



EDITORIAL . . .

From the Editor

This is the remaining editor of "The Vox" writing her last editorial, if anyone likes it or not. Although you have never seen one of my editorials in print, do not be fooled into thinking that I have not written any. The censorship at Marion High School is unbelievable, but for those of you out there who know me, maybe you are aware of my "attitude", which is generally described as being "negative".

Because everyone seems to think that my attitude in actuality is so bad, the sponsor of The Vox refuses to have anything of mine printed. This morning he went so far as to inform me that he would probably censor my "positive editorial".

Well, what I am really here for is not to write on censorship, but instead to say things like; Marion High School is the best high school I have ever gone to. Because it is so great, I really want to say thank-you to everyone involved with the school who has helped me reach the great heights of success. Success at what I am not sure of yet.

My second very positive statement about M.H.S. is that all the teachers there seem to know what they are supposed to be teaching to who, and man, do they ever, because otherwise they may end up resigning.

Oh, another nice thing is that the student body is extremely easy to fit into and get along with, if you have always gone to school in Marion and if you can ignore the students' name-calling rituals. What has been taken into account here is that there doesn't seem to be anything bad or wrong about treating outsiders the way you feel like treating them. After all, what has America's policies been doing to our minorities for centuries?

The most encouraging thing about thing about M.H.S. is its clubs and organizations, which are run by a handful of students; this is if the organizations survive the apathy of the majority of the students.

I think that all the senior class likes Marion High so well that they, each and every one, are overly anxious to wish all the teachers, who will be returning next fall and all the underclassmen, who get to come back, GOOD LUCK.

Andrea Marg, Senior Editor

Winistorfer Is First

Paul Winistorfer, a junior, was the first student from Marion High School to enter the annual Iowa Industrial arts exposition, Saturday, May 12, 1973 at the University of Northern Iowa in Cedar Falls. Paul's entry was a walnut grandfather clock constructed during his wood working III class, taught by Mr. Woodson.

His clock, worth over \$600 and representing 300 hours of diligent labor is the second one he has built and entirely hand-work excluding the works he bought at the Amanas.

Paul hopes to build and sell many this summer and enter the contest next year when he will be eligible to win, unlike this year when he entered for practice. We say good luck, Paul! It is "time" you get the recognition you deserve.



PRELUDE

Joyce Suchsland

The air held a special magic on that night. As I looked up into the heavens, the sky was an inky-blue, and the clouds that raced across it were a dark grey.

In the ragged holes of the clouds, I saw the stars shining bravely behind them. Using a sketch of imagination, I could see animals and faces in them. The stars served as an eye, or nose, or whatever my mind chose.

I had to look fast, because the cruel wind that tore at my hair also tore at the clouds, and slashed them to pieces or obliterated them completely.

Collection Of Funnies

By Denise Hunt

As I was looking through the book "A Treasure Of Laughter", I came upon a few jokes and poems which I thought were funny. I hope you do too.

"Did you hear about the woman who married 4 times? Her first husband was a millionaire. Her second was a famous actor. Her third was a well-known minister. And her last was an undertaker."

"I see. One for the money; two for the show; three to get ready; and four to go."

"Who is that horrible ugly looking woman sitting by herself over there? said the stranger to his host."

"That, sir," said the host, "happens to be my sister."

"Of course," said the embarrassed guest. "I didn't notice the resemblance."

"No," said the man at the wheel, "I can't say I've ever had to complain of backseat driving. In 15 years I've never had a word from behind."

"What kind of car do you drive?"

"A hearse."

She wore her stockings inside out
All through the summer heat.
She said it cooled her off to turn
The hose upon her feet.

I often pause and wonder
At fate's peculiar ways,
For nearly all our famous men
Were born on holidays.

HAIKU

Japanese Haiku is an ancient form of poetry that deals with the simple things of life, such as nature, the seasons, life itself. Haiku uses a strict form of seventeen syllables in a three line pattern.

The water shimmers.
The golden sun hesitates,
Dying in the sea.

Spring is arriving.
Spiking the air is the scent
Of apple blossoms.

Spring rain falls to earth;
Wind blows in tormented rage.
A flower trembles.

The love of Jesus
Is the steady burning of
A tallow candle.

Swearing

?# " @? . . !# " * @? . . . + ! " " . . . @ ? ! "

Wandering around the hallowed halls of MHS, I stumbled across a sign on a door. The sign was put there for a specific purpose. Does it apply to you?

- 10 Reasons Why I Use Profanity
1. It pleases mother so much
2. It is a fine mark of manliness.
3. It proves I have self-control.
4. It indicates how clearly my mind operates.
5. It makes my conversation so pleasing to everybody.
6. It leaves no doubt in anyone's mind as to my good breeding.
7. It impresses people with the fact I have more than an ordinary education.
8. It is an unmistakable sign of culture and refinement.
9. It makes me a very desirable person among women and children in respectable society.
10. It is my way of honoring God who said - "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in Vain."

You may be a compulsive swearer or you may only use profanity occasionally. In any case, think about this seriously. A word to the wise is sufficient.



MRS. ROWEN



Spectrum Of Love

"I Love You"

There is a much greater motivation than simply my spoken words.

For me to love, is to commit myself, freely and without reservation. I am sincerely interested in your happiness and well being. Whatever your needs are, I will try to fulfill them and will bend in my values depending on the importance of your need. If you are lonely and need me, I will be there. If in that loneliness you need to talk I will listen. If you need to listen, I will talk. If you need the strength of human touch, I will touch you. If you need to be held, I will hold you. I will lie naked in body with you if that be your need. If you need fulfillment of the flesh, I will give you that also, but only through my love.

I will try to be constant with you so that you will understand the core of my personality and from that understanding you will gain strength and security that I am acting as me. I may falter with my moods. I may project, at times, a strangeness that is alien to you which my bewilder or frighten you. There will be times when you question my motives. But because people are never constant and are as changeable as the seasons, I will try to build up within you a faith in my fundamental attitude and show you that my inconsistency is only for the moment and not a lasting part of me. I will show you love now. Each and every day, for each day is a lifetime. Every day we live, we learn more how to love. I will not differ my love nor neglect it, for if I wait until tomorrow, tomorrow never comes. It is like a cloud in the sky, passing by. They always do, you know!

