



High School Daily Menu



I. SOUPS

Noodle (biggest in the bunch).....	Donald Crosby
Carrot (red and hard).....	Donald Landstrom
Oyster (calm and still).....	Henrietta Stewart

II. FISH AND MEATS

Shank (pride of the school).....	Herman McGowan
Lobster (boiled).....	John Summers
Lamb (quite tame).....	Norma Short
Ham (very lean).....	Alice Super
Spring Chicken (extra fine).....	Marguerite Fee

III. VEGETABLES

Potatoes (any kind).....	Arthur Fort
Irish baked.....	Robert O'Brien
French fried.....	Jack Mayer
German fried.....	Nick Schmidt
Cucumber (hothouse variety).....	Lyle Vehrs

IV. RELISHES

Radishes (red top variety).....	Mercedes Horton
Olives (nice and green).....	Max Burkhardt
Pickles (little midget).....	Brownie Mitchell
Chili Sauce (cold shoulder brand).....	Kate Armstrong

V. SALADS

Lettuce (swell head variety).....	L. H. S. Seniors
Leafy (very green).....	Numerous Freshmen

VI. DESSERTS

Squash Pie (terrible crust).....	Hunt Clark
Angel Parfait (perfect).....	Myron Blackwell
Mousse (large serving).....	Edgar Gorman
Devil's Food Cake (strong variety).....	Bob Keebler

VII. FRUITS

Peaches (best on the market).....	The Cunningham Sisters
Pears (always ripe).....	Rita Fitzwater and Arthur Young
Lemons (sun kissed).....	Donna Gill and Doris Krieg
Dates (made daily).....	Elliott Irvine and Goldie Roberts
Lemonades (for cupid).....	Alice LaForge and Archie Frank
Punch (for cupid).....	Annie Skinner and Arthur Bostwick

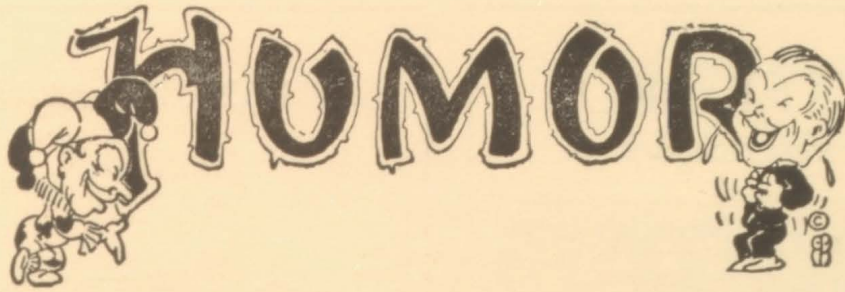
VIII. MISCELLANEOUS

Butter (always butts in).....	Homer Sanders
Welsh Rabbit.....	Donald Horne
Irish Stew.....	Eunice Lindeman
Finger Bowl.....	Grace Course

Humor



HUMOR



"What's the charge, officer?"

"Fragrancy, your honor, he's been drinking perfume."

Salesman—"I represent a society for the suppression of profanity. I want to take profanity entirely out of your life, . . . and . . ."

Russell (Dave) Bogart—"Maw, here's a guy that wants to buy our car."

"You're a seafaring man? I question whether you were ever at sea in your life."

"Sure, now, and does your honor think I came over from Ireland in a wagin?"

Milligan—"Ef I be afther lavin' security equal to what I take away, will yez trust me till nixt wake?"

Grocer—"Certainly."

Mill.—"Well, thin, sell me two av thim hams an' keep wan ave thim till I come ag'in."

Two small chaps were boasting about their relatives.

"My father," said one, "has a wooden leg."

"Huh," scoffed the other, "that's nothing at all. My sister has a cedar chest."

Remus—"Whar yo' all gwine wid dat baby food, Mose?"

Mose—"Mah wife Dinah give me a son last night."

Remus—"Dasso, what you gwine call him?"

Mose—"Lectricity."

Remus—"Am he as shockin' as dat?"

Mose—"No, but what ailse can we call him when he comes from Dinah-Mose.?"

Warren Gill—"I'd like to be a soda jerker."

Duke Mayer—"Why?"

Warren—"They lead such stirring lives."

Bob—"Will you marry me?"

Madge—"Do you think you could keep me in clothes?"

Bob—"That's the first thing I'd try to do."

Brownie—"Daddy, can you still do tricks?"

Dad—"What do you mean, my son, 'Do tricks'?"

Brownie—"Well, mamma says that when you were young you used to drink like a fish."

Magistrate (to witness)—"Why didn't you go to the aid of the defendant during the fight?"

Witness—"I didn't know which was going to be the defendant."

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THE BALL STUDIO

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Albany, Ore.

An Irishman was planting shade trees when a passing lady said:
"You're digging out the holes, are you?"

"No, mum. Oi'm diggin' out the dirt and lavin' the holes."

"Sam, do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and
nothing but the truth?"

"Ah does, sah."

"Well, Sam, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Jedge, wif all dem limitations you jes' put on me, Ah don't believe
Ah has anything at all to say."

Gib Scott—"Elliott, which of the twins will you marry?"

Elliott—"Oh, I think I will marry the youngest."

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Lebanon

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SALES AND SERVICE

It Pays to Pay Cash

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CASH STORES

Bob—"When you told your father that I didn't smoke, drink, gamble or swear, what did he say?"

Madge—"Oh, he said that he didn't want me to marry a perfect man, but that you were such a good liar he thought you'd do."

She—"I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man in the world!"

He—"I know you wouldn't; you'd get killed in the rush."

Lyle V.—"Do you believe in Mediums?"

Alice S.—"Yes, I always was about the average."

Jerry V.—"Lyle, may I borrow your red tie?"

Brother Lyle: "Yes, but why all the formality?"

Jerry—"I can't find it."

Father—"The man who marries my daughter will get a prize."

Elliott—"May I see it, please?"

Hunt Clark (seeking his picture for the annual)—"Now remember, I don't want a large picture."

Mr. Clifford—"All right, then. Please close your mouth."

Eloise—"Would you like to take a nice long walk?"

Elliott—"I'd love to."

Eloise—"Well, don't let me detain you."

Vest—"Well, anyway, Elliott dresses like a gentleman."

Mable—"Indeed! I never saw him dressing."

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Lebanon, Oregon

Dave B.—“Are you sure that this is pre-war stuff.”
Deacon—“Sure, it's always followed by a fight.”

Emmett—“I was told in my early youth that if I didn't quit smoking cigarettes I'd be feeble-minded when I grew up.”

Mildred Pyle—“Well, why didn't you quit?”

Warren Neal—“Why, hello, Johnny. I hear you lost your job in the department store.”

Johnny S.—“Oh yes, I got fired.”

W. N.—“Fired? How'd that happen?”

J. S.—“Oh, I just took a sign from a lady's shirt waist, and put it on a bath tub.”

W. N.—“Fired for that? But what did the sign say?”

J. S.—“It said, ‘How would you like to see your best girl in this for two dollars and seventy-five cents?’”

John Summers—“Sister, how did you get into this country?”

Sister Ginther—“By air.”

Johnny—“Flying machine?”

Sister—“No, stork.”

Max Burkhardt—“Dear, do you know the difference between a taxi and a street car?”

LaDonna S.—“No.”

Max—“Fine. We'll take a street car.”

“Our corsets are guaranteed to fit the waist and bust.”—Sign displayed in a store on Main street recently.

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She—"Do you believe in immortality?"
Bob O'Brien—"Why, I'm surprised at you."

"Are ye feelin' better, Sandy? I brought ye to wi' a drap o' whusky."

"Did ye, mon? An' tae think I was unconscious."

Once upon a time Bob Keebler took an exam in biology. One question was: "Give in detail the process for making mercuric bichloride." In answer Bob wrote: "God made all things, even mercuric bichloride." Imagine his surprise when he received his corrected exam paper from Mr. MacDonald and read: "God gets credit. You don't F."

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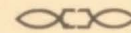
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Sgt. Richards—"Private, I'll impress upon you that you must be more respectful toward me. Why, I had two hundred and fifty men under me during the war."

Ex. Lindeman—"That's nothin'. I had nearly twelve hundred people under me last summer."

Sgt.—"What were you doing?"

Ex.—"I mowed the grass in a cemetery."

An efficiency engineer stood behind an enormously fat woman in a crowd watching some prohibitionists pour some choice liquor down a sewer. "Alas," he said. "Never before have I seen such a shameful waste." At the hospital some hours later he asked why the fat woman had attacked him."

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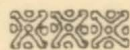
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THE STORE OF PERSONAL SERVICE

Lebanon's Own Store

Mr. Rycraft—"The Indian prints came today."

Donna Gill—"Can he speak English."

Grugett—"Give me a cigarette."

Jack M.—"I'll see you inhale first."

She—"How did you get that medal?"

Duke M.—"By keeping my mouth shut."

She—"What?"

Duke—"Yeh, for swimming under water."

Tommy came out of a room in which his father was tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why Tommy, what's the matter?"

"P-p-p-apa hit his finger with the hammer," he sobbed.

"Well, you needn't cry at a thing like that," comforted his mother.

"Why didn't you laugh?"

"I did," said Tommy.

Elliott—"Wise men are always in doubt. Only idiots are sure of their case."

Goldie—"Are you sure of that?"

Tubby—"Yes, absolutely."

Bill Guy says a skeleton is a man with the insides taken out and the outside taken off.

Marjorie—"That girl looks like Helen Black, doesn't she?"

Alice—"Why, that dress ain't black."

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Norma—"Before we were married you called me an angel."

Bob—"I know it."

Norma—"And now you don't call me anything."

Bob—"Well, you ought to be glad that I possess such self control."

Miss Jones—"Now Argentine, tell me what you know of Nelson, the fighting sailor."

Argentine—"You're mixed, mum. Sharkey is de fighting sailor. Nelson wuz formerly a blacksmit".

"In many years experience in the trial of criminal cases," the old judge said, "I do not recall a single instance of such brutality. I cannot conceive of how one human being could so maltreat another."

"Surely, he continued, addressing the prisoner, "the very devil and the demons of Hell must have inspired you to commit this crime. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Well, suh, judge, I 'spect you might be right. I hadn't thought about it, but I 'spect the old debbil wuz right behind me, proddin' me on, when I sev-ud his nose from his face—and them demons from Hell, what they wuz talking about prob'ly was telling me to stamp in his eyes—but jedge, bitin' off his ear—that was my own idea."

"Ah shuah pity you," said a colored pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was born with boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe you was," retorted the other, "and ah reckon you'se goin' to die de same way."

Hunt—"Say, Jack, who will we nominate for Strawberry Queen?"

Jack—"My motto is "Lyle for Drone" and also Queen."

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A frigid-faced woman met a tired business man at the door one evening and silently proffered a bit of paper, and on it was written "All set for three, Lillian."

Hubby paled and laughed nervously—"Oh yes, the boys wanted me to bet on the third race, and Lillian M. was my horse."

Next evening wifey had an even stonier face. "What's wrong now?" asked Hubby.

Wifey snapped—"Your horse called you up."

Recipe For Home Brew—Chase a frog three miles and gather up the hops. To the hops add the following: Ten gallons of tanbark, one-half pint of shellac, a bar of homemade soap. Boil the mixture thirty-six hours then strain through an I. W. W. sock to keep it from working. Then bottle and add a grasshopper to each pint to give it a kick.

Famous Last Words—"Your teeth are like the stars! The maiden's eyes grew bright. "Your teeth are like the stars, dear, For they all come out at night."

"Bathing alone won't keep you clean,"

According to Doctor Frew;

So I guess I'll have to buy a tub

Made big enough for two.

Doc. Warren Gill—"I'm afraid I will have to operate for appendicitis."

Alice Super—"Oh, Doctor, will the scar show?"

Doc—"Not unless you go into the movies."

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Coffee Shop

Hunt—"Why do they call that Pullman porter 'Doctor'?"

Russ—"Why, because he has attended so many berths."

Aunt Dinah—"I'se goin' to change dat hungry boy's name and call him Booze Prescription Johnson."

Visitor—"Why so, Aunt Dinah, why so?"

Aunt Dinah—"Why because its so hard to get him filled."

Russ—"What makes you so little, Brownie?"

Brownie—"My mother fed me on canned milk, and I'm condensed."

Kathryn A.—"Do you like codfish balls, Helen?"

Helen Mc.—"I don't know Kate, I never attended any."

Cohen (entering delicatessen store)—"Gif me some of that salmon."

Prop—"That's not salmon, that's ham."

Cohen—"Vell, who asked you what it vas?"

An old Irishwoman sent a parcel to her son, in which she inclosed the following note: "Pat, I am sending your waistcoat; to save weight I have cut all the buttons off. Your loving mother." P. S. "You will find them in the top pocket."

A Jew overtook his friend walking down Madison Avenue one morning.

"Why, Julius, do you walk downtown to your business?"

"Because, Sam, I need the exercise, and I also save a nickel."

"Julius, you should go over to Fifth Avenue and walk down; then you would save a dime."

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20th Century Coffee

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Mrs. Cohen—"Dis lifeguard saved your life, Cohen. Shall I giff him a dollar?"

Mr. Cohen—"I vas half dead when he pulled me out. Giff him fifty cents."

Teacher (Miss Coie)—"Bob, can you give me a sentence containing the word 'gruesome'?"

Bob Gray—"Yes. Father didn't shave for a week, and grew-some whiskers."

"Hey! Where yer going? Don't you know this is a one-way street?" the angry officer bawled.

Vel, what's the matter with you—ain't I only going one way?" says Abie.

ESTABLISHED 1887

JOB PRINTING

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COMPLIMENTS OF

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Engraving Co.*

PORTLAND, OREGON

Visitor (in early morning, after week end, to chauffeur)—“Don’t let me miss my train.”

Chauffeur—“No danger, sir. The mistress said if I did, it’d cost me my job.”

Landlord—“Here, sir, you haven’t paid for that whiskey you ordered.”

Irishman—“What’s that you say?”

L.—“I said you haven’t paid for that whiskey you ordered.”

I.—“Did you pay for it?”

L.—“Of course I did.”

“Well thin, what’s the good of both of us payin’ for it?”

ASSOCIATED STORE No. 10

GROCCERS

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Lebanon, Oregon

Madge—"What kind of a fellow is Keebler?"

Ruth—"Oh, he's the sort that leaves his car in front of the church and goes across the street to shoot a game of pool."

Mother, to little boy—"Why are you feeding the baby yeast?"

Fond Son—"Aw, he swallowed my nickel and I'm trying to raise the dough."

Elliot—"Say, Russ, do you want the orchestra to play a piece before the game?"

Russ—"Yah, have 'em play "God Save Our Team."

Duke W.—"My Uncle Bill has a new cedar chest."

Howard Cox—"That's so! Last time I saw him he just had a wooden leg."

Miss Coie—"What is a synonym?"

