

Tardiness Brings Odd Excuses

"I'm late," uttered the small voice of a Rhodian to Mr. Henderson, teacher in charge of tardiness, as the clock on the wall struck 8:30.

"I know that, but why?" was Mr. Henderson's calm reply.

"Well, I took my dog for a walk this morning, he broke away, and I had to hunt around the neighborhood for a half-hour before I finally found him. You know how dogs are."

"Report to zero hour starting tomorrow. Next case."

"The usual excuses for being tardy are oversleeping and missing the bus, but the occasional tall tales, I hear, break the monotony," commented Mr. Henderson. "A student, who was ten minutes late, told me he had to drive his motor scooter slowly because the streets were wet. When I asked him why he didn't start out earlier, he promptly replied that he didn't know it was raining."

"The clock stopped, the spark plug burned out in my car, and I couldn't find my pants, are more excuses for being tardy," added Mr. Henderson.

"One excuse I received recently stands out in my mind more than any other. A boy came in twenty minutes late and sincerely stated, 'I know you won't believe my story, but I'll tell you anyway. On my way to school, I saw a small boy on the street with his leg caught in the spokes of his bicycle wheel. I freed his leg after a struggle, then it took time to quiet the little boy down.'"

The reason was accepted as valid.

"Some students have developed a phobia for zero hours," went on Mr. Henderson. "These students fail to realize that they have to rise only a half-hour earlier, and it does them a world of good in making them punctual. Really good students make it a point to be on time."

"Of course if nobody came in late, I'd miss a lot of weird tales," he added.

Drive for Queen Reaches Climax

The big day is approaching. The halls are covered with signs, pictures and posters of all shapes and sizes. Everybody is giving everybody else a sales talk. There is the last mad scramble for tickets. Everything possible has been done, the rest is left to fate, fate, and the student body of Rhodes.

For several weeks you have been stewing over which of the girls will have your vote for track queen. The voting will take place Friday after the rally.

Following are the names of the girls in the running and their managers: Jane Burke backed by Barbara Wittich and Herb Hutter; June Schmidt by Edith Schubert and Booby Schmidt; Joan Thompson by Ken Stafford and Rudy Bauer; Irene Hallahan by Jack Rohrbach and Don Banks; Lily Karalfa by Betty Castle and Jack Smith; Helen Kelly by Muriel Boehmiller; Rose Fien by Marian Bedell and Hector Fraser; Betty Lou Hoyt by Marilyn Dipple; Grace Skintek by Chuck Lucas; and Dorothy Owens by Betty Mushat and Dick Schellhardt.

Rather hard to pick just one to vote for isn't it? But your vote may make her the queen or one of the five attendants.

Tips for Seniors Seeking Employment

Attention is called to Mr. Ferguson's notice issued to Mr. Ferguson regarding any senior, who is looking for employment to carry with him his diploma, which shows the course he has completed, his three-year averages, his Security Card, obtained at 400 West 65th Street or on the floor of the Marshall Building, and either his contract card which the employer must sign if he is under eighteen years of age, or his birth certificate or over-age card.

Russia Not Menace to Peace Yet; Youth Too Sports Conscious - Wallace

There was a tired smile, a weak attempt at humor from the rather stout man of medium height and grayed hair—and thirty-seven members of the Hi-News Correspondents Corps were introduced to Henry Wallace, former Vice President of the United States, former Secretary of Commerce, and present editor of the New Republic Magazine.

Dressed like and looking like a distinguished business man, Mr. Wallace appeared before the high school reporters on May 2 at Hotel Statler looking very tired and worn out.

Wholly unlike his globe trotting excursions have pictured him as being, Henry Wallace did not leave the impression of being a bustling, active, ambitious politician who defied his own country. Rather, he just seemed "all done in." One reason for his tired appearance could be attributed to the fact that the interview took place at 9:00 in the morning, and he had just stepped off a train.

Mr. Wallace talked very slowly in a low, rolling monotone, and he continually fiddled with an ashtray while talking. The subject most discussed during the interview was Russia.

He believes that Russia can be a menace to peace, but isn't yet. "No

country wants peace more than Russia," he stated. But right now Russia suspects us, and we suspect them. There's distrust on both sides. Mr. Wallace, who is in favor of a reciprocal trade agreement and an International Trade Organization, thinks that Russia should belong to the UNESCO and the world bank.

Concerning his trip through Western Europe, the ex-Vice-President said he found extraordinary interest in England, France, and the Scandinavian countries. "The people there have seen war and they're afraid of the United States and Russia. They welcomed me because I indicated some awareness of what current policies mean. The interest was especially minded—and they want peace."

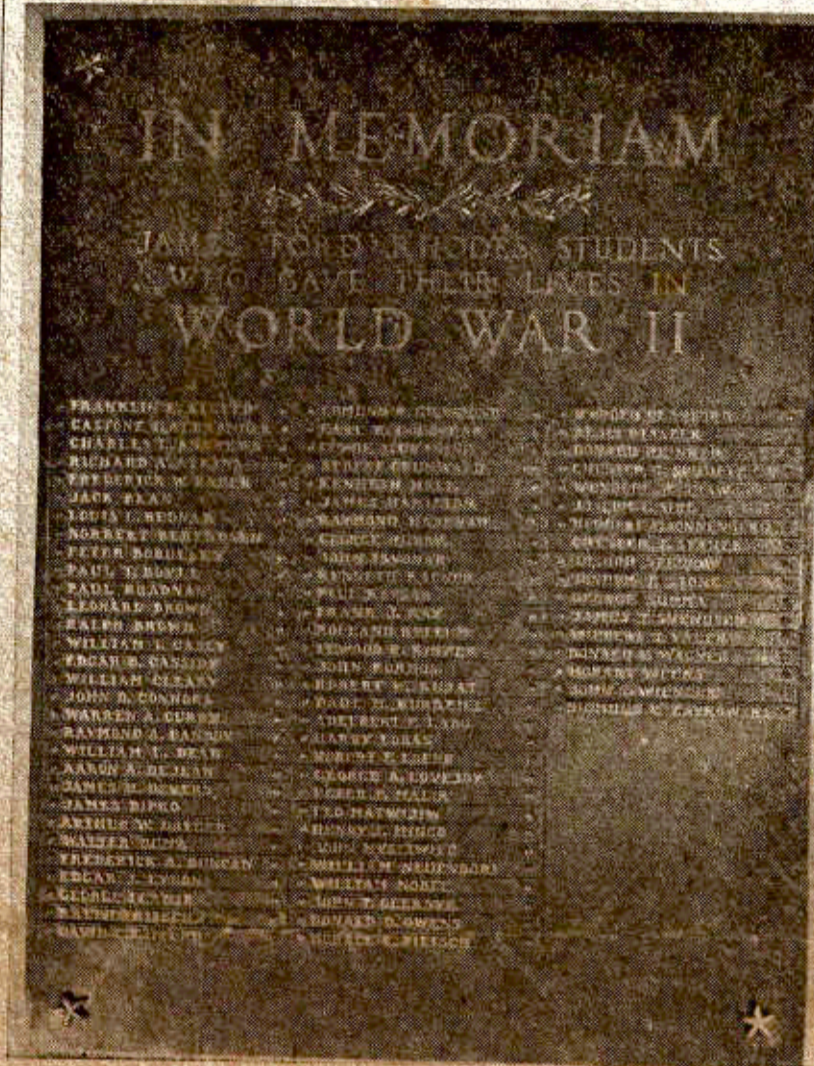
Referring to this country's young people and politics, Mr. Wallace stated, "American youth will never be vitally interested in politics until they get less interested in sports. They let off all their steam yelling at football and basketball games."

Mr. Wallace uttered that last statement only with the promise that he "probably would get shot for saying it," or words following along that same line.

Decoration Day Program, Sunday May 24, to Dedicate Memorial Honoring Rhodians Lost in World War II

At a Memorial Day concert to be held in the Rhodes Auditorium on Sunday, May 25, 1947, the school's War Memorial plaque will be dedicated. This program will be featured by the debut of the Rhodes alumni choir.

The Rhodian Choral Society was organized last February under the direction of Miss Esther Keller, music teacher at Rhodes. All members of the choir and the soloists to be heard are alumni of the Rhodes choir.



The bronze tablet in room 122, on which are inscribed the names of the seventy-nine Rhodes' boys who lost their lives in World War II, was financed by the Student Council through funds received from school dances and an extensive tax stamp drive. Honored guests at the concert will be the parents of these seventy-nine boys. Special invitations to attend the program have been sent to them, and they will receive a booklet containing a picture of the plaque.