If I give you kindness and understanding, then I will receive your faith. If I give hate and dishonesty, I will receive your distrust. If I give you fear and am afraid, you will become afraid and fear me. I will give to you what I need to receive. To what degree (amount) I give love is determined by my own capability. My capability is determined by the environment of my past existence and understanding of love, truth, and God. My understanding is determined by my parents, friends, places I have lived and been. All experiences that have been fed into my mind from living.

I will give you as much love as I can. If you will show me how to give more, then I will give more. I can only give as much as you need or allow me to give. If you receive all I can give, then my love is endless and fulfilled. If you receive a portion (part) of my love, then I will give others the balance I am capable of giving. I must give all that I have, being what I am.

Love is universal. Love is the movement of life. I have loved a boy, a girl, my parents, art, nature. All things in life I find beautiful. No human being or society has the right to condemn any kind of love I feel, or my way of expressing it, if I am sincere, sincerity being the honest realization of myself and there is no hurt or pain intentionally involved in my life or any life my life touches.

I want to become a truly loving spirit. Let my word, if I must speak, become a restoration of your soul. But when speech is silent, does a man project the great depth of his sensitivity. When I touch you, or kiss you, or hold you, I am saying a thousand words.

Walter Rinder
(Presented by Andrea Marg)

CONGRATULATIONS,
Mrs. Rowen - Teacher
Of The Year!

State Spanish

By Pam Olson

Several week ago the Spanish II, III, and IV classes took the state Spanish exam. Fourth year hit the jackpot in getting six students in the top twelve in the state which would participate in the state finals to be held at Iowa City April 21.

These finalists were Gwen Barnes, Paula Chesley, Jan Gallagher, Barb Maier, Pam Olson and Jodi Petersen.

The final competition consisted of two parts, written and oral. The contestants were required to write a short essay on one of two subjects, read a short story and then discuss it with three judges, and memorize and recite a poem. All this had to be done in Spanish.

When the ordeal was over, Marion emerged victorious, with our students taking the top three places in the state.

Winner of first place in the fourth year division was Gwen Barnes, who also was second runner-up for the grand prize of a trip to Mexico; second place and a \$100 scholarship to the University of Iowa went to Barb Maier; and Jan Gallagher received the third place award.

All three girls received books in Spanish for their achievement.

Variety "73"

By Terri Larson

Variety show "73" was held at 7:30 on Friday night, May 4. To give you an idea (in case you didn't go!) some of the participants were-Senior Boys' Ballet, Sophomore girls' play, guitar playing and singing, Swedish jazz, a strip show, lecture on sex education, and a barbershop quartet. These are just a few of the many talents displayed by our fellow students that night.

All the acts were greatly enjoyed by the audience and they appreciated Egor and his mator, who thoughtfully changed name cards between each act.

After the show, music was played until the winners were announced. They were: First place, Dave Williams; second place, Ron Crouse; third place, Brad Ciha and Pat Swearingen.



Teachers' Will, Too

I, E. Bronson, will to Laurie Bullard and Janet White a detailed color scheme of my home so that any further bathroom supplies will blend with the decor.

I, Connie Bennett, will Bruno Rinas all of the Expository Writing Class's left over analogies. I hear they've used all of his.

I, Mrs. Vischer, will my fourth hour's decorating talents to Mrs. Abdo and Mr. Bates.

I, M. Mentzer, will an engraved book of admits to Kerry Brackett and a cheerful, delightful, happy day to frowning Paul Schupanitz.

I, Anita Stack, will a course in electricity to Mary Wells so she won't be so afraid of the electric typewriters.

I, Mrs. Sloan, will my classroom organization to anyone who can find where I put it.

I, Shirley Pantini, will a sapling tree with three holes in it to the forest from which my paper comes.

I, Jim Bates, will my big red ENGLISH II sign to a great sophomore class.

I, Charles Boquist, will my 50¢ a week allowance to womever needs it.

I, Mrs. Hammill, will my worn out gymsuit to Janet White so she may use it in college.

I, Bruno Rinas, will my love of the logic in physical sciences to Terry Dipel.

I, Mrs. Abdo, will Janet White one roll of flowery T.P. to use in good taste.

I, Rosa Rowen, will my coffee-making job to Mr. Rick for his enjoyment.

I, Les Dollinger, will a giant drumstick to Tommy Turkey bird.

I, Tom Madson, will a set of artificial kidneys to "Rabbit".

I, Jim Risk, will half my 5th period class to themselves. (I wouldn't wish them to any other teacher.)

I, Joyce Hutchins, will my 6th hour study hall to room 17-19.

Seniors. . .the end of the line?

Buttons and. . .

Seated behind a white French Provincial styled desk, Nan busily types formal invitations inviting all prospective brides-to-be to visit the Bridal Salon, of which she is head consultant. Primly dressed in a red double-knit three piece suit, fashioned with double rows of tailored silver buttons, Nan presents an air of the ultimate in efficiency and organization.

After spending several minutes scanning through the alphabetical files of our brides, I may ask, "Nan, I can't seem to find Mary Doe's pink special order slip, do you have an idea. . ."

Before I even finish, Nan, as if by magic, places her finger on the exact card for which I had so unsuccessfully been searching. Without fail, we girls under Nan's auspices, as well as her family, can count on Nan to come through with even the most impossible task-which at times can be a super-human feat.

An average day for Nan includes working from nine to nine, rushing home to remedy the day's upsets for her four children and husband, then preparing a "small" meal for her immediate family-which includes seven brothers and sisters plus their 42 offspring. Only a person with an iron will could endure such a pace and manage to keep smiling all the while.

What a woman! Nan has such a marvelously bright outlook on life; I never realized the "family thing" could be such a joy. Of course, Nan is an exception in that she works at keeping her married life enjoyable. In planning a surprise for her husband's 40th birthday, Nan's witty sense of humor surpassed itself.

Arriving home from work the evening of his birthday, Win (Nan's husband) called out, "Nan, where are you? I'm home!"

"I'm in the bedroom, darling," she replied matter-of-factly.

Win followed her voice only to cry out upon seeing her, "Oh, my God! What the hell's going on?"

