

VOX

VOLUME III MARION

IOWA JANUARY 12, 1938

*Be a martyr to
the cause... you,
too, can be even
more beautiful --
if you join*



*Have you
kept all those
difficult New
year's resolutions?
--- or have you?*

THE CURLER CLAN

Gentlemen, if I may call you such, look around you. Everywhere you see beautiful women--in school, at church, on the street, or attending the theater. Is it their clothes you focus your eyes on? Is it their faces? No, I think not. It's the novel-style coiffures. Never has beauty been on such a competitive basis. Throughout the land girls are sacrificing lunch money and street car fare, just to have their hair fixed. However, we know that the average American girl cannot afford a weekly visit to the beauty shop, and very few can ever dream of having the traditional "Henri" or "Pierre" style of hairdresses. Now, then, can "Miss Average" compete with more fortunate girls?

To this she has found a solution. Like many others she has become a member, self-elected, to the vast organization known as the "Curler Clan." How saving that little piece of metal is! By taking a lick of hair in the curler and twisting it up, she may have a curl that will be unexcelled by the most famous hair stylists. Many newcomers join this Clan daily and thousands of veterans have known of this saving for several years. This curler method is cheap, satisfactory, and simple, but it is also uncomfortable. Although the curlers are indispensable, the girls dream of having natural curls on the time when they, too, can be in a financial position to throw the curlers away; for in order to be beautiful in the morning they must try to sleep on curlers all night, which is almost impossible. So gentlemen when you see beautiful hair,

think not only of beauty, but of the sufferings of these martyrs just for you.

TO DAY-DREAMERS

Do you have time to read magazines, newspapers, or library books in study halls? Do you gaze idly out the window, or intently contemplate the toe of your shoe for hours on end? Then you are a day-dreamer, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, when this school offers many extra-curricular subjects such as declamation, glee club, and, debate, and last but not least, Vox, to arouse your budding genius. All of these worthy enterprises are just waiting for you to focus that rising ambition of yours in their direction.

Of course to sing you need a voice, but even those who are only slightly gifted along that line will soon become experts under the excellent tutelage of Miss Wilcox. Mr. Lyman can always find room for one more clarinet, if that clarinet will practice diligently. Develop your speaking ability, pose and stage presence, too, by work on declamation or debate. If you don't like the way Vox is being published, perhaps your co-operation and suggestions would help to improve it. All or any of these activities would profitably take up your spare time and might even prove interesting and useful to you.

*M Don't Forget the big
H Manchester game on
S January 14 - Friday*

CLASS NOTES

We wonder if Jim P. is cured of sleeping in classrooms after his little siesta in 309 study hall.

We wonder also what Phyllis and Merle find so interesting to talk about in last hour study in Mr. Warren's room. Do they know that June might find it out and get a little green-eyed at not being able to monopolize Merle's time?

We hope that little bit of femininity who was runner-up for the homecoming queen, Bob Maxson, won't have to sew up the shirt of Frankie's he tore in home room.

Who is making those cute little signs to pin on the backs of unsuspecting persons? He's a clever fellow, whoever he is, and we wish to take our hats off to him.

Ask Virginia S. how she likes high heels. If she could only walk in them without wobbling, high heels would be Self's pet extravagance.

Molly and Lucy will gladly give Miss Wilcox their course on "How To Get Fat", if she will only tell them how she keeps those awful pounds away.

We hear Bob Nowlin, Bud R. and Basil are real pool sharks. Bob, it is rumored, even won a game once. (P.S.) It is also said he tore all the cloth off the table. Nice guy!

What was "Spike" Mullaley and Butch doing in Craemer's ladies' shop Saturday? Says Spike (quote) "Women are my life---my all" (unquote).

Did you notice the new "M" sweaters which are around? Johnny Trimble's matches his cheeks. He claims he eats a carrot every day.

Where does Charlie Burch get his information? He'd be a rich man if he started blackmailing his victims.

I guess New Year's eve was a gala occasion, especially for some. It is rumored that Norman was even up after 10 o'clock. We've heard his limit is 12 hours sleep.

Bob Marsh is simply "wild" about the Big Apple---maybe it's just the way he does it.

You might know it. Dorothy Ford was trusted with the can of spaghetti that those eight sophomore girls got at the Xmas dance. The other night she got hungry and ate it. Wow! Are they mad!

