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MUSIC CONTESTS

BAND...

The class A State Solo and Ensemble Music Contest was held here at Marion March 30 and 31. Hosting the 1,000 students from ten area schools required the volunteer services of many students and parents, whose jobs ranged from center manager to courier or registrar to cook. Many thanks to all those who helped to make it a successful two days.

Instrumentally speaking, the band received twenty-two ensemble and eight solo firsts. The winning soloists were Sue Ryan, flute; Karen Williamson, oboe; Bob Hemmingsen, clarinet; Jennie Balcom, bass clarinet; Donna Novey, cornet; Neil Machen, percussion; and Tim Carter, alto and baritone saxophone. The band would like to extend its thanks to Mr. Wright for his tough perseverance and willing support in helping us to win these firsts.

MUSIC...

By Terry Maginnis
March 30 and 31 were the days the annual solo and ensemble contests were held at MHS.

We had 21 I ratings out of the 27 entries we had. The remaining 6 had II ratings.

The soloists receiving I ratings are, Gary Burkhart, Pat Swearingen, Kim Johnson, Don Brake, Kelly Mulford, Sandy Wade, Randy Wade, and Christy Boots.

We had 12 I group ratings.

Mrs. Hulin commented that this was the best year we ever had. We had more I ratings.

THE MOVE

By Joyce Suchsland

"I want to quit." He had said it plain enough. But the large man in the chair just looked at him dumbfoundedly.

"I said I want to quit," he repeated as he moved in his chair.

"Now, Jerry. You don't mean that. You were with the Bombers before we set 'em up sellen junk. You guys are really going strong. Now why would you want out?"

"I... I just do, man. I just wanted to let you know. The brush I had with the fuzz last week... too close." Jerry shivered.

"Well, we can't have someone who's turnin' yellow in with us, you know. Okay Jer, you're out," the man sighed. "But Jer," he added as Jerry headed for the door of the small room, "You know what will happen if you fink."

"Yeah, Yeah, man, I know." Jerry shuddered at the thought as he stepped out of the room.

He walked the streets silently; not pausing to talk with contacts or friends. When he passed them, they looked after him strangely.

It was 11:30 at night and he knew what he had to do. Jerry stalled around for another 15 minutes, and then slowly plodded to the police station.

He saw the large, dirty limestone building and started to panic. The police had always been his enemies. Yet he was about to join forces with them. "Am I right?" The words flashed through his frightened brain. "Yes, go on; do it. You've got to." After taking several deep breathes, he went through the large brown doors.

The station smelled heavy of cigar smoke and with a slight trace of alcohol. Jerry looked around nervously. A tight-lipped sergeant was booking a wino, who grumbled that he had never had a drop in his life. The sergeant nodded to an officer, who took the indignant drunk away. Then his eyes fell directly upon Jerry, who was standing near the door. Jerry supposed he was to make the first move. He shuffled over to the desk where the officer was standing.

"Sir," said Jerry, looing at his own feet. "Sir. Can I talk to narcotics agent?"

"You're talking to one. What's the trouble?" The sergeant looked very tired.

"I... I... want to report a dope ring..."



Book Review J.L.S.

By Jennie Balcom

A few weeks ago while on a shopping excursion, a friend and I were constantly under surveillance. No matter what kind of store we walked into, a copy of "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" stared us in the face.

In the last few months, this book a few years ago considered for children, is causing an uproar among adults, and being heralded as a spiritual allegory. But why all the fuss?

Very simply, "J.L.S." is the story of a seagull who isn't content to be just any seagull. He strives to fly faster and higher than any gull has ever flown before. And when he finally reaches perfection (not in this world, of course; I told you it was spiritual,) he returns to teach the other gulls what he has learned.

Just a fairy tale, you say. It is if that's what you want. But if you read for deeper meaning, you'll find it. The decision is up to you.

I suggest you read, if only to see what the controversy is. Besides, someone's got to buy those millions of copies. Please!