"Happy Birthday!!" Nan beamed with delight.

"But, but. . ."

Stark naked, save for a few Christmas bows strategically placed, Nan sat on the queen sized bed in the master bedroom, grinning from ear to ear. "Well, I always knew what you wanted, I was just never quite sure how to wrap it!! So . . . Happy Birthday!!"

By Barbara Maier

MESS

By Joanne Warner

"How did we get into this mess anyhow?" I asked my cousin Wendy.

"The reason we're riding in the trunk is because you wouldn't believe me when I told you a ten-foot wave was coming."

That was the truth; I didn't believe her. As I tried to think back a few minutes earlier to the ocean, I faintly remembered building a sandcastle, something I hadn't done in years. I was on my knees facing the beach, building the sandcastle, when Wendy came running up and started jabbering something about a wave coming to wash me away. I really did not care if Haley's Comet was on its way; first, I was going to finish my sandcastle. In spite of my stubbornness, Wendy started pulling at my coat and yelling in my ear. Just then I turned around, only to find myself staring with my mouth wide open, at a giant wave hovering over my head. The wave came down, smashing us into my forgotten sandcastle, which traveled with us and the wave for almost four yards.

When our senses returned, we arose to the cheers of a crowd who were glad that we could stand up. Wendy and I were so embarrassed, that we walked sheepishly to the car where my aunt stood, motioning for us to get into the trunk.

"Prop this against the hood," said my aunt handing me an oar, "and get inside. I just had my car cleaned today, and I don't want it wet."

We got into the trunk, propped the oar against the hood, and took off for my cousin's house in Los Angeles.

After a while, my aunt got us Kentucky Fried Chicken to eat, so the rest of the way home we ate chicken, threw the bones at some wise guy in a convertible making faces at us, and took turns getting hit on the head by the hood whenever the oar fell.

Bird Woman

The old Bird-Woman tossed her dirty popcorn and dried black bread onto the wide cracked sidewalk. Her grey white hair was held to the top of her head by an old man's hat, the brim tattered and torn, the greyish rag pulled this way and that in a relentless struggle for, for what?

She was old and tired, battered about like her old hat. The hat was old, ancient, it hung over her formless body, dragging on the ground, tripping, stumbling, hiding the dark blue dress that was belted by old, worn shoe strings. Her shoes thumped and clumped as they blended into the clacking of her cane. She hurried slowly toward her destination. Her face was worn, wrinkled, carved by the sands of time. Her lips, cracked like a drying, dead creek bed. She was old, tired, proud. Her shapeless nose was a mass of flesh and wrinkles; eyes that were a deep violet and held in them a soul that needed to be set free, a body that had lived past its time.

Where were her children? The young she had cared for and borne. Gone, gone to war, gone to sleep, gone away, forgetting their mother who worked and carved and cared. She cared now for the birds, the birds who would sweep down from the sky, their wings flaming, reflecting the sun, soaring, swooping, flying their souls free, free! The old Bird-Woman cared for the birds, they were her new sons and daughters. She delivered them from evil, cared, loved, fed.

If only she could throw back the shell that held her on earth, she would soar with them, teach them. No one could ever take her birds from her, the birds would never cheat her or hurt her or deceive her. Her heart was old and shattered, her mind was feeble, some say she was touched, her body was old and bent and flushed, but her soul was young.

"Crack this shell God, set me free." And she prayed to her father for deliverance and guidance and freedom.

The old woman clicked and clumped down the street waddling back and forth in her old prune body, begging, stealing for her birds, feeding and caring for her children. They flew about her soaring, singing their praises to her, worshipping her.

God broke the Bird-Woman's shell, shattered it, killed it. She lay cold, stiff. Her spirit soared, climbing, soaring, free. Free! She was whole. She was one. She was free. The birds came no more.

By Deb Wickham

Please Touch

By Pam Olson

Please do not fold, spindle, or mutilate . . . So says the computer card, so says our computerized society. We have become depersonalized-a people so locked within our own protective shells that we are fearful of reaching out in case someone might try to chip away a piece of this protectiveness.

We hide our true selves behind a wall of banal words through which no one can see our vulnerability, our ability to be easily hurt, or our ability to care. We are an affluent society, rich in everything except that which would make us richest-people caring, people reaching out to touch other lives, people who are alive instead of just computers.

But we can change society-by touching and by loving. We can break down the barriers of self, forget our fears of touching someone if he is not family or a close friend. We can begin to live with our evolutions wide open to the joys of physical communication.

Have you touched the sun lately? Take someone's hand in love and you will find the warmth of the sun hidden within and its brilliance shining in his eyes. Have you patted a crying child today-not just to say "there, there," but with real compassion? How long has it been since you've touched a stranger with your smile and seen his face light up with the joy overflowing from his heart?

Touch is a simple thing-as easy as reaching out your hand to the person next to you-but so few people break out of their self-erected shell to do it. Touch a friend's hand, console a child, smile at a stranger-simple things, all of them, but they are the key that opens the door to our inner self, where lies our real beauty. Do it any way you want, but please touch, O.K.?



TOM PORATHE

By Julie Taylor

The chilling cold ripped through me. Frozen, I huddled numbly in the corner, perfectly willing to trade Santa Claus season for the hot humid days of July. And now, as I sit in College Prep class, clumsily gripping the pen through mittens, I sense that the goose bumps covering my body may possibly harden, becoming permanently lumpy scales.

What is this leading to? Amazing as it may seem, the school systems of the Northern United States are conducting grotesque experiments into the effects of extreme cold on the human body over extended periods of time in the same manner in which Nazi scientists gained bizarre information by staking Jews out in the snow. The schools are cold.

Day after day students go to frigid classrooms, trying desperately to keep warm and concentrate on their studies. It can't be done.

As I write this, I fear for future generations of students, for eventually there will undoubtedly be drastic changes in the average pupil. For those who survive will be gradually altered both psychologically and physiologically. In fact, the school system, by cutting off heat for both fun and money, is evolving an entirely new breed of being.

