



# V O X



VOLUME IV

MARION,

IOWA

MARCH 10, 1939

## STUFF AND THINGS

"All things I tho't I knew,  
but now confess the more I know  
I know, I know the less."

Some guy by the name of J.  
Owen said that and I bet he could  
not figure it out either.

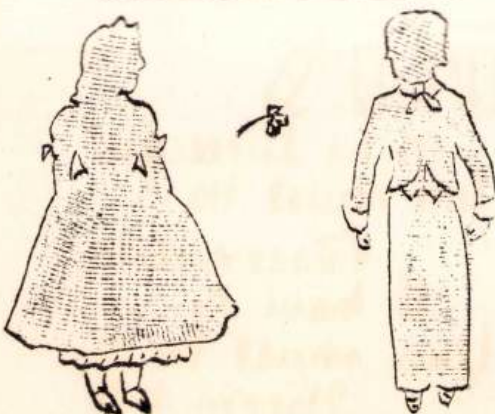
Somehow I can't help marvel-  
ing at the human mind. The mar-  
vel of education and crazy con-  
glomeration of facts that we sup-  
posedly soak in every forty min-  
utes, eight times a day, five  
days a week, and thirty-six weeks  
-----whew! But I marvel even  
more at the enormous quantities I  
manage to forget. Isn't it fun-  
ny what a lot we have to learn  
just in order to live?

By the way, what makes a  
thing funny? "Funny" is a funny  
word. No pun intended. There's  
a funny ha-ha as in Jack Benny's  
Jello show, guess it must be one  
of those overworked words.

Probably it's a good thing  
those words can't go on a strike.  
Some of us would undoubtedly be  
speechless. Maybe it's because  
the ten most used words in the  
English Language are the short-  
est, of, the, and, to, a, in, and  
that, is, I. Personally, I think  
W. P. A. should be added to the  
list. But I wouldn't be surpris-  
ed if "I" is used as much as any-  
thing else in the English lan-  
guage. Which reminds me of one  
of my favorite quotations:

"Friend, all the world's a  
little queer, excepting me and  
thee--and sometimes I think thee  
a little peculiar.

—June Milner



## Old Sayings Streamlined to Fit the Belles of Marion High

Beauty is only rouge deep.

The bigger they are the  
harder they fall--on you. (Dis-  
covered by all football players.)

Early to bed and early to  
rise makes you miss out on gobs  
of fun.

Haste makes the "bulls" sal-  
ary. (This ain't no Ferdinand.)

A penny saved is a penny  
your folks won't let you spend.

If you don't have anything  
to say, don't let people know it.  
(Especially in speeches.)

Honesty is the best policy--  
for suckers.

A thumb-tack gathers no  
rust. (If put on chairs as is the  
proper custom.)

— Frank Travis

## "Annie Laurie"

We have all heard Annie Lau-  
rie sung in one form or another  
in the last year, but few know  
how it came to be written. The  
tune that is used today (it has  
had many others) is so Scotch  
that one can "fair smell the  
hearth and heather." It comes  
from a poem written by William  
Douglas, about 1705. This young  
English poet was in love with the  
daughter of Sir Robert Laurie and  
in his courtship he wrote the  
words of the song. Although the  
words have gripped the hearts of  
many, they didn't seem to make  
much of an impression on his  
"bonnie Annie Laurie." Whatever  
Douglas might have thought of  
"her promise true," she didn't  
think as much, and married ano-  
ther man. The poem "Willie Was a  
Wanton Wag" is the story of Dou-  
glas, the disappointed lover, by  
Burns.

The present air used is more  
recent than the words and was  
composed by Lady John Scott.



## CREW WORK

For the one-act plays soon to be presented by the Dramatic Club, energetic crews are working overtime painting a set, building and decorating a large vine-covered wall, making two trees, a sedan chair, a fireplace, and a willow plate; and trying to find such things; as, Chinese pajamas, a bolster, 18th century French swords, an English 19th century gridiron, and a trance medium's contraption.