Frank Swift will learn that he can't fool Gub Gub. At least he won't park in a snow drift and

got stuck thinking it was the shoulder of the road. Remember, Frankie?

I wonder what kind of grade Mrs. Bragg gets in Algebra. Ask John Miller.

P. T. A.

Mrs. Edith Parsons, a prominent professor from the University of Iowa, will be the guest speaker at the P.T.A. meeting to be held in the Lincoln Auditorium on January the 13th. Mrs. Parsons' topic will be "Dental Hygiene." Any parents or students who are interested are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

SOCIETY

During vacation Sam Jackson had several shindigs for a few juniors and seniors. Gee, but those games were fun!

Betty Wallace entertained at a dessert-bridge December 28. Some forgot to brush up on their game, and were quite rusty. In spite of this, a grand time was enjoyed by all, even though Gub Gub forgot to come.

The Q.N.G.'s met at Leidighs for their weekly jam session. Eats were swell, and for once most of the boys had some sense and stayed away.

G.A.A.

After defeating the sophomores 6-0, the junior soccer-ball girls won over the freshman by a score of 13-6. Congratulations, Captain Peckosh! This being the last game of the year, we can say good-bye to the soccer-ball until this time next year.

Basketball is getting well underway. Teams will be chosen from each class after a bit of practice.

SCIENCE MEETING

On Monday evening, January third, the members of the Junior Academy of Science heard as speakers Mr. Halassey and Mr. Suder, members of the local soil conservation branch. Mr. Halassey spoke on ways to prevent soil erosion. Mr. Suder showed slides, illustrating and giving sidelights on the subject. Several preventive methods were given, some of them being contour planting, strip cropping, and grassed waterways. The business meeting was held after the lecture.

IN THE PICTURE

Background helps to make a picture. Backbone puts us in the foreground of that picture.

Lots of us will have a shining background when we are out of school. I don't mean just high school or just college, because some of us will complete our education in high school and others will complete it in college--maybe four, six, or eight years, depending on what we plan to be when we are through school.

Our background can be glittering with wealth, good name, recommendations and degrees. That will put us in the picture. But whether or not we can be detected in the picture depends on the backbone we have.

If we have backbone, we can become an outstanding figure in the picture.

It is not very hard to get into the picture of life; we can accomplish this with or without background. The hard part is to get into the foreground of the picture and be noticed. This requires backbone.

What are we going to do when we have finished school? Are we going to get into the picture of life with our background and just be in the picture, or are we going to have backbone and be an outstanding figure in the picture of life? Fellow Students! Have a backbone, a sound backbone, not one that will become brittle with hard knocks and break, but one that is made of iron and will become stronger with abuse!

Psssssst! Listen!

I WONDER:

How many tongues trip trying to say Betty Berle Baranek when there is a good gossip got together.

When Bob Maxson is going to grow up.

How many books James Fringle has in his collection. It seems he is offering a place on his shelves to anyone who wants it.

How much longer Casey's flier will continue to 'park'.

What they feed those radiators to make them groan so sorrowfully. Maybe Bruce Phillips could fix them with a good dose of castor oil.

If any other school paper in this country--or any other--has such a good looking sport editor. Romco's biggest fault is that the girls won't give him any time to write out his contributions. At least that's what he thinks.

If the M. clubbers really washed and dried the dishes after their big blow-out and initiation. A little bird told me that Willie Booze was chief cook and bottle washer, and that Frankie Swift weilds a dish towel like a professional. But should have been working harder, and maybe he wouldn't have gotten that beautiful decoration. Dutch Davis should be given a medal, if you ask me.

Why Miss De Wacs won't let the C. A. A. members invite boys to that party they're planning. Doesn't she think they would behave?

JUST IMAGINE:

Lois Young in shorts. . .

Kay McElwain a nun.

James Fong a movie star.

Betty Wallace without that neckerchief on her head.

Gub Gub blushing, but from what we hear she doesn't need to. Frankie blushes enough for both of them.

Dick Little in a good color scheme.

Veva Trimble a fashion designer. She has such admirable taste. Did you note that silk dress and ski-boot ensemble?

Bob Marsh with his hat off in the show, if you can call it a hat.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

About Tillie's blind date? He says she was his cousin, but we never saw such an affectionate cousin before. Not down at Danceland, anyway.

