



COACH HOECK'S VARIETIES

Because of his retiring and sly nature, I hesitated to upset the calm equilibrium of Kenny Hoeck's timid soul. My turbulent queries had to be answered, but I got the information--which was little--elsewhere.

Like all natural males, Kenny was learning football passes at the tender age of nine months. The shoulders were developed from a special assortment of vegetables, which no doubt did their work to the greatest extent. The struggle for existence went on in this manner for quite some time. But finally, our coach made Drake and the football team.

Then came the inevitable: marriage! Since he seems to know about his own side of this subject, I shall skip it.

His dry, almost brittle sense of humor must have developed this period. Also his seemingly great distaste for knitting societies. Perhaps he inherits it, who knows. Or, on the other hand, it may have been bred into his mental cavity from childhood.

If he ever has an x-ray of his ribs, I will wager that at least three-fourths of his ribs are cracked. Not from action on the football field, but from laughing on the practice field. If you don't believe my statement, just go down and watch some night!

But, from all appearances, he is still going strong!

MARION BEATS INDEPENDENCE

At Independence Coach Coffman started some boys that really went to town with a few Independence fellows to hand them a 7-6 licking. The most spectacular play of the game was in the second quarter when Hall ran 78 yards for a touchdown for Independence. The game was one of the best of the year and was well attended.

Carpenter.....	LE.....	Barrett
Thomas.....	IT.....	Ickel
Mullaley.....	LG.....	McGill
Davis.....	C.....	Baker
Davin, E.....	RE.....	Quass
Chesley.....	RT.....	Lenz
Davin, B.....	RE.....	Schamp
Hampton.....	CB.....	Wieson
Fry.....	IF.....	Stewart
Ringland.....	RI.....	Burkett
Marsh.....	FB.....	Hall

Substitutions for Marion:

Ferreter, Swift, Covington, Gary, Oxley, M. Hense.

WARNING TO FRESHMEN

Now there are a lot of crazy conduct rules such as the one against chewing gum and those that say we shouldn't whisper or write notes. Perhaps some of you freshmen don't know it but the best way not to get talked about is to behave. It costs you nothing, and you might get a good reputation from this simple sensible act.

Most all of you want to be popular, but maybe it will do you more good if I tell you how to be in-im-un-popular. The quickest route to ruin is the road of Too Much---too much food---too much night life---too many women---too much monkey business. The fastest footpath to failure is the road of Not Prepared. You must always remember to put your best foot forward for the pedagogusses. You must never back-talk to Mr. Hoeck cause you'll probably have him next year for geometry (how we pity you!). If you must be late or go down town to see the afternoon show, you must be careful to think up nice ORIGINAL excuses, but be careful not to use them up all at once or Miss Montzer will get tired of listening to you year after year. Whatever you do, don't forget to look intelligent. Even if you haven't read the assignments for the last six weeks, don't give yourself up to staring despondently out the nearest window. Look hopefully into the eyes of the instructor and pray that they'll ask you an easy one. No matter what the question may be, make a stab at it. After a lot of practice your aim will improve or else you'll find out your not as smart as you think, and then you'll start studying. Be careful not to study TOO MUCH or you might go bald. Experts say that the reason for most of our present day baldness is too much knowledge digging. Of course, if you study diligently, you will always be prepared. Any boy scouts in the crowd???

I hope you all remember all that I have said, and I hope you all profit by the good examples set by the upper classmen. However, don't any of you pay any attention to the seniors. They are all slightly dippy. It's the effect of too much education or something. Let me close with these words or something.

MARION LOSES TO VINTON

Marion failed to break the one touchdown jinx Friday night and went down to a 7-0 defeat at the hands of Vinton's blue clad. Many long runs were the features of the game. First downs, Marion 9, Vinton 7; yards gained rushing, Marion 114, Vinton 42; punting average, Marion 27½, Vinton 25 3/5; yards lost by penalties, Marion 5, Vinton 25.

Marion	Vinton
Carpenter.....LE.....	Waldorf
Chesley.....LT.....	Byam
Davin E.....LG.....	Lynch
Davis.....C.....	Worthem
Mullaley.....RG.....	Isbell
Thomas.....RT.....	Greaser
Davin B.....RE.....	Davis
Hampton.....QB.....	Parry
Fry.....LB.....	Peterson
Marsh.....RB.....	N. Waldorf
Ringland.....FB.....	Naiber
Substitutions, Marion,	
Cary, Kilts, Covington, Swift,	
Berreter; Vinton, Wagner, Beaver,	
Wayhe, Blocker, Powers, N. Waldorf,	
Beiber.	

EXTRA! TWO DAYS VACATION!
November 4th & 5th

Do we mind if the teachers go to Des Moines to learn more "methods" to try on us? No sir-eee! For two extra days we'll be free of their clutches and exasperating remarks and reminders. Are we glad? Yeah! Bo!

BEWARE OF HALLOWEEN!

Halloween, or the day before, will be a good time for everyone to make whoopsie along with Popeye's Poppa. Just so none of you throw any women in the creek. Beware of the goblins and ghosts and don't soap any windows?!
 Woo!woo!

