

THE VOX

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF MARION HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME 2

MARION, IOWA MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1936

NUMBER 9

Editorial

Ever since VOX has been holding its offices in the projection room, between the biology and physics labs, materials have turned up missing. The staff has at times suffered the disappearance of one-half ream of typing paper and about a ream of second sheets. Add to this several rulers, a scad of pencils and last of all, copies of the paper itself. The total value of all these thefts, however, is very small but, nevertheless, they do go to show that some of our classmates feel all too free with each other's property.

One reason for this appalling situation is that the VOX equipment etc., is very invitingly left from under lock and key. The other and probably the biggest reason is that the staff room has become a form of loafing place for students who happen to be free in the halls for one reason or another.

Not long ago one of these snoopers sauntered into the staff room and noticed a flock of Open Forum articles lying on the table. He at once began to read them, and upon coming to one which made some dirty crack about him, ripped it up and threw it into the wastebasket; then on a sudden impulse he picked up the remainder of the articles and treated them likewise.

Other instances of this "snooping around" can be cited. You will probably all remember seeing, in last week's VOX, a perfectly good poem ended off with the line: "Givens is a nut, whoopee."

This unflattering statement was not at all intended to be published. The poem, all typed, was still in the typewriter when some snoop came in, and seeing the poem in the machine, promptly typed the questionable statement.

None of these offenses have been very grave, but every one of them could be easily avoided. If every student will just remember that the staff has a big job on its hands, and that actions of this type don't help any, Marion high can have a better paper.

—MHS—

School will be dismissed at four o'clock Wednesday for the rest of the week, in order that the teachers in the Marion school can attend the State Teachers' meeting, which convenes in Des Moines Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Classes will be resumed Monday morning, November 9.

Plan the Next Lyceum Number



SAM GRATHWELL

Mr. Sam W. Grathwell, pictured above, will entertain the people of Marion Wednesday, November 4th, with an inspirational lecture to be given in the Lincoln auditorium.

Mr. Grathwell's lecture comprises the second number of the school lyceum course to be presented so far this year.

—MHS—

Editorial

Beneath the hum-drum ordinary layer of regulation school work is buried a treasure of such value that few of us realize its worth. This treasure enables us to travel without money, to visit the past, to know the present, and to predict the future. It enables us to develop mentally and socially, to find enjoyment in the prosaic tasks of our school days. And yet, when this treasure is named—when it is even mentioned in the classroom, a vast number of pupils shrink back, hold up their hands in horror, and do everything in their power to avoid it.

The history teacher announces, "In this book you will find authentic letters written by Thomas Jefferson, and this novel presents a vivid picture of colonial life. I recommend that you read them"—and

EDITORIAL

(Continued on page 2)

Marion Continues To Lose Games

In their last home game of the season Friday, Marion was defeated by Wilson of Cedar Rapids 12 to 0.

Statistics

	Wilson	Marion
Yards gained rushing	84½	21
Yards lost rushing	15	15
First downs rushing	6	0
First downs passing	2	0
First downs penalties	0	1
Number of passes	16	3
Completed passes	7	1
Passes intercepted	1	0
Yards gained passing	77	12
Number of punts	2	5
Avg. yards punting	45	40¼
Penalties, yards	50	10
Fumbles	1	2
Recovered fumbles	3	0

This was the first win for Wilson in two years, so it was a case of one or the other of the two teams that met Friday winning their first game this season.

According to the above statistics, Marion was set back on their heels all afternoon. It looked as though it was going to be a scoreless tie through the first two quarters, and the greater part of the third quarter, but Wilson started from their 33 yard line to score, and score they did with Heefner going over for the marker.

Then in the fourth quarter, Trimble was standing on his own 25 when Wilson punted to him. He fumbled and Wilson recovered. From there, on three plays Usher took the ball over standing up.

Both tries for extra points were by placement, but they were outside of the uprights, and the game ended with the score 12 to 0 in favor of Wilson.

