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Editor

VOX

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Marion High School

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HAPPY THANKSGIVING



OH, WOE
or
PUPIL'S PROGRESS

Grade cards, report cards, periodical reports are one of the chief terrors of childhood and adolescence. They are distributed every six weeks of the school year and are so arranged no matter if you get an average grade, a superior grade, or a poor grade, you feel like a cad. Suppose, for instance that you get an A in some subject: then you feel like a heel because it makes those getting C's, D's, and F's go farther down in the class scale. But if, on the other hand, you get an F, you feel like kicking yourself for pulling the class average down. If, perchance, you should get a C, you get angry at yourself for not working a little harder and getting a B or an A. No matter how you look at it, it's all wrong.

Maybe last report period you received a B in geometry; so the majority of your time is spent on geometry, and you get an A or A- in it, while in Latin you slip to

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EDITORIAL



Some 320 years and 11 months ago there landed on the rocky shores of a Massachusetts harbor 102 of the hardiest people. They had endured for more than two months the rigors of a stormy sea voyage in a vessel of only 180 tons.

They landed on a wintry day, and within four days they had erected a single house for the entire company. Their provisions ran low, the cold became intense, and disease struck viciously. Only forty-nine lived to greet the spring.

By the end of summer, however, twenty-six acres had yielded their harvest of grain and vegetables. The forest had surrendered stores of game, fruit, and nuts, and the sea had given them fish.

And so a day of THANKSGIVING was proclaimed. They had come safely through the valley of shadows.

Tomorrow we, too, celebrate in THANKSGIVING. Since that first American THANKSGIVING we have come through many shadowy valleys. We are entering the darker parts of another valley. We must pass through all this valley. And we do so with faith, and the knowledge that this valley is not forever and the day of THANKSGIVING will come again.

THE BOSTON

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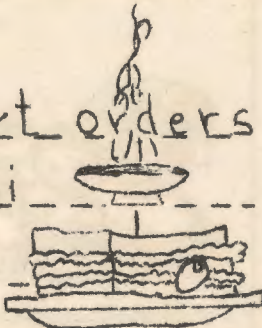


BREED'S BARBER SHOP

"It pays to look well"

CASA

Delicious short orders
Homemade chili —
Sandwiches —
Homemade pie —
Sundaes and milk shakes



BLANCA

"What is a magnet?"
"A uniform."

Dear "Crow" Fuddydaddy:

The jive is jumpin' down my way and all the cats are in the groove. But there's one thing that cuts my rug clear down deep—I just can't make a jitterbug out of my dream boy.

He's entirely oolie-droolie except for this one thing--music just doesn't send him. Why I worry so much about him that "Jim" doesn't even hit me on the upbeat anymore!

So, goonbait, if you've got any hot tips on how to make a hepcat out of a frozen foot, shoot 'em my way kid.

Yours for hotter swing,
Mary I.

Dear Mary:

Well, I think I know what you mean, but I'm not much on any language except English so if this is a little vague you'll know why.

Gosh, kid, you are in a bad fix. Why even P.U. (you remember him) knew how to dance! Ah-h-h I remember when he used to take me dancing every night. Boy was it romantic. Sometimes we'd do the circle-two-step or the turkey trot for five hours steady. Once when P.U. had some new high-tops on I had to have three toes amputated after one dance---I've never been quite the same since!

But enough about P.U. Let me tell you how I got B.O. (another boy friend of mine) to dance. I'd get him to walk by the dance floor while some fast piece was playing and then I'd stick a pin in him. Aren't I the sly little minx though? But it worked. Why one time he even won a jitterbug contest that way. You might try this, Mary--I don't guarantee the results though.

That Jitterbug of 1902,

Prudence Fuddydaddy



snoopin' around

We wonder where Ostrander got that "M" letter. Couldn't be Jack Smith?

Guess who it was that G. Stark took home Friday night. That's right, Reva Ford.

You see them all the time--Hayes and Thomas.

Seen at the Industrial Ball: Schenken-Vahl; Mullaley-Rathje; H. Fiedler-Jake; Carey-Towers; Towers-Stark; B. Peck-Mann; Spence-Van Fossen; B. Ford-T. Benedict; Monroe-???

Imagine writing a page-and-a-half note! Ives wrote one to Gill and signed it "confidentially yours." How Confidential??

N. Adee escorted Janice McKee home from the skating party Friday night. Oh boy!!

What happened to Hogan and Clapp??

What do you think of the swollen eye that Towers gave Stark? (That is the way I heard it.)

C. Keenan isn't doing so bad either--a drum majorette from Anamosa.

Weren't the steps kind of hard to sleep on, Potter?

If you want to know how it feels to have a cream puff thrown in your face, ask Otto about the one Leidigh threw at him.

What enjoyment do Kellogg and Hutchins get out of picking corn? Couldn't be the farmer's daughter???

Frances Clark seems to like even the younger Springville boys. A sophomore!
* * * *

Ravings of a Freshman

I know not why the sun does shine;

I know not why I call thee mine;

I know not why the birds sing;

In fact, I don't know anything.

Ask Potter what a petunia is!

What's this? Jim Kemble took Mary Lou Thomas home from the skating party Monday night.

Looks like Ernie Davin is out to get Bonnie Ford.

Reva Ford thinks Earl H. is a "wonderful" skater!

Wonder what Carol would say if she knew about Betty. How about it Mann?