??WE WONDER??

What James Pringle needs (besides a muzzle) is a double to keep tabs on the other Balster girl. I guess he doesn't even know which one he likes best.

Who wrote all those charming descriptions of Mr. Roock in English last week?

We are apt to find duels not only in the junior play, but between two juniors over Norma (Queen) Biddick. Donna-Belle even has her picture in his mirror so he can practice smiling at her.

SOPHOMORE PICNIC

The sophomore picnic was to be held at Shaver Park, but some of the pansy soph's were afraid they might get their feet wet, so the party was held in the high school gym. Some of the boys wanted to play post office, but Mr. Johnson decided that spinning the milk bottle was much better. B. Davin was quite surprised at B. Bloss when she beat him in high jumping. However, she was defeated by Beans. Some prankster took N. B's shoes which were later found in the boys' locker room. Also her stocking was seen hanging out of Jerry's pocket. The food was good regardless of the slowness of some of the cooks. We lacked some candy and we wonder if the juniors devoted all of their time to practicing. After all had been eaten, the cooks were left to clean up, but from what I hear, it wasn't so bad.

JUNIOR HIGH ASSEMBLY

Pupils of the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th grades were given a real assembly treat Thursday. James Smith, Sheriff of Linn county, at the invitation of Mr. Sedlack, spoke for more than an hour. Not a dull minute occurred amidst a table full of law-enforcement weapons and aids. The sheriff's duties, both civil and criminal, were explained in interesting detail. The talk was climaxed by an exhibition and description of machine guns, shot guns, tear-gas bombs, handcuffs, straight jackets, bullet-proof vests and side arms.

MARION LOSES TO MANCHESTER

On October 8, Manchester upset all bets to hand a surprised Marion team a 6-0 licking. The supposedly weaker team not only outscored the local boys but also outplayed them as shown by the statistics: first downs, Marion 3, Manchester 4; yards gained rushing, Marion 94, Manchester 85; forward passes attempted, Marion 5, Manchester 5; forward passes completed, Marion 2, Manchester 1; yards gained passing, Marion 27, Manchester 45; intercepted passes, Marion 1, Manchester 2; punting average, Marion 26½, Manchester 27 3/8; opposite fumbles recovered, Marion 1, Manchester 1; yards lost by penalties, Marion 20, Manchester 25.

HOW TO HANG A PICTURE

As the semi-annual house cleaning season rolls around, certain difficulties arise with the weaker sex. One large picture to be hung over the piano no doubt remains for the man of the house to do. This task is a very simple one, as you shall see.

After sending one daughter to the store for half a dozen nails (allowing for five getting bent), another should be sent to tell her the size to get. A son is commanded to bring the hammer, a daughter the rule, and another son the stepladder. Upon second thought, you should also have the kitchen chair near at hand. The second daughter having returned from overtaking the purchaser of nails is sent to borrow the level. If you have a guest in the house, assign him to the light task of holding the light. By this time the daughter with the nails has returned and is again sent to the store for a new picture cord.

With all the details attended to, you now mount the stepladder and command the picture to be handed you. You will then find that you should measure for the picture first and that the ladder is resting on an uneven place in the floor, and you must descend. At least three people should be employed to prevent the ladder's tipping, and with the help of two others you again ascend. This time the rule should be handed you, and you are ready to measure the proper distance from the ceiling and floor to hang the picture. You find that you have thirty-eight and half to be divided by four and a fourth. Each of those on the floor suggests a different solution, and you finally descend in disgust to do the problem on paper, only to find that you were right in the first place. The next move is to ascend and measure the required distance and place the nail. The first nail handed you, undoubtedly you will drop, but the second you succeed in placing on the marked spot. In reaching for the hammer you will move the nail and have to again find the correct spot. The blow with the hammer strikes your thumb, and you find you must take time out to doctor the injured member. In getting off the ladder you step one foot on the helping charwoman's corns and the other in the midst of

the picture, which in the excitement has been carelessly laid on the floor. This necessitates a new glass for the picture. While this is being cut, you again endeavor to drive the nail in the proper spot. After much difficulty, with an extra hard blow you succeed in sending the nail through the plaster and half the hammer with it. After you have remedied this damage, the picture is again ready to be hung. The cord is at last adjusted to the right length, and you ascend the stepladder only to slip on the second step and land with a great thud and musical response on the piano. Much to your relief you cautiously climb the ladder, with the picture intact. With a final touch the picture hangs securely and evenly balanced on its nail above the piano. You exclaim, "What a trivial thing to ask a man to do! Just see how easy it is when one goes at it the right way."

Alice Wallace

LOVE LORN COLUMN

Dear Miss Fixit,

I love to sing in the showers, but every time my enthusiasm bursts forth in riotous melody, I am bombarded with such things as wet towels, football shoes (cleats and all) and other miscellaneous missiles. My voice cannot be as bad as all that, for I am often asked to sing at a church or at meetings of the division of the Ladies' Aid, of which my mother is president. I don't see why my fellow students can't be more considerate and appreciative of my talents, as more experienced individuals are.

