

# The River Ripple

Volume 10, No. 6

Rocky River Junior High School

April, 1960

## Two Faculty Members Win Scholarships

Congratulations! Two R.R.J.H.S. teachers have won scholarships! Who? Mr. Ruth and Mr. Bohn, of course! This is quite an honor for our school.

Mr. Ruth's scholarship was offered to him by Allegheny College in Meadville, Pennsylvania, for seventeen weeks. His scholarship was granted by the National Science Foundation. It is given to the members of the teaching field with a science and mathematics background who have proved themselves fully competent in the teaching profession. The number of scholarships granted is limited. Congratulations Mr. Ruth!

Mr. Bohn's scholarship was granted by the Beachcliff Garden Club for two weeks. The scholarship is to Audobon Nature Camp near Spooner, Wisconsin, in the Wisconsin Lake District. His scholarship was granted on merit. Dr. Pettingill, nationally known lecturer, photographer, and member of National Audobon Society, and Roger Tory Peterson, author, lecturer, and member of National Audobon Society, are among those who have attended this camp and have been on the camp staff. Congratulations Mr. Bohn!



Seen at the January PTA meeting were Miss Jones, Miss Knoll, and Miss Schuele. Dressed in authentic gay-ninety costumes, they sang a medley of tunes. Since their pianist, Miss Ashbaugh, couldn't attend, the three teachers alternated playing the piano. The program was very entertaining.

## Student Council News

On March 23 the Student Council met in the cafeteria. It was discovered that new drapes were needed there. Money was voted for this purpose and a committee selected to work with Mrs. Walker and buy the material.

A new system for multiplication dances using two boxes was also worked out.

At this meeting there was also a discussion about the donation of a check for \$25 to the Velvetones.

It was announced that a tax stamp drive will be held beginning April 18. The money from this drive will be left in the treasury for the use of next year's Student Council. We hope to leave them with as much as we had at the beginning of this year.

At an earlier meeting a representative for an art company came and showed us pictures that could be bought for our school.

## Basic Facts Related To the Proposed Increase In School Operating Funds

1. The Board of Education has acted to place an operating tax levy issue on the May 3 primary ballot. It includes a renewal of 3 mills and the 6 mill increase and will appear as 9 mills.
2. Costs have increased approximately 9% per year for the past 5 years.
3. Inflationary pressures in all areas of operation and increased staff and services are the causes. (5% infl. - 4% S&S)
4. Staff and services include new Bates, additions to Goldwood and High School, smaller classes, additional teachers, new courses, etc.
5. From a \$74,000 - 1957 operating surplus to \$13,000 - 1958 deficit and \$151,000 - 1959 deficit. (Met by formerly established reserves.)
6. There has been no appreciable increase in operating levies since 1952.
7. Of 22 county cities 17 have higher school taxes than Rocky River. (Shaker - 28.8 mills - River 21.2 mills)
8. Our good schools help to keep property values high.
9. The levy must be passed. It is logical and supported by fact and careful study.

## "The Shock . . ." Big Hit!

On Friday, March 25, the Dramatics Club, under the direction of Miss Mote and Mrs. Radar, presented a one act comedy, "The Shock of His Life." The Cast included:

Reid Douglas — Mr. Maxwell  
Nancy Himebauch — Mrs. Maxwell

Steve Price — Wilbur Maxwell  
Judd Horbaly — Hercules  
Missy Norbert — Connie Maxwell

Penny Stofer — Betty Lou Maxwell

The play was well-liked by the student body. Here are some of their comments:

Gary Stauffer said, "Fine job by Reid Douglas (those muscles!) Judd Horbaly was just right for the part (little devil). I thought it was a big blast."

"I thought that Steve Price was very funny, too bad Reid Douglas didn't get sent up the river. Judd made a good Hercules. I thought the play was very funny and had very good acting. Too bad I wasn't in it," was Ron Josefov's view about the play.

Sue Prange commented, "I

thought the play was a riot, all the kids fit their parts perfectly, especially Steve Price and Reid Douglas."

