

VIX

Peterson

W. H. H.

VOLUME IV

MARION,

IOWA

JANUARY 27, 1939

SEMESTER EXAMS!!!

Well, kids, this is in the nature of a general prodding on for the home stretch--last semester stuff. But do you teachers know what I think? I think we do not appreciate you and your splendid work because we poor students (?) slave away (some of us) with not one microscopic wave of appreciation ever being cast in our humble direction. Maybe we need a little praise--whether we deserve it or not is entirely another question. All work and no praise is old fashioned stuff. For a goodly portion of us, the student body, this will be the last home stretch, at least in M. H.S., and so we contend it should be free from heckling, abusive commands and too much hard work! We seniors should be treated gently and with tact. Don't bother to load on too much work just because it's your last chance. Remember we'll do as much work as we can but we can't do two day's work in one. We'll be fair, if you'll be, dear teachers.

PLAYS GET UNDER WAY

The Dramatic Club has launched its program of student-directed one-act plays. Five plays have been selected to be ready for production in two months. An evening program made up of the two best student-directed plays, and the one-act directed by Miss Russell for the Iowa State Play Contest, will be given in the Lincoln Auditorium.

In order that Dramatic Club members might obtain as wide a range of experience as possible, an effort was made to select plays of widely different types, including farce, tragedy, fantasy and Romantic comedy. Two plays of rather unusual type will be given--"As It Was In The Beginning," a study in rhythm directed by Enafae Ellison, and "The Turtle Dove," a Chinese play directed by Helen Biddick. The other plays are "Box and Cox," a farce directed by June Milner, "The Valiant," a tragedy directed by Helene Fiedler, and "A Mad Breakfast," a farce directed by Glen Jenkins.

Continued page 5 Column 1

THE GRAVE

The gun vested in his pocket as he walked down the crowded street. His eyes were hazy and his mind was clouded. The horrible deed must be done. She was waiting for him in the car. A brief drive into the country to that deserted side road and he would do it. He would kill her. He would do the thing he had feared so long. She had lived a happy life, he had never denied her anything and now it was her time to die. He approached the car and got in without speaking. A forced smile was his only form of greeting. She smiled back and for a moment her eyes met his. He jerked his eyes from hers and drove slowly towards the country. Did she suspect? There was something about the look in her eyes, almost as though she were pleading for her life. Again he felt weak and sick, but he repeated to himself again and again, through clenched jaws, "It must be done. It must be done."

A horrible thought entered his mind. What if he could not commit the dastardly deed when the time arrived! She would know his horrible intentions. She could never love him after she knew this but she would never tell. She would suffer by herself knowing that the one in whom she had believed had sought her life. It must be done! And quickly, before he lost his courage.

He drove down the side road to the grave he had prepared beneath the bushes. He stopped the car and motioned for her to get out, pointed his gun at her, and fired twice. She writhed in agony but did not utter a sound as her life slowly filtered from her body. Soon she lay limp in death and he carried her to the shallow grave and layed her body in it. Now he felt regretful and wished he had never done it. He would miss her dreadfully. Never again would she come to him as he returned from work with her brown eyes and wagging tail showing her affection.

--Frank Travis

Classical Catastrophes

Catastrophes, in case you children are in doubt, are things which shouldn't happen, but sometimes do.

For example: Do you remember when Frank Travis sat on the science room desk--kerplop in the middle of some acid? Don't tell me he never got anything out of that class.

Then there was the freshman picnic of '38 when Martha Ann came home with a sprained ankle and no telling how many of her friends backs were broken. The very next year the same class, truck, and all, ended in the ditch on the way home from their sophomore picnic. Way back in history we come to the time that Newlin got left at Anamosa (the traitor).

Once upon a contest time, at Waterloo, I think, J. Wilbur Fry, Big-time Maxson, and Frankie-boy Swift were consuming a quart of milk directly from the bottle, when a couple of drunks walked by

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tilted up their own flasks and said "Sissies!"

You couldn't forget the day when some stinkum goo strayed into the Univent system down in Miss Wilcox's old "110," circulated its antagonizing odors throughout the atmosphere of the building and stayed for days. Remember that Brucie.

The seniors should all remember last year's junior-senior picnic when we got a boat load of lady teachers out in the middle of the Cedar River and failed to drown even one of them. Then, this year's class hero, Bob Carey got banged up just in time to hobble throughout all of the play of the season on crutches.

It was an awful letdown for Gib and Sloss that Santa got mixed up on that gift of "Wheaties." For strength, did you say?

