

The Linnorus

First Annual
of

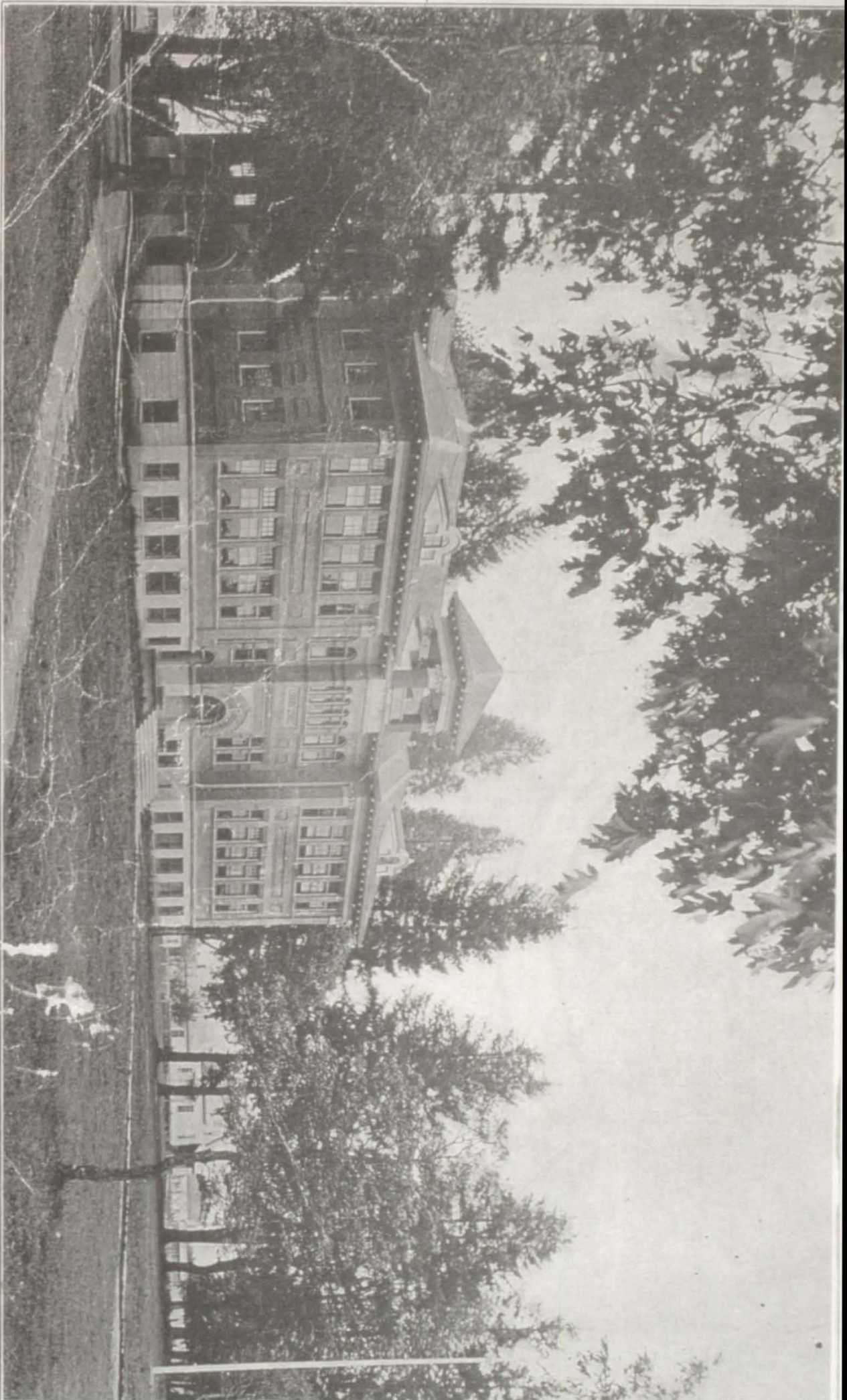
Lebanon High School

1915

FOREWORD

IN this, the first annual of the Lebanon High School, we have endeavored to review the activities of the preceding years in a general way, and of the past year more specifically.

The High School has advanced wonderfully in the past few years, along every line. We hope, after reading "The Linnorus" from cover to cover, that a greater interest will be felt, than ever before, in the welfare of our school.



LEBANON HIGH SCHOOL



DEDICATION
TO
FRANKLIN THORDARSON
Superintendent of Schools

We the classes of 1915 and 1916

Dedicate this, our first annual, in token of our high
esteem for him thru whose influence its
publication was made possible.

Faculty



OTTO S. KIRSCHNER
HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL



PEARL BRADLEY
(Asst. Principal) English



RUTH PETER
German



GERTRUDE REEVES
English and History



LOTTIE L. PENN
Mathematics and History



R. L. Gibson.



Frances Millsap.



J. L. Underwood.

In the year 1850 appeared the Morning Star, Education, on the horizon of the history of the City of Lebanon. Dim and indistinct as this star appeared at first, it has in more recent years waxed greatly in brilliancy and importance, until it has finally become a most prominent object in the eyes of our citizens. As a natural result, the city has in its past history erected several buildings as places of learning, hence it becomes rather difficult to trace each one separately.

However, our school system may be traced back to 1851, to a small log building, most simple in structure, and located opposite the present High School site on North Main street. This building served both as a public school and a church. Since there were no county school taxes in those pioneer days, the school received its support from the community.

In the course of a few years it became necessary, in order to meet the demands of the growing town, that a larger and more substantial school building be constructed. In accordance with this, about 1855 the Santiam Academy was erected just west of the site now occupied by the High School building. This academy ranked as a secondary school, except that it was denied the privilege of graduating its students, for a number of years. The school was under the supervision of the Methodist Episcopal church, nevertheless it was not a parochial school. The teachers were furnished by the Annual Conference of that church, although it received its financial support through the tuition of its students. In more recent years it was changed to a public school and included both Grammar and High School grades. It is standing at the present time, being used as a laboratory and gymnasium in connection with the High School.

The next public school was erected in 1875, at a cost of about \$4,000 (the contractors being Messrs. Banty and Spurgeon, of Portland.) It was located on the present site of P. M. Scroggins' residence, opposite the Presbyterian church. It consisted of two large rooms, one being used for the primary division and the other for the intermediate and more advanced grades. The first instructors were Messrs. F. M. Miller and A. Moses. Like those before it, the school received its support from the community.

After another period of sixteen years (since the town was rapidly growing) another school building was erected in 1891, a short distance south of the S. P. depot. This structure was completed at a cost of \$7,000, thus surpassing all other earlier schools of the town, both in size and cost of construction. The contract was given to a Mr. Shell, of Albany. It was commonly known as the "South School," and is still used for the Grammar grades, having undergone a few repairs. It is a two-story building with concrete foundation, and contains six large grade rooms, in addition to the



FIRST SCHOOL BUILDING IN LEBANON

ston, formerly of Lebanon.

The present High School was constructed in the spring of the year 1909, and was ready for use the following September. It was constructed and made ready at a cost of \$40,000. A Mr. McChesney, of Albany, was the contractor; and P. C. Brown, of Portland, the architect. The building is modern in nearly every way. It is a brick structure, with concrete foundation, and consists of seven large grade rooms, four class rooms and a large assembly, in addition to the library, office, halls and basement. The building is furnished with many conveniences, such as electric lights, running water, a modern heating system, etc.

On September 6, 1909, school opened with seventy-one in the High School. The instructors were Superintendent F. M. Stotler, Zoe R. Frazier and D. M. Sprague, in addition to six grade teachers. The original Board of Directors were Messrs. A. M. Reeves, M. A. Miller and J. Burtenshaw. The beautiful ten-acre campus on which the school is located, was leased to the school district by the Santiam Academy Association for a period of one hundred years, at a rental of one hundred dollars per year. The rent, however, was taken in terms of improvements upon the grounds. Originally this land was donated to the Association, through the kindness of Messrs. J. Ralston and Owen Kees.

Thus we realize the great progress our public schools have made in the past half century. From a rude log building has developed our present system. At the present time our city schools, under the supervision of Superintendent F. Thordarson, assisted by a corps of seventeen teachers, have a total enrollment of 614 strong. The present School Board consists of Mr. R. L. Gilson, Mrs. F. Millsap and Mr. J. L. Underwood. George Alexander is School Clerk. Perhaps more rapid progress was made in the High School than in the grades. The High School enthusiasm began to spread about ten years ago, and as a result in this decade our High School enrollment has increased from about a dozen pupils to one hundred and fifty even. It means that our High School enthusiasm is reaching farther out into the rural districts each year, which fact indicates advancement to the entire community.

The citizens of Lebanon are to be praised for their great interest manifested along educational lines, and God grant that in the future the "Morning Star, Education," may increase in brilliancy and splendor until it becomes a star of the first magnitude, shedding its radiant, tranquil beams upon the City of Lebanon and her people.

G. WHITTAKER, '15.



Elsie Lucile Krieg



Russell Franklin Hall

In Appreciation

WE wish to extend our utmost thanks to the faculty for their kindly advice; to the business men for their support; and to those students of the High School who have so loyally helped us in the work of compiling and publishing "The Linnorus."

Elsie Lucile Krieg,
Editor-in-Chief.
Russell Franklin Hall,
Business Manager.

Fifteen years after the class of '15 left the halls of knowledge in dear old Lebanon High, to enter the various walks of life, on the outside, I felt a longing to again return and visit the scenes of my High School days. Feeling sure that my law practice could be safely left to my several younger colleagues, I procured a ticket on the Aero Limited and soon arrived in Lebanon. Not having kept in touch with the town of my former days, I was astonished at the stupendous growth that had taken place in my absence. I had expected a change, but nothing so great as this. Subways and elevated railways were busily engaged in carrying passengers to and from their work. Everywhere the streets were thronged, people bustling to and fro.

Filled with a longing to visit the High School, I stepped into an elevated train and soon arrived at the building. I was confronted by a large and stately edifice, three stories high, covering five acres of the campus. Going through the front entrance, I was met by the Superintendent of Schools. Introducing myself, I was thunderstruck to find that he had also been a member of the class of '15.

It was George Whittaker. He was, however, nothing like the George I had known. Strong, robust, and with a most imposing presence, he told me that he had been superintending for the last five years.

Hoping to hear something of my former classmates, I began to inquire of them.

"Where is Marvin Wiley?" I asked.

"You shall see," replied George. He conducted me to the gymnasium. There was Marvin, instructing a group of lads in the art of tossing baskets. After he had completed his 'varsity career, he had accepted a position as athletic instructor in his home town.

From there we went to the assembly. There, serenely gazing over the students, sat one whom I recognized as Vera Merchant. Going up on the rostrum, I took her hand and shook it warmly. Through her I learned that Lois Carpenter was President of the "Woman's Hour" in Lebanon and author of "Why Nature Is So Beautiful." Then, accompanied by George, I visited the recitation rooms. In some there were strangers, but two of the teachers I knew. One was Zeta Titus, who was teaching the girls sewing and tatting. The other was Ruth Wight, who was a very efficient instructress in the English department, so George told me.

Leaving the building, I decided to walk around the town and view several of the places which I had known in my youth. While rambling about unconscious of my steps, I fell off the sidewalk, which was slightly raised, in front of a very imposing residence. Rendered unconscious by the fall,

ing cold water to my head, was Belle Ross, the High School cut-up. She hadn't changed a bit. A merry twinkle lurked about her brown eyes as she told me I should be more careful where I stepped. After we had conversed for a short time, she told me that Arline Hoerr, her old chum, was married to the present Governor, and was living in Salem. Belle was called to minister to a sick person on the outskirts of the city. She had carried out her intention to be a medico, and from what I learned from others, she was a good one.

I left her home, and going into the business part of the city I was everywhere confronted by bills and placards, advertising the arrival of the famous musicians, Acie McClain and his accompanist, Amelia Miller. The town was in ecstasy over his coming, and equally so over his accompanist. Jon Kubelik, in his palmiest days, could not have caused such a furore. I was extremely sorry that I could not remain and hear them, but my time was so limited that I could not afford to do so.

Leaving Lebanon, I went to Albany, the county seat, and there I met Russell Hall, the leading barrister in the state of Oregon. I was much surprised to see him, but as he was in a hurry to get home to see his wife, who, by the way, was a former H. S. student, I didn't have much time to talk with him.

From Albany I went to Salem, where I encountered several more of my classmates. First of all I met Marie Densmore, who told me that she had charge of the State Industrial School. She also said that Belle Lawrence was Dean of the Art College at W. U. I was, indeed, glad to hear of my old classmate's rise in the educational world. I learned further that Arline was the Governor's wife, although I already knew that. But the surprise of my life was when I saw Ruth Wiley at the State Penitentiary. Not as an inmate, however, but as a warden. What a change woman's suffrage has worked in Oregon! By her I was informed that Edith Fry was now in Washington, D. C., attending to the senatorial work for the State of Oregon.

From Salem to Portland was but a short step, and there I met Elsie Krieg, who was known all over the world as editor of "The Linnorian," the largest daily newspaper in the Northwest. Her venture into newspaperdom was the outcome of her successful editorship of the first annual published by the class of 1915.

That night I went to the Baker Theater to see a play, "The Actress' Double." Imagine my surprise when I recognized in the actresses, Henriette and Josephine Durst. From the applause which greeted them, I judged that they were very popular. The following morning I left for San Francisco, where I met Elmer Henderson, who was enroute to Africa via Europe.

I next went to Galveston, where I secured passage by water to New York. While strolling about the water front, idling away an hour before my departure, I met Lois Henderson. I stopped and engaged her in a conversation, during which she told me that she was going south into Mexico with her husband, who was a prominent mining engineer. Just then the whistle blew for the departure, and I had to hasten to catch my boat. I had little expected to find so many of my old friends and classmates when I left New York. It would be needless to say how glad I was to see them so prosperous. But what less could one expect from such a brilliant class as the class of '15?

E. ROSS HAYNES.

Class Flower—Cream Rose.

Class Motto—To Get Ahead.—Get a head.

Class Colors—Orange and Green.



Senior Class



E. ROSS HAYNES

The class puzzle. Loquacious with a capital "L."

Pres. Senior Class 4; Associate editor "Linnorus" 4; Author class constitution 3; Foot Ball 4; Class Basket Ball 4; Vice Pres. Athenian Society 3; Sergeant-at-Arms 1; Ass't Yell Leader 3; Weisheits Verein; Class Prophecy 4.



BELLE Y. ROSS

Entered '13. "Small in size but a great mischief maker."

Pres. "Rainshiners Club" 4; Vice Pres. Class 3; Vice Pres. Euphronian Society 3; Tennis Club 4; Joke Editor "Linnorus" 4; Basket Ball 3; Capt. 4; Glee Club 3; Usher Euphronian 3.



LOIS HENDERSON

A little miss who knows what's what."

Pres. Euphronian Society 4; Literary Editor "Linnorus" 4; Sec. Class 3; Glee Club 4; Teachers Training 4; Weisheits Verein.



RUTH WILEY

"A little timid, but who knows what thots may be concealed beneath such a calm exterior."
Girls Glee Club 3; Vice Pres. Class 3; Euphronian Society; Teachers Training 4; Tennis Club 4; Weisheits Verein.



