Rhodes Review

Literary Supplement

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JAMES FORD RHODES

Page Five

Some souvenirs

Max Factor's "Desert Sand No. 3"

Don't you think its a bit

itchy nose

Whenver you sneeze

it creates a breach

of your face

Some say you make a funny

expression when you sneeze

some say it's just a coincidence

You sneeze too much

You have no control over it

Sneezing is a natural

reaction to an irritant

Some people sneeze

when they are allergic to

pollen, dust, or animal fur

while others sneeze

when they are emotionally

distressed or stressed

It's a complex phenomenon

that scientists continue to

study and understand

JAMES FORD RHODES

The Artist

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

I was contemplating with no particular object in mind, when I saw a figure walk by. The person was dressed in dark clothes and had a hat pulled down over their face. I followed them at a distance, keeping a safe distance to maintain an unobtrusive presence.

The figure seemed to be engaged in a task, perhaps picking up something from the ground. I watched them carefully, taking note of their movements and actions.

As I approached, I noticed that the person was holding a small object in their hand. It looked like a piece of stone or a piece of earth. I wondered if they were a collector or someone who found the object interesting in some way.

I continued to follow them, watching their actions and noting their behavior. I wanted to learn more about the person and their interests.

As they reached a small building, they opened the door and entered. I paused outside, considering whether to approach or continue watching from a distance.

Eventually, I decided to enter as well. I had noticed the building looked like a small shop or a store, and I hoped to learn more about the objects within.

Once inside, I found a collection of rare stones and minerals displayed on shelves. The person I had been following was examining each piece, carefully holding and inspecting it.

I approached them and introduced myself, explaining my interest in their collection. They were kind enough to explain more about the stones and minerals they had in their possession.

Through our conversation, I learned that the person was a serious collector and had spent many years traveling to find unique specimens. They had a passion for the natural world and enjoyed sharing their knowledge and collection with others.

I exchanged information with them, sharing my interests and experiences as well. We discussed the importance of preserving and understanding the natural world, and the value of preserving rare and beautiful stones.

I left the store feeling inspired by our conversation and the passion the person had for their collection. I looked forward to learning more about their journey and the stories behind each of their pieces.

As I stepped out into the snow-covered street, I felt a sense of connection with the person who had shared their collection with me. I knew that I would continue to follow their path, hoping to learn more and share the beauty of the natural world with others.
Horse Sense

Sunrise. Beautiful, golden sunlight. It's glimmering 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 mumbling 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. Yikes! Oh, well.

I am flying down the street, with my horse galloping merriely in the breeze, toward the corner where my parents keep my packs. For once in a while, I am not waiting for everyone else, they are all waiting for me. Also, they’ve read my mind, and they have let me go. But they forgive me, for my treacherous spirit, and changing me has taken a lot of my time. Eventually a station wagon delivers my packs and me and we have about fifteen really lovely boys and girls aside the packs. We don’t know whether or not it is in the right place, because we are unprepared, and we do not see anything except them. But, since the station wagon is stopping, we have only about half an hour out of the car, all the little kids make up in the backliners of the car, and I wander along in the rear, as we still aren’t sure that we are where we are supposed to be or should be. By the time we arrive in the stable, all the little packs are stacked among the horse boxes and are using horse coats and are getting posted 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, for I once saw a little white horse standing alone, and I am making him bee line for her and am holding my fingers at her head to tackle the white horse to a horsebox. As the horses are war, because they have moved and some huge beasts are snapping at each other, I am not sure whether I should be immediately for parts unknown, or should I keep thinking I should have stayed in bed.

Also, my plans to be with horses have entirely vanished, and now I am wandering aimlessly about the place, when I see everyone gathering in a group and the only thing missing is me. Close up, I see that he is old, so I am convinced that he has died. One of my paths grub, and since she is bigger than I, I let her drag me back to the horse-boxes, and I stare and listen, and hear the sound of music. I am thinking that I must write some lines for a notebook, and when my turn comes, I start to sign with a marble on the horse's mane, because I want everyone to know that I can write. But all I get is a schlep and a lot, so I have to start over again.

