

THE HOP VINE SCRATCH.
LAKE BROOK RANCH, SALEM, ORE.

The Publication of the Health and Recreation Service.

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Ben Lentz, Section 1
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???????????????????????????????? Section 3-8.

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J. B. Cray

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September 17, 1925.

Free to Hop Pickers.

WIENIE ROAST

We had a dandy time on the wienie roast Tuesday night, leaving camp about 7:50, and arriving at Wildwood Park about 7:55. At least it seemed that sudden.

There were about 45 of us, counting Lou, who kindly accepted the job of "choffer" for the crowd. (Thank you, Lou we appreciate your work in our behalf.)

We also appreciate the kindness of Mr. Settlemier in loaning us the truck.

We'll, as I said before, we left about 7:50, with all aboard except Dallas Baker who was in charge of the affair, and who had gone into the store to get some marshmallows, when someone hollered "All aboard" and Lou set out.

When we were nearly over, Dallas came along in his "coop" and overtook us. It was a mistake, and Dallas took it in good part. The success of the affair was due to Dallas, who handled the arrangements for eats, place, etc.

At the park, we had a fine reception found plenty of wood, light, and sticks on which to roast the wienies. After roasting(?) and devouring about ten lbs of hot dogs, with the accompanying number of buns, we had toasted marshmallows, and then played games and music until after 10:30, when some of those who had worked the hardest suggested we go home, which we did.

LOST, STRAYED OR KIDNAPPED.

Yesterday evening about sunrise a little girl about 4 1/2 years of age (the age limit) strayed away from the play grounds, bareheaded with her mother's shakeron. When last seen she was going down the turnpike carrying a large suitcase filled with one fine tooth comb, a powder puff and a photograph of one of the camp officers. She was wearing a pair of silk stockings and a patent leather belt. If captured alive return to her grandparents in tent 276 and receive one punch on the punch board.

--BILL

LOST: Light brown overcoat; Blackpocket book with 50¢ and drivers license with name Elbert Flowers. (Keep the 50¢ and return the rest.)

JOLLYING JESS

After Jess had been at the boarding school a few weeks she began signing her letters home "Jessica". Brother Tom thought he would give her a little dig about it, so he wrote:

"Dear Jessica: Dadica and Momica have gone to visit Aunt Lizzica. Uncle Samica is talking of buying a new machinica, but he doesn't know whether to get a Fordica or a Chevica. The old cwica has a cdifica I was going to call it Nellica but I changed it to Jimica, because it was a bullica. Your affectionate brother Tomica." (Boston Transcript.)

BILL LAND BUSY AT NIGHT

On Monday night, as on many other nights, Bill had to call Mrs. Robinson at a late hour to see some sick folks. Bill is always on the lookout for the best interests of those in camp.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT SHOW.

We sure had some program last night. It started out as if we wouldn't have much of a show, but before we got really warmed up we decided that we were going to have a fine time.

We started out with a "Spanish Feeding Contest." Leatha Handel and Helen Turner were blindfolded and fed each other marshmallows, and after this two boys put on the blindfolds and proceeded to feed each other. When the blinds were removed they discovered that they were pretty well smeared with charcoal.

Next Mr. C. A. Ryan gave several comic stories in Italian and Swedish dialect, all of which were much appreciated.

This was followed by the harmonica contest, which created considerable interest after it got warmed up. Four contestants entered: Leatha Hankel, Clarence Wilson, Reugen Mc Call and Mr. Eddie. The judges of the applause were Pauline Patterson, Mr. Jones, and Dallas Baker. The prize harmonica presented by the Moore Music House was awarded to Clarence Wilson.

The contest was followed by some comic stories and a dramatic selection "The Shooting of Dan Mc Grew" by Mr. Jones. We all appreciated Mr. Jones' work, and are always glad to hear him.

Laura Kinsey played some selections on the accordian.

SCANDAL

Poor Curley was heartbick Monday because Viola was not in good running order.

Ben Lentz; so they say, is very popular among the ladies.

FROM NO. 2.

They want scandal from No. 2, So we'll give them a little news, too; There's only a few days left for Lucille Until to "Sure Pop" she'll say, "I will". We hope with happiness they'll be best, Instead of scrapping like the rest. And Blondie, when you pick with Jack, Never on "Toots" turn your back. Jealousy is one thing she wont claim, But even for boxing or fighting she's game.

When Auntie picks with Sambo, how the hops do fly;

Also, when the "Canucks" talk of being dry;

One thing, Rex, we'd like to know, Why your days go by so slow? And Miss N.Y. stem will not pass, They're from hops in a different class; If you both would get more sleep, The work each day would not be so steep.

Our check boss, Fred, enjoys our chats, As well as wearing the girls' hats! He is a good boss, we all can say, But he does make us throw our stems away!

(Ina Holm, Reporter Sec. 2)

Section No. 6

There is one row in section 6 that is perfectly clean--yes, of everything except for poles and wires--that is when our scandal editor and his pardner were picking for a while; but they went back to their old job. (Who couldn't)

JOKE

"There was two women in section one who is always getting after their children. They both have three, and let's take pity on the children."

ANOTHER JOKE.

"Curley and his baby doll was down to the bonfire last night (Sun). Watch them, folks, they're pretty cute!"

Bernard Nash, better known as "Noodles" basket emptier of section 6, seemed to enjoy his walk from Spong's landing with his (Lady?????) friend the other day, but, poor noodles, we think that riding is far better than walking, so why not get a one seated bug?

There is more than one way to fill a basket but with hops. One young lady in sec. 6 had her thoughts on other things last Monday nite, and covered her gloves with hops. So now, Anna, we are sure

AN ANSWER TO A LETTER

My dear Fill:

Tickling whiskers, but you sure must have a heck of a good time in section on the last few days.

You didn't realize that I am picking in the same section did you? Well, I am and I somewhat disagree with what you said, but, why quarrell?

You spoke of Ben's starlit eyes, but unless I am badly mistaken I have never seen starts so uninteresting and piercing. You were quite right about his mouth, at least if you mean it in the same sense that I took it.

He took a bite of my apply the other day, and SUFFERING SUNFISHES! but I wish I had the bite, then I would gladly have given him the remainder.

As for the rest, they are all right. We have mamma's pancake boy, and pappa's goodie goodie.

Yes, speaking about Lou, I know who you mean. At least I know how he means when he fishes in my basket. Hot dog! but I'M sure glad I'M only a girl at those particular inspections. Anyway Lou sure got left in that incident you mentioned.

That was surely too bad about those infaturated lovers, but no doubt Ben is rearing a new pair.

Dainty Donkeys! girl, it seems im possible for two beings in the same section not to meet, but say, how about a date? You can't refuse me if you don't Ben.

Truly yours until the water wagon serves whiskey,

JILL

Section one. (Tune: Oregon My Oregon) We've got a gang, A good Whizz Bang, In section one, My section one: They're on the run, But full of fun, In section one, My section one.

CHORUS

Oh section one, My section one, We have the rest under our thumb, We are the best, We'll stand the test, Oh, section one, My section one.

II. We know our stuff, And still not red In section One, My section One. We see blue skies, and cakes and pied, In section one, My section one.

III. Six, as a dare, cannot compare With Section one, My Section one, And all the rest are far from Best!!!! Oh Section one, My section one.

WHO WAS THE JOKE ON?

Betty heard the remark about Gigger, better known as George Washington, She was sick and didn't know who to ask, but came up to Nellie, and asked, "Where is Abraham Lincoln?"