MARIE DENSMORE

Entered 4. "A nice, quiet little maiden with a quiet little smile, and a gentle disposition."
Euphronian Society; Teachers Training 4.



ACIE McCLAIN

"Show us a man who doesn't like 'Mac' and we will tar and feather him."
Class Basket Ball 4; Teachers Training 4; Athenian Society; Pres. Interclass Basket Ball League; Orchestra 4; Glee Club 3-4; Class Pres. 2.



MARVIN WILEY

"Teacher's pet?" "Blessings be on the man who first invented Eats." A great teaser.

Pres. Student Body 4; Class Sergeant-at-Arms 3-4; Class Basketball Capt. 2-3-4; Basketball 2-3; Base Ball 3; Foot Ball 2-3; Capt. 4; Athletic Editor "Linnorus" 4; Weisheits Verein; Euphronian Society.



LOIS CARPENTER

"When she will she will and when she won't she won't."

Pres. Athenian Society 4; Girls Glee Club 3-4; H. S. Play 2; Weisheits Verein.



EDITH FRY

"Serenely she moves on her way in hours of trial and dismay."

Glee Club 3; Athenian Society; Weisheits Verein.



ELSIE KRIEG

"For a sunny disposition, and a warm heart beating true. For a smile that's always ready or a cheery word or two."

Editor-in-chief "Linnorus" 4; Vice Pres. Student Body 3; Class Sec. 2-3-4; Student Body Sec. 4; Glee Club 1; Sec. 2-3; Pres. 4; Tennis Club 4; Class Sergeant-at-Arms 2; Euphronian Society; Sec. Girls Athletic Club 3; Class Treas. 3-4; Weisheits Verein.



AMELIA MILLER

"Yes, Amelia is quality not quantity, but just the same she is always there."

Athenian Society; Weisheits Verein; Class Prophecy 4.



RUSSELL HALL

"A born hustler. Strong point, argument. We are sure of his success."

Business Manager "Linnorus" 4; Track 1; Basket Ball 2-3; Class Basket Ball 4; Base Ball 2-3; Foot Ball 4; Debate 2-3-4; Yell Leader 3; Class Pres. 3; Mgr. Foot Ball 3; Mgr. Class Play 3; Pres. Tennis Club 4; Debate Editor "Linnorus"; Weisheits Verein; Euphronian Society.



ELMER HENDERSON

Entered 4. "A diligent seeker after the germs of knowledge."
Vice Pres. Class 4; Euphronian Society; Class Basket Ball; Manager Base Ball 4.



HENRIETTA DURST

"This is one of the senior twins. Henriette is curly-haired, good-humored and capable, and doesn't believe in letting her good time interfere with her education."
Pres. of Class 2; Debate 3; H. S. Play 2; Euphronian Society; Weisheits Verein; Teachers Training; Salutatorian 4.



JOSEPHINE DURST

"This is the other twin, but which one? She is just like her sister. That she is class valedictorian speaks for her standing as a student."
Secretary Class 1; Class Representative 4; Euphronian Society; Weisharts Verein; Teachers Training 4.



RUTH WIGHT

"She doeth the little kindnesses
which others leave undone."
Euphronian; Teachers Training.



BELLE LAWRENCE

"Never known to be angry or lose
patience with any one."
Euphronian; Glee Club 1; Wei-
sheits Verein.



GEORGE WHITTAKER

"Honor the man who is prudent,
gentle of speech and a student."
H. S. Play 2; "Linnorus" Histor-
ian 4; Teachers Training; Mgr.
Senior Basket Ball 4; Athenian So-
ciety.



VERA MERCHANT

Entered '13.

"In the right place is her heart
and her hand is ready and will-
ing."

Athenian; Teachers Training.



ZETA TITUS

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy
merit."

Glee Club 1-2; Teachers Training;
Weisheits Verein; Athenian Soci-
ety.



ARLINE HOERR

"She is very fond of the society
whirl. We're hoping that she
may marry a governor or a pres-
ident, so that her powers may
have full scope."

Pres. Class 2; Class Rep. 3; Pres.
Euphronian Society 3; Pianist
Girls Glee Club 1-2-3; Mgr. Girls
Basket Ball 4; Society Editor
"Linnorus" 4; Tennis Club 4; Girls
Athletic Club 3; Class Basket Ball
1-2-3; Rainshiners Club 4; Wei-
sheits Verein.

To the Class of '15

Alas! You perceive in mournful spirits
That your High School life is o'er,
That from these fair halls of knowledge
You must pass forever more.

Oh, you must set your goal still higher,
And pursue your onward course,
Else your life will then be blighted
And your soul will feel remorse.

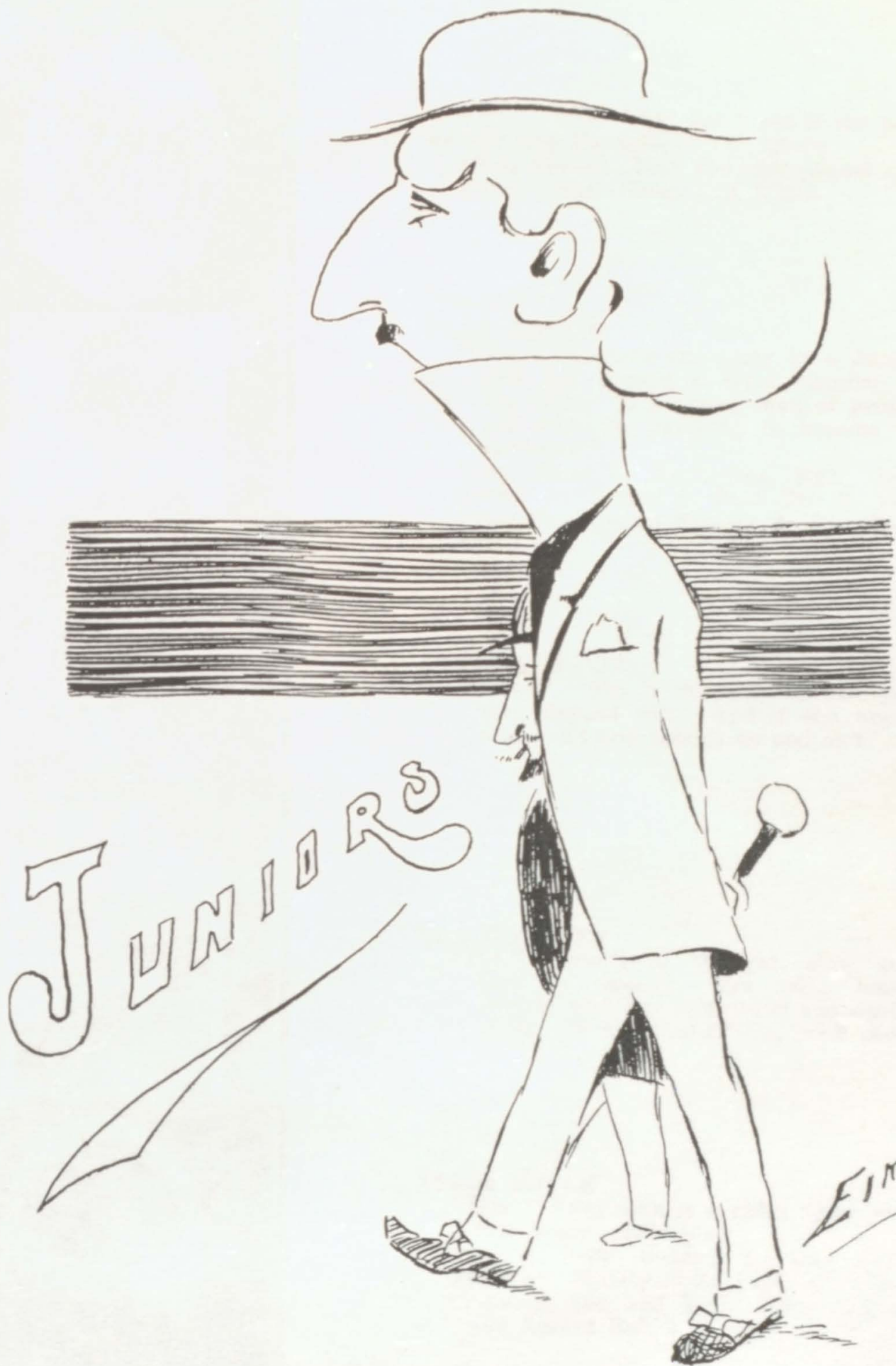
Upward striving, 'tis your duty,
You must nobly face your work,
For one's fortunes herein lieth:
Do thy duty, do not shirk.

And when troubled thoughts perplex you,
And when cares depress your mind,
You should ever keep in memory
And revere the ties that bind.

Then the memories of your classmates
Will most surely on you rest;
And by thinking of your friendships
You can live with added zest.

And, O class, may years of glory shine upon thee,
And the good of the world be thine.
May thou ever live uprightly,
Thus to make life's work sublime.

--G. S. WHITTAKER, '15.



'16



Class Motto—With the ropes of the past we will ring the bells of the future.

Class Flower—Pink and white sweet pea.

Class Color—Green and White.

DALE LOFTIN

"Zick." "Entered this year as a Junior and has proved a loyal member to the class. Is a young man of principle with the ambition to become an engineer."

Pres. Class 3; Asst. Bus. Mgr. "Lin-norus" 3; Debate 3; Foot Ball 3; Vice Pres. Euphronian Society 3; Sec. Base Ball Club.

ALVENA MOIST

"Sister." "For if she will she will, you may depend on't. And if she won't, she won't and there's an end on't."

ERA GODFREY

"Pet." Swift of thought, slow and sure of speech. Era wins many friends with her soft drawl and sunny ways. Of her love affairs, "nuff sed."

ALICE BOYLE

"Trix." "For man is a giddy thing and this is my conclusion."

Student Body Council 1; Vice Pres. Athenian Society 1-2; Pres. 3; Class Treas. 1; Sec. and Treas. Glee Club 3; Class Basket Ball 1.



MILDRED GARLAND

"Sally." Dignified and winsome, she impresses you with being rather sad until she smiles. Then you change your mind. Always on hand with ready council.
Basket Ball 2.



LUCIUS GRAVES

"Gravy." This is the picture of a brave man. He is the only male who has stood the grill of Miss Peters' German class. Breezy and good natured. Class Treas. 1; Pres. Class 2; Basket Ball 1-2-3; Class Representative 3.



BLANDENA MOIST

"Dutch." Brown-eyed, bright and busy, she is the personification of wholesome girlhood.
Vice Pres. Athenian Society.



GLEN MOSS

"Pomp." As is indicated by his appellation "Pomp" has recently changed his style of hair cut. He is quite an actor, having recently distinguished himself in "Perils of Imogene."
Class Treas. 1-2; Glee Club 1-2-3; Class Basket Ball 2-3; Asst. Editor of the "Linnorus."



EVA MUETZE

"Hefty." Small but oh my! Quiet until you know her, then she bubbles over with laughter and fun.



LOREN BROWN

"Brownie." Entered our midst in '13 as an unassuming reserved young man. Possesses a head full of practicable and brilliant ideas. Without a doubt Loren will make a blue streak in the world instead of a simple mark. Class Pres. 3 (resigned); Glee Club 3.



LUELLA CHAMBERLAIN

"Champ." An all around athlete. Starred in basket ball, but is just as interested in other kinds of sports. Champ possesses a happy-go-lucky disposition. Class Basket Ball 1; Capt. 2; Pres. Athletic Club 2.



ROSCOE SIMPSON

"Simp." Greatly interested in the "Price." Uses his gift of speech in class meetings and elsewhere. Some tailor's model; always has the latest. Pres. Class 1; Class Basket Ball 1-2; Capt. 3; Base Ball 3; Debate 3; Vice Pres. Student Body 3; Sec. and Treas. Tennis Club 3.



ROBERTA RAY

"Chunk." "And who can tell what good may spring from such a chunky little thing."



EDNA CRUSON

"Peggy." Her voice is ever gentle and soft, an excellent thing in girls as well as women. When once the heart of a maiden is stolen, the maiden will steal after it soon.



GEORGE HARDEN

"General No. II." Wise in studies, careful in ways, always busy, it pays. For he always receives a row of A's.

Class Basket Ball 3; Student Librarian 3.



ALMON FITZGERALD

"Allie." A great girl who has a beautiful smile and a wink of the eye for everybody.

High School Play 1; Basket Ball 1.



BEATRICE NEWPORT

"Bee." Some people talk because the spirit so moves them, but Bee talks just because she can't keep still.



WALTER MILLS

"Walt." Oh, you insects, especially "Bees!" Here's a man who doesn't hesitate to set matters right when they need adjusting. Isn't afraid to express his opinions.

Foot Ball 2-3; Track 2-3; Class Sergeant-at-Arms 3.



CLARA MICHELS

"Our little Puritan maid." Clara is a home girl. In household arts she is skilled. Faithful to her friendships, she's gentle and good willed.



DEAN ABRAMS

"Swede." Entered '14. Partial to roving in a glowing sunset. Although a new boy in High, he has won many friends.

Foot Ball 3.



ALMYRA BLATCHLEY

"Myra." She does more good by being good than in any other way. Silence is her one great art of conversation.



FRANK GROVES

"Puck." Did you ever see a real live walking joke? If so, 'twas Frank. Although he came from Missouri, you don't have to show him more than a dozen times. Won fame as an actor(ess) in "Pyramus and Thisbe."



VIVIAN SMITH

"Viv." "To be or not to be, that is the question." Vivian is a girl of great determination, a lover of nature, and an ardent admirer of all things beautiful.



GRACE HARRIS

"Teddy." Although quiet and pretty much to herself, Grace will probably become a farmer's wife some day. She is very industrious and a good student.