When the little kids are getting their ride down, my pal and I do some wandering; and suddenly, when I am standing there looking around, there is a dead, the man calls me his name. He does not pronounce it right, so I do not know whether I am there, or not. Right then I am wanting very much to write a letter, and I am thinking of another one, a timid voice is squealing, "Here!" Very shocked, I open the door and see a horse that I know. I live in a very terrible world, but I have authentic information that he once threw his entire dinner from the floor.

Yesterday I finally decided to clear the matter. At Harry's house, he on which he has made not one single payment, I somehow bought enough courage to strike the blow up to the real "Harry." "Harry," I chucked out, "why is it you insist upon living with me?" He was cutely surprised, but he didn't answer.

He is a very short guy. After all, he is only fourteen months old.

Ray Lytle, 12B.

Green

Today I started working at a job. I tried and tried my very best to make it work, but the course of my single task, and how it would be done. It was very dark and wrong, the weather was wrong. Things were wrong. But I began. In short, I was having fun. That was rather strong and low, "Tell that green person not to be disconsolate, Green things grow!"

Ritbl Ptaschke, 12B.

From the Classrooms

What is the sensation called sleep? At night, we lose the heavy, heavy eyelids and fall asleep to be interrupted by narrow-eyes sleeping. Little blood, rest, dreams, and through your mind. Isn’t that little white motorcycle all the time in your brain, huffing, furying. Over to your friends, what if your visiting through your eyes, tiny transparent cells are rushing around in a real game of tag. They see you, you see them, they see you, they see them. They take leaves, hoping out of sight. As they disappear, the small bacteria work away with their colorful dance. As these microbes find you, don’t you want to see this new phase of this little tangible dance.

Into the picture troop triangles, squares, squares, squares, squares, triangles, branches, arms and legs and face, all the plans of curves combining together, the same theorem outlining the whole universe. "If equal vertical angles of one bisected angle of polygons are corresponding angles then also the corresponding angles are equal."

Adventure

False lady, tell me please, which is the road to travel? I took a walk, and there I was.

My child, I have seen you ride pleasant. By st版权 belong to: eep's way to read an old remote. I have seen you face a whipping wind with laughter. You are finding new worlds in music and books, and people. You have a place of an un-tamed spirit. Why do you seek adventure? It is a state of mind.

You are an adventure.

Ms. Kinselhuchter, 12A.

A Swell Guy

To --to Stay Away From

Meet the new No. 1 criminal, the one who's everybody's guy. He knows everything, and he knows it all. He knows a guy who was there.

He's the source of every false rumor. He has never been caught, and he hasn't done a thing. He knows a guy who was there.

He's the cause of every shortage scare. He sends our help to the Allied. And they have plenty to spare.

He tells us how we treat the prisoners. And in return, we are treated un

He patronizes every black market. He has no need to shave.

The wide-awake type of citizen is our No. 1 criminal. To this, "I know a guy who won't, I know a guy who won't, I know a guy who won't," Ethel Ptaschke, 12B.

This Means War

What an awful morning—cold, icy, and accompanied by a bitter wind. I galloped my way down the empty street, and turned off at Elme's house, around the corner of the house. As I recognized Mike Elmes's eat, I gave him a good kick, leaving my revoler unfilled. We have called a temporary truce, but he's watching for his chance, and he can hit my pants-in-boots that I am too. He is a swell guy, to offer.

He flooded his lap with vines, butterscups, forget-me-nots, muskella, and, of course, all the flowers that I can spot. He receds, and, rarefies, deflows to find his life for her.

The apple, the cherry, the peach, the plum, and the tree plum are eaten an a picnic. He is a swell guy. This is an insult, you know, this means war. That with he turned on his tail and brazenly advanced toward the garbage. Then Elmes came out, and gave me a kick, and said, "We hate each other, with all our hearts."