Dough-Rey-Me

Dear Dough-Rey-Me,

I sympathize with you a great deal, for I often find myself in the same predicament. However, I am not fortunate enough to sing for the church. No doubt the deluge of wet towels and football shoes when you burst forth is only a sign of envy, so don't let it worry you, but keep on with your vocal efforts.

Miss Fixit

Continued on page 4 column 1

Continued from page 3 Column 2

Dear Miss Fixit,

For a long time I have admired a certain boy in high school. He is very popular with the girls, but he never pays any attention to me. Can this be because I do not show enough interest in him? What can I do to let him know I care for him?

Too-Too Timid

Dear Too-Too Timid,

Your problem is not very unusual. Try speaking to him when you meet in the halls or on the street. Perhaps you will arouse his manly instincts and soon become the object of his affections. Good luck!

Miss Fixit

BAND UNIFORMS

Imagine Dorothy Mae Ford in tights, Cot Oxley in shorts, Lei's Leidigh in her father's pajamas, and Al Schenken with a lampshade perched precariously on his nose and ears, and there you have the finest band in all of Marion in their long-promised, longer-in-coming, uniforms at the present time. However, as soon as all readjustments and alterations are taken care of, you will see our band turn out in perfect fitting (we hope) with maroon whip-cord, militaristic coats adorned with gold braid and toppers that will make our neophyte drummer boy look like a general. Zippy! We hope the zippers lock! The maroon-striped white trousers will look like sixty West Point cadets on review for the President. Possibly, the band will appear newly decorated, and let us hope, much rejuvenated at the next home game. If not, they will initiate the new rigs at a concert planned for the twenty-fourth of October. Sooner or later, as the case may be, we can promise you an eyeful; so don't fail to be on hand when the parade begins.

ADVENTURES OF BISMARCK the PREVARICATING PUP

Now this is what I call a royal reception! Lotsa people have been talking about me since last week; so I seem to be something of a celebrity. Oh well, so's the Baron Munchausen...and what's more, I taught him the finer points of prevaricating, so who's got the last laugh now? Josephine and I got into what promised to be sort of a

bad fight last night. I asked her why they named her Josephine, and she said it was because she could swing...but when I said that the only swinging I'd ever seen her do was with her right paw when she got jealous of me, she sort of got mad, and we started arguing. We made up though; so now we're going steady. Ain't love gr-rand?

The other evening Josie and I had a date, and we thought it would be fun to walk over by the Garden Theater and watch the people walk in and out of the show. But we took a shortcut through an alley, and we happened to see some nice, juicy bones out in back of Kope's meat market. Gosh, we were both kinda hungry, because the families we live with are on diets, and after all, a self-respecting dog can't live on one olive seed for breakfast, a spoonful of lemon juice and a dried raisin for lunch, and a loaf of lettuce sprinkled with mineral oil dressing for dinner...at least, y'can't live very happily on it...so we stopped to refresh ourselves on the lovely bones we'd found. It seems we ate for quite a long time, because when I took Josie home, we found she was locked out of the house. Gosh, was I scared! (but she didn't know it!) Anyhow, I didn't know what to do, but finally my genius asserted itself, and I got an inspiration. I'd heard the schoolkids talking about a charivari that was to be held that night up on seventh avenue; so Josie and I went up there. Luckily for me (and Josephine!), it wasn't over; so the first candy bar that came flying through the air, I caught in my mouth, and then we ran like the dickens for home. When we got there, Josie sat on the front porch and whined, and when the lady she lives with came to the door and saw the candy bar that Josephine had brought her, she was so glad to see some good solid edibles that she forgot all about how late it was. Good thing for us she was hungry on account of that diet, or poor little Josie would have been sitting on the porch all through the long cold night. Just like I always say, though a dog's gotta use his head to get along these days. Bye soaks, see ya again next week!

BISMARCK

Josephine



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"Now," said Mr. Johnson,
"which boy can name five things
that contain milk?"

"I can!" shouted James Pope.
"Butter an' cheese an' ice cream
an' two cows."

Mrs. Bogart: We will have to
be thinking of a Quill assembly,
too.

M. E. Ford: When will it be?

Mrs. Bogart: I don't know.
I haven't asked Mr. Fush for a
date yet.

Miss Russell: Can't you
people be quiet and study for a
few minutes?

Junior Finger: I don't know;
I never tried.

Miss Petrusch: If you added
seventy-six thousand, nine hundred
and twenty-three to eighty-one
thousand four hundred and twelve,
what would you get?

Ralph Karr: A wrong answer.

Freshie: What's the date,
please?

Hoeck: Never mind the date.
The examination is more important.

B. Nollsch: Well, I just
wanted something right on my
paper.

Mrs. Bogart was testing the
intelligence of her Latin class.

"Who said, 'I come to bury
Caesar'?" she asked.

"P---please, teacher, the
undertaker," suggested Joan Bal-
ster.

Miss Schrubbe: Please take
your seat, James.

James Chesley (coming in the
door): I will as soon as I get
there.

Teacher: Do you know why I
flunked you?

Bright pupil: I haven't the
least idea.

Teacher: Correct.



HALLOWEEN



6



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