



Literary Supplement

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JAMES FORD RHODES

Page Five

Souvenirs

Carved on this desk top are names of those
Who have sat here before me writing
prose
And poetry for English, just as I
Am struggling here, with many a
sigh.

A crudely drawn heart with initials
bold

Revealing secrets often told,
"Billy loves Janie," it says here.
Wonder who Billy loves this year?

Beat Lincoln is carved in the left-
hand corner.

Probably Rhodes was left the
mourner,
The words should really be turned
around,
But Lincoln Beat has such a cruel
sound.

Right in the middle is a well-known
face

Of a disliked teacher, in this case
The artist did not have to be a great
thinker

To label his work, "Miss Jones is a
Stinker."

There are telephone numbers, ad-
dresses, and names,

Pictures of funny men, teachers, and
dames.

Each has a story that would be
good—

Those souvenirs carved in grains of
wood.

Marjorie Say, 12B.

I have not always been like this; once I, too, was human and not just this drifting ectoplasm. Yes, I am a ghost, and I owe it all to women—evil, vain women.

It happened when I was yet in my

God's Garden

I walked in God's garden today,
A garden so wonderously fair,
No hand ever spaded or planted;
No man ever gave it his care.

Mother nature alone did the seeding,
God sent the sunshine and rain.
It grew and blossomed profusely,
Nothing was planted in vain.

Its blossoms in color so dainty,
Some are a deep purple hue
While rosy pink are the others,
And some like heaven's own blue.

Some are rich like crimson,
Some white as the drifting snow.
I shall never forget this garden
No matter wherever I go.

'Tis to me a memory garden
God has planted with loving care,
A taste of the glories of heaven
For his children on earth to share.

Vere Perrin, 12B.

Max Factor's "Desert Sand No. 3"

youth, a mere lad of seventeen. One fine spring day, I, being idle at the time, decided to take a stroll. Strapping on my revolver, I set out along the avenue.

At first the bright sunlight blinded me, and I was at peace with the world. But gradually my pupils contracted and I beheld my fellow pedestrians.

What had happened, had I fallen into a fourth-dimensional abyss, was this death? Yes, I thought, this was death, and I was in hell. No! It couldn't be hell, the men were still alive, only the women were dead—if they were women. They might have been zombies or unwrapped mummies. I cowered in a doorway, fearing that a glance from one of these creatures would turn my flesh to that awful dead brown. For they were all brown, every one of them, a sickening lifeless brown. Their legs, their hands, and worst of all, their expressionless faces were that

same unhealthy brown. I shuddered like one entrapped in a tomb, and then, to my horror, one turned and smiled at me. I immediately drew my revolver and blew my brains out.

J. P. Buchwald, 12B.

Picnics

Sand in the jelly,
Mud on the pie,
Ants in the sandwiches
Of baked ham on rye.
Mustard jar spilling
Over salad and cake,
Pop bottles a-coolin'
At the edge of the lake.
Sun beating downward
Melting the ice cream . . .
Though picnics are tiring,
They're right on the beam!

—Lois Coleman, 12A.

Itchy Nose

Whenever you sneeze
It creates a breeze
And you shake from stem to stern.
Your nostrils twitch
Then start to itch
And your eyes begin to burn.

You start to inhale
Then slowly exhale
To heave a relieving sigh.
You seem very glad
'Cause you looked so bad
And you hoped that you would die.

Now you beam so brightly
And walk so sprightly
It seems like your worries are past.
Again you start ailing
And deeply inhaling
AH . . . CHOO! It's over at last!

—Ruth Bauman, 12A.

The Courtship
Of the Sun

Gently she came, the most beautiful of the year's children. I knew the Sun was in love with her. He had been flirting with her ever since he caught the first glimpse of her lovely face. He hid behind the smoky clouds. He chased them to dissolve into tears at his bidding, where his rays changed them into millions of diamonds which he scattered at her feet, until her radiance awakened the birds, the flowers, and the laughing children.

They all come. Spring was also their lady love. But the Sun is a great sport; competition only made his game a greater delight. He threw himself into capturing the heart of

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Tim?

While on the street, I chanced to meet
A squishy little worm.
Sez I to him, "I'll call you Tim
Oh, slimy, slipp'ry germ."

So in my vest I let him rest
With solemn and soft caress.
But now I see, it weren't a "he"
Much to my distress.

But in a sneeze, I chanced to squeeze
That mess of rounded flesh.
Now I agree that there are three
All gooey—but strictly fresh.

Ruth Bauman, 12A.

The Artist

The quiet street seemed to lead out into the country. The snow-covered ground surrounding it stretched on and on, level and smooth.

I was concerned with getting to school on time and hadn't at first noticed the scenery. Suddenly, I looked ahead of me. There were grey shadows on the snow, greyish-blue.

I had never before seen that exact color in snow and I loved it, at once.

The sky, once grey, was changed into

a vast fugue of color; and now, with

its hues, was like some scrambled

melody, as one after the other tumbled, overlapped, each color indistinctly

a part of its neighbor, each taking up the task of glorifying the morning.

I wondered that a clear, pale green could merge with a streak of dusty rose and not make the sky look unnatural.

Now, I crossed a field and the very bushes here were silver-grey things of delicacy. My heart was full. I just forgot for a moment that I was on my way to school. A longing to stand there and gaze around me for a while came over me. Then, I remembered. I knew I would be late.

I ran on, trying not to look up but the lure was great. I studied the sky ahead. Lover of the fine arts I was, with hopes of a successful future, but how hopeless it all seemed. Faced with this creation of a master painter, I felt that no number of years at the art school could ever help me to equal what stretched be-

fore me.

