

THE KLAKAHMA

BANDON HIGH SCHOOL

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Life is like war, the greater the obstacles the greater the glory gained by success.

A patriotic man is not necessarily one who gives the country he lives in money or lends it to the government. A patriot may be worth nothing or he may be worth millions. What constitutes the element of patriotism is the interest and anxiety one feels toward his native land in its time of struggle.

The great war is not all evil. Many a lesson has been taught and will be taught in this struggle. Sometimes a good shaking up is needed and a war comes in handy sometimes in these conditions to make one realize what a protection of all that we hold dear and true is afforded by our glorious nation.

The student who is best in athletics is best almost invariably in his studies unless he be an exception. The pupil who has the right school spirit really understands what school stands for and makes the best of school life. This applies as readily to our daily lives. Whoever takes life in the right spirit will get the greatest enduring enjoyment from the living of it and will make a success.

Those who put the can't in cantonment and leave the do out of duty in these times should try living in Germany and then come back with the right spirit for national protection and change things a bit.

Some people do not seem to understand what W. S. S. stands for. But it is easy to figure out. It stands for "Willie, save sense (cents)."

A good slogan for these war times might be "help crack the Kaiser's kultur krazed kranium." And men of high standing and repute urge us to do this, not by joining the army or other branches of the service, but by continuing our education and fitting ourselves for some responsible place

in the world's program. This is indeed an excellent topic to think about.

 Oftimes the faults we find in others are those that are in ourselves. And the greater the fault the greater we are at fault. Some people do not realize this but it is the truth just the same. Other people are not so unlike us that there can be no connecting habit or link of thinking system. We are unconsciously a reflection of persons with whom we have associated for some time. It is noticed every day that some tot or child picks up some new word or copies some action of some older person whom it seems to fancy. So we, ourselves, are reflected by other people, and if the fault found in them has existed for only some time then since that time they have mingled with some person who had the same fault and maybe that faulty person was ourself. Burns wrote well when he said, "O wad some power the Gifft gie us, to see ourself as others see us."

 "And such big feet!" Are you going to the Senior play, Friday, May 3rd?

GENERAL NEWS

The high school students have been greatly interested in the past week in the four minute speeches taken up in the English classes. These speeches pertain entirely to War Saving stamps and Thrift stamps. The student having the best paper in each English class was chosen as a representative, and they appeared before the High School, Wednesday morning, April 17, where they addressed the school. The contestants were: Gladys Gallier, Randal Kay, Edna Dippel, Harry Watson, Maggie Lewis and Lillian Leuthold. A certificate was given Maggie Lewis in acknowledgement of having the best talk. Edna Dippel received second place. All the talks were exceedingly good and it was difficult to decide who should receive the honor.

Following the four minute talks Wednesday, Mr. Turnbull took the subject of organizing a Thrift Stamp club before the students. This met with great enthusiasm among the assembly and the meeting was turned over to the president of the student body, who conducted the election of officers. This club is also being organized in the grades and they are very busy working to earn stamps.

 The Seniors are looking forward with great anticipation to their annual

play to be staged at the Grand Theatre, Friday, May 3rd. The play is named "Fascinating Fanny Brown" and the plot is amusing as well as very complicated. It is a two act comedy, playing an hour and a half, with minstrels acting between the acts to keep things moving. You cannot afford to miss it. You will never laugh so much in your life and you will certainly say you would like to see it again.

ATHLETICS

The season for track is now open. We hope that everyone will come out and hunt for something to do. Captain Harry Watson is leading this year and if you can stand around and watch him without wanting to get into a suit there is something the matter.

The ones trying out this year are: Harry Watson, Harry DeLong and Milton Roberts, for the mile; Clarence Allen, Henry Philpott and Arnold Haberly, for the javelin; Randy Johnson and Harry Watson, for the sprints; Clarence Allen and Charles Ritter, for the discus; Ray Bates and Charles Elliott, for hurdles; Edward Fish and Ewell Plummer, for the pole vault; Wallace Oakes, Randy Johnson, Harold Whitsett and Howard Lockhart, for the high jump; and Randy Johnson and Howard Lockhart for the broad jump.