Howard Cox—"It's a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

Miss Jones—"Art, do you believe in heredity?"

Art Young—"Yes, I have to return home every day for my books and pen and pencils. My father's a plumber."

"Look daddy," said a little six-year-old, "I pulled this corn stalk right up by myself."

"My, but you are strong!" said his father.

"I guess I am daddy; the whole world had hold of the other end of it."

Famous Last Words—"Y-e-s, dear, I lost my pay g-a-m-b-l-i-n-g."

THE WARRIOR

L
H
S

PUBLISHED NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-EIGHT

BY

ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY

OF

LEBANON HIGH SCHOOL

LEBANON, OREGON

Dedication

TO THE PIONEERS, WHO DROVE
THEIR COVERED WAGONS
THROUGH OUR CAMPUS, AND WHOSE
DREAMS AND SACRIFICES HAVE MADE
POSSIBLE THE LEBANON HIGH SCHOOL
OF TODAY, THIS WARRIOR IS LOVING-
LY DEDICATED

Foreword



THE purpose of our annual yearbook is to preserve for future decades the memories of Lebanon High School. Whether or not the 1928 Warrior will accomplish this, only time can tell. If, a half century hence, you brush the dust off this book, open its age-yellowed cover, and find herein some one thing that brings back happy memories of the four years spent under a Crimson and Blue Banner, the Warrior has fulfilled its destiny.

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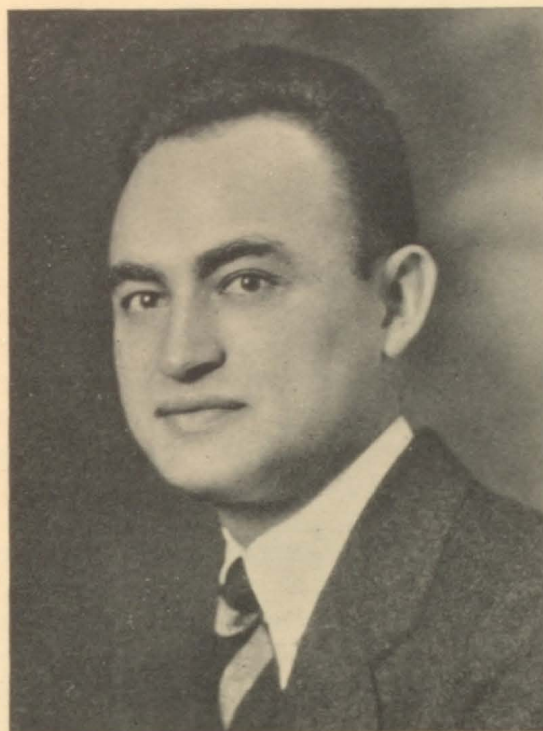
Literature

Athletics

Humor

Administration





S. A. PEPPER, SUPERINTENDENT
Denver University, A. B. '20. M. A. '22
Instructor of History, Athletic Coach

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HABIT

A Message to the Students

By S. A. PEPPER

Our characters and our personalities are the sum total of our habits. We are masters or slaves of our acts; masters if the acts result in constructive deeds; slaves if our acts result in folly. It is instinctive for all normal people to have at least a small spark of ambition; something to urge them on with the will and energy to rise above their fellow men. Most of us, however, are not willing to pay the price. We allow the imagination and memory to play. We take the path of least resistance, and make our exit before our work is accomplished. In order to enjoy at least a moderate degree of success, we must make our early habits our friends; so controlled that they will serve our best interests. Our high school days should be spent in acquiring habits of living worth carrying through life. I wish to mention three which I consider worthy of your consideration—loyalty, thrift, and concentration.

Loyalty is essential to lasting success and happiness. It is essential to cultivate this habit in order to make and hold friends. Without friends our lives are barren. We cannot all be athletes, debaters, actors, or take an active part in the school affairs; but we can and should cultivate the habit of boosting, encouraging and working to make that particular function a success. We should glory in the success that our colleagues and school enjoy.

Benjamin Franklin said, "Thrift is the basis for all success and happiness." We should conserve our energy and our precious working hours; save and make the most of our time as well as our money. The working day put to one's best use will pay dividends.

The last habit and probably the most important, although the least developed by high school students, is concentration. Other things being equal, our degree of success and achievement is directly proportional to our power of concentration. This means focusing of attention with an explicit aim to the end to be achieved. All our energy must be so harnessed, guided and controlled that it will result in chisel-like carving at our goal. True concentration is all the faculties at our command, attacking fearlessly, restlessly, with all their power at the goal. Theodore Roosevelt said: "My limited success in life is due to my early cultivated habit of concentration."

S. A. PEPPER



DELPHIE M. TAYLOR, *Principal*

This edition will keep fresh in our minds the place of our golden dreams, the classrooms where we have worked for work's sake and the beautiful campus where we have played for play's sake. We have given to dear old Lebanon High the glamor of our youth and in return our school has given back our labors and pleasures in preparation for the facing of life. Each student has a page to live in this game of life. And we hope that this little volume records the accomplishments of the year which have helped prepare us for this service.

The spirit that this Warrior breathes is that the glory of "Old Lebanon" is to be forever doubled and restored in our works and that the future shall uphold the traditions of the past.

In dark days and in days of prosperity, in times of criticism, and in hours of praise this volume stands quietly and firmly for all that has made our school year a success—the pioneer, the patron, the student and the faculty.



MRS. DELPHIE M. TAYLOR, A. B.
 University of Oregon
 MATHEMATICS

MISS MILDRED COIE, A. B.
 Albany College
 ENGLISH FRENCH

MISS KEE BUCHANAN, A. B.
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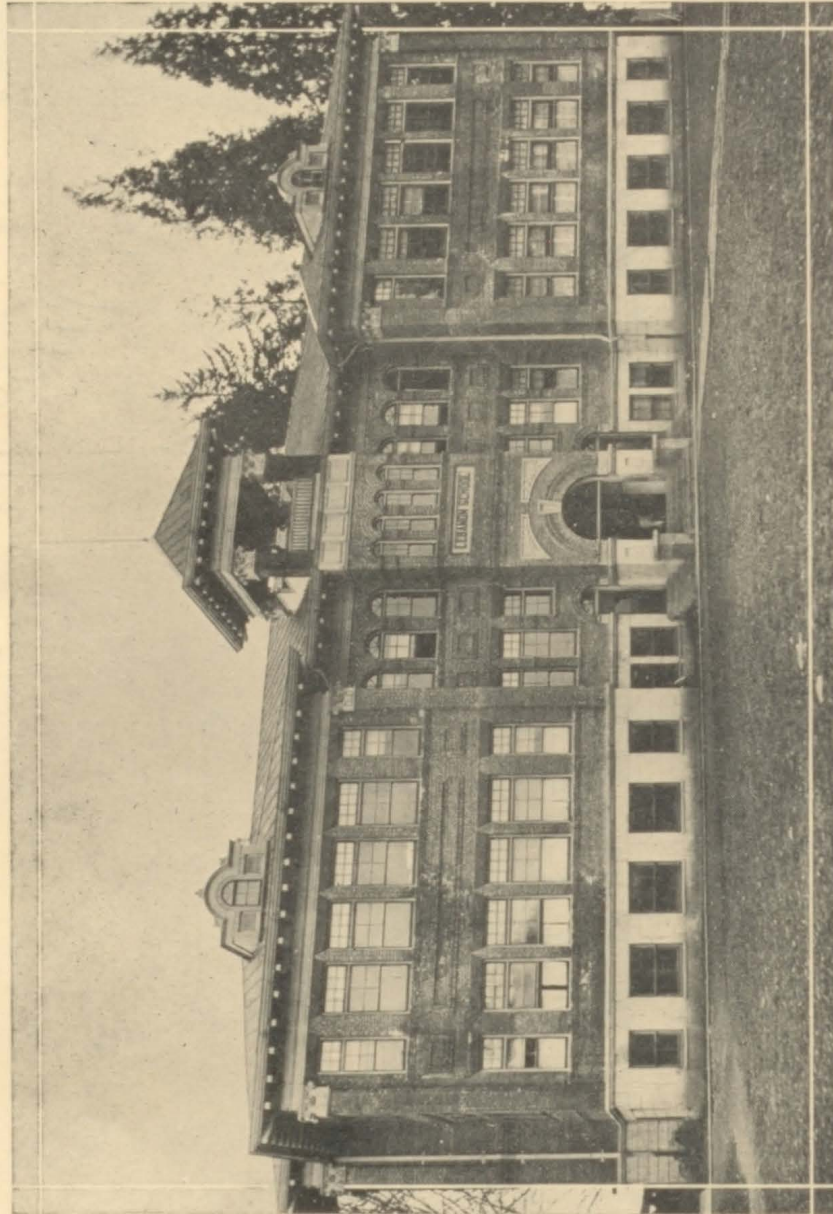
MRS. EDITH E. SHANKS, A. B.
Willamette University
ENGLISH LATIN

MISS CLARALEE CHEADLE, A. B.
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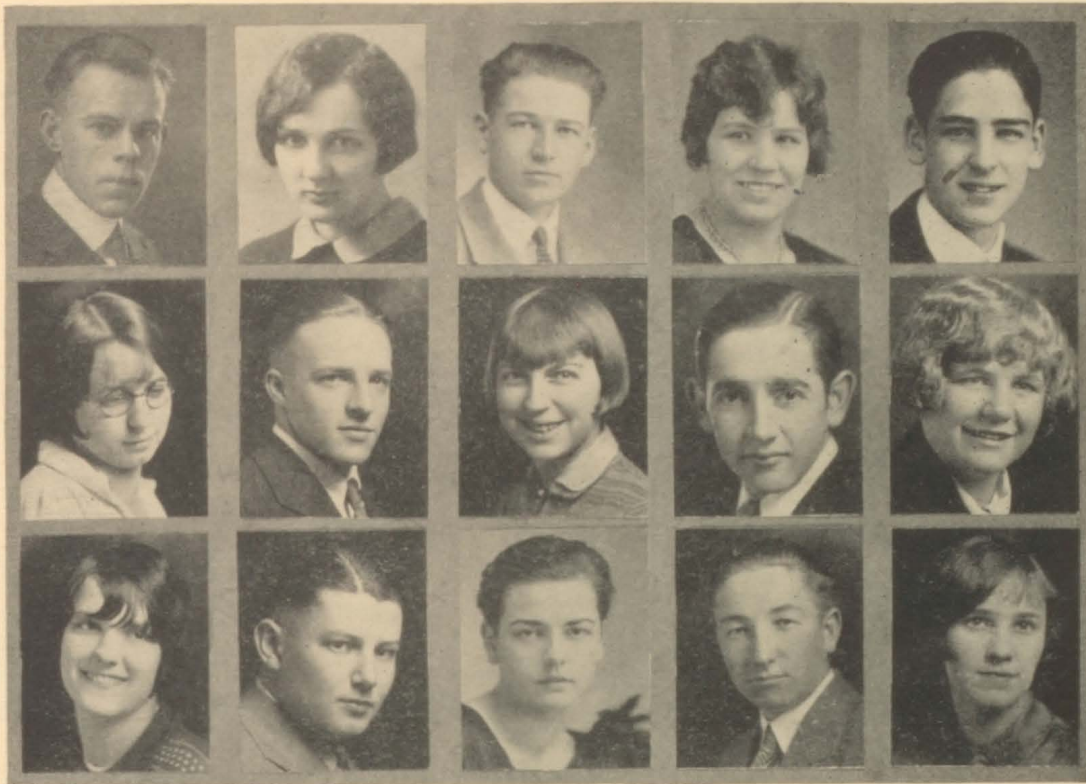
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Albany College
SCIENCE

MRS. LOUISE GROVES, B. S.
Oregon State Agricultural College
COMMERCIAL

MISS ELIZABETH JONES, B. S.
Oregon State Agricultural College
HOME ECONOMICS



O! Dear old Lebanon high school, O! grand old Lebanon high school, we love you best of all.



WARRIOR STAFF

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Donna Gill.....	Editor
Myron Blackwell.....	Assistant Editor
Henrietta Stewart.....	Circulation Manager
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Annie Skinner.....	Girls' Athletics
Laurence Blackburn.....	Boys' Athletics
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Kathryn Armstrong.....	Snapshot Editor
Elliott Irvine.....	Senior Editor
Doris Walker.....	Junior Editor
Theodore Gray.....	Sophomore Editor
Mildred Ingram.....	Freshman Editor



SENIOR PLAY CAST

“THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY”

Under the capable directorship of Miss Mildred Coie, this year’s senior play, “The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary,” was a huge success both dramatically and financially. Lorene Randle admirably depicted the part of fussy old Aunt Mary, while Jack Mayer as the hero, and Madge Armstrong, his leading lady, soon won everybody’s sympathy in their love affair. “Lucinda,” played by Mercedes Horton, was the spice of the play, and other members of the cast proved themselves equally capable of “carrying the house.”

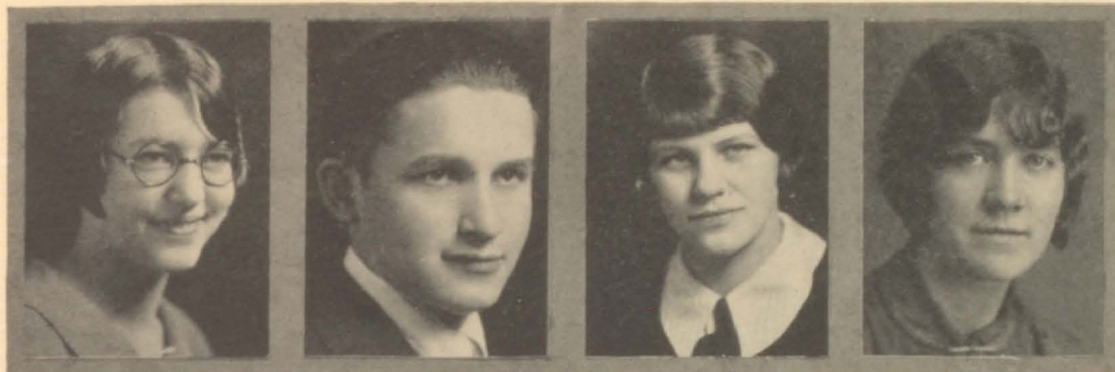
CAST

Aunt Mary (a very wealth spinster, Jack’s aunt).....	Lorene Randle
John Watkins, Jr. Denham—“Jack”.....	Jack Mayer
Burnett (Jack’s chum).....	John Ginther
Mitchell (Jack’s chum).....	Lyle Vehrs
Clover (Jack’s chum).....	Elliott Irvine
Mr. Stebbins (Aunt Mary’s lawyer).....	Lawrence Blackburn
Joshua (Aunt Mary’s hired man).....	Donald Crosby
James (The Burnett butler).....	Myron Blackwell
Bertha Burnett (Burnett’s sister).....	Madge Armstrong
The Girl from Kalamazoo.....	Esther Ayers
Lucinda (Aunt Mary’s property, body and soul).....	Mercedes Horton
Daisy Mullins (A Villager).....	Henrietta Stewart
Eva (The Burnett Maid).....	Marjorie Bennett

Publicity Manager, Raymond Weeks
 Property Manager, Huntington Clark

Classes





SENIOR OFFICERS

Lorene Randle.....	President
Lyle Vehrs.....	Vice President
Esther Ayers.....	Secretary-Treasurer
Miss Coie.....	Advisor

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

To tell the history of this class in detail would be impossible as the class consists of too many well-known characters of almost equal importance. Therefore my attempt is to give you the most important events with which the class has been connected since it arrived at the L. H. S.

