

**H. R. S. GRADUATES
SUCCEED IN COLLEGE**
(By Lindsey H. Spight)

The unusual record of Hood River high school graduates in all phases of college activity is proof of the excellence of the training given in the local schools. Hood River has more than 30 graduates at O. A. C. and the state university, most of whom are active in student affairs and high in scholarship.

The University of Oregon with 17 students from Hood River the past year has also of the men in fraternities and four of the women in sororities. Alberts Carson, of the class of '25, is a member of Alpha Phi and has been a member of the women's glee club for the past four years. Margaret Morrison, '25, is a member of Gamma Phi Beta, was assistant editor of the Oregonian, was editor of the Sunday Emerald last year and this year was assistant editor of the Daily Emerald and president of Theta Sigma Phi, national women's journalistic fraternity. Other Hood River women attending the university are: Elna Somnithen, a member of Alpha Xi Delta; Helen Herabner, a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma; Bernice Bennett and Mabel Fagaly.

Rufus Sumner, '26, is a member of Alpha Tau Omega; Tokolo, sophomore honor society; Oregon Knights, and was a letter manager of the baseball team. Paul Sletton is a member of Phi Delta Theta, was assistant baseball manager in 1924 and a member of one of the orchestras. Verne Fife, a member of Alpha Tau Omega, is also a member of Tokolo, is manager of an orchestra, was candidate for junior class president, captain in the student union drive committee and has been prominent in committee work.

Kenneth McClain and Rahles Epping are members of Theta Chi. Epping was chairman of the fresh bonfire committee. Charles Taft is a member of Alpha Tau Omega, was fresh baseball manager and has made a high scholastic average. William Roberts is a pledge of Kappa Sigma fraternity, is a member of Tokolo and was on the football squad. Clayton Hughes is a captain in the Reserve Officers' Training corps and John Mohr is an Oregon Knight. Harold Dixon is a pledge of Kappa Sigma fraternity but was forced to leave the university on account of illness. James Johnson, who was recently elected president of next year's junior class, has been president of Graco, sophomore honor society, a variety orator, representing the university in the state old line contest at Monmouth, and has maintained the remarkable scholastic average of 1.9.

Robert Lane and Lindsey Spight, two of the 10 seniors at O. A. C. in the "Who's Who" section of the Beaver annual, are graduates of the Hood River high school. Miss Lane is a member of Phi Chi Theta, national women's honor society in commerce; Phi Kappa Phi, national scholastic honor society, was president of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority and was assistant manager of the Beaver annual last year. She was vice-chairman of the Memorial union campaign drive and was president of the Associated women students of O. A. C. Miss Johnson, who was president of the activities of the entire campus. She has maintained a high scholastic average and earned a large percentage of her expenses during the college year.

Lindsay Spight, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, has been on the daily Barometer staff for the past three years, serving as night editor last year and associate editor in the year just past. He was the first president of the O. A. C. Memorial union and as chairman of the campus campaign directed the committee of 400 students who raised \$295,000 in less than a week. He was business manager of the Orange Owl, humorous magazine, last year and is a member of Hammer and Coffin, national humorous fraternity. He is also a member of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalistic fraternity, was president last year, and delegate to the national convention in Minneapolis. He was associate editor of the Beaver annual, captain in the Reserve Officers' Training corps and is a member of Eschbard and Blade, national military honor fraternity. He acted as publicity director for the transcontinental tour of the O. A. C. debate team in March and April and up to that time had been working half time as city editor of the Corvallis Daily Gazette-Times.

Ray Slavens, also a member of the class of '25, has been a member of National Collegiate Players for the past four years, was a member of the football squad for two years, is a member of the pep committee and is on the Beaver annual staff. He is a

member of Kappa Sigma fraternity. Maurice Kinsey, junior in chemical engineering, is a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon and has maintained a scholastic average of more than 90 per cent. Livona Peterson, member of Alpha Chi Omega, has been prominent in committee work and served last year as president of the Associated Rookies committee, the most important activity a freshman woman can attain on the O. A. C. campus.

Jessie Sletton is a member of Chi Omega and Robert Wilbur is a member of Kappa Phi. Dick Ford was recently elected third vice president of the student body which gives him a position on the executive committee and board of control. He earned a numerical average at quarterback on the football team last year and was on the freshman baseball squad. Elisabeth Kelly is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta and has been prominent in class and committee activities. Kathleen Carlos is a pledge of Phi Beta Phi and earned a sweater in women's varsity debate. She was also on the freshman women's swimming team. Harry Roberts is assistant editor of the student directory for next year. Elna Annala has been working on the tennis squad. Joshua Pierson is a member of the class of '28. Margaret Gould, of Odell, is assistant day editor of the Daily Barometer.