## Ohio Scholastic Benefits

Many 8th graders are now planning their schedules in such a way that they will have enough required courses to get into a college or university. Next year the 7th grade will be doing the same thing. These statistics will tell you some things about Ohio's colleges and universities.

In Ohio there are 27 colleges and 18 universities. A college gives you a full course in whatever field you go into. A university gives you this training also but it gives you a chance to go farther ahead and earn a doctor's or master's degree.

In Rocky River Junior High, 14 of our teachers went to universities in Ohio and 15 went to Ohio colleges. Eight of our teachers went to college outside of Ohio.

The colleges mentioned are all run by the state of Ohio but there are many private colleges also that give the same courses and educations as the state colleges and universities.

## Y-Teen Fashion Show

On Wednesday, March 16, the Seventh Grade Y-Teen Club gave a Fashion Show for the Eighth Grade Y-Teens. Introducing the models and their outfits were Miss Mote and Sue Blough. The very attractive models were mostly from the Seventh Grade Y-Teen Cabinet, but there were also a few eighth graders. Sportswear, Easter suits, skirt and blouse combinations, and bathing suits were just a few of the many outfits displayed. It gave us an idea of what we can expect in the fashion world this spring and summer.



The clean up committee after the Y-Teen fashion show.

## Laugh a Minute

She: "John, the baby has swallowed the matches. What shall I do?"

He: "Here, use my cigarette lighter."

Aunt: (pointing to deer at zoo): "Johnny, do you know what that is?"

Johnny: "I don't know."

Aunt: "What does your mother call your father?"

Johnny: "Is that what a louse looks like?"

"Do you know how long a man can live without brains?"

"I don't know. How old are you?"

## Social Scale

April

4—Lakewood Civic Auditorium—concert

8—Spelling assembly

11-15—Spring vacation

18—Tax stamp drive starts

19—Assembly

May

6—Assembly

# The River Ripple

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Rocky River Junior High School  
1631 Lakeview, Rocky River, Ohio

Principal \_\_\_\_\_ Harry M. Strothers  
Assistant Principal \_\_\_\_\_ Kenneth F. Mayer  
Advisors \_\_\_\_\_ Jocelyn F. Mader  
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## What We Think ...

**R. R. J. H. S. is talking about . . .** this new column—Gandolfi on the mat—quarterly exams—Spelling Bee, April 8th.

**We are laughing about . . .** Cheryl Sickman's rage on erasers—Ralph's new shadow or "you bring out the beast in me"—"shoot a mile"—Patti McLouth's scientific dreams.

**We congratulate . . .** Scholarship winners Mr. Bohn and Mr. Ruth—Home Room 203 for winning volleyball for 8th grade—Home Room 108 for winning volleyball in 7th grade division—Mr. Breese and Mr. Cucciarre for being such good sports.

**We thank . . .** P.T.A. and all responsible for the nice Sox Hop (band sounded swell).

**R. R. J. H. S. is in a tizzy about . . .** Spring!—High School schedules—next year's school leaders—Everything.

**We're wondering about . . .** Gary Stauffer, hiding his brains in a garbage can—Jacque Johnston, an architect?—T. A. and Sally's new nickname—Margie Seelbach's schedule card, social or scholastic?—Those beating a path past Bill Pittman's study hall seat, we noticed they were all girls.

**We're just guessing . . .** But who named him "Vincer"—Reid Douglas, Scott Maurer, Tom Allen, Ann Filson, Donna Brixner, Jeff Eakin, got your homework?

## Eye and Ear

Heard from room 201 were the moans of students listening and watching (ugh!) movies and lectures on the human body with real (ugh!) parts from animals!

Attention all junior financiers! The following new stocks have been listed on the Rocky River Junior High Stock Exchange by Miss (Broker) Jones: Coconut-Peeler Co.; Sinkum-Ship Co.; and the Mine-em-Ore Co. No dividends guaranteed!

Heard in a science class were Mr. Bohn and Mr. Thomas harmonizing together on "Old Gland Liver," a comical song dramatizing the story of the liver set to the tune of "Old Man River." Students also sang (I'm very generous here) "Amylopsin," the story of the pancreas.