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Roosevelt's Peace

He is not dead, he only rests—

A needed sleep, the angel's guest.

His troubled head at last is calm

As if soothed with forgetting balm.

He's had his share of wars and strife

The angels did discover.

So God gave him his needed rest—

Let someone else take over.

Lois Jean Gatz, 11A.

Mirror

Mirror.

Smooth and shining clear,

Reflecting each and every tear.

Mirror.

Hung so straight and true,

Reflecting only surface view.

Mirror.

Edged with golden art,

You cannot see my heavy heart.

—Ruth Daehler, 12B.

Rules of Detective Story Writing

As a collector and connoisseur of mystery stories, I have developed certain fixed likes and dislikes in reading them. A writer's ability is always measured by his popularity with the reading public, and he must follow certain patterns that appeal to readers. This is especially true in the school of modern detective writing. Below I have listed ten rules which I consider important to the success of any detective story:

1. The writer must not, at any time, play unfair with the reader. He must not hide clues and facts or, on the other hand, introduce some that have no connection with his plot. Any author using these unfair techniques will soon find himself working for the pulp magazine publications.

2. There should always be a body. The deader, the better. Robbery or blackmail will not suffice. The American mind is always interested in a nice cold brutal murder and probably always will be. If you don't believe that read the AMERICAN WEEKLY.

3. The method of murder should be perfectly possible. To use death rays and poisons that exist only in the writer's mind will not satisfy the average reader. The use of guns, knives, and common poisons as instruments of death is always popular.

4. Do not make the detective a supermind. Picture him as a normal individual and have him play his part in just such a manner. Erle Stan Gardner's Perry Mason and Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe are good examples of detectives who achieved popularity through their resemblance to common ordinary people. Nero Wolfe, for instance, is extremely fat, has a great liking for beer and orchids, and entrusts his stooges with all manual labor connected with all his cases. Gardner's Mason achieves his goal by good hard work, not by his intuitive powers.

5. There should be only one detective attempting to unravel any mystery. The reader has enough trouble looking into one sleuth's mind let alone two or three.

6. The culprit, he or she as the case may be, should be a well-known, well-portrayed character in the proceedings. To raise the reader's blood pressure and then peddle the murderer off as a butler or cook, mentioned only once or twice, is pure sacrilege.

7. A little description is all right, but it should not be overdone in a detective novel. It can prove boring.

8. The crime should be well hidden and should take some thinking on the part of the reader to unravel it. No armchair detective derives any pleasure out of continually solving murder mysteries, or mysteries would soon become extinct.

10. Last, but not least, the writer should have the murderer hanged, electrocuted, or committing suicide. Readers then feel that their time was not wasted.

Eugene Skeebo, 12B.

Adventures of J. P. IV

Buchwald! Mr. Jacob's voice rang clear.

I answered, "Hmph?"

Mail for you Buchwald. With enthusiasm, a little too much enthusiasm, I took the green slip proffered by my homeroom teacher. I was glad to receive the green slip, because it gave me a chance to pay a visit to Mr. Efron, who is a very interesting person.

On the other side of the window, behind his desk, sat the great man, dispensing passes and penalties alike with the same smile and dry humor. My turn came; I advanced to his desk, stood for an instant at attention, then

dropped the small slip of green paper into the field of His Honor's gaze.

He glanced up—"Buchwald."

"Yes?"

"You weren't in study hall the eighth period last Tuesday."

"No, I was in the library."

He knew the answer to that one already, but just as a matter of course he flipped through Tuesdays library passes and glanced quickly over the one where my name should have been.

He looked up in seeming resignation. "It's not here."

"Apparently I forgot to write it down."

"Apparently."

"When are you through, Buchwald?"

"End of the eighth."

He paused for one sad moment, and I'm sure his next words were without malice.

"Report to Mr. Harsh in 219 at the beginning of the ninth for one detention period."

"Do you need a pass?"

"No."

I turned and strode out of his office, down the short passageway and out into the hall, quietly swearing at the world in general and Buchwald in particular.

—James Buchwald, 12B.

Horse Sense

Sunshine. Beautiful, golden sunshine. It's glaring through my bedroom window right into my eyes, and I hate it. But then, I hate almost anything that goes with early morning, especially getting up. So before I know it, I am squirming further under the covers and getting all set to go back to sleep. I am almost succeeding, when suddenly I remember: Today I am going horseback riding. Imagine! Me on a horse! Well, I have always liked the idea very much; but now that the time remaining is so little, I am wondering—maybe I would be doing better by going back to sleep.

I am still wondering, in a hazy sort of way, when my dear little brother is yanking the covers off me and throwing them on the floor, leaving me shivering as if I were going to catch pneumonia. Again I am thinking. This time, though, it's not about getting up, which I'll have to do soon anyway; it's about How to Get Rid of Brothers. But the said brother, being bigger and having longer legs than I, is running faster, so I am giving up the chase and going back to bed.

While I am chasing, the covers are keeping the floor warm, and now my bed is all cold like the bath tub. I am shivering worse than when I see a Boris Karloff movie, so I start getting dressed. Only I do not remember until I am trying to button the zipper on my skirt that this is Saturday and I am going riding, not to school. So I have to undo again and pour myself into my shiny, well-reinforced jodphurs.

By now I am awake enough to finish up pretty. I can't figure out why I am spending so much time making me beautiful, no horse would ever look twice. But I am not caring about the condition of the horse's eyes, and I might meet some one more interesting.

