

Independent College Day

On February 21, 1945, representatives from the independent colleges of Oregon spoke to the seniors concerning the fees and requirements for entrance to the various schools.

The colleges represented were:
University of Portland
Cascade College
Multnomah College
Reed College
St. Helens Hall Junior College
Lewis and Clark College
Marylhurst Normal School
Pacific University
Pacific College
Linfield College
Mt. Angel College
Mt. Angel Normal School
Willamette University

Jim Hawks: Did the play have a happy ending?

Bob Kent: Sure! Everybody was glad when it was over.

MY DAY

Stepping out of the house into a torrent of rain I break my way to the bus stop. Wading through the puddle that the driver always manages to park by, I trip up the step and almost land in the driver's lap giving with a cheery "hullo."

Breaking my way through the throngs of grade school "darlings" who clutter the aisles, I trample a mere three and then throwing myself into the seat in a vain attempt to squeeze some helpless individual. In a few minutes a book comes cascading down on my head but I control my rage because its owner is bigger than I am.

Tearing up the stairs to the door, I like a gentleman attempt to dodge all the fair sex rather than trample them. Bursting in the door I bid a fond good morning to my teachers (I could add to this but you can use your imagination) and pass serenely around the corner before getting in a scuffle with the four-foot brute next to me.

The next twenty minutes are used in learning the day's schedule and what period whose going to skip. The bell rings and I wander off to class only to find myself tardy. Oh, well, that class was only a study hall. I go to the library only to be reminded that I was permanently eliminated from that room the previous morning. Then there is no place to go but down by the shop where I get in a gabfest with some fellow students about stocks and bonds and the like (notice that bonds has no "I" in it).

The bell again rings and this time I make sure I make it to class because I am in the midst of a difficult problem in math and the guy next to me claims the answer is 12,496,240 feet and

I claim it is 197 gallons. If we are lucky we will come to an understanding at the end of the period. (The answer turned out to be 10 gm. per cubic molecule. Very, very advanced course I'm telling you.)

This period is over to soon though and I must toddle my way to my science class. In this class my classmates, the dear fellows, and I spend our time heckling the female members of the braintrust. This period ends too soon also, which goes to show that I do enjoy my studies.

Lunch! A mad dash for the cafeteria, acting as inconspicuous as possible while I start at the wrong end of the line. Hiding the Dixie Cup wherever convenient on my person, I bribe the cop at the door with the promise of a T stamp (will he be surprised when I give him that Lipton's tea bag tag) and commence to gorge myself on five or six sandwiches and a dozen doughnuts.

After this I am in the mood to frolic, so being chased by a big brute I decide it best to hide for a spell. My first afternoon class proves uneventful (only thirty students and three faculty members were killed in the Hydrogen Sulfide I accidentally let loose in the hall) so I head for my job as hall wanderer and faculty ducker. Wandering down to the boys' dressing room, I decide on a swim but after the first freezing dip I remove my frozen carcass and thaw out doing two strenuous push-ups.

The last period though is my favorite, I can sit and listen to the track and baseball players fight it out. Back to the bus I go, going through the same routine, which consists of holding a few poor fellows on when they want off and then home, where I will spend all my time if the teachers find out who I am.

—F. L.

Mrs. Meiritz: Didn't your mother write you a note?

Albert: Yes, ma'am, but I forgot to bring it.

Mrs. Meiritz: Well, young man, why were you away yesterday?

Albert: I don't know, I didn't read the note!

Fourth Period Classes Contribute to Red Cross

In a drive put on by the Girls' League and handled by the fourth period Health Class \$56.00 was collected for the Red Cross. This amount was contributed by the students themselves, not collected from parents or neighbors. Only three rooms, White, Shearer, and Creasaps, contributed enough to keep the Red Cross operating everywhere, at home and abroad for one second.

In per capita contribution, Miss White's Health class far outdistanced the other classes, having given more than twice the runner-up. Mr. Shearer's Chemistry class was next followed closely by Miss Creasop's Typing class and Miss McGuire's Home Ec class.

All of the other classes were very close behind these. As shown by this, the student can really get behind a good cause and help their friends in the service and at home.

FASHIONS

Spring will soon be sprung and girls will be wearing cool, crisp cottons. Pinafores, and one-piece dresses are taking the place of the old faithful skirts and sweaters.

New fashions and styles in West Linn high are clever. Girls' locks are being flattered by silver clips bearing their names.

Another of the head styles is the wearing of cute beanies worn under and over bandanas. These come in all colors but the most popular seems to be blue.

Now reaching down to the ground we see few, and we do mean few, lucky girls with Armishaw saddles.

For a week-end of riding and such, peddle pushers seem to be just the thing. Many girls will be getting these.

COMING EVENTS

March 15, Thursday, 8:45 a. m.

Borough calculating machine demonstration for all Commercial students.

March 29, Thursday

Girls' League and Boys' club movie, "Golgotha."

March 30, Friday, 11:00 a. m.

Hi-Y club program, Mr. James W. Palmer, speaker.

Mr. Shearer: What has eight-een legs and catches flies?

Mark: A baseball team.

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