On September 22, 1924, ninety-six Freshmen, to the dismay of the faculty and students, appeared at Lebanon High School for the purpose of satisfying their intellectual hunger. Never before had the high school witnessed such a flocking together in the halls and mixing of schedules. Within the course of four years, however, the high school was convinced that never before had it seen such a brilliant class enter its doors.

The first event of importance was the Freshman Reception. Here the Freshmen were duly initiated and taken into the school as regulars where they might serve, honor and obey their superiors—the Sophomores.

In their first year they presented the Jolly Tars, which was in every respect a "howling success." This skit not only won first prize at the Junior Jollity, but was well received at the Strawberry Fair, Lions club and a number of other entertainments.

On September 21, 1925, seventy-seven mighty Sophomores enrolled, each feeling that he couldn't see a Freshman without a microscope. This school year slipped by so quickly that they hardly had time to accept their first-prize award at the Junior Jollity. The Sophomore debate team consisting of Donna Gill and Beatrice Bennett, won the championship in the inter-class debates. With a few other activities most of the Sophomores passed on at the end of the year feeling no different at the end of the year than at the first.

Their Junior year was one of excitement. At the Junior Frolic the junior class presented "Gay Mr. Bold."

The affirmative team of the L. H. S. debaters which lost the district championship by one point at a triangular debate of Lebanon, Dallas and Corvallis, was made up of Juniors.

The Junior-Senior Banquet given Friday evening, May 6, at the Hotel Lebanon was one of the most successful within the history of L. H. S. The subject for the evening was "A Junior-Senior Joyride" with a very clever menu of "starters," "crank-case oil mayonnaise," and "finishers." The program consisted of "Hot Air" with Huntington Clark, president of the junior class, as toastmaster.

Armstrong, Marjorie E.

"Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Jun. Jollity 1-2; Sec.-Treas. 3; Home Ec. 1; Class Reporter 4.

Ayers, Esther Ida

Ent. from Eugene 1925 Dramatic Club 2-3-4; Quartette 3-4; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Sec.-Treas. 2-3; Sec. Dramatic Club 3.

Bennett, Marjorie G.

Debate 3-4.

Blackburn, Laurence E.

Entered as Junior from Eugene; Treas. Ag C 3; V.-P. Ag Club 4; Football 3-4; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Purchasing Agt. 4; Annual Staff 4.

Bogart, Russell C.

Football 3-4; Basketball 2-3-2; Baseball 1-2-3-4; Ag Club 1-2-3-4; Vice Pres. Ag Club 1-2; Pres. of Ag Club 4; Sgt. at Arms A. S. B. 3; Capt. Baseball 4; Capt. Basketball 3.

Borchers, Virginia Lee

Dram. Club 1-2-3-4; Glee Club 1; Home Ec. 1; Girls' Octette 3; Junior Jollity 1-2-3; Annual Staff 4.



Carrol, Mabel I.

Home Ec. 1.

Chartraw, Ethel N.

Home Ec. 1.

Clark, Edmond Huntington.

Baseball 2-3-4; Football 2-3-4; Basketball 1-2-3-4; Dramatic Club 2-3-4; Ag Club 4; Class Pres. 3; Yell Leader 2.

Collins, Crystal Claire

Home Ec. 1.

Connett, Bert LeRoy

Ag Club 1-2-3-4; Football 4.

Cox, Howard S.

Ag Club 1-2-3-4; Football 3-4.

Crane, Claude C.

Ag Club 1-2-3-4.



Gray, Robert F.

Ag Club 2-3-4; Football 4.

Crosby, Donald J.

Entered from Salem 1927; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Football 4; Basketball 4; Baseball 4.



Haskin, Esther Dora

Glee Club 1; Basketball 4.

Densmore, Margaret F.

Entered from Jefferson 1927.



Blackwell, F. Myron

Entered '25 Alexandria, Minn.; Orchestra 3-4; Quartet 2-3-4; Ag Club 2-3; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Student Body Council 3; Annual Staff 4

Fort, Arthur W.

Ag Club 1.



Hayes, Audrey V.

Home Ec. 1.

Gill, Donna E.

Dramatic Club 1-2-3-4; Student Council 1; Debate 2-3; Pres. A. S. B. 4; Editor Annual 4; Junior Jollity 1-2.



Horne, Donald

Football 2-4; Ag Club 4.

Ginther, John K.

Orchestra 4; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Quartet 4.



Horton, Ellen Mercedes

Dramatic Club 4; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Home Ec 1.

Ingram, Lenore A.

Home Ec. 1.

Irvine, Elliott C.

Football 4; Dramatic Club 2-3-4; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Quartet 3; Annual Staff 4; Orchestra 3-4.

Keebler, James Robert

Football 2-4; Ag Club 1-2-4; Dramatic Club 3-4; Basketball 2-3-4; Capt. Basketball 4.

Keefhaver, Mabel G.

Glee Club 1; Home Ec. 1.

Kelleck, Edward C.

Ag Club 1-2-3-4.

Kinder, Ruth Agnes.

Home Ec. 1; Junior Jollity 1.



Kowitz, Elva W.

Home Ec. 1.

Kowitz, Emma Anna

Home Ec. 1.

Lindeman, Francis H.

Ag Club 1-2-3.

Lindley, Vesta Marie

Glee Club 1; Home Ec. 1; Dramatic Club 2-3-4; Junior Jollity 1-2-3.

Maxwell, G. Leneve

Glee Club 1; Sec. and Treas. 2; Junior Jollity 2.

Mayer, John J.

"Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Orchestra 4; Dramatic Club 2-4; Annual Staff 4; Assistant Yell Leader 4; "Wonder Hat" 4.

McClain, Bernard H.

Ag Club 4; Orchestra 3-4.



Patterson, Elouise

Entered as a Sophomore from Eugene.

McClain, Florence L.

Home Ec. 1.



Pickens, Lester J.

Ag Club 1-2-3-4.

McCrae, Margaret C.

Home Ec. 1.



Poole, George M.

Ag Club 2-3-4; Baseball 1.

McGowan, Herman S.

Football 3-4; Basketball 2-3-4; Baseball 1-2-3-4; Vice Pres. A. S. B 4.



Prine, Charles E.

Entered as Senior from Crabtree.

Moss, Juanita Pearl

Entered from Eugene Nov. '24; Home Ec. 1.



Randle, Elsie Lorene

Sec.-Treas. 1; Annual Staff 1; Class Pres. 2-4 Class Reporter 3; Dramatic Club 2-3-4; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Sec. Student Body 4; Junior Jollity 1-2-3; Glee Club 1.

O'Brien, Dennis R.

Ag Club 1-2-3-4; Football 3; Baseball 2-4; Basketball 1-2.



Reeves, Richard C.

Ag Club 1; Football 3-4; Basketball 3; Baseball 2-3-4; Athletic Manager 3-4; Dramatic Club 3-4.

Robertson, Ione E.

Home Ec. 1.



Super, Alice Ethel

Entered from Crabtree 1927.



Scott, Delbert L.

Ag Club 1-2-3-4.



Surry, Dora C.

Glee Club 1.



Simons, Emmett A.

Ag Club 1-2-3-4.



Vehrs, Lyle Franklin

Junior Jollity 1-2-3; Debate Mgr.; Dramatic Club 2-3-4; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Orchestra 3.



Soule, Lenore W.

Home Ec. 1; Glee club 1; Annual Staff 4.



Watters, Kenneth H.

Ag Club 1-2-3-4.



Stewart, Henrietta R.

Student Body Council 3-4; Basketball 3-4; "Rej. of Aunt Mary" 4; Glee Club 1; Quartet 3-4; Manager Girls' Athletics 4; Annual Staff 4.



Weeks, Raymond H.

Ag Club 1-2-3-4; Yell Leader 1; Treas. A. S. B. 4; Annual Staff 4; Manager Senior Play 4.



Senior Class Will

Myron Blackwell leaves his scholastic record to Bill Guy.

Madge Armstrong and Bob O'Brien leave their example to Annie Skinner and Arthur Bostwick.

Esther Ayers leaves her 1925 class pin to anyone capable of getting "Jim."

Marjorie Bennett leaves her position as librarian to Archie Frank.

Laurence Blackburn leaves his knack of snoring in the assembly to Clarence Booth.

Russell Bogart leaves his "Universal" to Mr. McDonald.

Virginia Borchers leaves her fear of talking to Kathleen Skinner.

Mabel Carroll leaves her boisterous mannerisms to Mildred Pyle.

Ethel Chartraw wills her giggles to Maxine Bogart.

Hunt Clark leaves his inferiority complex to Alvin Gepford.

Claire Collins leaves her aggressiveness to Jim Clark.

Bert Connett leaves Kathryn to John Summers.

Howard Cox leaves his football career to Argentine Carpenter.

Claude Crane leaves his vocal chords to Nick Schmidt.

Donald Crosby leaves Milton Mitchell to fill his place in old L. H. S.

Arthur Fort leaves his ability as a walker to Reta Fitzwater.

Donna Gill leaves her arguments to anyone taking social problems.

Audrey Hayes wills her dimples to Cecil Thomas.

Donald Horne leaves his conversationalism to Wally Atkinson.

Mercedes Horton leaves her red hair to a girl badly in need of it—
Mary Clem.

Robert Keebler leaves the book of rules on skipping school to Jack Bellinger.

Mabel Keefhaver leaves her mischeivnous to Doris Loftin.

Edward Kelleck leaves his egotistical airs to Paul Rice.

Ruth Kinder leaves to help sell Chevrolet cars.

Emma Kowitz and her sister Elva leave their quarrels to the Roberts twins.

Francis Lindeman leaves his lucky names to Edward Durst.

Vesta Lindley leaves her baby talk to Kathleen McCrae.

Leneve Maxwell and Juanita Moss leave their united laughing power to Merna Langmack.

Jack Mayer leaves for sunny California.

Florence McClain leaves her curly hair to Leah Rodenberger.

Bernard McClain leaves his studiousness to Dallas Arnold.

Margaret McCrae leaves her Irish brogue to Leo Durst.

Peewee McGowan leaves his place in the high school to John McGowan.

Bob O'Brien leaves broken hearted.

Lester Pickens leaves his freckles to Ilene Scott.

George Poole leaves his power as an orator to Lyly Caldwell.

Charles Pryne leaves his Ford to his small sister, Esther.

Lorene Randle leaves her acting ability to Edward Landstrom.

Ione Robertson wills her loud laugh to Bill Kreig.

Delbert Scott leaves (with Leneve) in a Chevrolet.

Emmett Simons wills his baby face to Bill Crover.

Lenore Soule leaves her position as class artist to Duane Stacy.

Henrietta Stewart leaves her meekness to Eunice Lindeman.

Alice Super leaves her slender figure to Audrey Auderway.

Dora Surry wills her typing ability to Jim Clark.

Kenneth Watters leaves his poetic ability to Walter Whitcomb.

Raymond Weeks leaves his aristocratic airs to Homer Sanders.

Elouise Patterson wills her unpopularity with the boys to LaDonna Snyder.

Lenore Ingram wills her ability to change Miss to Mrs. to her cousin Mildred.

Margaret Densmore wills her carriage to Lurlene Arnold.

Elliott Irvine leaves the key to the pantry to Ed Gorman.

Lyle Vehrs leaves his memory book to any adorer of Miss Buchanan.



JUNIOR OFFICERS

Johnnie Summers.....President
Virginia Hall.....Vice-President
Annie Skinner.....Secretary-Treasurer
Miss Buchanan.....Advisor





JUNIOR CLASS GROUP

ROSTER

Lyle Caldwell	Sylvia Elliott
Mildred Geist	Norma Short
Dorothy Clem	Jack Bellinger
Winifred Saltmarsh	Esther McKinney
Doris Walker	Lorenzo Rice
Clarence Booth	James Tower
Kenneth Duttonhaver	Doris Kreig
Virginia Hall	Wanda Reeves
Duane Stacy	Enola Miller
Mary Smith	Warren Neal
Doris Loftin	Hattie LaFond

Kee Buchanan, Advisor

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '29

Our class started its career in L. H. S. on September 21, 1925, with an enrollment of sixty-four. We were bold and green—if we had not been green we would not have been so bold. How little did we know of the days of hard and slow toil before we attained that desired distinction, to be known as Sophomores.

We were entertained at the Freshman Reception with much paddling from the upper classmen—not to say anything of the other things they inflicted upon us.

At our first class meeting, we selected the class officers and our advisor, Mrs. Frank Groves. Also, we chose the class colors, which are crimson and gray.

We had our Freshman Party at the home of Edna Faxon on May 3, 1926. This was a great success for our first attempt. The upperclassmen tried to spoil it, but without success.

In the Junior Jollity at the close of the year we put on the skit entitled "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains." John Summers won the individual prize at this event. After this we had nothing exciting to keep us from our studies, and so with the help of Mrs. Taylor, who was under a terrible strain trying to teach us algebra, we passed out of the freshman class.

Our sophomore year started on September 18, 1926. We found that four of our classmen had failed to come back and so we commenced with only sixty students, not quite so bold nor quite so green. After selecting our officers and advisor we set about to initiate the Freshmen, and when this was done we settled down to work.

On New Year's Eve we had a watch party at the home of our advisor, Miss Alice Oliver. On January 2, 1927, one of our classmates, Winifred Lois Lent, passed away at her home. She was well known and liked by everyone and we hold for her an everlasting memory of the sincerity and willingness with which she did her work in this world.

At the Junior Jollity the individual prize was again won by John Summers, who took the part of Simple Simon in our stunt.

Our sophomore year was a great success, which is only natural, for we were now wise and learned in the ways of L. H. S.; and so we passed into our junior year as upper classmen.