So far only a few calamities have been reported. Neal DeWees hammered some nails through his pocket and through his hand, but that was just an oversight and it won't happen again. The glue got burned instead of cooked; the green paint used on the set insisted on looking like dead chalk instead of assuming that fresh Spring shade; June Milner had to wash above her elbows (imagine) to get off the accumulated grime from washing and painting flats. Chief construction engineer, Kinkead, ended up scrubbing the auditorium floor. Would-be-florists, Brooks and Swift, got into a controversy about whether the vines should have five leaves or three. They decided it was a poisonous job anyway and made it three like poison ivy.

Subscription for  
Remainder of  
Year

15

VOX

## FOUR PLAY CASTS ANNOUNCED

"The Romancers" 18th century romance directed by Miss Elmira Russell.

## Cast:

Sylvette-----Helen Biddick  
Percinet-----Frank Travis  
Straforel-----Earl Fulton  
Bergamin-----Edward Conrad  
Pasquinet-----Melvin Arp  
Swordsmen-----Wayne Carpenter  
Albert Schenken  
Musicians-----Theresa Phelps  
Martha Ann Young  
Torch bearers-----Neal DeWees  
Bruce Phillips  
Negroes-----Harold Miller  
Herbert Ellinger  
Crew-----Harriet Swift  
Justin Kinkead  
Maxine Brooks

PARIS STEAM  
DYE WORKS  
Have Your "M" Sweater Cleaned

"The Mad Breakfast" a farce directed by Glen Jenkins.

## Cast:

Lizzie-----Susan Hankins  
Mrs. Simpkins-----Margery Lary  
Mrs. Hill-----Kay McElwain  
Miss Smith-----Barbara Sloss  
Mr. Jones-----Kent Finger  
Miss Brown-----Betty McBride  
Mr. Long-----Neal De Wees  
Miss Green--Nancy Ellen Hanscom  
Mr. Roberts-----Bob Oakley  
Mr. Hill-----Herbert Ellinger  
Crew-----Lawrence Kesting  
Lois Leidigh  
Catherine Peckosh

"Box and Cox" an English comedy directed by June Milner.

## Cast:

Mrs. Bouncer-----Theresa Farley  
Box-----Wayne Carpenter  
Cox-----Albert Schenken  
Crew-----Elinore Kesting  
Catherine Peckosh



"The Turtle Dove" a Chinese play directed by Helen Biddick and her assistant, Harriet Swift.

## Cast:

Chang-sut-yen----Bruce Phillips  
Mandarin-----Harold Miller  
Kwen-lin-----Barbara Price  
Fate-----John Ferreter  
Chorus-----John Howe  
Property man-----Glen Jenkins  
Gong Bearer-----Bob Vernon  
Crew-----Maxine Brooks  
Elinore Kesting

Watch closely for the dates of performance!

The casts for the other one-acts will be announced later.

KLONK'S

"To be successful  
You must have  
Personality  
To have Personality  
You must be well  
Groomed"



### NOT MAN ENOUGH

It was five o'clock. The sun crept into the cracked window of the tiny one room unpainted shanty which perched high on a barren Missouri ridge. Slowly, very slowly, the rays of the sun crept up the hill, giving feeble, warm rays of light to the desolate, worn out soil.

The sun beams hit Auk Foster squarely in the eyes as he lay on his pallet on the warped floor of the house. He sat up and began to rub his eyes. As regularly as the old sun crept up the hill Auk sat up at five, rubbed his eyes and blinked. Every morning he wondered why he had to live, hating it as he did.

But this morning was different. It was Sunday, yes. But it was not this fact that was the disturbing factor. A strange calm pervaded his soul and mind to their very depths. He felt no bitterness toward life and people and the usual remorse did not bother him today. It was as though he were in a strange, unreal fantasy or dream.

He glanced slowly around the room. His wife, Delly, once called Delia, snored loudly at his side. Those pitying, spying, gossiping neighbors called her "delicate Delly." In disgust he looked further. Six children, thin, starved looking creatures, lay in indefinite heaps all over the room. Only the pairs of grimy hands and thin faces came from under the pile of tattered comforters. The smallest baby, little Freyda, coughed violently and tossed around, then quickly dropped off to doze again.

The child should be taken to see Doc Bradley about that cough, he thought, still in his trance. But Doc, combination vet and medical doctor, always demanded money in return. He wouldn't accept ham or a bushel of potatoes, he demanded cash or no service. Auk could spare neither the ham or the potatoes and he had no cash, so the child would probably get sicker and finally die as two others had. He didn't know much about medicine, but he thought it was tuberculosis.

