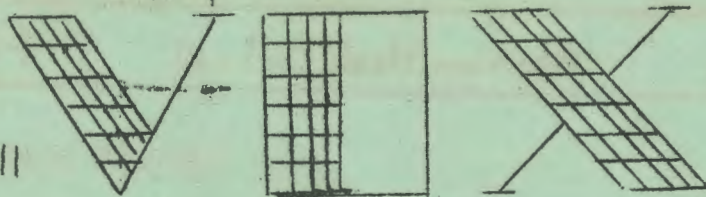


Editor
Kenn Cornell



Asst Editor
Virginia Jackson

Volume VI

Marion High School

April 4

MUSIC CONTEST

APRIL 3-4-5

Monticello is getting ready for one of the highpoints of the school year Saturday; that is, vocal music contest. We have an excellent representation headed by the famed boys glee club. (We still are gloating over the plaque we won at the Festival at Iowa City last year!) But seriously now, our "warblers and warbleretts" have done much this year and they expect to really go places. Home concert gave them experience and pointed out some mistakes so believe me when I say "WE'RE RARIN' TO GO"!!!

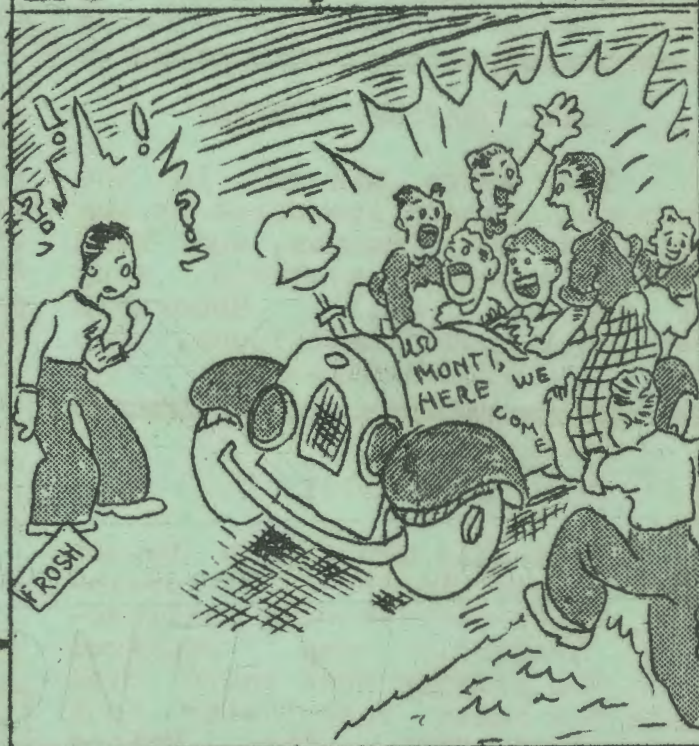
The band swung up there last nite and won a superior, we hope! The instrumental soloists are there today, and we hope they are walking away with the top honors!

WOMEN ~

Historians, economists, scientists, experts on social conditions, and human relations authorities have all told us that this is still a man's world, that man is still a man and that a woman still wears skirts. They say this solemnly and stake their reputations on it, but at last the truth is out. We've found that women in the halls of M.H.S. are tired of being women.

Great historians also tell us that we are in the midst of by far the greatest civilization the world has known. Indeed, they have never visited the halls of M.H.S. Or perhaps, they have be-

Get Ready Monti-!!!



come so brilliant in this school that they have reverted thousands of years, in the course of a few days, to the age of the Amazon. But here the transformation is incomplete. Let's also have the feminine (?) gallantry and hatchets and knives that go with it. These women of might and muscle had also better go down and okay the new football uniforms in which they will be expected to perform some great herculean deeds for the team next year.

Meanwhile we downtrodden males had best go organize a cheering section and learn how to
(Continued on page 7)

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"Speed, Efficiency, Smile"

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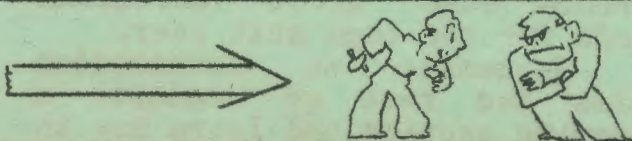
QUILL SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The prize winner in the snapshot contest sponsored by the Quill was Ellis Bauman, who will therefore receive gratis a copy of the 1941 Quill. Honorable mention included Lois Young, Bob Hoff, and Fred Huddleston.

