

THE QUAKER

Salem High School

VOL. I

SALEM, OHIO MAY 17, 1921

NUMBER 3

"Mr. Bob" a Big Success

The two-act play, "Mr. Bob," presented by the Junior class to a capacity house, April 28, carried the audience by storm. Robert Taylor, clerk of Bensen & Bensen, delighted the audience with his part and the manner in which it was executed.

George Bunn, as the "Bally Butler," also deserves special mention, as does his partner, Josephine Gottschalk, "the maid."

Doris Wisner, Frank Kille, Eleanor McKinley and Anna M. Hutcheson also carried out their part to the delight of the audience.

The play was supervised by Miss Gertrude Liber and through her honest efforts and the co-operation of the cast, and the support of the Junior class, they put this play in a class different than that of any plays given in the auditorium this year. The play was full of "snappy" pep and the audience was in a roar of laughter almost the entire evening. As the play was of a different type from the one presented by the Senior class, it is hard to compare them, but both brought results and deserve the praise that has been bestowed upon them. —Walter Pearce, '22.

S ♦ H ♦ S

"Which One is SHE?"

A vamp is always wild and wily,
A flirt is lots more mild but slyly
Does her work to her heart's content,
Till she's landed the object on which
she's bent,—

Without the vampire's jaded scent,
Which may have come from the
Orient.

But at a showdown when wits match
wits,

The vampire wins, so let's call it quits;
The vamp will do in a movie show,
And on the stage o'er the footlights
glow;

A flirt is all right, but much too coy
To give any one an abundance of joy!

So why not forget the vamp and flirt,
And all the others who love to hurt;
Forget their differences and their
charms,

Their enticing ways and false alarms;
And remember only the girl worth
while,

The girl with a true and a sincere
smile. —Mary Helen Cornwall, '22.

S ♦ H ♦ S

The June "Quaker" to be a Fine Issue

The editors are sure that the June "Quaker" will not only please, but also surprise its subscribers. It will

contain about seventy pages. Much space will be given to pictures. Nearly every merchant in town will be represented in its advertising section. It will be something to look forward to. Perhaps you have a friend in Salem or away who would like the "Quaker" annual. These will be on sale at 75 cents each at newsstands or the high school, or send 75c and your friend's address to "The Quaker" and we will see that your friend receives the June "Quaker" with your compliments. —L. '21.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Gym Demonstration a Success

A large crowd was well pleased by the demonstration of gymnasium work under the direction of Mr. Vivian, Thursday, April 21. The exhibit showed splendid training and hard work. Credit is due to all who participated, and especially to Mr. Vivian, whose work made possible the success of the exhibit. The program follows:

1. Flag Drill, Eighth Grade Girls.
2. Wand drill, High boys.
3. Nursery Rhyme Dance, Seventh Grade Girls.
4. Free arm exercise, High Girls.
5. Poppies—Solo Dance, Miss Hanna Baillie.
6. Apparatus, Boys.
7. Marching, High Boys.
8. Schottische, High girls.
9. Athletic Pageant, High Boys.
10. Elephant, High Boys.

Games, Basketball Relay—Freshmen vs Sophomores—Girls; Dodge Ball—Freshmen vs Sophomores—Boys. —J. W. H. '21.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Annual Junior-Senior Prom. is Big Event.

On Friday evening, May 6, the Annual Junior-Senior Prom was held in the High School gymnasium. At seven o'clock, the pupils and faculty met in the Christian church, where a supper was served.

Frank Kille, president of the Junior class acted as toast-master. Many interesting speeches were given. Mr. Whinnery spoke on "The Evolution of a Speech." After supper, all went to the High School where they were entertained by different members of the Junior class. At nine-thirty, dancing began and continued until 12 o'clock. Finley-Shuck's orchestra furnished the music. Indoor tennis, horse shoe and card games furnished amusement for those who did not participate in the dancing.