The program will open with a flag ceremony. Three enlisted men from the army, navy, and marines, at the sound of the bugle call, will carry the American and school flags up to the stage. Acting as honorary ushers will be seven members of the school faculty who served in the armed forces during World War II. They are Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Gaiser, Mr. Moran, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Reinhardt, Mr. Seitz, and Mr. Schmidt.

Opening with *Requiem* by Gabriel Faure, the musical program will be divided into two parts. Soloists for the first portion will be Phyllis Holbrook Allison, soprano; Benjamin Boforek, tenor; and Richard Palmer, bass; with Lois Rieman as accompanist.

The second part of the program will consist of a group of songs by American composers, one of which is by Mr. Guy Booth, former music director at Rhodes. A featured soloist will be Miss Marion Sandoack, cellist, accompanied by Lois Reik.

The concert will conclude with the performance of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, with Harold Brandes as baritone soloist.

Room 122 will be decorated with flowers for the evening and next to the memorial tablet will be placed an American flag.

Tickets are 75 cents, and are to be had from Miss Kosar in the office or at Poinar's Music Shop.

Has Perfect Record

Mrs. Sancetta's 10B girls homeroom again topped the school in attendance last month with 100 percent. Mr. Hick's 11A boys homeroom lead the boys ranking fifth in the school with 98.5 percent.

Of the first twenty homerooms, thirteen were girls.

P.-T.A. Presents School With Bell Phonograph

The Parent-Teachers Association of James Ford Rhodes High School played summer Santa Claus on May 15, and presented the school with a sleek, portable, Bell phonograph. This record player is for no particular group but for general use throughout the school.

12A's Freeze at Picnic But No Flies in Pie

No, there was no sand in the weiners nor flies on the pie. It was too darn cold, that's why! Ah yes, the 12A picnic.

The seniors started on their journey May 14, after eighth period. "Ah, it's a fine day," one 12A sighed, as she waded through a waist-high mud puddle, and immediately turned into a cake of ice.

Throughout the afternoon, spirited games of baseball and football were carried on, and seniors were carried off.

"Creek-tossing" was abolished as the seniors were afraid that someone might crack his skull (on the ice.)

Of course all the members of the 12A social committee were busily cutting weiner buns and their fingers, while Mr. Tanko dashed madly back and forth catching slightly soiled boiled weiners that had escaped from the pots.

At last the call of chow was heard! And a bunch of giggly, dishelved, slightly mouldy seniors stampeded toward the pavilion.

Seedhouse, Rhodes Spark Plug, Leaves With School's Best Wishes

"He's one of the biggest sissies in the school and if he can do it so can you." This famous pep line along with one of the most convincing personalities in Cleveland schools (as many unwilling track queen candidates and "Melody Fair" stars can testify) is the trade mark of George E. Seedhouse retiring Rhodes gym instructor.

For twelve years Mr. Seedhouse has been the bulwark of Rhodes productions, rallies and almost all booster operations. He is sponsor of the Boys' Leaders' Club which has shown the way to other school organizations in the distribution of booster articles besides being the brain behind most of the rallies held at school during the past few semesters.

As Clerk of Course in most of the cities outstanding track meets including the Indoor Scholastic, Knights of Columbus, and A. A. U. he has gained city-wide recognition.

It is undoubtedly his excellent handling of these responsibilities that has put him in line for promotion to as-

stant to G. O. Kern, supervisor of community centers and playgrounds for the Cleveland Board of Education. The new post carries with it



an annual salary of \$4000 a year. Previous to coming to Rhodes in 1935 Mr. Seedhouse taught for two years at Thomas Edison. He received his bachelors degree at Ohio University and his M. A. from Western Reserve.

THE RHODES REVIEW

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Track Queen Personalities

By ELVA and TONI

Helen Kelly - 11A

"Personality" was a popular song a year ago and it surely must have been written for this girl, because the unbeatable combination of a grand personality plus good looks and charm equal Helen Kelly. "Scotty," a girl who makes you stop and look twice, is a slender five-six with classic features, a head crowned by long brown hair, and eyes which, chameleon-like, change color from dawn to dusk. As evidence of her popularity, Helen was elected social chairman of the 11A class and chief announcer of the radio production class. She is also robe-mistress of the Choir and a member of the Citizen and German Clubs. Although interested in the stage as a career, Helen plans to go into the field of modeling after high school.

"Scotty" does not have any special managers for the track queen contest. "Everyone is helping me," she smiles, "and I'll need it. This is one of the most competitive contests Rhodes has seen in a long while."

Irene Hallahan - 11A

"I" is the sort of girl who manages to look cool and serene on the hottest, most hectic days. She has a slow, pretty smile which she uses often, and a soft voice. Short brown hair tops the five-foot-four-inches which are Irene, and blue eyes sparkle with anticipation at the thought of a summer at Chippewa. As it did with all the other girls, the idea of running for queen came as a surprise to "I." "Don Banks just came up to me one day and popped the question, and here I am!" Don, along with Jim Sudyk and Jack Rohrbach, is her manager and she is lucky enough to have the backing of the track team.

Irene answers roll call at Y-Team Friendship, Citizens' Club, German Club, Student Council, and Girls' Leaders. Also, of course, she is a member of her "club." "What pastimes do I have?" she replied to our question, "well, right now I'm too busy wondering about the outcome of the campaign to think of anything else!"

June Schmidt - 10A

One of the most vivacious girls in the school is June Schmidt. Sparkling with anticipation and pep she dives into her campaign wholeheartedly. Her managers, Booby Schmidt and Edith Schubert, are providing one of the liveliest campaigns ever at Rhodes. With the help of Eddie Witeraft's artistic talent and her managers' hard work, June has an excellent chance for the crown. This five-foot three-inch parcel of bubbling vitality claims soft brown hair, dancing hazel eyes and a snub nose as a few of her attributes. Music plays a big part in "Pudgy's" scholastic life for she is a member of Senior Choir and voice culture. Forgive the nickname but June said, "Booby always calls me that so I don't mind it."

Lily Karalafa - 11B

Lean and lovely Lily Karalafa, with eyes of blue and hair so brown, is another of the luscious candidates for track queen. Lily, who stands five feet five and one-half inches in her stocking feet, has high hopes of becoming a fashion model in the years to come, and she claims that her greatest ambition is to travel around the world, "I go to Canada every year," she said, "but that's only a tiny bit of all the traveling I'd like to do." Dancing, sports, especially swimming, and collecting autographs take up quite a bit of Lily's time, but you'll find she's never too busy to be friendly. "Oh yes," added Lily with one of her Pepsodent smiles, "don't forget to mention my managers, Jack Smith, Betty Castle and John Chikik; they've been doing a swell job with my campaign."

Rosemarie Fien - 11A

With a name that is a natural for campaign slogans, "Rosie" plunges into the track queen contest with a lot of pep. The whole idea of running for track queen came as a surprise to her, but she is determined to have fun whether or not she wins. Backed by the club girls and the Model Club in general and Marion Bedell and Hector Fraser in particular, Rosemarie says her campaign posters are based mostly on cute rhyming slogans similar to the one above. "Rosie" is a slim five-foot-five with long, sandy hair and green eyes. A photograph in the center hall showcase offers a further glimpse at her, if you don't know her in person. She belongs to the Latin and Y-Teen clubs and often livens up club meetings with a piano solo. She has a big, fat scrapbook at home in which she pastes pictures of the things she has seen and done with "Hank," a former Rhodes three-letter man. After graduation, Rosemarie plans to go into nurse's training at St. Luke's. Meanwhile, Rosie wanders through the halls with that "won't-you-buy-a-ticket-please?" look in her eyes and a mallet clutched in her hand. "Some fun," she sighs, as she runs after another possible buyer.

Bettie Lou Hoyt - 12A

Brown hair, very blue eyes, and a sprinkling of tiny freckles across her nose, that's petite Bettie Lou Hoyt. Art and dancing are high upon this little lady's list of favorites and Y-Teen Friendship and Art Club also take up a bit of her time. I didn't expect to run," she smiled, "my friends just informed me I was a candidate, and that's how it happened." Being a 12A with graduation only four weeks away makes Bettie Lou very blue, "I hate the thought of leaving," she moaned, "I'll be so lonely after it's all over." Her friendly smile and pretty face are "Lou's" best tickets to the track queen throne.