That it is against the law to have spot-lights on your car? Please take notice, you Jeep-hunters.

That James Fong caused a traffic jam in the halls? That green and red shirt made pupils think he was a traffic light, but they didn't know which color to obey.

About Lenore Iyer's shut-up strike? Poor Tom, he can't even get her to say a word not even "No".

About the Math Club's project? They haven't either, but if any one gets a bright idea they'd be glad to hear it.

About Santa Claus? Then get your mother to tell about him next Christmas, or better yet, read Adventures of Bismarck and hear what he has been up to.

ADVENTURES OF BISMARCK

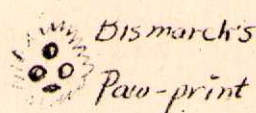
Here it is 1938, and here's the age-old greeting of Happy New Year from me to you. Too soon to be back to school after that perfectly swell vacation, but Mr. Fugh says there's no time like the present, so "I ain't squeal-in'....."

Seemed almost as if everyone from Marion High was at the free dance at Danceland on Tuesday night, January 4----whatta struggle, but I guess we all had a good time, so why complain, and besides it was actually FREE..kin ya imagine it???

Santy Claws gave quite a few of the current attractions of the Fair City a break--or so I heard. Seems that he left Johnny Howe some "Cubeb's" because the White Owls were too strong for steady diet....and Jim Chesley got a new briar pipe with a steam-condenser on it so the fog won't look like smoke. Then he was awfully good to a bunch of junior and senior boys....he left them a nice big bottle of root beer and they saved it till New Year's Eve...I saw G. Spence, J. Chesley, J. Ferroter, and several other heart-breakers in the crowd. Have you heard about Santa leaving LeRoy Miller a 49 lb. sack of flour to cover up all those pretty pink blushes? It's a shame....really they are hard to find these days...Now and then we meet someone with a perpetual blush..... "Tillie" Schaeffer for instance. Believe it or not, there ARE a few girls left that don't have a line.....as for the boys, it's doubtful! But honest to gosh.... with both feet...neither Bismarck nor James Pringle have a line. We don't need one;---it's so nice to be appreciated. But then, perhaps the old prophecy is true

that one is not appreciated in his own community as much as in some other community. I often feel that way about some teachers on the day they give exams... I'd appreciate them lots more if they were a couple hundred miles away.

And so-o-o-o-----with this little thought in mind, I'll say s'long till next time.



Yovie's
Paw-print

SOCIETY

Lois Culver, Jeanne Dye, Betty Mae Fowler, Janet Darflinger, and Dorothy Lee met at the home of Kathleen Orley, Thursday evening at 5 o'clock for a picnic supper. Dancing and other games were enjoyed and afterwards refreshments were served. Can this be the beginning of another club? I betcha it's not a man-haters gathering, I betcha.

*Biggest overcoat sale in
Linn county! Buy now
at a big discount here
Topcoats also on sale
Ed. Dickred*

ASSEMBLY

With the inspiring sight of twelve basketball heroes up on the stage the student body listened to and participated in a pep assembly.

Mr. Fugh and Mr. Coffman gave the varsity team a good build-up, then Mr. Hoek made cracks about his freshman squad. All Coach Coffman can claim for his outfit is that they're a basketball team. Coach Hoek says that his bunch are good boys.

Principal Fugh called on Frankie Swift, Gordy Spence, and Elsie Fleming for a few remarks about the Vinton game.

COMING

our annual wallpaper sale

Watch For announcement

P. G. HARRIAN

Jackson's Beauty Shop

good work Barber Shop prices right

Opening the Door in the Dark

I don't know of anything that is more disgusting than to be roused out of bed by someone who is practically knocking the door down.

"What's the use of getting up? He'll have the door knocked off the hinges or else be gone by the time I get there," I mused.

I crawled out of bed and picked my way--too many clothes scattered over the floor--cut into the hall. Half way down the stairs, I stopped on a toy scooter baby left there, and sailed the rest of the way down to land with a thud against the wall at the bottom. Picking myself out of the debris I wondered, "If the door had been shut, would it cost less to get a new door or have the wall replastered."

Stumbling through the parlor I cracked my shin against the what-is-now-a-collapsible piano bench. Continuing with my reign of destruction to furniture and myself by disjointing a few toes on the rockers I thought, "I do not know where all this furniture is coming from but I'm surely finding it."