This year's prom was the most successful one which has ever been held. This is principally due to the financial success of the Junior play "Mr. Bob," which made it possible for the Juniors to procure the able services of the Christian church ladies and of the Finley-Shuck orchestra.

J. G. '22.

Girls Association Party

One of the most successful parties of the season was held Friday night April 29th., at the Gym, by the Girls Association. The girls were entertained by the famous Hammerhandle minstrels, in which the famous Rufus Rastus and Mr. Sambo featured as end men. Miss M. T. Celler and Miss Rainbow amused the company while Bill McCoy and his little Bimbo brought forth peals of laughter.

Games were played which brought back to the Senior girls the memories of the days when they were Freshmen. "Farmer in the Dell" and "London-bridge is falling down," were played for the most part.

The feast disappeared with unusual rapidity and dancing was enjoyed for the remainder of the evening. Two toe dancers displayed unusual ability and talent in a special dancing number. D. F. '21

S ♦ H ♦ S

Rev. Scott Will Give Baccalaureate Address

At a recent Senior Class meeting, Rev. H. H. Scott, of the First M. E. church, was chosen to give the baccalaureate address to the class of 1921. It is to be given in the M. E. church, Sunday evening, June 5.—C. E. L. '21.

S ♦ H ♦ S

The Season's Photoplays.

Speed—Kenny Mounts and his Chevrolet.

The Kid—Homer Reese.

Miss Rebellion—Spanish Class.

On with the Dance—Doris Wisner.

The Clown—Walter Davis.

Held by the Enemy—Dorothy Chappel.

The Roaring Road—Main Street and P. H. D's truck.

The Miracle Man—Charles Floyd.

A Full House—The G. A. A. stag.

Guilty of Love—Emmy Smith.

Treasure Island—Janitor's collections

A Dog's Life—Life of a Latin Student.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Our school work.

The Money Master—Marion Hanna.

The Curse—Exams.

To Please One Woman—Our English papers.

The Mystery Road—Education.

The Great Day—May 6th.

—Frank Kille, '22.

S ♦ H ♦ S

"Quaker" Is Issued Late.

Due to temporary trouble at the printers, the "Quaker" is a little late this month.

THE QUAKER

Published four times a year by the Senior Board of Guarantors of Salem High School.

Price \$1.00 per year; 10c per copy. Final Issue 75c.

"Hail Class of '22"

Hail Juniors, Class of "22,"
How famous is thy name!
All future hopes are placed in you;
You've played an honest game.

How faithful has thy work been done,
In three long years gone by,
Your record shines like the setting sun
At eve in the western sky!

The record set by "21"
Is hard to beat I know,
They have done their best with their
pep and zest,
To make our High School go.

But old "22's" the class to whom
They'll look to next, you bet!
And with honor and fame, we'll play
the game,
For a better record yet.

Then let new joys start where old
ones cease,
Let peace and good will still reign,
For though we have no Kessy nor
Lease,
We'll get there just the same.

Then here's three cheers for old "21,"
And three for our school so true.
And here's three more, for a higher
score,
For the class of "22."

—Russell Flick, '22.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Meditations of Ellsworth Avenue.

Well, here's another day. It was two o'clock before I went to sleep last night. The last thing I remember was Raymond Sweney coming home. Oh, I get so tired staying here day after day. And of all the insults I have to take! People think I'm so rough, but I'm not any rougher than my brothers, Lincoln and Garfield. Of course I will admit I need a few new bricks in my coat, but I can't see why people should insult me the way they do. Yesterday a lady was driving over me and I heard her tell the lady with her that I was the roughest street she had ever seen. The nerve of the woman! I wonder if Lincoln and Garfield suffer the same insults I do. Yesterday, some high school smarty was riding home on his bicycle and I heard him say that he pitied Miss Clark (I don't know who she is, but evidently he did) because she had to travel both Lincoln and Garfield every day on her bicycle. Oh, well, such is life. I may not be smooth and easy-going, but I don't know what some people would do without me.

—Josephine Gottschalk, '22.