I am still thinking about that some one when Mother hollers that I better hurry. Hairpins scatter far and wide as I go bouncing down the stairs two and a half at a time. As I am picking myself up off the floor my wandering eye falls on a clock. (Figuratively, not literally.) That clock says twenty-five to nine. Immediately, I know that if I am not leaving five minutes ago, I am late. In one hand I am grabbing some toast and a coin purse which I hope has some money in it, and with the other I am snatching for my jacket. I am having an awful struggle, but I can't get the jacket on, so I am shoving the coin purse and toast in my mouth. I am eating toast and coin purse and putting my jacket on all at once, and I am not doing a good job of any of them. But eventually I do get straightened out and find an extra hand to open the door with. So I am leaving the house like a female Dagwood Bumstead, but it is too early for the mailman, so all goes

A Swell Guy

---to Stay Away From

Meet the new No. 1 criminal,

The dandruff in everyone's hair.

He knows a guy who saw it,
He knows a guy who was there.

He's the source of every false rumor,
He's the cause of each shortage scare.

He sneers our help to the Allies,
And boasts they have plenty to spare.

He tells how well we treat prisoners,
And in return ours are treated unfair.

He patronizes every black market.
He sees no need to share.

The wide-awake type of citizen
Is the one who will give the air
To this, "I know a guy who saw it,
I know a guy who was there."

Ethel Pietsch, 12B.

well. I am flying down the street, with my elbows flapping merrily in the breeze, toward the corner where I am to meet my pals. For once I am not waiting for everyone else, they are all waiting for me. Also they are mad because I am late. But they forgive me, for my brothers aren't my fault, and chasing them has always taken a lot of my time.

Eventually a station wagon delivers my pals and me and about fifteen

Study Hall

I try to think but thoughts aren't there.
I stare at the wall and then at a chair.

I open a book to see what can be done,
Then I realize I brought the wrong one.

I tap Jean on the shoulder but what good does it do?
She tells me that she forgot her book, too.

I pick up a pencil, and then I put it down.

I turn in my seat and start gazing all around.

Just then the teacher sees me and quite expectantly

I see her shake her head and point her finger warningly.

I drag out a piece of paper and then of all things

I get an idea—just as the bell rings.
Helen Kercher, 12B.

About Henry

The facts about Henry appear somewhat shocking. However, they upset me not the least. But the truth is evident.

He is not married, yet he lives openly with the woman he cares most about. He doesn't even mind when the neighbors discuss his awkward life. Henry doesn't vote at either the primaries or the general elections. He has never paid a bill. You might be shocked to know that he never goes to a movie. He doesn't know how to play cards, and has never seen the inside of a church. I was not even surprised to hear that he has been warmly embraced by more than one attractive female. But all he does is laugh about it.

Henry also has a very terrible temper. I have authentic information that he once threw his entire dinner upon the floor.

Yesterday I finally decided to clear up the matter. At Henry's home, on which he has made not one single payment, I somehow fought up enough courage to stride boldly up to the rascal. "Henry," I choked out, "Henry, why is it you insist upon living under these peculiar conditions?" He laughed but did not answer.

But then, how could he? After all, he is only fourteen months old.

Roy Lytle, 12B.

Green

Today I started working
At a job quite new to me.
I tried and tried my very best
But somehow could not see
The course of my simple task
And how it would be done.
It seemed everything went wrong
From the moment I had begun.
Then suddenly I heard a voice
That was rather strong and low,
"Tell that green person not to be discouraged,
Green things grow!"
Ethel Pietsch, 12B.

real little boys and girls some place. We don't know whether or not it is the right place, because we are underneath all the little kids and can't see anything except them. But, since the station wagon is stopping, we must be there. As soon as we are out of the car, all the little kids make a dash for a big barn, but my pals and I meander along in the rear, as we still aren't sure that we are where we had intended to be or where we should be. By the time we arrive in the stable, all the little punks are scattered among the big box stalls and are hugging and petting horses.

Ah! such lovely creatures! So round, so firm, so fully packed! (The horses, I mean, not the kids.) But I do not like to admire them from a distance, so when I see a little white mare standing alone, I am making a bee line for her and am sticking my fingers at her perked-up ears to tickle them. When I am getting to where the ears are, though, they have moved and some huge teeth are snapping at the ends of my fingers. I am leaving immediately for parts unknown, and again I am thinking I should have stayed in bed.

Also, my desire to be with horses has entirely vanished, and I am just wandering aimlessly about the place, when I see everyone gathering in a group around a man. But as I get closer, I see that he is old, so I am not interested in him either. One of my pals grabs me, and since she is bigger than I, I let her drag me back to the group. I have to stand still and listen.

The man is saying that we must write our names in a notebook, and when my turn comes, I start to sign mine with a glorious flourish of the pen, because I want everyone to know that I can write. But all I get is a scratch and a blot, so I have to start over again.

While the little kids are putting their X's down, my pal and I do some wandering; and, suddenly, when I am again thinking of my peaceful, warm bed, the man calls my name. He does not pronounce it right, so I do not show that I recognize it. He calls it again. Right then I am wanting very much to change it, but while I am thinking of another one, a timid voice is squeaking, "Here." Very shocked, I am looking around to see who answered, but I am the only one in the vicinity. Even my pal has deserted
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'45 Model

The car was there, so dirty and gray,
It had come to its journey's end.
It was banged and dented in any old way,
A wreck no repairman could mend.

The doors were loose, the fenders were ruined,
The roof was a permanent sieve.
The motor no longer rattled and crooned,
And the horn had nothing to give.

The windows were dirty, no windshield was there,
The steering wheel stares at the sky,
The lights were gone, and the rims were bare,
The spark plugs would spark and then die.