Seen around dear old RRJH one Thursday was snow, and more of the glittering crystals, and more falling. "Neither rain nor snow will stop the mail," or RRJH students from reaching school. Finally, after we braved the artic, the school was closed (hurrah!).

After hearing that he had gotten ½ on a quiz, a boy asked, "One-half right, or one-half wrong?" He's got hope!

A. Nominus

## Band News

The Rocky River Junior High Band showed its ability-plus at the contest at Byron Junior High on February 27. The courageous band members walked home with nineteen first prizes, thirteen second prizes, and one third prize.

Twenty-two members of the band are giving a comical minstrel show at the Kiwanis Talent Show. It will feature three trombones: Dan Barco, Joe Graf, and Joan Kelley.

Then, the Junior High Band will make their annual rounds to the elementary schools. Concerts will be presented at each.

I think the band should be thanked for the name it has earned for itself and our school. We should thank especially Mr. Thomas and the first seat players of the band for their fine job.

My typist has gone on hir holiday

My tipyst has gohn on a spree.

Mx typish hap gone oh hyr hali-duy,

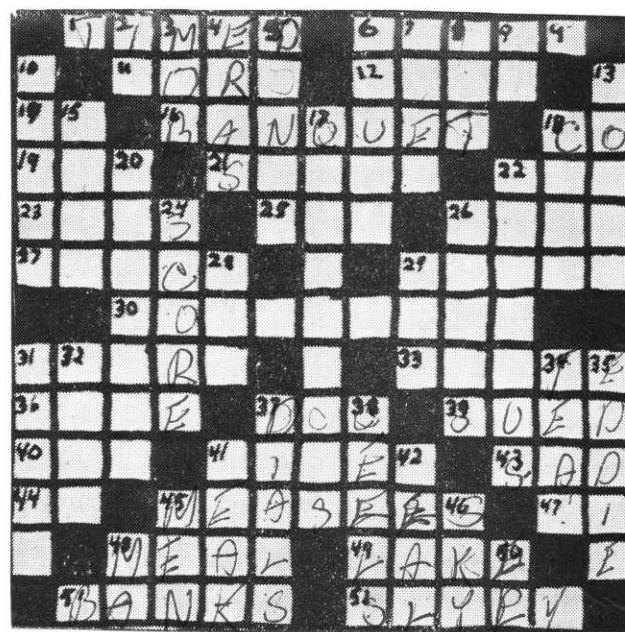
O gring bacq m! hypist to me.

Bling bac? oK &ring back

Oh bynK b4ck my tipisth to mi tu mo.

Brung bicq oc sling 8acK

Oh blynK ba"K mg t pys? tp m/



## Cross Words

### ACROSS

1. Clocked
6. Contained in cranium
11. Ripped
12. Lease
14. Detergent
16. Feast
18. Company (abbreviation)
19. Trick
21. Caught
22. Nickname for Valerie
23. Lubricates
25. Look
26. Freezing (French)
27. Treaty
29. Edges
30. To force or compel
31. Long dagger
33. To make amends
36. Sensible
37. Doctor
39. Charged for damages
40. State of being, verb
41. Prongs of a fork
43. Unhappy
44. State of being, verb
45. Spotted disease
47. Musical note
48. Breakfast, lunch, or dinner
49. Body of water
51. Money holding firms
52. Craftily

### DOWN

2. Pronoun
3. Large crowd
4. Spans of time
5. Small notch or hollow
6. Boy's name
7. Smell Badly
8. Small bug
9. Third Person, singular
10. Bundle of sticks
13. Long, heavy sticks
15. Den
17. Inquiries
18. Still
20. Simple sugar
22. Having to do with veins
24. Twenty
26. Ham hocks and hominy
28. Finish
29. Sheep talk
31. Mops
32. Thin metal strips
34. Keen
35. Nickname for Edward
37. Control knobs
38. Structural unit of living things
41. Heavy wood
42. Sea animal
45. Males
46. Atmosphere
48. Mother
50. Elevated

## Recipe

Prove you can cook like Oscar of the Waldorf—Serve a Mother's Day dinner of Lenten meal which every one will enjoy.