The Age of Doubt

All men resemble each other in this: they are all different. Their differences are not fixed ideas, but on the contrary they are variable. It follows that an age or generation differs from another as the men do who live in it. Each age has its problems; VanDyke terms the modern age "The Age of Doubt." Surely it is a fitting title. We do not believe in God as our ancestors did. Science and our modern churches have caused this.

There is widespread doubt in regard to the underlying truths of our religion. Scientific explanations for the existence of this world have greatly lessened the respect for any ruling power according to the old conception of a God, and so we become doubtful and our age becomes doubtful. People who really believe in no God but go to church just the same are hypocrites. People who do not care to think of such things but care only for a good time and their own pleasure are, indeed, fools. Last of all the people who believe in no Power other than man, no other life or such a thing as a soul, should receive the world's pity. They have no encouragement to build a good character and are filled with dread at the thought of death. There has never been a person who has not regretted his lack of religious sentiment.

As I said in the beginning, all men are different. Some will believe; some will not. New ideas will be started and only time will show who is right and who is wrong.—Frank Kille, '22.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Spring Has Come

I have seen true signs that Spring has come at last! Often there are times that we think Spring is here, and then another cold period will start. I will tell you my reasons for knowing that Spring has come.

Last evening I had occasion to go out to the west end of town. When I got out Main Street as far as the railroad tracks, I noticed a group of little boys quarreling with a very large one; I wondered what the trouble was, so I went to investigate. It surprised me to see that the very large boy was Marion Conkle. I asked them what the trouble was, and the little boys told me that they were playing "commies," and Zeke "hunched;" then he hit the glassy "back-slaps" and took it from them. Of course I made Conkle give the marble back to the boys, and I went on my way. When I returned, I met a very small boy crying as though his heart would break. When I asked him what was the matter, he pointed down the street where "Zeke" was spinning a top.

"He took my nickle top from me," the small boy bawled.

So I forced Conkle to give the top back to the boy, and then I gave Conkle a nickle to buy one.

Whenever I see Marion Conkle playing marbles or spinning a top, I always know that Spring is here.

—P. J. R. '21.

"Restful Slumber."

When at night I lay me down to rest
While the stars shine forth from the
land of the blessed,
Lo, to me, there comes a vision, a
vision wondrous fair
Slowly coming, nearer coming, until
at last I see it clear.
And as I gaze with soul overcome
with awe

Upon a scene no mortal eye ere saw,
The life within me parts from its
house of moulded clay,
And o'er the path of the moon beams,
it silently steals away.

And it goes to that land of visions
Where joy reigns throughout the day;
And rests in peace and protection,
From the cares that drive joy away.
Over there life alone is enjoyment
In the wondrous land of dreams,
For nature dwells in harmony
Throughout waving fields of green:
Every flower seems alive and happy,
Each tree decked in brilliant hue
Makes the most wonderful shadows
From skies of purest blue.

And the sound of wonderful music
Bubbles up from the bed of the brook,
As it makes its way laughing and
frolicing,

Through each tiny crevice and nook,
And those wee small rays of sunlight
Are reflections on silvery mirrors
As the schools of tiny minnows
Glide swiftly away in fear.

There each plant stands forth in its
beauty,

Clothed in pale yellow and blue,
Each blossom bedecked in the middle
With a diamond of crystalline dew;
And a feeling of sweet solitude
Creeps into my toil-racked frame
As I lie on the moss by the clear cool
brook

In the wonderful land of dreams;
For once I forget the rest of the world
With its toil and trouble and strife,
And with carefree mind and a happy
smile

I enjoy the beauty of life.
So I rest in peace the whole night
through

In dreamland, land of delight,
Till dawn with her warming fingers
comes,

And slowly drives away night.
How refreshed I feel when I go to
work—

And I think what a life that would be!
If it only could I know it would
Be the only life for me.

—Russell Flick, '22

S ♦ H ♦ S

Why Willie Weeps

There's wimin, wimin everywhere,
Just everywhere I go;
They will not even let me breathe,
They pick upon me so.