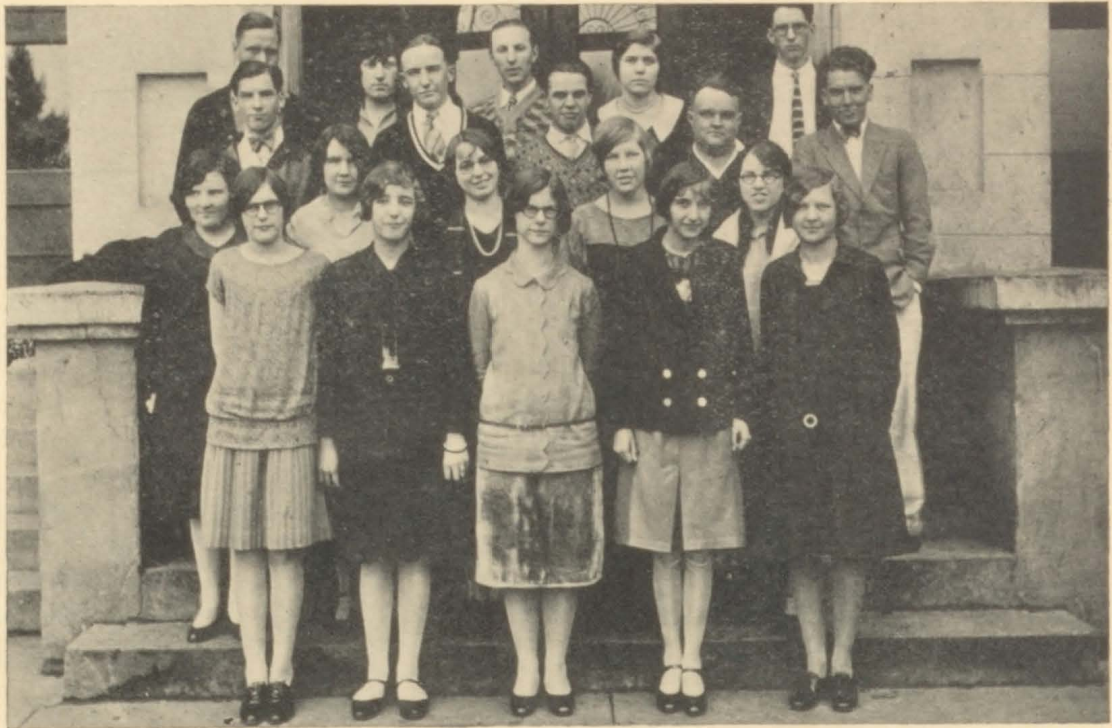
On September, 1927, there were only fifty-three to enroll as Juniors but our number is now increased by four who have entered during the year. We are the smallest class in school this year, but this fact is explained that the smallest packages are the most valuable, and our class is no exception.

In our English work this year we have maintained each week, in the Lebanon Express, three columns of school news known as "Hi Life."

In place of the usual Junior Jollity we, with the assistance of our advisor, Miss Kee Buchanan, gave three one-act plays; "The Florist Shop," "Not Quite Such a Goose," and "The Wonder Hat." These were presented at the Kuhn Theatre on April 13, 1928, and needless to say they turned out successfully.

The above history written on the twentieth day of April, year of our Lord 1928, is hereby sworn to be the true history to the above date, of the Class of '29 of Lebanon High School, at Lebanon, Oregon.

Signed: DORIS WALKER, Class Historian
KEE BUCHANAN, Class Advisor



JUNIOR CLASS GROUP

ROSTER

Lucille Oatman

Earl Johnson

John Summers

Marion Ogden

Marguerite Fee

Magdalene Speasl

Lelah Haskins

Arthur Bostwick

Annie Skinner

Archie Frank

Allen High

Magdalene Nutting

Lucille Weeks

Neva Alexander

Edgar Gorman

Leah Rodenberger

Florence Berg

Johnnie Chastain

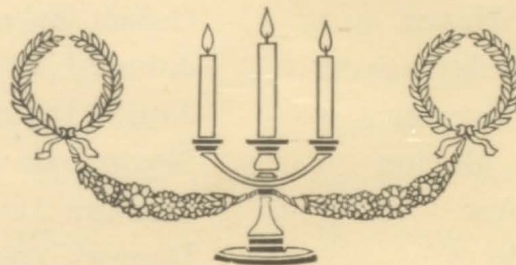
Gilbert Scott

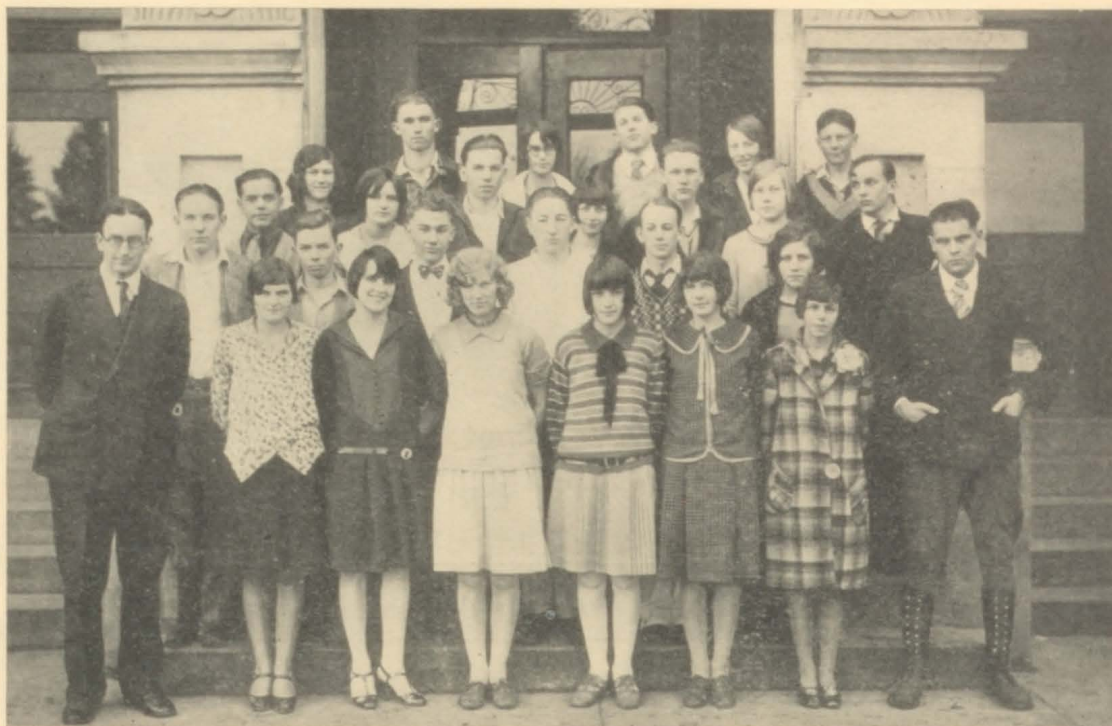
Kee Buchanan, Advisor



SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

- Maxine Bogart.....President
Theodore Gray.....Vice President
Kathleen Skinner.....Secretary
Kathryn Armstrong.....Treasurer
Mr. McDonald.....Advisor





SOPHOMORE CLASS GROUP

ROSTER

Chester Fitzwater	Reta Fitzwater
Rulana Glover	Lorayne Blackwell
Fay Parton	Arthur Young
John Cawrse	Claire Mitchell
Mildred Hayes	Goldie Roberts
Kathryn Armstrong	John Alvin
Leola Sylvester	Janice Blatchford
Warren Morton	Marguerite Cox
Claud Fox	Lurline Arnold
Mabel Scott	Bonny Gwin
Edward Woods	Dale Curtis
Theodore Gray	Warren Gill
Audrey Auderway	George Elkins

Gordon McDonald, Advisor



SOPHOMORE CLASS GROUP

ROSTER

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Mildred Pyle | Helen Morris |
| Clifford Chambers | Nellie Long |
| Gale Bodie | Frederick Luscher |
| Karl Burkhart | Maxine Bogart |
| Kathleen McCrae | Una Keefhaver |
| Esther Rowley | Cletus Turnidge |
| Cecil Thomas | Ruby Super |
| Kathleen Skinner | Genieve Grimes |
| Louis Presnall | Geraldine Lindeman |
| Ruth Super | Ardis Mackey |
| Harold Preston | Jack Canoy |
| Paul Chilcote | Laura Duncan |

Gordon McDonald, Advisor

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

On the seventeenth day of September, nineteen hundred and twenty-six, an event took place which was to change the entire course of the ship of knowledge, that bears the name of Lebanon High. The nineteenth sophomore class entered upon a career of enlightenment that has not its equal in the annals of educational history.

To the casual eyes, our class was not especially distinctive from any other freshman class that had gone before us. This just goes to show what little importance may be attached to outward appearances, for little did the world know of the sparks of genius that lay smoldering in our ranks that but needed the bellows of education to fan them into flame.

We were received with open arms and concealed paddles, and a reception was given in our honor. For the enlightenment of those who are ignorant concerning this celebration, I will merely say that the Freshman Reception is an annual ceremony that serves to illustrate the esteem with which the cradle roll is held by the faculty and student body, and turns some of the Freshmen the color used in lawns, to black and blue.

The annual Freshman party was a humming success, with very few cases of acute indigestion. In the annual Freshman vs. Eighth Grade football, the Eighth Grade coming out second best, and S. A. Pepper discovered several future all Americans.

Kathleen Skinner represented the class in debate and it has been rumored that she recently turned down a contract to tour the country. The rumor has not yet been acknowledged, however.

Vacation came swiftly along and everyone was reluctant to leave school. Several ambitious students even tried to raise a fund to have the faculty hold forth during the summer. Their names will be withheld for obvious reasons.

The summer dragged slowly along and September, 1927, found everybody anxious to begin school once more. During our first year we had tried to float a loan to be used in lowering all the doorknobs in school at least six inches, so as to enable us to reach them. The loan fell through, however, so we refrained from participating in any high finance or engineering in our sophomore term.

This year has seen an increase of genius and several future lawyers, a few senators, governors, Rhodes scholars or what have you, were discovered. It was even thought for a while that a future president also lay hidden in our ranks. He turned out to be only a future secretary of state, however.

In mathematics, history, science and the languages, the class shone like a pre-Volstader's nose. In athletics, debate and student body activities few surpassed us. The faculty will amply bear out these facts (in the ash can), I am sure.

The sophomore pennant, which adorns the ancestral assembly of our dear old alma mater, is a thing of unsurpassed beauty and is easily distinguishable from the other mediocre pennants.

Though Lebanon High School has a well-founded reputation for turning out good classes of Sophomores, I feel that I may safely say without fear of successful contradiction, that the nineteenth sophomore class stands highest of all. The class stands ready to testify that this is the truth, at all times.



FRESHMAN OFFICERS

Mildred Ingram.....President

June Lee.....Vice President

Evelyn Soule.....Secretary-Treasurer

Miss Jones.....Advisor





FRESHMAN CLASS GROUP

CRADLE ROLL

Mary Clem	George Burian	Edward Durst
Margaret Seeley	Walter Middlestadt	Marian Bennett
Forest Vehrs	Sidney Stone	Velma Strickler
Louise Glaser	Velda Wilson	Vera House
Leo Durst	Ora Chilcote	Evelyn Koontz
Mariam Eichner	Clifford Robertson	Virgil Evans
Eunice Lindeman	Ada Roberts	Jack Gilbert
Leland Tucker	Victor Simons	Florence Burford
Mildred Ingram	Billie Crover	Stella Hainz
LaDonna Snyder	Evelyn Soule	Milton Mitchell
Ilene Scott	Marie Speasl	Thelma Cunningham
John McGowan	Ardle Edwards	Mereva Rodenberger
Anna Rice	Viola Morton	

Elizabeth Jones, Advisor



FRESHMAN CLASS

CRADLE ROLL

Lillian Torrey
Robert Whinery
Velma Ensley
Elsie Coffelt
Lulu Pierpoint
Nora Duren
Nicholas Schmidt
Hazel Snyder
Wallace Atkinson
Myrtle Seeley
Alvin Gepford
Ruth Cunningham
Clara Hainz
Arthur Rice

Frank McKinney
Iola Bahrke
Muriel Thomas
Charles Baird
Lauretta McPherson
William Guy
Helen Sill
Cecil Savage
Max Burkhart
Ruth Collins
Alma Grugett
Philip Wassom
Ruth Irene Kaas

Elizabeth Jones, Faculty Advisor

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

The freshman class of 1927, which is composed of about ninety members, is one of the largest and strongest classes in the history of L. H. S.

At the opening of school, we entered with the usual amount of excitement caused by Rooks entering high school.

When our first class meeting was held, Mildred Ingram was elected president; June Lee, vice president; and Ida Smith, secretary-treasurer. Later in the year our secretary-treasurer left Lebanon, therefore a class meeting was held and Evelyn Soule was elected to take her place. At the same time our class colors, buff and blue, were selected.

This class of Freshmen ranks high in scholarship. At the end of the first semester four E cards were reported for one six weeks. Five different students have earned an E card.

Members of this class have rendered a great deal of assistance in football and basketball but we hope to be of even more value next year.

We freshmen think we have one of the best and most promising classes ever entered in this high school. We shall do our best to uphold the honor of old L. H. S.

Alumni

CLASS OF 1927

George Alleger, living at home near Lebanon.
 Christine Seeck, O. A. C., Corvallis, Ore.
 Walter Young, Young's Plumbing Shop, Lebanon.
 Clara Keefhaver, Mrs. W. B. Muetze, Lebanon.
 Eunice Elliott, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Mildred Mitchell, O. A. C., Corvallis.
 Glen Cruson, Lebanon Express Office, Lebanon.
 Leonard Smith, Reeves Bros., Lebanon.
 Gladys Skeels, O. N. S., Monmouth, Ore.
 Karl Lutz, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Forest Campbell, Reeves Bros., Lebanon.
 Virginia Munsey, Multnomah Co. Hospital, Portland, Oregon.
 Wallace McCrae, O. N. S., Monmouth, Oregon.
 Zata Fee, Mrs. Frank Moran, Albany, Oregon.
 Rose Andersen, Mrs. Frank Kregor, Salem, Oregon.
 Carrie Cox, O. N. S., Monmouth, Oregon.
 Pearl Moist, Behnke-Walker, Portland, Oregon.
 Marjorie Lierley, Multnomah Co. Hospital, Portland, Oregon.
 Stanley Walker, Willamette University, Salem, Oregon.
 Treva Gott, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Elwin Lent, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Harold Musgrave, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Margaret Binshadler, O. N. S., Monmouth, Oregon.
 Joe Jimerfield, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Margaret Doughton, at home, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Joe Palmer, Albany, Oregon.
 Nathele Elkins, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Betty Alvin, O. N. S., Monmouth, Oregon.
 Vera Ogden, at home, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Beatrice Bennett, U. of O., Eugene, Ore.
 Faye Collins, at home, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Dolores Keebler, at home, Lebanon, Ore.
 Harley Haskin, at home, Lebanon, Ore.
 Ella Rasmussen, at home, Lebanon, Ore.
 Geraldine Register, Landstrom's, Lebanon, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1926

Velma Carter, teaching near Lebanon.
 Helen Clem, teaching near Lebanon.
 Adelia Burkhart, teaching near Lebanon.
 Dan Oldham, O. N. S., Monmouth, Ore.
 Hildur Berg, First National Bank, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Grace Fowler, Mrs. Geo. Surry, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Irene Saltmarsh, Mrs. Clyde Fillpot, Salem, Oregon.