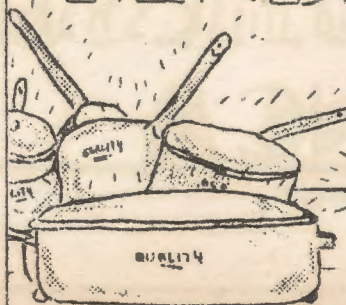
FOITTE'S

delicious.



PIES
CAKES
COOKIES

KENDALL'S



COOK YOUR
THANKSGIVING
TURKEY IN
SOME OF OUR
SUPERIOR
ALUMINUM WARE!



STUFF and THINGS

It seems to be the fashion nowadays to throw smart sayings at each other. Someone comes up to us and says, "Hey, will ya look at that loose tooth?" We look around but can't see any, and we ask him, "Where?" He haw-haws and says "Why, a loose tooth means a farmer."

When a girl tells you she sure did give that guy the Fuller, she really means she gave him the brush-off.

If your boy friend calls and asks you if you'd like to go out and "hit the jiggles", don't slam down the receiver. Just say "yes" because that means go out dancing.

When someone tells you "You're cooking with gas", you'll know it means "Now you're getting wise."

Here are a few more slang-ages: A call on the Ameche--telephone call. A light case of Andy Hardy--to get sentimental. Chop-chop--good-bye. Hoytoytot--having a good time. What's buz-zin', cousin--what's happening? Off the scale--gaining weight. Squirrel fever--acting silly.

Oh yes, girls, if some nice boy tells you you're the "Yum-yum type", you'll know you're very kissable. Do you dig me? I mean, do you understand? If you don't, I recommend that you go to an expert slang-slinger. Maybe he can help you.

Vo Ann Miller

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SPORTS

Anamosa 13--Marion 6

A gallant band of young braves of the Marion High tribe went down after battling desperately to the final gun, Friday, November 14. The first kickoff was run back for a touchdown by the Blue Raiders of Anamosa on a play that they had drilled on for more than half the season. The Marion team was outweighed but not outfought as thirteen seniors and five juniors played the last game of the season.

Seniors who played were: Ferreter, Vahl, McConaughy--ends; Balcom, Coon, Kudrna, Cooney--tackles; Stark, Mann--guards; Marsh, Potter, Van Fossen, T. Davin--backs; Gene Jacobs--captain and assistant coach.

Everybody hit a peak for this game and the general feeling in the locker rooms after the game was that Anamosa can be beaten. The juniors say, "Wait till next year."

Frank Whittemore

PUPIL'S PROGRESS

(continued from page 2)

a D. Then you catch it for going down in Latin, and there you are: if you try to please everybody you please no one, not even yourself.

Of course, there is always the possibility of changing your grade. For instance if the grade card reads F, it's a simple matter to insert another line, making it read A. On the same manner, D can be changed to B, and C to B.

In closing, I would like to say this: Don't envy a person with high grades, because there's always somebody a little higher than he whom he envies.

Bob Mathewson

WHAT ARE YOU DOING THANKSGIVING?

Dick Stamy-I'm going to stay home. (Why, Dick, aren't you even going to take Dorothy out once?)

Mary Lou Thomas-My brother is going to bring home 3 or 4 of his friends! I'll probably flirt with them over the turkey.

Charles Maxfield-I'm not going to do anything. (We wonder)

Geraldine Smith-Stay at home and rest.

John Larkin-I would like to spend Thanksgiving Day and most of the vacation at Pflughaupts.

Lodell Leidigh-Sleep, work and play the pin ball machine at Phil's.

Phyllis Lanning-I think I'll give my dog a bath.

Mac Towers-Oh, I'm going to have 7 or 8 dates. (Whew! Towers, you're a man.)

Miss Russell-I am going to have two Thanksgiving dinners-one on Thursday and one on Saturday. (Miss Russell, your waist-line!)

Mr. Haupt-I'm going to visit my parents.

* * * * *

"Dere Teacher," wrote a mother to the schoolma'am, "you keep telling my boy to breathe with his diafram. Maybe rich children can afford diaframs, but how about when their father only makes \$1.50 a day and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing, then it's another and now it's diaframs. That's the worst yet."

"What business will you take up when you quit school?"

Looks like I'll take up land --a shovel at a time."

Mistress (hearing crash from kitchen): More dishes, Mary?

Servant: No, ma'am, less.

ACTIVITIES

DEBATE

A part of the newly organized Debate Squad journeyed to Iowa City on Tuesday, the eighteenth, to hear the Iowa debaters engage an alert Toronto duet in a verbal battle. At the conclusion of the debate, our group, Rita Remington, Bob Wainwright, Carlton Strand, Mary Alice Kemble, and Mr. Halley, returned fired with ambition to win our own mix-up in the Iowa High School Forensic League.

Bob Chamberlain

ZETA MU EPSILON

Monday, November 17, at 6:30 Zeta Mu Epsilon held its yearly initiation in the Home Ec. Room. Thirty members, Mr. Haupt, the sponsor, and two guests Mr. Warren, and Miss Hillyard attended.

This year instead of having to eat fish, cat eyes, solutions of vinegar and castor oil, twenty new members showed what good sports they were by joining the "Fly Club." They were brought in blindfolded and had to shake hands with four flies. As they were introduced to Mr. Bumblebee they were stuck with pins and when introduced to Mr. Let-er-fly water was thrown in their faces.

After this ordeal everyone had food--very good food--and lots of it. The initiates had to eat their food with their backs to the table. During the meal various new members had to sing songs, give poems, talk on insane bedbugs, why grass is green, the color of water, etc.

Afterward everyone did dishes and ate popcorn and cake.

Marilyn Fontaine