The Rhodes Review

Volume XVI—No. 12

Wednesday, May 21, 1947

Tardiness Brings Odd Excuses

The last one, attended by the small group of Mr. Heidbreder, teacher in charge of tardiness, as the check was made this morning, said:

"I know that, but why was Mr. Heidbreder so late?"

"Well, I took a 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."

"I report to zero hour starting tomorrow. Next time."

The usual excuses for being tardy are oversleeping and missing the bus, but the occasional tales tell of heartache, the monotonous, commenced Mr. Heidbreder's call. One student, who was a few minutes late, told me he had to drive his uncle's car. Since the streets were wet. When I asked why he didn't start out earlier, he promptly replied that he didn't know it was raining.

"The clock stopped, the spark plug burnt out in my car, and we couldn't move any faster, so we were late," added Mr. Heidbreder.

"One excuse I received recently was one in my mind more than any other. A boy came in twenty minutes late and sincerely stated, 'I know you're going to ask me about my story, but I'll tell you anyway. On my way to school, I met a lady on the corner who asked the boy to go to the store for her. I told her the store was too far."

Tips for Seniors

Get Employment

A senior asked me what to do with the yarn in the attic. He said he had a lot of it, but he didn't know what to do with it. I told him to knit a sweater. He said, "But I don't know how to knit." I told him to take a knitting class. He said, "But I don't know where to find one." I told him to ask around. He said, "But I don't know anyone who knows how to knit." I told him to hire someone to knit for him. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old clothes. He said, "But I don't have any old clothes." I told him to make up some. He said, "But I don't know how to make up clothes." I told him to ask around. He said, "But I don't know anyone who can make up clothes." I told him to hire someone to make up clothes for him. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I don't have any money." I told him to sell his old yarn. He said, "But I don't have any yarn." I told him to buy some. He said, "But I donDecoration Day Program, Sunday May 24, to Dedicate Memorial Honoring Rhodians Lost in World War II

At a Decoration Day cereomny to be held in the Rhodes Auditorium on Sunday, May 24, 1947, the university's Memorial honoring Rhodians lost in World War II will be dedicated. This program will be featured by the Student Council, and the University Board of Trustees, who will present the awards to the families of the deceased. The program will include speeches, music, and a service of remembrance. The families of the deceased will be invited to attend the ceremony, and the program will be broadcast on local radio stations.

This program is sponsored by the University Alumni Association, and is being held in memory of the students and faculty members who lost their lives in World War II.

P.T.A. Presents School With Bell Phonograph

The Parent-Teacher Association of James Ford Rhodes High School presented a bell phonograph to the school on May 20, 1947. The phonograph is being used to provide music for the school's assemblies and is a valuable addition to the school's facilities.

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

"He's one of the biggest stories in the school and if he can do it so can you," said the popular student leader. "He's had an exciting year with us and he'll be missed."

"But he's not leaving the school," said the principal. "He's going to be a Rhodes Spark Plug, Leaves with School's Best Wishes, and we're happy to have him."
Radio-Movies

Radio-producer deed is preparing to give the drama "Submerged," the story of danger on a submarine in the near future. All teachers who wish to attend the program may place a request.

Another Battle Won

The playground buzzed like a bee hive as I approached. Children reading baseball, little girls baking cookies, a little boy playing marbles in the infant school, and children playing in the playground. The playground was alive with activity.

Track Queen Personalities

Helen Kelly - 11A

"Personality" was a popular song written in 1940 and has been written for this girl, because she is an outstanding competitor in the track team. Helen Kelly, the girl who makes you stop and stand, is a slender form with pink overcoat. Her long legs are adorned with long, flowing, golden locks. She is always the first one in line for the running track, and is the one who sets the pace for the others. Her swept-back hair is always neatly combed, and her smile is always bright and cheerful.

Lily Karelata - 11B

"Don't be my baby, you're pretty blue eyes..."" Lola he's my baby, you're pretty blue eyes..." This song is sung by Lily Karelata, who is a member of the track team. She is five feet five inches tall and has long, flowy hair. Her smile is always bright and cheerful.