Jane Burke - 12A

Like an exclamation point, Jane's bright, copper-colored hair and sparkling smile stand out in any crowd. Janie, a happy combination of corny jokes, pretty blue eyes, personality-plus, and freckles, was dragged ("and I loved every moment of it!") into running for track queen by her club. Now, with Barbara Wittich, Herb Hutter, and many "little gremlins" working as her managers, she thinks it's all a lot of fun. Holding up the fingers of both hands, Jane mentions that she is a member of Y-Teen, French Club, Art Club, and Honor Society. She is also social chairman of the 12A class and unofficial humor editor of the Review. "Janie," whose big ambition is to grow up and raise a track team, also hopes to squeeze in some time at the Cleveland School of Art, and write a book called "Heartbreak." "I dislike people who never get their half of the column in on time," Jane declared glaring at Jack accusingly. "And where the contest is concerned, may the best girl win," says Jane as she pats herself on the back.

Dorothy Owens - 12B

A very busy young lady is Dorothy Owens, secretary of the 12B class. She is a member of the Girls' Leaders, Student Council, Senior Friendship, Citizens Club, Council of Foreign Affairs and secretary of the French Club. Industrious "Dotty" is also a very pretty miss with blue-green eyes and light brown hair. For six years Dot has practiced faithfully upon her piano and she would love to some day become an accomplished pianist. College is another of Dotty's desires about which she has not yet quite made up her mind. Besides her many extra curricular activities, horseback riding and dancing take up what little of her time is left. Dorothy's managers are Betty Muskat and Dick Schellhardt.

Joan Thompson - 11A

Pert and pretty Joan is looking forward to May twenty-fourth with fingers crossed. Worried about who'll be queen? Well, maybe, but more worried that it will rain and spoil the fun. Joan, who has energetic Rudy Bauer as her manager, has looked forward to running for queen for a long time but didn't think she'd get the chance. "Now that I am actually in the running, I'm scared stiff," she confessed. Joan is a trim five-foot-three with fluffy blond hair and green eyes. Her cute, turned-up nose is sprinkled with freckles. She has an infectious giggle which she always uses, she says, at the wrong time! Joan is a Y-Teen Friendship girl and her musical diet consists of playing the flute in the band and singing in the Junior Choir. This girl's ideal summer could be spent lazily swimming and sunning on some nice beach. College, but where, she wonders, beckons Joan after her high school days are over.

Radio-Movies

By BOB OBOJSKI

Dial Doings: Vic Damone, twenty-year-old mutual song star, now finds that the hobby he has practiced for several years to develop his lung-power has made him a Brooklyn nominee for the U. S. Olympic team's handball squad. A couple of years ago,

Vic found that a good, fast game of handball helped him greatly in sustaining those long eight-beat notes.

Two of radio's newest comedy stars, Donald O'Connor of the CBS "Ginny Simms Show" and Peter Lind Hayes of CBS's "Dina Shore Show" get together in the Universal film, "Are You With It?"

Along Rhodeswaves: Helen Kelly continues as chief homeroom announcer, with the assistance of Kathleen Kaul, June Rahlfs, Gilbert Cook, Mary Ann West, Jack Smith, Joan Hassel, and Justine Cheselka.

Radio production class is preparing to give the drama "Submerged," the story of dangers on a submarine, in the near future. All teachers who wish their classes to hear the program may place a request.

Backstage Briefs: Dana Andrews, who portrays a blind pianist in "Memory of Love," has never played a note of music in his life. Max Rabinowitch, noted pianist who taught him the proper fingering for the 15 numbers he plays in the picture says, however, that after Dana's three months of study no musician would believe the star can't play the piano.

Jay Jostyn, radio's "Mr. District Attorney," in his first film role, portrays—you guessed it—a district attorney in "Kiss of Death" with Brian Donlevy and Victor Mature.

Fred Mac Murray, who will be called upon to dig coal in "The Miracle of the Bells," is no longer surprised at the weird things his screen roles demand of him. He played hopscotch in "Hands Across the Table," changed a baby's diaper in "The Lady Is Willing" and did an old-fashioned folk dance in "Suddenly Its Spring" to mention a few.

Coming Movies

The Kid From Brooklyn (color)

Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo
May 22-May 29

Danny Kaye portraying a milkman, suddenly turns to a career of prize fighting and ends up with an inflated ego. But don't worry, Danny calms down.

Smoky (color)

Fred MacMurray, Ann Baxter
June 2-June 6

The exciting story of a man's love for a cow horse and the sorrows he experiences as the horse is stolen, sold to a circus, and given to a junkman.

Club Capers

Joint Picnic of Language Clubs

Today the Latin, German, and French Clubs will hold a picnic at Snow Road at 3:30.

Honor Society

As guests of the Honor Society, the pupils on the Honor Roll attended an assembly Thursday. The Latin Club presented a skit which was directed by Delores Pauloske.

Annual Latin Club Picnic

The annual picnic of the Latin Club will be held May 27 at Snow Road. This picnic will be for the initiation of the new Latin Club members.

Another Picnic

Citizens Club picnic is to be held Monday, June 9.

Constitution Adopted

Bob Krieger and Jack Heidoloff framed the Nature Club constitution at the last meeting.

New Leaders

The Girls' Leaders elected new members last Tuesday. The six girls chosen were Lois Keppler, Barbara Renker, Pat Martynowski, Jo Ann Oper, Carole Schimkola, and Marilyn Nass.

Rain Daunts Picnic

The usual picnic weather, rain, was present at the French Club picnic May 13, at Snow Road. Only 17 attended, but had a good time despite the weather.

Another Battle Won

The playground buzzed like a bee-hive as I approached. Children tossing baseballs and flying kites reminded me of my own childhood, but those days were gone forever for me. A fellow with an artificial leg can't play much baseball.

A few of the young boys recognized me and stopped their ball game to come over and talk to me. Johnny Owens, the redhead from down the street, was one of them. He shouted as he ran to meet me. "Hey, Ray, when did you get home?"

"Hello, Johnny, how have you been?" "Swell, Ray," Johnny's blue eyes sparkled. "Boy, you sure look good in that uniform. When did you get home?"

"Last week. Say, that's some mighty fine baseball you play. Who's been teaching you? You're almost professional."

"Oh," Johnny hesitated a little, "it's Pat. He's a vet that's been teaching us this summer. He knows all about baseball and sports. He's a good guy. Come on, I'll see if I can find him."

I was a little slow to follow Johnny. What would I look like standing on my crutches next to a strong vet who teaches the kids to play

baseball. Johnny was so enthusiastic though, so I followed him.

"Say, Johnny, who is this Pat fellow?"

"Oh, he's a young guy, about your age. Been with us all summer. He was gonna be a gym instructor before he joined the army. He sure did a lot for us."

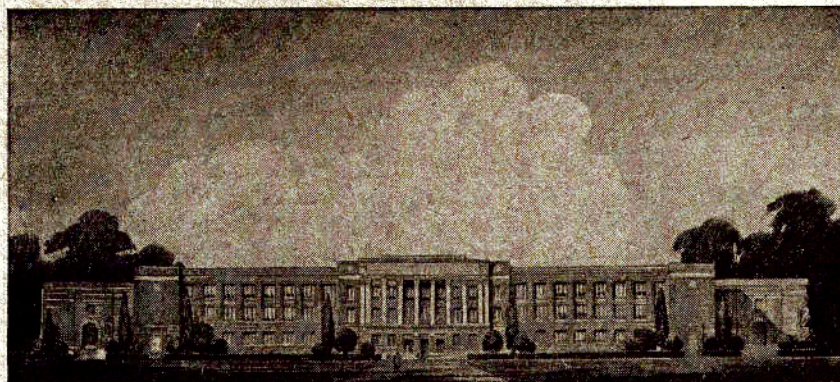
Johnny's freckled face glowed as he spoke of Pat, and I realized how much he thought of this man. I remembered how I had planned to help the kids on the playground the summer I left. Now what could I do but sit and watch them.

We walked around the back of the school building where there were some boys playing

mibs. "There's Pat." Johnny pointed to a young fellow with blond hair and blue eyes. But it wasn't his eyes that surprised me. I stopped in my tracks when I saw Pat, for instead of the tall, husky fellow I had expected to see, there was a young man in a wheel chair.

Johnny saw I had hesitated and turned to look at me. He must have noticed my surprise for he said, "Oh, I forgot to tell you. Pat lost both his legs in the war, but that doesn't stop him. He's the best instructor we ever had."

