

CONTESTS

You know, it's funny about these contests. There seem to be so many different views about them. Now here we have the girl or boy who has worked hard all year to prepare his part and who tries his best to win for the school and his teacher, but his work may be completely lost because of another student who remembers that it is fun to go to contest, but who forgets that two contests are twice as much fun as one, but that you don't get to the second without a superior rating at the first contest. Then there are the students who don't participate in music, but who lend a helping hand wherever they can and wish the contestants luck.

I am sorry to say that there is yet another group who don't go out for glee-club or band because they just aren't interested or because they think it isn't worth the time and effort.

Here is a little suggestion that may help a lot--if you haven't done your share already, it still isn't too late; start in on some honest-to-goodness practicing and surprise yourself with the improvement you can make--go to voice class or band rehearsal with the right attitude (the will to win) and help your instructor by co-operating. See if you can't help out a bit on the transportation or something else, and every now and then a little encouragement wouldn't harm anyone.

Well, here's hoping for bigger and better contests and more of them for 1938.

DECLAMATION

Helen Biddick and Dorothy Ford went to Belle Plaine to compete in the sub-district contest March 22nd. Dorothy won first in the humorous division and Helen won second in the dramatic division.

DON'T FORGET April 8, 1938

VOX STAFF PARTY

Pat: Hurrah! Guess what, Mike!

Mike: I'll bet it's a party.

Pat: Right you are, right you are. It's a Vox Staff Shindig.

Mike: When is it, where, and what are the particulars?

Pat: Well, it's at 7:30 in the gym on April 8. Got it?

Mike: Sorry--I won't go because I got a date that night. And is she a honey!

Pat: But you can bring her to the party. Guests are invited whether from out of town or out of high school. You have to tell Susan Hankins though. Tell her how many you're going to bring. Maybe your girl would like to bring a chaperon.

Mike: All right wise guy. Say! who serves the grub and entertainment?

Pat: Well, Lucy and Little Audrey serve the grub, full of vitamins too so Mr. Johnson can enjoy them. Let's see--Gub Gub and Givens (what a match) afford the entertainment.

Mike: Sounds swell. Boy if I get to bring my apple blossom from Cedar Rapids I'll come. Boy I have been waiting for the chance to show her off. Do I have to pay a Poll Tax?

Pat: Don't get excited; it won't be much.

Mike: O. K. I'll go. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Said Mr. Graham to Miss Studebaker, "May I ask Ford you a ride in my Buick?"

"Why, so I can see how a Cadillac?"

"Oh, is Stutz so?"

CONCERT BAND

The Iowa State College Band played a concert in the gymnasium Monday March 21. Unfortunately, the platform, due to a great weakness for music, collapsed before things got under way. No one was hurt and the band was moved to the main floor level.

CLASS NOTES

Why does Molly G. take off her shoes in physics class? We know every one is asleep anyway.

Bob Davin has given up his membership in the W.H.S. Club and has taken up a heavier project.

Warning to Jim Fry: Don't ever let Garvin Hargrove drive your milk truck. Ask him what he did to a milk wagon last week.

It's easy to tell that John Adam Hatt is a Democrat. Listen to some of his jokes.

What freshie girl just had to crawl back to the Ford after being jilted by the DeSota?

Notes seem to be flying thick and fast between Budd and Theola. Just ask Bettie Pickerill. She seems to be the go-between.

I wonder if I dare ask Mr. Johnson what the bird was that boosted the umbrella business. What was it, Johnnie?

Did Tillie's face ever get red when Mr. Johnson said, "Now we'll study about the Irish deer! No, Chuck, it's not spelled dear."

We have a poet in our midst. These poems were found in the note book of Willie Booze (Largo).

Thirty days hath September
April, June, and November
And me for speeding.

Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of way

He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been dead wrong.

One of our bright sophomores was heard with this bright saying: "I'm not much to look at, but I have acute indigestion."

Bernard Mullaley believes he has a greater suppressed desire than Bob Newlin. Bernard thinks he gets the medal with this: he said, "When I saw a big Neon sign on a fish store, 'If it swims we have it,' I didn't go in and ask for Eleanor Holm."

Bob's is this: "When a woman came up to me and asked, 'Have you a dime to help the Old Ladies' Home?' I didn't say, 'What, are they out again?'"