It had no tank and nary a wheel;
It was crusted with dirt so dark.
It wasn't much good as an automobile,
But, boy, could that thing park.
Jean Priebe, 12A.
Ruth Bauman, 12A.

From the Classrooms

What is the sensation called sleep? You haven't seen or heard of it for ages. At night your head touches the pillow, heavy eye-lids fall, and you are lured into pleasant dreams—only to be interrupted by marrow-chilling nightmares.

Little bacilli, cocci, spirilla, and microscopic bugs worm their way through your mind. Isn't that little oblong fellow ugly, scudding around in his long, furry fuzz!

Over to the center of your vision, two tiny transparent cells are rushing around in a mad game of tag. Here it is! There it goes! And they take leave, scooting out of sight. As they disappear, the small bacteria near their exit spin in a frantic toe-dance. As these microbes fade, you dizzily enter a new phase of this terrible nightmare.

Into the picture troop triangles, squares, parallel lines, angles, polygons, brandishing arms and legs—geometry. All the planes of congruents blend together, forming the one theorem epitomizing the whole universe. It begins:

"If equal vertical angles of one four-sided polygon are corresponding

Adventure

Fair lady, tell me please, which is the road to travel?
I seek adventure, and find it not.

My child, I have seen you risk displeasure
By staying up late to read an old romance;

I have seen you face a whipping wind with laughter,
You are finding new worlds in music, books and people;

You dare the challenge of an untamed spirit.
Why do you seek adventure?
It is but a state of mind.
You are an adventure.

Mae Kuchenrither, 12A.
Ruth Smith, 10B.

This Means War

What an awful morning—cold, icy, and accompanied by a bitter wind. I grumbled my way down the empty street and turned off at Eileen's house. I gave a weak, muffled "Eileennnnnn."

Suddenly a streak of fur came around the corner of the house. As it slid to a screeching stop at my feet, I recognize Mike, Eileen's cat. He gave a joyful meow: "Good morning!"

"What's good about it?" I asked, glowering at him. To myself I added, "That dumb cat. All he ever does is sit and Chesshire-grin all over the place. Nuts!"

"For Pete's sake, what's eating you?" He retorted as he calmly licked his paw. It was held out in front of him, ridiculously, as far as he could reach it without injuring his tongue.

"It's an awful day, and I have four tests coming up in school," I retorted.
"Aw, you and Eileen make me sick. Always moaning about tests. I'm getting tired of it. Chemistry, Latin, physics! That's all I hear!"

I tapped my foot and bit my tongue so I wouldn't haul off and smack him one. "Listen, Kitty, I wouldn't talk that way if I were you. You haven't taken those subjects, it's plain to see. So shut up."

That set him back a few paws. He just gasped. "Well, of all the nerve!" he wheezed out. "Me? Shut up? This is an insult. You know, this means war!" With that he turned on his tail and haughtily advanced toward the garage. Then Eileen came out, and we proceeded to school.

By the next morning I had forgotten the incident and appeared, all calm and unsuspecting, in the Bird driveway. But Michael had not forgotten. As I opened my mouth to call Eileen, Mike charged around the corner like a locomotive under full steam and leaped for my leg. I "gazelled" to one side and he sailed by, claws outstretched. By this time I had realized what was happening and was ready for his return. I virtually licked my chops in anticipation. Just as I was about to tear into him Eileen appeared, and Mike dis-

appeared, leaving my revenge unfulfilled. We have called a temporary truce, but he's watching for his chance every day now, and you can bet your puss-in-boots that I am too.

Ruth Daehler, 12B.

Courtship of Sun

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his lady. As she had refused to keep his diamonds, he drew them quickly upward and used them to make a rainbow for her head.

He had other gifts to offer. He filled her lap with violets, buttercups, forget-me-nots, bluebells, and, of course, Jack-in-the-Pulpets. He sent tulips, narcissus, daffodils to plead his love for her.

The apple, the cherry, the peach, the pear, and the plum trees made an enthralling bridal wreath for her head. He called the robins, the bluebirds, the orioles, the larks, and the thrushes to express his adoration for her.

But with the maiden's shyness she held herself aloof until he dazzled her with his mighty power, enchanted her with the miracles he performed, and finally he led her to the altar and to the full glory of womanhood—Summer.

Joan Schuster, 11A.

Grin and Bear It

If someone ever wins a prize,
That you have longed to win,
Be sure to offer your congrats,
And do it with a grin.

Ursula Elsner, 12B.

How to Annoy Your Father--- Go Fishing

It all started with an innocent remark on the part of my darling father, "Think I'll go fishing tomorrow." I grant you that was not a very brilliant thing to say, for my pink shell-like ears were within hearing distance.

Well, my dad trudged down to the basement to get his fishing tackle, and I bounded lightly after him, but not lightly enough, it seems; for, as I picked myself up at the bottom of the stairs, my father suddenly realized what had happened and came toward me with a worried frown on his face. He proceeded to examine the stairs to see if I had done any damage. Satisfied that they were all right, he sauntered back to his rod and reel. I brushed myself off and put on a beaming smile. I always like to hint a little, so I said nonchalantly, "Dad, I want to go fishing tomorrow."

"No," blustered my father. Dad is a man of very few words. He is more of the "Use the Rod and Kill the Child" type.

Well, about 4:00 a. m. we set out—my dad and I, that is. My personality had at last overcome him. (Or was it the threat that I'd tell Mom that he was playing poker in our neighbor's garage?) We had caught some worms, night crawlers, the evening before by putting a mixture of dry mustard and water into some worm holes. We used a flashlight to find the holes and had to wash the worms off, as they have tender skins. We also got a few white, accordion-like grubs.