Betty Logelin



Writers Workshop

Wednesday, May 21, 1947

Page Three

From Adam to Atom

Nellie swung viciously at an overhanging branch and stamped off, swinging her club. Just why couldn't her dad go out and kill another saber-tooth lion? The exercise would do him good, too, for he was getting middle-age spread. You'd think they were back in the year 2000 B.C. instead of in 47 B.C.

"I just have to have a new dress," Nellie murmured. After all, Nancy Neanderthal, who lived two caves down the mountain, was getting a new leopard dress for the big event the next week.

Nancy's father loved her, Nellie pondered to herself; he got her a dress whenever she asked for it. Nancy had a boyfriend, too. Charles Cromagnon. Charlie was so manly. Why, he hit Nancy over the head only three times when he disagreed with her. And Charlie's brother, Willie; he was always admiring Nancy.

Nellie just had to get a dress for the dinosaur hunt next week. Maybe Willie would notice her then. But how on earth would she get a new dress? That was the question. Her father's words came back to her, "If you want a new dress, go out and get one. You're old enough to do things without your parents' help."

"I'll show him," Nellie muttered, and she swung her club once again, this time into a clump of bushes nearby. A sudden roar of pain greeted her action; and then she saw it! A sabertooth lion lay on the ground beneath the bushes.

Frightened, she continued to swing her club, again and again. Feeling a burning sensation, she looked down. Blood was pouring from her left leg where the lion had clawed her in an effort to protect himself!

Breathless, she stopped swinging at last, to regain her strength. But Nellie saw that the lion was quite dead. Disregarding her leg,

she seized the lion by his tail and dragged it up the mountain. "Well," she panted under her load, "I guess I showed Dad and Nancy, too." Perhaps now, Charlie's brother, Willie, would notice her at the hunt when she wore her lion-skin dress.

"Nellie," her father roared, as he saw her come into view. "You didn't have to take me so literally when I told you to get the lion yourself."

"Nellie, what happened to your leg?" her mother anxiously asked. "Here, let me fix it for you."

"Mother, do you think Willie will notice me now with this new dress? He always seems to admire Nancy so much with her clothes and everything."

"My foolish little girl," her mother said shaking her head, "how often have I told you it isn't the clothes you have, it's the way you wear them."

"But—"
"Now let me finish what I was saying. Willie was here while you were out and asked the permission of your father and me to take you on the hunt."

"Mother, he didn't?"
"Yes, he did, and, furthermore, he remarked that the one thing he especially liked about you is that you aren't spoiled like Nancy Neanderthal, who has so many clothes that she doesn't know what to wear."

Nellie sighed. "You can't win. Men are so unpredictable. And, by the way, Mother, you can have the lion skin. I think I'll just wear that leopard-skin dress that I wore last year."

"That, my dear, will remain the same throughout the years," her mother laughed. "Men are indeed the most unpredictable and puzzling creatures on the earth."

"We're kind of fun to have around, though, aren't we?" her father teased.

"Definitely," the two women answered.

Margaret Kadar

Cupid Comes to Dinner

As five-year-old Tommy Denton peddled down the street on his tricycle, he noticed two girls jumping rope, Shirley, his next-door neighbor, and Jean, her girl friend.

Girls, he thought disgustedly. Why didn't he like them, he wondered. It must be their funny-looking, long hair.

"Hi, Tommy," cried both girls.

"Hi," he returned boredly. He intended to ride on but upon reaching the spot where the girls were standing Tommy stopped, for he had noticed that Shirley's hair was really very nice, the way it hung in soft, blonde curls. What a cute, small nose she had and what soft blue eyes. "Fer gosh sakes," Tommy said to himself, "why is my heart beatin' so fast, and what's it doin' in my throat? Maybe I'm sick."

The girls giggled with delight because Tommy had stopped to talk to them, for he rarely did. They complimented him on how shiny he kept his bike. Shirley was especially excited because she liked Tommy, although she had never told anyone.

"Where's Danny?" asked Tommy.

"He went with Daddy to take something over to Grandma's," fluttered Shirley.

Tommy knew that Danny wasn't home but he didn't want Shirley to think that he had stopped just to talk to her. In fact, he was trying to convince himself that her shiny curls hadn't stopped him.

"Because Danny won't be home," Shirley started hesitantly, "my mom said that I can ask a friend over for lunch. Would you like to come?" she asked, looking directly at Tommy.

"Sure," he agreed enthusiastically. "You wait here. I'll go home and ask my mom."

As Tommy peddled wildly home he didn't notice a small figure darting along beside him. Yes, it was Dan Cupid Jr. minus two tiny darts.

Richard Staube

Jesse Pike

"Goldern youse guys anyway," are the familiar words of Jesse Pike, seventeen-year-old high-school friend of mine, whenever his ambitions to be a farmer are laughed at by his friends. Jesse is a good-natured fellow, all six feet two inches of him, and he always takes his many ribbings in stride.

In brilliant displays of good old-fashioned hick oratory, he always tells us how important the farmer is.

"You can take away the bankers, businessmen, factory workers, and most any other kind o' worker and you kin still git along purty good, but take the farmer away and you'll see where ya land up. Farmers are the backbone of the country, and without 'em things would be purty goldern bad. I ain't got much schoolin' left to go, and when I gits out, I aims to grow m' own crop. The stuff that you guys will be eatin'."

Then somebody bursts out with a loud "moo," and Jesse exclaims good naturedly, "I'd cuff ya one if I wasn't sech a gentile agriculturalist."

Jesse reminds one of a typical farmer. He always wears dungarees, a red and black flannel shirt, and scuffed, dusty shoes. "How can you stand going around in such a messy outfit?" I ask him.

"Because I feels better thatta way; I'm no city slicker, and I ain't goin' to wear gaudy and purty clothes."

Jesse is none too brilliant in his studies, maybe because he's always dreaming of the soil and the fresh, clean, country air; but he does have a lot of horse sense and one of these days Jesse's going to realize his ambition of having a farm of his own.

Robert Obojski

Dormant Decision

Write, young author, take that pen,
Cast off sleep to write again.

Write an essay on a bud,
Or a song of kindly lives.

Spill the hatred in your blood,
Pens may be avenging knives.

Write of wrath and savage lore,
You can make a reader cry.

Write a thought to make souls soar,
Lift their rapture to the sky.

Write, young author, rise again,
Close beside you rests a pen.

Norella Lee Jedlick

Yesterday and Today

Recently I visited a part of the city I had seen before—a Negro district. As we drove down East 55th Street, I don't know exactly what my first impression was, but I think it was one of mingled enlightenment, surprise, and awe.

It seemed I was going through a city, long dead. All of the dwellings were age-old houses, built in the 1800's. Not one looked as if it had received a painting more recently than twenty years ago. They were all covered with the dirt and grime that hovers over the district day and night—the smoke from the nearby factories. Everything looked filthy; the sidewalks, the one-time lawns, and even the sign posts were covered thickly with dirt.

I realized that even a very careful person could not possibly keep clean here, where the very air was filled with smoke, and where children had to play on the dirty sidewalks, their only playground in this crowded neighborhood.

But under this ugly covering, I could still see traces, in my mind, of the beauty that this street had enjoyed in a bygone day. A large, very run-down old home shed its dirt before my eyes, regained its lost and lopsided shutters, took on a shiny clean look, and became the mansion of a wealthy banker.

I thrilled at the sight of a large, broken-down house with stately pillars, and I pictured it as a beautiful white colonial mansion, as lovely as sometime it must have been.

But, enough of this day dreaming. The houses are far from beautiful now. They are ugly. These are the homes of our Negroes—in a district abandoned by the white populace. Is it necessary for humans to live in such conditions in a country like the United States—in a prosperous city like Cleveland? Here is a problem in brotherhood for every Clevelander.

Dolores Friedle

"Make Me a Child Again"

Playgrounds tinkle with children's delight,
Gay, colored dresses gladden the sight.
Tiny feet scuff castled sand,
Puppy-loves skip hand in hand,
Hearts sing merry, bright, and gay,
Sun smiles on the new-born day.
Squeaking swings ride the sky,
Careening balls sail on high.
Gladdened hearts know no fear,
They play from dawn 'till dusk draws near.

Would that I again might be
As carefree as the child I see,
Lighting playground with laughter gay,
Swinging on the new-born day.
Ah, that someone, too, might give—
That grownups all might start to live—
A playground decked with everything
From basketballs to a rocking swing
Just for grownups to enjoy

Tom and Me

On the eleventh day of February in the year nineteen hundred and forty-seven, a pile of ancient postage stamps was discovered tucked into a corner of Thomas Edison's old workshop. The backs of these stamps bore a queer, minute writing, similar to none other ever before seen. After a critical analysis by many of our most eminent masters of hieroglyphics, the pages were believed to be the remnants of a diary. The diary of a—firefly!!