Creatures who do not fit into an environment either die or adapt; thus to live, students will change. They may eventually grow winter fur over their bodies, shedding it at summer time, because this facility combined with speedy coordination are imperative to changing clothes inside the walk-in freezers known as locker rooms. By traveling in packs, students would conserve body heat, with the leader maintaining the cherished center position. Discipline, however, could easily become the most pressing problem, for the strongest packs would fight for seats farthest from the "heater" (Antarctica traveling in cog-nito) and the leaky windows. Here again, the strong will overcome, thus insuring their survival.

Thus, all students will learn to loathe school, associating the bitter cold with the process of gaining knowledge. Many may flee to Florida or hide near the furnace at home.

The saddest part of it all is that the warmer months are no better than the coldest winter days, for the air conditioning keeps the temperature at a crisp 18 degrees.

Someone must stop this diabolical plot to disrupt America's educational system. Could it be Communist in origin? No matter, what can we do? Even now, the ink in my pen has frozen.



SENIOR-ITIS???



Epilogue Over a Year

Reflections Over A Year That Went

BY TOM PORATHE

1972-73 Foreign Student from Sweden

So did this year pass in this world that was not my own; a summer's humidity and fertility changed into fall, to the death of life, but the freshness of mind; a snow-flake fell on my mind, and turned it white. Although the dark season of Iowa did not live up to its reputation until April, it undeniably was winter.

It is spring still, on the borderline to summer, the summer after, 1973. My year is almost gone and lives now only as a series of happy and sad faces, faces of you and the society of which you are a part and from which I soon shall be estranged by thousands of miles of water.

It was a good year. I can say so afterwards looking back. A happy year. Of course there were sad and unpleasant things-like chickenpox-but as an experience, everything has a value, and with the motto I enjoyed this year and the rest of my life.

So much was new this year, so much was different; a new country, a new life. I came here as a stranger, someone without an identity, placed into a pattern to be colored by it, and yet, in the end, I found out I was the same.

There were so many things to do, so much to taste and try, and so little time that sometimes stress and pressure clouded my day. But now I am glad I was here. So many of these things I would have liked to spend more time on, plow deeper into, but so much else was tempting me.

I played football which I thoroughly enjoyed, and perhaps even more now afterwards when the sweat and pain of the hard practices is past and Mr. Dollinger's punching voice has toned away to leave the memory of the tension for the game nights, when I felt like a part of the team-although my contributions were limited.

I worked and struggled for my own concept of rights, translated into what I thought was American during the Presidential election. I shared the grief with millions of people in this country and around the world over Senator George McGovern's loss.

I walked the streets of this city and this state, and met a million faces, many of which I would like to call my friends. Some I wouldn't buy a second-hand car from, but in front of all, a shared year in your society.

This spring I was an even greater part of your country during a three week bus trip alone over the Rockies and the deserts westwards to Fresno, Calif. I stayed for a week with a friend and saw San Francisco and Yosemite. I went on south to San Diego, to Tucson and Nogales, Mexico, and to the beauty of the Grand Canyon to finally end up in the worst snowstorm ever for April in the recorded history of Iowa.

My winter was, to some extent, spent with the different experience of the art of speaking; an art form which, at its climax, brought me to the semi-finals in the IFL state contest in Original Oratory. Theatre exists even in Sweden, and I shared with joy the work under Mrs. Hulin in the fall play, perhaps Joe Farrone in "Up the Down Staircase" interprets my situation here when he said: "I don't understand those big words, and I'm busy after school."

Although it meant early mornings the year around and my string bass seldom was heard over the honking of the rest of the band-and when it did: only with a wrong note to Mr. Wright's badly hidden disapproval-it was a source of relaxation and inspiration before each school day. I only wish I could have spent more time on it.

Many winter evenings I showed my slides in community groups and church groups, and although the slides always were the same for me, the people and the reactions always were new and interesting. And perhaps I managed to give a little of Sweden to all you who viewed them.

And so my year disappeared behind me, day after day, week by week. The school soon turned into a routine where American Studies, Expository and Creative Writing, Comparative Government and Contemporary Events, Art, and Speech merely were lines in a notebook that never got filled and never were the same.

Thanks to all of you who were a part of my year. If I only could fill a grain, and as such be remembered in the world that is yours, I would be happy-though this year and you, my friends, will always live as a part of me, a drop in the lake of experiences we collect during our lives, but a colorful one.

Good-bye
Tom

"Book"

By Jan Gallagher

The word "book" is defined as "a written or printed literary composition, especially on sheets of paper bound in volumes." This is the physical aspect of a book, but a physical description can no more give an accurate picture of what a book is than such a description of a person can circumscribe the essence that makes him a human, different from all others.

Books are the chronicles of their time, the recorders of the reality and fantasy of their civilizations. From them, rather than from ruined buildings and archaeologists' guesswork, do we learn the life and spirit of a vanished time. The poet's imaginings are more revealing than even the ancient equivalent of the Daily News, for although the events that comprise the substance of the news are as dead as the people who formed them, the sentiments expressed in a poem, however antiquated, are still real to us today.

A book may be a child's first contact with reality in the world outside his own small sphere of experience. As he grows older, he finds more and more things that he needs to learn--things that books can tell him. A book is a sympathetic friend when he is sorrowful or a catalyst when he needs to act, a helping hand, a shoulder to cry on, a friend to rejoice with or a quiet place to be alone. Books provide a way for each of us to grow and to reach farther out to the world and farther in to our own souls.

But although books are very important and very personal to each one of us, they serve a greater and more lasting purpose to our civilization as a whole. They hold up a mirror to us and show us the way we were, the way we are, the way we can be. Books written by sensitive and far-seeing men can spur us to what we must do if we are to become what we want to be. The mirror may show us how ludicrous we are, or what great potential lies beneath our facades. Books are the hopes and the dreams, the despair and the reality, the vast discrepancy between what we see and what we want to see. They show us today and the tomorrows that lie endlessly ahead, with just enough of yesterday to give us perspective.

Books, then, are much more than the paper on which they are printed--they are the embodiment of the spirit of their time.

PROFILE

By Julie Clark

An observer sees my mother as a thin woman, of average height, who seems relatively calm with slight nervousness at the edges. This description, however, doesn't seem to embody the personality I know to be hers. Whereas she is a complex, ever-changing, and constantly surprising person. This description seems simple and one-dimensional.