PERRY ELDER

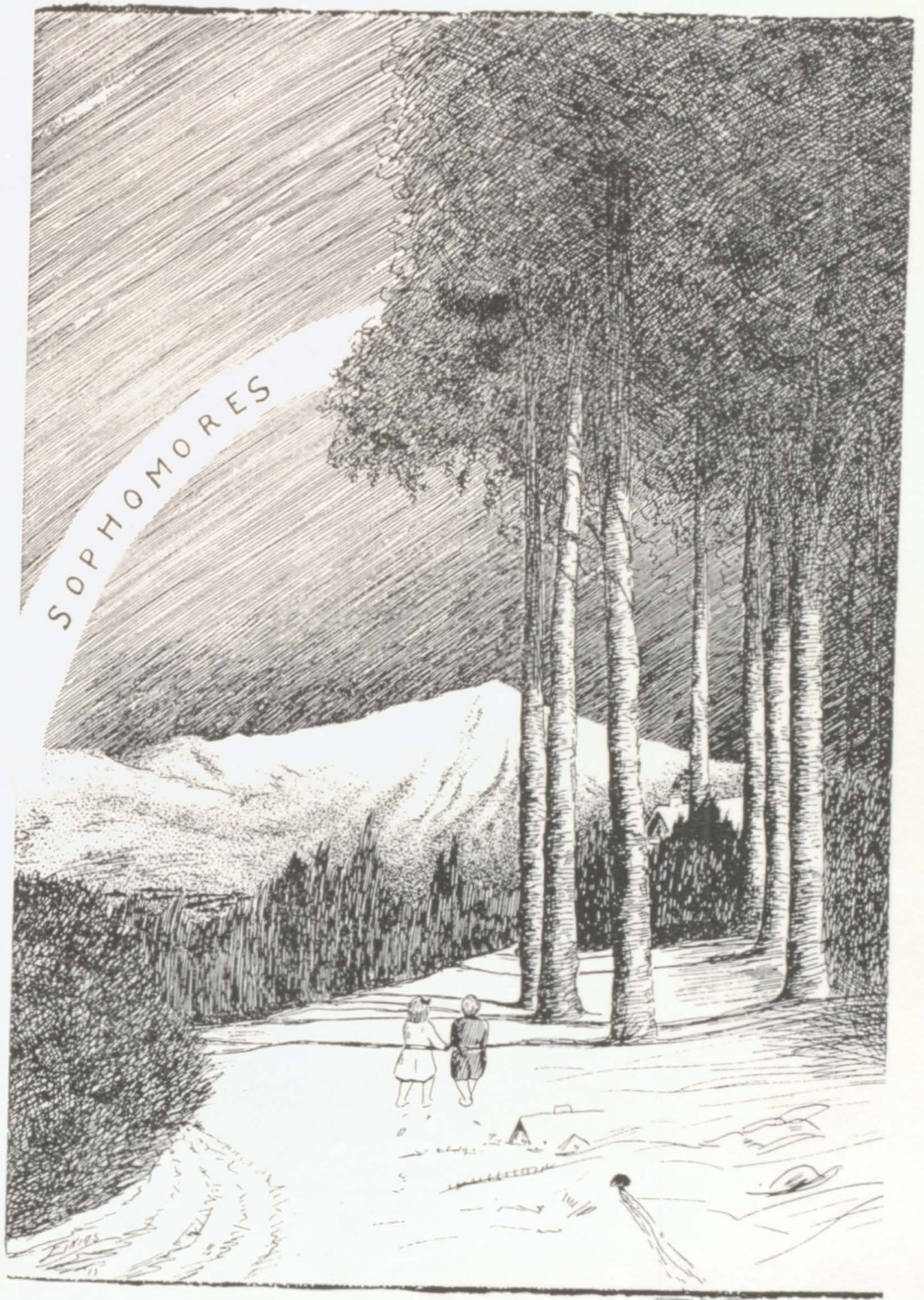
"Cap." Rather hard to fathom, but chuck full to the brim with mischief. Favorite sport: Fishing for SUCKERS.

Glee Club 3.



ETTA POWELL

"Chick." Etta began the year as a Sophomore, but threw them over to elevate her position.



SOPHOMORES



Sophomores

"Inconsistency" is our by-word, for it admits of progress. Last year we were a timid, self-effacing bunch of Freshmen. We were quiet and shy and fond of our studies, and we certainly were "A No. 1" students. While the upperclassmen, especially the brilliant class of '16 (who cannot get ahead of the Sophs after all), were indulging in frivolity and foolishness, we were making names for ourselves, and indulged in not one single merry making. It was against our naturally sober and philosophical trend of thought. But one year is enough in which to make your "A's." Now the Sophomores are the life and spirit of the school. The teachers would certainly lead a dull colored life if it were not for us. As it is, their sad lives are occasionally brightened by the entrance of a Sophomore English class, after having dismissed a class of trusting little Freshmen, ponderous Seniors, or befuddled Juniors. We are noted for our original answers, stories and stunts, and for the astonishing rapidity with which we catch onto a joke. Why, the Juniors actually thought that they could fool us, but it isn't on record that they did. (Original? I should say we are; just read the prize story in this Annual; a Sophomore wrote it. Of course he did. And a Sophomore won second place also. Not only are we prominent along the intellectual lines, but also in athletics. In the inter-class league games, the Sophomores and Seniors tied for first place. Upon failing to keep the appointment, the game was forfeited in favor of the Seniors. Several of our boys made the football team last year, and certainly did honor to the class. The girls do not partake in athletics very extensively, but they are a good jolly bunch, and are always right there when the class of '17 is concerned.

Class Roll

Mildred Hughes (Pres.)
Bessie Keebler (Sec.)
Ralph Bellinger
Raymond Busey
Orville Collins
Viola Dibble
Grant Farmer
Golda Godwin
Pearl Harris
Alice Jimerfield
Bessie Kackley
Hobart Lewis

Ethel Lindley
Elizabeth Miles
Max Millsap
Lester Parton
Harry Post
Erma Mackey
Virgil Reeves
William Robins
Ralph Scroggins
Vesta Sherfy
Harold Sherfy
Albert Simons

Lucile Swank
Marcie Whitman
Hillis Southard
Glen Tucker
Robert Sutcliffe
Eddie Bahrke
Jerry Coyle
Leita Farrier
Mervin Gilson
Ralph Hannah
George Jimerfield

Chemistry Students' Lament

Chemistry, Chemistry, oh, so hard
When at noon we get our card.
Chemistry, Chemistry, oh, so slow,
When at two we want to go
Down on the outside steps awhile,
To talk and laugh, and grin and smile.

Chemistry, Chemistry, oh, my dear,
Let's quit it now, let's quit right here;
What's HCL.? What's H₃O?
How do you do, or how do I know?
Who used the scales? Who lost the weights?
It might have been any of six or eight.

We should worry, we should work,
We never flirt, we never shirk;
We work so hard with all our might,
We stay here often till late at night;
We should worry, and we should think,
And spatter our note-book over with ink.

Oh, that awful, awful smell!
When you're asked, you'd always tell
That we're making rotten eggs
Out of chickens and frogs' legs;
Then they say, and hold their nose,
"Smells like violet and old rose."

—L. C., '15.



FKING
(C)



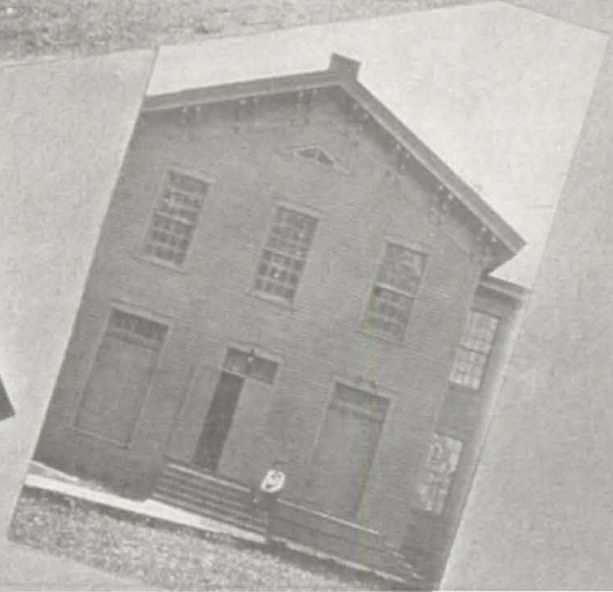
Freshmen

Freshmen, now we are about to the end of our first year in H. S., and we will have to bid our dear old Freshman year "good-bye." After working hard, we have earned our four big credits and are just ready to step through the door to the class above. We can well feel our coming Sophomore dignity and are modestly proud of what the Freshmen have done during the past year in the way of work, athletics and society.

One new and interesting thing of the Freshman class, which we must mention, was their literary society, called "The Utopians." Many programs were rendered which gave the class much credit.

As to athletics: In basketball the Freshman team did excellent work, even though victories were few, and our losses many. The spirit in which the boys played was a credit to the class. Some of our Freshman girls played an important part in the folk dancing. They also had a good basketball team and did some lively work. Several of our girls were in the Girls' Glee Club, and one of our boys was in the Orchestra. This proves that we will gain during the next three years because of having experiences early in H. S.

And now the class of 1918 bids its Freshman year good-bye. The time will soon be here when we shall give the Freshman class that will join us a hearty welcome to our High School.



Alumni

One evening, not very long ago, I found myself in a very reflective state of mind, and as I sat before the fire dreaming of school days long past, my mind wandered and I found myself in a brilliantly lighted room hung with wonderful shades of yellow and green.

I seemed a stranger among the happy groups of young people who were gathered together on some occasion of festivity; I knew not what. As I wandered about, studying each face, I noticed that although all were young and all in good spirits, a few were particularly careful, while the majority wore more serious resigned expressions.

As all seemed so absorbed in each other and thus far had taken no notice of me, I decided to slip quietly away, when a loud rap resounded through the hall and a young gentleman arose from his chair at a table, and, when all was quiet, said, "It is with great pleasure that I call to order once more a meeting of the Lebanon High School Alumni Association, which through the earnest endeavors of one of our fellow members has been revived. Tonight the classes dating back to the establishment of a four year High School course have been brought together once again. This is as it should be, for from what source in Lebanon could you gather together more capable young people for an organization than those who have taken advantage of a High School education, and who have thereby fitted themselves for further advancement?"

"As I look about among those assembled here tonight, in none do I recognize a failure. Each one has, in his own way, materially progressed and put some phase of his education into practical use.

"You ask, perhaps, why an alumni association? What good can we do? My answer: Meet annually with each graduating class in jolly good fellowship, and better still, by some united effort provide some system to interest younger students in a High School course. I thank you."

While the sound of applause still rang in my ears, I came to myself with a start. It was late, the coals had become dying embers, but my dream had given me an inspiration. Why not a live, wide awake Alumni Association, working in hearty co-operation with L. H. S.:



1908

Ralph Thom—Albany, Oregon.
Elsie Lillard—Mrs. Burkhart, Albany, Ore.
Anna McCormick—Lebanon, Oregon.
Ora Keefaver—(Mrs. W. R. Green) Lebanon, Oregon.
Pearl Aldrich—(Mrs. E. Arehart) Lebanon, Oregon.
Mabel Temple—Salem, Oregon.



1909

Hazel Witman—(Mrs. Geo. Vehrs) Lebanon,
Oregon.

Clarence Thom—Lebanon, Oregon.

Gertrude Reeves—Lebanon, Oregon.

Walter Kimmell—Lebanon, Oregon.

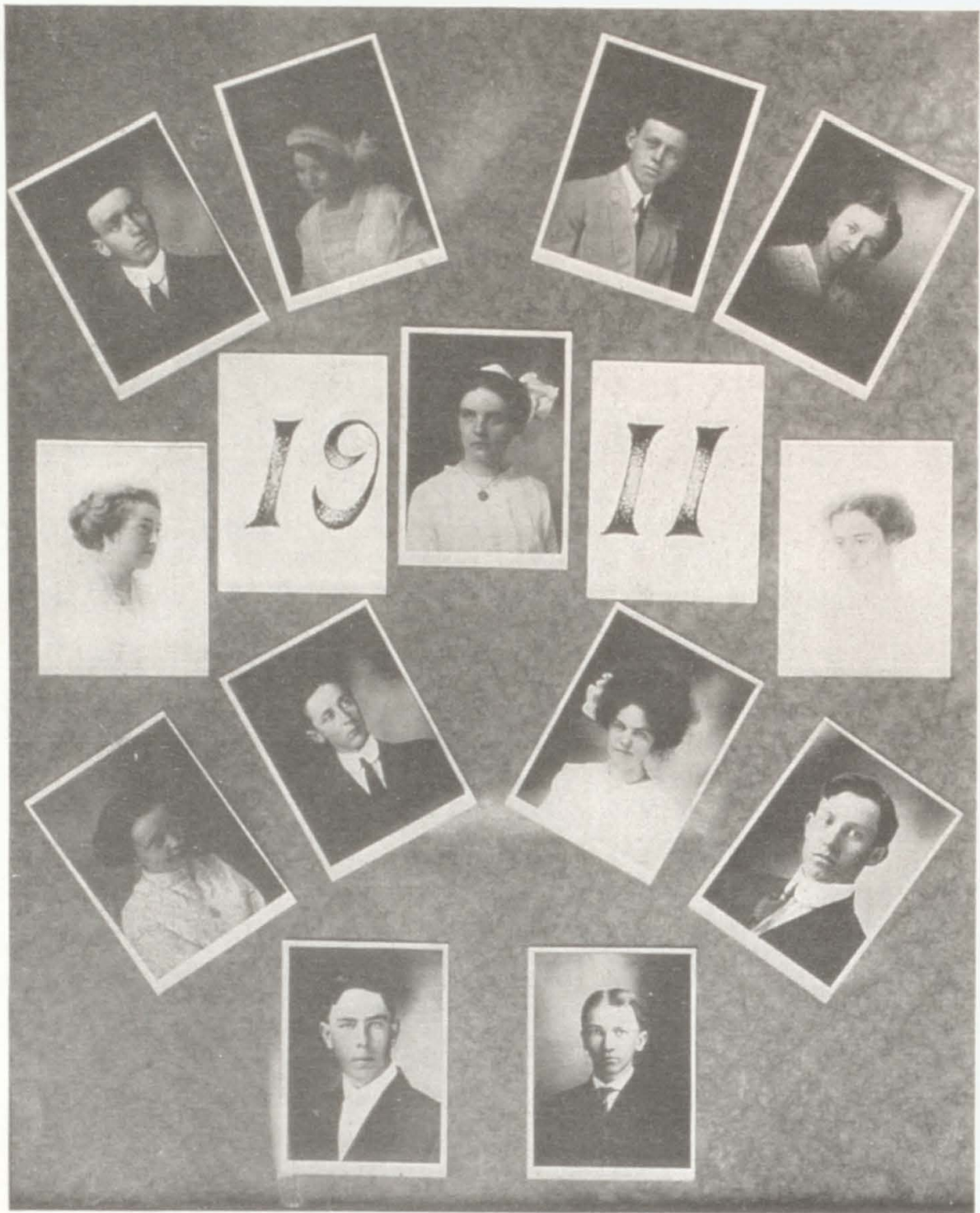
Victor Burris—Eugene, Oregon.

Bessie Bach—Lebanon, Oregon.



1910

Zetta Underwood—Lebanon, Oregon.
Alta Stokes—(Mrs. S. I. Porter) Spokane,
Washington.
Beatrice Spencer—(Mrs. Ray Hodgson)
St. Cloud, Minn.
Elmer Sandford—Waldport, Oregon.
Edna Richards—(Mrs. Geil) Sweet Home,
Oregon.
Effie McClain—(Mrs. A. Arehart) Lebanon,
Oregon.
Cyrus Kimmell—
Kate Henderson—Lebanon, Oregon.
Albert Epperly—Lebanon, Oregon.
Thomas Donaca—Eugene, Oregon.
Alice Carpenter—Lebanon, Oregon.



1911

Katherine Kirkpatrick—U. of O., Eugene,
Oregon.

Thomas Morgan—Milwaukie, Oregon.

Susan Fry—Lebanon, Oregon.

Frank Doolittle—Lebanon, Oregon.

Inez Kern—Lebanon, Oregon.

Lillian Coppock—(Mrs. J. Powell) Berlin,
Oregon.

