

The Amplifier

Twelve Publications by the Journalism Class
of West Linn High School

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES PER YEAR
85c Student Body Members \$1.00 Non-Student Body Members

A WORD TO THE FRESHMEN

F“FINALLY a freshman!” were her joyous words. “Four years of drudgery,” her friend spoke bitterly. How do you feel about it, freshmen?”

Each year West Linn welcomes many new freshmen realizing that these same students will someday be the school's leaders in all curricular and extra-curricular activities.

In nearly every school the students may be divided into three groups: those who care enough to study and put themselves ahead; those who care just enough to “get by;” and those who neither care nor try. Which group can you qualify for?

You've probably heard many times that our high school years contain some of the best times of your lives, and they do. Yet, are you sitting by waiting for those glad times to present themselves? If so, you may as well stop now; for, though your fellow students and faculty members want to help make your days here at West Linn memorable, theirs is but a minor role in comparison with that greater part which you must play.

No, freshmen, you are not merely a small part of this student body but as important as any upper classman. To you West Linn sings a hearty welcome with the hope that you may be as proud of it as it may be of you.

WHA' HOPPEN

WHAT'S the matter, gang? Didn't you care enough to stay and see your team out, even if they were 25 points behind?

On Friday 16, a frolicking bunch of West Linn guys and gals took their seats in the Camas grandstand to watch their home team in action. Up 'till the first half, the yelling was good and loud, but during the last two quarters, one might hear in the West Linn section something like this, “Come on, let's go get a good seat on the bus,” or, “I'm cold, let's go,”

Yes, that's the way it went, and in the final quarter, when the Lions made their single touchdown, there were just a measely ten students to cheer, instead of the crowd of 70 present at the opening whistle.

Those boys out there are playing their hearts out for you, so why not give them a break and cheer them on? Don't you think they are tired and cold and that maybe they think there isn't much of a chance to win? But believe me, you don't see those fellows quit at the end of the third quarter. They fight it out, battling, pounding, till the final gun.

Couldn't you give them a hearty yell now and then to help lift their spirits and tell them we're behind them 100%, win or lose?

Next time you go to a game, why don't you yell a little harder, stay a little longer, and help be a better cheering section behind our team, even come high water? The boys will appreciate it, and you, yourself, will feel a lot better.

A Letter to My Junior Classmates

ARE we Juniors supposed to be proud of our class? What do we want the other classes to think of us? Are we lazy? Or is it that we do not care?

In a recent class meeting, class dues were discussed. A dollar for the year was agreed on. Our class president seems to think this amount collected from the students will cover the cost of the Junior-Senior send-off. I don't agree. And I believe there are students who will back me up in this. Some seem to think we pay our dues and that takes care of everything. You're not going to sit back and let other classes take the lead, are you?

Have a slipper dance, a sock dance; maybe a pie and cake sale. I realize there are a lot of them, but they always go over well. You say there are no dates free? Well, that is our fault. We let the other classes jump ahead of us. Why not a noon dance then? Or a hall dance? A nickel a person. They ought to go over big and make money, too. Every little bit counts. We have to realize it isn't just this year's activities we have to pay for, but next year's too. So come on class of '51. Let's get hep, let's get on the DIME! Let's make this class the best in '49!

A Junior Class Member

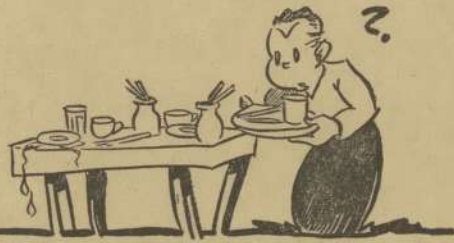
EVER TRY TO READ
YOUR OWN WRITING?
TEACHER HAS TO, SO
TRY TO KEEP IT NEAT



KEEP YOUR FEET
UNDER THE DESK
WHERE THEY
BELONG



CLEAN UP YOUR
LUNCH TABLE.
OTHERS DISLIKE A
MESSY TABLE, TOO



FROSH STARTS NEW LIFE HERE

“Off to school I shall go; I shall go; Off to school I shall go so early in the morning.”

Freshman Dick Gay sang as he rode his rickety old bicycle to the streetcar stop where he was to board the Oregon City streetcar.

After arriving there, he chatted with Gene Warnke, John Webster and some other freshman buddies. Edging his way into the trolley he comfortably sat himself in a good seat.

“Aw,” said Dick to himself, “Here come Jim O'Donnell and Pete Muceus, probably to tell us about the events of today.” Suddenly, wish! out in the aisle were Dick and the rest of his friends, removed by what looked to Dick and his friends to be two giants. Before Dick knew what had happened, Stanley Blue and Lee Wallace had drug him to the back of the car with the “Shine my shoes.”

Dick now knew that being a freshman isn't what it's supposed to be.

Leaving the streetcar, Dick hurried up the hill to the school. Eagerly he walked in, anxious to see what high school was like.

On the way to his locker, he was stopped by Ed Fritchie who offered to sell him some elevator tickets at half price. Hoping to out-smart his friends he bought a half dozen tickets.

He hung his coat in his locker and hurried toward the auditorium for the assembly.

When he was within twenty feet of his destination, he was stopping by Leroy Wilding. Dick saw Leroy reaching into his pockets, undoubtedly for more elevator tickets. Dick was wrong for Leroy held in his hand a big red tube of lipstick. Smeared from ear to ear, Dick entered the auditorium where he heard Mr. Tunnell discuss the coming events.