When I'm at home it is my ma,
She makes me stand 'round pat;
I've got to wash and bathe and scrub,
And just do this and that.

The wicked thing that's done at school
Teacher allwus blames on me,
And ma—she makes me go to bed
When sister's beau's at tea.

I wish I was an Injun wild,
I'd tommyhawk 'em thru!
But there, I guess it ain't no use;
There's wimmin Injuns, too.

—Charles Oertel, '24.

Sensational News of the Day

May 17th. 1921.

PIANIST AND DRUMMER MURDERED

March in the Auditorium.

S. H. S. STUDENTS DROWNED

Harold Jones' speech with applause

CARROLL COBURN KILLED

a fly on the study room ceiling.

JANITORS FIRED

with indignation at the chewing gum on the floor.

Caesar Gets Rough.

The sophomores are influenced by the heinous crimes committed by Caesar and related in his "Commentaries."

The dire tale is told in writing that Caesar led his troops against the enemy, and while the enemy watched, "Caesar's men hung over the mountains."

We would suggest that Miss Liber turn her pupils' minds for the time being at least to safer and more sane stories such as "Latona and Diana" as related in D'Ooge's famous book.

Do not drink any liquid in Chem. Lab, no matter how thirsty, and never eat anything from Dom. Science class no matter how hungry.

S ♦ H ♦ S

WANT COLUMN

WANTED—Miss Childs desires that Herman Carnes concoct a lotion in chem. lab. to keep Frank Spencer awake.

WANTED—An alarm clock, by Dorothea Dunn and Esther Hunt.

WANTED—By all Seniors—a mind reader before tests (in Civics.)

WANTED—Miss Clark wants 150 word papers on Wednesdays and 500 word papers on Fridays.

WANTED—By S. H. S. students: a winning track team for 1921.

WANTED—by James Kesselmire, later trolley or bus service from Lisbon on Sunday evenings.

WANTED—by Mr. Alan, a Sherlock Holmes, the Second, to trace down the safe crackers.

FOUND—On Franklin Ave., a small boy who answers to the name of George. Owner may have same by calling and giving description.

LOST—by Newton Sterling. A long string of large fish.

LOST—by the faculty— their tempers.

FOR SALE—by Dorothy Failer; enough pep to carry any Junior thru his Senior year. —D. F. '21-W. P. '22

FOR SALE—by Kenneth Mounts, wind by the bag. This wind is suitable for clerks, salesmen, poolsharks, horses, cows, vacuum cleaners, glass blowers and pipe organs.

S ♦ H ♦ S

This newspaper publishes marriages and other catastrophes.

♦ ♦ ♦

Today's Horoscope: The child born today will be twenty years of age on May 17th. 1941.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Spring is coming. The girls are beginning to dress warmer.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Did you know that this was the largest newspaper of its size in the world? Fresh. (Getting naturalized): "Not yet."

S ♦ H ♦ S

Right at Home.

Eli Floyd—Do you serve lobsters here?

Waiter—Yes, we serve anybody; sit down.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Presents Is Requested.

Its getting near graduation time. Seniors are beginning to get chummy with their relatives.

—J. K. '21.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Memoirs of a Trip to the Dentist

One day while I was looking at my beautiful visage in that emissary of vanity, the mirror—I suddenly discovered to my horror that I had a decayed tooth!

Realizing that it was necessary to make a trip to the dentist at once, I was grief-stricken and angry. Something was always taking the joy out of life.

If there is anything on earth that I hate, it is a dentist. Not the man, of course, but his trade.

After several weeks, in which my will and sense of duty struggled with my fright and timidity, I made a date with one of the popular dentists (if there is such a thing).

Then followed several days of intense suffering and agony. I could not sleep, I could not eat, I could not

do anything, and the cause of it all was one little decayed tooth.

At last the fateful day dawned. It was a bright, clear day and all the world was happy—except me! The very brightness of the day consoled me somewhat though. At least it was a good day to die on.