The lineups:

WILSON	MARION
McIntireLE.....	Davin
LahmanLT.....	Knapp
MacekLG.....	Fry
LeehmanC.....	Johnson
PrusekRG.....	Lacock
KarthRT.....	McKean
St. GermainRE.....	Hagerman
KrummQB.....	Ferreter
UsherRH.....	Trimble
VrzalLH.....	Fowler
KirbyFB.....	Covington

Score by quarters:

Wilson	0	0	6	6	12
Marion	0	0	0	0	0

Substitutions—Wilson: Higgins, Conway, Urban, Heefner. Marion: E. Davin, Swift, Schenken.

Officials—Dean, referee; Hollingshead, umpire; Moore, head

FOOTBALL

(Continued on page 2)

ROOSEVELT WINS OVER LANDON

Political spell binders, prophets, and sooth sayers had an opportunity to test their wiles and visionary statements this week when Vox conducted a straw vote throughout the high school. Ballots were distributed to students and faculty members. In the results, Franklin D. Roosevelt, leader of the New Deal, polled 157 ballots as against the 135 polled by Alf Landon of Kansas, Republican standard-bearer. Lemke polled a very weak third with five ballots.

In the state contest, Wilson, republican leader, polled 158 ballots, and Kraschel, present lieutenant governor and democratic candidate, polled 133 votes. The split in preference may indicate anything from perusal of Gazette editorials to pure cussedness, and it is interesting to note that Wilson polled more ballots for governor than Roosevelt polled for president.

Of those who voted for Lemke, five cast their ballots for Wilson and one came out for Kraschel. Tomorrow will show the validity of Marion high's student opinion.

—MHS—

School Enjoys First Lecture

Last Friday the school lyceum board presented its first number of the year, Capt. Carl von Hoffman.

Capt. Hoffman's lecture seemed to fit in well with the Hallowe'en season, because he told of bewitching huts, magic love potions, witch doctors and strange weird ceremonies. He even included a very spooky experience of his own which added life to his tale.

The Captain told of life among the half civilized tribes of Africa. The latter part of his program was illustrated with five thousand feet of film in which he showed how these primitive people make their clothes, rear their children, obtain food, and carry on more of the functions of a successful society.

All in all Mr. Hoffman presented a very entertaining and educational program.

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FOOTBALL

(Continued from Page 1)

linesman; Tow, waterboy.

We think we should mention here that Prusek and Kirby played good games for Wilson, and McKean and Knapp played well for Marion. Ringland was badly missed in the backfield, along with Covington, who had to be taken out of the game with a sprained ankle.

—MHS—

EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 1)

fully half the class will avoid that book table as though it were in quarantine. When the English teacher gives an essay from the literature book as the next assignment, there are visible and audible signs of protest at the word "essay." The specified list of books for outside reading might well have a skull-and-crossbones on it, so studiously do the people avoid it. And yet in these letters, these essays, these books lies the treasure which will bring the world to us, develop us socially and mentally, and enrich one's whole existence.

What do we need in order to find this treasure? Tools are essential for digging for buried treasure, and, therefore, we must have tools. The first, a pickaxe to break the ground, is determination. There is an old proverb to the effect that beginnings are often difficult—and only the determination to begin will carry us toward the treasure. The next, a broad shovel, is patience. In Poe's "Gold Bug" the treasure was not found in the first bit of upturned earth, not even in the first excavation. In reading, the treasure may begin to appear in the first essay or the first chapter in the book, but again it may not be found until one has read a third of the way through the novel. The third tool is open-mindedness. Students' minds have a tendency to close and stay closed—with the tenacity of a clam—when reading is mentioned. The poor book, essay, or letter doesn't have even a fifty-fifty chance to prove its worth. And the last tool is time. This seems to be the tool which is most often lacking, according to high school students. Certainly it is a plausible excuse for a few people, but the only way to find time to read is to take time. No one is going to object to your reading a class assignment at home. In study

periods, an assignment from a literature book might easily convert this work period into a half-hour of enjoyment.