Remember!!!

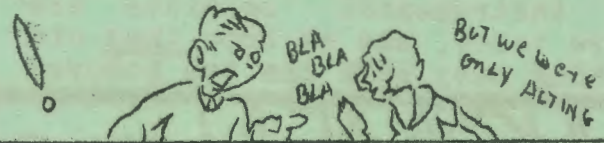
Gradually man came to see the fallacy in the "eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth" philosophy. Gradually man realized that the helping hand could elevate the human race faster than the mailed fist. The United States is one of the few countries where people have been left a chance to develop that outlook--make it your crusade! Consideration of others is the basis of our ideal of a civilized individual. Remember that the rights of the other fellow are as important as your own, for some day you may be the "other" fellow.

L. N. Warren



CONTEST PLAY

The play cast and crews of the Contest Play en route to Iowa City gorged themselves practically into infinity. After arriving with three or four bangs, which designated Vernon, Marsh and Hughes, we proceeded to shake the dust from our eyebrows and went on to the Little Theatre. After seeing some of our class B competition, we were ready to hit the hay. But, as it always goes, there were a few wayward students of M. H. S. who had to be smuggled in after "hours" (and hours). Next day (Thursday) the nervous break-downs were under way reasonably early, shall we say about 7:10, and everyone swished over to the theater for last minute rehearsals. At ten o'clock our doom was sealed. After a slight relapse on the part of the cast we went to dinner and then "rested" again until time for more and more plays. So to eat again at 6 o'clock and then to do something different, we went to the plays--Oh, such is life, and we all came home to recuperate from a swell time.



MARY ANN
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Volume VI

Marion High School

April 4

HUTTON'S ~

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A #1 ~ Good food ←

S #2 ~ Good Service ←

A #3 ~ Good Quality ←

A ~ BLANCA

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

by

Prudence Nittwitty Fuddyduddy

Dear Miss Fuddyduddy:

I had a date Sunday night with one of the charming girls of the junior class. We had more fun at the show, and when it was over, we did some jitterbugging. Oh, I had a marvelous time. Of course, I was out pretty late, but then I'll only live once (I hope!!!). The only trouble is that everyone is teasing me about the date. You see I've not run around with girls very much. I just decided all of a sudden to have a date. I guess I'm the repulsive type (or is the word impulsive?). Should I go out with her any more? If I should, how can I keep from being teased?

Bob Smith.

Dear Bobbie:

You can't fool me!! I know you were out with Marilyn Fon-

taine!!! You sly little angels! As to your perplexity in grammar, repulsive is the word in your case, believe me! I know how it is to be teased. Now, when I started going with P. U., everyone made smart cracks. I surely fixed them though. I started hiding garbage in all the beds in the neighborhood. People soon shut up in order to escape their "perfumey" baths. I've gotten a lot of good out of going with P. U., too. You'd be surprised at some of the appetizing food people throw out! I devour chopped egg shells in orange peel casserole all covered with ground pork chop bones each morning for breakfast. Well, to get back to your problem. If I were you, I'd just take a flat iron and drop it on the head of any one that makes a dirty dig. If that doesn't fix him, take your right foot and stomp (three short times) on his nose. Well, I hope you'll take my advice. See you in Alcatraz, chum!

Miss Fuddyduddy.

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The SPOTS"

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P.G. HARLAN ~

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~ PAINTS ~



G O S S I P



Kathryn Kassler and John Gibney make a swell couple--at least that's our opinion. We don't know what Dopey thinks.

Did you see Marilyn Fontaine and Chuck Schaefer at the De-Mclay dance?

We doubt that Marian Spence is "Nobody's Baby", 'cause there is Steve Oakley, isn't there, Marian?

Potter had better keep an eye on V. Miller. We hear that B. Harlan and D. McKenney think she's "ok."

J. Jones is having a hard time choosing between Ruth W. and Bonnie H. We'll admit it would be a problem.

Things Worth Hearing:

"Bobby Trumpet's Blues" a new boogie woogie at the K-V.

Martin's arguments on the question "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

Bob Fiedler's rendition of "Alexander is a Swoos" with a false teeth whistle!!!

Mrs. Rose's new version of "Angry" and we do mean new.

The stories Mr. Haupt tells about his experiences. They all start out--"Did I ever tell you the one about----?!"

Question of the Week: What has happened to Jake and Phyl?