After visiting all his classes, Dick decided to turn out for football along with Rasmussen, Waldren and the rest of the football-minded freshmen. After getting beat up in practice for nearly two hours, he hurried once again to find a good seat on the streetcar. When he reached his home town, Gladstone, he transferred to his bicycle to finish the trip home.

Arriving home tired and sleepy, he hurried to get ready for bed. Before jumping in between the sheets, he knelt at his bedside and prayed that there would never be another day like this.

Young Freshman New Game Warden

Bang! Silence—slam, thump, thump, thump! One, two, three, four, five, six. Thank goodness, they're all here.

It might be hunting season but not around Lewis Rohweder's home. Warning: All those with itchy trigger fingers please stay away! Lewis is raising pheasants, a new hobby. Er!

Aside from unusual hobbies like this, Lewis is just another of West Linn's many freshmen. He is an ardent football enthusiast who follows West Linn's games faithfully. As for taking part in sports, Lewis' mind runs on a double track: hunting and fishing. If he could have it his way, he would probably be in Eastern Oregon right now.

Lewis says he didn't mind the freshman initiation and feels quite elated that he outwitted the upperclassmen and didn't have to shine shoes!

Extra, extra; Read all about all the amplifier edited by its worthy editor Jean Hartman. Yes, Jean with the help of her staff published last year's school paper. To continue her journalistic career she attends Lewis and Clark.

Patty Lance, the girl that made such a striking queen at our cotton ball last year, chose Lewis and Clark for her next year of school days.

Wet Paint

Slap! Slap! Slap! goes the paint brush over my now newly-painted finish; then suddenly the tireless movement of the paint brush stops! The lights are turned out and for two days I am left alone; nothing moves or stirs in or around my domain. I begin to wonder, “What has happened; have I been deserted?”

Suddenly at the end of the two days of waiting in come Coaches Burnett, Catherwood and Hyde. Following closely behind are the future varsity, B squad, and freshman football players. At the head of the line are Jim and Don McIntosh, Alden Rondeau, Lawrence Taylor and Clayton Halback. Although I can't see who it is, I can tell various persons by their weight and the shape and size of their feet.

Slowly but surely I heave a sigh of relief, for now I am thinking of all the good times to come—the rollicking laughter of the boys' football, basketball, baseball, track, tennis and swimming teams after a win or even the glumness when they weren't quite so lucky.

Bernie Herrmann's Clothesline

Well, gang, here we are again, back at the same old grind, bringing you the dirt direct from the Janitor's waste basket. How else could we have found out that Charles Brooks writes letters to Jean on pink paper with lavender ink in Democracy class?

And another thing, what could be the cause of that sparkle in Artie Weldon's eyes? Our guess is Virginia Jones.

Lost! Carol Ann Elle. Missing since noon September 20. Last seen flying out of the chemistry room window.

Carol Winslow is losing her pajamas in round-about places these days. In fact, she still doesn't know for sure whose car they're in. One gets so confused, you know!

We're wondering who the blonde center is that Dianne Gaffey watches so intently out of the music room window 6th period. Rumor has it that his initials are L. T.

Lower Slobovia — Flash — Beware, boys! Pattie Watt is searching again.

We heard that members of third period democracy class were busily thumbing through their pocket dictionaries last week. Seems most of them don't know what ostracize means.

By the way, how does John's car work with the lights out, J. L.?

Seen around by the Amplifier's Eagle scouts: Joyce Patterson and Joe Simpson, Carol Stisser and Don Shaw, Billie Adams and Dave Lenz, Shirley Fox and Don Rasmunson, Beth Church and Ronnie Brown, Shirley Williams and Don Penney, Anne Gribble and Eldon Vandenburg, Judy Brear and Harold Adrian.

Not only does Coach Burnett advise the team on how to play football but he also advises the girls about the team.

Who is the brunette that Ed Bradshaw has been dating? It's said she's been affecting him strangely.

What is it that amuses the Senior girls so in the 4th period P. E. class? We hear they really get carried away.

Are you being bothered by pests? Get rid of them. Call Sue Ralston. For 50 cents she will eat bugs, worms and what have you.

It's said that there is a new character around school; his initials are R. M., and he rides Clarence's bus.

Bernie Herrmann's have lots of Jantzen sweaters, all sizes and colors. Drop in and look around; he'll be glad to see you!

And remember it's your gossip in the gossip box that keeps the column going so keep putting it in! Pd. Adv.

Student Opinions To Be Considered

With the thought in mind that the Amplifier is the voice of the school, the journalism class has placed a suggestion box on the main bulletin board. This box is exactly what its title indicates.

Throughout the years at West Linn many students have had the desire to praise, reprimand, agree or disagree with the actions and movements of their student leaders. Now, for the first time in many years, the staff of the Amplifier offers this opportunity to every member of the student body.

Some students have often had the urge to introduce new ideas or stir up enough action to change old ones; however these same students have never before had this chance presented to them.

This year the school's paper invites and encourages the praise or complaints that any pupil may hold pertaining to matters of student interest. The author of any article, except gossip, must sign his or her name to the entry for the purpose of checking authenticity; however the originator's name will not be used if he chooses to remain anonymous.