Bernardine Faller, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Addison Wilson, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Reed Clark, U. of O., Eugene, Oregon.
 Raymond Michels, U. of O., Eugene, Ore.
 Wayne Carlton, living near Lebanon.
 Corwin Follett, Aberdeen, Wn.
 Raymond Butler, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Lawrence Merchant.
 Florence Brewster, Mrs. F. Connet, Lebanon.
 Betty Summers, U. of O., Eugene, Ore.
 Dorothy Shaw, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Eunice Stringer, teaching near Lebanon.
 Idelle Blackburn, Mrs. J. Gorman, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Christy Dashney, Doolittle's Service Station, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Clarence Fox, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Vidis Fox, O. N. S., Monmouth.
 Erma Randle, Telephone Office, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Frankie Willis, Telephone Office, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Doris Crandall, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Lola Duttonhaver, E. B. U., Eugene, Ore.
 Mable McKern, O. N. S., Monmouth, Ore.
 Viola Childers, Portland, Oregon.
 Dorothy Zeek.
 Gladys Fillpot, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Nina Snyder, First National Bank, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Ernest Surry, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Robert McCormick, Lebanon, Oregon.
 James Lundy, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Mildred Lent, nurse's training school, Los Angeles, California.
 Fay Howard, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Archie Howard, Wilson's Cafeteria, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Charles Crover, Lebanon, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1925

Warren Randle, Reeves Bros., Lebanon.
 Georgia Miller, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Roland Cox
 Agnes Bolf
 Webber Doughton, O. S. C., Corvallis, Oregon.
 Chesleah Lake, O. N. S., Monmouth, Ore.
 Louis Baynes, U. of O., Eugene, Oregon.
 Hilda Pyle, Hamilton's Dept. Store, Albany, Oregon.
 Allen Parton, Toledo, Oregon.
 Alice Ginther, teaching near Lebanon.
 James McCrae, O. N. S., Monmouth.
 Othello McCloud, married, Mill City, Ore.
 Herbert Andersen, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Carrie Downing, teaching near Shedd.
 Malcolm McLeod, living near Lebanon.
 Nolia Walker, Telephone Office, Lebanon.
 Kenneth McCrae
 Vivian Conway, Mrs. Kyle Beard, Lebanon, Oregon.

Norval Gott, farming near Lebanon.
 May Brown, teaching near McMinnville.
 Orton Kent, Redmond, Oregon.
 Ruth Scott, Albany, Oregon.
 Lester True, Portland, Oregon.
 Verna Densmore, Mrs. Wagy, Siltcoos,
 Oregon.
 Bernard Michels, Oregon City, Oregon.
 Jessie Skinner, teacher of music, Leba-
 non, Oregon.
 John Bolf.
 Elizabeth Tower.
 Francis Ginther, O. S. C., Corvallis, Ore.
 Frances Andersen, Salem, Oregon.
 Edith Jobe, Ford Garage, Lebanon.
 Lyle Arnold, Portland, Oregon.
 Robert Young, Walla Walla College,
 Washington.
 Raleigh Bogart, Salem, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1924

Kathleen Kellenberger, Mrs. Ward Ho-
 seid, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Donald McFarlan, California.
 Clifford Kuhn, U. of O., Eugene.
 Muriel Crandall, Mrs. Gentry, Lebanon.
 Czernie Crandall, Lebanon Postoffice.
 Clarence Fitzwater, Toledo, Oregon.
 Garnett Parton, Mrs. Clarence Fitzwater,
 Toledo, Oregon.
 Floyd Gallagher, office of C. W. Paper
 mill, Lebanon.
 Roy Weeks, Scott-Chrisman Garage, Leb-
 anon, Oregon.
 Elmer Lake, Albany, Oregon.
 George McGowan, Gonzaga University,
 Washington.
 Charles Neubauer, Scott-Chrisman Ga-
 rage, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Mildred Bogart, Mrs. James Van Winkle,
 Washington.
 Betty MacMillan, O. A. C., Corvallis, Ore-
 gon.
 Grace Carsner, teaching near Lebanon.
 Dorothy Follett, married, lives in Wash-
 ington.
 Frankie Lutz, Wilson's Cafeteria, Leba-
 non, Oregon.
 Ross O'Brien, Newberg, Oregon.
 Inez Moore, Mrs. Howard Crockett, Leb-
 anon, Oregon.
 Esther Brown, working in Portland, Ore-
 gon.
 Wilfred Burrell, C. J. Breier Store, Leb-
 anon.
 Kenneth Groves, O. A. C., Corvallis.
 Ryntha Oldham, O. A. C., Corvallis, Ore.
 Ervin Fee, Eugene, Oregon.
 Ralph Peoples, Lebanon, Oregon.
 James Faller, Lebanon Electric Bakery,
 Lebanon, Oregon.
 Ruth Alley, Mrs. Wm. Burleson, Los An-
 geles, Cal.
 Hazel Douglas, lives in Iowa.
 Wade Collins, Lebanon, Oregon.

Ed Kellenberger, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Kathryn Lent, Los Angeles, California.
 Florence Rice, teaching in Southern Ore.

CLASS OF 1923

Lester Thomas, J. C. Penney Co., Leba-
 non, Oregon.
 LaVelle Guy, Mrs. Layton Loftin, Leba-
 non, Oregon.
 Frances Millsap, teaching in Lebanon.
 Bert Millsap, Portland, Oregon.
 Viola Muetze, Mrs. Gerald Hewitt, Tilla-
 mook, Oregon.
 Lola Crandall, at home, Lebanon.
 Louise O'Brien, married, lives in Cali-
 fornia.
 Bertha Moore, Mrs. B. Savage, Lebanon.
 Dorothy MacMillan, Mrs. E. Crossth-
 waite, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Preston Doughton, Seaside, Oregon.
 Lois Cheadle, Mrs. Preston Doughton,
 Seaside, Oregon.
 Anna Chladek, teaching near Lebanon,
 Oregon.
 Alta Collins, Mrs. D. C. Gleason, San
 Francisco, California.
 Alice Cox, Mrs. A. Heider, lives near
 Lebanon.
 Edith Cox, Mrs. E. Miller, lives near Leb-
 anon, Oregon.
 Stacia Crossan, teaching in McMinn-
 ville.
 Nettie Gentry, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Hazel Glaser, living near Lebanon.
 Vernice Helfrich, Mrs. Ervin Fee,
 Eugene, Oregon.
 Marguerite Hyder, married, lives near
 Lebanon.
 Ida Jorgensen, married.
 Mae Keefhaver, nurse, Portland, Oregon.
 Mary McGowan, teaching.
 Ova Powell, married, lives in California.
 Leora Spires, married, lives in Salem.
 Georgia Sturtevant, married, lives in The
 Dalles, Oregon.
 Donna Walker, Mrs. Hugh McQueen,
 Monmouth, Oregon.
 Eleanor LeFevre, Portland, Oregon.
 William Hayes, near Lebanon.
 Edward Bolf.
 Henry Bolf.
 Paul Bolf.
 Lulu Benson, Los Angeles, California.
 Glen Livenspire.
 Lawrence Mastenbrook, lives near Leba-
 non, Oregon.
 Karl Gatchell, Lebanon Creamery Co.,
 Lebanon, Oregon.
 Geo. Surry, Pioneer Hardware Co., Leb-
 anon, Oregon.
 Lewis Geist, Salem, Oregon.
 Wayne Jones.
 Ralph Peasley.
 Fred Heider.
 George Parker.

Christian Kowitz, City Attorney, Salem, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1922

Orpha Carter, Mrs. Earl Piper, Baker, Oregon.

Jessie Piper, Mrs. Joe Lutz, Lebanon.

Mable Bartley, Albany, Oregon.

Elnathan Lowe, Lebanon, Oregon.

Rollin Kuhn, Lebanon, Oregon.

Donald Phelps, Lebanon, Oregon.

Howard Moist, Gresham, Oregon.

Margaret Michels, married, lives at Fort Klamath, Oregon.

Floy Scott, Mrs. Ivan Bennett, Forest Grove, Oregon.

Doris Leever, teaching in Lebanon.

Martha Burkhardt, married, lives in California.

Zelphia Fillpot, Mrs. Russell Kelly, Lebanon, Oregon.

Roderick MacMillan, teaching in Lebanon, Washington.

Arthur Wight, attending school, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Layton Loftin, Lebanon, Oregon.

Wilbur Muetze, Manager Associated Store, Lebanon, Oregon.

Roy Bilyeu, Tekoa, Washington.

Margaret Booth, studying dramatics, New York City.

Avis Langmack, living near Lebanon, Or.

Eunice Mackey, Mrs. Ed Kellenberger, Lebanon, Oregon.

Frances Leavengood, teaching at Seaside, Oregon.

Marion Stewart, teaching at Sweet Home, Oregon.

Leonard Collins.

Zelma Groves, married, lives in Calif.

Powell Garland, lives in California.

Ivan Bennett, Forest Grove, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1921

Katie Kent, Mrs. Lloyd Tucker, Lebanon, Oregon.

Ann Wilson, teaching in Lebanon.

Violet Northrop, Mrs. Mervin Gilson, Lebanon, Oregon.

Harold Harden, U. of O., Eugene, Ore.

Carl Benson, Portland, Oregon.

Dorothy Doolittle, married, Corvallis, Or.

Irene Keefhaver, Portland, Oregon.

Mildred Moist, teaching in Silverton.

Ralph L. Cruson, Portland, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1920

Hiram Groves, Pioneer Hdw., Lebanon.

Claralee Cheadle, teaching in Lebanon.

Hilda Crandall, married.

Maud Sterling, Mrs. Ralph Scroggin, Lebanon, Oregon.

Cletus Gallagher, deceased.

Carl Vaughn, Salem, Oregon.

Eleanor Everett, Mrs. Hiram Groves, Lebanon, Oregon.

Mabel Green, married, lives in The Dalles, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1919

Monica Michels, teaching in eastern Ore. William Knauf, Newport, Oregon.

Ruth Krieg, deceased.

Arvilla Stearns, Mrs. Alfred Loy, Dallas, Oregon.

Neal Underwood, Pioneer Hdw., Lebanon.

Luella Jenkins, Office of Drs. Miller and Gill, Lebanon.

George Cheadle, Bend, Oregon.

Clinton Grobe, living in California.

Eva Keebler, married, lives in Wash.

Othor Scott, Shell Oil Co., Toledo, Ore.

Elva Carter, Mrs. Percy Higgins, Tillamook, Oregon.

Leta Barr, Mrs. W. L. Burnett, Lebanon.

Freida Miller, lives in Illinois.

Ruth Butler, Mrs. Harry Miller, Lebanon, Oregon.

Louise Newport, Mrs. Frank Groves, Lebanon, Oregon.

Nellie Warner, Mrs. H. Southard, Lebanon, Oregon.

Nell Heinrich, married, lives in San Francisco, Calif.

Maude Warner, San Francisco, Calif.

Ruby Daniels, Portland, Oregon.

Hazel Krieg, Lebanon, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1918

Mary Wetzell, Mrs. Max Millsap, Portland, Oregon.

Stanley Summers, teaching in Olympia, Washington.

Esther Booth, Mrs. Melville Jones, Eugene, Oregon.

Lloyd Tucker, Tucker Bros. Confectionery, Lebanon, Oregon.

Fern Kent, Portland, Oregon.

Edith Betts, Mrs. E. Schroder, Mill City, Oregon.

Sylvia Muetze, Mrs. Frank Southard, Lebanon, Oregon.

Ruth Higgins, Mrs. James Regen, Corvallis, Oregon.

Floyd Connet, Zimbrick's Service Station, Lebanon, Oregon.

Ada Michelson, Mrs. Elnathan Lowe, Lebanon, Oregon.

Edith Thomas, Mrs. E. Medley, Oregon City, Oregon.

Zola Arehart, married, lives in Calif.

Ruby Carter, Mrs. Othor Scott, Toledo, Oregon.

John Glaser, Lebanon, Oregon.

Martha Glaser.

Lois Merchant, Mrs. R. Van Vranken, Los Angeles, Calif.

Alma Howard, married, lives in Salem.

CLASS OF 1917

Gen Tucker, Tucker Bros. Confectionery, Lebanon, Oregon.

Max Millsap, druggist, Portland, Oregon.
 Wm. Robins, Lebanon Postoffice.
 Ralph Bellinger, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Mildred Hughs, Mrs. R. Dickover, Portland, Oregon.
 Virgil Reeves, merchant, Lebanon.
 Bessie Keebler, Portland, Oregon.
 Gen Moss, Eugene, Oregon.
 Lyon Lawrence, teaching at Tangent.
 Richard Dickover, Portland, Oregon.
 Clara Michels, married, Oregon City.
 Bessie Kackley.
 Roshel Groves, Lebanon, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1916

Era Godfrey, married, lives in Eugene, Oregon.
 Alvina Moist, Mrs. Earl Michelson, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Blandina Moist, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Eva Muetze, Mrs. Max Stewart, Calif.
 Luella Chamberlin, Mrs. C. Caldwell, Connecticut.
 Beatrice Newport, Mrs. M. Tate, Eugene.
 George Harden, contractor, Lebanon, Ore.
 Frank Groves, farming near Lebanon.
 Ruth Kackley.

CLASS OF 1915

Marie Densmore, Mrs. Arthur Kelly, Salem, Oregon.
 Vera Merchant, Mrs. Hubert Crane, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Ruth Wiley, Portland, Oregon.
 Marvin Wiley.
 Elmer Henderson, deceased.
 Ross E. Haines, Seattle, Wash.
 Lois Carpenter, Portland, Oregon.
 Henrietta Durst.
 Josephine Durst, married.
 George Whitaker.
 Russell Hall, Baltimore, Md.
 Elsie Kreig, Mrs. E. Bolt, teaching at Independence.
 Susie Fry, teaching at The Dalles.
 Lois Henderson, Mrs. Ralph Thom, Portland, Oregon.

CLASS OF 1914

Dolph Southard, J. C. Penney Co., Lebanon, Oregon.
 Glen I. Arehart, working for S. P. Co., Lebanon, Oregon.
 Vida Ayers, Mrs. Clarence McClintic, Eugene, Ore.
 Winifred Bondie.

CLASS OF 1913

Albert Epperley, McMinnville, Oregon.
 Helen Wetzel, Mrs. Frank Doolittle, Corvallis, Oregon.
 Isabella Garland, Mrs. Dean Crowell, Albany, Oregon.
 Dorothy Cheadle, Mrs. Ray Joslin, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Hugh Kirkpatrick, auto dealer, mayor, Lebanon, Oregon.
 Rose Wadick, married, Portland, Oregon.
 Gretchen Van Cleve.
 Lurlene Brown, teaching, Hawaiian Islands.