THE SCHOLASTIC for October, 1936, says "Smart men are predicting that you (of the coming generation) will be intellectual dwarfs. . . . Surveys show that the trend of interest is away from reading matter and toward pictures and comic-strips. . . . We acquire knowledge by listening to the radio and looking at pictures. Pictures and signs were used by prehistoric man; the ability to use word, or language, is the chief distinction between civilized men and savages. Let's not be foolish enough to think that because we have seen a travelogue of China we know its history, or that because we have seen a movie based on a book that we have read the book. If you are wise, if you wish to gain distinction as a civilized man, words will be your tools of thought." The best way to get these words to use in thinking, in speaking, and in writing is in finding for yourself the buried treasure—reading.

WINIFRED SCHRUBBE.

—MHS—

FOOTBALL
Highlights

In this season's last home game for Marion's football team, it was defeated by Wilson (Cedar Rapids) 12 to 0 in a hard and determined game. The interesting fact was that Marion held Wilson to a 0 to 0 tie at the end of the first half, but wasn't quite able to hold them during the second half, as was shown by the 12 to 0 score at the ending whistle.

The starting lineup contained some seniors who played the last home game in their high school career. There were some senior reserves who wound up their home football season also. Captain Hagerman and Davin at ends, Hanna, Knapp and McKean at tackles, La-cock at guard and Johnson at center were the seniors in the line. In the backfield, the seniors are Ferreter at quarterback and Fowler and Schaeffer at halfbacks who finished the home season.

In regard to the game with Wilson high, the participating mem-

bers of the Marion squad did their utmost and level best to come out the victors, but it wasn't their good fortune to do so. Just the same, give them all a good word for trying.

—MHS—

Nature Column

Answer to Last Week's Question

The drone. The female or queen bee lays an unfertilized egg which becomes a drone. The drone has a grandfather, therefore, but no father.

We may call this a man's world, but to the insects, it is a woman's world. After mating, the female insects bid their husbands goodbye forever. The busy female has many household duties needing her attention and so, she, instead of her husband, occupies the center of attraction after he is gone.

The larvae of a bee, which is fed on bee jelly for the first two or three days, increases its weight 1,550 times in five and one-half days. If a five pound baby were to increase its weight 1,550 times in the same length of time, it would be the size of an elephant.

When we think of grasshoppers we usually think of them as insects that feed entirely upon grasses and foliage. However, in Europe, there is a grasshopper which feeds upon the cicada. The hopper pounces upon it and sucks the life juices from it.

Animals furnished much of the clothing for our forefathers, while

needs, for example, cotton, linen, and also rayon from trees. The silkworm and the sheep may some day be museum curiosities.

The mosquito does not bite as most people think it does. It has two needly-like mouth parts which it pierces into the skin in securing blood.

The annual forest losses due to beetles, moths, and other insects, are estimated at about \$100,000,000.

"Be kind to dumb creatures, Nor grudge them your care, God gave them their life, and your love they must share, And He who the sparrow's fall tenderly heeds, Will lovingly look on compassionate deeds."

Question of the week: Do some plants eat insects?

—MHS—

LOST AND FOUND

By Ray Wells—Locker No. 17

Found—A black fountain pen with gold trimmings.

Found—A black fountain pen with a silver band.

Found—A black and green fountain pen and Eversharp.

Found—A silver and black Eversharp.

Found—A brown Onward Eversharp.

Found—A compass.

Found—A writing pad.