Jane Burke - 12A

"Take a walk in the park, Jane's, bright, happy-colored hair and sparkling smile stand out in any crowd. She is a member of the popular "Bright Eyes" group, consisting of many jocks, pretty blue eyes, personality, and freshness. She is always on the go, running for track by herself, and spending her weekends with friends."
From Adam to Atom

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 lore.

Tell that the hunger in your blood, Poes may be avenging knives.

Write of wrath and savage love, You can make a readercry.

Write a thought to make souls sour, Lift their receptors to the sky.

Yesterday, from Tom and Me

The city, today, I was a part of the city that had been.
—A Negro district. As we drove down East 56th Street, I didn’t know exactly what I was seeing. The impression was, but I think it was one of mingled excitement, surprise, and awe.

In a moment I was going through a city, long road. All of the dwellings were age-old houses, built in the 1800’s. Not one looked as if it had been erected in a period of less than twenty years. They were all covered with the dirt and grime that hovered over the district and night — the smoke from the nearby factories. Everything looked dirty; the buildings, the streets, the sidewalks, and even the signs of the streets were covered thick with dirt.

I realized that even a very careful private could not possibly keep clean here, where the very air was filled with smoke, and whose slums meant to play on the dirty alleys, 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. It was a very run-down old house about its dirt before my eyes, regained its lost and jacquard shutters, took on a shiny clean look, and became the mansion of a wealthy banker.

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

But, enough of this daydreaming. 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.

Dorothy Friedle

"Make Me a Child Again"

Playgoers find with children’s delight, Gay, colored dresses gladden the sight.

Tiny feet scuff castast sand,

Puppets shift hand in hand,

Hearts sing merry, bright, and gay,

Sun smiles on the new-born day.

Falling skies ride the sky.

Carrion balls sail on high,

Glad-souled 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 someone that might start to live.

A playground decked with everything
From basketball to a rocking swing
Just for grownups to enjoy.

Robert O’brioi

Cupid Comes to Dinner

At five-year-old, Tommy Deenon, pedaled down the street on his tricycle, he noticed two girls juggling rope, Shirley, her next-door neighbor, and friend, Cups.

Girls, he thought disgustedly. Why didn’t they he like to be like boys. He thought it must be then 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. "For gosh sakes," said Tommy to himself, "why is my heart beating so fast, and what’s that 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 his hair was and how pretty he especially enjoyed because she liked Tommy, although she had never told anyone.

"Where’s Danny?" asked Tommy.

"He went with Liddy 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 to look at this, he didn’t want Shirley to think that he didn’t want Shirley to think that he didn’t want Shirley to think that he didn’t want Shirley.

"Because Danny won’t be home," Shirley started hesitantly, "my mom says that I can ask a friend 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 pedaled wildly home he didn’t notice a small figure darting alongside him.

Yes, it was Dan Cupid Jr., minuscule two tiny darts.

Richard Stasse

Tom and Me

On the eleventh day of February in the year nineteen hundred and forty-five, a pile of ancient letters was discovered tucked into a corner of Tom and Edson’s old workshop. The backs of these stamps bore a quarter, a minute writing, similar to notes over before seen. After a critical analysis by mused of our most eminent masters of hieroglyphics, the pages were believed to be the remnant of a diary. The diary of a— Freethinker!

"Hey, that’s something," the priest 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 ‘lift the veil’ of this ancient manuscript, which I believe to be the one of this strange manuscript. June 5, 1877 — I turned around to look for Maud the other day. I was ready for a job. I had seen a blonde everywhere I looked. I have to see to it that I keep my mind on the job.

"Hi, Bub," I says, nodding my head nonchalantly, "wants to tell me I am a Guinea pig or nothing is ever going to work."

"Why, I thought it was a moment that this little freethinker was about to come out after all," says this queer looking devil.

"May I ask you to tell me where do ya get that little sign? Why I’m the biggest and strangest freethinker at old good-ol’ Bunk Hill. I’ll have you know that I’m even out for something. In my last match, I pinned my freethinker in three blanks fast!"

"That’s something," the priest has said, this priest.

After this brilliantquip, he carried me into a small room, all cluttered up with cubicles and and little cards.

"Hey, how about letting me out of this thing? I got a date, and she’s mighty funny about that," I kept waiting.

"After while, after while, my little—oops—"

"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 monster!" I says, thinking’ over my own label.