Ora Keebler—Lebanon, Oregon.

Carl Connett—Forest Grove, Oregon.

Minnie Wetzel—(Mrs. M. L. Schenk) Leb-
anon, Oregon.

Wayne Henderson—Lebanon, Oregon.

Rose Waddock—Lebanon, Oregon.

William Glaser—Lebanon, Oregon.

Andrew McCormick—Lebanon, Oregon.



1912

Ralph Reeves—Lebanon, Oregon.
Lorin Pitcher—Holton, Kansas.
Prentiss Brown—Lebanon, Oregon.
Hugh Aldrich—Lebanon, Oregon.
Minnie Tucker—(Mrs. Markhart) Eugene,
Oregon.
Glen Wallace—Lebanon, Oregon.



1913

Vida Ayres—Lacomb, Oregon.
Fern Bellinger—Lebanon, Oregon.
Lurline Brown—U. of O., Eugene, Oregon.
Dorothy Cheadle—Lebanon, Oregon.
Ruth Connett—Lebanon, Oregon.
Eunice Crafts—Edmonton, Canada.
Lavelle Epperly—Lebanon, Oregon.
Isabella Garland—Lebanon, Oregon.
Hugh Kirkpatrick—U. of O., Eugene, Ore.
Robert Mills—Lebanon, Oregon.
Zelda Titus—O. A. C., Corvallis, Oregon.
Gretchen VanCleve—Custer, Montana.
Helen Wetzel—(Mrs. F. E. Doolittle) Lebanon, Oregon.



1914

Glen Arehart—Lebanon, Oregon.
Herbert Armstrong—Lebanon, Oregon.
Winnie Bondy—Niagara, Oregon.
Vera Devine—Lebanon, Oregon.
Caryl Dibble—Lebanon, Oregon.
Gladys Duncan—Foster, Oregon.
Guy Frum—Plainville, Oregon.
Carrie Gentry—Lebanon, Oregon.
Theodore Gerdes—Lebanon, Oregon.
Glenn Harden—Lebanon, Oregon.
Ruth Hoerr—Lebanon, Oregon.
Guy Mackey—Independence, Oregon.
Elsie Miller—Sodaville, Oregon.
Della Mitchell—Lebanon, Oregon.
Leaton Rice—O. A. C., Corvallis, Oregon.
Howard Bellinger—Whitman, Walla Walla,
Washington.
Dolph Southard—Lebanon, Oregon.
Norma Yoeman—(Mrs. Wells) Lacombe, Ore.
Ralph Yoeman—Nolin, Oregon.
Howard Smith—Washington.



THE LINNORUS STAFF

The Linnorus Staff

ELSIE KRIEG, '15	Editor-in-Chief
E. ROSS HAYNES, '15	Associate Editor
GLENN MOSS, '16	Assistant Editor
RUSSELL HALL, '15	Business Manager
DALE LOFTIN, '16	Assistant Business Manager
HENRIETTE DURST, '15	Locals
MARVIN WILEY, '15	Athletics
ARLINE HOERR, '15	Society
BELLE ROSS, '15	Jokes
LOIS HENDERSON, '15	Literary Societies
HELEN DOOLITTLE, '13	Alumni
LOIS CARPENTER, '15	Debate
GEORGE WHITTAKER, '15	H. S. Historian
ACIE McClAIN, '15	Art
MILDRED HUGHES, '17, ZOLA AREHART, '18	Class Editors

Linn County, Oregon, U. S.

"As once to every man and nation comes a moment to decide," so to the Lebanon High School came a time to decide whether or not it should assume the responsibility of publishing an annual.

The idea was first suggested to the Senior class in the spring of 1914, by Mr. Thordarson. Immediate action was taken upon the matter, the class being heartily in favor of doing the work. Officers were elected and a name chosen, which was approved by the whole class.

A prize was given to Russell Hall, as a reward for the best name submitted, "The Linnorus."

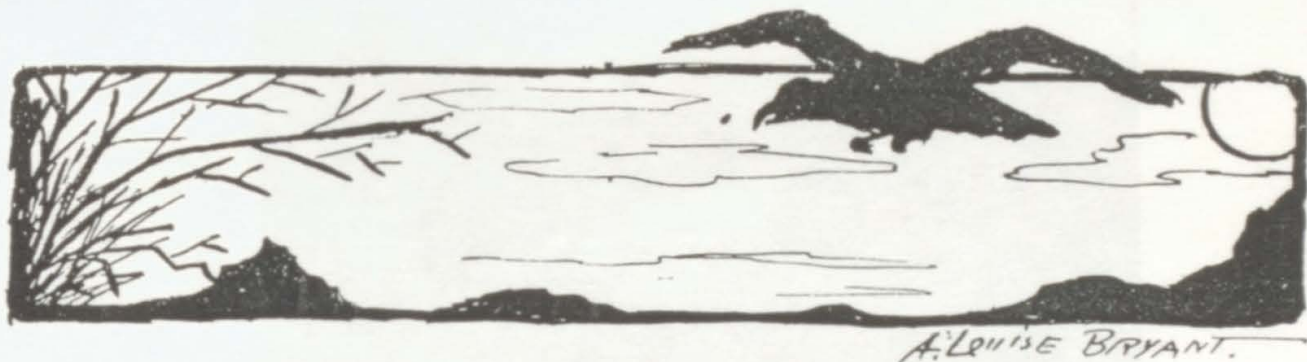
During the early part of this school year, it was decided that the Juniors should combine with the Seniors in the preparing and sharing of the honors of the book, as the succeeding year did not seem favorable for its publication. The classes have worked side by side, the whole year, each one being a help and inspiration to the other.

It is sincerely hoped that the class of 1917 can publish even a better book than this, the first annual of the school.

MEDALS AWARDED SCHOOL

Many of the citizens of Lebanon have taken great interest in the welfare of our school. For several years Mr. S. M. Garland has awarded a gold medal for the best essay written by a High School student. The winners of this medal have been: Walter Kimmell, George Whittaker and Max Millsap.

This year a gold medal for "personal service" is being awarded by Mr. Frank Henry. By "personal service" is meant the student's helpfulness in school, in home, church and community.



divisions, each division giving some kind of a stunt. The girls partook in an all around mix. After a serenade from the band, the girls departed for their homes.

* * *

One of the prettiest events of the season was the party given to the Seniors and the members of the faculty, by Mr. and Mrs. Kirschner and Mr. and Mrs. Thordarson, at the home of the former. Because of its being March 12th, the entire evening was given over to St. Patrick. The decorations and luncheon were in accordance with the color scheme of the season. After a most delightful evening spent in the many games, the graduates-to-be departed joyfully, but at the same time regretfully, because of the approaching end of their High School career.

* * *

SENIOR BANQUET

This annual affair will be given May 21, at the Hotel Lebanon. We are assured by the Juniors that we are to have a banquet that has never been surpassed in the history of the High School.

Committees are already at work on the program, decorations and menu. Plans are on foot for unique decorations, several good musical numbers have been selected, and as for the menu, well, it will speak for itself.



Literature

Lebanon High School

You have asked me for a story
About dear old Lebanon High,
I will do the best that's in me,
To answer all, and why.

It was in the early springtime,
In the year of 1908,
That this dear old school was started
'Neath the direction of the state.

Soon it stood in all its glory,
Rising upward to the sky,
And the beauty of our campus
Holds and fascinates the eye.

How we love it, dear old High School,
Set among the cedar trees,
And the flag that 'dorns the flag-pole,
Floating outward to the breeze.

Many classes have passed from us,
To the many walks of life,
Still they always love and cherish
Thoughts of study and of strife.

Yes, we love our dear old High School,
And we will love it more each year,
Though our hair begins to whiten
And our flesh turns brown and sere.

And when all our days are numbered,
As the time to go draws nigh,
We will always love and cherish it,
Our dear old Lebanon High.

—R. D. H., '17.

(A Story of the European War.)

It was a cold, damp night, and the heavy fog hung low over Yarmouth harbor. The dim street lights cast a yellow glare over the wet pavement. Lieutenant Rand, commander of H. M. S. "Bristol," buttoned his ulster up tight as he stepped from the naval office and started briskly for the great naval yard. In his pocket was the order for his own and five other ships, composing the light cruiser fleet under his command.

The only other occupant of the street was a slight girlish figure who had passed him as he stepped from the naval office. A military automobile suddenly turned the corner ahead and in attempting to dodge it the girl slipped and fell. Rand hurried to the spot and helped her to her feet. Then it appeared that she had sprained her ankle in falling and could scarcely walk.

Rand courteously agreed to help her home, and they turned off into a dark side street. They had proceeded about two blocks when the girl suddenly slipped, clutched at Rand, and put a handkerchief to his nose. At the same time two men sprang from a doorway, and, seizing Rand, carried him into a house.

When Rand awoke he was tied to the floor of a dingy, poorly lighted room. He heard voices in an adjoining room, and presently a masked man stepped into the dim light. Rand turned over and regarded him angrily. "Well, I hope you are satisfied," he said. "Entirely, my friend," replied his captor.

After a few more words, Rand saw that he could do nothing by talking, so he kept still. But his companion seemed more inclined to talk.

"Perhaps you would like to know why you are my prisoner?"

"Yes," Rand frankly admitted, "I would, though I think that I could make a pretty close guess."

Rand's captor turned aside, spoke a word, and another man, younger and more muscular, stepped into the rays of the dim light. As he did so Rand gasped, for what he saw was an exact reproduction of himself. The young man's features were so much like his own that he thought that he must be looking into a mirror. The subject of his thought noticed Rand's astonished look and smiled.

The older man spoke: "Briton, I will outline to you our plan of action. My nephew here is to impersonate you and deliver the orders to the fleet of cruisers, which you were to have taken." He paused to let the words sink in. "In so doing," he continued, "he will have a charge of our new explosive, trytol, on each ship. The amount will be sufficient to sink Eng-

But Rand's captors were not yet through with him. They returned, and taking off his uniform, substituted for it a suit of duck cloth. "Now," said the German, "Lieutenant Rand will make the tour of the cruiser fleet. He will be seen and recognized on each ship." Rand fully understood that his double could easily carry out the deception on such a night. "When he has visited the last ship," continued the German, "he will order the men to row him ashore. They will wonder at this and remember it."

"Tomorrow the world will be startled at the news of the sinking of six British cruisers. And," he added, "Lieutenant Rand's body will be found in this room, together with a signed confession of his guilt." "Furthermore, the crew which rowed him ashore will be alive to corroborate the story."

After the young man had gone and the older had left the room, Rand tried in vain to break the cords which bound him. Finally he grew quiet and tried to think of a way to save his comrades. He could hardly bear to think of the coming disaster, of the disgrace and dishonor it would attach to his name, and of his helplessness to prevent it. Suddenly the door opened and the young woman whom Rand had helped to the house entered.

"If I had only realized the real purpose of getting you here I would never have helped," she said, "but that will never deter my uncle and cousin from their course. Therefore I am going to set you free."

Stooping, she cut the cords which bound Rand. He thanked her and dashed to the door. Jumping on a passing naval auto, he quickly told the driver of the situation. One of the other passengers proved to be a fellow officer, Lieutenant Thomas. When they arrived at the wharf they had but little difficulty in getting a fast motor launch.

As the engine roared and the boat flew over the waves, out past the breakwater and lighthouse and into the North Sea, the crew held their breath, expecting at any moment to hear an explosion. The German spy had fully half an hour's start, and as the cruisers were on patrol duty only three miles out, the advantage he had gained was obviously great.

However, the boat soon came to the dark outline of the "Bristol," Lieutenant Rand's own ship. The danger of the ship was quickly made known and a search revealed the explosive machine, which was quickly transferred to the launch, which then started for the next ship. About five hundred yards from the ship the explosive machine was dropped overboard and it sank immediately. The next ship was visited and a similar machine found. It, too, was destroyed as the former had been.

When the launch arrived at the third ship it was found that the spy had just departed. Leaving Lieutenant Thomas to visit the remaining ships, Rand started for the last ship in order to capture the spy. As the fleet was

course diagonally across the circle, beat the spy to the last ship. After half an hour Rand arrived at the last ship of the fleet. Here, plans were made for the capture of the spy. Rand put on a naval uniform and waited for him.

In a few moments the boat of the bogus "lieutenant" was heard approaching. A voice remarkably like Rand's own hailed the boat. Soon the spy appeared on deck and gave orders for a boat to be manned to take him ashore. However, his plans were interrupted, for, at a signal, four men sprang forward and caught him. Rand stepped forward and lifted the small valise which the spy carried. As he did so a machine identical with those destroyed was deposited on the deck.

The spy was made prisoner and a detachment of men was sent ashore to capture his uncle, who was anxiously awaiting his nephew's return. They succeeded not only in capturing him, but also the girl who had aided in capturing Rand. But as she had been instrumental in defeating the spies' plan, she was released, and for a time disappeared. But that she did not disappear entirely will be vouched for by Lieutenant Rand, who spends a great deal of his time while ashore at a little country home in the southern part of England, where a dark-haired, slim figure always welcomes him home.

—HOBERT LEWIS, '17.

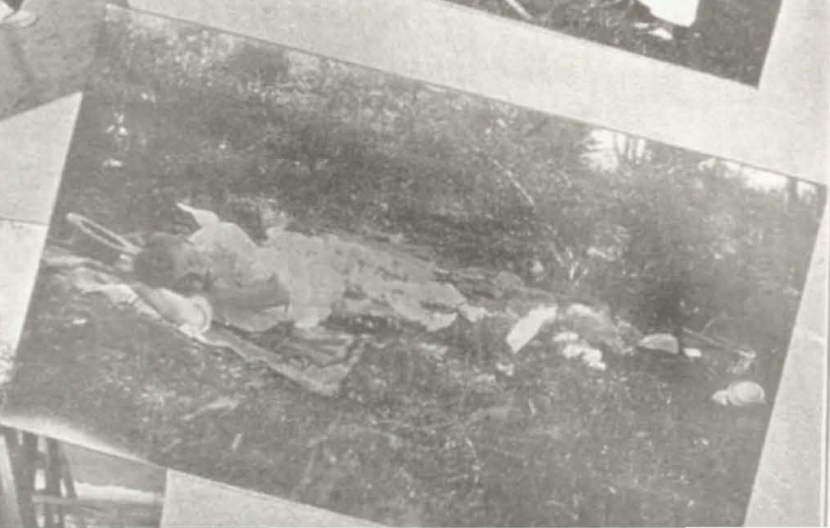
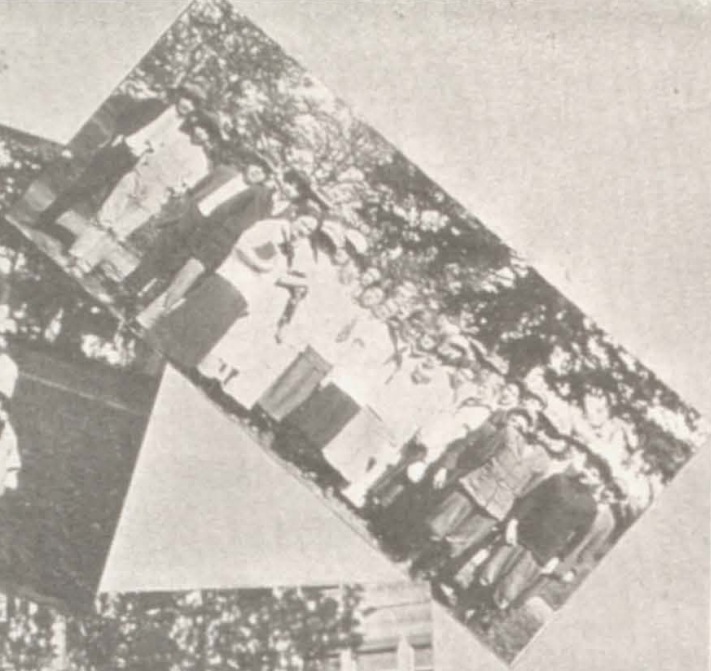
(First Prize Story.)