- 2 cans cream of shrimp soup, frozen
- 2 7½ ounce cans crab
- 1 cup sour cream

Slowly melt the soup, stir in the crab and cream and heat thoroughly. Do not let the mixture boil, and stir frequently to prevent scorching. If your family approves, at the last minute stir in ¼ cup dry white wine. Or add cury powder to taste. Serve over rice, hot Chinese noodles or in patty shells. Serves six generously.

Martha Leshner

## Choir News

The choir members have recently finished a round of solos. Then came the job of voting for the best boy and the best girl soloists. All were good, and there was a large variety in type and style, but finally two were chosen. They are Gordy Gray, who sang the "Wiffenpoof Song", and Carol Tocse, who sang "Younger than Springtime."

The choir is preparing for three future concerts. One, their Spring Concert, will be held the night of May 20. The other two are scheduled for May 17, at the library, and April 26, for the PTA.

"Have you taken his temperature?"

"No. Why, is it missing?"



# The Country Cousin

By JUDY BARRON

Fog always brings a memory of a cousin who will always be an example to me. With the memory comes a sadness and promise to live my life as she would have.

That summer hardly seems real to me now though I will always remember it clearly. My parents had always been quite wealthy and I took it for granted that I should have anything. I was thrilled when they decided to spend the coming summer in Europe for I assumed I would be included. I was quite hurt and resentful when they decided to leave me with my Aunt Kate. Aunt Kate, Uncle Will, and their daughter Marty lived on a farm in Wisconsin and I had always considered myself above them. In fact, I pitied them because they were nothing but farmers.

And so it was that with resentment and self-pity I looked upon the house in which I was to spend the next three months. It was certainly not what I was used to though it was a pleasant, roomy house. I had never met any of them before but I had made up my mind to hate them and the farm. But I found that impossible when I met my aunt and uncle. Aunt Kate was a plump, kind, motherly woman whose kindness held a special radiance. Uncle Will was a wise, jolly Irishman, who made me feel so welcome I could almost forget my homesickness. Marty was friendly in a shy, quiet way. She irritated me so I ignored her whenever I could.

And so I began my new life. From habit I was spoiled, rude, and selfish. I refused to do any work and I soon became lonely and bored. One day I decide to ride Beauty, the most beautiful black horse I had ever seen. It never occurred to me to ask Uncle Will first, though I had never been on a horse before.

A little fearfully I tried to lead Beauty out of her stall, but the temperamental horse, recognizing my inexperience and nervousness, stubbornly refused. This made me angry and more determined than ever to ride her. Finally, after a ten minute struggle, I got her out of the stall. I had watched Uncle Will put the saddle on before so I had an idea of how to do it. It was no more than an idea but I finally got it to stay on. I then attempted to get on. Beauty, entirely fed up with my clumsy inexperience, rebelled and before I was entirely on, off she galloped. I clutched her about the neck and hung on for dear life. She went with sickening speed, down the hill, across the meadow, and in one jump was across the brook. She was over but I was sitting in the middle, angry when my fright passed, and completely soaked. Slowly I got up, and my ankle, which I was sure was broken, throbbed terribly,

but most of all my pride was hurt. Painfully, I limped back to the house, expecting sympathy.

Uncle Will did seem sympathetic until I told him how it had happened. Instantly he was in a rage, bellowing at my unthinking stupidity. Aunt Kate, more concerned over her husband's rage than Beauty, went with him to search for the loose horse. Feeling very sorry for myself, I had a childish desire to run away. I think I would have, too, but Marty suggested I soak my ankle first. While my swollen ankle was resting in the hot water, she offered to teach me to ride the next day when her parents would be in town. With such a prospect, for I really did want to learn to ride, I forgot my impulsive decision to run away.

Although it was my habit to sleep late, I got up at daybreak the next morning in happy anticipation. The first sunrise I had ever seen greeted me in a glorious array of colors. Quietly, almost reverently, Marty said, "You know, even though I've seen a lot of sunrises, I never stop to wonder at their beauty. They never seem quite real. Oh, I know scientists have an explanation but that makes it even more wonderful. God planned everything so perfectly."