"The last thing I remember was donin’ off with this Tom guy’s eyes still glared on me."

"Over the eleven of February — 1870 — 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, with what Mabel steam,” 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 by telling you this.

October 21, 1879 — Just finished makin’ the light bulb. Turned to get it patented. I got about a light bulb keep waiting.

"Think what it might be such a great thing if I could see that little glory Tom might receive for this small thing."

October 22, 1879 — Well, today I said goodbye to Tom and winged me 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 around, I yelled, “I’ll be back, Tom. I’ll be back. You’ve got some ideas on blinkin’ out messages.”

Charles Neander

And make me a little boy like a horse,

Knowing me battles, fear, or dread,

Quickly to the God... I’ve seen a lot of boys.

Then would all wars vanish away,

Then would my wish light a brighter day.

End of story.
**The Long Way Home**

The ancient, yellow streetcar clustered down the congested Pittsburgh thoroughfares, emitting a steady racket that made the ears ring. It was particularly annoying to the weary occupants, who either sat on uncomfortable wooden seats or walked up and down the aisle, struggling for some empty seat, nearly losing their balance when the car jolted at a stop. "Good morning, are you sure sturdy and the way it smells?" black-clad Mamie Murphy explained as she jostled her way to a seat. "Just remember," she smiled, "it's only a short ride from the station to the downtown office."

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

"Sally Belle, be quiet," her mother chided, "you've been seen, and then you may play with your new doll."

Mrs. Higgins sighed. "As if they would never reach their destination. This is the last time she would go down town by the streetcar, and she had left her white gloves and hat at her daughter. With her finger still trembling, she unconsciously tracing pictures on the streetcar's floor."

As how it would be to be a cold again, Mrs. Higgins reflected. "Children always have someone to sip 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."

"I've decided to adjust to a small town. Though he appeared to be starting at the dinner table, she was really deep in thought. For nearly three years, he had lived in this area. He could remember the days when the streetcar was driven by horses and clean white houses and homes drawn car seemed more real than the rattling yellow streetcar. Come again, nothing seemed to change in the town."

He looked through the window. All the people, the buildings, the streetcar and far remote from him were on the way to end a era of life."

As Mr. Johnson watched the occupants of the car, he felt anticipations to his aged lips. Maybe he was going to die. She sighed, uncorked by this feeling. It was about time, and then she sighed, as he watched the painting young woman's smile at the clock in the town. He was about to faint."

The ambulance came to an abrupt stop behind the busy street. The streetcar hurriedly transported the unconscious young lady to the hospital and excepted the injured from the accident."

Claire Kemp

**Gangplank Going Up**

This hunk of horn, the squalling of brakes, the slam of car doors, the chatter of excited passengers, the shuffle of hurried feet—all those sounds are continuous, as baggage-laden people crowd into the D & U waiting room and fill half of the last Ninth Street Pier.

Walnut-brown Lonnie are little help in caring for the usual capacity crowds that fill the picnic, but Lonnie closed the last hinged window, the center of action, as passengers line up to look passage on one side of the train and talk between on the lakefront and the other border on the Detroit River.

With fifteen minutes to go, price, guards, and gangplank lowered, and people are free to board the ship, their floating home for the few hours. Slowly, branches grew as passengers filed aboard. The usual crowds around confederacy and souvenir counters are milling down on a crowded space. People also drag off a little coffee shop, leaving only late arrivals to gulp down their coffee.

Suddenly the loud speaker issues its famous five-minute warning. Nervous ticket-buyers figure with money as they wait impatiently to pay their fare. Last-minute arrivals rush for the first available berth, wiggling their way through the rows."

All aboard!"

As the latest weather reports and sailing information, the captain hurries to the steamship office, in the rear of the vista. But the gates close, the ship leaves."

Stars

As silently as the breeze, Starry Daylight tiptoes up the stairs that lead to the crowded room."

And only say to gentle prayers.

"At least dark covekites slip, of the night, they can rest once more."

With every dream she weaves, her dream is golden wings of light.

Norrilia Lee Jeddlev

**With Freedom for All**

**The Coward**

As lonely as a shell-strewn shore, A girl is living on the moon, Within a crater's eerie glow.

"The man at the beach," she said, "has the sea." No, it's not true, her heart is full of anger.