CLASS OF 1912

Inez Kearns, Mrs. Max Brown, Albany, Or.
 Minnie Tucker, Mrs. Markhart, teaching in San Francisco, Calif.
 Prentiss Brown, teaching in Baker, Ore.
 Ralph Reeves, J. C. Penney Co., Bend, Or.

CLASS OF 1911

Minnie Witzel, Mrs. M. Schenk, Lebanon.
 Ora Keebler, Mrs. Ed Bohle, Lebanon, Or.
 Frank Doolittle, Corvallis, Oregon.
 Katherine Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Ralph Reeves, Bend, Oregon.
 Glen Wallace, living near Lebanon.

CLASS OF 1910

Effie McClain, Mrs. A. Arehart, Salem.

CLASS OF 1909

Bessie Bach, living in Portland, Ore.
 Gertrude Reeves, Mrs. Paul Smith, Salem, Ore.
 Hazel Witman, Mrs. H. Vehrs, Portland.

CLASS OF 1908

Mabel Temple, teaching in Salem, Ore.
 Pearl Aldrich, Mrs. E. Arehart, Portland.

GERALDINE REGESTER, Editor



STUDENT BODY COUNCIL

- Delphie M. Taylor.....Faculty Advisor
- Donna Gill.....President A. S. B.
- Lorene Randle.....Secretary A. S. B.
- Henrietta Stewart.....Senior Representative
- Clarence Booth.....Junior Representative
- Geraldine Lindeman.....Sophomore Representative
- Milton Mitchell.....Freshman Representative



SANTIAM BOOSTERS



VOCATIONAL AGRICULTURAL CLUB

Agricultural Department Established in 1919

Instructor, Forest V. Rycraft



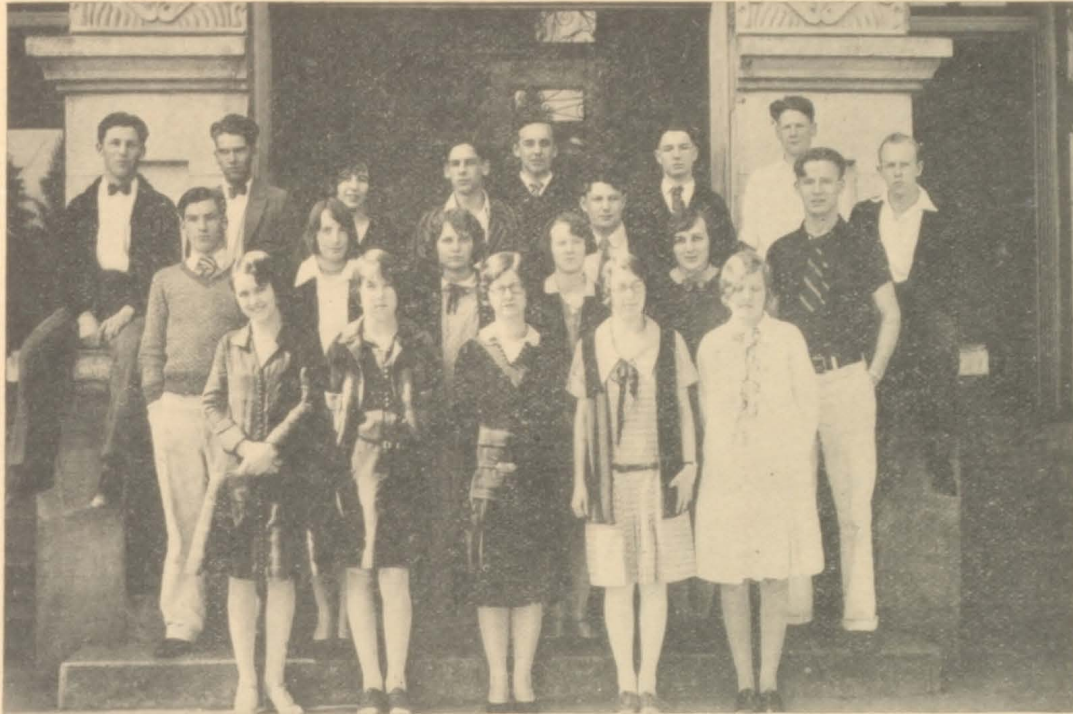
CLUB OFFICERS

President.....	Russell Bogart
Vice President.....	Howard Cox
Secretary.....	Laurence Blackburn
Treasurer.....	George Poole
Sergeant at Arms.....	Edgar Gorman



CLUB MOTTO

Vocational agricultural education is the birthright of every American boy who wishes to become a farmer.



DRAMATIC CLUB

The Crimson Masque and Blue Dagger Club had a very successful year under the direction of Miss Kee Buchanan. Eight new members were added after the annual tryout was held, making a club membership of 20. Our meetings have been interesting and very instructive.

Although we have not given a play this year, several of our members took part in the three one-act plays given by the junior class.

We hope to find the members back again next year with the same pep and enthusiasm as in the past years.

OFFICERS

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| President..... | Lorene Randle |
| Vice President..... | Hunt Clark |
| Secretary..... | Elliott Irvine |
| General Manager..... | Bob Keebler |
| Advertising Manager..... | Gilbert Scott |
| Property Manager..... | Dick Reeves |



DEBATE

Debate is a comparatively new activity of this high school, and as a result, our teams were at a disadvantage against the experienced debaters of schools where public speaking is in the curricula. However, our representatives proved themselves sportsmanlike losers, and we are proud of them. They showed real "fight" in the "game."

Negative:

Marjorie Bennett

Warren Gill

Affirmative:

Kathleen Skinner

Jack Bellinger

Mildred Coie, Coach



FOOTBALL SQUAD

TEAM PERSONNEL

Huntington Clark, end	Dale Curtis, center
Sidney Gruggett, tackle	Carl Burkhart, tackle
Otto Bodie, halfback	Howard Cox, guard
Herman McGowan, halfback	Donald Horne, tackle
Laurence Blackburn, guard	Argentine Carpenter, guard
Robert Keebler, quarter	Gerald Vehrs, halfback
Robert Gray, tackle	Virgil Evans, end
Don Crosby, fullback	Gale Bodie, end
Russell Bogart, end	James Clark, halfback
Bert Connet, tackle	Elliot Irvine, guard
Dick Reeves, fullback	R. G. MacDonald, Ass't. coach
Homer Sanders, end	S. A. Pepper, coach

FOOTBALL

At the beginning of the season, thirty-three candidates, nine of which were letter men, turned out for football. Lebanon High School is very proud of her record in this major sport, the team having met with but one defeat during the entire season. Our men outplayed their opponents in every game.

The only cause for regret is that twelve letter men will be graduated this year, thus leaving but six experienced players around which to build next season's team.

HUNTINGTON CLARK—Clark, eternal scrapper of the team, received his third letter this year. His fight and consistent playing has won him fame.

RUSSELL BOGART—Bogart was running mate for Clark, having received two letters for football. He could be depended upon to take out his man on offense, and was a hard hitter on defense.

ROBERT KEEBLER—Keebler, captain, piloted the team through the entire season. He proved himself not only an excellent quarterback, but a good passer. Keebler was the "brains" of the team.

DONALD HORNE—A football thinker. He was a hard hitter both on offense and defense. It will take a good man to fill his place next year.

DALE CURTIS—Curtis, center, fought from start to finish. He was splendid in backing up the line on defense. He was elected captain for next year.

HOWARD COX—Cox was a fierce-looking player. An excellent man to play guard and substitute for center when the occasion arose.

SIDNEY GRUGGETT—Gruggett was the heaviest man on the line. He filled the position of tackle, and it will require a big man to take his place next year.

CLAIRE REEVES—Reeves, a fast backfield man, could be depended upon to fill the position of either fullback or halfback whenever necessary.

JAMES CLARK—In this, his first year of real playing, Clark displayed a fighting spirit. He will make a brilliant player next year.

ARGENTINE CARPENTER—Carpenter is a new man, but he has the "stuff" in him to play real football in seasons to come.

ELLIOTT IRVINE—This is Irvine's first and last year. He filled the position of guard whenever occasion arose.

ROBERT GRAY—This is Gray's last year. He filled the position of guard whenever the occasion arose.

DONALD CROSBY—This big boy, the heaviest man on the team, could be depended upon to carry the ball through the line.

HERMAN MCGOWAN—When McGowan had his "Irish" aroused, you could count on him to carry the ball for a gain.

OTTO BODIE—This was Bodie's first year of football, but he played like a veteran, and displayed real fighting spirit.

BERT CONNET—This was Connet's first and last year of football. He played doggedly on offense and defense.

LAURENCE BLACKBURN—This was Blackburn's second year as a regular. He was a consistent and dependable player, with lots of fight.

S. A. PEPPER—Coach Pepper produced a team of which the high school could well be proud. He was liked by both players and football enthusiasts, and will be missed next year.



BASKETBALL SQUAD

S. A. Pepper, Coach

Gordon MacDonald, Assistant Coach

TEAM PERSONNEL

Keebler, forward

Bogart, center

McGowan, forward

Summers, forward

Thomas, center

Clark, H., right guard

Bodie, standing guard

Clark J., forward

Mayer, center

Sanders, guard

Irvine, guard

Crosby, guard

Reeves, forward or guard

Arnold, guard

GAMES

School	1st game	2nd game
St. Marys.....	17.....	28
Lebanon.....	20.....	23
Independence.....	9.....	26
Lebanon.....	22.....	19
Corvallis.....	29.....	17
Lebanon.....	22.....	13
Stayton.....	11.....	18
Lebanon.....	29.....	33
Albany.....	21.....	27
Lebanon.....	14.....	20
Springfield.....	17.....	22
Lebanon.....	21.....	39

BASKETBALL

The opening of basketball season saw twenty candidates, including seven letter men, go into training at the armory. The team worked hard, and won six out of the twelve games played.

Coach Pepper can be congratulated on his ability to produce a team which played clean ball and took defeat cheerfully.

Six lettermen will be lost through graduation.

RUSSELL BOGART

During his three years of basketball, Bogart was one of the outstanding players for L. H. S. He covered the floor well and was a good shot.

HUNTINGTON CLARK

Clark ended his four seasons of basketball for Lebanon High this year. He was an accurate shot, and always in the midst of the fray.

HERMAN MCGOWAN

McGowan was like a package of dynamite when it exploded. He did splendid floor work, and was a great feeder to the basket.

JOHN SUMMERS

This is Summers's third year of playing under the Crimson and Blue banner. He was fast, good on long shots, and could bring the ball to the basket. He will be back next year.

ROBERT KEEBLER

Keebler was a born football player. He was an accurate shot, covered the floor well, and brought pep to the team.

JAMES CLARK

Clark proved that "good things come in small packages" when he displayed his floor work and accurate shooting. He will be a big asset to the team next year.

OTTO BODIE

Bodie held the thankless position of standing guard. He played it well, and no one would have guessed that he was a first-year man. He should be a mainstay of the team next season.

JACK CANOY

Canoy is a wonder at spectacularly long shots, and also "knows his ing him again next season.

KENNETH MAYER

This is Mayer's first year. In size, he tops even Bogart, so he ought to be a real man next year.

HOMER SANDERS

Sanders is a good shot, and does fine floor work. We are fortunate in having him again next season.

CECIL THOMAS

Thomas had a little experience before coming to this high school. He is fast and an accurate shot. He will be back next year.

DONALD CROSBY

Crosby opened the eyes of the fans when he proved himself fast and mighty on the floor.

ELLIOTT IRVINE

Irvine was a relatively new man on the floor this year, but he knew how to fight when he got into the battle.

DICK REEVES

Reeves could be depended upon to fill the position of either forward or guard, and to fill it well.

DALLAS ARNOLD

Arnold was new to the game this year, but he has possibilities for the coming season.



BASEBALL

Because of the weather, baseball is progressing very slowly, only one game having been played up to this time. In that game, which was with Scio, Lebanon came out the victor. So, players, good luck throughout the rest of the season.

TEAM PERSONNEL

Bogart, pitcher

Reeves, catcher

H. Clark, first base

O'Brien, second base

Sanders, third base

McGowan, H., shortstop

Gill, left field

McGowan, J., left field

Mitchell, left field

Crosby, center field

Landstrom, center field

Carpenter, center field

Burkhart, right field

MacDonald, coach



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

Although the Lebanon Girls' Basketball team won but one game out of five this year, the players displayed great team spirit.

Three games were played on the home floor and two away. Return games were played with Stayton and Independence and one was played with Crabtree.

There were only two of last year's lettermen on the team, Wanda Reeves and Henrietta Stewart. Eight girls received letters this year: Wanda Reeves, Henrietta Stewart, Katherine Armstrong, Dorothy Clem, Maxine Bogart, Genevieve Grimes, Esther Haskins and June Lee.

Of those winning letters only two graduate this year so there is no doubt that Lebanon will have a fine team next year.

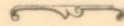
GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Wanda Reeves, Captain	Esther Haskins
Delphie M. Taylor, Coach	Lenore Soule
Henrietta Stewart	Maxine Bogart
Winifred Saltmarsh	Kathryn Armstrong
Dorothy Clem	June Lee

Literature



HISTORY OF SANTIAM ACADEMY



"Back in the days of the Pioneers." Those words suggest a great many things to you and to me. To you it may suggest days of toil, hardships, days of the Covered Wagons, Indians, Blazing the Trail and the like. To me it means all of those things and yet something more vital, something more essential, something more wonderful, some act of noble daring, some big victory. I can clearly see an old grandfatherly man leaning heavily upon his cane, stroking his snow white beard, and gazing intently on what is now commonly called the "Ag" building, probably thinking of his happy childhood school days spent here at the then famous Santiam Academy. One can almost feel the mist of sentiment that overhangs the stately old building as he watches the old gentleman whose daughters are, no doubt, wandering something like this:

"Back in the days of the Pioneers, back in the time of 1858-59 when I attended school, it was here in the building before me. As I remember at first, school was held in the old, or original academy building. The new part of the building was built just before the civil war and was used as classrooms, while the original part was used as a dwelling place for the principal.

"Most of the records of the Santiam Academy were destroyed by fire on the 12th of September, 1874, but I recall some of the early teachers in the old building, among them being Rev. Blaine, a Methodist minister; William O'Dell, and Mrs. Elizabeth McClench French Thurston O'Dell, who, I remember, always signed her full name to everything. Then there was good old Morgan Kees and Jeremiah Ralston, who donated five acres apiece, giving the ground on which to found a school for education. Then Owen Kees donated two thousand dollars to carry on the work of the institution.