Jean Bowdish says lipstick is good for chapped lips. Roscoe M. found it out, so ask him if it is.

You don't have to be a movie star to get fan mail. Barbara Sloss has her picture in the paper and in they come or "it" came.

Are you looking for a way to

save stockings? Do like Norma does. Don't wear any.

Why did some of the W.P.A.'s turn traitor on the others? I wonder—were the activities of the next night too great to miss?

It must be Jerry's birthday. Did you see those brightly-colored stockings he is wearing?

Dick Hall, it seems, did a good job of fixing things up between Tom & Fern from what we heard Thursday night.

The English teachers have another interesting speech to look forward to. Bob Vernon is turning out to be another "Master Mind" like Phillips.

Melvin Fernow was playing "Winkem." You have got to kiss the girl if you catch her three times. Melvin always did. How were they, Melvin?

Suzy took a peek and was Suzy's face red! It said, "Kiss her, George before she gets away." I wonder if he did.

JOKES

Teacher: "Can any of you girls tell me what makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Molly G: "I don't know. If I did I'd take some myself."

B. Etzel: What do you think of a man who deliberately makes a modern girl blush?

P. Freeman: He's a genius.

SCIENCE CLUB

A meeting of the Science Club was held Monday evening, March 14. Plans were made for as large a delegation as possible to attend the Junior Academy of Science convention at Sioux City, April 15 and 16. All members who wish to make the trip must have a science project completed by that time. After the business meeting, members worked on their projects. Several worked in the biology room under the leadership of Mr. Johnson. The remainder worked in the physics lab with Mr. Warren in charge. Several new projects were started by groups.

Bob Maxson, Albert Schenken, and Wilson Booze are working on a project concerning convergence or parallelism of animals.

Carleton Oxley, Norman Givens, and Bob Hense are con-

Continued page 5 Column 1

A DAY WITH DANNY THE DINOSAUR

Eggs and Applesauce

Rolling out of my bed of rocks, I slipped into my tiger skin--I have just learned that the tiger was a later addition to the zoo, so I guess I just rolled out. And there was Grandpa Snazzy frying none-too-fresh dinosaur eggs; in fact, they weren't fresh at all, so all I had for breakfast was applesauce.

Because it was bath day--Saturday in the language of the modern calendar--there was no school(except for the fish). So Danny and I decided to stroll down Cool Avenue to look for a juicy caveman for Sunday dinner. We spotted Methuselah shooting cannon-balls and using a rubber tree for a catapult, but as he seemed to have in mind a dinosaur roast for his Sunday dinner, we slid down a palm tree to the beach to join in a game of water polo.

I climbed on Danny's tail, and he flipped me up his neck to the top of his cranium. The object of the game was to dislodge the other monkeys with a coconut, knocking them into the gulf. If the whales were taking sun baths, one had a pretty good chance of drowning unless one's dinosaur noticed you were gone and started looking for you. Well, luck was with us and we managed to survive several coconuts although the population was three monkeys and one baby gorilla less when we finished.

Having exhausted the supply of coconuts, we went up the beach to the Coconut Grove for a "milkola"--ah! The pause that refreshes! Of course, we monkeys managed to keep our teeth, and the dinosaurs, their ivory tusks and the cavemen--well, they either died so young that they didn't have a chance to get bad teeth or else they "caved" in before they cut any.

Well, by this time, Danny was getting a bit top heavy--water polo being hard on applesauce. So we sneaked in the back hole and grabbed a fig sandwich and then retired to the olive orchard. Danny's been getting vegetarian ideas lately, and so he goes for olives in a big way. We get along fine--he eats the suds and I eat the meat. In this way we managed to survive until noon and then we really put on the feedbag. For dinner we had a clam baked with sea weed salad and sahara dessert.

Continued page 5 Column /

HOME CONCERT

Large crowds attended the eighth annual home concert held in the Lincoln auditorium Thursday and Friday, March 17 and 18. Due to the addition of quite a few more solos, both vocal and instrumental, the concert was longer, taking up two evenings, and more enjoyed it than formerly. The individuals and groups who took part in these programs will compete in the sub-district contest at Anamosa on March 24, 25, and 26.

The winner in the piano solo-contest was Kathryn McElwain. The concert was under the direction of Miss Wilcox and Mr. Lyman.