Dad finally found a place suitable for fishing. At last I was going to fish. Happy day! We got out our equipment which included rods, reels, sinkers, and some other paraphernalia.

As I was trying to bait my hook, the worm started wriggling. I must say it was very strong and muscular. After wrestling with this invertebrate for five minutes I gave up and let Dad put it on the hook.

By the way, we weren't fishing for anything special, just anything except a carp or a sucker.

After about thirty minutes Dad caught a perch. It was an enormous thing at least five inches long, but Dad threw it back. I can't understand it. We go out to catch fish and he throws them away.

Then I, The Great Burke, threw

out my trusty rod. Oh! Oh! I threw it out too far. Dad gave me a withering look, but remembering the poker game, he waded out and brought it back. That is one of the advantages of shallow water, you can always wade in it.

Again I cast my line, and immediately I got a strike. I got a strike all right—it struck me right in the seat of my dungarees. As father unhooked my pants I gave him an appreciative glance, and again cast my trusty line. This time I had really caught something; it was a beauty of a bass about eleven inches long. It put up a great battle, but I finally landed it. My father was shocked. How could I, his daughter, betray him by catching a bass? He finally gave me \$2.50 to keep my mouth shut and I gave him the bass.

At the end of the day when we had tallied our winnings, it was found that we had caught two bass, four perch, three of which we had to throw back, and an eel. By the end of that day I had swallowed more water than the fish, as I had fallen in at least six times. My dad also caught something besides the perch and a cold. We were about to depart, when Dad decided to cast one more. Well, he did, and immediately had a strike. He reeled in swiftly.

"This must be a giant bass!" he exclaimed. I held on to him as he reeled furiously.

"Oh, what a beauty of a bass!" Dad cried, embracing it tenderly. But on closer inspection our bass turned out to be a carp. But I always look on the gay side of things and said, "Cheer up, Dad, maybe someday you'll be as good a fisherman as your daughter."

At which he picked me up and jammed me in the back seat, rods, reels, and all. You know, sometimes I think my father doesn't appreciate me.

Jane Burke, 10A.

Horse Sense

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mc. Also the man has collared me and is hauling me to a horse. This one is brown and looks very sleepy. I sympathize with him. I am learning that his name is Kernel (not Colenel), and that I must stand just so and do this and that to mount him.

Then the man is leaving me all alone with the horse and is dragging my girl friend to another one. Again I look at the horse. I am feeling sorry for him; he looks so tired and bored. I am feeling sorry for my pal, too, because the man is taking her to the white mare with the teeth. But I am starting to think that if I am going to have to get on this Kernel, I should get acquainted with him and explain that I can't ride and that I'd appreciate it a lot if he would be good. Before long I am cooking up enough courage to tickle his ears, and he doesn't object. In fact, I think he likes it.

We are getting along swell and enjoying each other immensely when the man calls that everyone is to

Memories' Pictures

Daisies white in the pasture green,
Cattle feeding beside a stream,
An old farm house gone to decay,
Lilacs and roses blooming gay,
Vines of ivy climbing o'er a wall
Restful, quiet, sweet memories recall.

Someone's home in the years away.
Do their spirits linger there today
About the old familiar scene
Mid the daisies white in the field of green

Edging the fields of wheat and rye
Calling greetings to passers-by.

Vere Perrin, 12B.

mount. I grab the stirrup and the saddle in a very professional manner and am getting ready to spring to his back like the Lone Ranger—but my legs are too short. There is still six inches between my toe and the stirrup and already my leg is up so high that my toe is waving in front of my eyes so I can't see. I am stretching and stretching, but I can't come any nearer. I am still standing on one foot and waving the other in the air, when a man who is making the rounds of all the little kids and giving them boosts gets to me. He is just a little guy himself, and I guess he thinks 114½ pounds is too much to shove up, so he lengthens the stirrup and lets me do the work.

Again I grab leather, and this time my foot reaches high enough. So I give a beautiful spring and soar gracefully into the air. But, somehow, I am not soaring to where the saddle is, and I am ending up on Kernel's neck. He is a patient animal, though, and too sleepy to bother to knock me off, so with a lot of scrambling and stretching at my tight pants I am finally slipping into saddle. Already I don't feel so good because I made such a mess of climbing aboard, but when I am getting enough courage to look around me, I see the others doing no better than I did. The little white mare is pawing, and my girl friend is having an awful time. Her legs are long enough so that she is in the stirrup, but she sags in the middle and hangs on one side of the horse and can't get her leg over to the other side. Another girl is on all right, but the horse is showing her who is boss, and she is not arguing with him. A little boy is trying to get on from the right side. Everyone, including the horse, knows that this is the wrong side, and the boy is ending up on the floor. These things make me feel good.

But the man is not giving me enough time to congratulate myself, because he is telling us to walk the

(Continued on Page 8, Column 4)

Unsung Hero Johnny Jones, American

A cheerful-looking letter came for me one day, written in an unfamiliar handwriting. In appearance it was just a piece of not-too-nice stationery with a rather scribbled handwriting—a letter from a soldier I had never met. He was lonely and wanted someone to write to, so I, feeling very benign, wrote him a letter in return. Through our correspondence we learned quite a bit about each other.

Surprise!

Well, you've just made a date. You've got everything planned. You've decided to go to the show. You just can't wait. You two haven't gotten together for quite a while and tonight's the night.