Somehow, crossing the waxed floor was accomplished with no serious damage to it, but I swear I'll sprinkle ashes on it every time I cross it.

Upon opening the door I

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DEAR SWEET SIXTEEN

In this modern age with all our scientific devices for curing diseases, there is yet one epidemic that can't be quelled. This dreaded disease, commonly called "Kissing", causes havoc among the younger sets, especially. Perhaps they do not all know that a kiss is an anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicular muscles in a state of contraction. This definition might help to cure some of the lighter cases, but I'm afraid it would make no impression on the more advanced patients. Whatever this kissing germ is, some call it a bug, it successfully eludes all doctors and nurses except the young ones. The trouble is that the bug gets the young doctors when they should get it. I guess the only remedy is to send your problem to Mary Manners. She will answer your question in a personal letter. All you have to do is send a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Princess Beauty Shoppe

The place to go for quality work.

652 - 12th Street Phone 146

Kope's Cash Market

Marion's Leading Meat Market

*Come To
The Whiteway
For Lunches*

You are always welcome

*If you want to 'go places'
get a "headstart" by letting
Breeds do your barber work*

*Friedler's Grocery
Richelieu Foods at this
Super Service Store*

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

On Friday we journey to Manchester, of whom not much is known. On the 18 we go next door to Anamosa, which should not be too hard if the boys are electing. Then on the 21st the return game with Vinton, and don't think they won't be out for vengeance. The next home game after Vinton is Maquoketa. The rivalry with Maquoketa is growing and they will be out to avenge the defeat in football last fall. They have played ten games to date and only lost two.

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found it was nothing but the storm door. Soothing my temper by kicking out a few panes, I limped back to my iceberg.

Now, nothing short of a hurricane or fire can get me up at night; and not then unless the furniture, waxed floors, and baby's toys had either been blown or burned.

Printing & Developing
25¢ roll: Reprints 3¢
Frank Swift... Quick Service

BASKETBALL GAME

All decked out in new suits, the home boys won against the old rival, Vinton, Friday night to remain undefeated. The game was very fast and exciting and was popped up in the last minutes when Fleming decided he didn't like the tactics of Lynch, Vinton center. Both were sent from the game.

MARION (23)	Ft	Ft	P
J. Price, F-C-----	2	0	1
Hense, F-----	3	2	0
Fleming, C-----	0	1	1
Spence, G-----	1	2	4
B. Price, G-----	2	2	2
Swift, G-----	0	0	2
Trimble, F-----	0	0	0
Total-----	8	7	10

VINTON (20)	Ft	Ft	P
Kellogg, F-----	2	0	2
McLeod, F-----	1	0	1
Harber, C-----	2	1	2
Perry, G-----	1	0	0
Jackson, G-----	1	0	3
Davis, G-----	2	1	1
Lynch, C-----	0	0	1
Blecher, G-----	0	0	0
Kruse, F-----	0	0	0
Peterson, F-----	0	0	0
Total-----	9	2	10

You will like
French Breakfast Coffee
sold at
Dickey's Grocery
Tack Sprat Foods

WHY I LIKE BUSES BETTER THAN STREET CARS

I like busses better than street cars because the occupants are safe in getting off at the curbing. This does not halt traffic at bus stops and there is less danger of people's getting hurt.

The busses, I think, are more convenient, especially in Marion. They cover more territory, and can take many people nearer their homes.

The busses seem to me to be able to keep on time better than the street cars. In the winter, roads are usually open, while street car tracks are usually covered with snow and ice.

The Western Auto
is headquarters for high
quality merchandise....
Use your credit and pay
weekly
Earl Booze ——— Owner

A PENSIVE PENGUIN AT THE POLE

There once was a Penguin so pensive,
His publicity became quite extensive.

He advertised Kools
By diving in pools
With a cigarette and scarf so expensive.

He learned to ski and
He learned to skate,
With a scarf and a cigarette,
Which he could not take.

All the Penguinesses fell in love
With this handsome public penguin
No other gent could find a dove
With which to raise his young
'uns.

All the ladies and duchesses of
the pole
Were later in deepest distress.
Then they learned that their Romeo
Had won his lady at a zoo
By singing, "olly o lotty you
hee".