In addition to the Hood River students at the two state institutions, Hal Wittenberg is attending Willamette college and committee activities. He includes Ross Collier, Byron and Janet Slade, Louise Jenkins, Evelyn Cram, Fred Page and Paul Friday.

A number of students at the University of Washington are playing a prominent part in student affairs. They include Ross Collier, Byron and Janet Slade, Louise Jenkins, Evelyn Cram, Fred Page and Paul Friday.

REV. SUNDAY BUYS HERRER HERO
(Continued from first page)

heifers as one ever beheld. They were roped, their withers marked with blue tar, and the money paid down. Mr. Sunday's sole aim was to get back to the Odell ranch place. It is his intention to stick as close to that ranch place this summer as demands on his time will permit. He has been dated up for a few chautauque addresses and sermons, but the most of his days between now and September, when he will step into his pulpit arena at a huge tabernacle to be constructed in Portland and fight against a snail, will be spent as Billy Sunday, plain farmer.

The motor party Saturday not only learned of a hinterland of fertile wheat and alfalfa ranches and great expanses where cattle graze and grow fat, but they gained a new conception of the Mount Hood Loop highway and the part it will play as a utilitarian highway as well as a scenic thoroughfare. The White river pasture land mecca was about 90 miles from Hood River. The Johnson party, which is the Mount Hood Loop road been open, however, the journey would have been shortened some 30 miles. It was that much nearer home by way of the Wapinitia cut-off and the Loop highway by way of Mt. Tygh Valley, Dufur and The Dalles.

"I am looking forward to a visit with my folks at Government Camp this summer," said Mrs. Johnson. "They will motor up from Portland and I will ride over to the camp."

Indeed, it is but a short jaunt down to Portland from this hinterland country over the Loop highway on the south side of Mount Hood. When the Wapinitia cut-off to the Loop highway is constructed, it will place this section of north central Oregon in much closer touch with the state's metropolis.

Mr. Kennedy developed an interesting method of handling his cattle. The home ranch near Wamlie contains 320 acres, all of which each year is planted to hay and grain. Great barns are filled to overflowing with winter feed. As soon as possible in springtime the herds are turned into the 1000-acre pasture on White river. Pasture conditions this season have been ideal, and buyers at North Portland this year have complained that the Johnson herd has been too fat. As summer comes on the cattle are taken further up on the side of Mount Hood, where other fenced in pastures have been provided. Some are turned into the range of the region. Mr. Johnson has about 500 head of the high class Hereford stock.

The names of the beautiful Hereford heifers purchased by Mr. Sunday are: Lucille Beauty, Nettie Fairfax, Erna Fairfax, Montana Queen, Lorene and Nettie Moore.

The epilogue to this story will be written later, along about the time of the Pacific International Livestock show.

Rev. Sunday admits that he has been a dilettante in stock raising up to the present. He has had Poland China hogs, Jersey cattle, Durhams and other breeds at his Odell ranch place. The Herefords have really enthused him. He will devote most of his time this summer getting ready his herd for showing at the big Portland livestock exposition in November. And it is predicted that the evangelist will use words that ring of the cattle pasture in September when he seeks to drive home his point in the discourses of his evangelistic sermons to Portland folk.

LEGION NOTES

The bugle and drum corps of Hood River post is going to make some friction in the contest over at Prineville. The local boys are drilling regularly. They are going to offer those who see the Prineville drum and bugle contest something novel and unique.

In an advance story of the coming convention in the current Pacific Legion appears the following:

"The Hood River post quartet, designated as the official convention warblers by State Commander Griffith, are prepared to render 24-hour service and their repertoire of songs, hits and parodies is of sufficient length and variety to satisfy the most exacting critics."

MERRY MORAINÉ
(By Will S. Bates)

Not a Very Judicious Sycamore
Isaac Sticks, a Hebrew tailor from Texas, left his young clerk in charge of the shop one day. "Now Izzy, explained Isaac, 'here vas how you ged next to prices: Some dobs make a benell mit? Vell, one dot means one \$; two dots means 2\$, n' so mit." Upon his return he asked the boy how he had gotten along.

"Fine," exclaimed the lad. "I sold a pair pants for \$1!"

Isaac went white around the gills and, shouting: "Ve aint god no \$8 pants!"

"Here vas der tag!" declared the boy. "See, here vas five dots, and here vas two more, und here vas number van!"

"So help me," he softly murmured, the Texas steers trickling down his fired old face, "Neffy I swat amunder dy!" Bill Newby.

In Old Oregon, Uncle
Where do you find roses
In December—
That is easy, I
Just remember,
Don't had no time
As you go along,
But grab a smile
And pluck a song,
For night falls soon
On the little days
And love is the only
Thing that pays.