Speech Club To State

By Jan Gallagher

Despite a three-hour bus ride to Fairfield at a very early hour, the speech club managed to do very well at the IHSSA State Individual Speech Contest on March 17. The following people received Division I ratings at that contest: Ken Walton (2), Debbie Melchers, Gwen Barnes, Jennifer Barnes, Dale Folkers, Jan Gallagher, Mark Morgan, Julie Taylor, Jenny Balcom, Christy Boots, Gary Hoag, Julie Clark, Frank York, Steve Herreid.

Since then, the Iowa Forensic League State contest was held, on April 12 and 13. At this contest, the debate team scored a 3-3 record against some of the toughest teams in the state. In addition, Jim Cerney and Tom Porathe both made it to semi-finals in Poetry Interpretation and Original Oratory, respectively.

★★★



READY - SET - SPEAK!

Questions????

In everyone's mind there exist questions. Here are a few. Do you have the answers? If you don't, do you know where to find the answers? Anyway, here are some questions:

Why are there irrational numbers? No one can say this or that number is exactly anything. It just goes on and on and on. Why do people have morals? They claim there are certain rights and wrongs which should not be violated, but if the rules get in their way they are labeled old fashioned or silly ideas. Why?

Why does everyone like something different? One person is turned on by philosophy, the other by mathematical equations. What do people really mean when they call someone a communist? Do they mean that he is really a communist or is he just different? What ever happens to people who are placed in insane asylums? Do they just stay there for life, or are they given a test to determine whether they are sane or not? If there is a test, why not administer the test to the public?

Where do robins go in the winter? Specifically, where? Where did the English find the English language? Where is hell, if there is a hell? What if there isn't one?

Who advises the advisors on the advice to give to the unadvised? Whose advice is best? Who pushes the buttons in your brain? And who pushes the buttons in the brain of the button pushers? Are we all button pushers?

How did evolution start? Is evolution the start? (Is this one an unanswerable?) How do birds, whose minds are so tiny, navigate by the stars much better than humans? Why does authority mishandle authority so badly that everyone hates authority? Who has the answer key?????????

Written by...
(Why didn't I sign my name?)

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Family Living On the Move!

By Pam Mullenix

If you like panel discussions, individualized work, reports, and lectures by interesting people, you'll like the Family living class.

The class is a semester course with a lot to offer. Many things get done, and in it you discuss both sides of an issue.

This semester, classes are actively involved in panel discussions. They have had many speakers; one recently being Mrs. Hickok. In addition to the two children of her own, Mrs. Hickok has adopted three other kids. Each of the other children are of a different race or nationality. As a speaker, she had much to offer to the classes.

Another guest speaker was Mr. Hamish, the head of the Halfway House in Cedar Rapids.

For more detailed, specific information (and a learning experience) take Family Living next year and find out first hand.

★★★

A Child Thinks Childishly

One smart little boy denounced all older girls.

When asked why, he explained, "They hug and kiss too much."



Apathy

By Jr.

It means a lack of concern or interest. You have probably heard it used before. It is a term given to other things, other people, right? Never you! Well, now it is. Apathy is a serious problem at Marion High School, that means you.

Not every phase of high school life has been affected, but never before has the student body been so uninterested in what goes on. The Quill Show has been postponed due to a lack of interest. The Drama Department had to ask students to try out for the musical. And now the musical has been cancelled. The Quill and Vox staffs are shrinking every year.

Is that enough? Do you see the point? Maybe a few more examples will help. Last year close to one hundred girls belonged to GRA. This year the club doesn't even exist. Pep Club used to be an active, involved organization. Now it is just an organization. OK. Now you see the point. But what about sports and music? They are going strong, you say. You are right. They are. Bigger and stronger than ever. But those are only two of the many areas of high school life. Just two.

The solution to this problem is within us all. We are the ones who can solve it if we can only care enough.

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Sunshine...

By Tom Parmon

The American Studies III simulation game is called "Sunshine" and took place in Mrs. Pantini's American Studies III classes. To better explain the purpose of this simulation, printed below is an excerpt from the "Sunshine" teachers manual.