The track team is now in full swing. Most of the boys are out working every day; but we hope to have still more if we can only get them to come out. Everyone had at least ought to come out and try for one never knows what he can do until he tries.

 Fascinating Fanny Brown, a young lady from Omaha, Nebraska. See her at the Senior play, May 3rd. One long big laugh.

Debate and Oratory

Friday, April 19, the contestants from the different towns of the county met at Myrtle Point to decide who should have the cup for the ensuing year. The contestants from the different towns were as follows: North Bend—Doril Liebe and Glen Haddock; Marshfield—Mary McArthur and Alice Merryfield; Coquille—Elmer Neely and Marvel Skeels; Myrtle Point—Lyle Nosler; Bandon—Edna Dippel and Thomas White. The judge was Mr. Boettcher, superintendent of schools at Albany. The decision was as follows: Girls—Marvel Skeels of Coquille, first place; Mary McArthur of Marshfield, second place. Boys—Lyle Nosler of Myrtle Point, first place; Alice Merryfield of Marshfield, second place. The contest will be held in Bandon next year so we have more hopes of winning.

LITERARY

MY TROUBLES
 As Told by Myself
 Sir Nibbler Mouse.

By the great cheese factory on the Rhine! Such a time as I have had today. It all started with that rascally nephew of mine, Nip, coming around to tell us he heard Mrs. Carter, the lady of the house, lecturing the maids about Hooverizing on Christmas dainties. I'm not quite sure who Hoover is, but I know enough about him that my stomach feels empty every time he is mentioned. Of course that disappointed us because we had been planning on having a grand feast after everyone had left, on Christmas, and now Nip said there wouldn't be any feast.

I went out to investigate and I was so busy thinking, I didn't crawl out of my door with my usual caution. Consequently, when I was about a foot from the hole, who should loom up in front of me but Rags, the cat that lives next door. I fairly flew back to my hole and just in time, too, for his claws scratched my tail as I went through.

We had been living in comparative quiet for some time, because Mrs. Carter's cat had died. This morning, though, I heard her discussing buying a new one, so I knew we wouldn't be in peace much longer.

Well, hardly had I settled down from the excitement of my chase before my wife came running in to tell me one of the babies had been caught in a trap. I went with her and we finally succeeded in pulling him out. We live in the attic and there is quite a settlement of us here. It's the jolliest crowd I've ever lived in, and we certainly have some say times. It's so nice and dusty and there are lovely cubbyholes for homes.

My friend across the floor from us came in then and said he wanted some cheese and would I go with him to get some? Of course I would; so we went down the side walls into the pantry. We knew where the cheese was kept and having eaten our fill had started off with some to take home, when one of the maids came in.

We hid behind a box but she stayed so long we were afraid we never

would get home. We skipped out but she saw us and then you ought to have seen her. She jumped up on a chair and pulled her dress up and screamed at the top of her voice.

We were so frightened by the noise we had a dreadful time getting home. My wife and all the other women were standing around shivering for fear the house was on fire. They finally quieted down when we told them what had happened and distributed the cheese around.

Wife was still nervous so I scouted around to see that everything was all right, and found this book in a corner. It had "diary" printed on it so that's what I am using it for. (I don't know what it means but I thought maybe it was troubles and as I have plenty of them I'm going to write down a few). I found the ink and I am using my middle claw to write with. It's interesting but I'm tired now, so good night.

(To be continued)
 GERTRUDE BUTLER.

JOKES

Colors don't mix.
 Bunny—Can you imagine anything worse than a green boy trying to console a girl with red hair, and who has got the blues?

 Mr. Gates—What is the most intelligent insect?
 Duckie—I know, it's a frog.

 City Girl—Your words shock my modesty.
 Country cousin—Shock your modesty! Gee, that's a new kind of hay on me.

