seems to think he has all the girls on the string. Wonder when this boy's rude awakening is going to come.

We are wondering when the romance between Corrine MacArthur and Ted Plummer will come to the surface.

"No! No! Not the whip!!"

Well, so long, and remember, you've got to "do right" if you want to see your name in print. Contributions will be appreciated.

ATTENTION: For information concerning two "handsome hulks" who plan on enrolling at Ye Olde Institute come next semester. Contact Verla Hubbard and Mary Gillispie.

Help Wanted, Male—To do scientific problems; Louise Jent.

SONG-A-SCOPE

Seven Years With the Wrong

Woman Olin Pepper

I Can't Get Started With

You Betty Maginnis

I Don't Want to Love

You Betty McGinnis

Strange Fruit Bob Veelman

One Meat Ball Bill Rotrock

What a Difference a Day

Makes Ralph Matile

Put Your Arms Around

Me, Honey Maxine Buse

My Old Flame

..... Bud May, Cornelia Nickles

And Her Tears Flowed

Like Wine Jeanne Emmons

I'll Be Seeing You Guy F.,

Walt B., Wes B., Olin P., Dick A.

Bell Bottomed Trousers

..... Girls' Gym Class

I'll Walk Alone

..... Gwen Montgomery

Let Me Love You Tonight

..... Dorothy and Earl

Don't Take Your Love

From Me Johnny Selnes

My Heart Sings

..... Priscilla Swedlund

The Very Thought of

You Sophie Guyton

I'm Making Believe .. Louise Jent

Don't Fence Me In The Boys

Do I Worry Physics Class

Till the Boys Come

Home Irene Shepard

Time Alone Will Tell

Margaret Ann Van Laningham

A Brand New Love

..... Margaret Main

My Heart Tells Me

..... Gordon Murphy

I Dream of You Shirley Brennan

Going Out the Back Way

..... Everyone, 6th Period

If I had My Way Irene Silver

Take Me Out to the Ball

Game Naideen Wilkins

The Love I Longed For

..... Marvel Smith

Every Day of My Life

..... Mary Robinson and

Walter Borland

The Time Is Now

..... Mr. Hennigan's Office

Let's Take the Long Way

Home After the Game

You've Got to Talk Me

Into It Bob Wievesiek

Things to Come

BY IONE

Ah! Ha!

And what does our Crystal Ball foresee?

In things to come for "You and Me?"

Just "pop your Peepers" and we shall see!

Drifting in with the fog in the near future will be that little green Gremlin namely "Spring."

And the Bud of Love once more will bloom.

At Ye Old Institute!

And with this conclusion we "predict"

Under The Rug

"We must go to press" is the official slogan of reporters, journalists and other dopes in the newspaper field. With this thought in mind we wring the dew from our rusty typewriter and fling a few items on paper. Speaking of dew if the muddy piece of water they call the Willamette river continues to rise we may come to school in rowboats which might prove to be exciting at that. Excitement. That is one emotion that is sadly lacking at West Linn. In fact the last excitement we had here was when **Albert Hoffman** and **John Selness** had a little difference in opinions. It could have got nice and bloody and then someone stopped it. Onions to him. While we're on the subject of **Swoon Boy** does **Joan** want him herself or just doesn't want anybody else to have him? We were going to mention something about **Pat George** and **Sue Mote** here but everyone else has written something about them so. . . . The Lake Theatre views many steadies and unsteadies on Saturday night. Such as: **Don** and **Peter**, **Hattie** and **Dennis**, **Swivel** - **Hip Smith** and whoever else might chance into the joint. We assume the slick chick from the Tigard exchange program appreciated our 'rhythm boys' in the balcony. One number of that same program sorta' hinted the fact that women are a bit slow in getting up in the morning which of course is taking unfair advantage of the situation. What situation we don't know at this date but if one comes up we'll let you know. There's one little girl in 4th period Democracy that could stop her babyish act long enough to see how silly it looks to bystanders. If that gets by the censors you're reading a miracle! **Scotty Beach** kept everyone entertained at Molalla last week by his repertoire of ahem! songs, poems, etc. The date when the Christmas vacation ended and school began must have kinda' slipped **Miss McGuire's** carrot top. She mentioned a late train or something and walked in without so much as a pink slip or nothing. Some people have all the luck. The male population at W. L. is slowly but surely decreasing. By graduation it won't be co-ed anymore. Sob!

Scoop! **Dick** and **Marybelle** finally have broken up. Army? This snapshot contest should be fun. Imagine seeing our football team in diapers! The kids wishing for snow before exams this year were sure fooled, weren't they? If **Jerry Ryan** finds himself hung by the neck until dead, dead, dead some day it will only be because of the many honest deeds handed out in our own little honest student court. That should just about end our gripes for this issue and so as we leave the romantic little town of Schumzasticationville (unquote for a certain radio program), oh heck, "30."

The following "Loves"

Who seem to "Click":

Velma Meadows—Trieve Tanner

Betty Jean Olsen—Eddie Hodsens

Willa Worthington—

Everett Cantrall

Jay McMurren—Cornelia Nickles

Delores Sherman—

Harmon Marshall

Guy Foreman—Donna Shainholts

If a man falls in love with a pretty woman he falls out of it, but if he falls in love with a plain one, he'll be in love with her all his life.