He looked back again to Delly. She hauled manure, plowed corn, hoed potatoes and milked cows as good as any man, filthy as any one of the pigs she fed each day.

Auk, still sitting up in his trance, bent over and began to

pull on his worn, holey shoes. Ragged, bleached overalls, a sweater full of moth holes and two overall coats followed in slow succession. The large, bony hands went through their usual actions very slowly, deliberately, never faltering a second. His mind did not work anymore. This morning, as every morning, he fed the pigs, came back in the house and slopped water on his stubbled face, wiped it on a dirty towel and went out of the house. His feet led him carefully out the door, to the back of the house where a lean, almost dry cow stood bellowing weakly in a fence made of rail coraling. The frisky brown colt pranced up to him gingerly and nudged his elbow. Her velvety nose was no new sensation to him, and although he noticed and returned the caress, it was absently and not naturally. Mechanically his hand returned to his pocket and brought forth one withered carrot, which he offered the colt. He went on to the stock tank over the bare hill and down the small path in the pasture. Beside the small steel tank stood his ancient shotgun, a double barreled shotgun his father had bought him years ago. It always sat there, unloaded, waiting for him to come down in the morning and hunt a squirrel or two. His hand went automatically to the stock of the gun. The dream still clouded his brain. From his pocket, the one without a hole, he drew two large, red cartridges and put them in the weapon.

His hand rose steadily higher until it reached the side of his head, under the rim of the battered felt hat he always pulled over his eyes. The fingers tightened slowly. An almost understandable phrase came from his cracked lips as he pulled the trigger.

"Not man enough!"

—Theresa Farley

## KENDALL'S

See our New Supply  
of Flowers & Garden  
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## INJURY BENEFIT PERFORMANCE

Last Tuesday night at the Athletic Benefit Performance, a record breaking crowd witnessed the fastest and funniest game of the season. The Faculty Flashes beat the "M" Club team with a score of 29-18, but of course that was under faculty rules. Some of the handicaps imposed on the high school team were the use of mittens, ropes around wrists and ankles, a basket closed with rubber strips, and frequent time-outs and favoritisms shown to the faculty. Of course the boys retaliated by playing with a six-man team part of the time, but the referee was so thrilled watching the wonderful playing of the teachers that he didn't notice it for several minutes.

Most exciting of all was the roller-skating, and did Mr. Coffman and Mr. Miller shine here. Incidentally, this was Mr. Miller's first attempt at skating.

The high point of the evening, however, was Mr. Warren's simply scrumptious long shot after Captain Vernon gave him a stimulating shot in the arm. The rule book was none other than the Montgomery Ward catalog. Captain Vernon's new rule regarding the attempts for free throws from the center of the gym went over big.

Cont. on Page 6 Column 2

## HOBBIES

Eileen Schenken's hobby is Entomology, the study of insects and their habits. She started collecting butterflies when she was in the fifth grade, and at the present her collection contains butterflies, moths, silk worm cocoons, snake skins bird eggs, and many kinds of bugs and pressed flowers. She has chosen this as her project in Junior Academy of Science.

Mildred Wickham's hobby, which is the Movies, was started in 1934, and she has now two scrapbooks and a record of every show she has seen since that time.

While living near the Cleveland, Ohio, airport, Herb Ellinger discovered his hobby. He likes to build gas model airplanes and last winter built a propeller-powered snow sled. Let's take a ride with him when one of his famous transports are constructed.

James Francis Pope, candid camera fan, has been working at his hobby two whole weeks. His reasons are to preserve school day memories and to acquire a little money.

Cont. on Page 5 Column 2

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And Happiness

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CASA BLANCA

CAN YOU GUESS WHO BELONGS TO  
THESE FRESHMEN NICKNAMES?

"Slug"--She's a poet.  
"Henry"--Just like the funny papers.  
"Skipper"--Very appropriate.  
"Atlas"--What a physique!  
"Dip"--He is, too.  
"Red"-----Guess again. It's not Swift.  
"Squeaky"-----Got that in first grade.  
"Carrots"--Got it right this time.  
"Handy"--Very.  
"Popeye"--Not like the funny papers.  
"Bumsey"--Couldn't pronounce her own name.  
"Gabby"--Too much truth in this one.

