

The Amplifier

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

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Reporters..... Shirley Calder, Hazel Koser, Gerald Hill,
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES PER YEAR
85c Student Body Members \$1.00 Non-Student Body Members

'Book People' Demand First Aid

"CALL the ambulance—Mr. Encyclopedia's back has just been broken! Hurry, Miss Holiday needs first aid!" In the lives of the "book people" these tragedies are not new occurrences—torn pages, cut out articles, broken backs, and scribbling. Beside these "accidents," there are occasions when the entire book or magazine walks off never to be found again. Moreover, some of the valuable books and magazines purchased recently, such as "Current Biography," "Holiday," "Congressional Digest," and "Time," are not used to their fullest extent.

Circumstances, although not at their best, are not too desperate. Since the checking system has been developed, fewer magazines and books have been stolen and damaged; however, 20 books and 10 magazines have vanished this year. Because the majority of the editions have had years of use, borrowers need to give them the best of care.

So that all the new additions to the stock of the school library as well as the old will be used with the care they warrant and to their highest worth, why not adopt better methods of treatment? If you show that you have learned to handle them correctly, the fact will add force to the idea of purchasing new editions to replace some of these books that have earned their retirement through 12 years of use.

Little Card Has Large Returns

WHY buy a student body card—what good does it do you? This small piece of paper entitles you to a reduced admission to your own high school athletic games, student body programs and movies, national assemblies, college football contests, other high school games, higher class movies in Portland, and lower prices on annual and school paper subscriptions; moreover, your privileges of voting, holding office, and participating in extra-curricular activities and athletics are guaranteed with the purchase of this ticket.

When school reopens next year, the entire procedure for these cards will be changed. Students' pictures will be taken and put on the face of the card; this will add another feature of serving as identification and will also increase probable return when lost as well as eliminating passing them around so that more than one can use a single ticket. The appearance, too, will be improved—just one little fact that will show others your school's organization is "on the ball."

Besides this, the purchasing will be changed by the constitution which, after its present revising, will contain a clause stating that the cost will be proportioned to the time remaining in the school year. For instance, if a new comer wishes to purchase one when the second semester begins, he will pay only half the original price.

Why not start the campaign early to make your student body 100 per cent next year? You will be bringing dividends both to you and to West Linn.

Glamour Pose Ousts Poor Posture

JANE turned away—broken hearted. The woman at the model agency was sorry, but they could use no one with such poor posture. Furthermore, her bones were in such bad shape it would take years to correct their malformation. They had neither time nor equipment to aid her.

Such circumstances may not arise in your case, but the sight may be similar. Have you noticed the condition of the seats in the auditorium? The springs are sprung, the backs are weak, and the seats slope to the floor. These results are the fault of the students that uphold the "style" of sitting nearly on their backs. Those that wish to sit up straight are hampered by this state of dilapidation of the furniture. A new girl in school directs her gaze toward the "Big Hunk of Athlete" of the school. What she sees—sloping shoulders, deflated chest, neck sticking straight out—is hardly glamorous; the girls are not gorgeous, for sagging stomachs and protruding posteriors are disguised with various types of "corsets." You may not realize this, but these will irritate your sacro-lumbalis for the rest of your "natural" lives and possibly cause troubles that will make the doctor bills multiply.

While you are yet in school, the way you stand and how you sit will tend to effect you physically and socially throughout life. Why not form a few corrective habits now that will make life easier for you and eliminate one less barrier to happiness?



GREENBACK TRAVELS ON HAZARDOUS TRIP

How often people worship at my shrine! How desired I am by most! I am the almighty dollar!

You may think that life is easy for me. You would probably laugh at the tears that roll down my spineless green length. Ah, but don't laugh—let me tell you my story.

I was once very gay and reckless. At first I associated only with exclusive society—the mint, the treasury department, the banks, and then I was taken to a factory. My, what a revolting development, I thought.

The smell of sulphur was overpowering. I hoped that I would not be forced to stay there long. Fortunately, I was paid out to a logger for raw materials; the logger gave me to one of his men for labor. It so happened my new owner had a passion for loud plaid shirts.

I was put into the hands of a small town retailer. Sadly enough, Wild Bill was in town and was in need of some ready cash. He held up the store and made off with me and some of my new friends; however we didn't stay in his hands any time until he took us to the city and bought a present for Belle Rose.

This storekeeper was wiser than the former acquaintance; but here ends my adventures and begins my tale of woe, for the storekeeper took me to the bank and placed me in a safety deposit box. Here I've been ever since and that is why I'm unhappy. No good dollar bill wants to be "kept in the dark."

But wait—I hear a sound. I see a light. Someone is opening the box. Listen, who speaks—the storekeeper? "I'm so glad you convinced me to invest in this new plant. It is just what our city needs."

So now I am to enter circulation again. I was almost trapped, but I shall be able to work again and keep multiplying.

Spotlight to Shine

(Continued from page one)

stage manager, George Grill; stage crew, Ben Fritchie Jr., Ed Fritchie, Fred Glubrecht and John Ray, and assistant director, Betty Wiebel.

This delightful story of Broadway and Hollywood and the very hard journey up the ladder of being a successful star is sure to prove very interesting to all witnesses.