You meet the better half at 7:30 sharp at her home and you start. You trek to the local movie house. When you arrive you make a dash for the box office, buy two tickets, take the little woman by the hand and lead her into the darkened theater.

There you are; everybody greets you with a glowing Ipana smile, except the manager who warns that you will be expelled at the first sign of violence. You spot your pal, the usher, who right away asks if it will be the usual secluded two-way on the side. (By the way, the object of conversing with the usher is to steal the bulb from his flashlight, just in case.) You arrived right in the middle of one of those gripping horror pictures. At present the Ape Man is battling Frankenstein to see who gets the stick of gum.

The other half is scared stiff and she looks at you and says pathetically, "I'm cold." So what do you do? You are a gentleman, so you slip your sturdy muscular arm around her to protect her from the elements. She's a bit shocked, but soon she's lost all fear and is cuddling right up next to you. Just what you hoped for. The moment arrives. You move closer. You look deeply into her eyes. You draw closer, and—the lights go on. My, you've forgotten something. Tonight's Bank Night. Better luck next time.

Richard Pilarsky, 10A.

He was nothing unusual—just any common American boy. He grew up on a small dairy farm in Wisconsin. Now he was a private in the Army. He didn't have the quality known as leadership and was quite satisfied to be a private. "Just one of the boys," as he put it.

He was enthusiastic about the Army. "I love every bit of it," he wrote. "Don't even mind K. P. I'm going to do my job and do it well, if it kills me." He had scratched out the last four words.

His letters were always sprinkled with humor as though he thought I was the one to be cheered up. "I'm awfully happy down here at camp. I know it's pretty tough for the folks back home, having all us men gone." He was always thinking of someone else. Unselfishness was one of his outstanding traits.

Then he was sent overseas. I know it must have been tough "over there," but you'd never know it from the tone of his letters. They sounded as though he had just eaten a hearty meal, with the prospect of a gay Saturday afternoon before him—as though he hadn't a thing to do but write those letters to me.

And then the shock came. I got a letter from Johnny's commanding officer. It read as follows:

"Johnny asked me to write this letter if anything should ever happen to him, and so the time has come. Johnny was killed in action saving a buddy's life. He asked me to tell you not to feel bad about his dying, for he felt it was a great honor to die for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness . . ."

Everything goes on as usual, except that I don't get those friendly, scribbled letters any more, and I do miss them. Just another soldier dead, and a little piece out of my heart!

God bless all the unsung heroes like Johnny Jones, American!

Eileen Wilk, 12B.

Ben Little Indians

Ten happy Indians went out to dine,
One shot his little self,
Then there were nine.

Nine little Indians went on a date,
One slipped and killed himself,
Then there were eight.

Eight little Indians flew up to heaven
One turned and broke his neck,
Then there were seven.

Seven little Indians played pic-up sticks,
One stabbed its little self,
Then there were six.

Six little Indians went into a dive,
One forgot his parachute,
Then there were five.

Five little Indians fell to the floor,
A rat bit one of them,
Then there were four.

Four little Indians set out to sea,
One fell overboard,
Then there were three.

Three sad Indians went to the zoo,
A snapping turtle ate one,
Then there were two.

Two unhappy Indians started to go,
One was named Sylvester
The other, Joe.

Joe and Sylvester started to run,
A brick fell and hit Joe,
So now there is one.

One little Indian, all alone,
Decided to buy himself a cone.
But all the store had left was a bun,
Alas, it was poisoned,
Now there are none.

Jane Burke, 10B.

ONE WISH

Some one to love and cherish me,
Some one who understands.
Some one who, all my life will see
What love demands.
Some one that I can love so long
As we both shall live.
Some one who'll not make life a song,
But just a melody to give
Promise of new hope as we lend
A helping hand to those
Whom we call friend.
A melody that echoes and resounds
In the lives of those we touch.
No more, I ask, yet—this much.

Eileen Bird, 12A.

The Village Drunkard

I am at the tavern when I see the village drunkard. I am sipping a six per cent when he stumbles up and says in a low breathy voice,

"Can you spare a little drink, Jack?"

Well, my name's not Jack, but I buy him a beer and he goes away. That is, he staggers away. As usual he is dead drunk. I watch him as he slouches at the bar, filthy of body and clothes, and wonder where he ever gets enough money to get drunk on.

Suddenly the door swings open and a kid about seven or eight walks in, cryin' his eyes out.

"Scram, kid," the bartender yells, but the boy doesn't hear him. The kid walks over to the drunk and says in a sobbin' voice: "Please, Pa, c'mon home. Ma's cryin', and we ain't got nothin' to eat."

Well, the drunk just grumbles and hurries out of that place. Then the kid sits down and really starts to bawl. When I see the poor kid crying his heart out, I get an idea. I step up in the middle of the floor and say: "Hey, fellas, this lad and his Ma are pretty bad off. How about a couple donations?"

I start the hat rollin' with a fin and pretty soon I get fifty bucks, mostly from the happy guys. So I hand it to the kid and say,

"That's all right, Sonny, just take it home to your Ma."

His eyes open wide, and he says, "Thanks a lot, Mister," and runs out through the swinging door. Well, I felt pretty good then.

But by now it's almost six, and the wife will be waitin' with the pin, so I hurry out. And as I'm walkin' home I pass the old Mason orphanage, and who do I see but this same kid racin' through the door with his pockets solid with candy. I wonder for a while, and then I know. I race back down the street and into the tavern. And I'm just in time to see the same old drunk pass the bartender a crisp new fiver. My fiver.

I groan and wonder how he ever trained that little kid to cry so good. But thoughts of the boss with the rollin' pin send me hurrying home. Anyway, I know where he got his drink money. From saps like me.