My father and I are often left with our mouths hanging open after she has expounded on one of her "opinions." Although her opinions are usually very strong, she has developed the ability to know when to express them and when to keep them to herself. One time when she did express her opinion, and quite aptly I believe, was at a bridge party. She had reservations about going to the card game, as the conversation usually consisted of gossip about everyone who wasn't there, and she doesn't particularly savor that type of discussion. But since she loves to play bridge, she decided to go anyway. Well, she was right about the gossiping. This time's subject was a white family who had adopted a black boy. The woman who introduced the subject was outraged. "Isn't it just a shame that a white family adopted a black child?" The other ladies agreed, making these assorted comments: "Just think, that child will go to school with our children." "That sort of thing gives other Negro's the idea they can move into our neighborhood." "I can't imagine why they wouldn't adopt a nice white child."

With each progressive comment, my mother felt her anger growing. She could barely control her temper, but somehow she managed, at least until she was able to slowly push back her chair and stand up. Then the full vent of her anger was upon them. Coldly she looked down on them and in an icy voice declared sarcastically, "Yes, it's just terrible that a black child will have a family to love and care for it." When she was finished, she walked slowly from the room and out of the house. Needless to say she also walked out of any further invitations to bridge parties.

This wasn't the first time she had had the nerve to take an unpopular stand. She started being outspoken long before then. I remember her telling me about when she was in the sixth grade. She had a teacher who constantly picked on a boy with a very low I.Q. When he didn't know an answer, he became very embarrassed.

Instead of the teacher understanding his difficulty in learning, she ridiculed him in front of the class, calling him stupid and lazy. Then she would take her ruler and rap him on the head. My mother had to sit there and watch that boy become more and more withdrawn with each day of the teacher's ridiculing. She also saw how the teacher's example was influencing the way the other students treated the boy. After putting up with that for half a year, she couldn't stand it any longer. That day, the teacher began her usual harping on the boy. My mother felt her anger become uncontrollable. The teacher then started hitting the boy on the head with a ruler. My mother got up out of her chair, walked to the teacher, took the ruler from the startled woman's hand, and laid it on the teacher's desk. She then walked out of the classroom, determined never to return. Of course, she had to. Her father forced her to apologize to the teacher, but my mother managed to have the last word. On the day of graduation my mother walked up to that teacher and said, "I'm going to go to college and become a teacher. Then I'm going to come back here and take your job." My grandfather was horrified at her frankness, but I believe he must have been a little proud at his daughter's strength of character.

As I stated before, she knows when not to state her opinions also. She had often told me that it's a useless waste of time and energy to argue with someone who's too narrow minded or obstinate to change his mind or even stop arguing long enough to listen. A perfect example of this is my uncle Bill. He came to see us one Saturday and stayed for coffee and "conversation." It wasn't long before he began to give us his opinions on welfare. As usual, his arguments were completed devoid of facts. My mother had a few facts that she proceeded to tell him calmly. When he completely ignored these and continued arguing, mostly with himself, my mother gave up and simply made answering noises to his statements. When he was done, and people seemed to quit more quickly if no one argues with them, he asked her if she agreed with him; she simply answered, "You know I don't but as you and I both know each others opinions it seems useless to argue." This calm statement did more to quiet him and make him think about her opinions than all the arguing in the world. Of course, she knew this.

My mother's opinions are one of the things I admire most about her. I must say, however, the most valuable lesson she has taught me is when to express them and when not to.

Senior Wills

I, Darlene Oakley, will the junior class a life size Suzie Senior Doll so they won't get jealous of M. Luerkens hanging around the seniors, a ladder to R.T. so he can climb his pedestal, a pair of swimming trunks to Mike Johnson, a recording of my song to Timmy (Muscle Beach) Jones and all my love to Tierney.

I, Gregg Anderson, will the skill and wisdom to become as good as they think they are to those in the Junior Class who it concerns.

I, Gwen Barnes, will Etch-a-Sketches to all the girls who have to practice their "artistic talent" on the bathroom walls.

I, Gary Bolden, will my sweat gear to Marty Carter and Dan Hoke.

I, Mike Borst, will wrestling and week-end abilities to Mark McCormick.

I, Kerry Brackett, will my imaginative expository writing themes to Mrs. Bennett and her future victims.

I, Gary Burkhardt, will my wet feet to Ken and Frank York.

I, Roger Carpenter, will locker No. _____ to Kathy, so that she may have it next year.

I, Scott Carter, will my "64" Chevy wagon to my brother.

I, Paula Chesley, will ashtrays to all those Kool girls that flick their ashes all over the bathroom.

I, Julie Clark, will all my political knowledge to Gary Hoag.

I, Rick Cocking, will my purple shirt to Anita.

I, Ed Collins, will Innocence to Donna.

I, Tony Comwell, will 10 pounds to Jay Hebert.

I, Barb Cummings, will my big "Bambi" patch to Mr. Schaeffer.

I, Jim Dahlhouser, will my raw meat scraps to Fox.

I, Steve Davison, will my Sugar Crisp to Sugar Bear.

I, Linda Digney, will my locker to Greg Digney.

I, Roma Ellwood, will all my Am. Studies notes to Mrs. Pantini.

I, Barb Fillmore, will all my used short-hand pads to Mrs. Henderson.

I, Dale Folkers, will my great debate talent to Sam Carson.

I, Joni Sue Ford, will my cheerleading

spirit and sparkling personality to Nat Kleis.

I, Jan Gallagher, will lots of trophies to the future Speech Club.

I, Nancy Griffin, will a physiology class that will laugh at his jokes to Mr. Risk, and a new car with enough gas to get to Waverly every weekend to Cheryl Carstens.

I, Robin Hackert, will my Consumers Math book to Diane.

I, Mary Harbst, will a slide-projector, long windedness and a box of Kleenex to Pat Kratoska.

I, Roxanne Harris, will a lot of luck after October 6, to a friend.

I, Stephen Hay, will a jar of sweet pickles to the cooks on hamburger day.

I, Robert Hemmingsen, will "Lazarillo de Tormes" to any daring Spanish student.

I, Mark Hess, will my basketball shoes to any junior who thinks he can fill them.

I, Barry Hopkins, will my poker-playing to Jensen and Crowley.