Then, together, we did her chores. I found a satisfaction in accomplishing these small tasks, for at home work had always been left to the servants to do.

Marty rode Beauty, who had been found on a neighbor's farm contentedly eating the neighbor's prize apples, while I rode Brownie, a pretty horse, but lacking the spirit Beauty possessed. Marty explained everything easily and completely, taking one step at a time, until I was feeling at ease and fairly sure of myself. The freedom of riding a horse over the peaceful countryside was something I had never known before. Although I wanted to keep riding, both of us were getting hungry and so we returned to the empty house. I knew nothing about cooking even the simplest of meals, so willingly Marty began to teach me.

And so began my new life. Each day I found new things to learn and I began to take a real interest in the farm. We were so different, Marty and I, that we seemed to balance each other. I loved adventure. I was fearless and impatient, had a quick temper, and was very impulsive. Marty was unselfish, quiet, humble, and shy, and always she thought of others before herself. She had so many hopes and dreams about the future. Always she saw the beauty in things and had an unfailing faith in God. Yet I noticed when talking of the future, she was always a little bit sad. In fact, a weight seemed to hang over the

entire family. Though they seemed happy, they were never very gay. Often she was tired and so I took the outdoor chores and helped Uncle Bill while she sewed, cooked, and cleaned, helping her mother inside. I was satisfied with the arrangement, for it seemed to suit both of us. Though sometimes she was tired, we still rode daily, I riding Beauty and she riding Brownie, often taking picnic lunches to eat by the side of a murmuring brook. As my skills increased so did my daring. I soon came to know the countryside well.

Marty always found time and a way to help others. One neighbor, Mrs. Brewster, who lived about a half mile away, was an old widow, living alone. To everyone else she was a stingy crank, but to Marty she was a lonely, tired, old woman, whose tragedy had made her bitter and unloving. Marty went several times a week to talk to her and help her in any way she could.

In the other direction lived the Masons, whose large family of ten children seemed to be beset with one trouble after another. Things always seemed better for them after Marty had been there to tidy up the house, watch the children so Mrs. Mason could go into town, comfort the sick, and in general spread her calm peace. And so our days were filled with work, play, and love. Never before had I been so happy.

But as the days went by, Marty stayed in more and more. One day, when helping Uncle Will, I asked him why Marty so often stayed in, when I knew she preferred to be outdoors. His answer came slowly and almost painfully, "Well, its this way. She didn't want me to tell you, but it is better for you to know now. She's got leukemia; probably has a month more to live. We've known about it for a long time. The pain gets worse every day and probably any time now she will be going back to the hospital."

I was shocked to the bottom of my heart. I could only ask silently, "Why! Why her?" There was no answer but only the pain I would bear the rest of my life. Marty sensed I knew but it was never mentioned between us.

The next week Marty went to the hospital knowing, of course, she would never return to the farm she loved. A week later I stood by her bed looking into the pale, thin face, my eyes filling with tears. "Mom told me Polly Mason has the measles pretty bad. Maybe you better go over there and see how she is, and take the medicine I used when I had them. It's in the medicine cabinet. I won't need it any more," she said even in her pain thinking of others.

"Oh, Marty," I cried, and suddenly unable to control myself, I began sobbing.

But she never heard me, for she was aware of nothing but the pain that had taken control of her body. Her face, once healthy and

young, was contorted with suffering. Her hand clutched the sheet and even her eyes were filled with pain. As I watched her the pain left those eyes to be replaced by a quiet peace. Slowly they closed, her hand went limp, and she lay there, the pain forever gone.

I could not cry or even think. Numbly I left the room, closing the door gently after me. I walked unaware of where I was going, out of the hospital into the fog.

Jesus was the light of the world; she was only one small candle, lighting the way for a few, the Masons, old Mrs. Brewster, I, and all that had known her. And when she had fulfilled her purpose she was blown out, gently and quietly. Now we had to see through the darkness alone, but always with the lessons she had taught us. As I thought these things I became part of the fog, lost in its whiteness.