Incredible as it may seem, this belief has stood up under constant examination by many noted professors, each at the top of his profession.

In the following pages I have endeavored to bring to you a few of the surprising facts which this strange manuscript has revealed.

June 3, 1877—I turned around to look for Mom tonight and saw, to my surprise, that I had a blinker like everybody else. I sez to myself, sez I, "One of these days I'll have to tell one of them stupid humans how to invent lights too."

January 1, 1878—I got home at 3 a.m. and was I lit up!!

October 15, 1879—Well, I was flyin' over to Mabel's tonight when all of a sudden I found myself in a jar with two bulgin' blue eyes starin' eagerly at me.

"Hi, Bub," I says, nodding my head nonchalantly, "whatcha think I am, a guinea pig or somethin'?"

"Wh, why I thought for a moment that this little firefly talked. I suppose I'd better get some sleep, after all," says this queer lookin' duck.

"Hey, where do ya get that 'little' stuff? Why I'm the biggest and strongest firefly at good old Blink High. I'll have you know that I'm even out for wrestlin'. In my last match, I pinned my firefly in three blinks flat!"

"My, that is somethin'," the guy raved. After this brilliant quip, he carried me into a small room, all cluttered up with tubes and wire and all sorta junk.

"Hey, how about lettin' me out of this thing? I got a date, and she's mighty fussy about bein' kept waitin'."

"After while, after while, my little—oops—my big firefly."

"That's better. But hurry up. Say, what should I call you?"

"I suppose Tom will do. My whole name is Thomas Alva Edison."

"What a moniker!" I says, thinkin' over my own label, Flicker Finnegan.

The last thing I remember was dozin' off with this Tom guy's eyes still glued on me.

October 16, 1879—Well, I woke up around seven this morning. I suppose I might as well stay here from now on. It's about the safest place I can think of, what with Mabel steamin' like she probably is.

Tom's still fooling around with those wires and junk. I suppose I might as well do my good deed for the day and help him out.

October 21, 1879—I just finished makin' the light bulb. Tom took it to get it patented. I says to myself, says I, "Flicker, why take what little glory Tom might receive for this small thing you did for him?"

October 22, 1879—Well, today I said goodbye to Tom and winged me way out the window. As I left, I noticed a small tear in Tom's eye—I wonder if he noticed one in mine.

Just about seven feet from the window, I turned and yelled, "I'll be back, Tom, I'll be back. I've still got some ideas on blinkin' out messages."

Charles Neuendorf

And make a man like a little boy,
Knowing no battles, fear, or dread,
Knowing no red, bullet-holed dead.
Then would all wars vanish away,
Then would my wish light a brighter day.

June Rahlfis

The Long Way Home

The ancient, yellow streetcar clattered down the congested Pittsburgh thoroughfare, emitting numerous clattering and banging noises especially harrowing to the weary occupants, who either sat on uncomfortable wicker seats or clung with tired desperation to worn leather straps, nearly losing their balance when the car jolted to a stop.

"Gee, this car is sure stuffy and the way it jerks!" slack-clad Mamie Murphy exclaimed to no one in particular. Hanging to a strap, she swayed precariously. "Sure wish I could sit down." Just then the car jerked again and Mamie almost lost her balance. She glanced down ruefully at her battered pumps with their wobbly heels. "Almost lost my heel," she muttered. "Boy, this streetcar is sure goin' slow for all the movements it's making. I got to go home and cook Ma's supper. Gee, I sure wish Ma was well enough to get out of bed. It's sorta hard, working all day in a factory and then comin' home and cookin' meals, but I guess Ma wouldn't know what to do without me. Poor Ma!" Mamie sighed as she peered out of the steamy window at the cold darkness outside.

Joe Brownell sighed as he put down the Evening Chronicle. He tried to adjust his body to a more comfortable position but it was impossible to perform this feat without disturbing the heavy-set women seated next to him.

Joe stared out of the window at the wet March evening. The snow fell melting on the pavement making a smooth, wet surface that reflected the garish, vari-colored lights of automobiles and advertisements.

Buy "Wrigley's Gum" an extra large sign advised, and a red and green sign advertising "Sam's Cafe" became a hazy blur on the pavement.

Closing his eyes on the familiar scene, Joe thought of his wife and daughter and of his pleasant home in the suburbs where the snow fell softly, and the grating roar of the traffic would disappear. Soon now, Joe thought, soon I'll be home.

Disregarding the disapproving glances of the elderly woman seated next to her, Lefty snapped her gum. Extracting an overgrown compact, she applied another coat of "Floress" lipstick. She smiled content with her appearance. Her lipstick was the new kind that none in the dark and there was a sequin-studded flower perched in her pompadour. With a challenging glance at the older woman, she cracked her gum again and snapped her fingers impatiently.

Tonight she had a date with Bob. They

So This Is Peace

World War II is over now, and this is the so-called "peace" era. When we think of peace, lovely and high-sounding words come to our minds:

"The ravaging turmoil of war has given way to peace. The guns of battle sound no more. Silent, white crosses hace taken their place. And they have their own stories—untold."

These are expressive words, indeed, and their purpose is to describe peace. Peace! Yet many people over the world question the word. The shivering Britisher huddles by his stove and thinks, "Peace. What is peace while I must freeze."

And a Polish farmer stands in thought, "Peace at last? Maybe. Maybe things will be better now that Germany has been beaten." And then he gazes with blank eyes over his ravaged soil.

All over the world, people are sick, cold, hungry. Their homes and lands are a shambles. It's not easy for these people to appreciate this something called "peace." Even in America there is chaos—strikes, a housing shortage, political quarrels.

Peace? A mother gazes at her dead son's picture and sadly shakes her head. Is this the peace her son died for? Is this what he has given his youth and the gaiety of life for? This snarling, torn world where one country grabs for another? Where peace treaties reach blank endings?

How can there be peace, when over a tired world the atom bomb hangs like the sword of Damocles?

Everywhere people wonder and everywhere they remark bitterly, "So this is peace!"

Carol Danchuk

were going to see "The Warden's Revenge," starring George Raft. George Raft was her favorite actor; he was so manly. Lefty adored the way he talked out of the corner of his mouth, but Bob was so "uncooperative" about things like that.

Mrs. Higgins wiped the chocolate off Sally Belle's face. "Mommy, I'm tired," Sally Belle whined, "and I don't like this streetcar. It smells."

"Sally Belle, be quiet," her mother chided. "We'll be home soon, and then you may play with your new dolly."

Mrs. Higgins sighed. It seemed as if they would never reach home. This was the last time she would go down town on the streetcar, especially with Sally Belle. She glanced at her daughter. With her finger Sally Belle was unconcernedly tracing pictures on the steamy window pane.

How nice it would be to be a child again, Mrs. Higgins reflected. Children always have someone to depend on. They don't have to worry. Mrs. Higgins hadn't had to worry either when her husband was alive. But he had been killed in the war and alone she found it hard to support a child.

Old Mr. Stimson clung to a strap. Though he appeared to be staring at the littered floor, he was really in deep thought. For nearly forty years he had ridden this line. Mr. Stimson could remember the day when the streetcars were drawn by horses and clean white houses stood in place of gray business places and shabby homes, blackened by the dust from nearby factories. Strange that the white houses and horse-drawn cars seemed more real than the rattling yellow streetcar. Come to think of it, nothing seemed very real tonight. He looked through the window. All the people and the bustling traffic seemed alien and far removed from him.

As Mr. Stimson watched the occupants of the car, he felt anticipation in his aged bones. Maybe he was going to die. He sighed, unalarmed by this feeling. It was about time; he couldn't live forever. His days were over, he reflected, as he watched the painted young girl apply a fresh coat of lipstick.

The ambulance came to an abrupt stop beside the smashed streetcar. White-coated doctors contrasted strangely with the grimy Pittsburgh streets. Policemen warded off the curious onlookers and mingled cries of horror and exclamation added to the confusion.

"Aw, look, Mary, her face is all bloody!" "Hey, look at that old man on the stretcher over there." "What happened?" "Don't you know? A truck ran into that old streetcar over there. There's the driver talking to that policeman. You'd think the city would do something about old streetcars like that. A crime, that's what I call it."