I, Kevin Hormann, will a blue Mustang to J. T. Fox.

I, Nona Horning, will an auto-mechanic class of 20 girls to Mr. Fox.

I, Gordon Howe, will a years supply of my pizza to the faculty.

I, Bob Huffman, will my cameras to someone who is lens fortunate.

I, Debbie Hunter, will all my grades to my sister Bar and another year of fun to Sue Carroll.

I, Jim Hutchins, will my 7/16 wrench to Mr. Fox.

I, Kim Johnson, will my truck to Marie.

I, Mike Johnson, will a trip to Jones' cabin and a case of weak "Pepsi" to the Junior class.

I, Art Jones, will 35 cigarette butts to Mr. Kramer.

I, Sue Jones, will my rusty horn to whichever Luko want it.

I, Brad Kiburz, will some toad repellent and the ability to think quick to my dear brother Brian.

I, Marie Kriegermeier, will my beautiful, fantastic, magnificent sexy body to Bob Busler and my patience to all those underprivileged underclassmen.

I, Lorna Anne Marie Kucera, will my vitality and youthfulness to the teachers of Marion High, who if they suffer another senior class like us will need it.

I, Dawn Landis, will to Mrs. Bennett, a pen, a notebook, a copy of Playboy and long may she lib.

I, Susan Lane, will a lifetime subscription of National Observer to Steve Hay.

I, Ellen Livingston, will leave my unusual ability to go to sleep in class at the wrong time to any poor unfortunate soul who may be in need of it.

I, Debbie Long, will my ability to smile through a backstabbing to Jill Archibald and Carol Bailey.

I, Lynette Lovell, will my Mae West impression to any freshman that can handle it.

I, Vicky Luko, will my typing eraser and a piece of chalk to Cindy Danford.

I, Beth Lusk, will the underclassmen some good athletes, because after we leave they won't have any.

I, Barbara Maier, will not.

I, Timothy Malone, will my car beating ability to who ever wants it.

I, Rocky Marcy, will the school, because we own it, to Phil Lebew.

I, Andrea Marg, will nothing to Deb Wickham, who already has it all and Dougy B. I hope that he may find something better in life for himself in the future.

I, Renee Marks, will one J.W. to every class, they all need one.

I, Joan McDonell, will a gallon can of peaches to Barb Fillmore.

I, Glenda McElligott, will good luck to Kathy Reid.

I, Greg McGee, will my dirty gym gloves to whoever can stand them.

I, Steven Meek, will homework to all other students.

I, Pat Mohwinkle, will all the happiness in the world to Kevin and Cindy.

I, Jon Morris, will my basketball ability to Jerry Crowley.

I, Thrish Mosbarger, will Mr. Risk to all the true nature lovers of the future.

I, David Nebel, will the fresh snow in the lower parking lot to whoever likes pulling do-nuts!

I, Steve Nielsen, will an empty can of Buckhorn beer and a Swisher Sweet to Dave Jacoby.

I, Pat Nissen, will good luck to all underclassmen.

I, Pam Olson, will my book of 2001 insults to Mr. Wright, and a dish of strawberry Jello to Donna Novey.

I, Brad Pedersen, will 3 more years of High School to the freshmen.

We, Doug Peters and Glen McCue, will Ole to the Marion Coaching Staff.

I, Jodi Petersen, will the book, "10,001 Filthy Words" to the group of underclassmen that live in the school bathrooms, in case they've missed a few.

I, Cheri Pieper, will my entire fourth toto hour to Don.

I, Tom Porathe, will my lost illusions to

Gary Hoag.

I, Marcia Renfer, will my fantastic driving ability to Jeri Brekke-and all the T.P. in the Hy-Vee to Tom McDougall.

I, Richard Royce, will my crow skull to Mr. Risk.

I, Debbie Ruggles, will all the happiness to my parents.

I, Dennis Schirm, will my Buick to whoever wants it.

I, Paul Schupanzitz, will nothing to nobody.

I, Ginny Seng, will a lot of luck in the Army to Rick.

I, Cher Simonsen, will me to Rick.

I, Dan Steckel, will one keg of Budwieser to Phil Lebew.

I, Randy Wade, will my athletic abilities to the triple Aers (AAAers).

I, Ken Walton, will a Tootsie Roll Candle to Kim Fluga

I, Joanne Warner, will wavy hair to my sister, Cathy.

I, Janet White, will to Mrs. Abdo someone just like me to ask questions to and a smile to Mrs. Beahm.

I, Loretta Whittlesey, will my brown chair to Debbie Sampson.

I, Robin Wiest, will the word "Hair" to Pat Tharp and all her freshmen friends.

I, Dave Williams, will my title of "sickle-cell" to Jerry Crowley.

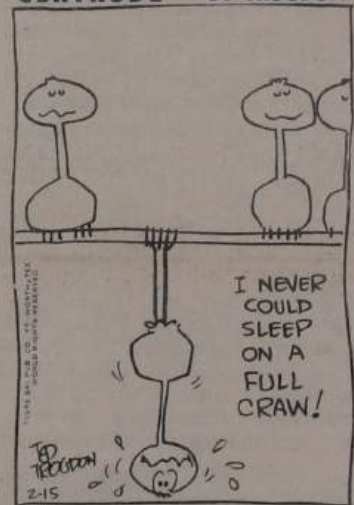
I, Christie Wilson, will my shorthand notebook to anyone who will take it.

I, Terry Wallace, will my rusted Studebaker, 10 lbs. of sheetmetal, 5 gal. of body plastic, and lots of luck to Kerry Brackett.

The aforeprinted Wills were those which were turned into the Vox staff, concerned with topics suitable for printing.



GERTRUDE BY TROGDON



Did ya hear the one about. . . ?

Prose

By Deb McPherson

BEING LITTLE

When I get older like Mom and Dad, they can't tell me Not to cross the street. I'll cross the street millions Of times. . . When Mommy says I can.

And when I get big, I'll Stay up till half-past ten And Mommy will never Know. . . I've really been asleep Since nine.

By Glen McCue

CIRCLES

Because Is an answer Or a question Or just a good reply for idiots. Because is a shadow; The shadow of why Or why is the shadow of because. Why? Because. Because why? I don't know. It sounds like a circle Because. . .