Revery of a Senior

At last, oh Ideal, have I attained thee,
Only to see how false has been thy dream.
Now my light is vanished, vanished is the gleam.
Ideals are high, but life and love are higher.
Work and hope bring each the nigher;
Work on, hope on, live on, and the race is won;
Love is the goal when life is done.

—E. R. H.



The U. S. cruiser "Melbourne" was lying off the coast of Central America, blistering in the tropical sun, while the crew wrestled with defective machinery. She was twenty days out of Honolulu, and the men were becoming tired of the tropics.

Particularly so was Midshipman Richard Allison. Now, Dick had become a sailor in one of his "freakish moments," and consequently was delighted, as all land lubbers are, at sight of earth and trees. To while away the afternoon, he resolved that, if possible, he would get shore leave and a boat and go exploring. Somewhat to his surprise, both were granted freely, with the admonition to be back before dark.

Dick promised faithfully, and was soon on his way toward a little bay which appeared in the foreground.

In the course of fifteen minutes or so this was reached, and, being somewhat tired from his long pull, he removed his clothes, put on a bathing suit, and after a dip in the cool water of the lagoon, lay down in the bottom of the boat and gazed up at the sky. Presently he became weary of this, and propped up his head in order to see the trees and flowers which fringed the tiny harbor. The boat, in the shadow of the palms, was rocked gently by breeze and swell, insects buzzed dreamily, birds sang softly, and beautiful butterflies drifted by without apparent effort.

After a time Dick aroused himself, rowed to the beach and made the boat fast. He was immediately attracted by a strikingly beautiful butterfly which danced along the water's edge, at times almost dipping the spray. Catching up a fly net, he started in pursuit. The insect floated along, just beyond his reach, and presently turned up a small stream which emptied into the cove. On and on went the butterfly, on and on went the boy, intent only on capturing a prize, until he became aware that his surroundings were not at all familiar. Just then the insect sailed maddeningly over a clump of varicolored vines and disappeared. The young man tried to retrace his steps, but could not. He shouted, but remembering where he was, desisted with a smile. The thorns hurt his bare feet, and his back was being blistered by the scorching sun. He was lost. There was no denying it, but he knew that the coast could not be far, so he got his bearings from the sun and set out with a cheery step.

After a half hour's nightmare of heat, rocks, vines and gnats, he suddenly broke through a tangle of ivy, and came upon a clearing dotted with palms, in the center of which stood a bungalow. Gladdened by the sight, he hurried up to the door, remembered his attire, stepped down behind the veranda

I beg your pardon," said Richard. "I'm from that ship out yonder. He pointed with his arm and continued, "I came ashore, chased a butterfly, got myself lost, and now here I am begging a drink of water." He smiled and the young woman laughed.

"Certainly," she said, "come in out of the sun, never mind your apparel; we're used to that sort of thing down here. Sit down here and I'll get you a drink."

Dick sat down and looked about him. "Whew," he whistled, "I wonder who this can be." For, all around and about were works of statuary, in various stages of completion. So very beautiful were some of the pieces, that they threw into insignificance the old mahogany furniture and velvet drapings.

Soon the girl, for only a girl she was, returned with the water, and Dick questioned her.

"Yes, my husband is a sculptor," she affirmed. "He doesn't like the city, so we came out here for the summer."

"You have certainly chosen a delightful spot for your summer home," praised Dick.

"Yes, we like it, but—" she checked herself, bit her lip and went on. "Yes, it is wonderful—" she paused and listened. Then, turning to the young man, she faltered, "I am sorry, you're the first person I've had to talk to for weeks, but—you'll have to go. My husband is—a very jealous—and if he found you here he might—might—oh, it's too late! You'll have to hide. Here, sit on this stool and pose among the statues." She threw some drapery about the body of the now amazed "middy" and hurried out to meet her husband.

The owner of the premises was tall, dark, and foreign looking. He stalked into the house, wiping his face on a bandana. "What have you been doing today, Clara?" he asked.

She pointed to Dick. "How do you like it?"

He examined the statue critically, and picked up something that looked like a cross between a tomohawk and a meat axe. "Nose is too long," he grunted. "I'll chop off an inch of it and it will look better."

But he was saved that task by a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche Indian, and Dick bolted out through the door and ran. How long he ran he did not know, but when it was dark and the sounds of pursuit had died away, he found himself near a large barn that stood on the bank of a creek. Being tired, and somewhat chilly, he climbed a long ladder which led to the gable window, and was about to lay down on the fragrant hay, when he heard voices. Crawling carefully toward a hole in the center of

Meditation

The wind sighed mournfully through the trees,
The moon shed a cold, still light,
My heart was heavy, my soul was torn,
As I sat alone in the night.

The call of the night owl, weird and wild,
Came gratefully over the hills,
For it broke the quiet of the night,
But I listened—and all was still.

The stars, so near with their steely light,
Could bring no cheer to my heart;
The heavens were blue and bright and clear,
But the shade in the forest was dark.

I shivered and thought of my useless life,
Of the endless worry and pain,
Of the work which had brought no balm with it,
No surcease from trouble, no gain.

The moon sank down, the stars went out,
The sky took a warmer hue:
The sun came up, it painted the sky,
And wrought diamonds out of dew.

My heart was lighter, my thoughts were brighter,
As I watched the coming dawn;
And that song in my heart shall never depart,
"I'll reap nothing I have not sown."

—L. C., '15.

The man in the brown suit sprang to his feet and dashed out the door of the Commercial Club. He was hatless and coatless, and had a wild, hopeless look on his face.

In a few minutes he came back, and sank disappointedly into a chair, staring moodily out of the window as he had done before his sudden action.

His comrades began to gather around him and press him to explain his mysterious movement, until he reluctantly told the following story:

"You know, gentlemen, that five years ago I was a member of the party that went into the interior of Australia on a search for gold."

His friends all made signs to indicate their interest.

"Well, there were three others besides myself, Monte Wilson, 'Happy go Lucky,' James Justin, familiarly called 'Doc,' because he had once studied medicine, and a silent, morose, quick-tempered fellow named Carter. The latter had joined us at Melbourne, and we could never cease to feel that he was an outsider.

"One hot evening after an extremely trying day, Carter and Wilson quarreled over the washing of the dishes. Carter had washed them that morning and refused to do it now, when Monty ordered him to. Hot words were exchanged before we could quiet them." He paused.

"And then?" prompted one of his hearers.

"Nothing happened then, but the next morning Carter said that he was going alone on a search for gold; that if he did not return in two or three days, we would know that he had struck gold.

"Well, a few hours after he had left, while I was sifting a pan of dirt, Doc came out and announced, in a calm, even voice, that Monty Wilson had an attack of lead poisoning." Again he paused. His audience listened with abated breath. "I stood speechless for a moment," he continued, "and then I found my voice.

"'Poisoning!' I echoed.

"'He has all the symptoms,' he replied. 'Carter is gone, too.'

"'Carter is?' And then I saw what he meant. Carter, in revenge because of the quarrel, had poisoned Monty, and then left to escape persecution.

"Monty was delirious. We ministered to him as best we could with such crude appliances as we had.

"For two days Wilson was delirious. On the third day he called us to him and asked if Carter were there. We told of our suspicions, but he could not enlighten us on the subject.

"That night, while I stood guard, for we had to watch out for the natives,

"He was haggard and pale," he continued. "He looked as if he had suffered from what I supposed was a guilty conscience. I felt sorry for him. I gave him a revolver and some ammunition, and told him to make for the coast, for, after all, he had made a pretty good companion. But—

" 'Do not argue,' I cried, and started to push him bodily from the camp. 'Go before you are caught.'

"Still expostulating, he went away.

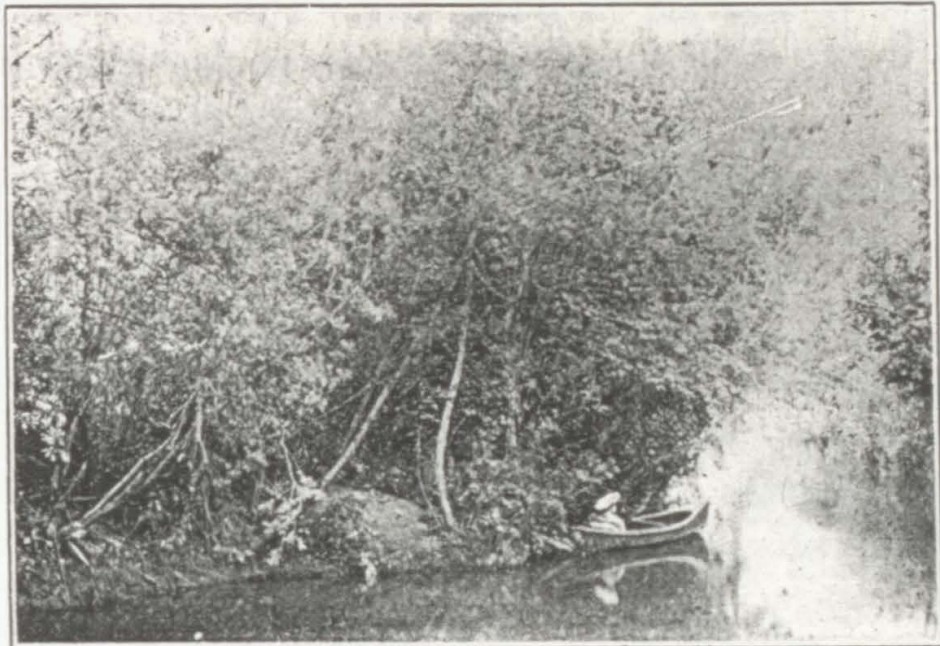
"In the morning Monty's excited voice called us to him.

" 'Something that seemed trivial to me at the time has occurred to me. The day before I became ill, I was looking at some mineral in which there was a deposit of lead. As I looked, I was standing over the fire, on which a pan containing frying bacon rested. I afterward ate the meat. I noticed a small piece of the mineral drop into the pan, but I did not think much about it at the time. I see now that I must have been poisoned by the lead.'

"That was four years ago, gentlemen. I have been searching for Carter since that time, to repair the wrong which I did him. Sometimes, as I did today, I see a face that bears a resemblance to Carter's."

And in an attitude of dejection, he called for his coat and hat and left the building.

—H. P., '17.



A pretty picture Lane made as he lay in the hammock on the green lawn that sultry day in July, three years ago. Set jauntily on the back of his head was a soft blue Tam O'Shanter; beneath the frilled edge of this, there fell down over his forehead, temples and ears, a mass of soft yellow hair, prettily curled. His eyes were large and of a blue to match the depths of the calm blue sky above the treetops; the long lashes which curtained them were brown; his lips were red, his features very fine and delicate, and his cheeks tanned just enough to give them a touch of health. It was a winning face, intelligent, but just now a little half sad, half angry look dwelt there, that drove away its calm, sweet expression. From his neck flowed a wide white lace collar, attached to a blue velvet suit. White stockings and pretty patent leather slippers completed the dress of this singular little fellow.

"Darn!" he ejaculated, and even the pussy cat and the "bow-wow" started in surprise as the strange word fell from his lips.

"Ha, ha, ha, mamma's pet," came a cry from the road. As Lane looked up, he saw two little boys standing at the end of the avenue. "Mamma's pet," they cried again; "couldn't lick a cat."

"I wish I were dead! So I do!" Lane cried, and with this expression he sprang to his feet and threw his cap far from him. Half crying, he ran into the house. Up to his mother's room he bounded, and straight into her outstretched arms he sprang.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried brokenly, "please cut off my ugly old hair and get me some clothes like Billy's and Jack's." The rest of the words ended in a sob, for true little fellow that he was, his mother was his goddess, and he just knew he had hurt her feelings.

"Why, dearie," the sweet voice of the still sweeter woman cried, "what's the matter with them? I think they are pretty."

"They say I look like a girl," he sobbed.

"What's this?" a deep voice boomed from the doorway. "Lane in tears?"

Lane ran sobbing into his father's arms, and soon the story was out. With a peculiar smile, the father spoke. "Why don't you lick them, son?"

No more sobs from Lane now. His little figure straightened up at once. For wasn't his father very brave, and didn't he always do just what "daddy" suggested?

"Don't, Charles," the mother pleaded, but a peculiar gleam was in the father's eye, and as he spoke, she smiled slightly.

"I know what it means, my dear wife. This boy must learn some day. Let him go."

down the avenue. "How we wonder that the mother cried just a little!" She realized that her boy was going out of the gate a baby, but would return a little man.

On and on the little fellow hastened, until he heard the gleeful shouts of his two tormentors.

"Mamma's pet, mamma's pet," they jeered as he came near. but to their surprise he came straight at them.

"Who wants to fight?" he shouted, as he drew near. He flung the cap from his head and threw his velvet coat in the dust.

"We do," came a hearty chorus, and then—well, who can picture a mass of tangled legs and arms, a chorus of yells, and a plenteous supply of blood and dirt? The outcome was that out of this little mix-up came a very victorious Lane.

"Don't you ever call me names again," he cried as he arose from the fray. Not an answer came from the boys, and picking up his cap and coat, he trudged homeward.

Up the avenue he came, a very different boy from the one whom I pictured in the hammock. His curls were not curls, but a tangled mass covered with dirt. His face was bloody and streaked with dirt; his clothes were tatters and his shoes and stockings could hardly be given that name.

His parents were waiting for him, and to his surprise both were crying.