"This simulation is called SUNSHINE. It simulates a typical American community of 50,000 moving toward and through a racial crisis. Because of their "birth" as black or white at the beginning of the simulation and because of what happens to them in their simulated community, students become concerned about the racial issues boiling around them in the classroom.

...sensing somewhat how blacks and whites feel, they find they must commit themselves to act. The students learn facts and concepts concerning the history of the American Negro, but the simulation fails if that is all they do.

For the simulation succeeds only if the students feel compelled to use these attitudes upon the crucial domestic issue of our time. Fortunately, controlled procedures for acts of commitment are inherent in SUNSHINE."

I hope this has given you an idea of this simulation game. If not, take American Studies III and find out!

FTA Happenings

By Dave Nash

The Future Teachers of America, under Mrs. Walker and Mr. Bates, took an excursion to Cedar Falls on Tuesday, April 17.

The mini-bus loaded at 7:30 a.m. and arrived at Cedar Falls about 9 a.m.

While there, the group explored many of the facilities at The University of Northern Iowa.

This college is an excellent institution for teacher education.



Stat Mann

By Stephen Stolze

Hello there sports fans. This is Stat Mann and once again it is time to pick the athletes of the year in different sports categories. The top athletes in seven different sports have been chosen (and I know you are on the edge of your chair waiting for the results), so here they are:

In basketball there were three nominees: "Mr. Clutch" of the Los Angeles Lakers, East West; high scoring Kareem Abdul Jabbar of the Milwaukee Bucks; towering Wilt the "Tilt" Chamberlain, also of the Lakers. (Today the only way these players shoot is down). The winner this year is East West. He's with me here to receive his award.

"East, now that you have won the world Championship, do you have any other goals left to achieve?"

"Yes, to see the top of Wilt Chamberlain's head!"

"Why would you want to do that?"

"Because it's there."

In baseball the winner was Rusty Glove. He nosed out popular hitting star Homer McSluggar and pitching ace, Three-Fingers Brown. Rusty led the league in batting, won the Louisville Slugger Golden Bat Award, and also led the league in shaving commercials.

In swimming the winner was a surprising newcomer, Tap Water. He made a big splash into the sport, setting a world's record in his first meet; despite the fact that he stopped at the wrong end of the pool.

The winner in football was Rip Ligament—even though he played on the worst team in pro ball. Rip was voted his team's Most Valuable Player. All of the other teams in the league also voted Rip as their Most Valuable Player. All of the other teams in the league also voted Rip as their most valuable player for his outstanding contributions in helping them to win. NFL commissioner, Pete Gazelle, feels that Rip has great potential—the ONLY man on the team with any. (By the way, the commissioner is Rip's cousin.)

In the speedy sport of auto racing, Ken Kamakazi was the winner. In golf, Jack Knickedless was 10 under par in the voting—I mean he won by 10 votes.

In the seventh winning spot, Roller Derby star, Knuckles Scarskate won over two other great athletes; jockey, Charlie Horse and the crushing boxer, trainer Joe Tape (Trainer?) Anyway, There are the top athletes of the year.

Now for the latest sports news. There was a spectacular crash in the Daytona 500 today, injuring the lucky driver, Sparky Plug, who had never been injured before in a race. But today his luck ran out. As he jumped from his flaming car, he was run over by the ambulance which was speeding to the scene.

Baseball's All-star catcher, Johnny Bench of the Cincinnati Reds, has a television show this season. It is doing quite well in the local ratings. As of today it is tied for fifth-place with the WLWT test pattern.

With the beginning of a new season, a large crowd has been showing up all over the country. In New York star Moose Malone was warming up when he spotted a fan falling out of the upper deck. He alertly ran over and caught the fan, saving his life. Moose then stepped on third and threw to first base, completing the double-play to win the game. Huh??? Whose been writing this? Well, let's see if this next story turns out okay.

The World Champion Oakland A's have been known as the "Mr. Colorful" team of baseball for their flashy uniforms. This year's colors are California gold, wedding gown white, Kelly green, and Vida Blue.

That's all for now. Remember, if we don't know the score we'll use old ones.

Girls' Track Begins At M.H.S.