Makin' Both Ends Meet
Their meeting it was sudden,
Their meeting it was sad;
She sacrificed her sweet young life—
'Twas all the life she had.
She sleeps beneath the "days ease!"

In peace she's resting now—
Oh! There's always sumptin' doin'
When 'n O-W. train meets a kov.

Chickens Are High
A love-lorn young high flyer, a student at the "Williamit Heights aviation school, met and loved Ina Chick, of the Floradora chorus. The young woman agreed to accompany him on a short flight up the river. His object was to break all precedents and propose while she was up in the air, it being a hard matter to get any chorus lady up in the air at any time. He did! She refused him point blank. With a ghastly look on his face, he cried:
"All right, dear heart, all right! I now leave you forever!"
Then he plunged headlong into open space, down, down D-O-W-N. He was portly, and there was nothing left but a grass speck as he struck the Oregonian tower where the hoot owls congregate. The silence that enveloped the room where this story was told was so profound that it was positively uncanny. Then Joe Thomson, of the Hood River Glacier, exclaimed:
"Could the girl run the plane?"
"No," replied the story teller.
Here Uncle Wee-Wee butted in and cried: "Then, sufferin' cats—what became of her?"
"Oh, the chicken flew!"
—Bill Bates in Tacoma Ledger.

Oh, Mr. McCarthy,
Good morning, my dear sir to you;
Oh, Mr. McCarthy, there's no other
man like you;
There's something magnetic about
you—
You take all your friends by storm;
McCarthy, I'm proud for to call you
my friend, for—
YOUR HEART—
IZZ—
ALWAYS—
WARRUM.

Dear Bill-us: Some time ago I was listening to some beautifully rendered oriental music broadcast by The Examiner thru K F L, Loose Angels, Cal. I fell asleep with the bed gear on while I was a readin' a interstin' story by our friend Mr. Moe, when he wuz on his big trip to the South Sea Islands, or sumwazut out in the Frum-slick oh-shum. Well, I had a great dream. I thot I was in swimmin' with a bunch from the hotel 'n' a tidal, or marcel wave— dont no witch—picked me up on its crest 'n' landed me on a desert isle. They was nothin' there but palm trees, sand, lobatira 'n' other fish to live on. No nuttin'. I wondered along th' beach to find a knoll to hilt a signpost, 'n' fm the south cuds my shirt tails, 'n' then oh, the joy 'n' rrvut; I saw a good lookin' fella that looked American all over throv his bathin' suit. He was up a tree, yes, up a tree, 'n', by golly, below him was a bunch 'n' lovely bewe-oids dancin' hand in hand bear' footed around that there tree. A new king had been broadcast within their midst; a strong white man from the far north—from the wilds of the Alaskan country—was Baskimo perhaps—he looked like a statue carved from ice—a human who would cool their ardor in the tropics—perhaps he had broken loose from the glacier and washed down to their beautiful island to command them, teach them the ways of the Americanos, etc.
And then, by heck! I awoke just as them juris was ticklin' his feeta

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with fethers to attract his attention. The pore fella was a slappin' hisself kinda vish-us-ly—like sumthin' wurra. Bittin' him. Not see—not see— they int all to Avalon on Kitty Lena I-land off San Pedro. I'll betcha dollars ta doc suits they wuz Moe-skaters!
Uncle Wee Wee.

Alumbut Histry
Bill Newby—Commodore, when was Noah in the U. S.?
Commy—Easy; easy, kid! It was when he was on the ark-and-saw.
Av, Glanno De Cora, Wostcha?
A green little lad.
In a green little way.
Glacier Period.

A green little apple devoured one day;
And the green little apples now tenderly wave
O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.
—Bill Bates in Portland Oregonian.

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CHURCHES

Seventh Day Adventist Church
Bababath school Saturday 10 a. m.
Preaching service 11:15 a. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:45 p. m. All are welcome.

English Lutheran Church
Regular services at 11 a. m. The Sunday school meets at 10:30 a. m.
Rev. P. Ellgendorf, Pastor.

St. Mary's Catholic Church
First Mass, 8 a. m. and second Mass at 10:30 each Sunday morning. Evening devotion at 7:30 each evening, Friday, evening and Sunday evening. Tel. 3132. Father Joe Smith, Pastor.

Riverside Church
Church school 9:45, I. R. Achesson, Supt. Classes for young and old. Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor preaches, having for his subject, "Jesus and Socialism." The public is cordially invited to attend.

Christian Churches
All the regular Lord's Day and mid-week services of the churches will be held as usual. The city Bible school will emphasize the work of two classes next Sunday, viz., the Loyal Women's class and the Loyal Berean class; cooperation is called for in this. You are cordially invited to all of the services.
The Livingstones.

Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church
Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, Rev.