Somehow, somehow, the fateful hour arrived and as I approached the office, I resigned myself to my fate.

I was so frightened and my knees shook so, that I could hardly climb the stairs. I reached the top all too soon, and after smothering the temptation to turn and flee, I threw open the door and rushed into the lion's den!

My agony and mental suffering were prolonged here too, for I found that I would have to wait, as the dentist hadn't finished assassinating the person before me. The inactivity was simply nerve-racking. Would this torture never cease?

I picked up one of my favorite magazines, but so upset was I, that it was impossible for me to read a single word intelligently. Throwing down the magazine in disgust, I started to pace the floor as a caged animal paces its cage.

Suddenly I was nearly thrown into hysterics by a wild roar: "I'll see you now, young man!"

Turning, I saw the dentist glaring at me. That sight was almost too much for me, but somehow I steadied my shaking knees and approached the reception room.

"Sit down in that chair!" roared the dentist. Turning, I saw the chair in which I was to meet my doom. To my frightened gaze it resembled very much a chair which is sometimes found in prisons. I do not fully remember the next few moments, but suddenly I was horrified to see the dentist pick up what looked like a sledge hammer and a crow-bar and approach me!

Then followed one of the most torturing periods of my life. I enjoyed the most exquisite pain every moment. Suddenly the dentist uttered another roar: "Well, young man, there is one done!" I was dumfounded. Only one done? Why, I felt as if every tooth in my mouth had been drilled five or six times. I believe I lost consciousness then, but I was suddenly brought back to life by hearing the dentist say: "Well, are you going to sit there all day? We're through; it's time for lunch".

The brutality of the man was astonishing. Talking of lunch when I felt that I could never chew another morsel! I was exceedingly glad to get get out of the chair however, and when I left the office I felt as if I had come through the Valley of Death.

I walked down the street with a firm, steady stride. No longer did I feel the weight of that excruciating fear, no longer was I in mental anguish. Again, I noticed the beautiful day, and again I noticed as before that all the world rejoiced, and this time I rejoiced with it.

—Robert Taylor, '22.

Merry Momes of Momes:

A little boy sat crying on a doorstep as if his heart would break. Another little boy came along and asked, "What's the matter?" The first boy sobbed, "My dog died." "Aw, that's nuthin," said the other boy, "Last week my grandmother died and I never shed a tear!" "Taint the same atall," said the first little boy, "You d-d-didn't raise your g-g-grandma from a p-p-p-pup!"

S ♦ H ♦ S

Freshman, in Science: If a person put a foot on each rail of a street car track, would he be electrocuted?

Mr. Vickers: No, not unless he put his other foot on the trolley wire.

S ♦ H ♦ S

(Masculine voice over telephone)

Will you marry me?

Anna Mary: Sure! who is this?

S ♦ H ♦ S

Harry Sheehan, chewing gum and feet stretched out in the aisle.

Miss Douglas: Harry, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Teacher: William, what year was Dante born?

Bill J.: I don't know.

Teacher: Open your book to page 418 and read what it says. Don't you see "Dante—1265"?

Bill: Oh, I thought that was his telephone number.

S ♦ H ♦ S

My father only weighed a pound and a half when he was born!

Conkle—Did he live?

Teacher, (to Biology students): What would be a convenient fall trip to take? Answer: We suggest that you might step on a barana peel or try to balance on a cake of soap at the head of the stairs.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Brook: Mother says I can't have the Chandler any more.

Lloyd: Why not?

Brook: I forgot to clean the hairpins out of it last night.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Mr. Whinnery to Civics class: How many policemen does Salem have?

Langston Williams: One chief of police and four silent policemen.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Miss Douglas: John, your explanation of that theorem is as clear as mud.

John Siskowic: Well, Miss Douglas that covers the ground, doesn't it?

S ♦ H ♦ S

Ray Sweny (in barber shop): How long shall I have to wait for a shave?

Barber (looking at his youthful face): "Oh, about a year or so."