Barbara Ann Beckman

With Freedom for All

MACON, GA.—All Negroes who are properly registered will be permitted to vote in the municipal primary here which was set for June 20 by the city executive committee.

The executive committee voted to strike the word "white" from the heading, City White Primary.

Alex climbed down the ladder, lowered his basket of peaches to the ground, and then stood for a moment watching an airplane buzz overhead. He removed his battered straw hat and with a large red handkerchief wiped the sweat from his forehead. Replacing the hat, he picked up his basket and walked quickly to the huge truck where bushels of peaches were being loaded for the cannery. After setting his basket with the others, he walked to a nearby tree and from a clump of high grass pulled out a tan lunch bag. Alex usually ate with the other pickers, but today he had no desire for their companionship, so he slipped through the trees unnoticed to the bank of a creek not far away.

He spread himself upon the grassy bank, thankful for his solitude in the beauty that surrounded him. From his lunch bag he pulled a thick sandwich, his black hands contrasting sharply with the snowy white bread. As he sat eating, a gay blackbird perched upon a branch not far away and chirped a song to the sun. A broad smile slipped across Alex's face, and his large white teeth sparkled in the black of his face.

"It's a great land," thought Alex. "Ah, great indeed, if only one could be free. Yes, this land is America, where everyone is free, where the people run the government; but this

Gangplank Going Up

The honk of horns, the squealing of brakes, the slam of car doors, the chatter of excited people, the shuffle of hurrying feet—all these sounds are continuous, as baggage-laden people crowd into the D & C waiting room and offices near the East Ninth Street Pier.

Walnut-brown benches are little help in caring for the usual capacity crowds that fill this somewhat age-worn building. The barred ticket window is the center of attraction, as purchasers line up to book passage on one of the ships running between our lake front and the other berth on the Detroit River.

With fifteen minutes to go, gates are opened, gangplank lowered, and people are free to board the ship, their floating home for the next few hours. Slowly, benches grow bare as passengers file aboard. The usual crowds around confectionery and souvenir counters begin to dwindle down to a few solitary people. Business also drops off at the little coffee shop, leaving only late arrivals to gulp down their coffee.

Suddenly the loud speaker issues its five-minute warning. Nervous ticket-buyers fidget with money as they wait impatiently to pay their fare. Last-minute arrivals rush for the ship as the boat's mournful whistle announces "All Aboard."

Carrying the latest weather reports and sailing information, the captain hurries from the steamship office in the rear onto his vessel. Behind him, the gate closes and some of the lines are cast off, while the ship, waiting a few extra seconds to be sure all going are safely on board, slowly builds up steam.

At last the gangplank is hauled in, the ship slips its moorings and, with a few parting whistles, treads water on its way to the open sea.

The weather-beaten, time-worn, brick building now is strangely quiet. The ticket agent is busy straightening out his accounts, and the confectionery man settles down for a long day. The rattle of dishes being washed, the slop of cleaning women's mops, and the slush of water against the pier are the only sounds heard.

Here and there, a cast-off newspaper or crushed sailing-advertisement is a reminder of the hubbub that has just passed.

Clarence Krupp

Stars

As silently as bated breath,
Sweet Daylight tiptoes up the stairs
To kneel beside a bed of clouds
And softly say her gentle prayers.

Beneath dark coverlets she slips,
Her dreams are tender ones at night.
With every dream she weaves, her room
Is full of golden wisps of light.

Norella Lee Jedlick

Remorse

"Did you ever
In December
Burn limber lumber
To an amber ember?"

"No, I've never
In December
Burnt limber lumber
To an amber ember.

"But if I ever,
Since I'm clever,
Burn limber lumber
To a silver cinder,

Then I'll cry
And wonder why
I burnt the trees
And made them die."

Ken Buser

Thanks for the Memory

This will be the last time I'll see Cleveland's Public Square for a long time, Sue thought as she gazed around her. Somehow she would miss the blinking lights of news flashed out on Marshall's billboard, and beyond it, the sedate college buildings, coated by age's memories and dirt.

Beyond the misty smog of the Cuyahoga River valley industries, the stately steeples of Old Stone Church rose amidst towering civic buildings. She would miss the "Hup, Two, Three, Four," of recruits being marched across the square from the Old U. S. Post Office. On no other square would she see such an array of stores lining the avenues. Even the ugly Soldiers and Sailors Monument, now gleaming from its sand cleaning, looked good to her, along with the dirt-caked statue of Moses Cleaveland, founder of her fair city, standing peacefully in the morning sun. She smiled at the fat busses and streetcars, crawling around the square like yellow bugs on a crossword puzzle.

Then she watched the people on the square. Sue remembered how when she was little she had felt so small among all the bustling, cranky workers. Then she, too, had become one of them, hurrying to catch the 5:35 home, hoping, pushing for a seat. She laughed to herself at the thought of girls, holding onto their hats with one hand and their skirts down with the other, dashing on high-heel tiptoe across the crowded square, only to arrive panting right after the streetcar had left. There were gray-ing matrons, overlaid by bulky packages, bustling by; pigtailed Pollies, skipping across the grass-threaded square where bead-eyed pigeons waddled majestically back and forth; and the dirty old pigeon-man, with his cart of peanuts and chestnuts, talking to the pigeons sitting on his shoulder as he fed them. There were Jean-agers in ridiculous costumes of initiates, models with Park avenue furs, spit-spating old men, Indian-cowboy tykes, slack-slinking young women, and brisk, blue-suited business men with their impressive-looking briefcases.

This scene could happen only on Cleveland's Public Square, Sue thought, as she turned around for her last look at the Square. Her eye was caught by the blinking lights of "TOMORROW" racing across Marshall's sign. "TOMORROW THE WEATHER WILL BE—" Sue didn't care what the weather would be tomorrow, for, as she picked up her bags to go down to the train, she knew that no matter how many tomorrows it would take her to return, the dear old Square would still be waiting for her lost little chick to come home to the brood.

June Rahlfs

The Coward

As lonely as a shrill-voiced loon,
A girl is living on the moon,
Within a crater's eerie gloom.
And, self-imprisoned in that tomb,

She sobs; no tears pour from her eyes,
Where craven fear so starkly lies.
Her hands are cold and pasty-white,
They've never known a ray of light.

On that far sphere she lives alone,
Her heart and mind walled in by stone.
She has no plans, no aims, no goal,
And yet, she's sister to my soul.

Norella Lee Jedlick

Carol Anthony

Dedicate Meet to Rowe on Silver Anniversary

As one of his last acts before leaving Rhodes, Seedhouse Enterprises Inc. will present another gala district track meet which has become the highlight of every spring track season.

It has been the custom in the past to dedicate each meet to some important Cleveland track figure. Last year's billing starred Charley Riley, former Fairmount track mentor, and featured Jesse Owens, his star pupil and U. S. three-event Olympic champion. The '45 meet was dedicated to George D. Corneal, last track coach at Lakewood and inaugurated the George D. Corneal Mile Relay

Sidelining With Sudyk

By JAMES SUDYK

Trophy, which Ram winners have annexed in the two seasons it has been offered.

This year's meeting will be no exception. The May 24 qualifier will be dedicated to Floyd A. Rowe now in his 25th year as head of the district meets in the Cleveland area. Since 1922 when Mr. Rowe officially took over Cleveland high school track, it has progressed to a point where only the Los Angeles, Califor-

nia, district holds more school track records than our own Cleveland area. Such stars as Owens, Harrison Dillard, favorite to cop the '48 Olympic hurdle title, and Davy Albritton, high jump king, have given Cleveland national recognition as one of the nation's top track areas.

In addition Mr. Rowe, dedicating the event to the annual crowning of the queens, the meet will feature an address by George Rich, former

Shaker High football captain, University of Michigan pigskin field leader, and Coach at Denison University. At present he is a Cleveland attorney.

Also on the speakers' docket for May 24 is James A. Lee, olympic boxing head who will present to Mr. Rowe a plaque in commendation of his quarter of a century of service.