 Wade C. (desiring information)—Mr. Gates, what does h2ok9 stand for?
 Mr. Gates—Well, I should think it stood for waterdog.

 Willie H.—Is this No. 141?
 Mrs. Johnson—Yes.
 Willie—Are you going to the show tonight?
 Mrs. J.—This is Mrs. Johnson.
 Willie—Oh, I beg your pardon. I only wanted to talk to your daughter.

 Goldie Hufford (turning to talk to a friend)—I hope you will excuse my back, John.
 John—Oh, that's all right. It isn't your fault if you were made with a back, so don't blame yourself.

 Remember the Senior play and see it holy (wholly) May 3rd.

 Mr. Gates—Mr. Fish, did you get that proposition?
 Bud—What proposition? First I ever heard of it.

 Mr. Gates—That theorem I read to you yesterday.
 Bud—I remember now. But you see it skipped my mind like a jack-rabbit in front of an express train.

 Puzzle—If the thought that was on his mind was as big in comparison to the problem as the train was to the rabbit, what was he thinking about?

To Get Commission
 Sergeant Ernest Watkins who came down from Fort Stevens two weeks ago for a visit with his parents is now at Jacksonville, Florida, according to a letter received by his mother. He also sent the good news that he had successfully passed the examination for a commission in the Quartermaster corps and is now in a training camp for second lieutenants. After several weeks there he will likely be sent to France. Mr. Watkins is a graduate of the local high school and of the University of Oregon.

It is understood preparations are under way for an excursion to Bandon from Coquille Saturday, May 4, bringing the Honor Guard girls of the river vicinity here for an outing on the beach.

Aluminum Powder.
 To make aluminum powder very thin foil is first cut up into small spangles. These are ground in a mill, and the powder is then sifted through bolting cloth. The powder is used as a basis for metallic paint and is especially valuable for metallic surfaces that are exposed a great deal. The powder is very soft and adhesive, like graphite.

FROM Morris Heights

By J. J. MORRIS
 Another fine registered Jersey heifer was brought into these parts by I. Nordstrom a short time ago. Mr. Nordstrom is convinced that a good farm needs good cows and has spent his money well.

I have made a lot of noise about Registered Berkshire hogs, and I am going to make a lot more noise as time goes on. This is a hog plant first and last. The spring litters are showing up better than ever—big smooth, even fellows that grow, which proves the value of Winona Laurel Masterpiece VIII; a boar of quality.

I had the unusual experience the other day of working six hours with a cigarette fiend without being offered a pill; whether it was forethought or no thought in him I am not sure but it was unusual nevertheless.

Many a failure has sprung from a grand old family.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF John D. Connell REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR County Clerk

OF COOS COUNTY, OREGON, AT THE PRIMARY NOMINATING ELECTION TO BE HELD MAY 17, 1918

For the information of those voters who may not know me personally, I submit the following facts for your consideration, as I am giving as much of my time as possible to assisting in the production of Airplane and Ship Lumber for our Government and on that account may not get to meet you individually.

I am a veteran of the Spanish-American War and hold an honorable discharge from the United States Army; am a member of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen and other patriotic American organizations; and am actively supporting our Government in our war for the Freedom of Humanity.

I am thirty-eight years of age, was born at Chicago, Illinois, and have been a resident of Coos county for four and one-half years. For six months last year I was a clerk in the County Clerk's office, and I have satisfactorily held the position of head bookkeeper with the Kruse & Banks Ship Building Co. and office manager with the North Bend Mill & Lumber Co., with whom I am now employed.

In addition to a good public and commercial school education I have had eighteen years of practical business experience and training and have successfully improved the business methods of all for whom I have worked, and if elected, I will honestly and faithfully perform the duties of my office and apply economical, efficient, practical business methods in the administration of your public affairs.

There are always rumors that a candidate is being backed and financed by some faction or interest which places him under their obligation. This is not so in my case; I am paying all my own expenses and no one can give me any orders to do things which will not be for the good of the whole county.

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