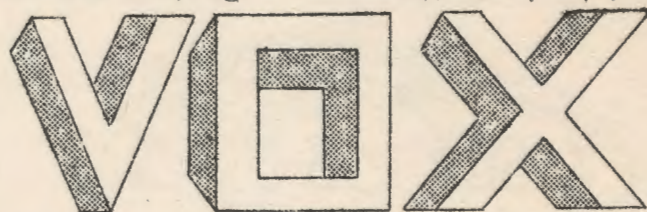


VACATION STARTS TODAY

Christmas vacation starts today. School will resume on January 3, 1955. The Marion-Mt. Vernon game December 28, will wind up the 1954 school activities. MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM THE STAFF!



Volume XX No. 4

MARION HIGH SCHOOL Marion, Iowa

December 21, 1954

SANTA'S ON HIS WAY



GAMBLING WITH T. B.

You think TB doesn't happen to people like you? The truth is, TB can happen to anyone. There is no special kind of person who catches TB. You may be weak or strong, rich or poor, old or young—you can still catch it.

You think you need "symptoms" to have TB? The truth is, you may feel perfectly well and yet have TB. When signs or symptoms finally appear, it usually means that TB germs have been at work for some time.

You think TB has to be inherited? The truth is, no one is born with TB. The germ passes from one person to another. You catch it from someone who already has tuberculosis, someone who may be sick without knowing it.

Why not play it safe by getting a chest x-ray every year? Tuberculosis is easier to cure when found early.

GET A CHEST X-RAY NOW!!



The Youth Center sponsored a Christmas dance Saturday evening, December 18, at the Youth Center.

Tonight the Science Club will sponsor a dress-up dance complete with Santa Claus which will be held in the gym.



Are You Sure You're Right?

—when at Christmas-time you say there is no Santa Claus?

"Why, of course," you say. "Don't be absurd. There's no little fat, bearded man in a bright red suit who rides in a sleigh pulled by reindeer and who whisks down chimnies delivering presents."

Maybe there's no little man such as you explained, but Santa Claus exists as surely as lepricons and elves exist—as a symbol. Maybe he's not a living being, but he exists as surely as love and good will and the spirit of giving exist.

On the first Christmas it was all there. There was love for the baby Jesus. There was good will as the shepherds came from their fields.

You say there is no Santa Claus. Why, he will live beyond our time, beyond our children's time and beyond their children's time. He will live on until this world is no more.

Maybe his name and his appearance will change, but the things he stands for will never change.

So you see, there really is a Santa Claus.

Christmas Seals To The Rescue

It was Christmas Day in 1907! The very air breathed the goodness of giving, and Philadelphia's streets swarmed with shoppers! In and out among them a shabby newsboy hawked morning papers. His last one gone, he scurried off to where a front-page story had said penny stamps were being sold to help some sick folks in Delaware. Reaching up to a marble counter higher than his head, he plunked down a copper.

"Gimme one," he said. "My sister has it."

At that moment she and a million and a half other Americans were doomed by tuberculosis. In that late autumn of 1907 doctors could not work fast enough to meet the needs of eight charity patients in an open-air shack near Wilmington, Delaware. For three years a few Wilmington doctors had been trying out this fresh-air treatment in the makeshift setup staffed by one nurse, herself tuberculous, and a cook. Results were encouraging, but support had ceased. "We'll have to close down," said one of them, "unless we raise \$300."

Miss Emily Bissell, a Red Cross worker, came to the rescue. "Why should we not have a Christmas stamp for the purpose of rousing up and educating our people on this matter?" she asked.

That same evening she sat down and sketched a rough design--a half-wreath of holly centered with a Red Cross, and crowning the words, "MERRY CHRISTMAS."

How she worked stirring up the newspapers, women's clubs, labor unions, and shopkeepers; stirring up schools; churches, and lodges! Before the first sheet of stamps was off the press, the state was aware of a grave menace about which it had known little and done less.

On Monday, December 9, 1907, a day worth remembering, a girl in Red Cross garb took her place in the corridor of



the Wilmington post office to sell the first tuberculosis Christmas stickers. They went fairly well, but fifty thousand stamps made a big pile, and the close of the second day saw need for a faster pace if the goal was to be reached.

Then another thought came to Miss Bissell. Public interest might be spurred if nearby Philadelphia's "North American" would print a piece about the stamps. The morning of the third day found her facing its Sunday editor.

He just couldn't see it--coupling Merry Christmas with a monstrous curse--a better hookup was needed--he was sorry, but it didn't seem to warrant space!

Fate makes strange moves on the chessboard of so-called chance. Feeling very disappointed she dropped in on another staff member to tell him she liked his column. There's no accounting for some things, but when he saw those Christmas stamps, he was amazed! He convinced the Sunday editor that the paper should back the campaign.

A few weeks later she telephoned from Wilmington: "It's hard to believe, but we've just finished counting, and we have three thousand dollars!--more than a third of it from the "North American"! We must get together to talk about a nation-wide stamp for next Christmas."

Who would have thought a tiny square of gummed paper with "Merry Christmas" on it might have filled the bill. Yet here it was giving even a street kid his first glimmer of what people wanted to know--that this worst disease of all not only could be cured, but better still, could be prevented.