She soaks, to pour from her eyes, Where crapean so fiercely lit.

Her hands, to make an angel, 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 name, no goal, no aim.

And yet, she's sister to my soul. Norrilia Lee Jeddlev

**Remorse**

"Did you ever..." In December, Burn burmier lumbmer To an ember's..."

"No, I've never..." Before December, Burn burmier lumbmer To a silver cinder, "I..."

Then I'll ery..."

Kate Rose
Dedicate Meet to Rowe on Silver Anniversary

Sideline With Sudyk

by James Slov

Tennis Squad
Drops Second

Rhode High School

"A" Football Schedule

Sep. 26 — at Newport
Sep. 26 — at Lakewood
Sep. 26 — at West Tech
Oct. 4 — Lincoln W. T.
Oct. 6 — at Roosevelt
Oct. 6 — at Roosevelt
Oct. 25 — West Tech
Nov. 1 — Roosevelt W. T.
Nov. 14 — Holy Name-Adam

Rhode High School

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

by Mike Kravitz

Last Friday on the home track the Ram cindermen scored a convincing and decisive upset victory over a highly favored John Marshall squad. For the second time this year, the Ramekians outdistanced their rivals in a 100-yard dash, as they grabbed 10 of the 15 first places to run away with the meet, 70 to 23.

Rhodecayon squad also triumphed but by a slim 0.1% to 0.03% margin.

"Boody" Smith started the ball rolling of the first with a high hurdle. In front of the crowd, the locals took a clean sweep of all three places as Co-captains Roger Aschmeyer, Jack Bobbach, and Clarence Strong hit the top in one, two, and three each.

Shake High football captain, University of Michigan field leader, and Coach Howard, mentions only. At present he is a Cleveland attorney.

Do not forget the speaker's debut for May 24 is James A. Lee, athletic hot, who has been a leader with the Rowes a pave in commendation of his quarter of a century of service.

In addition, Mr. Rowe, dedicating the event to the annual crowning of the monarch, the crown will still feature in address by George Rich, former

district holds more school track records than our own Cleveland area. Such stars are Owens, Hartman, Hobbs, favorite to cop the 440 Olympic hurdle title, and Dave Ahniston, High jump, strongly backed with national recognition as one of the national leaders in the event.

As one of his last acts before leaving Rhodes, Seedhouse Enterprises Inc. will present another gala district track meet which will be held on the last day of every spring track season. It has been the custom in the past to dedicate each meet to some important Cleveland track figures. Last year's billing starred Charles Riley, former Fairmount track mentor, and Francis Owonee, his star pupil and the national sprint champion. The '45 meet was dedicated to George D. Cornwell, last track coach, and has since been remembered as the George D. Cornwell Relay Trophy, which Ram winners have adorned in the two seasons it has been held.

This year's meeting will be no exception. The May 24 qualifier will be dedicated to Floyd A. Rowe now in his 35th year as head of the district track meet, which first began in 1922 when Mr. Rowe officially took over Cleveland high school track, an event which has progressed to a point where only the Los Angeles, California, order in the broad jump; Armstrong and Lucas took first and second in the high jump; Armstrong leaped six feet to turn the track meet in favor of the Chelten took first and second in the shot put.

Order in the meet with a victory was the mile relay quartet: Banks, Helen, Velsko, and Daniels.

For the Jaysmen the following took firsts: Lyeby, high hurdles; Herber, long jump; Carter, discus; the mile relay (Ono, Wilson, Black, and Young). Second place was taken by Chelten (Hartman, Schoenfeld, Armstrong, and Black) in the high jump. Third place was taken by the four Vikings (Kreaves, Shoot, Gabel, and Smith). Third place in the mile by Doherty in the 1:24.5, Kravitz, half-miles; Hug, lug, pot, Koppen, Ibehidum, Johnson, resin, and Sell 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-yard relay (Bobbach Aschmeyer) the shuttle hurdle squad (Herman, Velzko, Schmide, Armstrong) and a high jump with Chuck Lucas scoring.

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

In a short while Rhodes will participate in three meets which will mark the climax of the outdoor track season: State, and Senate, coming on May 24. So far this season the Rams have shown squad members live up to expectations. In addition, several new records have been set of the year.