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AMMENT'S

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A BACHELOR

A couple went a walking
In the park one day.
"I'll propose to her, by gum," he
said.
"I'll not put my thoughts away."
He worked up courage by the bar-
rel
'Til at last he said, "I'll do
it."
For if I put it off today,
I've a feeling I will rue it."
So he said, "Say, Suzy, er, oh."
She answered, "What is it, John?"
John's courage failed. He only
said,
"I was just looking at a swan."
So Suzy married up next day
To a guy called Flasher Stokes.
When asked about her former beau,
"You mean that old slow poke?"
Oh, Johnny's still a bachelor.
He always will be one, I say
For never put off 'till tomorrow
What you can do today.

Clinton Edwards

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DID YOU KNOW?

Do you know the freshman
girl who is starting early to
pile up a record even more star-
tling than her sister's? We mean
M. I.

Did you know that Kay McEl-
wain and Jim Chesley seem to be
about tied for the prize as out-
standing apple polisher for the
past, present, and future.

Did you know that "There's
something about a General that is
fine, fine, fine" and we've got
one right here in school? At
least that's what the friends of
General Warren Bleakly think.

Did you know that we are
honored by the presence of two
great Swedes? Take a bow, Pete
Johnson, and Teedy Thompson.

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GOSSIP

Mr. Johnson likes Western
magazines too, doesn't he, Bill?
At least it appears that way.

A bright flash of colors
appeared in seventh hour English
class. After the eyes of the
class were accustomed to this un-
usual sight, James Pope appeared
behind it. His father brought
his dear son, James, a tie from
Omaha.

What glamorous, golden-hair-
ed freshman beauty has fallen for
the wiles of a certain handsome,
young Don Juan from seventh
grade?

Whoever sells red flannel
shirts in this town must do a
very good business, especially
among the freshman boys.

Maybe the "Ainties" should
buy Susy some pencils. The one
she has is awfully short. Could
the reason be those notes to
Bruce?

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GOSSIP

What kind of language is it
that Theola Gordon, Harold Grimm,
and Mildred Kindig use? They
keep calling one another "Honey
Chile!" I wonder, is it serious,
kids?

It seems that Virginia
Jackson is trying to break up an
affair between Bob Vernon and a
certain freshman girl just like
she did once before. What about
that Mary I.?

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Marion, Iowa

ROMANCE OF "IN THE GLOAMING"

In 1850, a Baptist minister moved from Alabama to Louisiana. There he built a beautiful colonial home surrounded by pine, hickory, oak and sweetgum trees, that cover the red hills of northern Louisiana.

The family had lived there for several years, and the girls were growing into womanhood. The father realized the need for instructors in music and higher branches of education. He therefore placed an advertisement in a New Orleans paper for two such teachers. A great many letters came in answer and after looking them over, he gave them to his seventeen year old daughter who had just graduated from Judon College in Alabama. After some lengthy study she picked two, a Mrs. Harrison and her daughter.

The daughter, who was called Porter, was a flirt and had every boy in Marion after her until she met Miles Goldsby. It was love at first sight as in those days people had more time to enjoy life, to appreciate nature, more time for friends, and more time for love. Miles was a tall, fine-looking young man, with flashing gray eyes that devoured her with love. But he wasn't the man for her. She was so fine and accomplished, and he was bold and audacious. His wild escapades were the talk of the town, but Porter loved him. Mrs. Harrison disliked Miles and al-

ways remained in the parlor with them when he called. Undaunted, he began arriving before darkness fell--and it was then "In the Gloaming," that the lovers sweetest hours were spent. The evenings were wonderful with the delicious fragrance of honeysuckle and Cape jasmine, the spicy odor of pines and the low, sweet love-song of the mocking bird as he nestled among the trees--what an atmosphere for love and romance.

But when darkness came, Mrs. Harrison called her daughter in. The mother realized that it was time to break the pair up, so she had a serious talk with her daughter and persuaded her to leave Miles while he was on a trip to the north. The day arrived and during his absence they left their home in New Orleans, never to return. Miles was nearly heart broken when he learned

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that his beloved had passed away in silence, left him lonely, set him free. A few weeks later Porter wrote the music in memory of Miles, Meta Orred wrote the words to this ever popular song. The song was an immediate success in the days when verses with a sob and a tear were popular.