Boy: "May I have a date for the Junior-Senior Banquet?"

Girl: "Sorry, I've already been asked!"

(Any similarity to persons living or dead (ha) is purely intentional).

LOST AND FOUND

Wanted: One man--K. Newman-(Zeke Lary inquire at Vox room sixth period).

Wanted: Good lipstick remover---Meggers.

Lost: Marilyn Fontaine--Any time--Any where.

Personal: Enough said.

Lost: That's what they all say at class picnics.

Wanted: Automatic pool ball sweeper---Martin.

Found: One perfect vacuum--inquire of Manson.

Personnel: Sometimes we wonder!!!

Found: Senior boy's class song---"High On A Windy Hill."

(The Vox assumes no responsibility for the above "data.")

PRINCESS

Beauty SHOP

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N-C-W



THE SWEET YOUNG THING

SUBDEBESE

From the "Reader's Digest"



THE BRAVE BIG BOY

"Let's put the show on the road, sugarpuss, we're going to a rat race." This, in subdebese, is an invitation to a dance.

Subdebese, the pungent speech of American girls just emerging from the awkward age, is a linguistic hodgepodge of the superlative, the vehement and the extravagant. Subdebs never merely like or dislike anything. They say, I'm mad for it, or, conversely, It curdles me. Salutation is expressed as Hello, bag; Hey, devil, what say? and What are you featuring? (What's up?). Strictly stock means nothing much is doing. If the one questioned feels poorly, she says, I feel like the walking dead.

Agreement is conveyed by Certainly has!, That's no dream, or You can say that again. To reinforce a statement, I ain't woofin' or I ain't bummin' means "I'm not fooling." Don't hand me any more of that live indicates that the hearer is fatigued with the conversation. The bell you yell signifies incredulity.

Oolie droolie!, Patch my pantywaist! are pure expletive. Amazement is conveyed by Well, cut off my leg and call me Shorty!

A nice boy is currently known as glamorpuss, superman, doll, or Casanova. His car is a tintype, meat grinder, or iron. Slipping on her wing-ding (hat), the young cookie or dilly (best girl) will go shinercacking or booging (dancing). As an invitation, her escort will murmur, Come on worm, squirm.

Boys who do not meet with approval are drools, goons, toads, meatballs, trolls, and drips. A drizzle is a drip going

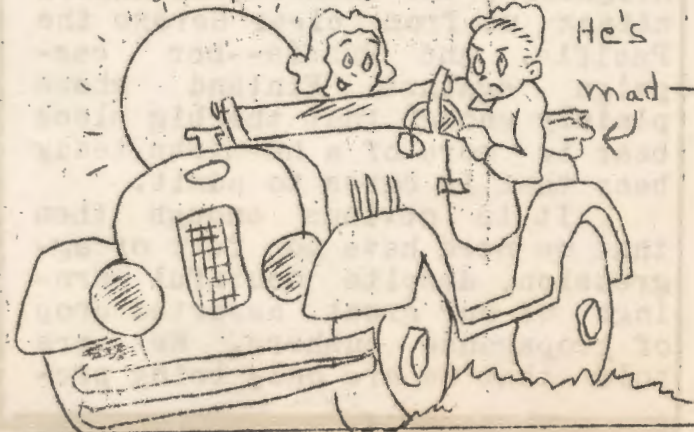
steady with one girl. An ugly boy is referred to as Dogface or Some of Hitler's work, no doubt.

If a girl really detests a man, she says, "He's my jewel." An unpopular girl may be a crow, black widow, poison pan or zombie.

A wolf snatches other boys' girls. A B.T.O. is a big time operator who takes the girl out for hash (food). I'll eat any thing that don't bite me first indicates hunger.

To describe anything good, from a soda to a limousine, genial and adequate have lately replaced the outworn smooth, priceless, devine.

Most subdebese has been coined to cover the mutual urge for association between subdebs and their male friends. At the bottom of all this is B.U., or biological urge, which leads to smooching, catching the monk, mousing, gooing it and other types of crush parties, all known in the 1920's as necking. A girl who acquiesces in such activities is a fever, a cuddlecat or a mug-bug. Chef-d'oeuvre of subdebese is the definition of petting as "a study of anatomy in Braille."



ARMING FOR WHAT ???