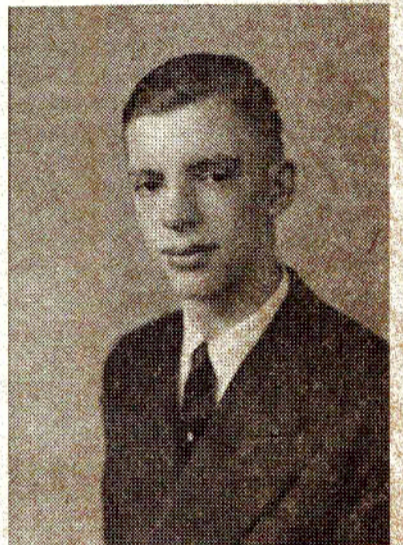
The plaque was written by Mr. Hartzell, English teacher, and reads as follows: "To Floyd A. Rowe in recognition of twenty-five years of service in the promotion of track athletics in Northeastern Ohio. Through his inspiring idealism track has risen to the position of the leading spring sport. Exceptional records give evidence of its excellence."

Roger Aschmeyer Track 'R' Man; To Attend Purdue

By BILL GREEN

The first thing Roger Aschmeyer remembers about his high school life was not being able to participate in any athletics due to a cracked shin bone. Entering the tenth grade, with his leg healed, Roger took up track, working dilligently in his junior year to receive his first track letter. Rog's junior year was a busy one. He entered the Boys' Leaders' Club, the Citizens Club, and the National Honor Society, of which he is now president.

In answer to the question "what was your biggest thrill in high school?" Rog thought a moment and then claimed that running in last week's meet at Baldwin-Wallace gave him his biggest high school thrill. He especially liked running the 880-yard relay in addition to participating in



Roger Aschmeyer

the 100 and 220-yard dashes and the 440-yard relay.

One ambition, that of being the track team captain, was achieved by Rog, but his big hope of running in the state meet fell short when he failed to qualify. He hopes to right this wrong Saturday.

Rog's future is somewhat cut out for him now that his application, which he sent to Purdue University has been accepted. He will major there in engineering in addition to keeping pace with the track team.

Tennis Squad Drops Second

Rhodes netmen dropped their second straight match to East Tech to the tune of 5-0, last Thursday, at Jefferson Park. This was the second 5-0 whitewash absorbed by the Blue and White racquetees. The initial loss came at the hands of the Wild-

Ram Cindermen Snare Initial Outdoor Win; Take 10 Firsts to Score Decisive Upset

By MIKE KRAYNAK

Last Friday on the home track the Ram cindermen scored a startling and decisive upset victory over a highly-touted John Marshall squad. For the Holdenmen this was the first victory of the outdoor season and restored a lot of confidence which the locals have lost in these past few events. With everyone expecting a tight meet the Blue and White took an early lead, grabbed off 10 of the 14 first places, to run away with the meet, 79 to 39.

Rhodes Jayvee squad also triumphed but by a slim 61½ to 59½ margin.

"Booby" Schmidt started the ball rolling with a first in the high hurdles. In the next event, the 100-yard dash, the locals took a clean sweep of all three places as Co-captain Roger

Aschmeyer, Jack Rohrbach, and Clarence Strung hit the top in one, two, three order. Schellhardt then virtually walked away with the mile run as he toured the four laps in 4 minutes 43.5 seconds. The 880 relay team of Aschmeyer, Schmidt, Strung, and Rohrbach took another first place. Chuck Castle and Rol Meyer finished second and third in the 440-yard dash and then "Booby" Schmidt captured the low hurdles.

The only event in which the Rams failed to score was the 880-yard run. Marshall took a clean sweep of all three places, but Aschmeyer, Strung, and String came right back to do the same thing in the 220-yard dash.

In the field events Rohrbach, Strung, and Rearick finished in that

order in the broad jump; Armstrong and Lucas took first and second in the high jump, Armstrong leaped six feet to turn the trick; and Stibora and Chiletz took first and second in the shot put.

Ray Rocco placed second in the pole vault and Chiletz and Stibora nailed a second and third for the Rams in the discus throw.

Winding up the meet with a victory was the mile relay quartet, Banks, Holzman, Velotta, and Castle.

For the Jayvees the following took firsts: Leyerle, high hurdles; Herman, low hurdles; Roll, shot put; Carter, discus; the mile relay (Ondo, Young, Blaha, Herman); and Lilly and Young tied in the high jump. Second places were taken by Blaha in the 440; Leyerle, low hurdles; Putich, 220; Kraynak, half mile; Hegge, shot put; Keppler, broad jump; Rocco, pole vault; and Roll in the discus.

On May 10 the Rams competed in the East Tech Relays at Baldwin-Wallace but managed to score only six points. These were scored by the 440-relay team (Banks, Roth, String, Aschmeyer), the shuttle hurdle squad (Herman, Velotta, Schmidt, Armstrong), and a third in the high jump, with Chuck Lucas scoring.

Rhodes High School '47 Football Schedule

- Sept. 12 -----at Newark*
 - Sept. 20 -----at Lakewood
 - Sept. 26 -----at West Tech*
 - Oct. 4 -----Lincoln-W. T.*
 - Oct. 10 -----West-W. T.*
 - Oct. 25 -----Marshall
 - Nov. 1 -----Ignatius-W. T.*
 - Nov. 8 -----South
 - Nov. 14 -----Holy Name-Adams
- *Night games.

cats from Ignatius on the Saints' home courts.

The first team which competed in both matches are: first singles, Jim Sudyk; second singles, Ed Carter; and third singles, Joel Bahner. The first doubles were made up of Jack Rohrbach and Dick Dunn, and Ken Buser and Roy Bugay comprised the second doubles.

The squad had a match scheduled with Collinwood at Woodhill Park, but results were not available in time for this edition.

(Third Page Rhodeo)

And how many callouses did you get from rolling Cho-Cho's!

27 Vets of '46 Season to Return; Moran Draws Plan for Coming Year

By JACK SMITH

Although local conversation is primarily about Bob Feller and other phases of the baseball sport, in room 222 a Mr. Moran is deeply engrossed in diagrams, plays, and plans for the coming autumnal sport. On the desk in front of our grid mentor is a little card bearing the title, "Rhodes High School Football Schedule, 1947." On closer observation the names Newark and Lakewood become discernible, heading the list of opposition for our

ball program. For the information of the uninformed, Newark on a schedule means competition with a capital "C". This little institution, with what has been frequently tabbed the state's most outstanding football machine, has won two state championships and boasts a seven-year record of fifty-seven wins against thirteen losses with expectations for the coming season way above average, according to the down state coaches interviewed. The potentialities of Lakewood, whose eleven's have dominated the Lake Erie League for the past five years, need no publicity as all grid enthusiasts in this area know.

With all this impending trouble, Coach Moran still manifests a confident air and refuses to admit that the newly scheduled game will jeopardize our chances for an undefeated season. Possibly his optimism is based upon the fact that he will have a strong nucleus of twenty-seven veterans from last year's squad with which to reorganize.

The "46" backfield will be intact with one exception, Jack Rohrbach graduates and his position is being bid for by five experienced hopefuls, two of them lettermen. Even though not as bright, the line situation is far from bleak, with four former starters and six substitute linemen returning.

Localites can look forward to some of the most exciting pre-winter contests Rhode's fans have ever witnessed, for, in addition to facing new opponents, there will also be flashy new uniforms and four games played after dusk under West Tech's newly installed lights.

Frosh Lose to Latin in Meet

Placing only two firsts the Rhodes Freshmen lost their first triangular meet to the highly touted Latin Lions. The final tally shows that Latin had 41 points to 37 for the local frosh. John Marshall placed last, gathering only 29 markers.

The Ram's first of two blue ribbon winners came when Brainard's leap of 18 feet 11 inches topped all others in the broad jump. Boehm's time of 16.8 over the low sticks was also good for a first place.

Other point winners were Wisniewski, Steenstra, Masico, Wendt, Krieger, Sestito, and Freeman.

In their other outing of the season the Frosh triumphed over Collinwood. The squad is now preparing for the annual Freshman Senate meet coming soon.

Three Coming Meets to Climax Outdoor Season; Rams Strive for Better Showing

In a short while Rhodes will participate in three meets that will mark the climax of the outdoor track season. These three outings are the District, State, and Senate, coming on May 24, May 31, and June 7, respectively. So far this season the Rams have shown very little promise but if a few squad members live up to expectations and Co-Captain Ralph Armstrong's arm has healed sufficiently, the locals should at least improve over their past showings.

Current favorite for the district is West Tech, which finished third in the East Tech relays. Lakewood, John Marshall, and an improved West High outfit should all finish high this Saturday.

Out of the gloom of defeat came one bright spot last week. One Herman "Booby" Schmidt raced over the 220-yard dash in 23.6 seconds, best time for that event turned in by a Rhodian.

Ram mile relayers will be striving for a triumph in their event since Rhodes has won the George D. Corneal mile relay two years in a row and by winning this year can take the rotating trophy out of circulation.