Girls Track

The Marion girls track team got off to a slow start in a triangular meet against Independence and West Delaware when Marion came in last. It seemed that Marion did well in the hurdle races and the field events but had some problems in the running area. Marion's lone winner was Kim Skilling in the 100 yard hurdles. Other placers were: Second-Sorensen, high jump; Folkers, shot put; Bunting, Peters, Pieper, and Sorensen, shuttle hurdles; third, Bunting, long jump; Sorensen, 220 hurdles; Hackert, shot put; Sorensen, 100 yard hurdles.

The team improved a little before the Wamac meet and placed sixth out of seven. In this meet though it seemed that the runners out shined both the field events and the hurdlers although the only first place Marion recorded was in the 100 yard hurdles, again by Kim Skilling. Second, Skilling, Collins, McKern and Oakley, 440 relay, and third, Hunt, softball; Collins, 440.

Wednesday's triangular meet was postponed indefinitely because of rain.

The Lionette Invitational meet saw Marion doing poorly in the field events. Not one Marion girl succeeded in qualifying for the finals in any of the field events so Marion started with no points. Despite this Marion's runners pulled from last (eleventh) to eighth. The places were: second-Kim Skilling, 100 yard hurdles; third-Darlene Collins, 440; fourth-Collins, 220; fifth-440 relay, Skilling, McKern, Oakley and Collins; shuttle hurdle relay, Skilling, McKern, Bunting and Peters; Williamson, 880 and the mile, and Peters in the 100 yard hurdles.

Wednesday the Marion girls entered one of the strongest district meets in the state and succeeded in placing in three events. The placers were: Williamsen, fifth in the mile, Skilling, fourth in the 100 meter hurdles, and the shuttle hurdle team of Skilling, Bunting, Peters, and Sorensen placed third. The possibilities of their going to state is unknown as of now.

Thursday's triangular meet produced five first places even though Marion placed last in team totals. The first places were the shuttle hurdle relay team of Skilling, Sorensen, Bunting, and Peters, high jump Jeanne Peters, mile run Karen Williamson, and Karen Folkers in the shot put and the discus. Other places were: Second-McKern, high jump, Collins in the 440, Peters, 100 hurdles and the mile relay team. Third-Hackert in shot, Wallace, softball; Bunting in long jump; Collins, 220; Bunting, 100, the distance medley team, the 880 relay and medley teams, the 440 yard relay team, and the shuttle relay team.

The Freshman's second track meet of the year brought them another victory, keeping their record spotless. The score was 94-1/2 to 92-1/2. Placers were: First-Wallace, discus, Miller in the shot, McKern high jump, Oakley in the 220, McKern, 100 yard dash, shuttle hurdle relay team, 440 relay team, and the 880 yard relay team. Second-Jacobs, softball, Wenger, 220, Jacobs in the 440, Thomas, hurdles, Williamson in the 50 yard dash, and Thomas tied for second in the high jump. Third-Miller, discus, and DeWoody in the 440.

The Marion girl's varsity track team tied for thirteenth out of the 19 schools that participated in the Kennedy Invitational Track Meet on Saturday. This was accomplished by placing fourth in both the 100 hurdles and the shuttle hurdles. Kim Skilling placed for her team in the 100 hurdles and was also a member of the shuttle hurdle team. The other three hurdlers were April Sorensen, Joan Bunting, and Jeanne Peters.

By Karen Folkers



CHEERS...!!

Varsity Track

By Stephen Stolze

Between the wet weather and the stiff competition, the Marion varsity team had its problems winning track meets, but there have been many outstanding performances.

In the rain drenched Marion Invitational held at Linn-Mar's all-weather track because of the weather, the host Indians finished second behind a strong Anamosa team. The Indian's excelled in their specialty, speed, throughout the meet. Tim Jones set a new meet record in the 100-dash with a :10.1 timing breaking the old record of :10.4. Jones also finished third in the long jump. Then he cut loose again anchoring the Indian's talented 440 and 880 relay teams of Gregg Anderson, Jones, Jon Morris, and Randy Wade. In the 440, the Indians broke the record set by Marion last year, with a time of :45.8. And the 880, despite a bad handoff finished second.

Gregg Anderson also had a record-setting day, winning the discus with the record toss of 133 feet 9-1/2 inches. Andy also finished second in the 220 yard dash. Other finishers for Marion were: John Barkdoll, third in the high jump; Brad Kiburz, fifth in the shot, Don Wishniewsky, fifth in the 220; the medley relay team finished second, and the mile relay team was third.

MARION & LaSALLE

In a dual meet with LaSalle, Marion captured 12 of 17 events in beating them 91-40. Tim Jones and John Barkdoll were double winners for the Indians. Jones again starred in the 100-yard dash winning with an eye-popping :09.9, one-tenth off the longest standing track record at Marion. Jones also won the 220 yard dash in :23.3.

Barkdoll won both hurdle events, taking the 120 highs in :17.0, and 120 lows in :15.8.

PRAIRIE INVITATIONAL

In the Prairie Invitational, Marion finished fourth out of fifteen teams in another rain-soaked meet.

Gregg Anderson won the discus with a toss of 139-4, and the 440 and 880 yard relay teams of Jon Morris, Randy Wade, Andy and Tim Jones won both events. They won the 440 in :45.9 and the 880 in 1:36. The 480 yard shuttle hurdle relay of Gregg and Perry Anderson, John Barkdoll, and Mark Morgan finished third, the freshman 880 yard medley relay team of Jeff Stolze, John Murdoch, Rich Lehw, and Reed Martin finished second. The mile relay team finished in a tie for fourth; and the 2-mile relay team finished fifth.

LINN-MAR INVITATIONAL

At the Linn-Mar Invitational, Marion finished a disappointing fifth place, but set 2 school records, and a third school record was disqualified. The two school records came in the 440 and 880 yard relays. The 440 team of Morris, Anderson, Wade, and Jones broke the old record by .5 of a second running 44 flat in winning. The 880 team of Wishniewsky, Anderson, Wade, and Jones won setting the record with a 1:31.6 time.

Tim Jones won his specialty, the 100-yard dash, nosing his rival Tim Cannon from Manchester with a :10.1 Gregg Anderson finished second in the discus. The 880 relay mark was a meet record.