"As I gaze around the school ground I see how beautiful the trees have grown to be. The grounds are especially beautiful in the spring, when a golden carpet of buttercups is spread beneath the giant firs and cedars. Well do I remember how faithfully we cared for all the trees planted on the school ground. Always an event of Arbor Day was for some class to plant a tree. Some of the maples, firs, and cedars were brought from the river bottom land and planted—some in clusters of three or more, and some in the avenue northeasterly which today are beautiful in all their majestic glory!

"The school bell that called my father and me to school now summons the little grandchildren of the Santiam Academy scholars to their task of learning. I recollect that it, as well as the window panes and practically all of the furniture of the Academy, had come around Cape Horn. That bell had a great message for us in 1865. I remember distinctly of its pealing forth at the early hour of three o'clock one Sunday morning. About ten o'clock when we gathered at the Academy for the hour of Sunday school we noticed that the altar was draped in black. It was at this time we learned of the assassination and death of our president, Lincoln.

The news had been brought by horseback, being relayed by telegraph from the east. The next day at school we young men were discussing the death of our beloved president. There were some boys of a family of democrat secessionists who attended school at the academy and entered our discussion. One of the "secesh" boys casually remarked that he was glad, but the words had hardly left his mouth when he was pounced upon and went bawling to the teacher who gave him but little sympathy. Yes, we of the Academy were loyal to our country and our president—in our own way.

"Rev. Luther T. Woodward and his wife were teachers at that time. Other teachers after them were Mr. and Mrs. Nickerson, Mr. Lewis, J. L. Gilbert, Mr. Torbett, Mr. Wright, then S. A. Randle, and after that The Coats, I believe, ended the list. Some of my former schoolmates of Santiam Academy were, in 1881, M. C. George, representative in Congress; Owen Denny, consul general of China; Prof. T. H. Crawford, superintendent of Portland schools; J. W. George, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Co.; Marks Bros., Elkins Bros., and many more who have left their impress upon ours and others minds, and passed to their reward.

"We had gay socials and societies at the Academy. One of the first societies or organizations in the Santiam Academy was the Euphronian Society. This society was influential, but did not exist very long. At their last meeting they donated their library to the Academy. Although that society is no more, and time shall not know the ultimate effect of her influence, for eternity alone can measure it.

"Years passed, and Santiam Academy was without a literary society until December, 1878, when, at the suggestion of Prof. J. L. Gilbert, principal of the Academy, H. B. Doak made a motion that a committee of three be appointed from the school to draft a constitution and by-laws for a literary society. The committee was appointed and the first meeting for the adoption of the constitution was held December 26, 1878. This was called The Elite Literary Society and was conducted in the interest of the students of Santiam Academy with the object of an improvement in rules of parliamentary usage, elocution, composition and general information. This society, believing that it was "not good for man to be alone," divided the honors with the ladies, taking one step in advance of the Euphronian Society.

"A big event in 1881 was the celebration of the 100th meeting of the E. L. Society of Santiam Academy. The evening comes back to me very clearly. The Academy chapel was filled to overflowing. A special program had been arranged for the evening, and was a complete success in every particular.

"Oh, my friends, the Santiam Academy, situated in the north part of the city of Lebanon, amidst one of the most beautiful groves for which Oregon is noted, was for years one of the state's best institutions of learning."

And now, briefly revisiting the history of the past, may we not each indulge in the cheering thought that, as many of the names upon that roll of membership of that institution of learning were transferred to the scroll of fame, so we of the present can reach the same goal by the courage our Pioneers established.

May we try to emulate the virtues of past worthies, that it may truly be said of each of them and ourselves as we pass on: "Nobly done! The battle's fought, the victory won. The world has a legacy of good examples and noble deeds."

THE PERFECT CRIMINAL

There are always men who are famed in localities, not because they are the town's richest citizens or the possessors of any particular virtue, but because they are successful and cheerful lawbreakers. Such was Ray de LaPoe, who plied his profitable trade of smuggling throughout the province of Poitou. The country-folk knew very little about this man; true, there was ample evidence of his existence, for numerous detectives and other police officials had been sent to bring him to earth. Some were stupid and gave up the chase as a bad job, and others were too clever for they disappeared and were never heard from again.

Thus de LaPoe went his way, never bothered by the people, partly perhaps, because they rather admired his audacity and partly because he never harmed them. The fame of this daring brigand increased as each attempt made to apprehend him was foiled; and, as time went on he grew to be a sort of hero to the little children of Poitou—his very name was spoken with reverence. In Paris, however, he was a veritable thorn in the side of the police. They had lost their best men through him and had never obtained any tangible information concerning him. In truth, LaPoe seemed almost like a phantom. No one had seen him, his abode was unknown, in fact, he might have been ignored as a mere provincial legend, had it not been for the fact that the amount of smuggled goods which passed through his hands were enormous and could not afford to be overlooked.

At this time the pride of the Parisian detective force was one Leron die Rapie, a newcomer, but one who showed such skill and tenacity that even the most hardened criminal had learned to fear him. He seemed to be a human ferret and had never tasted defeat. The slightest clue which might even be regarded as of no value or overlooked by one of his colleagues would solve the most tangled plot—there were no depths to which he could not penetrate. So, when Rapie was ordered South to capture LaPoe, public interest was aroused to an extremely high pitch. The Parisians were sure that this rural brigand, no matter how clever, would be powerless to cope with their distinguished representative. The inhabitants of Poitou rather resented this opinion and began to champion their man. Practically everyone hoped that this self-satisfied city detective would meet with the same success as his predecessors.

So when Rapie reached Fontenay, where he had decided to make his headquarters, he found almost open hostility as a welcome instead of the fawning greeting due an exalted hero about to deliver a harassed people from an oppressor. Thus he discovered that, contrary to his previous ideas, the sympathy was with the hare and not with the hound. This was no small blow to M. Rapie's conceit, for it must be admitted that his sudden rise to glory had turned his head. He soon passed it over, however, and pursuing his usual methods cast about immediately for a clue from which to start.

Each day, setting out for the locality in which LaPoe was supposed to operate, he went from farm house to farm house, questioning, searching for just an inkling of his opponent. This was not particularly successful, as the people themselves knew less than he. True, if Monsieur cared

to sit all night on the bluffs overlooking the Atlantic, he might, if he were lucky, catch a glimpse of one of LaPoes' fleet skipping over the waters loaded with forbidden goods; or again, he might even see one of LaPoe's men, a flash in the night, a clatter of hoofs on the winding trail—that was all. The people had never spied on LaPoe. To do so was not healthy.

Rapie soon discovered that he could gain no definite information in this manner, so he, accordingly, changed his tactics. Sleeping all day at his inn, he scoured the country at night. Being careful not to betray his presence, he slunk along gullies and in wooded spots praying for the moment which would set him on the trail. It seemed, however, as though fortune had deserted him, for his nocturnal expeditions were fruitless. He became irritable; he felt that he had finally met a foeman worthy to bring defeat down on his head; for the first time he was humiliated. Vowing never to give up, his nightly searchings grew more intense, days were now spent geeling about, groping for new ideas and fresh plans. Gone was Rapie's vain bearing; he realized this case was the crisis of his career. Success meant unprecedented eminence, while defeat would result in recall and future oblivion, for public favor is fickle. For once Rapie was not all sanguine as to results. It appeared as if one could not possibly arrest this fiendishly clever person whom no one had ever seen and who left no trail whatsoever to follow. But this is nonsense; there is always some clue, no crook is perfect or invincible; if anyone could master LaPoe it was Rapie.

Fate seemed to mock the detective's redoubled efforts, but finally one night, while prowling about the black country-side, Rapie caught sight of two figures passing into a dip hidden by some hillocks. He marked the spot carefully and returned to his inn. Rapie for the first time in weeks, slept soundly, free from worry. He had his start, the rest would be simple—so he thought; perhaps he was a bit too optimistic.

Late the next afternoon he concealed himself in some bushes where he could overlook the tiny valley. That night nothing—nothing the next four—then his vigil was amply rewarded. It was a white moonlight night, but the dark clouds scudding across the sky cast black moving shadows over the landscape. The ghostly, pale light at times flooding the open ground made the woods and ridges stand out even more inky and wierd. Short gusts of night wind rustled along and in the distance the faint boom of the surf sounded on the towering cliffs overhanging the sea.

Rapie, shivering in his cramped position on the cold ground, suddenly stiffened. Out there under the cloudy phantasmagoria, dimly outlined, two ghostly figures, seeming almost to float through the shadow and moonbeams, appeared; coming closer, closer, across the floor of the valley, within a stone's throw of the prostrate man, across into the depths of a murky patch; then they were lost. They did not reappear.

The next day Rapie reconnoitered the ground, the sunlight disclosing a clump of dense trees and underbrush on the slope. A first observation revealed nothing, nor did the second, but Rapie was patient and persistent. Finally, pushing aside a leafy screen of thicket, he discovered a tunnel-like path winding towards the center. Cautiously feeling his way along, Rapie stumbled over a huge stone. He gasped. Dimly stretched around him, overgrown with creeping foliage, stood the foundation of an ancient tower. Once flaunting its massive height above the country, the grim abode of some fierce feudal lord, now a mass of ruins—forgotten grandeur.

The most minute search through the crumbling walls threw no

light upon the mysterious disappearance of the night before. There remained only one recourse, to hide among the ruins and risk discovery, to unearth the hidden secret.

Then came three nights filled with tense waiting and no reward, until finally Rapie heard the rustle of branches as someone entered; at last the goal was in sight. Two vague forms loomed out of the foggy darkness, silently they lifted an enormous square stone which appeared too heavy for any human to lift, and faded into the ground. It was a trap-door. Down there somewhere in the bowels of the earth, was hidden the stronghold of LaPoe.

Rapie remained motionless, debating whether to venture down alone or wait until he could get aid. But to delay might mean losing everything, besides, was not he, Lerondie Rapie, capable of handling two lowly smugglers.

He rose and attempted to lift the boulder. At first it was immovable; then his fingers slipped into a narrow groove, and like magic the great rock tilted back, revealing a dark hole in the ground. By the faint light of his bullseye Rapie could make out rough stairs descending. Taking out his revolver he started down, and the massive trap-door slid noiselessly into place over his head. The tunnel sloped down steeply at first, then more gradually, running on and on. Rapie felt his way along slowly and cautiously, not daring to use his light for fear of discovery. The walls were damp and clammy; Rapie shivered; it was wierd. A dull roar echoed throughout the passage, grew louder, deeper, and more resonant—it must be the sea. Rapie stopped; evidently this was leading into one of those immense caves, half hidden by the tide and accessible only by boat, through which the swells surged and eddied. Perhaps it was LaPoe's storeroom from which he loaded his ships. Well, he must go on; he had come too far to go back. Still farther he went, the sea growing louder every minute, Rapie could smell the salty spray. Then he saw a light ahead. Flattening himself against the oozing walls, he crept forward and found that he was overlooking a vast cavern. On one side the ocean bellowed through a narrow slit in the rock into a broad channel. The other was a spacious rocky floor illuminated by a huge torch stuck in a bracket some six feet from the ground. In the center of this area sat three men, their backs toward Rapie. In the foreground, piled high, were casks and bales of merchandise—it was in truth the smuggler's store house. The channel by the side of the raised floor framed a natural dock, and, moored to it was a trim little pinnace rising and falling with the sea, one of LaPoe's famous fleet.

Rapie decided he must act while their backs were turned; to wait longer would only be to court disaster. Grasping his weapon firmly, he stole out of the protecting recess to within ten feet of the unsuspecting men. He shouted, the three jerked about, and then at the sight of his revolver, slowly raised their hands. Rapie looked at them. Two of them were grizzled, hard men, and the other, young, handsome, big; a smiling boyish face, all except the eyes, glittering, steely, pitiless. Could this be LaPoe.

Ah, so you have come at last, Monsieur Rapie. We have been eagerly waiting the brains of the Parisian detective force."

This is in a low voice, still smiling, mocking, while those eyes flashed about, taking in every detail.

Rapie remained silent, the insolence of this youth piqued him. Was this stripling the man who had outwitted so many and given him a world

of trouble? But come; this idle speculation was useless, there would be time for this later. What was he going to do with the three men now that they were at his mercy? Rapie pondered a long time—he must get out of here. Stepping forward, he A thousand stars burst before him, he felt himself falling, heard voices, he pulled the trigger of his pistol, a terrific explosion and then darkness.

The man who had struck Rapie looked across at LaPoe and smiled; they all smiled. The noise of the sea drowned out the sound of the newcomer's footsteps, not a look from the smuggler or his two companions had betrayed his presence. Another aspiring detective had lost.

Rapie opened his eyes; his head was splitting; he idled over the rocky floor. Down there LaPoe and his confederates were loading the Pinnacle. The tide had gone out and there was now room for the tiny ship to sail through the cleft in the face of the cliff. LaPoe stood over Rapie and laughed. The latter was purple with rage, through his own stupid neglect and carelessness, he was in this ignominious position.

"We must sail now", said LaPoe, "but we have a lovely little hole which will suit you to perfection."

He dragged Rapie to a round shaft in the floor, from the bottom of which came the iridescent gleam of water.

Don't bother trying to get out, you can't," remarked LaPoe, and dropped Rapie over the edge.

The water was about three feet deep. Rapie struggled to his feet and gazed up at his captor framed in the round opening fifteen feet above.

"You will be able to swim a little when the tide comes in," called LaPoe. "When you give up, you will probably run across several of your companions who were almost as clever as you."

Rapie heard a few faint shouts—then nothing. He shuddered. The water began to rise, at first very gradually, then rapidly. Now it was past his shoulders. Rapie screamed. It was ghastly, the way it echoed and then lost itself in the booming of the surf. Now almost to his mouth—he struggled feebly, but he was still weak from the blow on his head. Now it was over his nose—he tried to tread water but he sank; he rose and sank again. One last gurgling scream and the water closed over him. Down sank his body through wave-washed tunnels of rock, down where the shifting sands had polished the bones of his predecessors.

Out on the sparkling blue waters of the Atlantic, lolling on the sunny deck of the pinnacle, LaPoe gazed philosophically into the foamy wake.

"It's a shame to have to destroy so many good men, but to let them live would be to jeopardize my position in life, and after all, if one is a criminal, be a perfect one."

Written by J. M., Class of '28.

THE WALKS OF BRADFORD

It was in the early afternoon, and my good Sir Roger having gone on one of his frequent visits to a neighboring parish, and having given me instructions to follow my own inclinations, I resolved to visit the tenants' quarters. Once reaching this decision, I wasted no time in idle meditation, but hastily donned my light cloak—one with bright buttons and a bow string which may be tied about the neck to hold the cape jauntily over one shoulder, be it a gentleman's pleasure to have it thus.

Upon beginning my walk, I was thankful for my foresight in bringing a wrap, because as soon as I emerged from the trees and hedges which surrounded the old mansion, I felt a stiff breeze, which change in September weather the butler had reported to me not an hour past. I had forgotten. The sky was clouding, and presently a light mist began to fall. For a moment I hesitated, but remembering that my days at DeCoverly's were limited, and that I might not again have opportunity to visit this quarter of the estate, I pulled my cloak more closely about me and increased my speed.