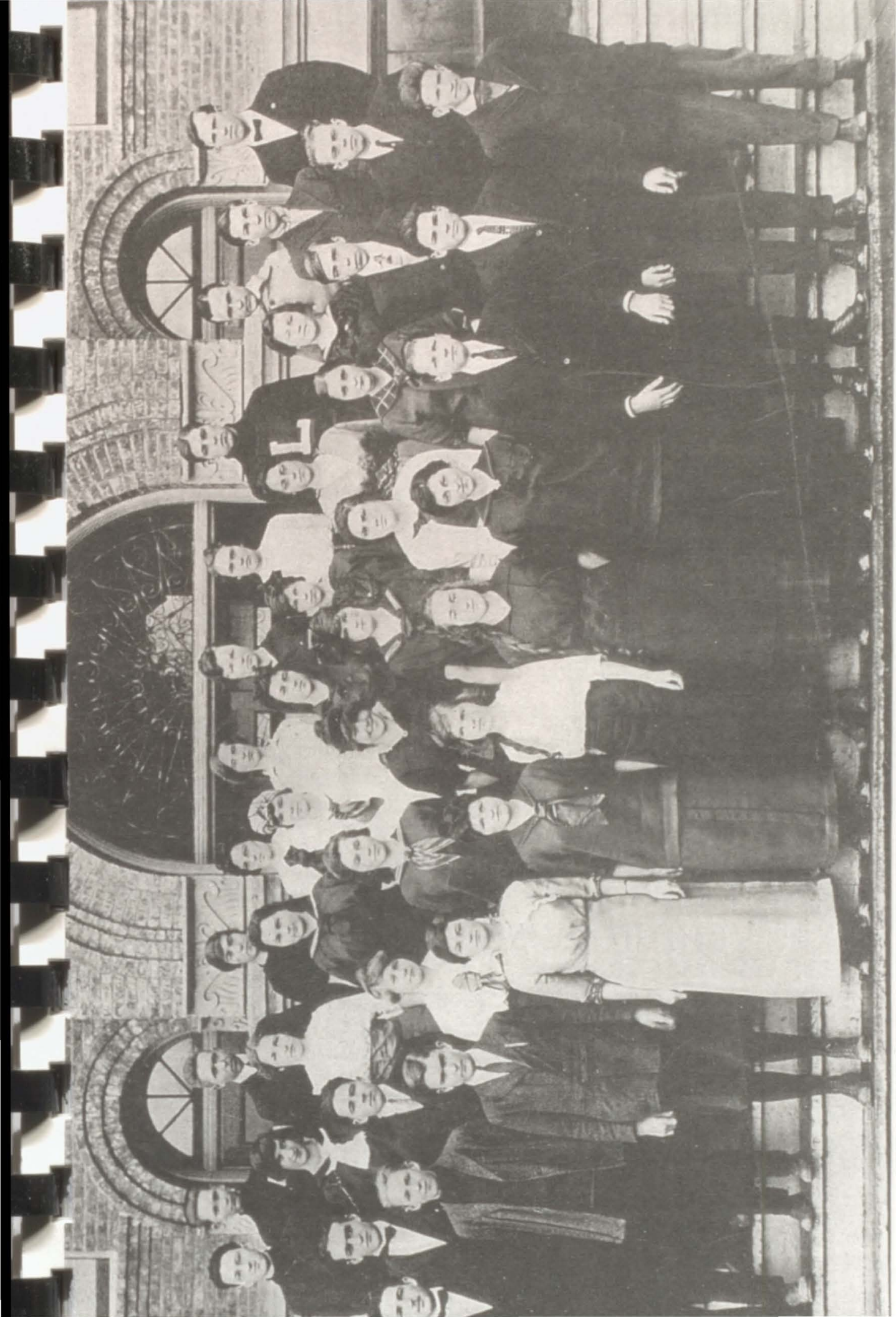
"I'm fine," he began bravely, but the reaction was coming now, and Lane mingled his tears with theirs.

"Come, my son," his father said hoarsely, and taking Lane into the house he changed the lad from head to foot, but the "sissy" clothes were left off and his stout little person was dressed in a pair of overalls and stout shoes. Last of all, his curls were cut off and his hair combed like Billy's and Jack's.

Lane had won his victory. In a brief period of time, he had jumped from childhood to boyhood by a single bloody fray.

—I. L., '16.

Organizations



ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On October 10th, 1908, in the old historic Academy building, the High School assembly was called to order by Superintendent F. M. Stotler.

The students were divided into two groups, and these were organized as two literary associations. Such was the birth of our present Euphronian and Athenian Literary Societies.

The constitution and by-laws and the names Euphronian and Athenian were adopted. The following officers were elected by the Athenian Society: President, Clarence Thom; Vice-President, Alta Stokes; Secretary, Rose Waddock; Sergeant-at-Arms, Glen Wallace; Ushers, Gertrude Reeves and Beatrice Spencer.

Those elected by the Euphronian Society:

President, Bessie Bach; Vice-President, Victor Burris; Secretary, Ralph Reeves; Sergeant-at-Arms, Cyrus Kimmel; Ushers, Lillian Coppock and Thomas Donaca.

Each society gave a program once a month, and a joint program during the year. Every member of the society was required to appear on the program once each semester.

These organizations greatly developed the literary talent of the Student Body. Much interest was taken by the students, as rivalry was keen between the two societies.

The work taken up by the two organizations in the past few years has grown slightly heavier as the student progresses in his school life, the aim of the departments being to give the graduated student a fair dramatic training. To demonstrate this to the patrons of the school, much preparation is given to the joint programs that are given annually or semi-annually, as deemed best by the administrative officers.

The work of each society in the past year has been very successfully carried on. The officers of the Euphronian Society are: President, Lois Henderson; Vice-President, Dale Loftin; Secretary, Era Godfrey; Ushers, Bessie Keebler and Lucius Graves.

Of the Athenian: President, Alice Boyle; Vice-President, Blandena Moist; Secretary, Leola Bilyeu; Ushers, Roberta Ray and Ralph Hannah.

The regular programs have been given and one joint program rendered. Much talent has been displayed by those taking part in the past year. It is sincerely hoped that the present success of both societies shall be extended indefinitely.

—L. H., '15.



High School Song

Although Yale has always favored
The violet's dark blue,
And the gentle sons of Harvard
To the crimson rose are true,
We will stand by both our colors,
As all our work we do,
We will praise them both together,
The crimson and the blue.

Through the four long years of High School,
'Mid the scenes we love so well,
And the mystic charms to knowledge
We vainly seek to spell;
We have won athletic victories,
Our losses have been few,
Still we work for dear old Lebanon
And the crimson and the blue.

When the cares of life o'ertake us,
Mingling fast our locks with gray,
And our dearest hopes betray us,
False fortune falls away;
We will banish care and sadness
As we turn our life book through,
And recall those days of gladness
'Neath the crimson and the blue.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



Music

"Of all the great arts, music is the art

To raise the soul above all earthly storms."—Leland.

The High School, this year, has been exceedingly well supplied with music. At the beginning of the term, an orchestra and two glee clubs were organized. In December, the three organizations gave a two-hour program at the Methodist church, consisting of selections from the orchestra, two glee clubs, solos, and readings.

The orchestra, ably conducted by Professor Nichols, has been a source of great pleasure to the students and community during the school year. Its members consist of: Frank Groves, Albert Simons, Walter Mills, Royal Thomas, Pearl Bradley, Professor W. T. Nichols (Director), Leonard Vaughan, Elmer Henderson, Acie McClain, Lucile Swank, Ilda Loveall, Harold Sherfy and Velma Murphy.

The Girls' Glee Club is an organization consisting of sixteen girls, under the direction of Charles Crover. In October, a special meeting of girls interested in music was called by Miss Bradley, and the club organized. Its members are:

Sopranos—Roberta Ray, Golda Godwin, Ruth Wiley, Marguerite Miles, Zola Arehart (Librarian), Beatrice Newport, Lois Carpenter, Mildred Hughes, Jessie Mackey, Elsie Krieg (Pres.), Marguerite Register.

Altos—Leola Bilyeu, Elizabeth Miles, Grace Harris, Lois Henderson, Alice Boyle (Sec. and Treas.).

Another popular musical organization is the Boys' Glee Club, which began rehearsing under the direction of Charles Crover. They assisted in a concert last December and have frequently appeared in society programs.

With the assistance of Miss Pearl Bradley and Miss Ruth Peter, the club gave a concert in Plainview in February.

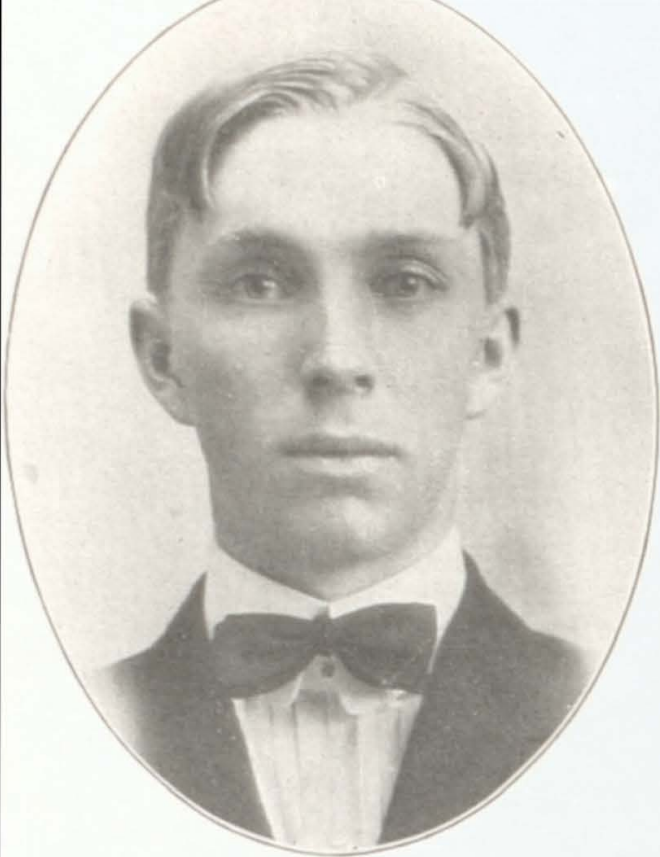
The personnel is as follows:

Tenors—Dale Loftin (Pres.), Ralph Hanna, Glenn Moss, Ralph Watters, O. S. Kirschner.

Basses—Lucius Graves, Byron Curl, F. Thordarson, Perry Elder, Lester Parton, Acie McClain.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



Dale Loftin



Roscoe Simpson

NEGATIVE



Russell F. Hall



Era Godfrey

The Oregon High School Debating League was organized in the school year 1907-1908. Lebanon High, being one of the most progressive schools in the state, joined and immediately began preparing for the contest.

Professor Barnes, superintendent at that time, was with the teams constantly, drilling and rehearsing. When the final debate of the series came, Lebanon was well prepared and came out of the contest with honors, winning the state championship and receiving the prize silver cup offered by the State League.

The names of the winning team on the cup are: Anna McCormick, Elsie Lillard and Pearl Aldrich. The cup is now in the school superintendent's office, the pride of all Lebanon students.

Since that time Lebanon High has made it a point to enter the League every fall, yet some way the honors have passed us by. Especially during the last few years has Lebanon High worked to win back her lost place.

The teams last year, Henriette Durst, Marcus Derr, Guy Frum and Russell Hall, did excellent work, but one team lost out. This year's teams: Dale Loftin, Roscoe Simpson, Russell Hall and Era Godfrey, were the hope of the school and we had supreme confidence in them, yet we failed again.

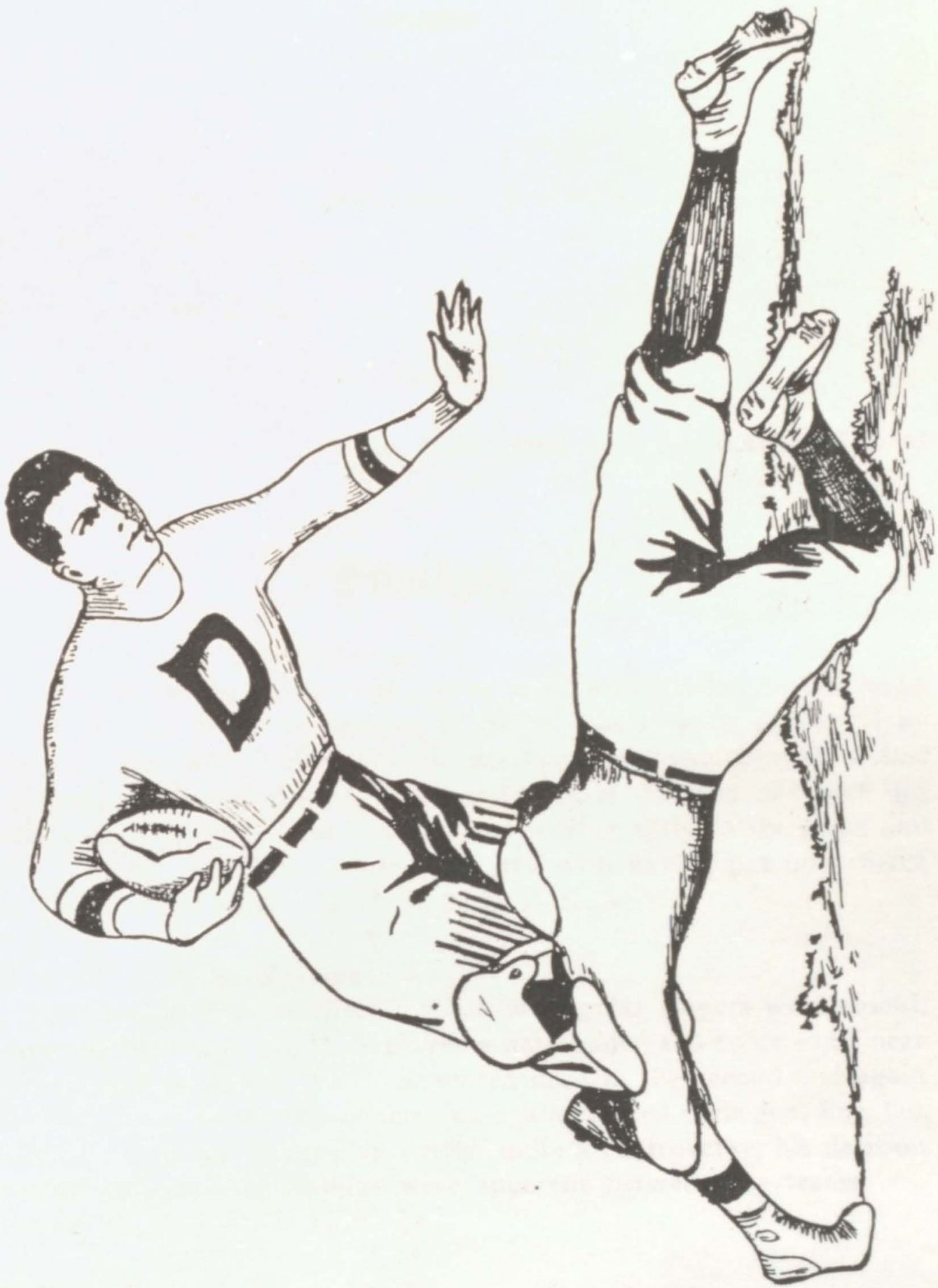
Surely the turning point in our struggle has come, and in the years ahead Lebanon High School will regain the lost place.

—L. C., '15.





TEACHERS TRAINING CLASS



Regulars

Left End—Glenn Tucker, Byron Curl.

Left Tackle—E. Ross Haynes.

Left Guard—Albert Simons.

Center—Othar Scott, Jerry Coyle.

Right Guard—Raymond Busey, George Jimerfield.

Right End—Russell Hall.

Right Tackle—Walter Mills.

Right Half—Alfred Long.

Left Half—Max Millsap.

Quarter—Marvin Wiley, Hillis Southard.