AA DISTRICT

In the Class AA district meet at Kingston Stadium in Cedar Rapids, Marion finished fifth qualifying three individuals and two relay teams to the state meet. Tim Jones will go to the state meet in the 100-yard dash after he finished third. Gregg Anderson finished third in the discus, and Brad Pederson finished third in the 880-yard run as both will go on to the state meet.

Marion's excellent 440-yard relay team of Morris, Anderson, Wade and Jones were nipped at the tape and finished second, and the same happened to the 880-yard relay team of Wishniewsky, Anderson, Wade and Jones.

Hopefully, the Indians will be ready to defend their Wamac track crown and bring another championship home to Marion, in what has been a great athletic year.



Freshman Track Streak Ends

All winning streaks must come to an end, but it appeared that the freshman winning streak wasn't going to end, until something called the law of averages caught them. That, and a very strong Clinton team did them in, as the Indians finished second in the three state, 36 team Dubuque Relays. The Clinton team had an edge over Marion as they combined some of their 7th, 8th and 9th grade teams into one, while the Indians used just their freshman track men.

Earlier this season, they combined with the seventh and eighth graders in winning the big ninth grade Wamac Championship which ran their undefeated record to twelve meets in a row. Until Dubuque, the freshman had never lost a track meet throughout junior high. They have won the Marion Invitational in seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, and have done the same with the Wamac meet and have won the big Dubuque Relays in seventh and eighth. In doing so, they have become one of the few teams to accomplish this feat.

Everybody has been contributing to the wins for Marion. In the Marion Invitational, Jon Murdoch won the pole vaulting setting a meet record at 11 feet. Al Hartl won the shot put with a throw of 37-7 and Perry Anderson became a three time hurdle champ, winning the 120-yard lows in the time of :15.5. Others that placed for Marion were: Rich Lehw third in the 220; John Nemath third in the 120-yard lows, Jeff Stolze fourth in the 100; Kevin Lurth third in the long jump and high jump, Mike Jones second in the discus; and Reed Martin third in the 440. Marion's 440 relay team finished second and the 880 relay team finished third.

At the Wamac meet, Marion dominated the action winning 5 of the 13 events and was runner-up in 3 other events as the Indians rocked up 78-1/2 points, 10 better than the second place team. Once again, their strengths in all the events paid off for the Indians.

In the individual events, Perry Anderson won the 120-yard low hurdles, and once again became a three-time Wamac hurdle champ winning in :15.4. Al Hartl won the shot put with a 36-11 1.2 throw. John Murdoch won the pole vault going 10 feet. Others that placed were: Reed Martin second in the 440. Jeff Stolze second in the 100-yard dash at :11.3 after having the best preliminary time of 11.2, Mike Jones second in the discus and fourth in the 100, Kevin Lurth second in the high jump and third in the long jump. Mitch Travis fourth in the shot put, Jay Long and Rich Lehw tied for fifth in the 220 dash; and Lehw sixth in the high jump.

At Dubuque, the Indians just couldn't get going and keep up with the Clinton team. Some unusual things happened. Al Hartl set a world record in the shot put at 200 feet, but it was disallowed when the shot rolled down one of Dubuque's many hills. It also appeared that Mitch Travis also had a world record in the discus at 150 yards, but as fate would have it, his throw rolled down the same hill. The Indians didn't do well in the individual events as no one place higher than second. . . Perry Anderson was beaten in the 120-yard low hurdles and finished second. Jeff Stolze was out leaned at the tape and finished second in the 100-yard dash. Al Hartl got third in the shot, John Murdoch also placed third in the pole vault. Kevin Lurth finished fourth in the long jump, and Monte Pederson and John Arjes finished fifth and sixth in the 880-yard run respectively.

The relay teams faired better as the 880 yard medley won in the time of 1:45.3. The 440 yard team of Stolze, Jones, Murdoch and Anderson finished second in :49.1 and the 880 team of Anderson, Martin, Lehw and Bennett (Brian) finished fourth. With one meet let if appears the freshman will finish with an excellent season, and it looks like there is a bright future for Marion Track.



Senior Stars

The Marion High School seniors have been honored by being picked to play in the first annual North-South Shrine Bowl football game August 11, at the University of Iowa's Nile Kinnick stadium. The two are Brad Kiburz and Gregg Anderson. Kiburz and Andy were first-team all-Wamac selections. They will play for the 36 man North squad.

Speaking of football, last year's successful team turned out some excellent senior prospects for college football. Some are going to major colleges. Gregg Anderson and Brad Kiburz will play at Arizona State, one of the top ranked teams in the nation last season. Bob Joice will be playing for Colorado State, Randy Wade will be at Central College here in Iowa, and Don Wishniewsky at Monmouth College in Illinois.

We hope that they and all others that participate in athletics in the college ranks next year will be successful.



WHO? ME???



Marion Baseball

By Mike Jacobs

Marion's baseball teams coached by Tom Madson-varsity and Otis Roby-sophomore are looking forward to a fine season again this year after the sophomores had a record of 10 wins and four losses. The varsity went 15-9 and captured second place in the Wamac last year.

Coach Madson expects to have five returning lettermen from last year's team. They are: Don Wishniewsky, Steve Hay, Jim Bunting, Randy Wade, and Gregg Anderson.

The varsity schedule is as follows:

May 29, Prairie (H) 4:15, 1 game
May 31, Metro Tour
June 1-2, Metro Tour
June 4, LaSalle (T) 4:15, 1
June 5, Kennedy (H), 1 game
June 7, Regis, 1 game
June 8, C.R. Wash (T), 1 game
June 12, Anamosa (H) 6, 1 game
June 15, Maquoketa (H), 5, 2 games
June 19, Independence (T), 5, 2 games
June 22, Vinton (T) 6, 1
June 26, Monticello (T), 6, 2
June 29, Tipton (T), 5, 2
July 2, Manchester (H) 5, 2
July 6, Anamosa (T) 5:30, 1
July 11, LaSalle (H) 6, 1
July 12, Prairie (T), 6, 1
July 13, Linn-Mar (H), 1
July 17, Vinton (H), 6, 1



GOOD LUCK,
SENIORS!