Sir Roger's grape arbor, which extended from one end of the servants' quarters to the grove of willows, gave promise of more or less shelter, and when I came under it I unconsciously modified my speed in order to longer enjoy the security which this wall of leaves afforded. A fine arbor this, indeed; the vines, so tradition had it, were imported from Italy in the late fifteen hundreds by one Sir Bradford DeCoverly, a noted Admiral of Her Majesty's Navy, and of whose career Sir Roger could barely refrain boasting. I had it from the butler that Sir Bradford had commanded the ship "Essex" in a battle with King Philip's Spanish Armada, and that this ship had so distinguished itself in the encounter that Sir Bradford had been called to London and presented by the Duke of York to Queen Elizabeth herself. As a reward for his gallantry in the service of Britain, Bradford was given by the crown an annual allowance of eight hundred pounds. With this capital, the young man had organized a merchant marine and had begun to carry on extensive trade with Italy. His enterprise had prospered, and thus was added fortune to name, making DeCoverly famous. With the ascension of Sir Roger, however, the name had become obscure, but a fine old arbor still remained to commemorate the days when the very proudest and best of all England had lent merriment to the sober walks of Bradford Hall.

Upon leaving the arbor I chose the left hand path and walked briskly in a northeasterly direction through the woods. Having traveled some fifteen minutes on my way without sighting the little settlement, I concluded that I had undoubtedly chosen the wrong route. About this time, happening to glance down at my cloak, I saw a streak of blue very serenely making its way across the red facing of my upper cape collar. This would never do! Not a fortnight before I had paid all of seven pounds at "Moore's" for the garment, and seven pounds, especially in a writer's life, is not to be scorned. About a hundred yards back I had passed an empty little cottage with a porch roof which would serve admirably as a place of retreat, so I scurried back and sat on the steps until the shower had passed and the blue began to take its place again in the sky.

As I left my refuge, I was startled by a peculiar grating sound in the cottage. The place must surely be uninhabited, I thought, for the

doors and shutters were strongly boarded up, and no smoke came from the chimney. Nevertheless, my curiosity was aroused, so I turned back and sought a crack through which I could gaze into the building. Between the boards covering the second window which came under my inspection, I found a space which provided ample opportunity for the observation of whatever the cottage might contain. A chair, a table, an old bed—I was disappointed, and all but turned away, when to my amazement an old man stepped forth from what was evidently intended to serve as a closet. The man was aged—ancient, in fact, and his pure white locks hung nearly to the stooped shoulders, which, in their size and strength, belied the rest of his body, warped, deformed, and sickly as it was. In his hand he carried a stick which was splintered and grooved on one end, and which, as my glance rested on a ring in the middle of the floor, I thought to be a key to the whole situation. Therefore, I was not surprised when he inserted his implement in the ring, and heaved mightily for one of that stature. As he exerted his strength, the rusty iron ring ground raspily into the hard wood of the stick. Ah, it was a heavy trap door—one I would have disliked to have fall across any part of me that I valued, and I hoped that it would not prove too much for the staff in hand. It didn't. As the door swung open, the old man dropped the rod. Beads of perspiration stood out on his brow, and I fancied I observed a trembling of his withered body. Was it from exertion or excitement?

I thought I had seen enough of mystery to prepare me for anything, but what happened next was startling enough to have moved even the serene and impassive Swift. My friend, Sir Roger DeCoverly, dressed in riding habit, emerged from the passage. He did not speak, but stood quietly to one side while the old man let down the trap door and pulled the table back over it. Then, laughing rather bitterly, Sir Roger drew a document from his pocket and handed it to his host. As the little man read it, my friend chewed his lower lip nervously and, whip in hand, tapped his riding boots with some impatience. This latter action brought my attention to his footwear—medium weight, fine, black-leather riding boots such as those worn half a century ago by our cavalymen on Naseby field. But the most remarkable thing about these boots was that they were immaculate—not a single splotch marred the richness of their polished surface. Now a gentleman does not ride four miles to a neighboring parish, and then back again, without even spotting his boots; but then, for that matter, neither does he walk for three parts of an hour in musty underground passage without scuffing them. It was astounding, and I could but wonder.

There was another movement in the cottage.

Up until this time I had remained in my position, rooted by astonishment, but suddenly the irony of my position as "Spectator" occurred to me, and, cursing my curiosity, I turned away. For whatever reason, I knew that my Sir Roger was acting for the best, but it was a peculiar business—very peculiar business. My interest was so intense that I resolved, for better or for worse, to interview my host at the first opportunity, and ask for an explanation of this mystery. I resolved I would find out on the morrow.

WASHING THE CAT

One bright sunny day about eight years ago my sister and I decided to bathe the cat. So after securing a tub of cool, sparkling water, a rag, and a bar of soap, we then started searching for our victim. It was but a short time, however, until we found her sleeping lazily in the warm sunshine where she lay curled on a carpet of soft, green grass.

She was a very pretty cat, with large yellow eyes and a coat of long silky gray fur covered her chubby body. "Let's not disturb her, she is sleeping so peacefully," Myrtle said. "Oh," I responded, "she doesn't mind and besides a nice cool bath will refresh her."

So Myrtle took the sleeping cat and dowsed her vigorously into the cold water. Consequently, such rough treatment made her angry and she scratched and kicked, splashing us with water. Then, just as I stepped back I slipped on the soap and fell, nearly tripping Myrtle at the same time.

This proved a fair escape for the poor frightened cat, so she jumped from the tub and fled in despair looking altogether unlike the beautiful creature who had been so unmercifully aroused from a calm and peaceful sleep. For her fur no longer looked silky and glossy but it had a greater resemblance of a drenched rat.

After the tub and all traces of our unsuccessful attempt to wash the cat had been cleared away Myrtle said, "The next time we give the cat a bath we don't." And for once we both agreed.

By VERA HOUSE



L. H. S. VOTING CONTEST

NAME	1ST CHOICE	2ND CHOICE
Prettiest Girl	Madge Armstrong	Mable Scott
Best Looking Boy	Arthur Young	Gib Scott
Most Popular Girl	Donna Gill	Lorene Randle
Most Popular Boy	Russell Bogart	John Summers
Best Girl Athlete	Wanda Reeves	Henrietta Stewart
Best Boy Athlete	Russell Bogart	Hunt Clark
Biggest Tease Girl	Doris Krieg	Henrietta Stewart
Biggest Tease Boy	Russell Bogart	Hunt Clark
Most Studious Girl	Kathleen Skinner	Annie Skinner
Most Studious Boy	Myron Blackwell	Clarence Booth
Most Talkative Girl	Mildred Pyle	Henrietta Stewart
Most Talkative Boy	Elliott Irvine	Jack Mayer
Worst Vamp Girl	Norma Short	Kathryn Armstrong
Worst Vamp Boy	Jack Mayer	Elliott Irvine
Teacher's Pet Girl	Virginia Borchers	Esther Ayers
Teacher's Pet Boy	Bob Keebler	Lyle Vehrs
Biggest Joke Girl	Mercedes Horton	Lorayne Blackwell
Biggest Joke Boy	Donald Crosby	Edgar Gorman
School Comedian	Donald Landstrom	Russell Bogart
Toughest Boy	Homer Sanders	Donald Crosby
Noisiest Girl	Mildred Pyle	Henrietta Stewart
Fashion Plate Girl	Lurlene Arnold	Wanda Reeves
Fashion Plate Boy	Raymond Weeks	Arthur Young
Best All Around Girl	Donna Gill	Henrietta Stewart
Best All Around Boy	John Summers	Gilbert Scott

First pair to get married:

1. Delbert Scott and Leneve Maxwell
2. Archie Frank and Alice LaForge



Warning!

If your feelings
are easily hurt
read no farther



Senior Outlook

NAME	FAVORITE SONG
Donna Gill	"High Cost of Living"
Raymond Weeks	"I Love the Ladies"
Madge Armstrong	"Ain't You Coming Out Tonight?"
Elliott Irvine	"If I Only Could"
Lorene Randle	"Will He Forget Me Tonight"
Robert O'Brien	"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?"
Leneve Maxwell	"I Want to Be With You"
Jack Mayer	"California, Here I Come"
Bert Connett	"Who Is She With Tonight?"
Ruth Kinder	"We Won't Be Home Till Morning"
Lawrence Blackburn	"Prisoner's Song"
Howard Cox	"Out Our Way"
Donald Crosby	"I Ain't Got Nobody"
Vesta Lindley	"He Is All That I Haven't"
Delbert Scott	"Oh How I Love You"
Robert Gray	"Why Don't You Ask Me In"
Robert Keebler	"How Dry I Am"
Mercedes Horton	"Where Is My Boy Friend Tonight"
Hunt Clark	"I Love Me"
Kenneth Watters	"Down On The Farm"
Herman McGowan	"The Wearin' of the Green"
Henrietta Stewart	"I'm Only an Electrician's Daughter"
Russell Bogart	"The Girl I Left Behind Me"
Myron Blackwell	"On My Ukelele"
Clair Reeves	"She May Be Little, But Oh Boy!"
Margaret McCrae	"I'm a Wee Bonnie Lassie"
Lyle Vehrs	"Why Do They All Pick On Me?"
Arthur Fort	"The Old Gray Mare"
Esther Ayers	"When Jimmie Comes Marching Home"
Virginia Borchers	"Nobody Cares For Me"

Senior Outlook

CHARACTERISTIC SAYING

"I ought to be able to"
 "Let's go to a dance tonight"
 "Well, I'll ask Mother"
 "Mother, can I go out tonight?"
 "Aw, quit your kiddin' "
 "Aw, let's get together"
 "Why Delbert!"
 "Down in Los Angeles They Don't"
 "Hello! Can I come out?"
 "I don't know"
 "Well, Gee Whiz"
 "Well, where's the joke?"
 "Where can I get a date?"
 "Have you heard this one?"
 "Well by Golly!"
 "Is this the way to Albany?"
 "Why not?"
 "I ain't got a mind to!"
 "I know, I read the papers."
 "Well I guess not!"
 "Loan me four bits"
 "That's the funny part of it."
 "Pardon me Miss Coie."
 "Where's my memory book?"
 "Have you seen Bunny?"
 "Every man for his own country"
 "Mr. Pepper, look what someone did!"
 "That's what the book says!"
 "Home James"
 "I can do better than that."

CHIEF AMBITION

Not to work too hard
 To be a good shiner
 To get Mother's consent
 To convince Miss Jones
 To be an old maid
 To be always able to chew gum
 To be the children's nurse
 To be popular
 To sleep, undisturbed
 To get a Swedish accent
 To give people "free air"
 To see thru a joke
 To get fat
 To get thin
 To be a dancing teacher
 To be the mayor of Albany
 To be a good mixer
 To be a movie actress
 To be like Brother Reed
 To convince Howard Cox
 To be as tall as Russell
 To be a good "little girl"
 To chew climax
 To be a nurse
 To be a barber, like Daddy
 To go back to Scotland
 To be a ladies' man
 To be a historian
 To get married
 To be like Miss Oliver

The Senior Distress

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No. 13

LOCAL GIRL ARRESTED

Mrs. Arthur Fort, formerly known as Donna Gill, ex-president of the L. H. S. student body, was arrested yesterday.

She is accused of murdering her husband and fifteen children by putting arsenic in the soup.

Her attorney, Mr. Jack Mayer, of Los Angeles, Calif., entered a plea of not guilty in behalf of the defendant. He will endeavor to prove that Mrs. Gill-Fort never made any soup.

KEEBLER RETURNS

World's Champion Snooker Player Returns From China

Mr. Keebler gives the credit for his championship to his ability to hit the ball.

BICYCLE SOLD

Dick Reeves sells his bicycle, which is a relic of former days, to the museum.

LEBANON DIVORCES

Dora Surry-Bernard McClain — Grounds, cruel and inhuman treatment.

Leneve Maxwell-Delbert Scott — Grounds, drunkenness.

Madge Armstrong-Howard Cox — Grounds, separation.

Ethel Chartraw-Raymond Weeks — Grounds, failure to provide.

VISITS FROM NEW YORK

Robert Gray, president of the Gray Paint company, was in town this week.

EDWARD KELLECK STARS IN GRAND OPERA

Mr. Kelleck and his leading lady, Miss Mabel Carroll, sing in *Il Trovatore*. It was superb the way Mr. Kelleck sang the famous *Miserere*. Experts now rank him better than Caruso.

LOCAL GIRL MAKES DEBUT

Miss Henry Stewart was featured in *Pickens' Follies*. Additional feature was *The Kowitz Sisters* in the "Days of '28" at the *Watters' Theatre*.

POOLE'S POOL HALL

Very Best Snooker Tables

NO MINERS ALLOWED

Patterson Recommends

OLD GOLDS

"In my profession as a nurse, a cough may mean life or death to the patient. I use and recommend Old Golds.

Not a Cough In a Carload

CROSBY & HORTON'S

EATING HOUSE

Good Eats Cheap

BOOZE PARTY RAIDED

Lyle Vehrs, Alice Super, Marjorie Bennett and John Ginther were arrested late last night by Marshall Horne, assisted by Deputies Irvine and Prine.

The party was staged in the infamous roadhouse of Ayers and Haskins. Upon entering, the officers found Miss Super waving a bottle of whiskey.

Marshall Horne says he has never seen people in a more highly intoxicated condition.

CLARK ELECTED

Hunt Clark was elected to Congress late yesterday by a majority of three votes over his worthy rival, the eminent Mr. Sid Grugett.

Clark ran on the Anarchist's ticket.

His slogan—"Wine, Women and Song."

KEEFHAVER ADDRESSES WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

The main topic was that of Character building. There was a splendid attendance.

McGOWAN & BOGART

WE SPECIALIZE
IN FRESH FISH

Patronize
"Steve and Dave"
Phone 1928

MOSS & HAYES
CONFECTIONERY

SIMONS TO SPEAK ON "THE CIGARETTE EVIL"

Noted Reformer to Give Lecture In Methodist Church

Mr. Simons has just returned from Sodaville, where he has made an extensive study of the problem, which he claims is "The Curse of the Nation."

KINDER GOES TO SWEDEN

Famous Chevrolet Expert Takes Charge of Swedish Branch

During her high school years Miss Kinder took a course in salesmanship from a member of the local firm.

LOCAL BOYS JOIN NAVY

Bob O'Brien and Bert Connet enlist in U. S. Navy. They swear they will remain bachelors.

LINDEMAN SPEAKS

President of the American Express company speaks to the local Lions club.

VOTE FOR BLACKWELL FOR STREET CLEANER

"Every gutter reached;
Every crevice cleaned."

I hereby promise to execute
all duties if elected.

Paid Adv.

LARRY & LORENE'S GARAGE

A. A. A.

Shell