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HERE AND THERE

This week, with little else to do and nothing to bring on a creative mood, I'll turn to poetry. Some people enjoy it all the time, others never like it, and everyone else, including me, likes to read a little verse now and then. I picked up two this week, and they are contrasting types. Both are long poems, of a narrative type, but one is a story of life, and the other is a story of death. Read them. Judge them. Think on them. It may do to you as it did to me. It may give you a new slant, a new understanding of the facts of human nature a bit of verse may reflect. Following are the opening lines of each poem:

THE MANHUNT

Madison Caween

The woods stretch wild to the mountain side,
And the brush is deep where a man may hide.
They have brought the blood-hounds up again
To the roadside rock where they found the slain.
They have brought the blood-hounds up, and they
Have taken the trail to the mountain way.
Three times they circled the trail and crossed,
And thrice they found it and thrice they lost.
Now straight through the pines and the underbrush
They follow the scent through the forest's hush.

THE CREATION (A Negro Sermon)

James Weldon Johnson

And God stepped out on space,
And He looked around and said,
"I'm lonely—
I'll make me a world."
And as far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cyprus swamp.

I really haven't more to say right now, but if Lemke doesn't get elected and order the capitalists and communists shot at sunrise, or if the capitalists or communists don't get elected and order Lemke and the Unioners shot at high noon, I'll be back next week with another thrilling installment in the adventures of Little Jack Little.

—MHS—

SOCIETY

By MARY ELLEN GRANGER

On Tuesday the Q. N. G.s again had their weekly frolic—this time at M. J. Snell's. The evening started with a chili supper—chili to chase away the chilly evening. Studying and talking was the diversion of the evening.

Wednesday evening, the Institute club of the Methodist Epworth League sponsored a Hallowe'en masquerade party. The guests came masked and costumed, some of them being very difficult to identify. Frankie Swift came as a charming young lady, one of the best effects of the crowd. Miss Faris came from the mouse colony—Mickey was her name, I believe. The others were dressed as clowns, gypsies and other such effects. Games were played and refreshments were served. A ghost story in which everyone participated, was the feature of the evening. A "rip-roaring" good time was had by all.

—MHS—

Frances Smith entertained at her home, the 30th. Many games were played and fortunes were told. The guests went through the basement and upstairs, through many arising conflicts. Susan Hankins, Cleo Monroe, Mildred Gilmore, Jacqueline Clay, Mildred Wickham, Enefoe Ellison, Dorothy Tilton, Anna Marie Sullivan, Basil Zier, Chuck Maltis, Dick Little, Bob Newlin, Leland Gaines, Chuck Schaefer, Edward Conrad, Frank Lockner and Melvin Arp were the masqueraded individuals who were entertained. Dick Little won the prize for the best costume. Refreshments were served and many ate in the light of the moon. A good time was enjoyed by all.

—MHS—

Friends in Foreign Countries

Virginia Self

The following is a letter received by Edward Conrad in January, 1936, from a girl who lives in Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, South Africa:

Dear Edward:

"Undoubtedly you will be surprised to receive a letter from me, who is a total stranger. I do hope you will answer my letter soon, as I am very interested in America, and would like to correspond with somebody there.

"I am eighteen years of age and in Matric this year. I attend the Brebner High School. It is a fairly large school, having about 800 pupils. It is the largest school in

Orange Free State. I am taking commercial subjects, that is, shorthand, typewriting, and bookkeeping.

"I am very fond of swimming and playing tennis. Of course, we have nice radios here, also.

"My father is a sheep farmer. We have a very large farm with about 8,000 sheep on it.

"Our foods are, of course, the same as yours. Most of our houses are made of bricks.

"I notice you people only get two weeks' holiday during Christmas time. We get six weeks' vacation, starting on December 12, 1935 and ending January 22, 1936. Then we get a few day's vacation in April, another three weeks' in June and a few more days in September. Those are the only holidays we get, except for a few public ones which we get once in awhile during the year.

"Our Christmas falls during the summer and during the month when we have the most heat.

"Well, I will end this long and tedious letter. Write soon."

Your pen-friend,

MYRA.

—MHS—

DIARY of a School Girl

MONDAY: I wish someone would invent a machine to keep people awake in study halls. Those boys snore terrifically.