By Karen Folkers

If you happen to be walking across the parking lot and are stampeded by a herd of fleet footed girls or bombarded by an orange flying saucer you have just been ambushed by the girls track team. This years team is coached by Mr. Roby and Mrs. Hammil and is composed of forty hard working girls. The girls who have excelled in their events are: Julie DeWoody and Natalee Jackson in the mile. Cheryl Walker and Diane Morrow in the 880. Darlene Collins and Debbie Wood in the 440 yard dash. Darlene Collins and Kim Skilling in the 220 and Terri McKern and Jonnie Sue Ford in the 100 yard dash. The various hurdle races are run by April Sorensen, Kim Skilling, and Jeanne Peters. The softball is thrown by Denise Hunt and Sheryl Wallace, the discus by Cheri Pieper and Mary Ann Victor. Diane Hackert and Karen Folkers are in the shot put. April Sorensen and Jeanne Peters leap the high jump and Darlene Collins and Joan Bunting soar in the broad jump. Some of these and other girls will also be participating in the relays and shuttles, but the exact grouping is not definite.

TRACKMEN

By Mike Jacobs

Marion's trackmen are off to a fast start this season and so far have placed second in the Wamac Indoor Meet, and were nipped by Linn-Mar, 72-70.

At Coe College, in the indoor meet, Marion lost in the last event, the 880 yard relay, when we were disqualified. First placers for Marion in the meet were Gregg Anderson-low hurdles, Don Wisniewsky in the 440 yard dash and Brad Pedersen won the 880 yard dash.

In their next meet with Linn-Mar, Marion again lost in the last event and lost another close meet. Individual winners for Marion were Dave Williams in the pole-vault, Brad Kiburz won the high jump, Gregg Anderson in the discus, Dave Moore outran the pack in the 2-mile, John Barkdoll won the 120 highs while Tim Jones captured the 100 yard dash in 10.5, Brad Pedersen had a time of 2:05.5 in the 880 and Gregg Anderson also grabbed individual honors in the 180 low hurdles. Marion also captured firsts in the 440 yard relay in :46.2 and the 880 yard relay in 1:36.4.

Girls In Auto Mechanics Class

By Kathy Rutan

Mr. Fox believes Auto Mechanics should be mostly reserved for boys but one class each semester should be made available for girls.

Girls are not as out of place in Auto Mechanics as you might think. Some have actually come in with a better understanding of Auto Mechanics than some of the boys. At the beginning of class, the WHOLE class is treated as if NOBODY knows anything about Auto Mechanics. Mr. Fox thinks the girls are just great. Quite often the girls do a lot better than the boys. They are competitive. They work really hard in written and skills, to out do the boys.

Too Much Efficiency

"If one man can build an automobile in 14 working days," stated the efficiency expert, "then 14 men can build that automobile in one working day."

"Sure," laughed his associate, "and 28 men could build it in four hours; 56 men in two hours; 112 men in an hour; 224 men in 30 seconds; and 448 men in 15 seconds. But I wouldn't want to drive it."

Ruthless Rhymes

By Denise Hunt

In the early nineteen hundreds, every paper began to print "Ruthless Rhymes," and every contributor tried to invent a catastrophe more gory in event and more nonchalant in effect than its predecessor. The favorite "hero" was Little Willie. Here are a few of the most popular:

Willie fell down the elevator--
Wasn't found till six days later,
Then the neighbor sniffed, "Gee Whizzi!
What a spoiled child Willie is!"

Little Willie on the track
Heard the engine squeal.
Now the engine's coming back;
They're scaping Willie off the wheel.

Little Willie from the mirror
Licked the mercury all off;
Thinking, in his childish erro,

It would cure the whooping cough.
At the funeral his mother,
Weeping, said to Mrs. Brown:
"Twas a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down!"

Ode To Marion High

I was a shy, confused freshman
When you took me in your arms,
To comfort me with education and caring,
Your teachers reached out to touch me
With their thoughts
And asked for mine.
They gave, I took!
But I hope they learned from me
As I did from them.