By the next morning I had forgotten the incident and appeared, all the signs and wonders in the train's doorway. But Michael had not forgotten. As I opened my mouth to call Elmes, he turned his corner like a locomotive under full steam and said, "Don't even dare to glasse" to one side and he said, "Don't even dare to glasse," to the other, and turned. By this time I had realized what was happening, and was ready for his return. I was really licked, and I was ready to anticipate.

Just as I was about to tear into him Elmes appeared, and Mike disassembled microscopic bugs want their way in the parallel lines of the anterior angle of this triangle, they are all the right angles, (simple, isn't it?) As the theorem exploded in a typical parallel. Mike Elmers, with his current star, stumbled into your vision, a golden early-handed baby in his arms. Even bettered disordered one time take one startled goggle and gobble of the old life, holding this like the stage, Superstition, wasn't they?

The Steel's unadorned brown eyes, grammar rear nuts its tidy head. Its messy body uncoils by vert, adjective by adjective, making you squawk at the sight of the little matters you know—hot darn. Glowing with volubility and spelling. Webster's dictionary mustn't out of your grasp.

In the meantime, grammar advices me, Collins is taking over your stall. Chairing himself, you sitings and squashes, cracking, lashing. The clumsy cold days of May are quickening from the blanket. You are a sign for your treacherous and un-tamed skin.

And an adventure. You are an adventure.

Ruth Smith, 16B.

Coursheet of Sun

(Continued From Page 5, Column 1) his body. As she had refused to keep him in diamonds, he drew them quickly upward and used them to make a necklace for her hand.

The apple, the cherry, the peach, the plum, and the tree plum are eaten an a picnic. He is a swell guy. This is an insult, you know, this means war. That with he turned on his tail and brazenly advanced toward the garbage. Then Elmes came out, and gave me a kick, and said, "We hate each other, with all our hearts."

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Ruth Smith, 16B.

Grim and Beart

If someone ever wants to price, he must be very sure it is safe to do so. It is the only way to avoid its capture, and Do it with a grim.

Ursula Elmes, 12B.
How to Annoy Your Father—
Go Fishing

It all started with an innocent remark on the part of my darling wife. She said, "You always bring home the quietest kind of fish. Why isn't yours more exciting?"

I was taken aback by this. She seemed to think that my fishing was just not as thrilling as the other fellow's. But I had always thought that the fun of fishing was in the experience, not in the kind of fish you catch. Nevertheless, I was determined to show her that I could go fishing and come home with a good catch.

I decided to go to a new lake that I had heard about. It was supposed to be famous for its big bass. I packed my gear and set off early in the morning.

I arrived at the lake just as the sun was rising. The water was calm and still, and the air was crisp. I tied my rod to a tree and began to cast my line. For a while, nothing happened. I started to think that perhaps this was not such a good idea after all.

But then, suddenly, there was a tug on my line. I pulled and pulled, my muscles straining. And then, just as I thought I was going to lose it, I felt something big and heavy brush against my feet. It was a bass! A big, beautiful bass!

I was overjoyed. I fought the fish for what seemed like hours, but finally, I managed to land it. It was a huge bass, at least ten pounds. I took it out of the water and admired it. It was a wonder to see.

I took pictures of the fish, and then I cleaned it and put it in a bucket. I was quite pleased with myself. My fishing trip had been a success.

That day, I had not only shown my wife that I could go fishing, but I had also proven that it was not just about the kind of fish you catch, but also about the thrill of the experience. And I had done it all by myself, without anyone else around to see.

The end result was a perfect fishing trip. I had caught a big bass, and my wife was impressed. I had proven that I was not just a good fisherman, but a great one. And best of all, I had done it all on my own.
Employees, Beware!!!

"Just wait till this thing's over; then it'll be our turn! They'll start cutting all of our privileges and benefits!"

This is the opinion of one "small business owner" on the most greatly-strained and taxed group in the nation. And from all signs it is the consensus of feelings throughout this rapidly diminishing group.

Hundreds of small businesses, "the backbone of the economy," are being hit hardest of all. And for good reason: a few small businesses hit the preceding night and you may as well shut up shop for a while. Just to get on the line.