Now if you'd really like to find out "who's who," just look into the hall and yell for him. If a teacher should pounce down upon you, somebody's made a mistake.

Mary Alice Kemble



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of School Supplies

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## SWING MUSIC

"Swing high! Swing low! Come on babe, let yourself go!" That's what the young generation is saying today, and I think most of us favor it very much, even though some of our elders look with scorn upon the "jazzing up" of some of the older tunes. They must admit, however, that they sound pretty well when styled by Tommy Dorsey, Kay Kyser, Henry Busse, Benny Goodman, Larry Clinton, Freddie Martin, Blue Baron, Horace Heidt, Russ Morgan, Guy Lombardo, Clyde McCoy--to name only a few orchestras. The hotter they play the better we like it. Of course there are two kinds of swing. The slow swingy type as played by Wayne King when he plays "Josephine" or some other swingy tune, and the real hot type as is typical of Benny Goodman.

Swing has hit the country with a bang, so let it stick. Let the young people do their "Lambeth Walk," "Fitterbug," and other late styles of "truckin." The art of "truckin" was used quite a while back, but it is coming into popularity with a new swing. The tunes sound really "swell" all dressed up in a new swing suit. So when the question of Swing Music comes to me I simply say "Swing It."

By Kathleen Oxley  
Earl Fulton

BENISH  
SHOE  
STORE

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Square Heels  
Round Toes  
With Sales For Savings

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"Fresh Dog Food"  
Hatch-Quarters For  
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"Super Service Store"

PEOPLE'S Grocery

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With this Coupon - 5 Cans (bale)  
Van Camp Milk! 25¢

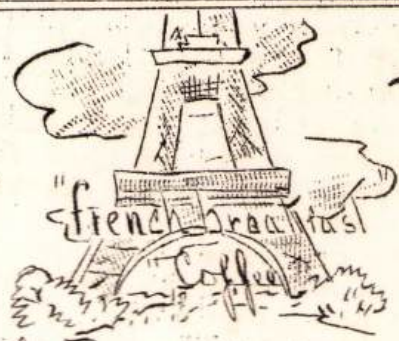
Try Our New?  
Prosted?  
Malt's ~

-Mike!

CORA'S



EDISON'S Compliments of



Dickens

Match booklets from other parts of the world and from almost every state in the United States make up Janet Derflinger's collection. Perhaps she is making a supply so she can offer their services to her many boy-friends.

Bob Osburn is interested in several things. He not only collects stamps and works with wood, but he also collects plans and pictures of model airplanes and tries his hand at building them.

Continued from Page 4 Column 2

MARION  
DAIRY  
STORE

Ice-Cream  
Lollipops  
butter  
Milk  
cheese

"Patronize this store  
the hell only the best"



## SPORT

The Marion High School basketball team ended the season with a bang.

The Marion boys went to the sectional tournament with the idea that they were going to bring home the bacon. The first game was a Marion victory with the following players making the counters:

	Fg	Ft
Marsh-----	3-----	3
Hansen-----	3-----	1
Meggers-----	2-----	1
Price-----	0-----	2
Morgan-----	1-----	0
Dodd-----	0-----	1

The second game was the one that Marion played basketball in along with Roosevelt. The odds were against us and it looked as though Marion would be covered up completely. This, however, was one viewpoint before the game. But soon after the game got underway we saw the home boys gradually working toward the front. Finally they came through in the first of the fourth quarter with the score of 22 to 23 but, unfortunate as it was, the Roosevelt players had a bit of good fortune and tossed in 3 more baskets to win the game.

As students of good old M. H. S., we have in our midst a boy who has played his last high school basketball game. I am sure we all owe him a great deal of thanks for the excellent playing he has done. He is none other than Mr. "Peanuts" Price who led the scoring in the final game of the tournament with a total amounting to 15. Next came Marsh and Hansen each with 4 points which accounts for all the Marion points.

\*\*\*

\*

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"Candy" Bunny Free with 1#  
Cookies at 17¢

LEIBSON'S

P.  
G.  
HARRIAN

Wall Paper & Paints

Cont. from Page 4 Column 1

Between quarters, variations included a boxing match, wrestling, a fast ping pong game and a volley ball battle.

We hope the Sentinel can produce some good pictures.

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When Powdering  
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