—Melvyn Arp

Princess Beauty Shop

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Whiteway Cafe

JUST ANOTHER PRISONER

A rumbling noise brought me to my senses. I tacitly edged to the narrow slit in the green curtain that I might view the proceedings. There stood another convict about to lose his life's freedom. But there was something unusual about him. Was he nervous? Every vein in his body throbbed the lament of his heart. I looked more closely. His clothes were immaculate from the knife-edge press of his suit to the mirror-polished shoes. To be sure, his suit was striped, but it was a tux, and the expression on his face--I shall never forget that! It reminded one of the Johnstown flood--completely washed out. Dew collected on his brow, trickled down over the ashen cheeks and momentarily came to rest on the petit mustache which resembled two inverted commas.

For a few brief moments, I was sadly perplexed. Then, as I glanced at the lawyer at his side my perplexity vanished. There stood the explanation to everything. The lawyer was a wide-eyed girl who was repeating the fatal words, "I do."--Phyllis Ford

Plate Lunch--30¢DessertDrinkSandwiches - Ice Cream - Soft drinksThe Casa Blanca

Continued from page 1 Column 1

Technical directors and casts have not yet been selected.

These plays are not being produced primarily for their entertainment value alone, for if they were it would be impractical to work so hard for one performance, but they are to be given for the invaluable experience that will be gained by the students involved.



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QUILL ASSEMBLY

Did you hear the ink-bottle talk last Friday? Well, I did--maybe it was Helen B. reminiscing for the class history, Lenore L. reciting her class poem, or Laverne R. giving the class will. Bruce P. master of ceremonies, told everyone to buy more gum--I suppose it was to help fill up the cracks and holes in the desks. A talkative, red haired inkwell did very commendable work along the information line, helping all of us understand about who did the work on the Quill. She believes in giving credit where credit is due. Nancy Ellen the only bashful (maybe just dignified) senior in Marion High, got before the floodlights and pleaded for some pictures for the Quill. Maxine and Theresa, having a good case of stage fright, urged the scholars to get their order in for the Quill before it is too late. Theresa, Margery, Wayne, and Warren B. put on a skit showing what we seniors of 1939 will be doing in the future. Imagine, Oran Covington a preacher, when he won't even give a speech in English!

A CIGARETTE'S ARITHMETIC

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can and do--
"Add" to a man's nervous troubles I can "subtract" from his physical energy.
I can "multiply" his aches and pains.
I can "divide" his mental powers, I take "interest" from his work, And "discount" his chances for success.

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Fashion - go to

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SPORTSMANSHIP

After viewing last Friday night's game, it looks as though we all could stand a lesson in sportsmanship.

Perhaps some of the decisions didn't seem just right, but remember the referee has plenty to remember and keep his eye on. Perhaps it's lucky that he caught as many and judged them as well as he did. Could you do any better?

Marion lost a much needed victory to Vinton, the score being 16-13. This loss left Wilson in first place in the Tri-Valley Conference, Vinton second, and Marion third.

KNODKE**SHOE STORE**

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BOOOOO!!!

Did you know that booing is now out of style? Now when you feel inclined to razz the referee you should sit perfectly quiet and think to yourself "Poor fellow. All those rules have had bad effects on his poor mind." Maybe that is so. He does have a lot to remember and watch.

Maybe that fellow at Drake has a good idea. He stands on a platform and calls the fouls and things, and one of his assistants handles the ball. He claims he can see more of the wrong doings than he could before.

So remember that the referee doesn't have as good an observation post as you, that even if you do feel like yelling, yell for the old home team. But if you must boo, for heaven's sake, go out behind the barn, or some place; stick your head in a barrel and let yourself go.

Marion has a new manager to do the worrying, now that Frank Travis has resigned----"Shadow" Edwards.

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ANAMOSA DEFEATS MARION 35-29

It was rather a bad game for Marion from the start. Evidently Anamosa had warned the referee as to which side the bread was buttered on. Anamosa has turned out to be meat eaters. Ask B. Price and Bob Marsh for proof and further information. A scuffle ensued after the game. Marion was outnumbered but plucky. Was Covington too plucky or why else was he absent from school the day after? Peanuts Price was high point man for Marion with a total of 14 points. Little Alby ought to do more practicing on his long shots judging from the exhibition he gave that night.

Marsh and Price were on the bench for the first quarter of the game at Maquoketa, we wonder why?

G.A.A. TOURNAMENT

Although the girl athletes haven't started any riots as yet at the basketball games, their enthusiasm is a bit hard on the furniture. At the present, a hot battle is raging between the freshmen, sophomores, juniors and the senior hotshots, for the girl's interclass basketball championship. The freshmen look pretty snappy, but the seniors, last year's champions, have a decided advantage over the freshmen in experience.

After the basketball tournament, Miss DeWees plans to start folk-dancing.

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