~~SEVERAL~~ IN a Series of Articles
on Foreign Affairs by MHS. Students



Perhaps with all this head-long clamor to build up an impenetrable national defense, we are very apt to glue our eyes and our minds on a wild desire to accumulate tanks, guns, airplanes, warships, ammunition and to boast of a huge army with blood in its eye and fail to take more than a fleeting glance, if at all, of the cause and effect of all these extraordinary proceedings, much less question the assorted bushels of propaganda stuffed down our throats. Oh no, not we intelligent Americans! We glup down everything that's offered us and despite the dirt and the filth and contamination, we swallow it and say it tastes very good, and that it's just the thing for our indigestion.

To begin with, I'd like to have someone explain to me just what we are going to use this conglomeration of men and munitions for.

We certainly need not fear aggression by Germany or Italy as long as Great Britain is in the war, and Roosevelt just pushed through the Lease-Lend Bill to assure them of that. Then who do we fear, Japan? They cannot even subdue their backward, next-door neighbors, the Chinese, much less attack us from clear across the Pacific. And Russia--her campaign against Finland shows plainly enough that the big black bear is more of a harmless teddy bear that it cares to admit.

It is obvious enough then that we need have no fear of aggression, despite mournful warnings of our great assorted crop of propaganda pushers. We are told that we are only being pre-

pared, that we are only making sure we won't be caught napping. You don't give a little boy a sling shot for an ornament, or even if you try to make him believe that, there's bound to be some broken windows in the community. One spokesman for Central America put it very pointedly when speaking before Congress.

"You claim you are not arming to attack Europe or Asia," he told them, "then who are you going to fight,--us?"

That could well be it. We know Mr. Roosevelt well enough to realize he does not divulge his plans to everyone and we are too well acquainted with his illustrious ancestor to say, "It can't happen here."

Dale Bebee

Winter and Summer

Down with snowballs, and mittens, and ear muffs;

Bring on the picnics and hikes to the bluffs;

Down with ice skates, and skis, and snow shoes;

Let me go barefoot, get out my tennis shoes;

Put away mufflers and long underwear;

Galoshes and rubbers get in my hair;

Get out the golf clubs and fishing poles, too;

The swimming pool water's invitingly blue;

You can have your old winter with its ice and its snow,

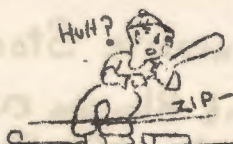
With its sniffle and sneezes and 30's below,

But it's summer for me with its ice in a glass,

And 'specially without an 8:00 o'clock class!!

Mary Kay

BASEBALL HAS COME TO



M.H.S.



Despite the threat of the draft the high school has resurrected baseball as a part of the athletic program. Not since '35 has there been any Marion representation on diamond, so consequently there are no boys in school now who have played on a high school team except Bob Hampton, who was a mound artist at Hazelton.

The schedule of games is as yet pretty hazy, but one is definitely decided--the opener with Maquoketa, here on April 22. A few intra-squad games will be played to get warmed up for the season. Games have been arranged with Manchester, Independence, and Monticello, but the places and dates are indefinite.

Baseball aspirants, as yet mostly freshmen and seniors, are thicker than the gestapoes under Hitler's bed, but the material so far is pretty green. Their energeticness, however, promises at least a fair team if a pitching staff could be developed, which at present is about as barren as Jack Benny's head minus toupee.

It's too early in the season to predict anything yet so don't be too surprised if we happen to end up in the world's series!

COUNTERACT

Finally we have gained the right to purchase G. A. A. sweaters. The girls have never been allowed to purchase sweaters or wear stripes.

Why shouldn't we wear them? A girl likes to wear her school colors as well as a boy, it is a distinction and honor for a girl as well as a boy. Naturally G. A. A. games are fun, but the girls don't get a letter for sitting and watching; they earn them! We have a point system that is approved by the state and it is rigid.

We agree that there should be a distinction, and we have arranged for it. Our letters are five inches, while the boys are much larger, and we will have our stripe on our letter instead of on our sleeve. The letter awards have been made to the girls for some time; the only addition being made is allowing the girls to buy sweaters to put them on. We could go and buy a sweater at any time, but we thought it more reasonable to buy all of them at one place so the colors would be alike.

(Continued from page 1)

knit, and by the way, boys, we might as well arrange a time to auction off our sweaters!

The Lettermen
(By Dale Bebee)



--Vivian Benedict

APRIL 4

Volume vi

Monticello High School

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 Music Contest
 at Monticello -!

A-1 WORK