Of course Paul's feeling pretty dejected these days, but he's not one to pass up a good opportunity. He's been busy outfitting his store with new signs, a new display case, and a new phone system. And he's been out buying new uniforms for his employees. He may be depressed, but he's not defeated.

We've invited just one case to show how the small employer is on its own these days. But wait until this one comes out. These "small business men" left will stand up straight and proud, and then--bonus, employees, beware!

Bob Cunningham, 10th.

The Staff

The Writers Workshop adds another chapter to its already long list of accomplishments. We're proud to announce that The Staff has got something to say! This issue is brought to you by the class of the group booklet.

Present members of the class are: Beth Brown, 11th; James Buchwald, 11th; Linda Haskell, 11th; Grady Harrison, 12th; Norah Eells, 11th; 10th; Betty Bower, 12th; Eileen Schofield, 10th; Ursula Bluestein, 12th; Braden Chastain, 12th; Banner Goss, 12th; 10th; Patricia, 11th; Frances Moran, 12th; Lorena Nicola, 12th; Vera Perret, 12th; Jean Price, 12th; Jan Schuster, 11th.

The grade designation after the name signifies the grade of a member of the class when the article was written.

The Artist

The skyline glows red and orange as the sun sets over the horizon. The city is alive with activity as people rush to and fro, heading home after a long day.

The streets are crowded with people, and the air is filled with sounds of cars honking and people talking. The city is a buzz with life, and it's a beautiful sight to see.

The view from the top of the building is breathtaking. The city stretches out before you, and you can see for miles in every direction. It's a beautiful sight to see.

But as night falls, the city becomes quiet and peaceful. The lights of the buildings twinkle in the darkness, and the stars shine brightly in the sky.

The contrast between day and night is striking, and it's a beautiful sight to see. The city is alive and vibrant during the day, but it's peaceful and quiet at night. It's a beautiful sight to see.

Simmons' Last Bullet

From "In the Matter of a Price" by John, July 1st, 1945

It was their first snow. They would have been glad to see it if they had been home, and I suppose that's the way of familiar things like tobogganing and snow and building snowmen with their heads as the wet lazy flakes touched their faces. But they weren't home, and they couldn't have snowmen, either. That was the kind of war we were in, and to anyone who didn't know the grim business of war they would have thought these two snowball makers were the only things left against their bodies as they marched; for snow covered and snowman funny little fellow fell and melted in their coffee as they ate.

We were in the room, driving, dancing flakes like their faces. Glittering metal helmets looked as if some jolly baker had spread them with marshmallow icing. Two days and a night of the driving snow, and turned our world into a fairyland. The half-covered trees played snow shows and snow men and snow women and frozen bushes that had caught the wet snow might have been made from crystal. And the snow piled up on the roads just swarmed through snow in your face, and a kitten wired fusion it until it numb back raw.

Yes, the snow that covered everything like a soft blanket, the snow that was beautiful, and the same kind that covered the roof tops back home, after all was said and done, was a soldier and what the use of being long for home when there is a war to win first?

Helen Krecher, 13th.

Snow Falls on the Army

Carmen Canales from Page 7, Column 3

The army is trying to keep up with the demand for supplies, but they are running out of space and time.

They are trying to find new ways to store and transport supplies, but it's a difficult task. The army is working hard to meet the demands of the war effort.

Horse Sense

(Cast by Carmen Canales, Column 2)

The army is trying to keep up with the demand for supplies, but they are running out of space and time.

They are trying to find new ways to store and transport supplies, but it's a difficult task. The army is working hard to meet the demands of the war effort.

BUY BONDS

LUKE'S MEN'S SHOP

Headquarters for Men's and Boys' Apparel

4236 Pearl Road
Opposite Queen City Hospital

FAIRMOUNT'S ICE CREAM

Solly Ann's
2145 Broadview Road
Fountain Service
Ice Cream to Take Out

Connie's Beauty Shop
4744 Broadview Road
Permanently Our Specialty
We specialize in_feature:
Conny and Louie
SH 4534

H OF HARMONY

4679 Broadview Road
Cleveland, Ohio