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

Out of the gloom of defeat came one bright spot last week. One Ram, "Boody" Smith, had a splendid race in the 200-yard dash in 23.84 seconds, best time for that event turned in by a Rhodes runner this year.

Rams mile relay runners will be striving for a first place finish in the meet. The machine of the day has been Rhodes. They won the George D. Cornwell mile relay last year in two and by winning this year can take the relaying trophy out of circulation.
Zoo Offers Rhodian Job as Snake Curator

A lifetime $8,000 a year job, traveling with expenses paid, and a lot of fun and adventure is an opportunity offered to a brave, strong, and daring reptileologist. The Cleveland Zoo offers this position to a man who is a professional snake catcher. When he was six years old he saw his first snake on his uncle's farm. Instead of going to school that day, he went snake hunting in Florida and California. He caught two rattlesnakes, which are now at the Cleveland Zoo.

After catching 21 snakes of his own, he has only one rattler, but he will go back to school to have all the other snakes examined. Then he expects to sell the snakes for their poison. He will be able to get about two cures a day at a time from a large rattler, and sell the poison for $500 each. The only drawback to the job is that you can only make a sale a few times each year.

Putch, Green on Top As Campaign Ends

When the smoke of battle had subsided and the final ballots had been tabulated, “Harry” Putch and his vice-president Bill Green prepared to take a new oath of office while theustlational white brush and brown cleaning up team lancers, band tides, and soft, golden, shining eyes were the remains of a heated but otherwise friendly campaign.

The two “tits who pay dividends” declared that their lucky number is “1,” for the number of the ballots cast in their favor.

The new Student Council president and his assistant have funny plans for their term as officers, which include major overhaul and recreation during the June holidays, opening the organization of a variety “K” Club, and a suggestion for the Rhodians to sit up and listen.

Look Ahead SENIORS!

Now is the time to look ahead—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—and jobs that use your commercial training or jobs for which we train you.

Investigate at our Women’s Employment Office, Room 901, 720 Prospect.

For employment news plus more time in “Serenade for smugglers.”

*WGNR Saturday 6:30 to Seven

The Ohio Bell Telephone Co.
“A good place to work”

New Canteen Opens Doors

All the Rhodians and friends are invited to the new Canteen of the YWCA. This canteen meets every second and fourth Wednesday from 5:30 to 11:00.

During the months, playing, ping-pong, shuffleboard, and checker are some of the activities of this new club.

Three Students Win Shorthorthand Awards

For five minutes ten pens flew rapidly over sheets of shorthand paper. Of the ten boys, nine were found as accurate as the 10 words per minute. For their performance these pens received the applause of their owners. Dolores Friedle, Velma Griffen, and Mary Ams, the winners, are one of a new generation of Rhodians.

RHODEO

BY JERI JACOB

Good things come, good things go.
And there are things like Rhodians.

Young Love

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Vincent are looking for an informal date.

Krum,” Mac R—

That thing Richard Allen is both

by telephone and mail, telling me when he’s trying to confide it.

(If I want to know it.)

Oh! You Kid!

Then there is Clark’s devoted brother and pal, Jack Hidersmyth.

Kody, H簪th*

Mr. Anthony—

Are there any eligible males (the type that breathe that I am) who are without previous engagements June 77, Saturday night.

Paid Ad. R. U. Ready.

12A Picnic Firing

Main command: Revier.

Back Seat, Bemo

Al German had fun at the 12A pic

que, but ...'

Signs-of-Our-Times

Poor fellow that Black Beauty is running for track queen. (Well, God’s what the sign is in the cafeteria says.)

Dealers:

We hear that a “certain” group of boys are offering platinum paint cards with ruby trims. (Well what?)

Question of the Week:

What has the biggest head in all the hours at 12A pleads? Hammans

He Isn’t

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

Cautiousness

One bruised eyebrow — Mary Ann Gratz

One slightly damaged toe—Peggy Hietler.

One hate bite—Jane Norsky.

Two many men—Martha Edwards.

Kearns’ Studio

Photograph and Group Photographs

WEBER’S BAKERY

406 Pearl Rd. CLEVELAND 2435

Jedlicka’s Shoes

SHOES for the ENTIRE FAMILY

Union Made Men’s Shoes

2160 Broadway Road