Girls Inaugurate First Track Meet on Home Oval in Two Weeks

The first all-city girls track meet is to be held at Rhodes on Saturday, June 14, at 10 a. m.

Only four events are open to high school girls: these are baseball throw, 50-yard run, running broadjump, running highjump. This meet is sponsored by the A. A. U. which also is in charge of the Olympic games.

No high school girl may enter more than three events. Since we are hosts we should have a good representation. Any girls who would like to have special coaching should see Miss Stanley. Entry blanks can also be secured from her.

Volleyball games for girls are again under way in the gym. Six teams, made up of tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grade students, have signed up to play on Tuesday. They are the Kittens, Pocomocas, Phi Tuis, Chain Gang, Rinky Dinks, and Skalliwags.

The ninth grade has split into seven teams. The Eagles, Datas, Mademoiselles, Lucky Stars, Blazing Stars, Double Trouble, and Pixies will play six-minute halves with two minutes between on Thursdays after school.

One athletic stamp will be awarded for each night a girl plays, with extra stamps for the winning team.

Each team will play two games every week.

Linksmen Rained Out; Bid for First Victory

Being defeated in their two previous meets the Ram golfers were scheduled for their third match last Wednesday, but will have to wait until damp weather and soggy grounds permit.

Reviewing the two previous matches, the team lost the first match against St. Ignatius at Ridgewood by 24-8 romp in which Joe Rocco cornered the only blue and white points, while the following week, Rhodes followed John Marshall in the victory race by a 23-9 score, Bob Chilitz and Jack Bindernagel getting the Ram tallies.

The postponed match will be the third bid for the team's first victory and will be played at Ridgewood against Berea. Still composing the first string squad are Bob Chilitz, Ray Rocco, Rudy Bauer, and Joe Rocco.

Zoo Offers Rhodian Job as Snake Curator

A life time \$4,000 a year job, travel with expenses paid, and a lot of fun and adventure is an opportunity offered Chuck Strong, up and coming herpetologist. The Cleveland Zoo gave Chuck this offer as curator of snakes and he is to start work when he is 21. Chuck has been interested in snakes for about nine years. When he was six years old he saw his first snake on his uncle's animal farm.

Instead of going to school last semester he went snake hunting in Florida and California. He caught two rattlers which are now at the Cleveland Zoo.

Chuck now has 23 snakes of his own. He has only one rattler, but by next fall he hopes to have all poisonous snakes. Then he expects to milk the snakes for their poison. He will be able to get about two ounces at a time from a large rattler and sell the poison for \$5.00 an ounce. The only drawback to this business is that you can only milk a snake a few times each year.

Chuck also has a blue racer at the Cleveland Zoo which he caught near Harper.

He might be looking for a partner in this business, but only one who would handle snakes and help catch them.

Putich, Green on Top As Campaign Ends

When the smoke of battle had subsided and the fatal ballots had been tabulated, "Harry S." Putich and his vice-president Bill Green prepared to take their oaths of office while the custodian wielded brush and broom cleaning up torn banners, hand bills, and broken balloons which were the remains of a heated but otherwise friendly campaign.

The two "Bills who pay dividends" decided that their lucky number is 731 for that was the number of the ballots cast in their favor.

The new Student Council president and his assistant have many plans for their term as officers, which include a proposal for recreation during the lunch periods, the organization of a varsity "R" Club, and a Suggestion Box for Rhodes students to air their opinions.

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Turn in Your Tax Stamps for a Bigger and Better Reception Room

I am only a very tiny piece of paper, but I can certainly do a lot for you students if you will just read what I have to say. You see, I am a tax stamp and what happens to me shouldn't happen to a dog.

Everyday my kinfolk and I are treated in a very unkind manner. Early in the morning some cheerful citizen will walk into the store, glance around, and finally walk to the counter where I happen to be at the time. After this citizen has made a purchase of ten cents or more, I feel the crude hands of the clerk coming toward me, and then zip, off I come with a last farewell to my brothers and sisters who are sobbing bitterly as they realize my plight. A short time later a few more people come into the store and walking on me, without so much as an "I am sorry" they go on their way. Well I guess I am just doomed to die, for you see, after the store closes along will come the janitor, and whoops into the ash can I shall go.

As yes, it is a sad life I lead. If only you Rhodians could realize the good that I am doing now at your school. You see, it is I that is turning room 122 into the reception room and it is also I that is sending out this plea to Rhodians. When you see me lying on the floor in some huge

department store, drug store, or dime store, take pity on me and while thinking of the good I do at your school, just bend over and pick me up. Then put me away safely and remember to take me to school with you.

Enlist in the U. S. Marine Corps for either 3 or 4 years and:

1. Be eligible for the benefits of the G. I. Bill of Rights upon expiration of your enlistment by enlisting before the end of the National Emergency.
2. Take advantage of the Marine Corps special schools (Motor Transport, Communications, Ordinance, Clerical, Quartermaster, Aviation, etc) to which you may be assigned if qualified.
3. As a private, earn \$75.00 per month plus meals, quarters, clothing and medical care.
4. Retire after 20 or 30 years of service on a substantial monthly income.
5. Travel and see far off lands and people where Marines are stationed.
6. For further information write or apply to: U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Station; District Headquarters, 500 Federal Building, Cleveland, Ohio.



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Now is the time to look ahead to graduation—and your first job.

It's a wise senior who investigates telephone employment right now.

Here is a company with a deserved reputation for being a "good place to work". . . offering many interesting jobs . . . operating, stenographic, accounting and clerical . . . jobs which use your commercial training or jobs for which we train you.

Investigate at our Women's Employment Office, Room 901, 700 Prospect.

For employment news plus music, tune in "Serenade for smoothies."

WGAR Saturday 6:30 to Seven



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New Canteen Opens Doors

All the Rhodes alumni and friends are invited to join the new Canteen at the YWCA. This canteen meets every second and fourth Wednesday from 8:30 to 11:30.

Dancing to records, playing ping-pong, shuffleboard, and checkers are some of the activities of this new club. Plans for this summer include weiner roasts, picnics, swimming parties, and baseball.

Dottie Dencheick is chairman of the canteen and on her committee are Ben Kudziel, Cliff Lempl, Bill Finn, Dolores Kaul, Tom Dencheick, June Hagaden, Tom Enery, Bob Hoenig, and Mary Schimkola. Admission is twenty-five cents.

Three Students Win Shorthand Awards

For five minutes ten pens flew rapidly over sheet after sheet of shorthand paper. Of the ten, only three pens flew quickly and accurately enough, 140 words per minute. For their performance these pens merited their owners, Dolores Friedle, Velma Griffen, and Mary Ann Reta, the Gregg Shorthand Award, a new pin.

The names of the three girls will be added to the honor roll in Room 200.

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 CLASS RINGS
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 FLorida 8611

Norman C. Young
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 send them to Droze"
 FLorida 2108

Scott's Broadview Pharmacy
 FLorida 9622
 2147 Broadview Rd. at Valley Rd.
 Cleveland, Ohio

RHODEO



By JANE and JACK
 Good things come,
 Good things go,
 And then there are things
 Like Rhodeo!

Young Love
 Poor Norm Visich still looking for an informal date!

Rumbly as It . . .
 That class Richard Allen is bothered by girls' giggles on talking to him when he's trying to concentrate. (I wonder if Einstein had that problem?)

Oh You Kid!
 Then there is "Carls'" dearest brother and pal, Jack Bindernagel, Buddy, Buddy!

Mr. Anthony . . .
 Are there any eligible males (the type that breathe that is!) who are without previous engagements June 7? Send them over!
 Paid Adv. R. U. Ready.

12A Picnic Prancing
 Main comment: BRRRRR . . .

Back Seat Romeo
 Al Grunau had fun at the 12A picnic, huh Al?

Signs of Our Times
 It's reported that Chuck Lucas is running for track queen. (Well, that's what the sign in the cafeteria says.)

Dealers:
 And we hear that a "certain" group of boys are ordering platinum name cards with ruby insets. Wow!

Question of the Week??
 What the heck happened to all the buns at the 12A picnic? Hmmm

Ho Hum . . .
 My, the people in the little red car certainly were popular. Boys will be boys and girls will be girls, fun huh!

Casualties . . .
 One bruised eyelash—Mary Ann Guth.
 One slightly damaged toe—Peggy Huebner.
 One horse bite—June Mokry.
 Two many men—Martha Edwards.

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