## Movies to Come

**NICE LITTLE BANK THAT SHOULD BE ROBBED**—April 18-22, 1960—Mickey Rooney, Tom Ewell. After losing heavily on the horses, three rank amateurs pull off a series of successful bank robberies. They do everything wrong, but it works—for a time—until the law catches up with them.

**TORPEDO RUN**—April 25-May 2, 1960—Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine. A submarine commander, whose wife and daughter are Japanese prisoners, moves into Nipponese waters seeking the ship which attacked Pearl Harbor, only to discover his family members are aboard a prisoner ship between his sub and the Jap carrier.

**HARRY BLACK AND THE TIGER**—May 3-10, 1960—Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush. British made, filmed in Africa. A world famous hunter, embittered by the loss of a leg in World War II, and his secret love for the wife of another man, meets the challenge of stalking and killing a man-eating tiger in India.

**THE ENEMY BELOW**—May 11-18, 1960—Robert Mitchum, Curt Jurgens. Dramatizes an episode of World War II. The story of a German submarine and a U. S. destroyer, with a character study of the commanders of both ships as the pursuit becomes a battle of wits.

**WINCHESTER '73**—May 19-25, 1960—James Stewart, Shelly Winters. Jimmy Stewart, as Lin McAdams, searching the frontier for the man who killed his father, a crack marksman, loses his prized repeating rifle to his father's slayer.

**THE FIVE PENNIES**—May 27-June 3, 1960—Danny Kaye, Barbara Bel Geddes. The story of bandleader Red Nichols and his Dixieland music. Forced to give up his career when his daughter is stricken with polio, Red later makes a successful comeback.



Mystery Student . . . she is one of the "Sparkly" eighth graders.

## Mystery Student

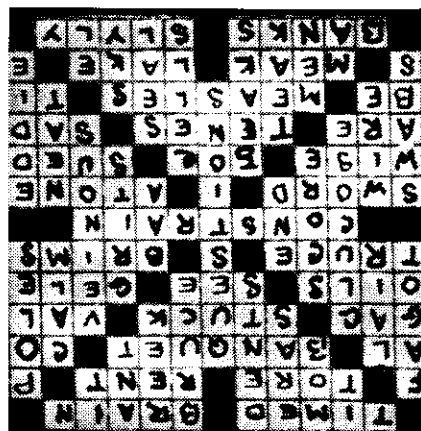
The smiling girl seen by the car sporting a 1949 license is this issue's Mystery Student. She is quite athletic, with swimming her favorite sport.

When she was in kindergarten she ran away from school twice and said that even the police were looking for her. The cleaning lady found her hiding under the bed one time while the police found her in back of the house on the other escapade. Once, after being dragged to the office by the principal, she said good-bye to the janitor who was fixing a light there and left.

The Mystery Student participates in intramurals and also likes skiing and ice skating. She was the captain of soccer and basketball teams at school, which were lucky as well as good.

Need any more clues? Most of you have probably identified the Mystery Student correctly, but as there is more to tell, additional help will be presented.

She was a member of one of the Girls' All-Star Basketball Teams. Also, she is a competitive swimmer and was elected to the Student Council, of which she is the treasurer. Finally, she was one of our school's five excellent cheerleaders. All of you should know by now.



Margie Seelbach  
Mystery Student!

## Dear Phoebe...

Dear Phoebe,

My parents are always giving me lectures on how long I should watch TV and what programs to watch. What do you think I should do?

Fed-Up

Dear Fed-Up:

I suggest you listen to what they have to say. They are older and wiser and they know what they are talking about. Also, everyone knows too much television isn't good for you and neither are some of the programs they put on.

Phoebe

\* \* \* \*

Dear Phoebe:

Do you think kids our age are too old to watch cartoon programs on TV?

Wondering

Dear Wondering:

It's up to you. If you like them, watch them. You are the one that should decide.

Phoebe

## Intramural Softball Next

Mr. Cucciarre will try to bring together another winning and exciting team this season when he again takes charge of Intramural Softball. This will begin as soon as the weather breaks.