Admission prices will be 30 cents per student; doors will be open at 8 p. m.

Skippers to Suffer Fantastic Fates

How would you discipline a student who came to school with an unexcused absence?

Anna Fay Rees: Turn them over to me; I've always been known to give 'em a rough time.

Gayle Howard: Clean the halls with "Bab-o."

Bert Stein: Hang them by their toes until they holler "uncle."

Bob Waln: Make them pay a fine and increase the amount each time he skipped.

Mrs. Elliott: Make him wash every window in the schoolhouse. At least I certainly wouldn't let him just sit in the office and make up time.

Belva Lee Schroeder: Make him cut the whole lawn with scissors.

George Grill: Make him stand on his head and pile beebies.

Ruth Stacy: Besides making up time and working for themselves, have them work for someone else around the school.

Pat Horning: Drain the swimming pool with a straw.

Don Jones: Have him clean up the schoolyard and pick up every piece of paper in sight.

Carol Winslow: Plant a productive vegetable garden which would supply the needs of the cafeteria.

Mr. Nixon: I have all sorts of ideas on the subject but the state law says there shall be no inhuman treatment.

Bonnet Business Attracts Buyers

One sunny day while walking down Linn Street, I was astonished to see a bright sign, "Watch for Grand Opening of 'Ye Hat Shoppe' Under New Management." This was something worth waiting for, so every day for a week I would stroll past this modest little building and peep through the curtains to see if I could get a glimpse of the hustling activity inside.

When the opening day finally arrived, I was first in line to enter the new establishment. Along with all the other visitors, I was greeted at the door with a friendly hand shake from Edward Bradshaw, general manager. Assistant Manager Margaret Illingworth was giving last minute instructions to the clerks—Pat Adams, Austin Hull, Arlene DeNeui and Florine Eisele. Florine was trying to sell (without success) a little straw bonnet to Don Woody for his latest flame, Joan Hays. In the men's department Gloria Heppner and Joan Hopp were trying to persuade their friends, Gail Perkins and Lynwood May, to purchase tweed derbies. Beverly and Yavonne Misterek were modeling the derbies and becoming quite disgusted with the reluctant customers.

To one side of "Ye Hat Shoppe" was a row of rooms where the designers and hat makers worked. I slipped quietly from the crowd and entered one of the designing rooms. There, to my surprise, were Ken Palmer and Don Penny surrounded with ribbon, flowers and veils. After leaving their bewildering "creations," I stepped into the hat-maker's room. Huge pieces of felt and the clip, clip of scissors greeted my eyes and ears—but what was that in the corner? There sat Bob Adrian, needle in hand, piecing together a tiny, blue beret! His partner, Fred Carlson, had mislaid a piece of the hat and was searching frantically for the missing section, in hopes of finding it before the boss, Mr. R. Chapman, came back.

Well, the time has come for me to leave and—oh! Who am I? Just someone looking for an Easter bonnet!

Bernie Herrmann's Clothesline

With vacation and all, how hard it's been to keep close tabs on the comings and goings of our fellow students, but gather round chillun 'cause here we go again.

Naturally as the year draws to an end the upperclassmen step out front and take the lead.

A few of the almighty seniors went out to Jantzen Beach to hear Frankie Laine. The lucky kids are still swooning.

Jean McLean wants a little publicity. Why else would she get in such an unusual position in Portland, especially with Dick Duval to tell the tale?

A few other seniors clamor to get in the news, too. If it's good enough for Portland papers, it's good enough for us.

The seniors aren't the only ones who have done interesting things. Ginger Lubeck is bragging about long talks with a certain Oregon State boy. What a "bull session" you gals must have had over that chat!

Many boys are considered a little too fast but not Gib Wright. His friends tell us of his peculiar slow drawing way of saying, "Do you want a carrot?"

With many long years of experience, we'd like to warn Don Barry about girls. Sometimes, Don, they'll slap a guy for practically no reason at all.

Our future student body president has been having troubles lately. First it was a matter of a few old bottles and then someone dropped an unusual medicinal pill in his coke. We hope it didn't have any serious effects, Bert.

We want to congratulate Beverly Christensen on her new steady! Leonard Graf is an attentive beau. Note—Beverly's new watch.

West Linn can ring up some more new steady couples. Gloria Shanbeck has corraled Bob Michaels, alumnus; Pat LaMar is keeping her fingers crossed for Jay Riley.

Dick Baker has turned chaperon for Don Steele and Wilma Shannon. Dick wasn't entirely alone, however.

Have you been wondering how Mt. Hood looks at night? Inquire of Jim O'Donnell, Mary Jacobsen, Dick Schleiss or Gayle Howard.

Eleanor was all ready for the prom when she discovered one important article was missing. Jerry was forced to rush her home so she wouldn't be embarrassed further. Were you in a hurry when you dressed, Queenie?

The feminine half of WLHS has voted Harvey "Pete" Bell as the Biggest Flirt in School. One girl just isn't enough for Don Atchison. At least Diana Murphy doesn't think so.

Hope the Easter Bunny hops into Bernie's for you. You'd really be pleased with his service and goods. So long, now. Pd. Adv.