S ♦ H ♦ S

History Teacher—Whom did the Indians trade with before the arrival of the white man?

Spencer—The French and English, sir.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Mr. Vickers told all the Chemistry students to use symbols in asking for the different materials needed to perform the different experiments. Ruth Steiner needed some thread and not

knowing any special symbol asked for two feet of O. N. T.—H. R. '22.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Emmy: I can't get my locker shut.

Mr. Vivian: Take your shoes out.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Old Lady (in drug store): My hair is falling out terribly. Can you recommend something to keep it in?

Paul Dow: Yes, indeed; we have some lovely ivory hair receivers.

S ♦ H ♦ S

The Ten Commandments as Seen by Woman.

1. Thou shalt not make slighting remarks about the girls.
2. Treat thou the girls as thou wouldst have thy sister treated.
3. Thou shalt telephone a girl at least an hour before thou intendest to call.
4. Speak not against the styles which are invented by thyself.
5. Thou shalt give thy lady friend credit for knowledge also.
6. Thou shalt not stay out later than 11:30.
7. Forget not thy speech before woman.
8. Thou shalt be able to provide for a wife before thou takest one upon thyself.
9. Be true to thy word and feed not "a line."
10. Thou shalt not listen nor condemn too readily.

—J. K. '21.

FIELD MEET

The interclass preliminary field meet was held at Reilly Field, Friday afternoon, April 29. The results of the meet gave the Junior class first place, the Senior class second, Sophomore class third, and the Freshmen class fourth. The results were contrary to the expectations of the majority of the school, the contest supposedly lying between the Seniors and the Sophomores, with the upper classmen favored for first place. Due to the condition of the field and track, caused by the rain in the morning, the records made were rather low, and for this reason do not forecast the position which the school will attain in the County Meet. Men who placed in this meet will represent the school at Lisbon and at Mt. Union. Roessler took individual honors, scoring 18 points for the class of '23.

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Record
220 yd. hurdles	Wirsching, Sr. } Spencer, Sr. }		Mellinger, Soph.	Burcaw, Sr.	31 2-5 sec.
Run. high jump	Kaplan, Jr.	Roessler, Soph	Sheehan, Jr.	Floyd, Jr.	5 ft. 1 in.
.00 yard dash	Kaplan, Jr.	Woods, Soph.	Roessler, Soph.	Spencer, Sr.	11 1-5 sec.
Pole vault	Roessler, Soph	Sheehan, Jr } Spencer, Sr } Burcaw, Sr. }			9 ft. 10 in.
Half mile run	Williams, Jr.	Tetlow, Jr.	Davis, Jr.	Pastier, Jr.	2 min. 19 3-5 sec.
Run. broad jump	Mc Cleery, Sr. } Kaplan, Jr. }		Floyd, Jr.	Roessler, Soph.	18 ft. 4 in.
220 yd. dash	Wood, Soph	Spencer, Sr.	Kaplan, Jr.	McCleery, Sr.	24 4-5 sec.
Mile run	Hassey, Soph.	Reese, Jr.	Cobourn, Sr.		5 min. 26 sec.
Javelin throw	Roessler, Soph	O'Neil Soph.	Conkle, Sr.	Floyd, Jr.	127 ft.
Hammer throw	Yoder, Sr.	Yengling, Fr.	Alexander, Jr.	Burcaw, Sr.	97 ft.
440 yd. dash	Woods, Soph	Williams, Jr.	Spencer, Sr.	Cibula, Fr.	58 3-5 sec.
Shot put	Brewer, Sr.	Conkle, Sr.	Roessler, Soph.	Jones, Sr.	38 ft. 3 in.
Discus throw	Alexander, Jr.	Jones, Sr.	Yoder, Sr.	Floyd, Jr.	93 ft. 10.
Relay	Juniors	Seniors	Sophomores		1 min. 22 4-5 sec.

TOTAL—Juniors 54; Seniors 51; Sophomores 43; Freshmen 4.