FIGHT T.B.

All I Want For Christmas Is...



Bob Story.....A blonde, brunette or red-head (preferably with brains)
 Joyce Kemp.....Charleton Heston's twin brother
 Bob Murray.....Pink and black socks
 Eileen Morrison.....Some misletoe and a boy
 Richard Ledvina...A set of new tires and a car to go with it
 Darlene Shanklin.....Some free piano lessons
 Ron Hess.....A signed diploma
 Lyla Dye.....A tube of purple lipstick
 Roger Hilton...To get rid of my sister's dog
 Karen Severson.....A few extra pounds
 Terry McEnany.....Curly hair and smaller feet
 Mary Jo Mercer...A lavender '55 Cadillac convertible with a continental kit and purple top
 Merle Linkletter...A four-week Christmas vacation
 Frieda Nesetril.....Jeri Smith's dimples
 Tommy Peiffer.....A blonde, blue-eyed "doll"
 Carole Bunney.....Someone to do my term paper
 Ed Reed.....Some pads for Failor's elbows
 Carol Cooper.....Heel of Everett Ford's engineer's boot
 Vincent Hatt....Fifteen member traveling basketball squad
 Mary Tischer.....Big, shaggy, stuffed dog
 Frances Parton.....An implement company
 Ronnie Reed....A truce with Mrs. Thomas
 Janet Holmes....The first tenor in boys' quartet
 Pat Voshell....A hot-rod with chartruese fender skirts
 Eric Hender.....Spanish translation book
 Janice Schultz....An "A" in government
 Diane Dunlap.....To find out who sent me the red roses
 Jerry Clark.....A car with musical horns
 Mary Lou Pazour....The first two cornet players in All-State Band

JACKSON'S

STORM'S

wish you a

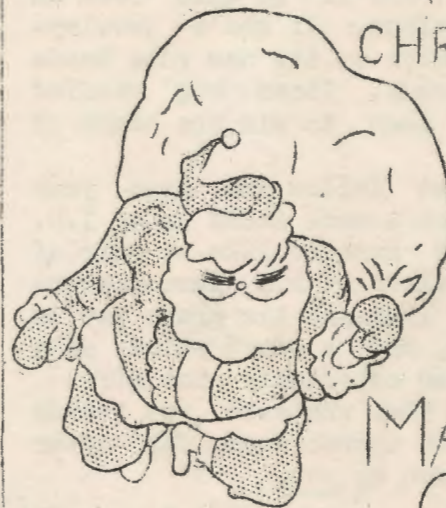
MERRY

CHRISTMAS



WESTERN AUTO

MERRY
CHRISTMAS
TO
ALL



MARION CAFE

Joyous

Christmas



Cira's
Super
Market

THE LITTLE STICKER

People see the bright, gay stickers
In so many a different way.
In each mind a hope there flickers
T.B. with us will not stay.

To the well it is a grave reminder,
A shining beam of hope to the ill.
A message is sent to each one to
"Be Kinder",
And to never let down on good will.

Yes, Christmas brings some joy to our
year,
But keep in mind the bright little
sticker.
For some it will banish all trace of
fear,
And once more hope will start to
flicker.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

As Christmas springs upon us once again, the same question is repeated. "What can I give that special guy (or gal) this year?" Here are a few suggestions that may serve as a bit of help.

For that gal on your list, how about a pretty blouse or a sweater? If she likes records, she'll go wild over an Eddie Fisher album. If she's jewelry-minded, a bracelet or the new rope beads will do the trick. Those big stuffed animals always seem to win the heart of every girl.

Now for that fellow who tops your list. How about a neck scarf or an I.D. bracelet? He's sure to like a pair of gloves or an album of his favorite records. A cuff link and tie clasp set is sure to please, and a sport shirt or a sweater makes an especially nice gift.

We're sure that whatever you decide to give will be appreciated, for after all—it was given by you.



SANTA VISITS MHS

On his way back to the North Pole from the department stores of Cedar Rapids, Santa stopped at Marion to ask the faculty of M.H.S. what they would like most for Christmas.

He found, to his delight, a great variety of wishes. MRS. DEEDS would like to have the 1955 QUILLS all signed, sealed, and delivered. MR. LINDSTROM wishes for a back seat full of nice quiet girls. MISS BECKMAN wishes for enough of that true Christmas spirit to last her all year. MISS KOLDA yearns for an automatic money counting machine to count all the money that goes through the office. MR. PAGE wants a question answering machine. MR. NICHOLSON would like 480 students who are never absent or tardy. MRS. ROACH hopes for just one paragraph without a single mistake. MR. WRIGHT wants a lot of new beginning Harry Jameses and five drummers instead of two. MISS FRANKENFIELD wishes for sixty typists who can type with no errors at sixty words per minute. MRS. HULIN would like one rehearsal where everyone watches her all the time. MR. RINAS wants a good stenographer to do his typing for him. MRS. FULTON said, "My wish is that for just one day I could say—nobody goofed."

As Santa was leaving the building, he heard a grinding noise from the third floor. He decided to investigate and climbed the stairs. After turning the corner, he heard the VOX staff singing "All we want for Christmas is an electric mimeograph."



MERRY CHRISTMAS
from the
VOX STAFF