A sophomore, I leaned on you,
Drawing from your bosom wisdom
And strength to face coming trials.
I came to know you and to love you;
To understand that, despite all the problems,
You wanted me to learn.
But even more so,
You wanted me to care about learning
And about others.

You molded me, a frivolous junior,
With your firm hands of knowledge.
I was your child,
Innocent and unknowing,
To be kneaded and shaped
Into an individual--into me.
Your touch of love spoke to me,
Telling me of life,
Teaching me to live.

Throughout a hectic senior year
You stood steadfast and unyielding,
Steadily imparting information
To a not-so-eager brain.
You were reluctant to relinquish your
protégé

Unto yet another world,
But you acquiesced
As at graduation I left your warm embrace
And comforting smile,
Knowing that you cared.

I stand now on the threshold of the future.
Looking back, tears in my eyes,
My heart aches with memories bitter-sweet.

Yet also I look forward
To new friends and new experiences.
Anticipation mingles with melancholy.
You have prepared me for this.
You have given from the very bowels of your being.

I stand now on the threshold of life.
Anonymous



Know Your Popcorn

Popcorn pops because the polygonal starch cells in the corn are composed so as to facilitate expansion along the line of least resistance in the direction of the two main radii.

With this understood, understand, too, that the endosperm swells considerably as a result, the peripheral portions cohering with the hull but the fractured portions turning back in a more or less symmetrical manner to meet below the embryo.

Add butter, sprinkle salt, and the result: delicious popcorn.

Michelle's Poem

"I was wandering by and I saw a book the title of which really threw me. . . the name of the book is, "I Am Neither A Sacrilege Or A Privilege. I May Not Be Competent Or Excellent, But I Am Present." That just came right off the shelf and smacked me right across the face "I Am Neither A Sacrilege Or A Privilege. I May Not Be Competent Or Excellent, But I Am Present." And I thought--well good for you! And I opened up the book and I found out that it was written by a young lady who signed her name only as Michelle. She did the drawings and she did the poems, and I slipped through it in my usual way, skipping the preface and everything and diving right into the heart of it. And I found this poem written like this and it attracted my eye. I read it, and this is what it said:

My happiness is me, not you.
Not only because you may be temporary,
But also because you want to be what I am not.

I cannot be happy when I change
Merely to satisfy your selfishness.

Nor can I feel content when you criticize me for not thinking your thoughts,
Or for seeing like you do.

You call me a rebel.
And yet each time I have rejected your beliefs

You have rebelled against mine.
I do not try to mold your mind.
I know you are trying hard enough
to be just you.

And I cannot allow you to tell me what to be -

For I am concentrating on being me.
You said that I was transparent
And easily forgotten
But why then did you try to use my lifetime,

To prove to yourself who you are?
. . . And then I found out something really incredible, because I went back to find out, who is Michelle? And I found this line in the introduction. It says:
Michelle! You were with us for such a short time before choosing that fog swept beach to continue on your way. It was July, 1967, and you were only 20.

She left us twenty-five poems. She found it too hard to be just me.

. . . We hope these poems are presented as you wish, Michelle. (This is her friend speaking.) You are present, we love you, and we need you, and we promise we will remember, until we meet again. . . San Francisco, July 1969.

Difficult process for just being you."
Leo Buscaglia
"Love in the Classroom"

THE CHILDREN ARE GONE

By Pam Olson

The children are gone
Erase away the laughter
Sweep fun under the rug
Bury innocence deep in the sand
of maturity.

Who needs children?
Who needs rainbows?

The children are gone
No longer do they smile
No longer do they believe
No longer is their world
one of fantasy.

Who needs children?
Who needs rainbows?

The children are gone
There is no more sunshine
There is no more joy
There is no pot of gold
at the end of the rainbow.

Who needs children?
Who needs rainbows?

The children are gone
The world cries for them
It weeps in its knowledge
And yearns for the children
to come again

Because we need children
And we need rainbows.

Current Info

The politicians don't campaign much in Washington because TV sets are A.C. Washington, of course, is D.C.

LEAD THE
PACK - GO
OUT FOR
TRACK! !