TUESDAY: What's this I hear about Enafae's party? Band! I wish they would learn how to play those French horns.

WEDNESDAY: They say Kent F.

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went calling on Miss Mentzer at four o'clock. Epworth League party! Miss Faris certainly looked sweet.

THURSDAY: Indigestion! Cooked macaroni and cheese in home ec. Didn't go to F. Smith's party, but I'll bet they played post office!

FRIDAY: One pair of freshmen twins entertained at another Hallowe'en party. Didn't you Alice and Alberta?

—MHS—

Several of the boys in physics class sent away for slide rules to help them with their physics. The "toys" arrived last Tuesday. It is reported that the fellows who got the rules have been getting steadily lower grades. These seems to be two possible answers:

1. That the boys get too many problems wrong by relying on the slip scales.

2. That the "notched blocks" are more interesting than the class discussion, therefore the boys miss the necessary essentials.

—MHS—

NOTICE

Anyone wishing to advertise for an article which he or she lost or found may do so by writing a description of the article on a slip of paper and place it in the lost and found box in VOX office. The box will appear in the office Monday morning.

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'Nother Version

Beneath the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy snoozes,
No nag, since 1923
Has been to him for shoeses.

Broke

'Twas the night before payday,
and all through my jeans
I hunted in vain for ways and means;
Not a quarter was stirring, not even a jit;
The kale was off duty, the green-back had quit.
Forward, turn forward, O time in your flight,
And make it tomorrow, just for tonight.

—MHS—

Just Imagine

Norm Givens with his shirt tail in.
Norm Johnson not bluffing.
Dorothy Brenaman without that spit curl.
Chuck Hagerman's hair mussed up. (It's a rumor that it was once.)
Allen McKean flirting.
Ed Hanna four feet eleven. Yeh!
Just imagine.

—MHS—

JOKES

By NAOMI BILLS

Don T. (in a grouch): "Would you mind getting off my feet?"
Kacey: "I'll try, Don. Is it much of a walk?"

Harrille: "Why do some people say Dame Gossip?"
Dorothy N.: "Because they're too polite to leave the 'e' off!"

(Bob Kacena in distress came to Mr. Johnson for advice:)

Kacey: "I have a horse that at times appears normal, but at other time is lame to an alarming degree. What shall I do?"

Mr. Johnson: "The next time he appears normal, sell him!"

This foreign correspondence in our VOX is doing things!

Two friends met on second floor hall:

She: "My Scotch boy friend sent me his picture yesterday?"

He: "How does he look?"

She: "I don't know yet. I haven't had it developed!"

Freshman: "I have a silver in my finger."
Frank S.: "Been scratching your head?"

Man at door: "Madame, I'm a piano tuner."

Miss Wilcox: "I didn't send for a piano tuner."

Man: "I know it lady; the neighbors did!"

Roscoe M. bumped into Minor W. in the hall.

"From the looks of you there must have been a famine," he said.

"Well, from the looks of you," Minor replied, "you're the guy that cause it."

Mr. Pugh: "I wonder if there will ever be universal peace."

Gordon: "Sure. All they've got to do is to get the nations to agree that in case of war the winner pays the pensions."

"Oh dear," sighed Mary Helen as she was dressing after gym. "I can't find a pin any place. I wonder where they all go to, anyway?"

"That's a difficult question to answer," replied Beulah, "because they are always pointed in one direction and headed in another!"

Who were the two sophomore girls who got locked in the gym?

Marion Laver ought to be given the third degree and made to confess what she thinks of love. The idea of making "Immune Charley" blush.

"Well, Jim—if you insist upon going to sleep in Commercial Law Class maybe we could all keep quiet and let you. What about it, Coach?"

There is a suggestion going about that all girls in the Glee Club chewing, especially Doris Ford, to keep their jaws flexible. O. K. girls, they asked for it.

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Thursday and Friday

VOX

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But will appear, as usual, the following week.

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