Fullback—Charles Moist.

Subs—Frank Groves, Dale Loftin, Dean Abrams, Ralph Watters, Harold Sherfy.

Football

B. H. S. vs. L. H. S., October 14.

The first game of the season was played with Brownsville, on our home grounds. The team which represented L. H. S. was as good as any of its predecessors. The field, which was in excellent condition, assured a fast game. A good game was played—too fast for B. H. S. For not once did they make a decisive gain. Our boys started scoring early in the game and continued to do so. L. H. S. is justly credited with having put up a fierce offensive game. Final score: B. H. S., 0; L. H. S., 46.

* * *

B. H. S. vs. L. H. S., November 3.

This game was at Brownsville. Two of our regular players were absent, thus weakening our team. B. H. S. played a hard game, and twice came near scoring, but failed to do so. L. H. S. scored once in the second and again in the third quarter. In the last quarter we again crossed their goal line, but their referee declared an illegal play. After quite a controversy, his decision was accepted and no hard feelings were apparent between the teams.

Final score: B. H. S., 0; L. H. S., 13.

* * *

D. H. S. vs. L. H. S., November 7.

This was the hardest game played on our home field. Our boys got the jump on the opposing eleven and scored a touchdown in the first quarter. During the second quarter, as a result of a well executed end run, Dallas



FOOTBALL TEAM

H. S. scored another touchdown. This seemed to take most of the fight out of Dallas. They permitted us to make two more touchdowns in the last quarter.

* * *

C. H. S. vs. L. H. S.

This game was played at Corvallis, on a very muddy field. The teams seemed very evenly matched, although the Corvallis boys were a little heavier. During the first quarter neither team scored, but C. H. S. had the advantage. Near the last of the first half, after a series of hard line plunges, Corvallis forced the ball over for the first touchdown. During the third quarter L. H. S. had the advantage, but seemed unable to score. It was near the end of the quarter when our left end picked up a fumble and ran for a touchdown. This was the only score L. H. S. made during the game. During the last quarter C. H. S. completed another touchdown.

Final score: C. H. S., 13; L. H. S., 6.

* * *

D. H. S. vs. L. H. S., November 20.

This game with Dallas was the last one of the season. The Dallas boys got the hop on us and scored a touchdown every quarter in the game. It was not until the last few minutes of play that L. H. S. exhibited any real team work. The whistle ended the game before our boys got within striking distance of the opponents' goal.

Final score: D. H. S., 27; L. H. S., 0.

The season's score: L. H. S., 90; Opponents, 47.



Inter-scholastic basketball was abandoned this year for financial reasons. Inter-class basketball was substituted. This permitted a large number of boys to use the gymnasium. It also furnished some very interesting games. Especially interesting were the games between the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. The Juniors lost each time to these classes, but by very narrow margins. The Sophomores and Seniors played close games for first place, each winning one game from the other. The Seniors, as a result of the third game, won by a forfeit. The Sophomores having lost one of their best players, refused to play.

The following data show the relative playing ability of the class teams:

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Seniors -----	6	1	.857
Juniors -----	2	4	.333
Sophomores -----	5	2	.714
Freshmen -----	0	6	.000

Seniors—McClain, Hall, Henderson, Wiley, Haynes.

Sophomores—Tucker, Southard, Reeves, Bellinger, Coyle.

Juniors—Curl, Simpson, Groves, Graves, Moss.

Freshmen—Graves, Lutz, Farmer, Scott, Connet, Stanard.







Baseball Team, 1914

B. H. S. vs. L. H. S.

The first game of the season was played with our old rival—Brownsville. B. H. S. accepted several of the Brownsville "twirler's" offerings and early assumed the lead. In fact, at no time were the scores dangerously close. The L. H. S. boys experienced difficulty in meeting Bellinger's tosses. Score: B. H. S. 4, L. H. S. 7.

B. H. S. vs. L. H. S.

This game, which was at Brownsville, started differently from the preceding one. They had great luck and "grabbed" three runs during the first three innings. In the fourth inning, L. H. S. started a string of "hits" which netted four runs. After this, runs were not so hard to get, and before the end of the ninth inning, we had nine to our credit. B. H. S. had to be satisfied with the four made at the beginning of the game.

Score: B. H. S. 4, L. H. S. 9.

The trip to Harrisburg was made in autos. The game started soon after our arrival. It was a very interesting game. In the fourth inning L. H. S. scored two runs. In the sixth H. H. S. scored two runs, thus tying the score. From the sixth to the ninth neither team scored. In the first half of the ninth, L. H. S. scored one run, but H. H. S. also scored one in the last half. The playing continued very even. In the first half of the fourteenth, L. H. S. scored one run, but H. H. S. also came in for one during the last half of the same inning. At the end of the sixteenth inning it was agreed to discontinue the game. The game was characterized by hard pitching on both sides.

Score: H. H. S. 4, L. H. S. 4.

A. H. S. vs. L. H. S.

This was a fast game thruout. The teams were very evenly matched. The playing up to the ninth was very clean; in fact, very few errors were made during the entire game. During the ninth, both teams scored one run. The playing continued even, with no scores, until the thirteenth inning, when A. H. S. secured another run. This was the last score made during the game. The pitching and fielding, by both teams, was excellent.

Score: A. H. S. 2, L. H. S. 1.

H. H. S. vs. L. H. S.

This was the last game of the season. The game started with strikeouts—very numerous on either side. Neither side scored until the first of the eleventh, when H. H. S. made one run in her half and L. H. S. proceeded to get a man on second base with only one out. As the game continued, two chances to score presented themselves, had our man been left on second, as he should have been. However, no scores were made, and the game was finished.

Score: H. H. S. 1, L. H. S. 0.



Tennis

With the scent of spring, an inspiration filled the minds of some of the H. S. students. Plans to organize a tennis club were gladly received. In due time the club was organized with a membership of thirty-five. Russell Hall was elected president and Roscoe Simpson, secretary.

After much toil by some, and limited labor by others, the courts were completed.

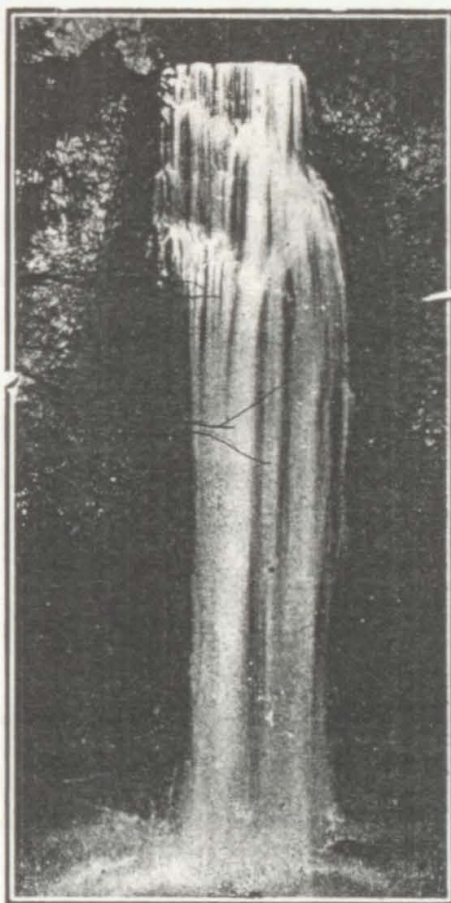
Tennis has proved to be the most popular sport introduced in the L. H. S. It has brought enjoyment to the girls, as well as the boys, for the courts have been kept hot all vacant periods of the day.

Many thanks are due the School Board for their liberality and interest in helping the club by furnishing the backstops.

Students of the past three or four years recall the hopes and dreams of an organization such as we now have. But dreams ——?

And now for the future: There are good prospects for the development of some of the fastest players in the Valley.

So, here's to the Tennis Club! May it live long, and always bring as much joy as it has this first year.



NOVEMBER

- Monday, Nov. 16—The long and the short of it could be seen as Jerry and Ralph H. entered the Assembly.
- Tuesday, Nov. 17—Sam buys a pair of musical shoes.
- Wednesday, Nov. 18—Seniors decide to enter the Interstate Writing contest.
- Thursday, Nov. 19—The first try-out of the Debaters.
- Friday, Nov. 20—The floor flies up and hits Ross, by the Dictionary.
- Monday, Nov. 30—The H. S. Literary papers are censored.

DECEMBER

- Tuesday, Dec. 1—Dale and Roscoe startled by the class bell.
- Wednesday, Dec. 2—The past tense of "fight" was "fit" for Glenn Moss.
- Thursday, Dec. 3—Three H. S. Gentlemen pass before the "peg" of justice.
- Friday, Dec. 4—Jerry falls upstairs.
- Monday, Dec. 7—Hannah discards his crimson tie for a lavender.
- Tuesday, Dec. 8—A wave of pleasure and anger passes over the Assembly, while a shower of rain passed over Allie, as the report cards are given out.
- Wednesday, Dec. 9—Apple Day for the students.
- Thursday, Dec. 10—A slight earthquake—Leigh rolls off his bicycle.
- Friday, Dec. 11—Moving Day for "goody, goody" students.
- Monday, Dec. 14—Miss Bradley gives the Seniors "hot air."
- Tuesday, Dec. 15—Glenn changes political platforms—he divides pencils with Miss Penn.
- Wednesday, Dec. 16—The "diamonds" shown by 13 L. H. S. girls.
- Thursday, Dec. 17—Russell's shoes are made of leather.
- Friday, Dec. 18—Marvin says he can't argue with a mule.

JANUARY

- Monday, Jan. 4—A lighter shade of blues than usual.
- Tuesday, Jan. 5—Curl wears a red neck-tie dyed in the blood of the Germans.
- Wednesday, Jan. 6—A terrible disaster—an innocent mouse ruthlessly slaughtered in Miss Peter's room.
- Thursday, Jan. 7—Norris becomes a "Corn Christian."
- Friday, Jan. 8—Chemistry students take chairs in the Chemistry room.
- Monday, Jan. 11—Mr. Kirschner starts a new restaurant with "bean soup" as the main item on the menu.
- Tuesday, Jan. 12—Leonard walks to school alone.
- Wednesday, Jan. 13—Suffragette Union presided over by Edith Fry.

- Friday, Jan. 15—Arline "tickles" George W. under the chin.
- Monday, Jan. 18—Mr. Thordarson has a hair-cut.
- Tuesday, Jan. 19—Belle's deportment is good. It is C—.
- Wednesday, Jan. 20—Bugs look like real animals to Arline when they go upstream.
- Thursday, Jan. 21—George sends his eight smallest children to the Children's Home.
- Friday, Jan. 22—Jerry decides to travel with the Troubadours.
- Monday, Jan. 25—Five bright green, new "Freshies" give the others a new tint.
- Tuesday, Jan. 26—Harold Sherfy is "making eyes" at Miss Peter.
- Wednesday, Jan. 27—Viola Dibble is given a black mark for whispering.
- Thursday, Jan. 28—Glenn Moss leaves some of his hair at the barber shop.
- Friday, Jan. 29—The H. S. orchestra delightfully entertains a large audience at the Auditorium.

FEBRUARY

- Monday, Feb. 1—Oh, the old clock on the mantle! If it would only run slower.
- Tuesday, Feb. 2—Seniors decide to wear caps and gowns at Graduation exercises.
- Wednesday, Feb. 3—Ralph Hannah's mustache is growing slowly, but surely.
- Thursday, Feb. 4—Physiology class looks into a rabbit and finds many interesting things.
- Friday, Feb. 5—Mr. Kirschner wins piano at the contest.
- Monday, Feb. 8—A Senate and House of Representatives are organized in High School.
- Tuesday, Feb. 9—New "Law-school" Firm established—Newport and Hall.
- Wednesday, Feb. 10—George Whittaker is stricken with the measles.
- Thursday, Feb. 11—"D" students are gradually diminishing.
- Friday, Feb. 12—Russell has the misfortune of having his toe-nail amputated.
- Monday, February 15—Marcie's eye is darkened by constantly overworking it.
- Tuesday, Feb. 16—Ralph Bellinger is now wearing "stripes."
- Wednesday, Feb. 17—All the Seniors, except one, have "A" in English this month.
- Thursday, Feb. 18—Dale Loftin has a serious misfortune—he lost all his "livestock."
- Friday, Feb. 19—Miss Peter and Mr. Botts are seen at the picture show.
- Monday, Feb. 22—Teachers' Training class have their lives insured.
- Tuesday, Feb. 23—Public Speaking class is progressing nicely.
- Wednesday, Feb. 24—Ralph Scroggins is master of "Poison Oak."