There will be eight teams this year instead of six as was the case last year. This is caused by the increase of boys in the school. The teams would play two or three times weekly. Last year's victor was Bob Cross's team—he was undefeated.

To bring to a close last year's season, there was the traditional faculty-student all-star game. Some of the excellent players on the faculty bench were Mr. Ruth (left field), Mr. Bohn, Mr. Strothers (first base), Mr. Roll, Mr. Breese, Mr. Simmons and Mr. O'dell.

To finish this game there was chosen the "all-star of all stars." He was chosen by Mr. Cucciarre because of his prowess, his exceptional athletic ability and his great sportsmanship and humorous and friendly personality. This great star of left field and third base was Mr. Cucciarre, who incidentally belted ten hits.

All kidding aside though, all the boys going out for softball can look forward to a very rewarding season under the fine direction of Mr. Cucciarre.

"It's raining cats and dogs outside."

"Yeh, I know, I just stepped into a poodle."

"There's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith."

"What's the name of his other leg?"

## Clubs, Clubs...

On April 7, Science Club will have Mr. Fred Watts from Case Institute of Technology. He is going to give a lecture and demonstration of hypnosis. This will be very interesting, so all members be sure to attend.

Safari Club has invited Mr. Fred Helm from the Firestone Co. to visit them on April 18. Mr. Helm has spent most of his life in the tropics and will show his movies. All the Student Body is urged to attend. It will be after school in the auditorium.

French Club visited the High School on March 15. Mrs. Walther showed them the Language Laboratory. She explained how they used the tape recorder and microphone.

## Flunkers Alphabet

- A — Aw, I left my paper at home.
- B — Better skip class today.
- C — Can't I hand it in tomorrow?
- D — Didn't hear the assignment.
- E — Everyone needs help sometime.
- F — Forgot the answer.
- G — Gee, did we have that for today?
- H — How can we get all that done in one night?
- I — I was absent yesterday, so I couldn't get the lesson
- J — Just lost my paper.
- K — Knew it once but I forgot.
- L — Let me think.
- M — My locker key is at home and I can't get my book.
- N — No, I can't understand.
- O — Oh! Give me my paper.
- P — Please give me until tomorrow.
- Q — Quick, slip me the answer.
- R — Read it so that I can understand.
- S — Study hall was too noisy today.
- T — Thought we wouldn't have class today.
- U — Usually here on time, but couldn't be today.
- V — Very long, and I thought we wouldn't have to write them.
- W — Wait I'll hand it in at 4:00.
- X — 'Xcuse the scribbling.
- Y — You didn't have to flunk me this six weeks, I worked hard.
- Z — Zero. The usual end.

## Spelling Bee

If you have been hearing boys and girls mumbling words such as psychological, emancipator, or maybe systematically as they hurry down the halls, please don't think they are out of their mind. They are probably some of the students competing in the Cleveland Press Spelling Contest.

Actually, Cleveland is just one of many cities in the United States entering a contestant in the National Spelling Bee. The Bee is in its 25th year, with more than 500 schools competing. In R. R. J. H. one may go from the whole school, or one from each grade.

The English teachers have chosen spellers from each class. One or two may represent a class. Children representing classes will spell before the school in an assembly this morning to determine the school champion. This is the procedure: The contestant will be on the stage. A movie screen will be overhead. Whenever a word is dictated, the correct spelling will be flashed on the screen so that the speller cannot see it. The English department will dictate and act as judges. Please do not help the speller. If you do, he will be disqualified.

The champion will go to the oral district finals. That winner will contend in the televised Cleveland finals. That winner will go to Washington, D. C. to participate in the national finals. The champion will receive a transistor radio, a one-week vacation in Washington, D. C., and a pen set.

Come on, one of you, make R. R. J. H. proud of its name by doing a good job as a speller!

## Girls' Sports

Spring is finally here. The softball season is about to begin. Girls went all out for this, organizing their own teams.

Instead of electing captains and choosing up teams, the girls chose their own between themselves. The teams could have between eleven and fifteen players.

The champion will be decided by a single elimination tournament.

It should be a lot of fun, so sign up your team!



Another view of the Sox Hop.