Roy Lytle, 12B.

Employees, Beware!!!

"Just wait till this thing's over; then it'll be our turn! They'll snap to it then, and right—or else."

This is the opinion of one "small business owner" on the now greatly-strained "help situation." And from all signs it is the consensus of feeling among the majority of this rapidly diminishing group.

Hundreds of small businesses, "the backbone of the nation," have been fatally affected by the lure for their personnel of high-paying defense work.

Those who still remain on the payroll of the private employer hold constantly over him the threat: "If I get fired here I can get another job and it'll pay better!"—and they can, too. These workers become so independent that the poor boss would be better off to close up and make his bid for some of those high wages himself.

Take the case of Paul Wilson. He works for Mr. Montgomery in Montgomery's Drug down the street. A few weeks ago he and Mr. Montgomery had a conversation that went something like this:

"Now I can depend on you to open every Tuesday and Thursday, can I, Paul?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Montgomery, every Tuesday and Thursday, rain or shine."

Mr. Montgomery worked extra hard that week so he could really enjoy that rest he was looking forward to on Tuesday, a whole day of rest, and all he'd have to do would be to go down and cash up at closing time! So time went on; come Tuesday Mr. Montgomery lay burrowed deep under cozy bedclothes, the first time in many months that his alarm clock had not shrilled its summons at six a. m.

Late that morning Mr. Montgomery phones the store to see how business was, expecting to hear the cheery "Good morning, Montgomery Drug." He was surprised that it took Paul so long to answer the phone, but the real shock was yet to come. It just kept ringing! Hurrying right down to the shop, Mr. Montgomery found the place shut up as tight as he has left it the night before.

Montgomery's had been open at 7:30 a. m. for the past two-and-a-half years. Why, people set their clocks by the click of the neon window light in that store, and passing kids could judge whether to walk or run in order to get to school on time, just by glancing in.

Paul had lost the company half a

day's business, and worst of all had broken a tradition started thirty months before. It seems he had been out late the preceding night and didn't "feel like" getting up so early "just to go to work!"

Of course Paul's smiling face hasn't been seen around Montgomery's lately, but if you pass by you can look in and see Bill van Tassel doing his stuff on the soda fountain, and you can count on it that some Tuesday soon he'll get his chance to duplicate the trick of his playful predecessor.

We've cited just one case to show how the small employer is on his knees now. But wait till all this turmoil is over. Those "small business men" left will stand up straight and stern, and then—beware, employee, beware!

Bob Cummings, 10B.

The Staff

The Writers' Workshop adds another publication of articles written by the class to the group of booklets it has compiled in other years.

Present members of the class are: Ruth Bauman, 12A; James Buchwald, 12B; Lois Jean Gatz, 11A; Edith Harrison, 11A; Rose Henninger, 12B; Norella-Lee Jedlick, 10A; Betty Kloos, 11A; Mary Scotland, 12A; Eugene Skeebo, 12A; Ursula Elsnor, 12B; Ruth Schafrick, 12A; Alfred Cheselka, 11A; Marjorie Say, 12B; Ethel Pietsch, 12B; Frances Moran, 12A; Loretta Meier, 12A; Vere Perrin, 12B; Jean Priebe, 12A; Joan Schuster, 11A.

The grade designation after the article denotes the grade of the author when the article was written.

The Artist

(Continued From Page 5, Column 4) fore me. A breath of admiration choked me.

As I went in the school door, I looked back. The sky was hazy, the vivid array fading fast. The tinge of color was off the snow.

That strange sky has never returned; sometimes it seems a dream. But, wherever that beauty has gone, it has left behind a challenge, a challenge and a taunt that calls to me, and I must strive, untiringly, for perfection in every artistic attempt now, for I cannot leave the challenge of the sky unanswered.

Norella-Lee Jedlick, 10A.

Four Stars

Mrs. Raminski opened the door of the dingy old house badly in need of paint. A long brown envelope was handed her from a stiff, solemn-faced lad. A look of horror swept across her face. Three times before she had had a notice from the Government. Three times before she silently put it in the little box in her bedroom. First it was twenty-three-year-old Joe, serious, nature loving. In her brief four years of living in America, Mrs. Raminski hadn't learned to read English, so she had had to run over next door to the Gutuski's for them to read it to her. She couldn't cry then nor could she when she got Tony's or Mike's notice. Tony died at twenty and Mike at twenty-six, leaving behind him a wife and a three-month-old girl.

She had given three sons now. All died fighting—for what? Four years ago they had come to America from Poland. They had come to escape persecution, starvation and torture. Quickly the boys had picked up customs and through special studying learned English. Here in America they had secured wealth. No, not money—they were far from rich as the four-roomed house showed. But here they lived their own lives. The boys had got jobs and enough money for food and amusement. And then the United States was at war. They didn't wait to be drafted, each enlisted to preserve his own ideal. And now, today, this fourth note of sympathy. Mrs. Raminski rose, straightened her white apron that covered her thrifty black dress and pushed back the strands of hair that had fallen in her face and once more went to the Gutuski's.

When she returned there were tears on her face. For the first time in eight months. Slowly she walked to the little brown table covered with blue and white-checked oilcloth, sat at it and looked at the picture of her eighteen-year-old-son, Cliff, now serving in the United States Coast Guard. Another look swept across her face. This time it was a look of pride, for Cliff had just been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for outstanding service beyond the call of duty. Tomorrow she would ask one of the neighbors to write a letter to him for her.

Lois Jean Gatz, 11A.