POETRY

Welcome, Spring

It's time to shed your flannels,
I feel it in my bones!
I'm tired of bringing in the wood
and putting on ear-phones.

I'm tired of peeling apples,
and making pop-corn balls,
I'm sick of telling bedtime tales
And staring at the walls.

I've read and learned the almanac
I know each sign of spring,
I watch to see if birds return,
And listen when they sing.

If wishing would cause grass to
grow
And flowers forth to hie;
Then spring would quickly come
again
And, I'd no longer sigh.

NOTICE!

Overalls!! Gingham Dresses
and Ribbons!

When is this? March 30, '38
Everyone must cooperate with-
the Vox-in making this a success.
Won't you?

The Vox staff has kept March
30 open for "Overall Day." We
want to see all of you girls with
print dresses and gay ribbons.
Overalls and bright shirts for
the boys. Don't forget all day
March 30.

ASSEMBLY

At the assembly program last
Friday afternoon Mr. Baylock from
Radio Station W. H. O., Des
Moines, gave an interesting talk
on new developments in the field
of broadcasting.

Pssssttttt! Listen!

Did you see--

That group of junior girls who used to call themselves members of the J.F.F. club all decked out in new bracelets with the initials I.Y.Y.? Shhhh don't tell but it's some sort of a Greek name. And don't wonder what the initials stand for, because the girls themselves don't know.

Any true Irishmen a wearin' o' the green on St. Patrick's Day? Man O' Man, how those Q.N. G's, Ainties, and W.P.A's believe in celebrating. Poor Fry though he says "Those things get in my hair!" Oh, well, he should worry Kay didn't! Susie thinks that her celo-green bow is just the thing to match her Irish accent she cultivated for the play. Seems funny to me to see a Swede wearing one of the foolish things though.

John Howe says he doesn't see any sense in getting lost on the way home from Cedar Rapids in the morning. But it may be that after dark John sees the thing in a different light.

I wonder--

What the well-dressed-bonnet will be wearing this Easter. No doubt it will be either ribbons or flowers. I think the milliners would be wise to serve their handiwork Fanny Bryce style complete with candy and ice-cream cones.

How the seniors will be feeling about 3 months from now.

Why someone doesn't invent a fountain pen that will work without ink. The old problem of stopping at a filling station every three sentences is beginning to wear me down--to say nothing of the ink supply.

If Frankie Travis was asleep when Mr. Pugh mentioned that old custom of taking off one's hat when he enters a building, or if maybe Frankie just doesn't consider that thing he parks on his head a hat.

Recipes for young moderns---

Sunday night supper to be served on the floor. Lay a foundation of pick-up-sticks mix well with Jack Benny, Mary Livingston, Kenny Baker, and a silly notion about going to League (which you hastily discard) Let settle for half an hour; then stir violently with a spirited Big Apple motion (if you can find a good orchestra) until tired out. Add sandwiches, popcorn, cake, or candy to taste, and finish up in a big dive toward

all available easy chairs or comfortable sofas if the group is congenial.

Home Work---

Ingredients

One text book--no special kind, but preferably very thick and completely stuffed with long words and undefinable phrases.

One notebook---well worn, stuffed with a jumble of illegible papers and notes and containing only $\frac{1}{2}$ sheet of clean paper.

One student-----tired from a long day, suffering from a bad headache and a slight case of amnesia.

Boil under dim light for 2 hrs.; cover with drowsiness; disturb by friends wishing to take in a show or something; mix well until it becomes intolerable; then close book; stuff book and notebook out of sight of any fond or ambitious parents; and proceed to enjoy that tempting mystery novel till daybreak.

AH! SPRING!

"It's a great life if you don't weaken." "Sure it is--but I'm weakening," you say. You're just beginning that stage of life that is great. You're not weakening!

Now let's get down to a smaller scale and take the mighty seniors into consideration. It's contest time; it's senior play time; banquet time--yet, I know and a million other things. We're terrible busy--and we get terribly tired. Our faces are drawn; our feet feel as though they'd drop off if we took another step.

But the thing that shows most is neglect of ourselves--our clothes, our complexions, our hair. We're just too busy to know or care. Let's don't weaken ourselves that way.

Surely you must be able to squeeze in a few minutes each week for a manicure. And why not liven up our hair about once every ten days? That always improves matters.

