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Free to Hop Pickers

KANGAROO KOBERT

A number of the young bucks have organized a court to take care of such offenses as might well be disciplined by the members of the camp.

The court meets "speriodically" when ever it seems necessary. We have not yet been able to ascertain the place nor exact time of meetings.

The ossifiers of the court are Jim Matney, Judge; John Kragman, Reporter; Granville Garnes, ?, Grant Powers, and John Gruett, Policemen. There are also two plain-clothes men whose names have not been disclosed.

Watch your stëpin the fields now.

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

At the playground Saturday morning a wedding of note took place, being officiated over by the Reverend Mrs. Robinson.

The bride of the occasion, June W, and the groom Bob R, were attended by William S. and Albert W, as bridesmaid and best man, respectively. The father of the bride was Dannie, and the flower girls were Estelle and Delores.

When the ceremony was over the bride threw her bouquet and it was caught by Gladys S.

WHO WAS THE JOKE ON?

The other day at the playground a little girl came up to Mrs. Robinson and told her that her brother was coming for a dose of castor oil.

About noon a man came to the playground and Bob, Mrs. Robinson's son, called to his mother to come over as the man wanted to see her.

Mrs. R. went up to the man and asked, "are you the one who wants the castor oil"?

The man merely wanted to look over the playground.

SATURDAY NIGHT

The regular movie program was held on Saturday night, and afterwards a number of the young folks built a bonfire and played some games.

OST: Lady's pikk wool slip on weater. Return to tent J-12.

GOOD MORNING MR. HOP.

(Tune of Good Morning Mr. Zip/
Good morning, Mr. Hop, Hop, Hop,
With your petals just as light as air;
Good morning, Mr. Hop, Hop, Hop,
You're surely everywhere!
Into the drier, and into the bale;
Some into yeast and some into ale;
Good Morning, Mr. Hop, Hop, Hop,
With your petals just as light as,
Petals just as light as,
Petals just as light as air!
(Learn it and sing it)

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Our attendance at Sunday school has dropped off due to the fact that a large number of folks have taken their children home to put them in school.

However, on Sunday we had a good school, and an interesting time. Only three classes were organized and were taught by Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Sumter and Mr. Crary. The subject discussed was "Knowing Jesus".

A DISAPPOINTMENT

We were all very much disappointed in not having the bank concert Sunday afternoon. However, it was unavoidable, as the leader of the Training school bank was taken sick, and a suitable leader could not be substituted.

Mr. Kells did everything in his power to get the band here, and also went to the Indian School to see if he could get their band, but that was also impossible because it has not been reorganized for this school year.

We have the promise of Mr. Hill, the leader of the Training School Band, that they will come some time this week when he is able to be out again.

PAULINE Patterson was a Sunday visitor.

VICTROLA RECORDS AT RECORD PRICES

55¢ each, 2 for \$1.00

This week at

MOORE MUSIC STORE, SALEM, OREGON.

Found: Mottled celluloid comb. Call at Recreation Tent.

HARMONICA CONTEST

On Wednesday evening there will be a Harmonica (Mouth harp) contest at the regular program.

THE MOORE MUSIC STORE has kindly given us a mouth-harp to present to the winner of the event. Get busy, boys.

THE SONG OF EXCUSES

Listen, green hop pickers, and you shall hear,

Of many excuses, monotonous and queer,
'Twas late one fall in Lake brook fields,
And these excuses were used as shields
Against the boss and measure men

As they refused hops now and then.
"Leave out the blankets, poles, and wires
Or they will refuse them at the driers."

"The wife picked that basket," the man replied,

"You pick them over, or they wont be dried".

On they went and sacked more hops,
Hearing excuses at all the stops.
The red-vine always got lots of blame;
Pickers with youngsters all said the same--

"I have to watch Johnie, he picks too fast,
They are rather bad, but they'll be the last."

A tangled vine is an old alibi.
"Forgot my glasses," they often reply.

"Sweep up the ground, pick clean as you go;
Who left those hops back on that row?"
"Your measure men spilt them as they went thru,
I never leave but a very few."

Whenever the boss finds a branch two feet long,
The dirty hop-pickers sings the same song:

"Some one played a trick on me,
For a limb like that I'd surely see."

An honest hep picker some day may be seen
Who admits his hops were far from clean.
As sure as six and one are seven
That truthful soul shall go to heaven.

But these "Alibi Ikes". Im here to tell
Will get complaints from the dryer in hell.
--Section One.

SCANDAL

Barnes was seen cutting wood for a young lady Saturday. It has been said he was earning his dinner.

Mike Ragan has a stiff neck. Guess he got it from looking up at the stars. Hark luck, Mike.

Chief Johnson is enjoying a bad finger.
Wonder how long it will have to be treated?

BASEBALL GAME.

On Sunday afternoon we had a dandy game with the St. Johns bunch. They are a lot of good sports, but the bad part of the game was that we lost.

However, our bunch are good losers, and no one was killed. The final score was 7-3 in favor of St. Johns.

There was no stellar work in the game but every fellow seemed to do his part. Carp had a bum leg, and was not able to pitch as well as usual. Frank Patterson was absent.

The umpire for the game were Jack Kargman and Slim Hassler. Jim Matney and J.B. Crary kept score.

TOOTHPICKS AND BRIDGETIMBERS.

Ben Kimber, of the Marion County Y.M.C.A. was with us at camp fire Sunday night and gave a very fine inspirational talk on the subject of "Toothpicks and Bridge Timbers". A large number of the young people were present.

Mr. Kimber also lead in the group singing before he made his address.

After the program a number of the young folks played games and told stories around the fire.

SCANDAL

They were crowded in the barbershop,
And the men were sorely vexed,
For Nellie hastened to the chair
When the barber shouted "NEXT."

To them that talk, and talk, and talk,
This proverb should appeal:
The steam that blows the whistle
Never turns the wheel.

My mother uses cold cream,
My father uses lather,
The country girl uses talcum,
At least thats what I gather.
(Jigger ought to know.)

PIE EATING CONTEST

Get your faces in shape for a pie eating contest, boys. You may be picked for it some evening this week.

Louis Carpenter has a "Charlie-horse". He was not in best trim for the game Sunday. Perhaps that is why we lost.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Last night we had a Scotch program Cant you hear John Charge and Arthur Hutcheon playing their bag pipes. Jim Smart sang (not enough). Robert Hutcheon read some cleaver monlogues, Nettie Hutcheon dancèd. Mr. Collard played his violin we would have listened all night. Miss Mary Jane Alberts of Salem played Mr. Smarts Accompliment. It was all to short we could have listened a lot longer.