Simmons' Last Bullet

From "In the Matter of a Private"

Boy, it's hot here! I wish I could get some cool fresh air and work up some exercise. These humans sure are lucky, having all those cold drinks. Just think what a dangerous little bullet like me has to go through. Why, keeping myself dry enough to be powerful and cool enough not to go off is more of a cannonball job. Hey, what's that? Oh, boy! My boss is going to give us a workout. Well, there goes cousin Edgarbert. Whoops! He missed that guy's head. I always thought that Edgarbert would go crooked sooner or later. It first started in the poker game when he topped my five aces with his six.

Wow! What a jolt. That must have been friend Bebe-brain. He was never very smart, but he sure was powder-ful. I guess Pete's next, and then next will be Repeat. There they go. Boy! Pete sure scattered those guys, and look at Repeat! Right through that beautiful glass window. Well, I'm moving up in line. I'll be going out into the world also, and here's hoping I find a nice soft body. Ah-ha. Here comes my nephew. I had great hopes for Junior, but I guess he won't give that crab a hot-foot after all. Ping. Nice going, Junior. Right in his shoulder. Holy Cow!

Say, speaking of holy cows. I remember the time when my father, back in '97, nicked that Jersey right on the—but that's getting away from the story. I guess I'm next. Wonder where I'm headed. A nice soft, spongy, wet, cool brain or a smelly, stinking, dirty, rotten ffff—Oh, excuse me. Here comes the hammer. Goodby, dear friends, may we never meet.

Ray Likowski, 10A.

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Snow Falls on the Army

It was their first snow. They would have been glad to see it if they had been home; and I suppose thoughts of familiar things like tobogganning and snow fights raced through their heads as the wet lacy flakes touched their faces. But they weren't home. They were in no-man's land, which is home to no one except the dead. They were marching along in line, and to anyone who didn't know of the grim business of war they would have looked cheerful. But under those snowflakes were uniforms, and over their shoulders were flung not skates, but guns. Snow blew against their bodies as they marched; snow covered them as they slept; snowflakes fell and melted in their coffee as they ate.

The wind was blowing, driving the dancing flakes into their faces. Glistening metal helmets looked as if some jolly baker had spread them with

marshmallow icing. Two days and a night of the driving snow had turned their world into blue-gray fairyland. The half-covered trees plainly showed which way the wind was blowing, and bushes that had caught the wet snow might have been made from crystal.

Not all of the men marched. Some traveled by jeep and by motorcycle. A jeep is a sturdy little piece of machinery, but it isn't built for a snow storm. A jeep has speed, but what good is speed when a howling wind throws snow into your face, and a bitter wind freezes it until it's numb and raw?

Yes, the snow that covered everything like a fleecy white blanket was beautiful, and the same kind that covered the rooftops back home, but after all a soldier is a soldier and what's the use of longing for home when there is a war to win first?

Helen Kercher, 12B.

Horse Sense

(Continued From Page 7, Column 3) horses to a grassy plot outside and travel in circles around it. I am deciding riding isn't so bad after all when the man says, "Trot," and socks all the horses until they do trot. He has already told us how to post, and I am trying desperately to follow his instructions, but all I manage to do is "sit the trot" which seems to be a nice word for bouncing.

I am gasping and hurting more at each bounce and wondering why I ever got out of bed. Mother was right—this is no sport for a girl. I should take up tiddly-winks.

When I am holding onto the saddle with both hands and wishing I was dead, the man takes pity on us and comes around and slows the horses to a walk. I am feeling that I shouldn't have eaten that piece of toast for breakfast.

But as Kernel rocks along at his own pace, which is very slow, my insides go back to where they belong, and again I am thinking this isn't so bad after all. Then the man is making us trot again. When I am almost sick we slow down to a walk. This goes on until I am so numb I can't feel anything. Just as I am beginning to enjoy myself we are being told to walk the horses back to the barn and dismount. I do not want to go back, but I do anyway. Kernel knows when he is headed home, and he won't walk, so I am bouncing all over his back and almost falling off. When we arrive at the barn I am really glad to get off.

Dismounting looks easy. I am sure I followed the instructions. I stood up in the saddle, placed my left hand on his neck and my right hand on the saddle, and swung my right leg over his back and—that's where something went wrong. Instead of swinging my leg over and landing gracefully along side the horse's neck, I must have got caught on his rump, because now I am lying under his tummy. The man has seen me get off and is bawling me out. I am not listening because the ground is soft here, and it reminds me of bed. That is, I am not listening until I am hearing him say that I should get on again to see if I can't do a better job of dismounting. When I hear him say that, I get up in a big hurry and look in vain for a way to get out. He says that he is glad to see that I'm so eager to try once more, but he can't read thoughts very well.

Anyway I try again. This time I am getting on worse because I am sticking half way up. But dismounting is easier and I don't quite fall. I just juggle around one one foot for a while until I get the other untangled from the stirrup. The man

doesn't like this either, but he can't do anything about it. He just walks away in disgust and climbs into the station wagon. All the little kids troop in after him, and my pals and I aren't wanting to be left behind, so we squeeze in under everyone else. I guess everyone is tired and glad to be on the way home. Besides, it's past lunch time, and it takes more than a little jiggling around on an old horse to keep me from being hungry.

...

Sunday, October 8

All day I have been feeling very stiff and sore. My legs just won't cooperate with me and twice I have fallen down the stairs. I think horseback riding is swell, but that man should have a truck to take us out in because those little kids all piled on top of me were so heavy that they have practically ruined my legs, and all the weight has made my back ache, too. I hope some of them stay home next week so that I won't be sore.

Jean Priebe, 12B.

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