It's just the time of year when our wardrobe seems terribly dead--why not a bright print blouse to take the dullness out of our skirts and lift our morale a few inches. And don't forget of all things, a beaming smile--at least don't let on that you are all fagged out.

Continued from page 2 Column 1
 structing a scale working model of a tidewater dam.

Vera Reichert and Arlene Guzzle are working on the construction of an ideal intersection for traffic control.

Molly Granger, Harriet Swift, and Lillian Ann Harding are constructing a turbine which furnishes mechanical power for a dynamo, by which electricity is generated.

Continued from page 3 Column 1

CANNING SEASON

In the afternoon, being in the middle of the canning season, we went fishing for jelly fish. We caught several gallon and decided it was about time to go down town. I had an appointment with the barber, and Danny was badly in need of a shine--water polo had left several layers of rust on his epidermis. Danny had a heavy date with a crocodile and well, I knew several hot numbers within reach of my tom-tom, so we agreed to meet at the Crocadero that night about "moon-time."

I left the barbers with a coat curried to a curl and hurried to the nearest tom-tom booth. But the line was busy and I didn't have any more nickels, so I tried the public grapevine, this time with success--double success. And so I ordered orchids and swung home to my banana stew.

Ho! hum! Just another day.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER By Cot Oxley

If there are any students who would like to bring questions in for the Inquiring Reporter, he will be glad to use them. Hand them to Cot Oxley or Harriet Swift:

This week's questions:

1. Name and class
2. Favorite teacher
3. Hobby
4. Do you favor student government council?
5. Do you favor fewer vacations and earlier summer vacation or more vacations and later summer vacations?

DON TOW (1)

1. Senior
2. Johnson
3. Student in class of (ten pretty girls)
4. Yes
5. Either would be O. K.

BETTY WALLACE (2)

1. Senior
2. DeWees or Warren
3. Textile and costume designing
4. Yes
5. It doesn't make much difference---we still have to go to school.

VIRGINIA JACKSON (3)

1. Freshie
2. Warren
3. Collecting dogs
4. Yes
5. Fewer vacations and an earlier summer vacation date.

JAMES PRINGLE (4)

1. Junior (?)
2. Vernon
3. Loafing
4. Yes
5. Fewer vacations and earlier summer vacation date.

EUNICE MERSHON (5)

1. Senior
2. Johnson
3. Dancing
4. Yes
5. Fewer vacations and earlier summer vacation date.

JEAN LEIDIGH (6)

1. Senior
2. Johnson
3. None
4. Sure
5. More vacations

FIGURE THESE OUT!

A Scotchman was on an automobile trip with his son and daughter when they had an accident. Not knowing the price of telegrams, he wrote a long one to his wife telling her about it. The girl at the office, however, told him that the fewer words, the less cost, and if he had only ten words he could send it for the minimum rate. So after some concentration, he sent this telegram:


Bruises hurt erased afford erected analyses hurt too infectious dead.

CORNELL COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

The forty-five piece orchestra from Cornell College at Mt. Vernon will present a concert at the Methodist Church Friday, April 8, at eight p. m. Admission, Adults--20¢, Children--10¢.

H. KNIGHT


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KV CAFE

24 Hour Service
Always
A Fresh Cup of Coffee


"We Keep The Spots"
PARIS STEAM DYE WORKS

Courteous, Efficient
Service

Bring Your Automobile
To Gail Storck's

DR STATION

A large selection of Easter Hams
KOPE'S market



For Barber & Beauty
Work - Come To
Jackson's Barber Shop

Come in and inspect
our complete line of
sporting goods

Kendall's Hardware Co.



"It Pays To Look Well"
BREED'S BARBER SHOP

GIRLS BASKETBALL

The senior girls basketball team challenged the juniors to a return game, which was played off Wednesday afternoon. The seniors, Audrey Randall, Francis Smith, Mary Ann Lehr, Mary Louise Oxley, Lillian Ann Harding, Mary Booze, and Mary Ellen Ford, played a splendid game but the juniors proved themselves superior for the second time. Mary Ellen Ford was high scorer for the seniors with 2 field goals, and Jean Ives made 5 goals for the younger team. Representatives of the junior class were Catherine Peckosh, Jean Ives, June Milner, Harriet Swift, Margery Lary, Hazel Cooney, Bonna Lee Clark, and Helen Hamm. The final score was 5 to 13.

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