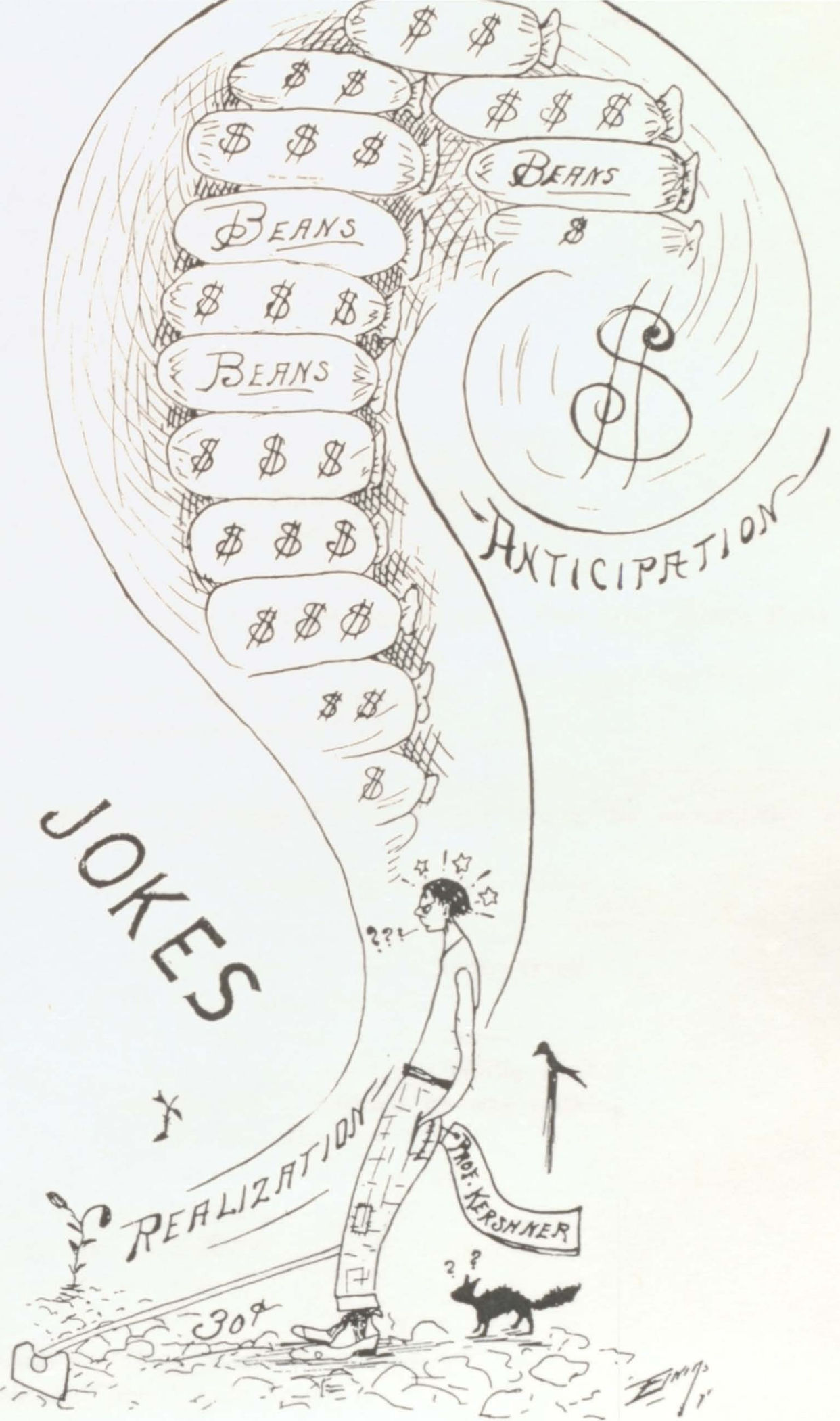
MARCH

- Monday, March 1—Poe is a welcome visitor among the Seniors.
- Tuesday, March 2—Miss Pearl Bradley gives a delightful talk on Music, and plays a selection.
- Wednesday, March 3—Mr. Priest visits several class recitations.
- Thursday, March 4—"Hall and Newport" have difficult case under consideration.
- Friday, March 5—Beatrice (Newport) and Walter (Mills) take a delightful nap at 2 p. m.
- Monday, March 8—Mr. Thordarson again cheats the barber.
- Tuesday, March 9—Miss Penn gives an interesting talk on the State Institutions.
- Wednesday, March 10—Five out of nine of the "Triple A" students are Seniors.
- Thursday, March 11—Studying "Compensation" in Senior English.
- Friday, March 12—Messrs. Thordarson and Kirschner and their wives delightfully entertain the Seniors.
- Monday, March 15—Senior Stunt Day. Girls wear boys' shirts and ties, and boys wear girls middy blouses.
- Tuesday, March 16—Monthly "A" students are gradually advancing.
- Wednesday, March 17—St. Patrick's Day. Lebanon High School organizes a Tennis Club and prepares the courts.
- Thursday, March 18—The Junior class bid Luella Chamberlin farewell on her trip to her new home at Vale, Oregon.
- Friday, March 19—Euphronian Society delightfully entertains a large audience by a St. Patrick program.
- Monday, March 22—Miss Bradley is wearing a "diamond."
- Tuesday, March 23—Glenn Moss is taking a four-day vacation.
- Wednesday, March 24—Erma Mackey, a Sophomore, returns to her home at Oakland, Oregon.
- Thursday, March 25—Lucius Graves takes a nice little "snooze" at 2 p. m.
- Friday, March 26—Professor Straub gives an interesting talk on "U. of O."
- Monday, March 29—George Whittaker is a private tutor on "jokes."
- Tuesday, March 30—H. S. Assembly and Faculty are in Iceland with Mr. Thordarson.
- Wednesday, March 31—The Band plays "Marching Thru Lebanon High" when Belle Ross comes to her seat.

- Thursday, April 1—Seniors eat a lunch at 10:30 a. m. Juniors entertain Sophomores at I. O. O. F. Hall. ? ? ?
- Friday, April 2—In morning: Roscoe envies "Bill's" seat up in front. Later: He doesn't now.
- Monday, April 5—"The Robins" sing merrily in school.
- Tuesday, April 6—Miss Peter stoops to conquer Roscoe.
- Wednesday, April 7—Tennis is becoming the sport.
- Thursday, April 8—Observe Arbor Day by reading suitable selections.
- Friday, April 9—Freshmen have partly overcome their timidity.
- Monday, April 12—Where did the Seniors get their shins? Oh! the report cards.
- Tuesday, April 13—Juniors have an earthquake eruption in Japan.
- Wednesday, April 14—Why has Miss Peter so many smiles today?
- Thursday, April 15—The boys have taken up baseball for the season.
- Friday, April 16—The soft Juniors carried their sofa-cushions with them all day. Oh, sofa-cushions be with the Juniors till we meet again!
- Monday, April 19—Elsie K., Russell H. and Ross H. are advertising "canned" fruit in the English style.
- Tuesday, April 20—Public speaking class is astonished at Russell's brilliant oratorical ability.
- Wednesday, April 21—Curl curls in seat 15, Row C.
- Thursday, April 22—Miss Peter stares boldly at Marvin.
- Friday, April 23—Mr. Ben Crow favors us with several vocal selections.
- Monday, April 26—Zola Arehart is "dreaming" of better days.
- Tuesday, April 27—Hall's presence is requested outside of Assembly at 10:30 a. m. by Mr. Kirschner.
- Wednesday, April 28—Max Millsap is leading bass singer of Lebanon High School.
- Thursday, April 29—Glenn and Leone Thordarson bring a bundle of mail to the office.
- Friday, April 30—Ex-Senator M. A. Miller addresses the Assembly.

MAY

- Monday, May 3—State High School Inspector A. F. Carleton shows his smiling countenance.
- Tuesday, May 4—Perry Elder signs his name at the black-board as Cap. E. by drawing the picture of a cap.
- Wednesday, May 5—The Linnorus is sent to the printers. Editors very much relieved.



JOKES

REALIZATION

ANTICIPATION

DR. KERSHNER

309

EM 7/1

When "A's" on your card you see,
But the one worth while
Is the one who can smile
When he gets three "C's" and a "D."

* * *

A few impossibilities in H. S.:

Lucius—flunking.

Ralph B.—dignified.

Roberta—really smiling.

George W.—canned.

Belle R.—being still.

Bill Robins—studying.

* * *

Simp—"Gee, I had an awful fright last night."

Curly—"Yes; I saw you with her."

* * *

Of course, every little bit helps, but oh my! Two bits. Glenn Moss.

* * *

Mr. Kirschner—"What is a molecule?"

Senior—"A Freshman's brain."

* * *

Ruth Kackley—"I wonder if I shall ever live to be seventy-five years old?"

Watters—"Not if you remain eighteen any longer."

* * *

Willie walked on the railroad track—

He didn't hear the bell.

The engine went to Halifax—

I know where you think Willie went;

But he didn't, because he was walking

On the other track!

* * *

"I want to get a chicken."

"Do you want a pullet?"

"No; I want to carry it."

* * *

Sophomore—"Have you read "Freckles?"

Freshman—"No; I have brown ones."

* * *
Freshman—"What prevents the ocean from running over its banks?"
Sophomore—"Its tide."

* * *
Happy—"How long can a person live without brains?"
Bill—"I don't know. How old are you?"

* * *
Mr. Kirschner—"Didn't you leave the room the last period, also?"
Marvin—"Yes, sir! I couldn't take it with me."

* * *
Teacher—"What is a polygon?"
Haynes—"A dead parrot, I suppose."

* * *
Vivian—"Which is the most business-like class in school?"

Norris—"The Seniors."

Vivian—"How is that?"

Norris—"Because every member is a hot-air merchant."

* * *
Reading "Hamlet" in Senior English.

Miss Bradley—"First Clown reads. Ross, that is your part."

* * *
Fifth Grade Teeth

A fifth grade school boy down in southwest Kansas was told to write a composition on teeth, and the next day he handed in the following:

"Teeth is growed in the mouth of most animals 'cept hens. The hen doesn't chew what she eats, she just swallows it, and then says to her gizzard: 'go to it, and see what you can make out of it.' My Ant Fanny she has store teeth which keeps a droppin' down. i ast her one day why she didnt throw them awa and git her a gizzard like a hen. Sometimes teeth akes awful. i dont know which is worst a tooth ake or a stum'mick ake. i've had both. there is this difference when you have tooth ake you kin git it pulled. if you hev the nerve. i had a tooth pulled onct by a doctor. he told me it wouldnt hurt. i believe all doctors is liars. there was another doctor give me some medicine onct and said it would taste good. he's a liar, too. teeth is a regular nuisance any way you take them. my maw makes me brush my teeth every day which there haint no sense in so fur as I kin see. If I had mv way, there wouldn't be no more teeth—we would all eat like hens."

* * *
Frank G. (to Kirschner)—"I wish you would be very careful in making out my report cards. My parents suffer so from heart-trouble."

Lois, what kind of punctuation would you use after Sir?
Lois—"I'd make a dash."

* * *

"Norris had a little girl,
But now she is no more;
For what she thot was H₂O
Was H₂SO₄."

* * *

In Civics

G. Whittaker—"Do you think Taft was a good President?"
Miss Penn—"Well, yes; I think he filled the office very well."
G. W.—"Yes; he filled the chair, anyway."

* * *

At Photographers.

Mr. Thordarson (to Teachers' Training class)—"Don't look too cross,
nor too wise."

Acie—"Then do you want us to look crosswise?"

* * *

"Teacher, pray give me an 'A',
Or you'll be upbraided;
For if you grade this a 'D',
I'll feel D-graded."

* * *

Freshie—"What time does school start in the morning?"

Teacher—"At 9:00 o'clock, sharp."

Freshie—"All right; if I'm not there, don't wait for me."

* * *

Leonard, (on cornet)—"It's so hard to get a nice sweet note."

Curly—"Hah! It's owing to where you look. I just got a nice one from
Marcia."

* * *

Roberta, (during the first tennis game)—"Say; do you always call the
server, love?"

* * *

Miss Peter—"I wish some of you boys, (meaning Curl and Simpson),
would get in my shoes for a little while, just to see what a teacher has to
endure."

Curl—"Oh, I guess we could get in them, all right!"

* * *

Mr. Kirschner—"You must prove that the law of Boyle, (boil), is true."

Belle R.—"I never said it was."

* * *

Mystery

When is Mary Connet goin to "Mars"?

* * *

"Hamlet," Up to Date:

"Ghost walks;
Ham talks;
Suspects King;
'The play's the thing!'
Plan devises;
Soliloquizes;
Ophelia dippy,
Drowned, drippy;
Graveyard jokes—
Everyone croaks."

The Lebanon High School feels very grateful to Mr. N. M. Newport for the support he has rendered the high school, especially in athletics. He has allowed us the use of the athletic field and has always been a loyal supporter of all the high school activities.

Reeves--Clark Dept. Store

(INCORPORATED)

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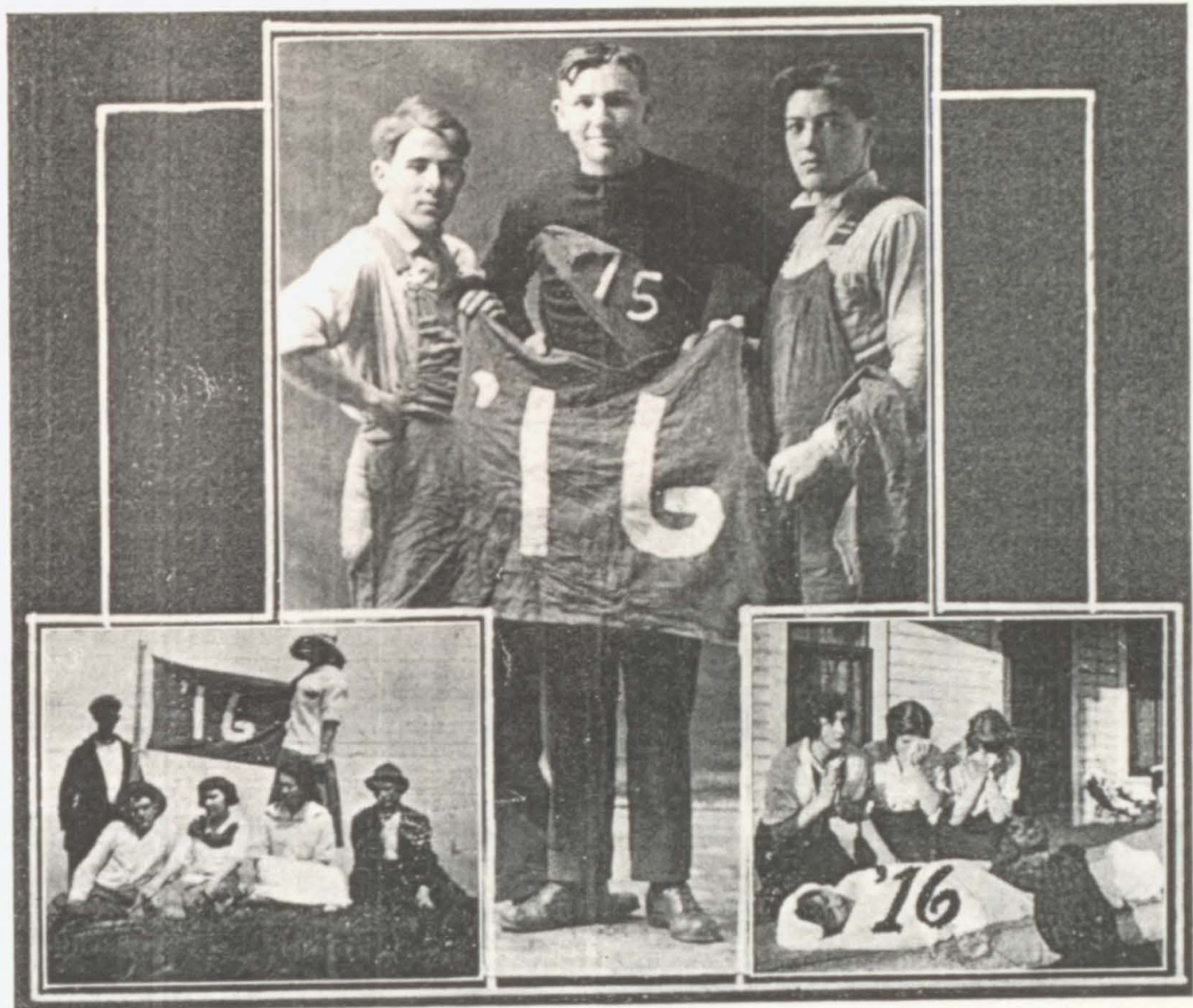
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Felip Korsdina

Ladies and Gentlemen's
Tailor

Successor of WM. SCHENK.



Watters stood on the weighing machine,
In the light of the lingering day;
Then a counterfeit penny he dropped in the slot,
And silently stole a-weigh.

Visitor: "Is Prof. Thordarson in?"

Janitor: "No, he's just gone out."

Visitor: "Will he be back after lunch?"

Janitor: "No, that's what he went out after."

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ICE CREAM :- ICE CREAM SODA

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to fit the EYE, MIND and PURSE.

LEBANON CLOTHING CO.

Home of Harts, Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes.

Kerr & Row



Headquarters for Drugs and

Miss Reeves—"Cigarettes, Roscoe, will always stu.
It has been proven that—"

Simp.—"That's what Jerry gets for smoking."

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clean one. The place to bring your wife and children.
the day---there's a cool hour and a pleasant hour awaiting
N.

Blackburn & Underwood

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